

To the EDITOR of the GAZETTEER.
S*SOMETHING new in these aftertimes*, is an enchanting motto. Dogs have long since been exhibited, and received for conjurors; but Mr. Astley, at his great room, Piccadilly, introduces a horse, for the honour of his species, profoundly versed in the science of revelation. To be serious, however, be it acknowledged, the legerdemain is neatly executed;—not a single impediment or hesitation interrupts the witchings, as Shakespeare phrases all dabbings of this nature, inasmuch that it is hard to say whether dog, horse, or waiter, is the greatest adept.

The room is commodious, and fitted up in an elegant stile; fires, wax lights, and covered benches; and the company is suitable: as to all the deceptions the art of man can devise, I consider them only as so many proofs of his ingenuity; but to convey prescience to a horse, so prepare him to reveal the hidden incident, I confess no less astonishes than pleases me; and I do not scruple to affirm, that was Astley a foreigner, he would arrive at the highest eclat; labouring, however, under all the disadvantages of being an Englishman, he gains great grounds in the public favour.

His shadows are whimsical things, the scenes what a French audience receive with shouts of applause; but such is the contradiction in our characters, they must and they must not be French amusements to hit our taste. For example, the broken bridge, or disappointed traveller, is much admired; the cat and the pottage-pot objected to, as calculated for a school boy exhibition at Christmas; the garden sketch pleases universally; the storm piece is pronounced too long; the wood-cutter is laughable, and the hornpipe a master-piece. Let me not omit however paying my compliments to Mr. Rossignol, for his bird performances are capital, especially the wood lark and canary bird.

I write this under my hair-dresser's hand, for I am this very evening to accompany a whole groupe of female relations to Piccadilly, where they rejoice to hear they may hope for something

new; nor is it impossible but the next post may bring you their observations and sentiments of an amusement that from its novelty may be deemed the living topic; till when, believe me what you find me,

A SCRIBBLER.