

in the way, you damn'd rascal, you," and immediately seconded it, not with a feint as if going to run him down, but a downright charge, whip in hand, butt-end foremost, which he laid on, with all his might and main, if the offender did not make an expeditious retreat; indeed the count, with his loaded whip in one hand, and an apple in that which held the reins of his bridle, together with his ducking every now and then to get a bite, attracted general admiration.

Where such a concourse of all classes was assembled, it may reasonably be supposed that some ludicrous adventures would take place. A pursy gentleman, rather heated with the tisan he had taken at Johnny Groat's house, (the name of a particular booth,) managed somehow to get up into a stand, and there fell asleep. A dashing beau of the first water, thinking to quiz him in high style, loosened, unperceived, the braces from the buttons of his small clothes, and then, with a hearty shake of the shoulder, awakened him; the poor man stood up, and immediately began to make apologies for the intrusion, accompanied by a profusion of bows, in the course of which, "Oh! horrible to relate," his breeches fell to his heels, and he stood a very *lusus naturæ* exposed to the gaze of all. In another quarter, a young blood, one of Fuller's protégés, wishing to attract attention, shoved a man who was standing near a ditch, into it, and then bade him come out and he would fight him and be damned to him; an invitation which was accepted, to the cost of the puppy who gave it, for he received in spite of his science, what I trust he will not forget in haste.*

* I take this opportunity again to stigmatise that custom which disgraces the English name and nation, treating boxing as a science, and encouraging the practicers, champions, and teachers of it. A man of this name of Fuller now professes and advertises to teach the blackguard art in Montreal; he is