

was so great at first that little sport was expected; but the fortunate arrival of three clergymen soon restored order. These were the Reverend Dr. Harkforward of Government-City, and the Reverend Messrs. Moral Police, and Fitz-John. Dr. Harkforward immediately rode up and entered with all his soul into the fun, took upon himself the command, and ordered the mob to *clear the ring*, that the combatants might have *fair play*, and *room to deal their blows*. The other reverend gentlemen rode away soon after the doctor had arranged the ranks; but that redoubted knight of the surplice remained to witness a most bloody contest, encouraging and cheering the combatants.* You must know that the reverend doctor was a great bruiser in his younger days, and report says that some of the good citizens of Government-City have still reason to be afraid of his prowess. A whisper has even gone round that the academic honour which he wears on the sides of his hat was bestowed as a reward for some heroic action in the service of Bacchus, or in the field of the minor Mars. It is understood that this reverend doctor has entered his name as a subscriber to a project of the reverend Mr. Moral Police to erect boxes for the heroes of the fist in all market places through these provinces, that *fair play* may be secured by keeping off the crowd. The boxes are to be made after the fashion of a Scotch pulpit, but a wee bit larger.

HUMANITAS.

* The reverend gentleman is, no doubt, desirous of imitating the Roman pontiff, Pope Innocent X. who one day, looking out of a window of his palace, with some cardinals, they espied two men fighting in the street; the cardinals hereupon entreated the holy father to interpose his authority and command peace; but he refused, saying, "let them fight it out, and that will make them good friends of course."