

FIGHTING WITH GLOVES.

TOM ALLEN VS. TOMMY GILBERT FOR TWO HUNDRED POUNDS AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Contrary to expectation, the long talked-of fight between these two men came off at Sadler's Wells Theatre last night without the least attempt being made by the police in the way of interference. The attendance in the old building was not so large as on previous occasions, a state of affairs brought about by many conflicting circumstances. It was rumored that the authorities had put their veto against it, and many who doubtless intended to be present were thereby prevented from putting in an appearance. Then again, former experiences as to the entrance and exit at the theatre were not pleasant, in addition to which those learned in tactics openly stated that, if a genuine combat, it would be extremely one-sided, for Tom Allen was the hero of many well fought battles, while his opponent was almost unknown, even in his native town of Lincoln. The entertainment was advertised to commence at seven o'clock precisely, but it was nearly eight ere the doors were opened. There was no crowding or hurrying, everything was done decently and in order. The centre seats were pretty well occupied when the preliminary sparring was begun, but by some means or other, when the *piece de resistance* came on every corner was filled. The strains of a mixed band cleared the way for a set to between Pat Perry, of Birmingham, and Jim Rawlins, of Hull, who were followed by J. Ireland and R. Habijam, while the winding-up bouts were between Punch Callow and Seekey Hart. It was now past nine o'clock, and an unusual air on the stage indicated the approach of the aspirants for championship honors. Precisely at a quarter past nine Allen entered the ring, and almost immediately afterward Gilbert followed suit.

Once inside the ropes little time was lost in arranging matters and commencing hostilities. A referee was chosen, and at twenty minutes past nine the pair faced each other, Allen having for his seconds Bat Mullins and J. Driscoll, while Gilbert was looked after by Jem Dillon and Jim Terry, of Nottingham. The talent were on the *qui vive* to see how the novice shaped, and he had scarcely put up his fists till it was evident that the battle would be virtually a gift to the Brum, whose position was artistic, while that of the other was constrained and awkward. In the first round it was apparent that Allen fancied his superiority, and he at once led off with his left and very early got home on the nose and finished up the round by crossing his opponent with the left and bringing him to his knees. The next round was brisk, but brief; they worked away in close company till they were carried to their corners before they had been fighting one minute. In the third round, Allen made free use of his left and time after time reached his mark without ever being stopped. The fourth round was all in favor of Tom, who could clearly do as he liked with his man, on whom he repeated frontal visitations and the fast fighting was rapidly its having effect. With an upper cut from the right he was knocked completely off his legs, and the round, of course, was at an end. The fifth round, after a few rallies, was terminated by the Lincoln man getting down on his knees, and in the sixth Allen still scored every point, the other going in for body blows when he found he could not reach his opponent's face. The seventh and last round was a merry one. Allen was slightly out of wind, but scatheless, while Gilbert's face showed crimson streaks in more than one place. They quickly got to close quarters, when the countryman was seen to hit his man more than once below the belt, a proceeding which evidently riled Mr. Thomas, who in turn went to work with a will, and planted one or two blows that made Gilbert wince and reel all over the ring. He again took the unfair fighting, and Allen, throwing himself, landed him all his length on the floor and fell beside him. As wrestling was forbidden a claim of foul was made by Dillon and Terry, but the referee wisely ordered the men to fight on. Gilbert, however, had enough of it, and neither argument nor persuasion would get him to again face him who had administered so severe chastisement in the last round. There was nothing left, therefore, but to proclaim Allen the victor, and with the playing of "God Save the Queen" by the band the affair was at an end. — *London Sportsman*.

A BENEVOLENT PEDDLER.

HOW HE DISPOSED OF HIS WARES AND SOLD A CROWD.

One evening last week a carriage containing one man stopped on Hancock Street, Gloucester and the occupant soon gathered a crowd by his persuasive eloquence. Then he took from his pocket a dozen or so of rings, which he sold at ten cents each, and which he requested the buyers to hold up so he could see them, meanwhile

bought a peck of dried apples, they were all stuck together in a lump, but I got 'em jammed into the pot, poured in some water and started the fire. Presently a few of 'em began to rise up to the top of the pot, and so I skimmed 'em off and put 'em in a pan. Pretty soon more of them bulged up, and I skimmed them off and put 'em in the pan. The first thing I know, after I had skimmed that blasted pot for a while I had to get another pan, and then another, and by the time I'd got four pans heaped up full, dang my skin if there wasn't more apples in the pans than there was in the pot. That is, I thought so at the time, I kept getting pans and buckets and lard cans, and all the while plumb frightened to death for fear some of the boys would come in and see how extravagant I was, for I had been blowin' on how cheap I could run the mess. The blasted apples still kept a comin' out of the pot. I put some papers out on the floor and covered 'em with fruit, and, by jove, the place looked like a Santa Clara fruit drying establishment, and the pot was still bilin' full."

"What has that got to do with a mule dyin'?"

"Wait a minute, I'm comin' to the mule. Finally I got desperate and dumped over twelve bushels of the apples back of the cabin, behind a tree. In about an hour I heard a devil of a noise, and ran out. What do you suppose I found? Why, a four-hundred-dollar mule kicken' in the agonies of death. The apples were all gone; the mule nearly so. He was swelled up like a balloon, and the first thing I knew he busted. Pledge my word, gentleman, he exploded like a giant-powder blast, and brought the whole camp to the place. I kept still, they could not find the mule and it cost 'em \$10 to advertise a reward for him in the Sacramento Union. About two weeks afterward they caught a couple of greasers hanging round, and they put it up that they stole the mule, so they hung 'em. I was there, but did not say a word for fear the boys would find out how extravagant I had run the commissary. Let's have something."

AQUATIO.

A SWEEPING CHALLENGE FROM TRICKETT.

The London correspondent of the Boston Globe says:—"Considerable interest is evinced here over a sweeping challenge from the Australian champion, Edward Trickett, to row any man in his country or America a single-scull race for £500 or £1,000 a side and the championship of the world. Trickett has forwarded from Sydney the following fair proposal, in which he is prepared to meet any man in the old or new world for a large sum which will doubtless result in a reply from either Hamilton, of Canada, or Courtney, the wonderful oarsman of the United States. Trickett offers to row any man in Great Britain, the United States, or the colonies, a single-scull race in the best and best of boats, distance from three to five miles, straight away, for £500 to £1,000 a side. He offers to allow any oarsman who accept the challenge expenses to row on the Paramatta river, the race to take place four months after signing articles, and the editor of Sydney Bell's Life to be stakeholder and referee. Should neither Higgins nor Boyd, the present champions, accept the challenge, Trickett offers to row any man in the United States or the Provinces in a three or five mile single-scull race for £500 or £1,000, and defray any oarsman's expenses to row at Sydney. If none agree to go to New South Wales, he will row any man in the United States or the colonies, and if they agree to row for £1,000 a side he will defray his own expenses. If they decline to row for this sum, he will row for £500 a side—no less—and will take £100 for expenses. The New York Clipper to be stakeholder and to select a referee. At first when the challenge was received in London it was expected that either Higgins, who now holds the championship, or Robert Watson Boyd, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, would be matched against the Australian; but neither Higgins nor Boyd can find backers to accompany them to Australia, and unless the champion agrees to, again visit England the prospects are no one there will leave there to meet him. Perhaps some of the American oarsmen may agree to meet Trickett and row for the championship of the world, which the Australian took with him from England when he outrowed the champion on the Thames."

HANGED FOR A BET.

On April 15, 1812, two men were charged before the magistrates under the following curious circumstances; a constable who was passing along Hampstead road on the previous evening observed a stout man six feet high hanging by his neck from a lamp-post attached to a wall, having been tied up and "turned off" just before by a short man. The officer rushed to the spot, and when he arrived there the handkerchief by

Poetry.

OLD SLEDGE.

You may apologize whilst as a game which requires
The stolid skill of our English sires:
You may risk your luck on a draw at poker.
Or patronize euchre—but not with the joker:
You may flud that in cribbage there's something to do

When you lay out a sequence, or fifteen-two;
You may build at casino, or enter a party
For a quiet bout of piquet or ecarte—
But there isn't a game in the whole of the pack
That can hold a candle to high-low jack

Blest Puritan game! in the far-away time,
When innocent sport was condemned as a crime,
The boys of New England would hie them away
To a friendly barn with its sheltering hay.
On the afternoon of the Sabbath day,
To digest the sermon and blunt its edge
With thy multitudinous charms, Old Sledge!
They shuffled and dealt with a cautious hand,
For their pastboard friends were contraband,
But over and oft, as they made their scores,
They carelessly called the game "all fours."

And afar on the California slope,
In the days when the Argonauts, flushed with hope,
Were searching for "pockets" and staking their claims,
They counted you then the prince of games.
By the blazing camp-fire gathered round,
What solid comfort in thee they found!
Those bearded men, who carried their lives
Clutched in their hands, as they carried their knives,
Dealt out the cards and brimmed their cup
Of earthly pleasure with seven-up!

With all thy changes of form and name,
At heart, Old Sledge, thou art still the same,
Thy laws are laws of life in a way,
Where all must shuffle and deal and play;
Where the pack is cut by those who would live,
And some must beg and some must give;
If we hold the high it is safe, we know,
But we need to be cautious with only the low,
For a knave will carry its point like a brick,
Where a king would fall at taking the trick!

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Those who assail the Prince of Wales are soundly taken to task by the editor of Truth in a long and earnest article, in the course of which the habits of the Heir Apparent are referred to as follows:—"He is fond of field sports and rides well to hounds, while he shares with the humblest of his future subjects that fondness of racing which is one of our national characteristics. He is equally at home on the ocean as in the hunting field and at the covert side, and he is a bold and successful yachtsman. When in London he is, like his ancestor George III., a great patron of theatres, and so singularly is he in unison with theatre-goers that managers are ever anxious to know his real opinion of a new play, for what pleases him is almost certain to please the public. In Norfolk, where he has purchased an estate, he leads the life of a country gentleman, talks learnedly with his neighbors about crops, has strong opinions respecting the merits of different breeds of sheep and cattle, and is never so happy as when he has carried off a prize at an agricultural meeting. There he mixes, almost as a private gentleman, with squires and farmers, and as his popularity in the county where he resides and where he is so well known is unbounded, amongst high and low, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is merited, for the severest censors of princes are those who come in habitual contact with them."

A WILD MAN.

The Fremont (Neb.) Tribune, of October 21st contains an article giving the details of the discovery of a wild man in that vicinity. Two young men were out hunting water fowl when they came upon the strange being. He was just emerging from a clump of trees and underbrush when they caught a glimpse of him. His dress was of the most primitive style, consisting of a woollen shirt. He had a stick in his hand, which he swung around his head as if striking at something he saw in the air, and uttering the while a sharp, unearthly noise. Like a wild animal he was constantly on a sharp lookout, nervously looking this way and that, as his ear detected the least unusual noise, or his eye noticed the shaking of a reed, or anything that was the least extraordinary. After a few moments he squatted on his haunches under a tree and began to dig in the ground with his hands and the stick, occasionally carrying something

HOAG'S MUFFLED MARE.

A sprinkling of horsemen gathered at the hard half mile track outside of Seneca Falls, N. Y., to look on a trot between three ordinary horses owned in the neighborhood. Between the heats Mr. Milton Hoag, keeper of the Hoag House, drove on the track with a bay mare muffled to the ears in a discolored summer blanket. The mare was booted and harnessed to a mud-stained, rough-looking skeleton wagon. Hoag drove the mare in a shambling walk. She looked like a rheumatic-stricken beast as she passed the stand, and the assembled horsemen laughed as her driver turned around and exclaimed: "Boys, have your timers ready when I come around!" At this the mare started, and was seen throwing her legs out in a wonderful manner. The hoofs on her fore legs were turned under like fish-hooks, and her hind feet darted forward with the speed of lightning. She had Flora Temple's stride, without getting as low down. The muffled mare skinned around the upper turn of the track like a mile a minute engine around a curve, and she came down the back stretch with the swoop of a pigeon, without a break.

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed Deacon Obadiah Latham, who was never known to use a profane ejaculation before, "did any of you, gentlemen, ever see a mare trot like that before? There's no minister's horse there. Here she comes. Get your watches ready!"

And she did come, with the fastest quartette of pattering hoofs ever heard on that track, or probably any other, to a wagon, with a driver weighing about two hundred pounds.

Mr. George Haight, Mr. Joshua Hinckley, and other judges in the box, all owners of fast trotters, started their timers carefully as the mare rattled by.

"Let her go, Milt," shouted Deacon Latham.

Milt looked pale but determined. He had evidently never driven a trotter fast before; but he was in for it, and he let her go.

"George, you take the last quarter, while I take the half," shouted Mr. Hinckley to Mr. Haight.

The mare glided around the half-mile track with the speed of a Coney Island Railroad dummy, eager for a smash up. As she passed under the string Mr. Hinckley shouted: "Half mile in 1:10;" and Haight: "She made the quarter around the turn in thirty-three seconds." The other timers corroborated them.

"That mare can beat all the fast trotters in the world," said an old Long Island horseman who was present.

To the writer he said: "She is a California mare without a record. She is a seven year old bay, with tremendous muscle in her shoulders and quarters, large lungs, and points that I think will make her the wonder of the trotting world. John Splan saw her in California, and started East with her to beat Rarus and other flyers; but she was taken sick in Omaha, and Hoag's brother, who is interested in her, brought her to Seneca Falls. She is now recovered, and is called Lady Hoag."

WOMAN DIVER.

In the vicinity of New York there is a professional woman diver. Her husband is a diver in the Santa Barbara pearl fisheries, and from him his wife took his place in the pearl fisheries. She says there is a fascination about diving business which is stronger than all its terrible dangers, and the fascination acted powerfully upon herself. She was able to remain down as long as any of the men. Once she was almost suffocated by a break in the air supply, and when she was dragged to the surface her face was black and stained with blood which had started even from her eye sockets. She was unable to go down again for two days, but at the end of that time she resumed her perilous trade.

A NEW USE FOR CHURCHES.

A Montreal firm in the oyster fish and fruit business wrote to the trustees of a certain church on St. Catherine Street, offering \$100 for the privilege of affixing one of their gilt edged posters to the vestibule of the church. The

INSTINCT OR REASON.

In one of the late Government reports on ornithology the following story is told:—"A gentleman who resides near Baltimore, upon one of the small inlets of the Chesapeake Bay, was recently taking a walk near the water's edge, when he noticed a fish-hawk rise from the water with a prize in his mouth, and after getting a short distance instantly be set upon by an eagle, evidently waiting for a meal and quiet spectator of the fishing. Being attacked and compelled to give it up, he dropped it, which the eagle, catching in the air, flew away with, apparently disregarding the pangs of a guilty conscience. The next day he noticed a repetition of the fishing operation by the hawk, and on the eagle's approach, as before, he promptly dropped it again and quickly disappeared. The eagle caught it, as before, in the air, but, strangely, as he thought, let it go, and it fell to the ground. Being generally interested in nature, the gentleman concluded to go up and examine the cause of the unusual conduct of the thieving "Emblem of Freedom," our great North American bird. He did so, and reached the spot, found the supposed fish a piece of dried manure. It was the old story of "Itouge is swoop," etc., but at once suggests the question: "Is there naught save mere instinct granted by nature to her creatures?"

We believe it gives strong evidence of reasoning power exercised to gratify the feelings of mortification and revenge. Anyone can imagine this practical joker looking over his shoulder and laughing.

Miscellaneous.

They now call the college prizes for rowing skullerships.

Stafford Davis, of Coffee County, Ga., 104 years old, was recently married to a young woman in her teens, and is the father of a new-born child.

A California paper tells about a boy climbing a tomato vine to get away from a mud dog. Tomato vines attain an enormous size in California, and so does lies.

A new cast-iron spire of the Rouen Cathedral, which has just been completed, has the unequalled height of 492 feet. No other structure raised by the hand of man has reached so lofty a point. The cross of St. Peter's at Rome is but 152 feet above the ground.

A Yankee gentlemen said that Nantucket horses were celebrated for their general worthlessness, imbecility, and marvelous slowness. He said a citizen sold one to a cavalry officer during the civil war, and warranted him to be a good war-horse. The soldier came back afterwards in a towering passion, and said he had been swindled. As how?" said the Nantucketer. "Why, there's not a bit of go in him, and yet you warranted him as a good war horse. Yes, I did, and he is a good war horse, he'd sooner die than run!"

In 1758, the Duke of Quisenberry, then Lord March, made a match to convey a letter a certain number of miles within a given time. Even the most knowing ones of the day deemed the thing impossible. His lordship, however enclosed his ticket in a cricket ball, and stationed in a large circle twenty young men, who were good hands at catching, made them throw it from one to another at the appointed period, at the expiration of which, the ground being measured, the distance that the ball had been made to travel was found to exceed, by nearly one-fourth, the stipulations of the wager.

Mr. A. J. Wyatt, Mt. Sterling, returned home on Saturday, from a fishing trip to the mountains where he had been several days. When he arrived at the store he turned his horse, starting him home, a distance of about one hundred yards. A bull dog belonging to Mr. Wyatt saw the horse and ran to meet him, and went back with him to the gate which being shut at the time he unlatched with his paw and pushed it open, permitting the horse to enter. After the horse had gone in he latched the gate and began playing with the horse, showing his joy at his return.

The New York Herald of November 4th says: "A Jewish lady by the name of Davis who resides on East Fifth street in this city, is 100 years of age." The lady referred to is Mrs. Phoebe Davis, mother of Mr. Davis, of Clifton, W. J. Davis, etc.