

PUGILATION.

LONDON, August 21.
BELCHER AND BURKE.
CAMBERWELL FAIR.

Those who witnessed the battle at Cockpool-green, between Belcher and Burke, will no doubt recollect with what reluctance Burke yielded the palm of victory to his antagonist on that day. Since that period Burke has never been satisfied in his own mind, but that the fortune of the day was lost on account of an accidental blow which he received in the throat. It was therefore his intention to avail himself of the first opportunity that offered, to try the fate of another contest. It was not however, by the battle, which was intended to have been fought in Yorkshire, that he was to judge of his superiority over Belcher, as it is well known that no battle was then to take place without Belcher first agreeing to make it a *cross*, which he could not be persuaded to consent to, having sworn to his Mother at parting, that he would strictly adhere to the rule laid down by his Grandfather Slack, never to *sell* a battle. The fight was therefore put off, after much expence had been incurred in preparing the stage and training the Heroes. Burke after this still continued to boast at various times of his superior powers; and on Thursday last, being a little pot-valliant, at Camberwell Fair, he was entertaining a number of hearers with the manner he would serve it out to Belcher the first time he met with him. A coach came up to the spot at the moment with Belcher in it, accompanied by FLETCHER REID, Esq. when he was soon informed of what Burke had been saying. The Bristol Hero immediately stepped out of the coach, and asked Burke if what he had just heard was true? Burke replied it was, and offered to accompany him to a room where he would box him for pure love. They retired to the Golden Lion, and found the place they meant to fight in occupied with some females. Belcher immediately intreated Burke not to alarm them, but adjourn to the Bowling-green, but Burke persisted in setting too in the room; on which Belcher stripped off his coat to prepare for battle, when his opponent demanded a truce, as he had drunk freely, and was not fit to engage him. Belcher remained behind, and Burke with several others repaired to the Bowling-green, but had not been there long before he received a message from Burke, that he was then ready to enter the ring with him. Belcher obeyed the summons, and they again stripped and set too. There was at the time so bad a ring that nothing like science was displayed; they closed, and Belcher threw Burke. On the second round, there was more room; Belcher placed his first blow on Burke's nose, the blood instantly gushed out, and he again fell. On his second's attempting to raise him up, he requested to remain where he was, and in that situation again applied to Belcher for a suspension of hostilities, as he found he had drunk too much liquor, and that they were not contending on equal terms. Burke further proposed that he would then put down a Guinea to one of Belcher's, which should be forfeited by those who failed to meet next day, at twelve o'clock, in Oxenden-street, for the purpose of fixing a proper time to fight at, the same day, that they might fairly determine which of them hereafter was to be considered the best man.

THE BATTLE IN BAKER'S FIELDS, NEAR BAYSWATER.

At twelve o'clock, according to appointment, the Bruising Heroes met in Oxenden-street, accompanied by many of their friends of fighting notoriety; and they both being in the same mind as the day before, agreed to proceed to Baker's Fields, behind Bayswater, to have the battle out. Belcher had no objection to make the quarrel up without appealing again to blows; but Burke considering that he had been used ill the day before, refused, and seemed to say—"Hard blows and revenge for me."

At one o'clock the combatants, with an immense croud of people, arrived at the place fixed on. In a few minutes the ring was formed, and the two furious pugilists appeared in the middle of it, began to strip off their cloaths, and seemed eager for the fight. Many of the amateurs were astonished at the cool determination with which Burke appeared to enter the ring with Belcher after the severe beatings he had received from him, but his mind was made up to try once more if perseverance, or a fortunate blow would stand his friend. Belcher's looks were those of confidence: his seconds were Joe Ward and Bill Gibbons. Burke was attended by Tim Owen and Huggle, a Jew. Having announced that they were ready to set too, a perfect silence immediately prevailed throughout the spectators.

First Round.—A great deal of hard strait forward fighting, in which both parties received several blows in the body. Burke closed with Belcher and attempted to throw him, but Belcher gave Burke a cross-buttock. No blood was spilt, and Belcher was first upon his legs.

Second Round.—Burke endeavoured to give the first blow, but it was parried by Belcher's left arm, who with the same hand hit Burke a violent blow on his mouth, which cut both his lips, he bled much, but did not fall, till on closing he was again thrown by Belcher, who decidedly seemed to have strength in his favour.

Third Round.—Set too immediately on rising from the second's knee; no manoeuvring, all strait forward fighting. Belcher received a violent blow under the left arm, but fought on, and on closing again had the advantage in the fall, but Burke was thought not to have the worst of it.

Fourth Round.—Hard fighting—several hits in the body on both sides, but no knock-down blows. Neither seemed to have the advantage, except when they closed, when Burke as before fell undermost. Several voices called out "Take care of your nose, Burke, and you will do him yet."—Belcher smiled.

Fifth Round.—Burke shewed evident marks of irritation, but still fought strong; Belcher avoided several severe blows aimed at his head, and laughed at his opponent. Burke, however, placed another blow with his right hand on his opponent's left side, and again closed with Belcher, who gave him another cross-buttock, but still there was no odds in the battle. They both fell together at the close of the round.

Sixth Round.—Belcher got over Burke's guard with his left hand, and placed a severe blow on his cheek bone, which cut a hole in it, and made it bleed much. This had a visible effect on Burke's temper, and threw him off his guard, so that he had evidently the worst of the round. He closed again with Belcher, but with no better success.

Seventh Round.—Burke altered his mode of fighting, but not for the better. He drew back before he attempted to make his blow, to give it more force, but Belcher avoided it, and Burke fell at his feet. Belcher now appeared in great spirits.

Eighth Round.—Belcher seemed as alert as ever, and fought undauntedly. Burke fought with savage ferocity, but could not make his blows tell. Belcher seeing he began to be distressed, pretended to encourage him to come up. Burke never flinched from Belcher's blows, who now seemed to be able to place them where he liked. Burke's face seemed much mangled; his mouth was full of blood, and when they fell together, being for the first time uppermost, he spit the blood into Belcher's mouth. Belcher did not relish it, and swore he would pay him for it the next round.

Ninth Round.—Burke came up to Belcher, who stopped and returned his first blow, which hit Burke, who rushed again and hit Belcher a blow on one side of the neck, which turned black; he however fought on till Burke attempted to throw him, when Belcher gave him a severe cross-buttock, and Burke was with difficulty got up.

Tenth Round.—Belcher fought with unabated vigour, and seemed unwilling to give Burke any breathing time but what was allowed by the laws of boxing. Burke came up very manly and shewed good bottom, but now fought round, and lay very much open to Belcher's blows. It was thought he would soon give in, but hitting Belcher a severe blow near the eye concluded with having the best of this round.

Eleventh Round.—This was of all others the most desperately fought. It appeared as if Burke meant to try the effect of his whole strength in this round; Belcher, however, had equal powers to meet him. Burke placed all his blows at Belcher's body with his right hand; Belcher parried some of them in his usual way, and struck at the same time with his left hand at his opponent's face, which, during this round was in a shocking bloody state. The round ended with Belcher giving Burke the usual finish, a cross-buttock.

Twelfth Round.—Burke seemed much weakened from the last round, though he would not give in, Belcher hit him a violent blow or two on one side of his nose. The old wound was hit, but not severely. It was now evident he could not recover the battle. Belcher was as cool and as collected as at the first of the contest, and seemed to have strength in reserve. He threw Burke with apparent ease.

Thirteenth Round.—This was the last round, in which Burke evinced much courage, and seemed to prove that none but Belcher could give him as much beating as he could carry away. He rushed upon Belcher, regardless of the blows that were so liberally dealt out to him, and being entirely exhausted, fell upon the ground in an inanimate state, when his seconds interfered, and said he could do no more, and Belcher was again dubbed "Champion of England."

What is very remarkable the thirteen rounds were fought in fourteen minutes, and it was considered one of the severest battles that has taken place since Belcher became of pugilistic note. Belcher acknowledged he never had such an ugly customer. It was thought that if Burke could have preserved the same coolness and science to the end which he evinced in the onset, that the fight must have lasted half an hour, even at the rate they fought, if he did not prove victorious.

FLETCHER REID Esq. and several Amateurs, were present, who were of opinion that neither Big Ben or Johnson could have borne the beating that Burke received yesterday.

It was said, that the Combatants fought for a purse of fifty guineas—this was not true; the fact is, that after the fight, Mr. Reid, and some other amateurs of this brutal practice, subscribed thirty guineas for the winner, and five guineas for the loser of the battle.

Dreadful Suicide in France.—Citizen Mazot, Captain of Artillery at Dieppe, after having eaten a hearty dinner with his mistress, shot himself, a few days ago, under the chin, with a pistol loaded with 3 balls. His head was shattered in a frightful manner; one of the bullets took out one of his eyes; but the other two, which no doubt reached the brain, could not be found. The unfortunate man had still knowledge enough remaining to perceive that he had not fully perpetrated his crime, and with a dagger again wounded himself in several parts of the body, without being able after all to succeed in his murderous attempt; thus circumstanced, he was carried to a hospital, where he expired next day, in the most excruciating agonies, a frightful monument of irreligion and madness. This deluded man was hurried to the criminal act by desperation; he had made too free with the company's money, and at the eve of being reduced, he saw no probability of being able to make it good.

DIRTY DICK.

THE MOST ECCENTRIC CHARACTER IN LONDON.

This singular man resides at —, near the India-House, consequently in one of the most conspicuous situations in the city. His father was a most respectable and rich hardware-man, lived in the same house, and died about the year 1770; he lived in a good style, kept his carriage, and gave his son a liberal education; he speaks the French and Italian languages fluently, and informed the writer of this narrative that he spent a winter at Rome, and has been several years at Paris. Previous to his father's death, and for some years after, he was called the Beau of Leaden-hall-street, and was seen at all public places dressed as a man of fashion. He attended in a most elegant suit the fête at Ranelagh, given by the Spanish Ambassador on the King's Recovery. His manners in company still bespeak the Gentleman, whilst his present appearance in business is the most disgusting that can be conceived. He who was

once distinguished for his elegance and taste in dress, and whose favourite suit in his beautiful days was a light blue and silver, with his hair dressed in the extremity of fashion, *Chapeau de Bras, &c.* is now so changed into one of the most dirty creatures in existence, that he has acquired the nick-name, amongst even the lowest classes of people, of *DIRTY-DICK*, and his house is called the Dirty Warehouse.

Our correspondent, having heard of this extraordinary character, called on him more than once, under pretence of purchasing some article, and he found nothing exaggerated in the accounts he had heard of him and his shop; he was as usual without a coat, his waistcoat and breeches in value next to nothing, his shirt, his face and hands, as black as his windows; his hair stood up "like the quills of the fretful Porcupine," all begrimed with excessive dirt, and he appeared to have been a determined enemy to the use of combs for several years past. His shop was dark and full of various sorts of goods packed in cases, reaching nearly to the ceiling. The writer asked him for a penknife, he instantly produced a variety from this mighty mass and unarranged collection of goods. His customer ventured to ask him why he did not sort his articles better, as it must be almost impossible to come at some of them without the assistance of several porters? He acknowledged the truth of the observation, but replied "that he had not time to do so; he was constantly employed, and had not undressed himself for the last five nights; he was so full of thought on the future management of his affairs, that he could not unbend his mind to pull off his clothes." He was asked why he did not get his windows mended and cleaned? He replied "that he had thoughts of doing it for several years past, but that he really had not time, yet he was thinking of doing it!" "Why don't you open your window shutters, Mr. —?" "Why, sir, they have not been opened these 15 years; but I am thinking about opening them!"

His house appears to be very large, but it is as dirty in front as it is in the interior; the windows are literally as black and as thick of dirt and smoke as the back of a chimney grate that had not been swept for seven years. The broken windows are repaired by old tea-trays or waiters, to fill up the broken vacancy.

The writer found Mr. — to be, as was reported of him, with all his eccentricity, a very intelligent, sensible, and polite man; he might be compared to a diamond begrimed with dirt, which, though it may conceal its lustre in such a state, yet it can easily recover its original polish! Instead therefore of being what is called a rough diamond, he is only an unwashed one; but certainly not a diamond of the first water! In the adoption of this dirty system, there is no inconsiderable portion of pride and vanity in Mr. —; strange perversion of taste! yet not altogether unaccountable on the score of selfishness and interest. Experience has allowed him to prove that this uncommon whim has acquired him public notoriety! He has calculated that if he was to be clean in his person, and wear a coat, and to have a decent shop, he should then be only like the generality of other shop-keepers, and might be overlooked or neglected amongst such a numerous herd! "Sir, (said he) a lady came purposely from Yorkshire to see me, as a very remarkable character she had heard of!"

Mr. —'s neighbours have frequently offered to defray the expence of painting and white-washing the front of his house; but this he constantly refuses, alledging that his shop is so well known abroad by the denomination of the Dirty Warehouse, that it would ruin his trade with the Levant! But this ruling principle is avarice, and it appears to govern him with uncontrollable sway in all his actions. He is afraid of being robbed: he therefore keeps no servants. When he goes out, he chains up his shop-door, and employs an old barrow woman, who sells fruit and gingerbread, close to his house, to give a sharp look out until he returns, and for this service he remunerates her with sparing pence! His expenditure in coats must be very trifling, for, except when absolutely indispensable, he considers fires as extravagant; but as his feet, from age or other circumstances, are chilly in the winter season, he fills a box with straw and stands in it! Ever mindful of the same rule, is the reason of his filling up the aperture of a broken window with old tea-trays and waiters, remarking that it is the cheapest method of repairing the damage! It is said, that his father left an injunction in his will, that he was never to repair his house; that if a brick was to fall out it was not to be replaced; if any of the wood work decayed, not an inch of sound timber was allowed to repair it, and so with the windows. If it be so, there never was a more dutiful son in obeying more punctually the will of an odd father! But this is no more probable than that of his laying an injunction on his worthy son never to wash his hands and face; his apology on that score is somewhat curious—he says—if he did wash them, they would want washing again to-morrow; and he was resolved not to use them to expect such delicate and expensive customs, for soap was dear, and towels would want washing also!

It is likewise said, that his father left another strange injunction in his will, which was to oblige his son to purchase annually two thousand pounds worth of goods, at the least, in order that his son's mind should be always occupied in business. Hence it may be accounted for, why Mr. —, has such a large stock left on hand at present; we may suppose very justly; that during the late long war, his favourite Levant trade has not proved so productive as formerly.

The writer of this asked him, whether the tea-trays and waiters put in the apertures of the broken windows were new goods? The answer was, "Yes, Sir, they were new when I had them, and they only want varnishing to be new again!" From such a confused heap of various articles sold by such an eccentric character people generally believe that they can get great bargains; and he is so polite in his shop, that if an article be wanted that might not be worth six-pence, and he should happen not to have it, he would go half over the town to procure it rather than lose his customer!

It is well known that Mr. — has been remarkably partial to the fair sex, and has had midnight revels in his house. At that period he might have been clean and fair enough himself, but now his dirty figure and dark and