

## RAIL SHOOTING ON THE DELAWARE.



We copy the following amusing sketch from the American Sporting Magazine for 1830. It was furnished to that excellent work by a correspondent at Holmesburg, Pa.

MR. EDITOR.—Our small shooters have already commenced their work of murder and destruction among these poor little birds.—Every day, at high water on the flats of the Delaware, any where within ten miles of Philadelphia, a most tremendous fusilade is kept up for some two or three hours, which would induce a person ignorant of its object, to suppose that a fleet of boats had engaged in deadly strife. It would amuse you much to spend one of these shooting days at Bridesburg, it being a grand rendezvous for the rail-shooting gentry. There you would see gigs and dearborns by the dozen, and hear conversation not much unlike the following: "Well, Mr. Fesmire, will we have a good tide today?" "Why, I can't tell exactly till it comes." "Birds plenty, Fesmire?" "Yes, tolerable." "D—n—, Charley, we'll pick 'em." "What d'ye think, t'other day I had only nine pounds of shot, and bagged thirteen birds;—wouldn't you call that fair shooting? Yes, and I had three or four charges left."—"Halloo, Fesmire," bawls a fellow before he gets out of his gig, "I bespeak you for a pusher to-day." "No, you don't, Mr. L— bespoken me for the whole season three months ago." "The d—l you say;—who'll I get?"—"Why, I don't know; may-be Black Sam, if he is not engaged." "That's so much for not coming in time;—I should have come up last Sunday." "I say, Mister, I'd thank you to let that gun alone." "Ask pardon; I was only wondering how you could shoot without any locks." "The d—l you say—then I'm denised. So much for trusting careless servants, and not cleaning one's own gun;—the fellow has put the gun in the cover without the locks."—"Mister, won't you hire me your gun for to-day?" "I'd rather guess not; I wants to shoot her myself. May-be you can get Fesmire's duck gun." "Not very handy, it's true; but better than none."—"Harry," says another, "how much shot did you bring?" "Only a bag—think that'll do?" "Yes, I'd rather think so." "Mr. Fesmire, ain't the tide high enough now?" "Psha, it won't suit these three hours." "Well, I don't care, I came for sport, and will make the most of it;—the early bird catches most grubs. Come, pusher, let's be off." "Why, Mister, I doesn't like to be laying over there in the hot sun for three or four hours for nothing."—"No matter, I'll pay you extra;—I want a crack at the reed birds." "Thank fortune we're over at last;—I'll load—but where's my gun?—didn't you put it in the boat?" "No, you didn't tell me." "Then it's at Fesmire's. Turn about and pull like the d—l." "That's the way you hurried off without your gun, and I without a dram."

Another gentleman whilst crossing, exclaims, "Why, John, how wide the river is here, but we're most over;—I believe I'll load." "You'd better wait till we land."—"No, I want to be ready;—don't you hear how they're cracking—Oh, I'd like to a'been overboard?" "If you ain't your powder-flask is; it bounced off the the thwart when you made such a lee lurch just now." "If that's the case, what's to be done?" "Why, I reckon we can borrow some from Mr. Cautious; he always has three or four flasks well filled when he goes out." "O, I see him." "Stop, Sammy, don't push, I see one." "Where?" "Why, yonder." "Poh! that's a fly-up-the-creek;—I guess you doesn't know what a rail is." "Take care, Mister, mind what you're about—you've shot me." "I wasn't shooting towards you." "Yes, you were, or you wouldn't have hit me." "Look out for yourself another time, when you see any body shooting at you." "I don't think I shall, for I believe you've blinded me." "I am very sorry for that;—the sun was right in my eyes when I fired, and I couldn't tell who was in the way." "Nor didn't care, I suppose."—"Well, Mr. Bagall, what success?" "Why, tolerable, about sixty;—how did you make out?" "Rather indifferent—fourteen, I believe; ain't there, Sammy?" "There were—but one wounded one crept out of the boat." "Rather poorish luck, I should think." "Yes, but my gun was dirty, and the powder bad, or I'd killed a hundred." "Mr. Everready I'd thank you for a few caps; I unfortunately lost my box overboard—this boat is so unsteady." "Stoop! stoop! there's a duck." "Where?" "What, that fellow whose gun has knocked him overboard—Lord how he splashes?"—"Jim this won't do, we must try and do better than this; the tide is falling fast." "No matter, you can buy some birds." "Ah, there's Dick Poacher, I'll warrant he has some."—"Mr. Poacher, how d'ye do?" "Tolerable, I thank ye." "Got any birds?" "Why yes, a few." "How many?" "About six dozen." "What d'ye ask?" "A dollar and a half a dozen." "A'nt that pretty high; we get them in the city for half that price." "Yes, I know you can, but we always gits more here for 'em." "D—d imposition! however, I must have some to count Billy Bragshot for our dinner and club." Our champion arrives at Fesmire's, and the first thing that takes place is a count between him and Bragshot, who, very probably, has supplied himself with Fesmire's spare birds. "How many birds have you got?" says Bragshot. "Why about eighty—how many have you?" "Seventy-nine."—"I win." "What were you doing so long with Poacher?" "No matter—what has become of all the birds that hung up under the piazza?—come my hearty, no gouging, fair play's a jewel; let's take a cool drink together at your expense."

June 25-42-

St. Peter's Church.—The spire "being erected," on St. Peter's church, Third below Pine street, is fast approaching toward completion. It is now sixty feet high, and an octangular spire, sixty feet high, will surmount the new brick tower after it reaches the height of one hundred feet. The bells, presented by Mr. Wilcox, of this city, were cast in London, and will arrive here shortly by the packet ship Thomas P. Cope. The tower will contain the vestry room, library, and entrances to the church.

St. Peter's Church.—A splendid gilt ball and cross has been raised on the new steeple of St. Peter's Church, at the corner of Third and Pine streets.

Oct. 28-42] 1800. 27-42  
St. Peters.—The bells in this Church will be chimed for the first time, on Thursday next. The ringers have been practising for some time past, in Christ Church.

Sept. 19-1845-

St. Peter's Bells.—The new bells in this church will be chimed for the first time at half-past eight o'clock this morning.

Nov. 2-42] Nov. 3-42.

St. Peter's Bells.—The new bells at St. Peter's Church, corner of Third and Pine streets, will be rung to-morrow morning at half past eight o'clock precisely, for the first time. The ringers propose, on this occasion, to ring a "Grandsire." From the well known character of the men we have no doubts but that they will acquit themselves creditably on this ancient amusement of bell ringing.

Nov. 4-42]

St. Peter's Church.—The new bells at St. Peter's Church rung out a merry peal for the first time yesterday morning. The ringers, however, were compelled to desist shortly after they commenced, in consequence of the vibration of the ball and cross surmounting the steeple. They tried it again in the afternoon, but were again compelled to desist.

## TRAVELLING.

To show what rapid strides our country is making in improvement, and how astonishingly the facilities of travelling have increased within three score and ten years, we need furnish no other evidence than the following Advertisement, copied from B. Franklin and D. Hall's Almanac for the year 1753. Those who now complain of delays and inconveniences would do well to commit it to memory. We take care not to alter, or omit a word, which may be treasured up by antiquaries.

"This is to give Notice to all Persons that shall have Occasion of transporting themselves, Goods, Wares, or Merchandise from Philadelphia to New York, or from the latter to the former. That by JOSEPH BORDEN, junior, there is a Stage-boat, well fitted and kept for that Purpose, Nicholas George, Master, and, if Wind and Weather permit, will attend at the Crooked Billet Wharf, in Philadelphia, every Monday and Tuesday in every Week, and proceed up to Borden-Town (not Burlington) on Wednesday, and on Thursday Morning a Stage-waggon, with a choice good Awning, kept by Joseph Richards, will be ready to receive them, and proceed directly to John Clark's opposite the City of Perth Amboy, who keeps a House of good Entertainment; and on Friday a Stage-boat, with a large commodious Cabin, kept by Daniel Obeyant, will be ready to receive them, and proceed directly to New-York and give her attendance at the Whitehall Slip, near the Half Moon Battery. If People be ready at the Stage Days and Places, 'tis believed they may pass quicker by Twenty-four Hours than any other Way, as our Land Carriage is ten Miles shorter than by Way of Burlington, and our waggon does not fail to go thro' in a Day. We expect to give a better Satisfaction this Year than last, by reason we are more acquainted with the Nature of the Business, and have more convenient Boats, Waggons and Stages, and will endeavour to use People in the best Manner we are capable of, and hope all good People will give it the Encouragement it deserves, and us, as the Promoters of such a publick Good. JOSEPH BORDEN, junior, JOSEPH RICHARDS, and DANIEL OBEYANT.

N. B. Joseph Borden's Shallop, Charles Van-Dyke, Master, will also be at Philadelphia every Friday and Saturday in every Week; enquire for him at the Queen's Head, he proceeds to Borden Town (not Burlington) on Sunday, and the Stage-waggon also proceeds to Amboy every Monday in every Week."

From the Philad. "Gasket" 1829.

## EXPEDITIOUS TRAVELLING.

The passengers that left New York, by the Union Dispatch Line, on Saturday, Nov. 1st. arrived at Philadelphia, in the steamboat Burlington, at 4 o'clock and 52 minutes, making the short passage of 8 hours and 52 minutes.

From Soule's Am. Env. Advt.

Nov. 3-1828-

## The American Daily Advertiser.

PHILADELPHIA,

FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1829.

At a Meeting of the Maelurian Lyceum of Science, held December 29, the following persons were elected Officers for the year 1829.

President—Thomas Say.

Vice Presidents.

Charles L. Bonaparte, | Jacob Gilliams.

Recording Secretary—Joseph B. Hanson.

Corresponding Secretary—John T. Sharpless, M. D.

Treasurer—Benjamin M. Hollinshead.

Librarian—Thomas Baldwin.

Curators.

William M. Mussey, | John C. Troutwine,

George L. Johnson, | John J. Lewis.

Auditors.

Joseph Wood, | William A. Foster.

Thomas Wood,

July 10, 1864.

C. C. D.—1st. The old building standing back from Fifth street, above South, on the east side, was the mansion of the Hurst family, owners of considerable property in the neighborhood at and before the Revolution. "Hurst street" derives its name from them. 2d. So far as we know, all the soldiers, American and British, killed in the battle of Germantown, were buried in the graveyards of the village. 3d. S. E. corner of Second and Gothic streets. 4th. The white flag hoisted at the State House when the City Councils are in session, is emblazoned with the arms of the city of Philadelphia, the same as in the central portion of the head of the Dispatch.