



*Boxiana; Or, Sketches of Ancient
and Modern Pugilism : From ...*

Pierce Egan

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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1918



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BOXIANA;
OR,
SKETCHES OF MODERN
 Pugilism,
FROM THE
CHAMPIONSHIP OF CRIBB
TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY P. EGAN.

Θάρσει μηδὲ τί πω δειδίσσω.—HOMER.
Homo sum, humani nil à me alienum puto.—TERENCE.

DEDICATED TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF YARMOUTH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

London:

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

MARCHANT, Printer, Ingram-Court,
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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL OF YARMOUTH.

MY LORD,

It is with mingled sentiments of deference and confidence, that I venture to solicit your Lordship's attention to the present Work ; with confidence, as far as an accurate acquaintance with the subject entitles me to that feeling ; and, at the same time, with deference, not merely for your Lordship's elevated rank in society, but for your acknowledged judgement in the science of Pugilism.

In being unknown to your Lordship, I feel the sincere satisfaction, that I shall escape the charge so often levelled, with too much propriety, against Dedicators in general—of having been guilty of base adulation and servile flattery.

The subject here descanted on, my Lord, is truly NATIONAL; and the Legislator, in keeping up and feeding this BRITISH SPIRIT, feels its advantages in a political point of view, namely, that it is not only acquired, but strengthened by use and familiarity with danger, more firmly than from any arguments, however strong, I might have to offer in support of its public practice and general utility. Emulation and the love of glory are its true and powerful breeders. To what a pitch of daring do we not see these carry men? At *Talavera*, *Vimiera*, and at that memorable epoch of military intrepidity and greatness, the battle of *Waterloo*, (which might truly be said to have decided the fate of Europe,) the undaunted and persevering traits of a SHAW,* a THORNE, &c. with other innumerable characteristic proofs of the valour of Englishmen, in all our battles, demonstrate the truth of this position.

It is well known to your Lordship, that ROME, once the powerful and unrivalled

- * " Oh, shade of the Cheesemonger ! you, who, alas !
Doubled-up, by the dozen, these Mounseers in brass,
 On that great day of *millling*, when blood lay in lakes,
 When KINGS *held the bottle* and EUROPE the *stakes*."

Mistress of the World, degenerated, from the introduction of too much *refinement* and *effeminacy* of character, to the universal contempt and derision of surrounding countries ; and it was, in consequence, emphatically urged by a late much lamented and enlightened Senator,* “Will it make no difference in the mass of the people, whether their amusements are all of a pacific, pleasurable, and effeminate nature, or whether they are of a sort that calls forth a continued admiration of prowess and hardihood ?

He that the world subdued had been
But the best wrestler on the green.

“ True courage does not arise from mere boxing, from the mere beating or being beaten ; but from the sentiments excited by the contemplation and cultivation of such practices.” The good effects of this manly spirit have long been witnessed in England, and I trust, my Lord, it will never be extinguished : as it tends to inure the common people to bravery, and to encourage that truly British spirit, which was the pride and glory of our ancestors.

* Right Hon. W. WINDHAM.

It is an honourable prejudice, which I trust your Lordship will permit me to promulgate, that, at the present moment, the **ENGLISH NATION** stands on an eminence, if not decidedly superior, it must be admitted, equal to any other country in the world. Its corner-stones are—humanity of heart—generosity of disposition—firmness of mind—and courage of soul. To support these native characteristics of Britons has been the only aim of the Author, in the following portraiture of English scientific Pugilists, in order to prevent their being *groaned* down by puritanical cant and theoretical sophistry, so as to induce us to discountenance what has always been our pride and distinction, independently of its political necessity and interest—the **BREED OF VALIANT MEN**: and, also, never to lose sight of those stimulating words of our immortal Bard, that

“England never did and never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.”

I am,

My Lord,

Your obedient humble Servant,

P. EGAN.

April 5th, 1818.

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BOXIANA.

"A *coward*—a man incapable either of defending or of revenging himself, evidently wants one of the most essential parts of the character of a man. He is as much mutilated and deformed in his mind as another in his body, who is either deprived of some of its most essential members, or has lost the use of them. Even though the martial spirit of the people were of no use towards the defence of society; yet, to prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness, which cowardice necessarily involves in it, from spreading themselves through the great body of the people, would still deserve the most serious attention of Government."

ADAM SMITH *on the Wealth of Nations.*

REMARKS ON THE ANTIQUITY OF PUGILISM, WITH THE
MODE OF USING THE CÆSTUS IN THE COMBATS OF
THE ANCIENTS CONTRASTED WITH THE PERIODS OF
FIGG AND BROUGHTON, THE SCIENTIFIC TIME OF
MENDOZA, AND THE IMPROVED SYSTEM OF TACTICS
ILLUSTRATED AT THE PRESENT DAY (1818,) BY
JACKSON, TOM BELCHER, CRIBBE, CARTER, RICH-
MOND, &c. AND THE ADVANTAGES OF THE GLOVES
CONSIDERED, AS PRACTISED WITH AT THE FIVES

VOL. II.

B

COURT: CONCLUDING WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE
ORIGIN AND NATIONAL UTILITY OF THE PUGILISTIC
CLUB.

THAT the English nation has distinguished itself among the moderns, as bestowing applause and substantial reward on every brave and noble exertion, I am proud to allow, and I will also concede that the present age surpasses those of former times, and the last hundred years as the great MILLING ERA of the world: but as a true admirer of the nations of antiquity, I should feel that I did not do justice to their character, did I not remark that the Greeks and Romans were equally assiduous in cultivating the powers of the human system, and no less famous for their admiration of feats of valour in the arena of the amphitheatre.

To ascertain who was the first boxer is a question of more than ordinary difficulty, in deciding with accuracy. SHAKSPEARE makes the grave-digger in *Hamlet* tell us Adam was the first that bore arms; but that is not sufficiently to the purpose. *Pollux*, the twin-brother of *Castor*, is the first, it appears, who made such proficiency in the science as to hand down his name to future ages; this was he whom Jupiter, in the form of a swan, is said to have begotten on the body of the fair Leda, the mother of the beauteous Helen. Such was the admiration in which he was held, that future ages ascribed to him immortality, as, for the same reason, they had done to *Hercules*, and assigned to him a seat on Olympus, in the assembly of the gods. He is the father, and

in pagan times he was deemed the god, of all the boxers.

Hac Arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
Innixus arces attigit igneas.—HORACE.

Pollux and wandering Hercules by *sparring* gained in heaven a place.

Erix, the Sicilian, a son of Venus, had used the *cæstus* with such success, that he vanquished every opponent; at length, having challenged *Hercules*, he was killed by the latter in a desperate combat: nor could *Amycus* find an equal, till *Pollux*, in a trial of skill with him, obtained the superiority over his prowess. But the best account of a battle with the ancient *cæstus* is given in VIRGIL, where, although the rounds are not described with the peculiar minutiae of a prize contest at *Moulsey-Hurst*, (the arena of modern exploits,) yet enough is mentioned to give an adequate idea of the *gluttony* and *bottom* of *Dares* and *Entellus*. The latter of whom, in particular, after a tremendous *flooring*, when his friends and the spectators thought *Entellus* was decidedly *finished*, he, by a determined rally, gave his opponent so severe a *milling* that he was eventually declared the victor; while *Dares*, on the contrary, was carried from the scene of action with scarcely any life in him, and totally incapable of making use of his legs.

There appears no regular data to determine the fact, whether, in the exercise of the Circus of Rome, the pugilists ever fought with naked hands and arms; but as this nation, it seems, borrowed most of her arts from Greece, it is probable that the boxers never

engaged without the *chirothecæ*, or gloves, stuffed with lead : more especially as the ancients were remarkably fond of show in their public exhibitions of vigour and strength.

Originally, little doubt can exist, when every man stood on the alert to provoke or resist an insult, he fought without system, and with naked fist ; but soon rules were laid down, and these natural means of attack or defence submitted to peculiar regulations, the collection of which became a DISCIPLINE, a SCIENCE, and an ART. A *discipline*, because it was taught for the benefit of the respective individuals ;—a *science*, on account of the necessary trainings, before the acquisition of expertness ; — and an *art* with respect to the different studies it presupposed. Consequently, in order to give a better opportunity to the boxers to show their skill, by protracting the temporal length, or duration of their exertions, strong armour for the head and hand was invented. This circumstance gave rise to two sorts of boxing. The first, when the champions had no other arms than their natural strength and agility ; the other, when they made use of the *amphotides* and *cæstus*.

The *amphotides*, as the word implies, were a sort of guard to secure the temporal bones and arteries, and encompassing the ears, in their thongs and ligaments, which used to buckle either under the chin or behind the head. They were not unlike caps made of hides of bulls, studded with nobs of iron, or strongly quilted, in order to blunt the *impetus* of the blows ; but this mode of fighting seems rather to belong to the second age of the pugilistic era. The *cæstus* was

an offensive weapon, the head-piece a defensive dress. Several sorts of *cæstus*, or gauntlets, were known to the ancients, and were composed in general of strong interwoven leather straps, which, embracing the fist and part of the *carpus*, or wrist, and winding up round the fore-arm, were fixed at the elbow. They appear to have often been armed with knobs of brass, blunt points of iron, plummetts of lead, &c. The following lines from DRYDEN's *Virgil*, b. v. p. 533, beautifully describes the *cæstus* used by *Erix* :—

———“ He (*Entellus*) threw
Two pond'rous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets, which *Erix* wont in fight to wield,
And sheath his hands within the listed field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death,—with sev'n distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull's hides; the space within is spread
With iron or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refused to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
And pois'd the pond'rous engines in his hands.”

The performers in the *athletic art*, it appears were divided into three classes :—The BOXERS, WRESTLERS, and RUNNERS. If we attend to the manner in which a man attacks his antagonist, we shall find that boxing comes in the first place; closing or wrestling in the second; and *running*, if fear makes its unwelcome appearance, in the third. Thus HOMER considers it, and generally follows this order in his descriptions of gymnical games.

PLUTARCH asserts, that the PUGILATE was the most ancient of those games, and took, generally, the

lead in all public spectacles, as the most manly and scientific of the gymnic arts. It also appears, that PUGILISM, or pugilate, is derived from the Latin *pugilatus*, the art of fighting with the fist, *pugnis*. These words were evidently borrowed from the Greek *πυξ*, abverb, *pugno vel pugnis πυγμαχεῖν, pugnis pugnare*; it is not unworthy of observation, that this *thema* seems originally to have signified any thing in the shape of a round box, and, consequently, the human fist, which, when clenched, takes that form, as we may easily see by its derivative, *πυξίς*, a box, hence our expression of *boxing*, *box* being often used for a blow of the fist. A proof of this etymon, in the compound words *pug-nose*, *pug-dog*, employed to indicate a knobby, fist-like, shape in the most prominent part of the face; and the tree, used for making *boæes*, claims the same origin for its name, *πυξός, burus*, box.

The Greeks, it seems, were the first people who cultivated the PULIGATE as a *science*, confined it to strict rules, and selected experienced masters and professors who, by public lessons, delivered gratis in Palæstræ and Gymnasia, erected for the purpose, instructed the youth in the theory and practice of the art. The kings and princes of this nation did not disdain to lay aside their dignity for a few hours, and exchanging willingly the sceptre for the *cæstus*, seemed to be more proud of the vigour of their fists and muscular length of their limbs than of the strength of their armies and the extent of their dominions.

In Greece, the science of boxing, like all the other liberal arts, was cultivated with much ardour.

Once in three years the whole nation, consisting of so many various states, assembled at the isthmus of Corinth, to celebrate the games in honour of Neptune. To this place resorted all that was enterprising in youth, great in manhood, or glorious in old age. The generous admiration of an applauding nation placed the crown upon the head of the successful pugilist, and, at his return home, he was received in triumph as the supporter of his country's fame.

The pen of the poet sought renown in handing down to posterity, in musical numbers, the feats of heroic enterprise. Even the genius of Pindar found the way to reputation by celebrating the horses victorious in the chariot-race. The first of poets appeared in the train of heroism, and sought immortality under the shade of the name of men, whose hardihood had conducted them to glory. The *inferior* lot of the poet is described by the first of all the Latin lyric writers.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel,
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor isthmus
Clarabit PUGILEM.—Lib. iv. Od. 3.

Which may be thus rendered :

He, at whose birth the Muses did preside,
Shall ne'er in victory's car as CHAMPION ride.

The poets, however, may take comfort in the reflection, that, next to the performing of great deeds ourselves, the most honourable part is to celebrate them in others. "It is a glorious thing," says Cicero,

“to do well to the republic, and also to speak well is not contemptible.”

In returning to the period of English history, when scientific boxing became a prominent national feature, it appears, that nearly a century has elapsed since Figg first publicly exhibited himself as a pugilist, by promulgating the art of self-defence. It was about the year 1720. The *science* of boxing might then be considered in its very dawn. The superior knowledge that he possessed of the sword and stick drew crowds after him when he professed to teach pugilism. Figg was a native of Thame, in Oxfordshire, dwelt in Mary-le-bonne, and taught numbers of gentlemen scientifically, at his amphitheatre, in Oxford-road,* when his fame was so great,† that we find him praised in the TATLER, GUARDIAN, and CRAFTSMAN, by the several writers in those miscellanies. With the sword he was unrivalled. He was not so scientific as a pugilist; and, contrasted with more modern times, he would rank with the *Old Ruffian*, Symonds. Sutton, the pipe-maker, of Gravesend, was his rival, and dared the mighty Figg to the combat. Twice they fought with alternate advantage, but, at the third trial, a considerable time elapsed before victory decided for either party.‡

* “To Figg and Broughton he commits his breast,
“To steel it to the fashionable test.”

† So in Bramstone’s “*Man of Taste* :—
“In Figg, the prize-fighter, by day delight,
“And sup with Colley Cibber every night.”

‡ See, in Dodsley’s “*Collection of Poems*,” vol. vi. p. 312, “*Ex-tempore Verses upon a Trial of Skill between the Two Great Masters of Defence, Messrs. Figg and Sutton*,” by Dr. Byrom.

In fine, neither Ned Sutton, Tim Buck, nor Bob Stokes, could resist his skill and valour. He had never been defeated but once, and then by Sutton, in one of their previous combats, though it was generally allowed to have been owing to his illness at the time. Figg died in 1734. He had often exhibited before GEORGE the SECOND, with great applause. Bill Flanders, a noted scholar of Figg's fought, at the amphitheatre, in 1723, with Chris. Clarkson, denominated the Old Soldier. It was highly spoken of at that period. It was looked upon as a very great proof of self-denial in an amateur, if he failed a meeting on those occasions :

" From Figg's theatre he will miss a night
Though cocks, and bulls, and Irish women fight."

But it is due to BROUGHTON to observe, that, owing to his exertions, he gave a REFINEMENT to the practice of boxing it did not possess before his period of teaching the art of self-defence, which not only rendered it familiar, but interesting to all ranks of the British nation. The *cæstus*, so much deprecated by the enlightened part of mankind, as forming a part of the gladiatorial system of the Romans, from its death-like qualities in the combat, which rendered their public displays so repulsive to the feelings of humanity, was, by the above gymnastic hero, completely avoided in his exhibitions, by the introduction of the harmless *mufflers*, as may be seen from the following advertisement in the *Daily Advertiser* of February 1, 1747.

" N. B. Mr. BROUGHTON proposes, with proper as-

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B*

sistance, to open an academy, at his house, in the Haymarket, for the instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the mystery of boxing, where the whole theory and practice of that truly BRITISH art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, &c. incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that persons of quality and distinction may not be debarred from entering into a COURSE OF THOSE LECTURES, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil, for which reason MUFFLERS are provided that will effectually secure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses."

The above invitation had the desired effect, and BROUGHTON's school was crowded with scholars of the first rank and character in the nation. Originally BROUGHTON was a waterman, but he afterwards became one of the yeomen of the guard. He accompanied to the continent the Duke of Cumberland, his patron and great admirer of pugilism, and, upon his being shown the fine regiment of grenadiers at Berlin, belonging to Frederick the Great, so distinguished for their martial appearance, rigid discipline, and great valour, was asked by the Duke what he thought of any of them for a *set-to*, when BROUGHTON, with a smile, instantly replied, "Why, your Royal Highness, I should have no objection to fight the whole regiment, only be kind enough to allow me a breakfast between each battle." This pugilistic veteran lived to the good old age of eighty-five years, and died on January 8th, 1719, at Walcot Place,

Lambeth, and was interred in the church-yard of that parish.

It does not appear that either TOM JOHNSON or BIG BEN, those warlike champions of the fist, were ever anxious to obtain an eminence as *sparrers*, but their exploits in the *ring* have given to those boxers CHARACTERS so distinguished for manhood, that, while the annals of pugilism are preserved from the ravages of time, the names of JOHNSON and BRAIN will never sink into oblivion.

As a teacher of the *science* it was MENDOZA that immediately trod in the steps of Broughton. He made the art of self-defence, when quite a boy, his peculiar study,—his success, as a professor, was unrivalled,—and there was scarcely a town of note in the kingdom in which MENDOZA did not exhibit his finished talents as a pugilist with admiration. It seems, he derived his primitive knowledge of boxing from the tuition of his elegant rival HUMPHREYS; but he so rapidly improved upon the system of his master, as to remain several years without a rival. No man united the *theory* of SPARRING with the *practice* of BOXING to greater advantage than DAN MENDOZA; and, though upwards of fifty years of age, he exhibits, at the present day, with attention and respect.

The next in succession, among the highest circles of the patrons of the art of self-defence, stands Mr. JACKSON. It is upwards of twenty years since he appeared in the ring with MENDOZA. As a teacher of the *science*, in every point of view, Mr. JACKSON is entitled to pre-eminence, and no man more deser-

vedly. Independent of the conciliatory, prepossessing manners of a gentleman, and the advantages of fortune and superior company, his fine athletic frame, added to his indefatigable study and extensive practice, he has been enabled to acquire those requisites toward perfection that few, if any, pugilists, in other situations of life, could be expected to attain. His guard is altogether so firm and compact, his arms so powerful and irresistible, and his mode of instruction so explanatory and decisive, that, it appears, it is almost impossible to plant a blow upon any part of his person with any thing like severity of effect. At his elegant rooms, 13, Bond-street, Mr. JACKSON's lessons on the pugilistic art were long honoured by the numerous attendance of nobility and gentry ; among whom the names of many of the first characters in the nation might be seen in the subscription list. The rooms, during the season, are open three times a week, where every thing respecting the *prize-ring*, and connected with pugilism, are determined, under the immediate auspices of Mr. Jackson. It is only at the above rooms that Mr. J. exhibits. He is pronounced by the scientific amateurs, to have no superior in his knowledge and display of the art—scarcely an equal in *setting-to*—and few, if any, disposed to dispute this superiority with him.

It may not, in this place, be improper to remark, that, among the numerous species of amusements prepared to attract the attention of the royal heroes and their generals, who visited the prince Regent, in England, in 1814, in honour of the peace of Europe, it should seem *none* interested those great war-

riors more than the ART OF SELF-DEFENCE, portrayed in an exhibition of *sparring*. Lord Lowther invited the Emperor of Russia, Generals Platoff and Blucher, to an elegant *dejuene*, when the national sport of Boxing, as a peculiar trait of the brave natives of England, was introduced for their approbation, at his lordship's house, in Pall-Mall, on Wednesday, June 15, 1814. Those distinguished visitors were so much gratified with this generous mode of settling quarrels, and the scientific mode of attack and defence exhibited, that they earnestly requested of Lord Lowther that another *trial of skill* might take place on the Friday following; when, in addition to the above visitors, the King of Prussia, the Prince Royal of Prussia, Princes Frederick and William of Prussia, the Prince of Mecklenburgh, General D'York, &c. &c. honoured the meeting with their presence. Some elegant specimens of the pugilistic art were displayed between Messrs. Jackson, Belcher, Cribb, Richmond, Painter, Oliver, &c. The *set-tos*, in general, were excellent; but the *sparring* of Jackson was particularly admired. The elegance of his positions, the celerity of his attack, the fortitude of his manner, and the superior mode he developed of guarding his frame from the attacks of his adversaries, created a lively interest among the royal warriors. His symmetry of figure and fine muscular powers, also, did not pass unnoticed. The Champion of England (CRIBB) occasioned a general *stare* among the spectators, and the veteran Blucher eyed him with more than common attention. The royal guests expressed their satisfaction at the treat they had experienced; and

upon taking their departure, complimented his lordship as the patron of so manly and characteristic a trait of his country.

Since the popular fighting days of MENDOZA, no pugilist, it is certain, has appeared in the prize-ring in possession of *science* to realize an equality of *mill-ing* fame with the above distinguished *Israelite*, as—TOM BELCHER. The *debut* of the latter, with Jack Warr, in 1804, exhibited such superior knowledge of boxing as to astonish the most competent amateur present of his decisive talents; and, from that period, down to the present moment, he stands confessedly, as the first public exhibitor of *sparring* on the list of scientific pugilists.

It appears, since the FIVES COURT, in *St. Martin's Street, Leicester-Fields*, has held its rank, as a national and manly place of amusement, among the numerous public exhibitions of the present enlightened era, in the first metropolis in the world—SCIENTIFIC PUGILISM has made rapid strides towards perfection, and the art of boxing has not only been more extended, but its requisites, in consequence, become better known. The FIVES COURT holds out two particular advantages, namely, those pugilists who, from their good conduct, are entitled to the patronage of the amateurs, are permitted to take their benefits; and those persons, whether from want of inclination or inconvenience, who do not witness the combats of the ring, may, at the above place, see the *science* illustrated in every point of view with the *gloves*, by the various boxers, with all the *minutiæ* of a regular match, and without offending

the most fastidious advocates of humanity. Besides, it not only affords new candidates an opportunity of exhibiting their *pretensions*, but it also operates as a mode of public practice, and keeps the abilities of the professors continually before the eyes of their patrons. Improvement may be discovered, and *condition* is not overlooked. From such frequent opportunities as above stated, the *wary better* is enabled to form a tolerably correct judgment respecting new matches, and he does not attend a prize-battle with a mind totally uninformed upon the subject. Viewed as an object of *national* amusement, it operates in another sort of way: that if the *merits* of the *milling stage* cannot boast so often of the advantages of *criticism* as the boards of more classic theatres, nor the qualities of the performers become so *generally* the theme of discussion as the extraordinary flights of genius elicited by a KEMBLE or a KEAN,—yet, nevertheless, the elegant attitudes and scientific traits of a BELCHER,—the manliness of a CRIBB,—the unceasing activity of a CARTER,—and the *getting-away* system of a RICHMOND, are, in their peculiar circles, perhaps, as much the objects of attraction, and their various *acquirements* descanted upon with equally as much warmth and attention, by the amateurs of this Old English sport, towards promoting the true spirit of the country, as to raise its importance from subjects of a more refined source. The FIVES COURT is well attended during the season, and the exhibitors rather numerous; but the principal heroes who take the lead, in point of excellence, are Belcher, Eales, Richmond, Cribb, Carter, Ran-

dall, Head, &c. The admission, by tickets, is three shillings each peason. It will hold upwards of 1000 spectators; and, upon several patriotic occasions, such as in aid of the suffering Portuguese from the burning of their towns by the French, for the British prisoners in France, and for the widows and orphans of the brave fellows who fell at the Battle of WATERLOO, some hundreds of pounds have been collected towards their relief. The audience, generally, are of the most respectable description, and many persons of the first rank are often witnessed among them.

Respecting the utility of the above exhibitions it has been observed, by a distinguished and experienced boxer, that to advance rules in a magisterial manner, and lay them down as infallible, would be truly absurd. Since the principles of almost every science have been found liable to change, it were presumptuous to pronounce ours free from the same imperfections.

SPARRING is absolutely necessary to form a complete pugilist. It is, certainly, a mock encounter; but, at the same time, a representation, and, in most cases, an exact one, of real fighting. It is the only proper introduction to boxing, and a just mode of realizing whatever principles the scholar may have imbibed, or trying the success of any new plan he may have invented. By this method, he can also judge of the propriety of his master's lessons, and exercise his reasoning faculties, an advantage of which he is often deprived in battle. Some are of opinion that SPARRING is of no great use, and that it takes from the natural powers of manhood, while

it only teaches finesse, that cannot prove hurtful to a courageous adversary. This, however, is merely reviving an opinion maintained by the pupils of the Old School, in which strength generally prevailed over skill. Is it not evident that preparation is necessary for every exercise, but more particularly for that in which hostilities take place; and what is SPARRING but a preparation, and of the nearest affinity, to boxing? The advocates for this opinion might, with equal propriety, assert that shooting at a mark was of no service in forming an expert gunner.

It should be generally understood that the practice of SPARRING is recommended, as if in real action. No manœuvres, no attitudes ought to be adopted, unless experimentally, but what would be introduced in actual fight. For instance, let any one suppose a SPARRING-ROOM the scene of battle, and exert himself upon that principle, he will easily habituate himself to the exercise of all his powers, and act by the same rules in the hour of danger. There may be a great difference between *sparring* and FIGHTING; one may be very courageous in play, whose heart would be intimidated in real action. But this want of valour is by no means an argument against the doctrine that is laid down here, since *cowardice* is not produced by SPARRING; for, he must have been in the same degree dastardly, if he had never seen it, and, perhaps, more so. What is mentioned here only goes to prove that, where two persons possess equal courage, strength, and activity, the man who makes SPARRING his practice must be superior to him who does not; as one who considers a thing be-

fore its performance must, unless *chance* interferes, have an advantage over him who thinks consideration unnecessary.

Strength, science, courage, activity, the power of bearing blows, a quick eye, and good wind, are the constituents of a complete boxer.

In describing the above requisites, to form a complete boxer, it is not insinuated that no person can be a good pugilist without them all; one man possesses more requisites than many others, and will be, therefore, superior; but he who unites all that is necessary in himself will be victorious, until his equal appears, when a single requisite, possessed on either side in a greater degree, will give the advantage.

Activity, or *milling on the retreat*, is, at the present period, a greater requisite toward victory than it was formerly considered. Some have censured *shifting* as an unmanly custom, but without reason. If, indeed, mere brutal force were to decide a combat, it might be deemed improper; but, where the mind has considerable share in the decision, as the case at present, *getting away* cannot be thought unmanly. The same censure might be passed on fencing, or an accidental rencontre in the field of battle; but would it not be absurd to say to a man, whose only care is the preservation of his life,—“You must not avoid your enemy’s sword by changing your ground; you must not make use of that activity of which you are capable, because it is unmanly.” RICHMOND has, in all his battles, *practically* decided the advantages of *milling on the retreat* towards victory.

The power of bearing blows, or what is generally

called *bottom*, quickness of eye, and wind, are requisites of great importance, and may be all improved by constant practice. There are men who seemed peculiarly formed for *bottom*. The severest blows make little impression on the ribs of some, and the heads of others. The *Old School* furnishes a surprising instance of *bottom*. The noted BUCKHORSE, it is said, made a practice of standing without a guard, and permitting himself to be knocked down by the hardest hitter, for a trifling sum of money. The modern school also furnishes numerous instances of *bottom*, exhibited by CRIBB, PAINTER, OLIVER, the unfortunate CURTIS, &c. The advantage of a good eye is evident; it is necessary to discern the approach of a stroke, as well as to perceive the vulnerable parts of an opponent. A resolute look is useful in awing an opponent, and often disconcerts the boldest. The eye should never be closed in the time of action. Wind, though naturally good, may be improved by the exercise of *sparring*.

The pupil's first object of knowledge should be to acquire a proper mode of striking. A decisive blow may be made by a person unacquainted with the other parts of pugilism; and, though a man be well versed in the guards, he hazards much in parrying his adversary, if he himself is ignorant of the principles of striking; because he knows not the common direction of the arms against which he is to defend himself. Thus, whether we consider *striking* in an offensive or defensive view, either to assault an adversary or receive his attack, it is the most elementary part of boxing, and should be the first studied.

The large knuckles of the hand should be only used ; they are rarely disabled ; but the knuckles in the middle of the fingers frequently give way.

STRAIGHT BLOWS are preferable to all others ; they are stronger, because they come directly from the centre of the power, and quicker, because they describe less space in the attainment of the object, it therefore follows, that it is more difficult to parry them than any others. *Round hitting* is now universally exploded ; it is condemned by the same reasons which recommend straight blows, for it is directly contrary to them.

In the zenith of MENDOZA, it was the custom to extol *chopping*, as the best mode of hitting. It is a blow struck on the face with the back of the hand. MENDOZA claims the honour of its invention, but unjustly ; he certainly revived and considerably improved it. It was practised long before our time ; BROUGHTON occasionally used it ; and SLACK, it also appears, struck the *chopper* in giving the return in many of its battles. The advocates for *chopping*, at the present period, are very few, if any. Experience proves that it can be of no great service, since, of all the pitched battles which have been lately fought, it has not contributed to gain one. In the contest between TYNE and CRABB, *chopping* suffered a shameful disgrace ; CRABB was thought next to MENDOZA, the most successful in the use of it, yet he never hit TYNE. Indeed, reason convinces us, that it can be of no great utility ; it partakes of the nature of a round blow, for it is given downwards or sideways, and must, therefore, deviate from the centre.

It also exposes the arm to danger; every *chopper* should take its force from the play of the arm, between the elbow and wrist; but if, in the eagerness of action, the elbow should be thrown too forward, the small of the arm may be broken. Some pugilists are not for entirely laying it aside, and think it may be happily used in giving the return, considering, if a boxer engages with a person ignorant of the *science*, it will certainly prove successful. But, when two skilful boxers meet, no reliance is to be placed upon it; and such is the opinion of the most experienced professors of the present day. A knowledge of the parts of the body most dangerous to be struck is necessary to every boxer; but first it should be observed, that any blow planted on the waistband or below it, is unfair, and causes the loss of the battle.

Whatever rules are laid down in SPARRING should be followed in fighting. They are both considered in the same view, and what is mentioned concerning the one is applicable to the other. Every student should endeavour to unite grace with power, and this may be easily accomplished, since nature delights in the graceful. To point out any attitude as the best in all cases would be ridiculous; a physician might as well prescribe one medicine for all constitutions. Every one should adopt his mode of defence to his own powers; of which, after some practice he must be the best judge. This only is necessary to remark, when a person, after mature deliberation and some experience, has adopted a particular guard, he should not easily relinquish it. His only plan should be its improvement; for, if he continually seek for new positions,

he cannot act by rule, and must often leave the decision of a combat to fortune. The triumph of HUMPHREYS over MENDOZA, at Odiham, is a strong proof of the propriety of this advice. Though the latter changed his manner of fighting as often as *Proteus* did shapes, yet he was as often vanquished. A systematic conduct will prevail over irregularity, which *chance* can only render victorious.

Perhaps it may be necessary to notice, lest it should be adopted by others who might think it proper merely from seeing it often used. The arms are crossed to form the guard. Two disadvantages result to any person who practises this. In the first instance, one of his adversary's hands placed upon the upper arm will force them both down, and expose the superior part of the body. Secondly, a blow given by one in this position cannot be in a direct line, and must, therefore, lose much of its force. Though we cannot be always guarded, particularly in attacking an enemy, yet we should, as much as possible, preserve our guard. Upon this principle, the arm should be drawn but very little back to strike, for the guard is lost in proportion to the retrograde motion. An adversary also gets notice of his danger, and is, of course prepared to receive the assault. A blow should be struck, without any previous alteration of attitude, for, even should it fail, the attempt is productive of little mischief, and leaves no opening, if the guard be immediately recovered; but this cannot be done when the weight and strength of the body are thrown in with the blow, a measure which never ought to take place, unless it is absolutely certain

that an opponent cannot defend it. A skilful boxer will never hazard a blow, without the prospect of putting in a second to more advantage.

FEINTS, though extremely useful and the effects of *science*, are not so much attended to as they merit. If, in fencing, they prove so decisive, why should they not be adopted, with equal success, in pugilism.

It is urged, by some, that a boxer should always keep his arms in motion to and fro. The reason given in its defence, that the action of the fists prevents the approach of a blow from being perceived, is, perhaps, not strictly just; for, is not the violent increase of motion as easily discerned as its beginning? If this be true, it will follow, that it is better to keep the arms steady, because motion will cause an antagonist to be more carefully on his guard, since he must, every moment expect an assault; whereas, their firmness may betray him into fancied security.

CLOSING has been for some time exploded; and this alone may serve as an argument to show that boxing is greatly improved, since what was formerly of much utility is now esteemed unnecessary or of little value. Yet pugilists should familiarise themselves to *closing*, that, whenever it occurs, they ought to be prepared for the worst.

In concluding this subject, it is thus Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, in his *Code of Health and Longevity*, observes, with respect to FENCING; and which applies with equal force towards the improvement the constitution has derived from the exercise of SPARRING, many instances of which the author of this work has been well assured of, from the teachers of PUGILISM,

that induced him to make the following extract:—"There is no exercise," says Sir JOHN, "with a view to health, better entitled to the attention of those who are placed among the higher classes of society than that of fencing. The positions of the body, in fencing, have, for their objects, erectness, firmness, and balance; and, in practising that art, the chest, the neck, and the shoulders, are placed in positions the most beneficial to health. The various motions of the arms and limbs, whilst the body maintains its erect position, enables the muscles, in general, to acquire vigorous strength; and, in young people, the bones of the chest and thorax, necessarily become more enlarged, by means of which a consumptive tendency may be prevented. Various instances may be adduced where fencing has prevented consumption and other disorders. It has been remarked, also, that those who practise this art are, in general, remarkable for long life, and the good health they have enjoyed. These considerations, combined with the graceful movements which it establishes, and the elegant means of self-defence which it furnishes, certainly render the art an object of considerable importance." SPARRING equally produces the above beneficial effects, in every point of view.

ORIGIN OF THE PUGILISTIC CLUB.

THE present age is in nothing more distinguished than for the creation of numerous societies, for the

carrying on of purposes, which one man might be unable to effect. Infinite advantage is found from union. Many streams uniting from a great river. A small contribution from each individual of a large society makes up a large sum. In addition to this, united efforts direct the accumulated strength to the best effect, one man possesses time, another property, a third talents for conducting business, and they all aid one another. Accordingly, we now have societies of almost every description. Charitable societies are formed in almost every street. For the cultivation of science we have the Royal Society, the Antiquarian Society, the Geological Society, the Mathematical Society, the Dilettanti Society, and many others. We have the Society of Arts, for the encouragement of invention and improvement. Artists associate for mutual benefit, as the Society of Painters. For the propagation of religion we have a splendid Bible Society in every county and every great town, with a subordinate branch in every neighbourhood. There are Missionary Societies, both in the Church and among the Dissenters. It is well known that the agriculture of Britain has been brought to its present unrivalled state of perfection, by the Agricultural Societies which have been formed in every part of the country. His present Majesty, the late Francis Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, and other men of the first rank, by the encouragement given to these have been of infinite service to their country. Agriculturists associating together imbibe the true spirit of their profession, they communicate improvements and discoveries; but, most of

all, they excite emulation, by the competition they produce, by the rewards for excellence which they bestow from the funds of the societies.

It was upon a similar principle, and for purposes of the truest patriotism and national benefit, that the PUGILISTIC Society was formed, which I now introduce to the notice of the reader. The great object of it is to keep alive the principles of courage and hardihood which have distinguished the British character, and to check the progress of that effeminacy which wealth is too apt to produce. I cannot sufficiently praise a society which, by preventing the degeneracy of the nation, preserves its liberties and its high rank among the nations, and, as late years have shown, thereby secures the happiness and the liberties of Europe.

Men of rank associating together learn to prize the native and acquired powers of human nature. They thus learn to value other distinctions, besides those of fortune and rank ; and, by duly estimating them in persons of far inferior stations in life, they imbibe the principles of humanity and fellow feeling for our common nature. The lesson taught them in early life, by *TERENCE*, while at Oxford or Cambridge, Westminster and Eton, is here brought into actual practice.

“ *Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto.* ”

I am a man, and consider nothing belonging to man as foreign to me.

The incitement which they produce to noble deeds of hardihood and bravery, and the high respectability which they confer by the patronage of their rank

and fortune, is of inestimable benefit. The society as such is also of infinite benefit, by the substantial rewards to valour which their united funds enable them to bestow. Much difficulty had often been experienced in raising a purse to be contended for in battle. Many displays of heroism were thus prevented. But, as every member of the Club contributes his subscription, there are always funds ready, which the voice of the society may devote to the proper purpose.

The PUGILISTIC SOCIETY held its first public dinner, at the Thatched-House-Tavern, on Saturday, May 22, 1814, Sir HENRY SMITH, Bart. in the chair. Nearly fifty of the members sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, served up on this occasion, among whom were seen Mr. Jackson, Gully, the Champion of England, Tom Belcher, Oliver, and several of the most distinguished pugilists.

LORD YARMOUTH, in a speech replete with energy and point, expatiated on the advantages of pugilism in a national point of view, by observing, that it enlarged the mind with a proper notion of true courage, and also taught it to despise and abhor every thing connected with clandestine modes of revenge. The members whom he had the honour of addressing, felt the propriety of these remarks, and the people of England, he also felt assured, owed their present GREATNESS to their generosity and manliness in battle. His lordship concluded by paying a handsome compliment to Oliver upon his humanity, at a particular period during his contest with Painter. Though *milling* was the prevailing topic, yet the

most prominent feature throughout the company was HARMONY.

The above CLUB has a regular secretary and treasurer attached to it, and consists of about 120 subscribers, at a certain sum annually ; from which fund the purses are given according to the various degrees of the boxers. The highest subscription-purse is 50, and the lowest, 10 guineas. But the most important and emphatic article of the Club is, the expressed determination of the members to expose all *crosses* (*i. e.* boxers *selling* their battles) and to prevent those persons engaged in any transactions of this kind, so contrary to the character of real sportsmen and honest men, from ever again entering the *prize-ring*. The stakes on which are painted P. C. and the ropes belonging to the ring, are the property of the Club.

The members have also a uniform dress, consisting of blue coats and yellow kerseymere waistcoats, with P. C. engraved on their buttons.

TOM BELCHER.

THE mildness of deportment and gentlemanly behaviour of this scientific pugilist entitles him to the peculiar consideration and attention of the *Fancy* in general. The English spirit of boxing will never be lost sight of, while the lovers of their country encourage that characteristic open bravery, from which the first principles of an exalted nation spring ; and the professors of pugilism will never be wanting in respect,

while they conduct themselves with propriety and decorum, always bearing in mind, that—

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.

In commencing this volume, the heroic deeds of a BELCHER again present themselves worthy of record, in addition to those mentioned in the first volume, (see page 334). The superior science possessed by this most excellent boxer is generally acknowledged, and although his frame does not partake of that athletic mould which so many pugilists have the advantage of, yet *Tom* has evinced in his numerous prize-battles, *game* of the finest quality. An opinion has been entertained, that if science *alone* could win every battle, this brave descendant of the mighty SLACK would, long before the present period, have *milled* his way to the Championship. His passport, in this respect, is truly genuine. His fame had gone so far before him, that, in the various provincial towns where he exhibited the “art of self-defence,” great encouragement and respectful attention were the rewards he most liberally experienced. In Liverpool, BELCHER was particularly attractive, and numerous pupils attended his school; and who, from their rapid progress in the science, soon gave convincing proofs of the excellence of the master under whom they studied. His engagements being all completed at this sea-port, and being so near to the “tight boys of the sod,” he was determined, previous to his return to the metropolis, to take a peep at Old Ireland, the land that gave birth to some prime *milling* heroes. When the names of *Peter*

Corcoran and *Mich. Ryan* are mentioned, the character given of it will be acknowledged to be just.

Tom's arrival in Ireland, while it gave pleasure to the patrons of the science, in beholding one of the first-rate professors of the art among them, unfortunately created a sort of jealousy, if not disgust, in another promulgator of boxing, who had been there some time previous teaching the natives the advantages and complete use of their fists. *Dogherty*, never alarmed for his person, heeded not the appearance of BELCHER, but the fame of the latter operated most seriously upon the interest of *Dogherty*, and his school was, in consequence, nearly deserted, and his patrons fast left him, to view and learn the novelties of a superior master. Nothing could remove this rivalry, but a *fight* between the parties, which was decided on Friday, the 23rd of April, 1813, on the Curragh of Kildare, for a subscription-purse of one hundred guineas, made up by gentlemen of the turf, and to be presented to the conqueror.

The place in which the battle took place was peculiarly convenient for the spectators, who were all enabled to sit down to view the combat ; it was in a valley, or glen, on the Curragh, surrounded by sloping hills, forming a sort of amphitheatre.

BELCHER appeared first in the enclosure, dressed in a large rug great coat, but, whilst it was completing, retired to a barouche, in which he had arrived, to prepare for the ensuing *mill*. *Dogherty* now showed himself to the spectators, wrapped up in a box coat of no trifling dimensions, and instantly gave his *castor* a toss in the air, loudly vociferating,

"Ireland for ever." This sentence, which came so directly home to the natives of *Paddy's Land*, occasioned an electric expression of approbation from the surrounding multitude, accompanied by repeated shouts and huzzas. It might spontaneously have escaped the lips of *Dogherty*, from a warmth of feeling to his native soil, but it certainly was not calculated to place the cause of BELCHER in a favourable point of view, and rather likely to produce a contrary effect, by creating a prejudice against his efforts. TOM again entered the enclosure, while this circumstance transpired, and seemed to feel (whatever the intention of it might be towards him) that, if it was suffered to pass over without notice, it might operate seriously to his injury, he, therefore, after respectfully bowing to the spectators, solicited a gentleman who had been chosen the umpire, to address the public, that no improper impression might go forth respecting his character. This the gentleman did, nearly to the following effect:—"Gentlemen, Mr. BELCHER wishes it to be understood, that, whatever insinuations may have been levelled at him, in stating, that he had spoken disrespectfully of the Irish nation, he begs leave to assure you, it is an absolute falsehood; and, as a proof of the truth of his statement, he is ready, at any time, to fight those who may dare assert to the contrary." This explanation was liberally received, and the anxious moment had now arrived; the combatants immediately stripped, and, the ceremony of shaking hands having taken place, the seconds took their situations. *Isle-of-Wight Hall* seconded BELCHER, and *Paddy Gamble*

attended upon *Dogherty*. The battle commenced at one o'clock. BELCHER, from his well-known excellence, was the favourite two to one, yet, notwithstanding this great odds, there were scarcely any takers, shyness being the order of the day. Both the combatants appeared to possess good confidence in themselves. BELCHER had beaten *Dogherty* severely in England, and felt that sort of superiority which belongs to experience and practical knowledge. *Dogherty* was considerably improved, he knew well the *game* that was in him, and for the honour of Ireland, and surrounded by his countrymen, he felt an additional stimulus to win, if possible, and was determined that he would not easily give up the chance. With these feelings they both *set-to*.

First round.—The excellent attitude and neatness of style exhibited by Belcher very much attracted the attention of the Irish amateurs. Good science displayed on both sides, for some time, when they both hit together, *Dogherty* received a sharp *facier*, and, the blood issuing from his lip, Belcher exclaimed, "first blood," in consequence of several bets depending upon that circumstance. Belcher received *Dogherty's* blow upon the ear. Some severe hits were exchanged; and, in closing, both down, but Belcher undermost.

Second.—Both the combatants went sharply to work, and much good fighting was witnessed. In closing, Belcher was thrown, but Tom received no injury from his fall. Loud shouting occurred, and *Dogherty* was so much elated with his dexterity, that, in the pride of the moment, he offered 100 to 10, but it claimed no attention.

Third.—Both displayed their knowledge of the art, by some excellent sparring. Several severe blows were exchanged. *Dogherty's mug* was rather *pinked*, his temper seemed a little changed, and the round was concluded, by the latter's being thrown.

Fourth.—*Milling* without ceremony took place; but the advantage was manifestly on the side of Belcher, from his

superior display of the science. He *punished* the face of his opponent most terribly, and, from a tremendous hit, Dogherty went down.

Fifth.—Caution, on the part of Dogherty, became rather necessary. Belcher was thrown, but not before some severe hits had been exchanged.

Sixth.—Belcher punished the *nob* of his antagonist terribly in this round. They closed, and both down.

Seventh.—The combatants made play, when an opening appeared, Belcher put in so severe a hit on Dogherty's body, that he was instantly levelled.

Eighth.—The difference between the pugilists at this early period of the battle was manifest to all the spectators. Dogherty had been most terribly *punished*. His face was materially altered, from one of his eyes being closed. His mouth and lips were so lacerated, that an opening was made nearly up to his nose, and the gash was so large, that it resembled, what is termed, "a *hare's* lip!" Three of his teeth were completely *knocked* out from a tremendous blow of Belcher's. His appearance was truly piteous. The *claret* ran down in torrents; and the round was terminated, by Dogherty's receiving so severe a hit upon the throat, that he instantly went down.—"It was now, Belcher, a *guinea* to a shilling!"

Ninth.—The *game* of Dogherty claimed peculiar notice from the sharp *millng* he received in this round. Belcher was dexterous in the extreme, by *serving* it out so hard and fast to his opponent, as to knock him down. Belcher disengaged himself from Dogherty in a neat style.

Tenth.—Belcher full of gaiety showed himself in fine style by planting several hits; yet, notwithstanding, in closing, Dogherty threw him, but not to do Tom any injury.

Eleventh.—The combatants were determined to convince the lookers-on there was no trifling between them; both *millng* away in every direction. The left eye of Belcher received an ugly blow, and Dogherty threw him under the ropes.

Twelfth.—Fighting without intermission, and bravely truly conspicuous on both sides; when the round was terminated by Belcher putting in a tremendous teaser on Dogherty's throat, which not only levelled him, but rendered him unable to move for a few seconds. He was covered with blood.

Thirteenth.—Belcher keeping the advantage with continued

severity, by punishing the face of Dogherty dreadfully; who was also knocked down, and appeared for a short space rather insensible.

Fourteenth.—No alteration, Belcher taking the lead in *milking*. Closing the round, by throwing Dogherty, and falling upon him.

Fifteenth.—The *game* of the latter was the theme of every one present. He proved himself a perfect *trump* by rallying with good spirit, but receiving a terrible blow under his eye from Belcher, he went down.

Sixteenth.—On setting-to Dogherty made play, but the judgement of Belcher proved triumphant by putting in successively several blows—*fibbed* him terribly in closing, and concluded as before by levelling Dogherty.

Seventeenth.—Dogherty planted some severe body blows; but notwithstanding, Belcher closed, and threw him.

Eighteenth.—Both rallied, and, Belcher in endeavouring to throw his antagonist, both went down.

Nineteenth.—Dogherty, to gain time, sparred with considerable judgement, and put in a sharp blow upon the body of Belcher, who also went down from a trip.

Twentieth.—Belcher now seemed perfectly at home, and felt convinced how things were going. The length of his arm, added to the advantage of superior science, enabled him to *serve out* Dogherty about the head with such severity of manner, as to occasion the latter to fall at his feet.—A bet could not be obtained, from the offer of any odds.

Twenty-first.—Dogherty, still at his post, contended with the utmost bravery to prolong the fight, but it appeared only to receive additional *punishment*. His head and face exhibited a rueful aspect—he was covered with blood, and in the event was *milled* to the earth.

Twenty-second.—To the astonishment of every one present, still the spirit of Dogherty was not broken. He attempted to put in some good hits upon the body of Belcher, but the wary guard of Tom stopped them with the utmost ease, and in throwing Dogherty, he went down with him.

Twenty-third.—*Punishment* was the lot of Dogherty, and his face and neck were terribly mauled; but in closing, he threw Tom on his hip.

Twenty-fourth.—Science was again resorted to. Dogherty

felt for Belcher's body; but Tom returned the favour most liberally upon the *mug* of Dogherty. In closing, the latter experienced so *sévère* a fall, as to remain a short period insensible.

Twenty-fifth.—The *pluck* of Dogherty was not yet taken out of him; and whilst he entertained the smallest notion of a chance remaining, he was determined to stand up, although so dreadfully worsted every round. A desperate hit from Belcher, under the jaw, again made him measure his length on the ground.

Twenty-sixth and last.—Dogherty, with the most determined resolution, endeavoured to rise superior to exhausted nature, by showing to the spectators, that while a spark of *game* was left in him, he would not cry out ENOUGH! He made a desperate rally to effect some change in his favour, and evinced that no common caterer could satisfy his inordinate *gluttony*. Belcher hit Dogherty in every direction, threw him, and fell upon him. Dogherty could not come any more. He was decidedly *finished*; and some time elapsed before he could get up, even with assistance. He was bled in both arms upon the ground, carried, nearly without any animation, to a chaise, and instantly conveyed home and put to bed.

This well-contested fight continued thirty-five minutes, and upon BELCHER'S being declared the conqueror, he threw a summerset, and immediately got into a barouche and drove off for *Dublin* to a dinner, provided for him by a party of gentlemen.

If this distinguished English boxer claimed the admiration of the spectators from the scientific manner in which he won the battle, and the superior adroitness he displayed in protecting himself from scarcely receiving any injury—it is but justice to observe, the "tigh Irish boy," *Dan Dogherty*, made them feel proud, that their countryman proved himself a *millin*g hero of the first stamp; and the true courage he dis-

played for the "honour of Ireland," ought never to be forgotten. As a proof that his efforts made considerable impression, a subscription, amounting to upwards of £70, was immediately made by the sporting gentlemen for *Dogherty*; among whom, the Marquis of Sligo put down five guineas. BELCHER generously subscribed one guinea. TOM continued several months after this battle in Ireland, exhibiting specimens of his skill, in company with *Hall*, with increased reputation and success. At *Cork* and *Dublin* his well-earned fame produced him numerous respectable scholars, among whom several persons of rank were conspicuous.

The advantages of superior *science* were never more clearly shown, than in the above combat. The dexterity, the ease, and perfect *sang froid*, with which BELCHER defeated *Dogherty* surprised even those persons who were somewhat acquainted with the art, and no strangers to what TOM was able to perform; but, generally speaking, among the mere lookers-on at the *mill*, it excited universal astonishment—to view one man (and a scientific professor too) nearly *smashed* all to pieces—his head so *transmogrified* that no former traces of it remained—completely *doubled up*, and perfectly insensible to his fate; while, on the contrary, the other combatant was seen, retiring from the contest with only a slight *scratch* upon the tip of his nose, and driving away from the Curragh, with all the gaiety of a spectator. It was impossible that such a vast superiority could be passed over with indifference!

Dogherty for upwards of a week after the *mill*, by

the advice of a surgeon, had two needles continually in his lip, in order, if possible, that it might assume its original *shape*!

An opinion was entertained, by the best informed *amateurs* upon the spot, that had it been the wish of BELCHER, it was completely in his power to have brought the contest to a decision in *fifteen* minutes less time than it actually took: although it appears, that *Dogherty* was much better in person than when he fought BELCHER at *Epsom*, his knowledge of *millng* generally improved, and his *gluttony* increased! BELCHER laboured under a severe cold, his rest was interrupted by a violent cough, and he was far from being in good condition.

From the decided success of BELCHER over *Dogherty*, the lower orders of the people, at Carlow-races, it seems, not only annoyed him, but in some instances, he was placed in rather a perilous state. From the respectable part of the Irish community no man ever received more liberal attention and respect; and several persons of the highest rank were forward in rendering him service. On BELCHER's return to England, he took a benefit at the Fives-Court, (May 20, 1814,) which was numerously patronized, preparatory to his commencing *Tavern-Keeper*, at the *Castle*, in Holborn, formerly in the possession of *Gregson*, thus uniting the interests of *Bristol* and *Lancashire*.

IN THIRTEEN prize battles has this pugilistic hero nobly contended for fame; but in consequence of the violent contusion one of his little fingers received, by coming in contact with the *masticators* of *Dogherty*,

when *three* of them flew out, as it were, from their sockets, it is impossible that BALCHER can contend any more in the *prize-ring* with certainty; he has, therefore, in fact, retired from it. His finger is now completely bent.

It does not appear, that, previously to Tom's entering the London ring, he had distinguished himself in any pugilistic contest, excepting with a man of the name of *Thompson*, at *St. Philip's*, Bristol, weighing upwards of fourteen stone. But in this battle his *mill*ing capabilities developed themselves so very conspicuously, that he astonished all the spectators from the celerity of his attack, the knowledge he displayed, and the short time he took in obtaining the victory, viz. twenty minutes.

At the first fight Tom was at in London, (during his apprenticeship,) and hearing of the fame of *Little Pun*, he, without hesitation, gave a public challenge to that hero, although he had never seen him.

On Tom's arrival in the Metropolis, the fame of his brother *Jem* naturally rendered him an object of attraction to the sporting circles, and he was soon matched with *Jack Warr*; but, previous to their meeting in the ring, on the capability of Tom being doubted, he instantly offered to fight *Warr* in a garret for a crown bowl of punch, without the interference of seconds, the door to be locked, and no person suffered to enter, till one of the combatants admitted that he was defeated.

In considering BALCHER as entirely out of the ring, and only viewing him as a *sparrer* at the Fives-Court, he, most unquestionably, is the hero of that exhibi-

tion; and no boxer has more decisively established the superiority of ART over *strength* than the above pugilist. The following instances, if they do not clearly convince, may tend, in some degree, to illustrate the above opinion.

The *BIG Ikey Pig*, who possessed a smattering of the *science*, was, in his *set-to* with BELCHER, not only knocked about like a child, but ultimately hit clean off the stage.—*Shaw*, the life-guardsmen, a Hercules in appearance, with arms like two May-poles, assisted with proportionate strength, was also *dead beat* with the *gloves* by TOM; although this *son of Mars*, but a day or two before, in a bout with *Capt. Barclay*, had put the captain's *upper works* in much confusion, and made all his teeth chatter again.—And *Gulley*, whose knowledge of boxing is far above mediocrity, in sparring with TOM, discovered considerable inferiority.—*Molineaux*, too, when in his *prime*, was *milled* in all directions over the stage, and ultimately *floored* by BELCHER.—During the time TOM was under training at Norwich to fight with *Farnborough*, in an exhibition of *sparring* at the above place, he *levelled* the *Champion*, to the no small surprise of the spectators.—The memorable *disposal* of *Shock Jem*, (a lad of most determined spirit, and who had made the art of self-defence his study, under the tuition of the scientific *George Head*,) was so complete and satisfactory upon the point in question by BELCHER, as to need no further comment. *Shock* was literally hit to pieces.—In competition with *Crib*, or any of the “big ones,” TOM's excellence as a *sparrer* has never in the slightest degree been diminished. The super-

lative knowledge of pugilism also possessed by BELCHER, in another point of view, namely, when opposed against *strength* and *science* united, is clearly ascertained from the comparisons which occurred on Crib's benefit, on May 31, 1814. The towering appearance of the *Champion* standing over the slight elegant form of BELCHER, reminded the spectator not inaptly of the difference between a small frigate contending with a first rate man of war, that however the former might, from its compact size and high state of discipline, perform its movements with much greater celerity, and even create considerable annoyance from its superiority of tactics, yet ultimately in a decisive engagement, where there was no room for manœuvring, it might *strike* to heavier metal,—so with these combatants. The ponderosity of Crib, when in close quarters with his opponent, evidently *bored* in upon him, though not always successful; but when at arm's length, and while there remained *room* for a display of adroitness and skill, BELCHER appeared the *greatest* man. The exclamations, which made the Court resound again, with "well done, *little Tom*," completely decided this point. BELCHER put in some neat touches upon the *nob* of the *Champion*, on his resolutely *boring-in*, and stopped, in several instances, the well-meant heavy blows of Crib in *return*, with considerable dexterity and judgement; but when the *Champion* *got-in*, he drove BELCHER to a corner of the stage, and obtained a trifling advantage. In such a situation *only* the *science* lost its effect, and the strength and mastery of Crib was likely to have prevailed.

In concluding this subject, the following circumstance is worthy of remark, which occurred on the 26th of February, 1817, at the benefit of *Crib*: Upon BELCHER's ascending the stage with *H. Lancaster*, they were interrupted, from all parts of the Court, with the cry of "*Scroggins*." Mr. Jackson also requested it, for the satisfaction of several amateurs of rank present. Upon which, that hardy little hero appeared, and *Lancaster* retired. The spectators were uncommonly anxious to witness this *set-to*, which might be denominated first-rate *science* against the most determined *ruffianism*. *Scroggins*, immediately on shaking hands with his opponent, rushed at him with all the impetuosity of an English bull-dog, and, for three rounds, it was a downright *mill* with the *gloves*. BELCHER, from the fury of his antagonist, was driven, more than once, against the rails, and his usual scientific excellence, from want of room, did not prevail in the above rounds, as seen heretofore; but, in the fourth, TOM began rather to feel his way with more certainty, *faced* his opponent sharply with his ONE-TWO, on his *boring-in*, and had the best of the round: when *Scroggins* bowed, and took off the *gloves*; and, although loudly and repeatedly solicited, from the spectators, to have another round, and particularly from BELCHER, he immediately quitted the stage. A slight *tint* of the *claret* appeared upon both their *mugs*, but first visible from the mouth of *Scroggins*. BELCHER's manner of *setting-to* is truly pleasing and eminent, it is not only showy but effective, and there is nothing coarse or affected about it. In this particular he almost stands alone.

TOM, in company with Mr. John Shelton, about a week after he had defeated *Dagherty*, in 1808, upon coming down Highgate-hill, in a chaise, were challenged to have a trotting-match, by a couple of fellows in a gig. BELCHER endeavoured to give them the go-by, but they kept continually crossing him; and, at length, one of those big heroes, determined upon kicking up a row, jumped out of his chaise, and, without farther ceremony, seized TOM by the leg; in order to pull him out to fight, threatening, at the same time, to mill both BELCHER and Shelton. "Let go," said TOM, "and, as soon as I get upon the ground, we will have a fair trial, depend upon it."—One of BELCHER's fingers, at this period, was in a poultice, and his hand so sore that he could scarcely touch any thing with it; however, this did not prevent the *turn-up* from taking place. The cove's *mob* was metamorphosed in a twinkling, and, by way of a *finisher*, he received a blow that sent him rolling down the hill, to the no small diversion of Shelton and TOM. The latter now mounted his gig with all the *sang-froid* possible, good-naturedly advising this *would-be* fighting man never to threaten, in future, beating two persons at once. Upon the above *blade's* stopping at the nearest inn to clean his face from the torrents of *charet* that it was deluged with, he learnt, to his great surprise, he had been engaged with the celebrated TOM BELCHER. On Sir ASTLEY COOPER's seeing the very bruised state of TOM's finger, after this *rencontre*, he smilingly observed, he would not receive the full force of it for one hundred guineas.

BELCHER, whose talents for *punishing* his oppo-

nents always ceased on quitting the prize-ring, was attacked one evening, in June, 1817, upon his entering a genteel parlour in the vicinity of Holborn, in a most unhandsome manner, by *Jack Fearby* (a 16-stone man, and 6 feet high, but better known by the appellation of the *Young Ruffian*; and, also, from his having been defeated by *Jem Belcher*). In spite of all his *ruffianism* and knowledge of boxing, his *nob* was instantly placed in *chancery*—his *peepers* were taken measure of for a *suit of mourning*—and his *ing* exhibited all the high *vermilioned* touches of *colouring*, without the aid of a painter. In a few minutes he was so completely *satisfied*, from the celerity of his expert opponent, as, scarcely to be able to retire, covered with shame and confusion for his insolence and temerity;—while Tom politely expressed himself sorry for the trifling interruption the company had experienced; without receiving the slightest scratch from this overgrown piece of stuff; or, in more emphatic words,

“All are not men that bear the human form!”

The CASTLE TAVERN, as a sporting house, is conducted on those principles of honour and rectitude that must ensure its success. Propriety is the order of the day; and no man appears more anxious or eager to accommodate his visitors, and at the same time, none more scrupulously exact in asserting his rights as a landlord, to prevent the introduction of improper company, and to do the thing that is right, than TOM BELCHER. In this respect the *management* of the house is entitled to universal praise; and the inquiring stranger, whom curiosity might tempt

to take a peep at the scientific pugilists, feels not the least restraint in visiting the CASTLE TAVERN.— The long-room is neatly fitted up, and lighted with gas, and the numerous sporting subjects, elegantly framed and glazed, have rather an imposing effect, upon the entrance of the visitor, among whom may be witnessed animated likenesses of the renowned JEM BELCHER and his daring competitor, that inordinate glutton, BURKE. The Champion, CRIB, and his tremendous opponent, MOLINEAUX. The father of the present race of boxers, Old JOE WARD. BOB GREGSON, in water-colours, by Mr. EMERY, of Covent-Garden Theatre. TOM BELCHER, and his rival, the Jew phenomenon, DUTCH SAM. The scientific contest between HUMPHREYS and MENDOZA. Portraits of GULLEY, the *Game CHICKEN*, &c. With a variety of other subjects, including one of the dog, "TRUSTY," the champion of the canine race, in fifty battles, and the favourite animal of the late *Jem Belcher*, the gift of Lord Camelford. The whole forming a *characteristic* trait of the sporting world. Previous to any grand match taking place, and for nights after its termination, the house is crowded to an overflow, and the merits of the cases in question argued and determined in the most scientific style of argument. The sporting dinners given here, are also excellent; ultimately proving that the landlord is a good *caterer*, in every point of view. The chair is frequently filled, upon these occasions, by a first-rate theatrical singer.

BELCHER is a native of Bristol, born in April, 1783, near St. James's Church-yard. In height about five



Drawn by G. Sharpley.

Engraved by B. Wood.

HARRY HARMER.

Pub^d by Sharwood, Keely, & Jones April 13. 1818.

feet nine inches, and his fighting weight was ten stone four pounds.

HARRY HARMER.

THE family, to which this pugilist belongs, renders him an interesting object to the *Fancy*. It is true, that he has not done much in the *milling way*; but yet what little he has performed has shown something like the *finishing* touches of the master. The peculiar style of fighting of the late *Jem Belcher*, his cousin, seems to be revived in his person. Like that once brave Champion of England, he is an uncommonly quick and hard hitter; and, with a good deal of dexterity, bobs his head aside to avoid the pointed blow. His trade of a *Coppersmith* gives his arms the advantages of action and vigour, and in fighting he makes use of them with great celerity, and in a manner not very dissimilar to *hammering*!

It does not appear that HARMER, although reared in the hot-bed for Pugilists, exhibited in any public scientific contest, previous to his arrival in the metropolis. HARRY was born at a place called the Horse Fair, Bristol, and is eighteen months younger than *Tom Belcher*.

The superior style he displayed in his first battle with *Maltby*, from the latter's having vanquished *George Crib* and *Cope*, soon brought HARMER into notice with the admirers of pugilism. With *Jack Ford*, in his second contest, he also rose a step higher; and, in his third and last battle, with *Shelton*, he

established his reputation as a game and first-rate boxer. HARMER has caution about him, but no fear, and does not want for judgement. He did not wish to be *smashed* in his outset, nor enter indiscriminately into every *mill* that might be offered to him. Weight and size are important objects to the scientific pugilist; and, it is said, that, not wanting of discretion, he endeavours to keep the old proverb in view—"to look before you leap."

HARMER entered the lists with *Maltby*, on Thursday, June 12, 1812, at Wilsdon-green, for a purse of twenty-five guineas. *Maltby* was the favourite 6 to 4, and nearly a stone heavier than HARMER, who was a stranger to the ring. *Tom Jones* and *Cropley* seconded *Maltby*; and *Belcher* and *Richmond* attended upon HARMER. At one o'clock the men set to.

First round.—Both the combatants seemed intent on fighting, and, without ceremony, commenced *milking*; they, however, soon disengaged from a close, and Harmer, with great dexterity, planted a severe right-handed hit on one of *Maltby's* *peepers* that made him *wink* again, without receiving any return. *Maltby*, with much determination, at length, fought his way into a close, and, in a trial of strength to obtain the throw, they both fell, but Harmer uppermost.—The odds rather lowered, and Harmer became very attractive.

Second.—Harmer commenced in grand style; and, *sans cérémonie*, planted a left-handed blow upon *Maltby's* nose, that rather spoiled the shape of it, which, added to his already damaged eye, had completely changed the appearance of his face. A desperate rally occurred, and hit for hit took place, when *Maltby* was *floored*, from a severe blow on his forehead. The partizans of Harmer began loudly to applaud, and offered 5 to 4 upon his winning.

Third.—The men were both on their mettle, and considerable execution was done on both sides. *Maltby* stood up like a hero, and satisfied the spectators he had not a particle of *stitching* in his composition. A rally ensued that was terrific,

and much reciprocal hitting occurred; the right hand of Maltby *punished* Harmer's body so severely, that, from one tremendous hit, he went staggering away like a drunken man, but the latter, to the astonishment of the ring, returned hastily upon his opponent, and, in a finishing style of execution, Maltby went down, covered with blood. It was now seen the length of Harmer gave him the superiority, and his friends sported the odds without fear or hesitation.

Fourth,—to Fifteenth and last.—At this early stage of the fight, Maltby was somewhat reduced, but with *game* like a cock. Harmer made play in every round, and kept the lead in gallant style. From the quickness of Harry, he literally beat his man stupid. Maltby contended, in the most determined manner, for thirty-seven minutes, when nature was so completely exhausted, that he was carried out of the ring by his seconds.

From the above manly specimen, **HARMER** became the object of considerable conversation in the pugilistic circles; his length, quickness, and *punishing* hitting, rather deterred a few of the fighting men from entering the lists with him, till the *game* Ford was matched with **HARMER**, for a purse of twenty-five guineas.

This battle took place, on the 23d of August, 1813, a mile to the eastward of St. Nicholas, in Kent, upon the land of Mr. Neale, a Kentish yeoman, a short distance from Margate. The veteran *Joe Ward* and *Hall*, seconded **HARMER**; and *Paddington Jones* and *Clark* attended upon *Ford*.

First round.—Harry commenced fighting with great confidence by making play right and left, but without much effect, Ford having stopped and returned. In closing, they both went down. The betting which had been previously rather high upon Harmer, was now rather reduced, it appearing that Ford would not let his *nob* receive that severe *punishment* which Harmer had dealt out so liberally upon Maltby. Five to four upon Harmer.

Second.—A good rally, and both the combatants upon their mettle. Ford the most conspicuous; but did not like the

right hand of Harmer. Strength on both sides was resorted to in falling; but the advantages in this round appeared on the side of Ford.

Third.—The right hand of Harmer *got into work*, and the forehead of Ford received a severe *taste* of his quality. The *game* of the latter, however, was not so soon frightened as to deter him from attempting to adopt his favourite mode of *in-fighting*; and several *teazers* did not frustrate Ford from boring-in upon his adversary: yet he still lost by comparison, and was thrown. Betting five to four.

Fourth.—The truth must be told, and the bad training of Ford could no longer be concealed. His wind was treacherous, and he was sparring to gain time; but he guarded himself so scientifically, that a short time elapsed before any opening occurred whereby Harmer could derive any advantage, when he at length put in a heavy body blow on his opponent, and Ford with considerable dexterity returned a *sender* on the head of Harmer. Equality of character was preserved in this round; but Ford went down from a terrible fall. Brisk betting upon Harmer two to one.

Fifth.—Ford, full of *pluck*, rallied with spirit, slashing away without any care respecting himself; and Harmer was no ways behind hand in *hammering* his opponent. Both their *hitting* told, and the round was not terminated without considerable execution being manifest. Harmer threw Ford. Weakness now rather appeared on both sides.

Sixth.—Harmer received a severe hit in the body from his adversary, when he went down.

Seventh.—In going in to rally, Harmer was repulsed by Ford; when the latter for a short period had the best of the *millng*. On getting near the ropes, Harmer got Ford's *nob* under his left arm and *fibbed* him so terribly, that he was glad to put an end to it, by falling through his hands. Harmer was now the favourite in every point of view by the science he displayed, and the superiority which attended his exertions.

Eighth.—Ford, always brave, showed he was determined not to lose his character, and the fortitude he exhibited in this round claimed universal praise. *Punishing* without ceremony took place upon both sides; and the right hand of Harry, from a terrible hit he planted upon Ford's eye, was much injured. The combatants stuck to each other hard and fast, by pelting away in all directions; but the strength of Ford was leaving him, and he now held by the ropes, where the

mastery of *Harmer* was evident, by holding up his opponent with his left hand, and with his right putting in some weighty blows upon the kidneys of Ford.—The betting *Amateurs* were now satisfied it was all their own way, and offered to lay any odds upon Harmer.

Ninth.—Ford had now received so much severe *punishment*, that it was evident he was loosing ground rapidly; but he had given such decided specimens of real game in his other contests, that it was well known he would not relinquish fighting while any thing like a *chance* remained. He, therefore, summoned all his courage to get a turn in his favour, but he was reduced to that state, where superior science and strength must be *served*. Harmer was now the hero, and only looking forward to obtain the victory with ease and certainty to himself. Ford, from one leg being shorter than the other, fights under peculiar disadvantages in this respect, and, when weak and retreating, it appears very conspicuously. It now appeared that he fell without a blow; but it was owing to this impediment.

Tenth.—*HUMANITY* of character should never be forgotten, and it ought always to be recorded as an example to other pugilists to do likewise. Ford was in an unfortunate situation against the ropes, where a blow must have *finished* him; but Harmer nobly disdained to take any advantage of a brave competitor, while a more manly path presented itself; and he never could show manhood in a finer style than in walking away and leaving Ford to go down himself.

Eleventh.—Harmer now punished his antagonist with ease and address till he went down, and Ford was the more enfeebled every round: but, notwithstanding the *milling* he met with, he could not be prevailed upon to *GIVE IT IN* until the twenty-third round, when he was completely *told out*!

Ford, although defeated, showed that his pretensions to boxing were good and scientific, and that he is not to be *got at* without some difficulty. The importance of *TRAINING* does not seem to operate on pugilists in general; or, if they do understand its value, it should seem, that, in too many instances, they do not *strictly* comply with its peculiarities to obtain those essential requisites toward victory—sound wind

and good condition. It was evident that *Ford* suffered considerably from this neglect. As an IN-fighter, he is able to do considerable execution; but the length of *HARMER* was too much for him. With *Oliver*, the gardener, *Ford* contended for two hours and ten minutes; and, notwithstanding it was thought that he had generally improved, yet with *HARMER* he was disposed of in *thirty-five minutes*! *Ford's* body exhibited some severe marks of *punishment*, and he was bled before he left the ground.

HARMER, after a year and a half had elapsed, was matched with *Tom Shelton*, a determined navigator. It may not be improper to premise the occasion of this battle. *Shelton* was introduced at the Fives Court, and ascended the stage with *HARMER*, at *Cribb's* benefit, on May 31, 1814, as a complete *novice*. *Shelton* appeared determined for a downright *mill*, and attacked *HARMER* most furiously, endeavouring to show his abilities toward *serving out*. *HARRY*, with skill and dexterity parried off his strength, and put in some touches upon the *mug* of *Shelton*, that drew forth the *claret*. To denominate it *sparring* would be erroneous, it was complete *milling* and *ruffianism* in the highest style of perfection. The impetuosity of *Shelton* was astonishing, and it was also curious to observe the decided mode which *HARMER* drove the former away from him. During the contest, *Shelton* was so sharply met by his antagonist, that he turned completely round twice, and recommenced his attack. The *science* of *HARMER*, however pre-eminent, was not enough to convince *Shelton* of his superiority, that it at length became necessary for *HARRY* to add

strength to his efforts to allay the *ruffianism* exhibited by his opponent. HARMER, at arms' length, *gloved* him severely, but, upon *Shelton's* rushing in to *mill*, HARRY got his *nob* under his left arm, and, with his right hand, *fibbed* him so tightly, that, to prevent its proceeding to an actual fight, it was deemed prudent, that no more *such* SPARRING should take place between them in the Court. This was *Shelton's* first appearance; and, from the spirit he displayed, he was much *fancied* by several of the amateurs. An opinion was entertained that he only wanted a better knowledge of boxing, in addition to his other requisites, to make him a dangerous *customer* for any of his weight. In the course of a twelvemonth he acquired considerable *science*; and notwithstanding the character HARMER maintained as a first-rate boxer, the capabilities of *Shelton* were not viewed with indifference by many of HARRY's friends. The match at length being made for one hundred guineas, it created considerable interest in the sporting circles, and, on Tuesday, April 18, 1815, they met, in a twenty-four feet roped ring, on Hounslow-Heath, near the rivulet which divides the heath from Twickenham-common. *Shelton* was the heaviest man by some pounds. Seven to four on Harmer, and eagerly taken by the friends of *Shelton*. The spectators were exceedingly numerous. *Richmond* and *Oliver* were for *Shelton*, and *Tom Belcher* and *Gibbons* with HARMER. At one o'clock the men shook hands and *set-to*.

First round.—The determined quality of *Shelton* was well known to the amateurs, and great anxiety was manifested upon the combatants setting-to. The navigator, eager to

commence fighting, endeavoured to plant two left-handed blows, but, his distance proving incorrect, Harmer *floored* him in a twinkling, and the *claret* was visible upon his face.— Loud shouting, and 2 to 1 freely offered against Shelton.

Second.—The navigator, from his eagerness to do something, again hit short, as did Harmer in returning. The men now got into a sharp rally, when Harmer, from a slip, fell down upon his knees, and received an accidental blow from the suddenness of his situation. "Foul—fair!" was vociferated, but the umpires knowing the real state of the case, the battle did not suffer the slightest interruption.

Third.—This round was resolutely contested upon both sides, and the combatants, in a tremendous rally, exchanged hit for hit, with a firmness that claimed applause from all parts of the ring. Harmer, in point of quickness, put in the most blows, and finished the round by sending his man down.—It was current betting five to two upon Harmer.

Fourth.—Good reciprocal boxing, when, in closing, Harmer was thrown.

Fifth.—Shelton, full of gaiety, made play, and Harmer, from a slight hit, was again on the ground.—Betting shifted a little.

Sixth.—The science of Harmer was seen to much advantage in this round. From the navigator's hitting short, he received tremendously left and right from Harmer, and was ultimately *floored*.—This changed the betting again, and seven to four was sported upon Harry.

Seventh.—The blows upon both sides were so hard and fast, as not to be described.—It was a long round, and Harmer went down rather distressed.—It was a complete sporting fight, and the betting got down a little.

Eighth.—The time appeared to be called rather too quick for both men, as both showed symptoms of distress. Some sparring occurred, when Shelton was missing in an instant. He received a blow under his left ear, that he appeared stunned, lying on the ground.

Ninth.—It was astonishing to see with what *pluck* Shelton again met his man. Another desperate rally took place, at the end of which Shelton went down.

Tenth.—Some good blows exchanged, and both down.

Eleventh.—The navigator was on the grass from a slight hit.—Seven to four upon Harmer.

Twelfth.—A short round, and Shelton thrown cleanly by his adversary.

Thirteenth.—Both the combatants were no strangers to the *milling* they had received. However, they at length got into work, and desperation seemed the order of the round. Harmer manfully strove to take out the fight of his opponent, while the latter with equal *game* seemed to have the precise object in view. It was truly terrific on both sides; but the round closed to the advantage of Shelton, who sent Harmer down. The head of the latter, unfortunately, in falling, came in contact with the stakes, and received a most dreadful cut, from which it bled profusely.

Fourteenth.—The appearance of Harmer was against him on coming to the scratch; and none but an extraordinary *bottomed* man could have returned so quickly to have commenced the round. His right hand appeared also to have given way, and some alarms were felt from this circumstance. Harmer went down from a slight hit.—The backers of Harry were rather puzzled, and the partizans of Shelton, now boldly offered six to four upon him.

Fifteenth.—Affairs were materially changed, and Shelton was now decidedly the favourite, who again sent Harmer down.

Sixteenth.—Harmer was still in the back ground, notwithstanding he exerted himself to change this unfortunate aspect. Shelton again had it his own way, and Harry went down from a slight blow.—The friends of Shelton looked upon victory as a matter of course, and betted seven to four without hesitation; and many still greater odds.

Seventeenth.—This round, to all appearance, seemed to have decided the fight. A rally took place, but Shelton was quite a hero in it; he planted blows in all directions, and, from a dreadful one that Harmer received on his nob, he was *floored* in a twinkling.—Five to one upon Shelton.

Eighteenth.—Harmer came up to the scratch almost in a state of stupor. He merely placed himself in a fighting position, but was soon sent down.

Nineteenth to Twenty-first.—The *game* exhibited by Harmer, under the above disparaging circumstances, astonished every one present. In all these rounds he seemed bewildered, and the advice of his seconds was lost upon him. It was all against him, and in this last round Shelton was so much the

superior man, that Harmer was not only hit out of the ring, but the *punishment* about him was piteous to behold. The odds were now so great, and the termination of the battle considered so certain in favour of Shelton, that no takers were to be found.

Twenty-second.—Harmer came almost reeling from weakness to meet his man. It fairly might be termed neck or nothing, it was desperation in the extreme, or, in the bold language of the hero of Bosworth-field,

“ I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye.”

It was next to an impossibility that Harmer could last one minute longer; but such is the uncertainty of battle that he made a tolerable round of it, and also had the good fortune to hit his opponent down. The surprise this circumstance occasioned cannot be described, and even betting was the fact.

Twenty-third.—Harmer appeared first upon his legs, and, strange to remark, so sudden and great was the falling off of the navigator, that, in being brought to face his man, he seemed totally insensible to every object around him. Harmer, at length, hit him down.

Twenty-fourth.—Considering the exhausted state of both the combatants, this might be considered a good round. The navigator seemed to recollect himself and ultimately sent down Harmer.—Shelton was again the favourite, and seven to four against his opponent was viewed as safe betting.

Twenty-fifth.—Harmer still persevered, in spite of all obstacles, and from the advantage of giving Shelton a dreadful cross-buttock, victory turned in his favour. The fall was so heavy, that the breath seemed to be all shook out of the body of the navigator, and one of his shoulders received a violent contusion.

Twenty-sixth.—Shelton was completely stupified, from the effects of the last round, and Harry merely pushed him down.—The odds now rapidly changed again, and Harmer for any thing.

Twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and last.—The navigator was all but done; and a blow from Harmer, on the side of his head, put a period to the contest, and he was decidedly *finished* in thirty-five minutes.

It was impossible for more superior courage to have

been shown in any battle whatever, than in the above between HARMER and *Shelton*, and a more truly sporting fight was never witnessed. It is true, the amateurs felt some degree of surprise from the very *sudden falling off* of the navigator, but HARMER, notwithstanding, raised his fame from his manly conduct, and only won the battle from his unbounded game and perseverance.

HARMER, shortly after the above combat, in company with *Fuller*, crossed the water, in order to give the natives of France some *practical* ideas on the national sport of English boxing; and, notwithstanding the excessive *delicacy* of this lively people, both the above boxers were liberally received. Their efforts are thus announced in the French papers:—“Two English boxers have already given several representations in the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. Persons of the most delicate sensibility may be present, for these boxers do not strike so hard as to do each other any injury. In England, after every battle, one or two of the assailants must be declared *hors de combat*, and when they are obliged to carry him off the field, in a wheelbarrow, or on a shutter, the pleasure is complete. At Paris, we are not so greedy, we content ourselves with a few blows, and the demonstration of them is enough.”

HARMER set-to with *Fuller* upon a stage, erected on the race couse, near *Mont-martre*, between the heats. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, was one of the spectators upon this occasion, and ordered five *Napoleons* to be put into the hat. This was shortly after the capture of Paris by the Allied Sovereigns,

and a number of distinguished characters belonging to the various nations also attended. At some of the minor theatres in Paris, the *sparring* of the above boxers, not only contributed to fill up the ballet of action, but were loudly applauded. The *liberality* of the French, however, was far behind the contributions of the amateurs at Moulsey, &c. one lively instance presents itself:—an English officer, a captain of the guards, went round to the spectators, on the race-ground, with the hat, to collect subscriptions for HARMER and Fuller, and, upon coming up to a fashionably dressed Frenchman, he *generously* threw in a single *sous*. The officer, by way of a set-off for the *liberal* donation, immediately held it up in his hand, and, walking round the stage, exclaimed:—"Behold this very handsome present given by a French gentleman!" This *nouvelle* mode of ridicule had the desired effect, and the Frenchman, not possessing nerve enough to encounter such an *exposé*, instantly took the hint and galloped off the ground, amidst the shouts and laughter of the populace, which was a complete mixture of English, French, Prussians, Russians, &c.

From the near point of termination, respecting the battle between HARMER and *Shelton*, the friends of the latter were induced to give him another chance, and he was accordingly backed to fight HARMER, on the 26th of June, 1816, but *Shelton* during his training, fell off altogether in constitution, and paid forfeit.

In concluding this sketch of HARMER, we are sorry to observe, that, within these last few months, (December, 1817,) he has experienced a severe dim-

ness in one of his eyes, arising, it appears, from a cold, and which, at present, seems to baffle all the superior advice he has had upon the subject. It is likely, if **HARMER** does not recover from the effects of this circumstance, that he cannot enter the *Prize-ring* any more with any degree of certainty. He is an inoffensive well-behaved man, and much respected by the amateurs in general.

BILL NOSWORTHY,

The Baker ;

(CONQUEROR OF THE RENOWNED DUTCH SAM.)

THE abdication of **BONAPARTE**, in its proper sphere, was not more electric than the defeat of *Dutch Sam*, in the boxing world. The sudden elevation of **NOSWORTHY**, from this event, was equally as unexpected as the rapid downfall of his opponent. **NOSWORTHY** was scarcely known to the *Prize-ring*, excepting his battle with *Martin*, the Jew. It is true, he had obtained a few conquests in the Metropolis, but they were not considered in any other point of view than as private matches, and not witnessed by any of the distinguished patrons of the art. In the country he had been *hammering* a few of the *clod-poles* with success ; but, in the pugilistic circles, generally speaking, he merely ranked as a second-rate boxer, possessing *game* of the first quality. However, the notoriety he acquired, from defeating **DUTCH SAM**, render his exploits an interesting feature, worthy of record in the pages of **BOXIANA**.

In his boyish days, NOSWORTHY; it appears, was not altogether unknown in Devonshire, both as a wrestler and pugilist. He was born at a place, called Kena, a parish within the hundred of Exminster, of respectable connexions, on the 1st of May, 1786. He was rather of an athletic prepossessing appearance, and extremely well made. In height 5 feet 6 inches, and weighing about 11 stone. In disposition, he was cheerful, good natured, and inoffensive; but in the ring NOSWORTHY was a glutton of the first mould; and he must be no common caterer that could attempt to satisfy his inordinate appetite. Several sporting characters denominated him the "YOUNG CHICKEN," from some analogy he bore to the late *Hen. Pearce* of *milling* memory.

It was with the mate of a vessel, at Exeter, that the *milling* qualities of NOSWORTHY conspicuously burst forth, when he had scarcely attained his sixteenth year. Some difference of opinion occurring between them, a regular *set-to* was the consequence. The *mate* flattered himself that he would soon be able to chastise the lad for his presumption in thus daring to contend with a man, and immediately poured in a *broadside*, to induce the enemy to cry for quarter. The action was kept up with great spirit on both sides for a considerable time, and notwithstanding the brisk and heavy firing of the man of war to enforce obedience, the superior skill and tactics of the frigate prevailed, and ultimately compelled the *mate* to strike, by lowering his flag. It was a dearly purchased victory to NOSWORTHY, who had one of his arms broken.

A dinner, of the name of *Perkins*, whose talents extended farther than his *bramb*, next entered the lists with the *baker*. *Perkins* had attracted some notice at Exeter, from his *milling* qualities, and fought a spirited battle with NOSWORTHY, for twenty-five minutes; at the end of which period, he was so dreadfully *punished* as to be carried off the field.

Jack Tapley, a fighting cobbler, who had acquired some degree of reputation from his knowledge of the fist, jealously viewed the rising fame of NOSWORTHY in this part of the country, challenged the latter for a trifling sum. The *cobbler* turned out a *good one*, and fought like a hero for half an hour, till not the slightest chance remained; but ultimately found that he had gone beyond his *last*!

NOSWORTHY, soon after the above conquests, left Exeter, for Wellington, in Somersetshire. A *troublesome* customer of the name of *Culver*, who had *milled* all the boxers at Wellington, soon offered himself to the notice of NOSWORTHY. A match was made without delay, and it proved a tremendous battle. It was downright *ruffianism* on both sides, till *Culver*, who, upon all former occasions, had been hailed with the shouts of victory, was now reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the superiority of his opponent. Wellington was too confined a place for NOSWORTHY, and he soon left *thumping* the *Johnny Raws* to engage with the more finished boxers of the metropolis.

Upon his arrival in London, a wrestling match took place between NOSWORTHY and one *Petitkin*, a Scotch baker; but the latter having been defeated in

this trial of skill, it terminated in a boxing match for a guinea a-side. This contest took place on the 3d of May, 1808, in Pancras Fields. NOSWORTHY was seconded by *Tom Jones* and *Bill Ryan*. The superiority was evidently on the part of NOSWORTHY for the first twenty minutes, *Pettikin* being milled in all directions. It was presumed, that, had the fight continued without any interruption, victory was by no means doubtful on the side of NOSWORTHY, who had, at this period of the battle, considerably reduced the strength of his opponent. But NOSWORTHY was a stranger to his fraternity, the *bakers*, and the odds had been laid rather *too thick* upon *Pettikin*. The ring, it is said, was broken in consequence; much confusion ensued; and some delay occurred before the combatants could appear in a new ring. The contest was then renewed with increased ardour, and *Pettikin* appeared more fresh from the delay he had experienced. Reciprocal fighting continued for *one hour and twenty-five minutes*, when NOSWORTHY was reduced to insensibility, and carried off the ground by his brother. The *game* he displayed was highly praised. *Pettikin*, although the conqueror, could not be induced again to face his fallen adversary, and forfeited three times to NOSWORTHY.

One *Selovey* also forfeited five pounds to the *baker*.

A *navigator*, belonging to the canal at Paddington, well known for possessing great strength, and other requisites for boxing, challenged NOSWORTHY to fight for a guinea a-side, in the fields of the above neighbourhood. It proved a good battle, and plenty of *work* was done on both sides; but, at the end of

an hour the *man of clay* was convinced that the *baker* was the best man.

The *dead men* of the metropolis now viewing Nosworthy as a leader in their sporting circles, a match for *ten guineas* a-side was made between him and *Barnard Levy*, a Jew, which took place at Golder's Green. *Levy* was known to be a good man, and proved himself highly deserving of that character throughout the fight. Nosworthy was not in condition, and the Jew maintained an evident superiority for the long space of two hours. The game displayed by the *baker* astonished every one present; he fought undismayed up to his ankles in mud and slush, and showed himself a *taker* of no common mould. Notwithstanding the unceasing *punishment* the Jew had administered to his opponent, he could not take the fight out of him, and at length became quite exhausted. Nosworthy, contrary to all expectation, appeared refreshed, and *finished* the Jew in high style during the last twenty-five minutes. From this conquest, the *baker* rather gained ground in the *milling* circles. The fight lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes.

Martin, an active lively boxer, and much fancied by his own people, the Jews, was now pitted against Nosworthy, for a purse of twenty-five guineas, at Moulsey-Hurst, on the 29th of March, 1814. High expectations were formed of the pugilistic talents of *Martin*, but the *baker* soon put all his skill and manœuvres at defiance. *Martin* was one of the easiest customers Nosworthy ever had to deal with. *Joc Ward* and *Paddington Jones* seconded the latter, and

Little Puss and *Jacobs* attended upon *Martin*. It was two to one in favour of the Jew, previous to the battle, and betting brisk.

First round.—On setting-to considerable expectation was formed upon the talents of the Jew, who commenced with much gaiety; but *Nosworthy*, on the alert, planted a tremendous bit on *Martin's* mouth, which not only drew forth a profusion of *claret*, but he went down.—Loud shouting from the *dead men*!

Second.—The Jew, more cautious than heretofore, sparred for advantage, but ultimately he was again *floored*. The two to one had now all vanished, and even betting was the truth of the matter.

Third.—*Nosworthy* began to serve the Jew in style, and his hits told tremendously. *Martin* made a good round of it, but fell rather distressed. The *dead men* now opened their mouths wide, and loudly offered six to four on the Master of the *Rolls*.

Fourth.—*Martin*, with much activity, planted a good face, but *Nosworthy* again finished the round in high style.

Fifth.—The Israelite's *nob* was *peppered*, and his body also much punished, and *Nosworthy*, with great severity, hit him right through the ropes. Seven to four on *Nosworthy*.

Sixth.—It would be superfluous to detail the remaining rounds. *Nosworthy* had it all his own way; notwithstanding, *Martin* resorted to his old method of falling, to tire out his opponent. In thirty-six minutes the Jew was completely *milled*; and *Nosworthy* increased his fame as a boxer.

One *Bill Reynard*, a good bit of stuff, and not altogether destitute of pugilistic acquirements, flattered himself he could beat *NOSWORTHY*, but could not muster enough *blunt* to make the stakes of any importance to the *baker*. *NOSWORTHY*, above taking advantage of this circumstance, agreed to ACCOMMODATE *Reynard*, and a gallon of *ale* was to be spent by the losing man. This battle took place in *Hare-street-fields*, *Whitechapel*. *Reynard* fought he-

roically, put in many severe blows, and felt as much interested to win the battle as if he had been contending for thousands. He was altogether a good man, and not to be disposed of as a matter of course. NOSWORTHY, at length, proved the conqueror; but, in obtaining this title, one of his ribs got fractured. It is necessary to observe, that neither of the combatants was in a state of convalescence to enjoy the *gallon of ale* at the end of the battle.

At Hyde-Park-Fair, in August, 1814, NOSWORTHY, in common with the rest of his Majesty's loyal subjects, repaired thither to enjoy the merriment and fun exhibited upon that memorable occasion. Our hero was not an idle spectator at this jolly, uproarious, never-to-be-forgotten, fête! It appears he contributed considerably toward the amusements of the day, and performed his part with the talents of a first-rate actor. In six different *skirmishes* which presented themselves, he was *strikingly* conspicuous in them all. NOSWORTHY gave those playful *commoners* such severe *remembrancers* of their folly in attempting to *mill* a pugilist, by way of a *lark*, that they found it convenient to *brush off* in quick time; and, when the *seventh* *SOI-DISANT* hero was inquired for by BILL, to have another "taste of his quality," the *blade* was missing, and NOSWORTHY left in quiet possession of the ground, once more to smoke his pipe at ease, and drink the *healths* of *Old Blucher* and *Platoff*, those renowned heroes of fighting memory.

But the whole of his feats, put together, are nothing, in comparison with the notoriety NOSWORTHY acquired from the following conflict.—Since the re-

nowned period of *Broughton* and *Slack* no pugilistic combat, it appears, has occasioned so much contrariety of opinion, as the issue of the contest between the celebrated *Dutch Sam* and BILL NOSWORTHY, at Moulsey-Hurst, on Tuesday, December 8, 1814. The unexpected termination of the above battle has so entirely overwhelmed the *Sporting World* with disputes, that nothing like DECISION seems to be obtained. The astonishment it occasioned at the moment, by the FAVOURITE having been so completely and unexpectedly *distanced*: in fact, *beaten out of the ring*! The vexation since produced; and the various sums ultimately drawn from the heavy betting *Fanciers* upon the Jew, in reproof of their *better* judgement and experience, have had such an effect, that not only the payment of bets was suspended, but stake-holders were also arrested. Tales, on the one side, as numerous as the *Arabian Nights*, have been told, respecting "*collusion*" existing somewhere; while, by the other party, it is as strongly contended, that "*Defeat was seen as clear as the sun at noon day.*" If the following plain narrative of facts, with conclusions drawn from them, balanced with care and discretion; and guided by "nothing to extenuate, or set down aught in malice," should tend, in any way, to remove those "existing doubts," the aim of the writer will be most perfectly accomplished.

The pugilistic hemisphere experienced a most electric sensation from the defeat of the hitherto invincible hero, *Dutch Sam*. So *confident* were the KNOWING ONES—so *satisfied* were the SWELLS—and so *bang-up* were the whole of the FANCY, upon this

mill, that "SAM MUST WIN and *nothing ELSE!*" that FOUR to *one* was to be had from Duke's Place to Hyde-park-corner, previous to the fight. Nor was this confidence in the least diminished upon SAM's entering the ring, but rather increased, with loud and repeated offers to any amount upon this once distinguished phenomenon in the fighting world. And SAM, it is said, felt himself so much at ease respecting this conquest, that he had deemed it unnecessary to adhere to the rigid rules of *training*.

Five years had nearly elapsed since SAM had exhibited in the prize-ring. The curiosity to see him once more display his great pugilistic acquirements drew together an unusual number of spectators. Neither bad roads nor torrents of rain could check the interest excited by this battle. Vehicles of all descriptions for weeks before were put in requisition to reach the destined spot; and pedestrians out of number were not dismayed in *tramping* through *thick and thin*, for sixteen miles, merely to get a *peep* at these boxing heroes. The vast collection of carriages on the Hurst excited the astonishment of every one present, and some hundreds were on the spot who did not even see the battle. Several marquees were erected for accommodation. The sum to be contended for, in a twenty-foot ring, was £50 a-side, and a purse given by the Pugilistic Club of 25 guineas. At a few minutes before one, NOSWORTHY entered the ring, attended by his seconds, *Bill Cropley* and *Silverthorne*, and was loudly cheered for his confidence, in daring to face so acknowledged a boxer as the Jew. SAM soon followed, and received every mark of gratifying

attention from the surrounding multitude. *Medley* and *Puss* were his attendants. A heavy shower of rain could not delay their thirst for fame, and the signal for *milling* commenced.

First round.—On the combatants approaching each other, and shaking hands in the usual way, the *difference* of PERSON was so manifest, that an ordinary unbiassed spectator must have given the preference to the *Baker*, from the roundness of his frame, the firmness of his step, and the cheerfulness of his countenance. He must have been a *novice* indeed, not to have discovered the wretched *condition* of SAM upon his throwing off his clothes. His ribs were *spare* in the extreme; his face, which hitherto had assumed such a formidable aspect, and his fierce eyes that seemed upon all similar occasions to have penetrated into the very souls of his opponents, darting looks of terror and confusion to their most pointed efforts, now appeared clouded with doubt and anxiety. It was altogether a different frontispiece. Dejection, arising from debility, marked strongly its most prominent feature. As for his legs, (the general criterion of strength,) as if SAM had anticipated that they might be viewed against him, he, for the first time in his life, preferred fighting in gaiters and breeches. The *tout ensemble* portrayed in every point of view more that sort of character which required the careful assiduities of a nurse—than what SAM was about to assume—namely, the hero entering the *prize-ring*, fully prepared to vanquish youth, health, and strength. But all these objections were as a *feather* in the scale against the Jew. *Weather* could not affect him. No one could *punish* him. He *hit* as hard as Cribb. He was no *mannerist*. He *set-to* a hundred different ways. He altered his mode of fighting as circumstances required. Many seemed really to think; and plenty were forward enough to urge, that SAM was as well, if not better, without *training* than undergoing that systematic precaution of invigorating the *stamina*. In short, he was the phenomenon of the fighting world; every thing but a *losing* man. The numerous and brave conquests which he had achieved *flashed* strong across their memory. The recollection that he had beaten all the best men for a series of years that had been pitted against him, gave a double confidence to their sanguine opinions. And what was SAM now called upon to perform at the TOP OF HIS GLORY? Why,

merely to enter the lists with a Boxer, who, to speak the best of him, was but of considerable obscurity. Who, for a moment, would listen to a comparison made between *Nosworthy* and the hardy and brave *Champion of Westminster*, that had fallen beneath the conquering arm of SAM? Or with that truly elegant scientific pugilist, *Tom Belcher*, who had twice surrendered up his laurels to this distinguished Jew. *Cropley*, too, who ought never to be mentioned without praise, ranking as a superior scientific boxer, was tremendously beaten by him. And his last antagonist, *Ben Medley*, possessing those sound fighting pretensions of true game and science, was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the vast superiority of the hero in question. The renowned Dutch Sam was once more before his friends. His mighty prowess was again to be exerted, in quickly removing any obstacle from his presence. And his *fanciers* were so confident of his adding another laurel to his brow, that bets to a most extravagant amount were loudly offered. To have named the Baker as having any thing like a *chance*, was out of the question; but, at this period, to have proposed an *even bet* that *Nosworthy* won would have operated like a *touch of the ridiculous*, and been laughed at, as betraying a total ignorance in matters of sport. Such was the true state of things, upon the combatants facing each other, and the great superiority of the Jew was now most anxiously expected to have been witnessed every instant. The decision was near at hand, and the Baker, eager to commence the attack, displayed more of a valdrous spirit than scientific precision. In making play, his *distances* proved incorrect, and two blows fell short. Sam gained nothing by this opening. *Nosworthy*, full of resolution, followed up the Jew, appearing rather too rapid in his manner to take any particular aim, and seemed to prefer *willng* away, than trusting to those advantages that are sometimes obtained in *sparring* to put in a favourite blow. Sam made a slight hit upon the Baker's *nob*—but, ultimately, he went down.

Second.—The eagerness of the Baker to *go in*, appeared to supersede every other consideration. He again hit short. But Sam did not miss this opportunity, and returned right and left, drawing the cork of the *Master of the Rolls*. *Nosworthy*, it seemed, had made up his mind to *smash* the Jew, and, in his haste to get at Sam, slipped and fell.

Third.—The Baker, determined in his mode of warfare, resolutely made up to Sam, but the Jew warded off the force

of the blows with much adroitness. Nosworthy received a hit from Sam and went down, but his fall was attributed more to the slippery state of the turf than to the severity of the blow.

Fourth.—This round commenced with severe fighting, and much activity was displayed on both sides. Some good hits were exchanged. The Baker, *sans cérémonie*, milled the Jew before him to the ropes, and here it was that Nosworthy showed his superiority by putting in three tremendous blows. Sam fell, evidently distressed, and his breath was nearly hit out of his body, by a terrible blow he received upon his breast. But his friends thought his conduct was a mere *ruse de guerre*. In fact, nothing could shake their opinion that the Jew was playing a sure game, by letting the Baker make the most of his strength, in order that, at a more advanced stage of the battle, he would become exhausted, when he might be easily kneaded in any direction to answer the purpose of the Israelite.

Fifth.—It was in this round that Sam found out what sort of a customer he had to deal with. He saw also on that day what had never appeared to him before in the prize-ring, namely, HIS MASTER! He was also convinced, too late, that the *chance* was against him. He could not resist the hardy blows of the Baker. Nor had he room enough to get away from him. Sam's *hits* produced no effect upon the courage of Nosworthy, who *went in to mill* in such an unusual manner to whatever the Jew had before experienced with any of his other competitors, that he was confounded. All his *science* had no avail. His wonted fortitude seemed to have deserted his once towering spirit, and dismay had taken possession of his mind, that he went down quite exhausted; from the severe *punishment* he had received. But however Sam might feel that he was sent down against his will, it did not appear in that light to his backers, who generally looked upon this disparagement, nothing more than mere trick and artifice of the Jew to *weaken* and tire out his adversary.—A few persons who were not quite so infatuated with the appearance of things, *hedged off* a little of their 4 to 1. Some others ventured upon *even betting*; but this latter circumstance was by no means general.

Sixth.—Sam was scarcely upon his legs and set-to, when Nosworthy put in a blow that sent him down.

Seventh.—The Baker, always ready, proved himself a

prime article. He did not wish to lose time by any useless display of scientific attitudes. The proud fame of Sam proved no terror or drawback to his exertions. He *went in* with as much gaiety and *sang froid* to mill, as if he had been only contending with a *Novice*, instead of fighting with a boxer who had performed such wonders in the pugilistic annals. Nosworthy planted some good blows, and the Jew was again down on the turf.

Eighth.—The *science* of Sam was conspicuous in this round, but the strength of his opponent was not to be reduced. The Jew put in some good hits in a smart rally, but he could not divert the Baker from his purpose, and Sam went down again much exhausted.

Ninth.—Nosworthy commenced this round with his usual spirit, by *milling* the Jew again to the ropes, where he *punished* him severely. Sam, notwithstanding, planted some hard blows, but the impetuosity of the Baker carried all before him. The best efforts of the Jew, however well directed, seemed as useless as if he had been trying to stem a torrent!

[At this period, it is presumed, the *deeply-interested* *ones* perceived something in the Baker they had not expected. He was not to be disposed of *sans cérémonie*. In fact, that he was about to accomplish the great task he had undertaken to perform. That a *chance* must not be thrown away when 4 to 1 had been betted. A bustle now commenced, and the outer-ring was instantly broken. The populace pressed heavily against the roped ring, bearing down all opposition to keep them off, and many persons crossed the ropes, to the confusion of the combatants exhibiting. However we might be disposed to attribute this disorder of the ring as the effect of accident, owing to the great concourse of spectators anxious to witness this *mill*; to what account can we place the conduct of a strong man, endeavouring to force out of the ground one of the stakes which supported the

ring, and which attempt was only prevented by the manly interference of the Champion of England (*Tom Cribb*)? NOSWORTHY appeared at the mark, and called out to SAM to observe he "*was ready*," but the Jew declined *setting-to* till the ring was cleared out. It may not be improper here to remark, that, if SAM had *decidedly* felt in his own person HE WAS, or *must* be eventually beaten if he continued the contest, it is natural to infer, that he would have saved the money of his friends by taking the advantage of this interruption in making, at least, a *drawn battle*. But the Jew wished to fight it out. In clearing out the ring, the confusion beggared all description. The whips and sticks were laid on heavily, in all directions; and many a rude and uncultivated *commoner* smarting under the unmerited lash, gave a hasty *return*, regardless of the fame and *science* of his opponent. In the course of about 12 minutes, the desired object was attained, when the combatants once more commenced offensive operations.]

It would be superfluous to detail the remainder of the rounds which took place, in number about 38. A complete *sameness* pervaded the whole of them; and SAM, who had hitherto portrayed the hero, now scarcely exhibited the traits of a second-rate pugilist. That former *ferocity* which had proved so terrifying to his opponents was by no means visible; and great weakness and distress were early manifested by him in the fight. It is curious to remark, that he never once knocked down NOSWORTHY, but, on the contrary, SAM was either *levelled* or went down every round,

with the exception of about *three*. Yet still the friends of SAM, and particularly those denominated the *Flash Side*, relying on his experience and judgment, flattered themselves "it was all right," that he was aiming to bring down NOSWORTHY to his own *pitch*, in order to obtain an easy conquest, and give a good opportunity for betting. But, alas! they woefully deceived themselves! the *wished-for* change never arrived, and they ultimately found out their error in calculation.

NOSWORTHY proved himself a prime confident boxer. If his movements were not equal to the scientific precision of *Tom Belcher*, his undaunted resolution and courage, from the commencement to the termination of the fight, reminded many of the spectators of that peculiar forte possessed so abundantly by the late *Bill Hooper*. The *Baker* is a two-handed hitter, and seemed perfectly *awake* to the business before him, by *going-in* to MILL away with the most perfect *sang froid*. It was from this mode of attack that the *Je* stood no chance whatever. The *strength* of SAM, once so much the theme of his backers, was now missing, and he appeared only the *outline* of his former tremendous character. The *stamina* were exhausted. He could not knock down NOSWORTHY, or even *hit him* away. This defeat of a great favourite may operate as a useful lesson in future to the *Knowing Ones*, notwithstanding their great losses, if properly applied upon any similar occasion, namely, by teaching them to consult DISCRETION, instead of being led away by *infatuation*! It should seem, that an opinion had been entertained that SAM never could

be conquered. Youth and strength, if not generally, must, at certain times, be *served*; and never was the position more clearly and decisively shown, than in the above instance. SAM was turned of 41 years of age, and his irregularities of life must have dilapidated as fine and strong a constitution as was ever possessed by man. His opponent, a young man of 28, was in good health, of great strength, and weighed a stone and a half more than the Jew; besides, we are to take into the scale, that NOSWORTHY was not destitute of skill, and possessed an unimpeachable *bottom*, which had shown itself in all the battles he had fought. But CALCULATION was out of the question. The game of *chance*, even, was completely lost sight of. "To a certainty—to a certainty," was the cry of nearly the whole of the FANCY; and any opinion expressed in favour of the *Baker* was instantly silenced by 4 to 1, and treated as a want of judgement, and laughed at with derision and contempt.

Upon SAM's resigning the contest, a general consternation took place among the backers of the hero. If the Jews were weighed down with *grief*—the CHRISTIANS were equally miserable and chap-fallen at this unexpected defeat! So complete a *cleaning out*, it is supposed, had not taken place in the boxing world, since the conquest obtained by SLACK. It is computed that, in different parts of the kingdom, one hundred thousand pounds, at least, were lost upon this battle. In the dismay of the moment, the exclamations of the losers were loud and vehement. "'Tis impossible!" said many. "It must be a cross!"

said others. "It was no more like SAM's usual manner of fighting than a *mere* COMMONER!" was expressed, till the ground was cleared. These and many more such mutterings formed the principal theme of the conversation, till the numerous vehicles arrived in London, where the denominated FLATS, who *took* the odds, were smiling at the sorrow, rage, and disappointment, exhibited by these *soi-disant* Knowing-Ones!

The combatants did not appear to be so much *punished* as might have been expected, when that mode of *painting* is recollected, in which SAM had hitherto so peculiarly excelled in his former contests, by ornamenting the *mugs* of his adversaries, and rendering it more truly terrific in their receiving such rapid tremendous hits, scarcely knowing or seeing from whence they came:—as was expressed by one of his opponents, who had felt the Jew's mighty fist upon his *nob* who thus described the racking sensation, "*That it was like unto a thousand bugs crawling up and down the ear of a man!*" But the case was altered; instead of *giving*, as heretofore, he now *received* severe punishment. SAM must have suffered terribly from the repeated knock-down blows he experienced. But his frame was of so close a texture, that he did not exhibit those marks of *punishment* like most other men, which, in all his combats, was an incalculable advantage he singularly possessed over pugilists in general. It was an important point tending to produce victory on his side, by disheartening his antagonists, that however much they might *mill* him, their efforts were not seen to themselves nor the spectators, from Sam's appearing fresh and unhurt.

That the friends of SAM had reason to feel themselves *deceived* in the above contest, there can be no doubt, but such an opinion is strictly correct. He has **DECEIVED** them in this particular point of view. Instead of endeavouring to repair the debility his constitution had experienced from *intemperance*, by a scrupulous adherence to the system of **TRAINING**, which they had naturally a right to expect from a man, whom they had backed with such large sums of money, and on whom they had betted such great odds; his conduct was highly reprehensible in deviating from such an approved system. Drinking drams he preferred to exercise, and spending *that time* with his companions in the smoky regions of the metropolis, which ought to have been better employed in imbibing the invigorating air of the country. Whatever notions SAM might have entertained of his own superiority over that of his opponent, from his former successes, it still was his bounden duty to have prepared himself in the best manner he was able, to have made the contest doubly sure, by entering the ring in good condition, than to have attempted *frightening* his adversary, by vain and empty boasting. He should not have forgotten the good old adage: "Be always prepared for thine enemy." It was thus his friends were **DECEIVED**.

Had SAM properly attended to his **TRAINING**; had he viewed the consequences of this battle in the light of an experienced veteran, bearing in mind, that *he had every thing to lose, and but LITTLE TO GAIN!* the sequel might have proved different. His experience and judgement should also have pointed out to him,

that youth, strength, science, and determined resolution, were not to be disposed of as matters of course; that it was not a mere *sporting article* he had to pick for his amusement: one who had presumptuously dared to enter the lists against so mighty and renowned a chief. Some caution, it might be presumed, was necessary, when it was also known to him, his antagonist was above a *novice*; that NESWEETERY was an energetic boxer, aspiring to reach the *top of the tree*, and, if possible, to wrest those hard earned laurels from SAM which had so often and deservedly decked his victorious brow. But the conquests of the latter had made him forget himself. Fame and flattery had cheated him. His name was a terror. His *ferocity* was not to be resisted. The *sporting pugilistic world* thought, if not pronounced, him INVULNERABLE. The whole race of pugilists viewed him as a phenomenon amongst them. Impressed with this character, it should seem, latterly, that poor SAM, in the enthusiasm of the moment, "had crept so much into favour with himself," from what he had hitherto done, that he vainly imagined, he had now only to appear in the ring, and his towering fame alone was sufficient to vanquish any pugilist who might have the temerity to oppose him. FOUR to ONE was laid thick upon him in all directions. This elevated him beyond his equilibrium. He staggered under its weight; and he at length fell a victim to too much "self-importance" and ill-timed flattery.

Upon a review of the merits of the above battle, and to place the subject in a clear and fair point of

view for inquiry, the consideration must naturally turn upon, "*Not what SAM WAS in his former contests,*" but "*what he IS? viewing his CONDITION and mode of fighting with NOSWORTHY.*" That, and THAT only, can now be the question. That the *Flash Side* have been *CROSSED* in their views of *gain* upon this fight no one can or will contradict. That it was a *cross*, and nothing else, or in more intelligible terms, that, for a certain *consideration*, SAM sold the battle, no person has yet come forward to prove beyond all doubt, either directly or indirectly, that such a circumstance had existence. If assertions could make out a *CROSS* to be the fact, they are numerous in the extreme. But no two are alike. In fact, it would be ridiculous to mention them, they are so vague and contradictory. The principal "*supposition*" that it was a *CROSS*, seems to have arisen from the peculiar mode in which *Sam* fought. Notwithstanding it is admitted on all hands, that he was in *bad condition*! And so much were his digestive powers out of order, that his stomach could not contain the contents of his breakfast, on the morning of the battle. The effects of *good training* are so obvious in renovating the constitution, and infusing a light and vigorous spirit toward victory, that a volume expressly written on the subject could not prove its vast utility half so much, as a *practical* reference witnessed in the efforts of the Champion of England and *Tom Oliver*. In all his other contests SAM was better prepared. The question is not fairly discussed. No merit is allowed to the *Baker*. All *Sam's* other competitors *shrunk* from his severe *punishment*; but NOSWORTHY soon con-

vinced the Jew, that he could not only *take* but *give*; and might not this criterion, in a great degree, put *Sam* so much off his guard, and show him so evidently deficient in his usual effective "*long works!*" *Two* points out of *three* were also against the Jew, respecting the bad state of the weather and the superior strength of the Baker. In point of *science*, *Sam* might be the best pugilist; but no one can dispute that *Nosworthy* did not fight well. He stopped with considerable skill, put in his *one*, *two*, with a *punishing* celerity, and for readiness to meet his man could not be excelled.

It appears that Mr. Ephraim Jacobs, on the part of *SAM*, put down the stake of £50, and so confident was he of the Jew's proving the conqueror, that upon receiving a letter from Mr. Jackson, promising the purse of twenty-five guineas if the combatants complied with the rules of the club, he immediately advanced that sum, making the whole £76: 5s. Mr. Franklin also backed *Nosworthy* for £50, and the whole of this money was placed in the hands of Mr. Pilch, who positively refused to become the stakeholder, but, upon much persuasion, consented to hold the above sum, till the day of battle, when he was to resign it into the hands of Mr. Jackson, in the ring, or some other person appointed to receive the same. Mr. Pilch did not arrive on the ground till the battle was near commencing, and, in the bustle of the moment, Mr. Jackson did not take it. Mr. Pilch then saw Mr. Franklin, who informed him, that it had been previously agreed between the parties, that he should be the stakeholder, and he must consider him-

self in that character, when he saw no more of him till after the fight. Upon the termination of the battle, Mr. Pilch gave the P. C. purse to NOSWORTHY, at the Toy, Hampton-court, and where Franklin also received the £100. Mr. Jacobs called upon Mr. Pilch the next morning, in London, and expressed his satisfaction at what he had done, considering the money put down by him as lost. Mr. Jacobs, accompanied by a friend, it then appears, called upon Mr. Jackson, to receive the purse of twenty-five guineas he had advanced, and which sum was immediately paid to him. But on some conversation taking place between Mr. Jacobs and his friend, he almost instantly requested Mr. Jackson to take back the money, which request being complied with, they both quitted the house. It is important to remark what follows:—A meeting took place soon afterwards, at a well known sporting house, in Tottenham-court-road, where a partial agreement was entered into that the "*bets should not be paid,*" and a message was sent down to Mr. Pilch's to that effect. In consequence of this meeting, it is supposed, added to the clamours with which Mr. Jacobs had been assailed by his own people (the Jews,) he was induced to send a letter, at eleven o'clock on the Friday night, demanding the sum of £76: 5, the sum he had deposited as a stake on the fight, as he then understood it was a *crow*. No notice being taken of this note, on the 18th of December, Mr. Pilch received an attorney's letter for "*monies held in his hands, belonging to Mr. Jacobs, which, if not immediately given up, he would proceed against him for the recovery of it,* signed, E. Isaacs,

Bury-street, St. Mary Axe." This also not being answered, on the 24th Mr. Pilch was arrested, and received the following notice. "In the King's Bench." Ephraim Jacobs against B. Pilch, returnable eight days after St. Hilary Term. Oath £76: 5.—Damages £200.

It was, however, at length abandoned; the above proceedings not being submitted to a jury; consequently admitting the propriety of Mr. Pilch's conduct.

So satisfied were the umpires SAM was beaten, that Col. Barton, Mr. Stuart, and Mr. Sant, have declared to that effect:—that the battle between NOSWORTHY and SAM was a fair fight, and that the latter declared he would fight no more, and was beaten.

A written document is also in existence, which was sent to Mr. Jackson, on the 11th of December, signed by Mr. Gilham, a medical man, (whose public situation and character in life precludes the possibility of all interested motives connected with the question in dispute,) and had only become acquainted with SAM, from being called in to him in the way of professional practice. Mr. Gilham declared that SAM's ribs were broken, and he was in every other respect much beaten and very ill. Mr. G. being called upon by the gentleman to whom this letter was addressed, stated "that about four months previous to his fight with NOSWORTHY, SAM being taken unwell, he was sent for to attend upon him, and the result of his examination then was, that he found the Jew had ruptured a blood-vessel. He immediately made known this circumstance to SAM, accompanied by some ex-

hortation and advice—"Depend upon it, sir, if ever you fight again I will not answer for the consequences, but most likely your life will be the forfeit, if you do not implicitly pay attention to this advice." Mr. G. was asked if he had any objection to give a written certificate of what he had mentioned, to which he answered most certainly not, and immediately signed one with his name. On the 23d of December, the gentleman above alluded to received a letter from SAM, stating, "that he was in immediate and absolute want, and had been deserted by all his friends. That he was very ill, much beaten, and his ribs were broken. Trusting that though unfortunate, he would endeavour to render him some pecuniary assistance."

It appears, that in a case once referred, a few years ago, to Sir Charles Bunbury for his decision, respecting a difference of opinion about the issue of a prize pugilistic contest, he delivered himself to the following effect—"If persons will bet on prize-fights, they must be decided by the event."

In concluding this case, in all transactions of a sporting nature, we believe, it is generally understood, that "UPON HONOUR" has more weight with gentlemen than any reference to legal precedents or decisions. It is thus that THOMSON feels it:—

HONOUR, my Lord, is much to proud to catch
 At every slender twig of nice distinctions,
 These for the *unfeeling* VULGAR may do well.
 But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule
 Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
 Stand at another bar than that of LAWS !

In consequence of an *anonymous* paragraph, which

had found its way into several of the Morning and Evening Newspapers, purporting "that a meeting of gentlemen had met at *Tattersal's*, to consider of the issue of the contest between *Dutch Sam* and *Nosworthy*, respecting foul play, and had decided that the bets should not be paid." The following letter has been extracted, to show the fallacy of such doctrine being entertained, for a single moment, in the *Sporting World*.

THE LATE BOXING MATCH.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,—In answer to the statement which has this day appeared in your journal, I must be permitted to observe, that no decision can properly be given on the subject of any pugilistic contest, except by the umpires appointed on such occasions; whatever debate may exist, with regard to the conduct of Dutch Sam, in his late encounter with Nosworthy, must be referred to the three gentlemen who preside in that capacity. I am not aware of the power of any meeting to set aside the bets without their concurrence.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN JACKSON.

4, Grosvenor-street,
Dec. 13, 1814.

The following is the Agreement made between the Parties backing Sam and Nosworthy :

A FIGHT

Between Dutch Sam and William Nosworthy, for the sum of fifty pounds on each side and a twenty-five guineas purse, to be fought for on December 8, 1814, in a twenty feet rope ring, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, at half minute time, to take place within twenty miles of London, and to be a stand-up fight. The spot to be agreed on between Mr. Jackson and Mr. Franklin. The backers having deposited all the money in the hands of Mr. Pilch, together with the purse-money in the hands of Mr. Pilch, do agree that the men shall fight or forfeit.

December 1, 1814.

E. JACOBS.

W. FRANKLIN.

G

It is agreed that the money on that day of fighting shall be placed in the hands of Mr. Jackson, or any other gentleman agreed to between the parties.

Witness, A. JACOBS.
C. EVANS.

The challenge, in the first instance, did not come from NOSWORTHY. The *milling* consequence of the Jews was rather *lowered* by the severe defeats of *Barnard Levy* and *Martin*, by the baker, and, to retrieve their importance *in the ring*, it became necessary once more to bring forward their all-conquering hero, *Dutch Sam*. Some time previous to the late fight, when the match was only *talked* about, *Sam* met NOSWORTHY in a public company, at the Sun, Charles-street, Long-acre, and thus confidently addressed him—"So help my Cot! *Bill*, I will not only fight you first and beat you, but I will afterwards take you home, and nurse you like one of my own children!" The *master of the rolls* thanked *Sam* for the kindness expressed in the latter part of this harangue, but observed, in reply to him, "he had not beat him yet, and to take notice there was not a Jew amongst them that could accomplish that task." The meeting of these boxers a few days after the *mill* was rather of a different complexion. Upon NOSWORTHY being introduced to the fallen hero, who was then bolstered up in bed,—"*Sam*," says he, "did I beat you or not?" The Jew sorrowfully answered, "By Cot! *Bill*, you did, against my will! I would have knocked your head off if I could, but in that small ring you never gave me a *chance* to win. In one of forty feet it might have been in my favour." The effects of each other's *punishment* was then compared.

The blow that *Sam* received on his breast, in the fourth round, was so severe that he never recovered from the injury during the fight, and it ultimately turned the scale against him. *Nosworthy* acknowledged *Sam* was the hardest hitter he ever contended against. He received three blows upon his *nob* that materially *damaged* his *RECOLLECTION* for a short period; and one also upon his breast of so penetrating a nature, that its mark and effects were not only forgotten at the expiration of a week. *Nosworthy*, on parting with the Jew, generously gave him a bank-note.

Nosworthy was nearly entering the ring without a second, had not *Cropley* and *Silverthorne* undertook to see him *through the piece*, the person promising to fulfil that essential character in a prize-ring having disappointed him. *Silverthorne* deserves much credit for his candour to the Baker, whom he informed, when asked to come forward upon this occasion, that he had betted six pounds against him, but nevertheless observed that *Nosworthy* must not be lost, and if he entered the ring with him, he would act like a man. *Silverthorne* did so.

Having now laid facts and "DOCUMENTS" before the public, little more remains to offer than a short recapitulation of the case, by way of conclusion. It has been asserted, that "the Jew never lost his wind!" Is it possible that any man, even in good condition, after having been knocked or falling down thirty times, could possibly have retained his wind? But the following document, signed by a SECOND medical person, may perhaps prove the best answer:

St. George's Place, Blackfriar's Road,
December 24, 1814.

This is to certify, that I have examined Dutch Sam for injuries received in the battle at Moulsey-Hurst, and found a FRACTURE of the RIBS sufficient to incapacitate him for any vigorous exertion. I saw him first the morning after the fight, and have attended him at intervals ever since that period.

T. SIBREE,
Assistant to Mr. Gillham.

It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Jacobs' receiving the "purse-money" after the fight from Mr. Jackson, for the twenty-five guineas he had advanced, was a complete acknowledgement of the *loss*; but his returning the same immediately to the above gentleman, on recollecting himself, that if he kept the money he should have no grounds whatever for suing the stakeholder. However, this "equivocation" does not avail, as the precise "intent and fact of receiving" remains the same; Mr. Jacobs being paid in the following manner, two £10, one £5, one £1, bank notes, and 5s. in silver.

Every exertion has been made, by the author, to place the dispute in question in a fair, clear, and concise point of view, and the result of his conviction is simply this: "*that it was more owing to the immense odds laid than to any demonstrable proof of a cross having existed, that many of the bets were not paid!*" Whatever strong prejudices may have been entertained against Sam since the termination of the fight, it is certain, that he was *backed* when fighting till near the end of the battle, by the best considered judges in the pugilistic circles, that he must ultimately win.

The Jew, while living, challenged inquiry, and de-

fied any proof being brought of his having lent himself to the views of any party to bring about an improper termination of the late contest. Like many others, he had to lament, that having filled the pockets of his own people and numerous persons in the *Sporting World*, while victory crowned his efforts, and their praises flattered him to the very echo, *Dutch Sam* was *then* invulnerable; but no sooner had the *chance* turned against him—the once great CONQUEROR being *conquered*—and not only suffering under a severe beating, and distressed from the total desertion of his friends, but he was denied even the small consolation to a defeated man, “*of having done his duty*,” and stigmatised with reproach and disdain, to make his pugilistic EXIT still more cruel and afflicting to him, whose great fame had once out-topped every other boxer in the annals of pugilism.

The fame NOSWORTHY acquired by the above battle, soon produced challenges from all quarters, and, on June 16, 1815, he entered the lists with one *Scroggins*, a little hardy tar, just returned from sea. In this contest NOSWORTHY proved himself a *game* boxer, but in every other respect as a pugilist he had not the slightest chance whatever. His friends, however, attributed this *defeat* to bad condition; but the FANCY, in general, insisted upon NOSWORTHY’s want of scientific knowledge, and, in conquering *Dutch Sam*, that he had merely gained it from overwhelming strength.

NOSWORTHY was matched to fight *Curtis*, but the declining health of the former boxer induced him to pay forfeit.

It appears, NOSWORTHY most grievously felt the loss of his short-lived popularity as a great conqueror, and he never recovered his wonted spirits. Dissipation and excess of drinking, to drown reflection, hastened him into a consumption, and in the last stage of this frightful disorder, within a few days of his decease, by the assistance of some friends, he was enabled to quit the metropolis for Lympton, in Devonshire; but, on the 26th of October, 1816, at Exeter, he received his final knock-down blow! NOSWORTHY's connexions were extremely respectable in Devonshire. He scarcely outlived the Jew three months.

DUTCH SAM.

Now, ye PUGILISTS, listen to what Wit may say,
And while the sun shines, boys, take care to make hay,
For the hour will come when your vigour must fade,
And Fortune, ye know, is a slippery jade.
The partition's but flimsy 'twixt Glory and Shame,
And brave SAM, like NAPOLEON, is now lost to Fame!

THE above pugilistic Champion of the Jews was not only a very prominent feature among his own people, but of equal notoriety and FANCY throughout the Sporting World; and his death having occurred since the conclusion of the first volume of this work, the following additional anecdotes accompany the notice of that event.

DUTCH SAM, so denominated in the boxing circles,

was born of Dutch parents, in the neighbourhood of Petticoat-lane, Whitechapel, on the 4th of April, 1775; but his proper name was ELIAS SAMUEL. It was one *Bill Shipley*, the hero of the Broadway (or *tossing-up* ground), Whitechapel, a man weighing nearly 14 stone, that SAM first encountered. *Shipley* had beat every one opposed to him, and was a scientific fighter. He laughed heartily at the presumption of SAM in offering to box with him—and treated the Jew in the most contemptuous manner, by making SAM a present of five shillings to stand before him for only *ten minutes*. The Jew pocketed the cash with the utmost *sang froid*, and, after a contest of fifteen minutes, *Shipley* experienced such severe *punishment*, that he was compelled to acknowledge the vast superiority of the arm of this iron-like pugilist. *Warren*, a boxer of some note, was also beat, with great ease, by DUTCH SAM.

It is curious to remark, that the first four rounds of the fight between SAM and *Britton* were well contested; but SAM recovering from rather an inebriated state, and understanding that *Britton* was a *plant* upon him, dealt out his death-like *punishment* so rapidly upon his opponent, that he was ultimately *finished in style*. SAM's conduct throughout this fight was truly singular:—in MILLING *Britton* down, SAM, in a manner peculiar to himself, frequently went off his legs, in order to get alongside his opponent on the ground, then, patting *Britton* on the back, exclaiming, with a smile, "*what, you are a PLANT, are you? so help my Cot! I'll soon PLANT you!*" And once during the battle, when *Britton* was rushing in to mill

SAM, the latter treated him with the utmost contempt, by holding up both his hands, calling out to the spectators—"See, see, this PLANT wants to kiss me!" and then, with the most perfect indifference, hit Britton cleanly down.

Five years had nearly passed away in complete dissipation and intemperance upon the part of SAM, since his battle with the game MEDLEY, when he, for the last time, entered the ring with *Noworthy*, at Moulsey, December 8, 1814.—The good advice of the POET had been totally unheeded by him :—

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For, in my youth, I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did I, with unbashful forehead, woe
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.

FOUR to one had been betted on SAM previous to this fight, and it is certain that he was *backed* when fighting till near the end of the battle, by the best judges in the pugilistic circles, that he must ultimately win. But the above defeat ruined him, and he sunk into dejection, misery, and want. It has been too much discussed to resume it here :

————— Nay, then, farewell !
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting.

SAM, in point of frame, upwards, appeared more like a man weighing 14 stone than what he actually did when fighting, of only 9 stone 4 lbs. never exceed-

ing eight. His shoulders were extremely athletic; his arms exhibited fine muscular quality; and his tremendous looking fists seemed as if composed of adamant, foretelling, as it were, to his antagonists, the heavy *milling* they were likely to encounter, in fighting with a hero gifted with such extraordinary boxing requisites.

His skirmishes would fill a volume, and the following humorous anecdote may be depended on: SAM, in passing through Wapping, one evening, when it was almost dark, observed a poor Jew and a sailor fighting, and, upon inquiring the cause, he was soon recognized by the unfortunate *Mordecai*, who had been *levelled* very often by the rough son of Neptune. SAM stooped down to pick up the Jew, when he whispered in his ear, "So help my Cot, Sam, I can't fight any more!" "Hold your tongue, you fool," replied SAM, at the same time falling down by his side; "you get up, and pretend to pick me up, and I will let fly at him." This imposition was practised with success, and SAM went bang in with his *one-two* to the Jack Tar, so that he was floored in a *twinkling*. The sailor, upon getting upon his pins, roughly exclaimed, "d—n my —, this is not the same man I was fighting with, it is another. By the elements, his blows are like the kicks of a horse, I'll have no more of it," and instantly bolted, when SAM went off laughing at the trick.

It is impossible correctly to ascertain the number of battles in which SAM had been engaged; but it is most certainly within compass to assert, that he fought above one hundred.

SAM's constitution originally was of the finest quality, and his strength unbounded. The day he fought with *Cropley*, he asserted, that he was able to attack an ox. The *Game Chicken* once affronted SAM, when the latter informed that formidable boxer, that he could not beat him in a quarter of an hour. In private life, SAM possessed a good deal of comic humour; and, from the feats of agility he often performed, there is no doubt but he would have made an excellent clown. He passed much of his time, latterly, in the service of Saunders, the celebrated equestrian, of Bartholomew-fair notoriety.

He suffered considerably in his illness, and died in the London Hospital, on Wednesday, July 3, 1816, in the forty-second year of his age, and was buried on the 4th, in the Jews' burying-ground, White-chapel, *without the boards!*

As a boxer, perhaps, it is not incorrect to observe, that "take him for all in all," while he lived, he had no equal; and since his demise, there is none like him on the list. By his acts of intemperance, his stamina was completely exhausted.

JACK POWER.

THE skirmishes and battles of this scientific Pugilist are recorded in BOXIANA; but his demise, having taken place since the close of the first volume, we cannot pass it over without offering some tribute to his memory. But, before we proceed any further,

we have to observe, that, in either bestowing praise or expressing censure, we are guided only by a strict impartiality and rigid adherence to truth.

JACK FOWLER was no common boxer, and at one period of his life bid fair to have proved himself the first Pugilist on the roll of fame, had not the hand of death arrested his progress. As a 12-stone man, he was confessedly the best boxer of his day. *Intemperance* was the rock on which he split. His constitution, originally good, was completely undermined, from the pernicious effects of *dram*-drinking. Poor JACK was a most distinguished favourite of the *Fancy*, and much caressed by the higher patrons of the Science. It was this circumstance that caused his ruin. Their praises elated him beyond measure; but it was their excess of friendship in too copiously treating, or, in more plain terms, *ginning* him, that ultimately proved his destruction. The great importance to a Pugilist in possessing a strong stamina, it should seem, never occupied his attention for a single moment, and, like too many young men enjoying a good state of health, he entertained the erroneous opinion that nothing could hurt him. With spirits of the first order, and peculiarly attached to company, he was fond of *keeping it up*—always a prime lad for a *spree*—but for a LARK—

To him a frolick was a high delight,
A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown;
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game till he had ran it down.

He suffered much from these irregularities and *flask* living. His constitution, at length, became *touched*, and, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, he became seriously indisposed. In fact, his recovery was for some time doubtful; but, by the aid of country air and good medical advice, he returned to the metropolis in excellent spirits, and his health appeared materially improved. POWER's physician, however, warned him of the serious danger that must ensue to him, should he ever be induced again to enter the ring; but JACK, whose *penchant* for MILLING has never been exceeded by any of the professors, only laughed at these admonitions, and was not to be deterred from fighting by any systematic prudential maxims. Dreading that the charge of a "*white feather*" should be levelled at his character, not all the advice of his most intimate friends could prevent him from accepting the challenge given by Carter. The backers of the latter boxer were induced to *lay it on thick* against POWER, from their knowledge of his weakened constitution; and more especially in being supported by the opinion of a celebrated anatomist, that "*JACK could not fight half an hour, from his consumptive state!*" His manhood in this fight was above all praise. His superior display and knowledge of the science astonished the oldest and best professors of the art; and the spectators were lost in amazement at beholding a man continuing a desperate conflict in direct opposition to his nature. His mind outlived his strength, and JACK was determined that he would either conquer, or be annihilated in the attempt. His darling fame was now completely established, by the

most experienced of the *Fancy*, who had hitherto expressed some doubts about his capabilities, generously retracting their errors, and all united in viewing JACK POWER as most unquestionably entitled to the appellation of a first-rate *bottom* and scientific pugilist. It is true that he proved the conqueror; but it is equally true, that he lost his life in consequence of this battle. From being stripped in the open air for nearly an hour and a half, the severity of the weather afflicted him so seriously, that, for several hours, his frame did not experience the least warmth whatever, notwithstanding the best medical treatment was resorted to in endeavouring to remove this frigid oppression from his person, his blood was so chilled that animation appeared nearly suspended. His sufferings were so dreadful, that he observed, "all the *milling* that he had received in the whole course of his pugilistic career was trifling, in comparison with the pain he sustained on his return to a state of convalescence." He, however, was not long in returning to the metropolis, to receive those congratulations which his noble courage had so justly entitled him to. The supporters of pugilism gave him a most flattering reception, so that POWER's time was principally occupied with the pleasures of society, and the enlivening charms of the bottle. POWER was no churl, full of good humour in company, and his song was always ready when called for to support the cause of harmony, though invariably chaunted in the praises of *milling*!"

At a sparring exhibition, which took place at the Fives-Court, soon after the above fight, when JACK merely looked in as a visitor, and Carter was present,

several of the amateurs expressed a wish to witness a *set-to* between them. It proved a sharp contest; but the superiority was decidedly in point of science, as in the fight, in favour of POWER.

A public dinner, in honour of POWER's victory, took place at Mr. Davenport's, the Three Pigeons, Houndsditch, when JACK presided, supported by *Tom Cribb*. Conviviality was the order of the day; and, upon the introduction of *Carter*, the behaviour of POWER to his fallen adversary was attentive, generous, and manly; and, on his departure, strongly recommended him to the attention of the *Fancy* in general. Soon after this period he rapidly declined, and endeavoured to recruit his health by a journey to Oxford. It proved too late, and the last stage of a consumption was reducing him daily. He witnessed the memorable *set-to* of *Molineux* and *Carter*, and expressed himself astonished to hear it termed "fighting!" He returned to Plough-court, Fetter-lane, not only exhausted in person, but also in his finances; and, to add to his afflictions, one of his children took ill and died. Mr. JACKSON, ever attentive to the wants of the pugilistic tribe, on being made acquainted with his peculiar situation, instantly made a collection for him among the patrons of the science. His disorder was so flattering, that, at times, when his spirits were rather good, he would observe, "let me but get a little better, and I'll show the lads how to fight; many of those that *pretend* to teach it, scarcely know anything about the sound principles of *milling*—they are only *sparters*."

In the pugilistic circle, JACK was a distinguished

feature; and some time, perhaps, may elapse, before an exact likeness is met with. He commenced boxer a mere *stripling*; and in his opening fight with *Dogherty* portrayed such superior science in *punishing* that truly *game* pugilist, as to astonish every person who witnessed the *mill*. It would have proved a superior trial of skill between *Tom Belcher* and *POWER*; and it is thought the latter would have stood, at least, upon equal terms with that elegant pugilist. *POWER* had no *personal* wish to enter the lists with *Belcher*, and expressed the warmest friendship for *Tom*, but had the match been made, his reputation would have been at stake, and *JACK* declared, "he should have entered the ring with cheerfulness and alacrity."

This celebrated hero of the fist died at the premature age of twenty-three years, on June 2, 1813, and was respectably interred, on the 7th following, in the burying-ground of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. He has left a widow and one child.

TOM OLIVER, the Gardener.

IF we were enabled to trace with accuracy the various *CAUSES*, which have induced numerous individuals to aim at eminence, in every sphere of life, it would not only form a work of much singularity, but of considerable interest and entertainment. *Denton*, the celebrated mechanic, for a considerable period after he attained the age of manhood, had not the smallest idea that he possessed any talents for mechanism, till

chance directed him to view the speaking figure, then exhibiting in London, by foreigners; his great genius in this respect immediately unfolded itself, and he thought he could make a better one. He accordingly attempted it, and the difficulties, however immense, by perseverance, he overcame. He was an entire stranger in the metropolis, having no workshop, and without any tools when he commenced his labours, but ultimately he succeeded, and brought to perfection one of the completest pieces of mechanism ever exhibited. The celebrated Mrs. Cowley, also, upon seeing a new play performed, commenced author-ess, and obtained a long and distinguished reputation. And OLIVER, the *gardener*, who had been *digging* and *planting* all his days, upon accidentally witnessing the *mill* between Dogherty and Silverthorne, observed, "*if you call this prize-fighting, I'll be hanged if I don't think that I can fight a little bit!*"

The name of OLIVER has long been familiar in the pugilistic hemisphere for *game* and *science*. The noted boxer, denominated "*Death*," whose numerous battles and superlative *milling* qualities operated as a terror to most of his opponents, bore the name of OLIVER; and, since his fighting period, *George Oliver*, the sawyer, has also gained some brave conquests.

TOM OLIVER (erroneously called the *Battersea* gardener) was born at Breadlow, in Buckinghamshire, in June, 1789. He left Breadlow, a mere boy, in 1804, and came to live with Mr. Baker, a gardener, at Milbank. It was during his being in this gentleman's service, that he made his *debut* as a boxer with

Kimber, when his master, rather apprehensive if *Tom* entered more extensively into PUGILISM that his business might be neglected, had it intimated to OLIVER that, if he fought any more, he must quit his servitude. From his success in this battle, his *penchant* for MILLING was not to be deterred by this threat, and he left Mr. Baker ultimately, to pursue his own inclinations.

OLIVER's first attempt at *milling*, it appears, was in the prolific dominions of the renowned Westminster chief, *Caleb Baldwin*, more explicitly known by the name of *Tothill-fields*, with a man of the name of *Kimber*, a stone-mason, from Walham-green. His seconds upon this occasion were *Silverthorne* and *Byrne*. The sum contended for was two guineas a-side. *Kimber* was the least man of the two, but it proved a truly severe conflict, and continued with unabated *hitting* for one hour and forty minutes; up and down, through thick and thin, till they were so completely covered with blood, mud, and filth, owing to the previous wet state of the weather, that it was impossible to recognise them. If OLIVER did not make a scientific display of the principles of boxing, he conspicuously exhibited one of the great requisites of the art, namely, true GAME. He was pronounced the conqueror; and the poor stone-mason returned to Walham-green, never to recover from the severe effects which he had received in the above fight. But the inhabitants of that place were so pleased with his courageous conduct, that they purchased him a *donkey*, which he continued to ride upon as long as he lived, which was not more than a year and a half.

OLIVER's second engagement also took place in Tothill-fields; with a fighting cove, denominated *Hopping Ned (Brown)*. The sum fought for was four guineas a-side. OLIVER, rather diffident of his own abilities, when pitted against a scientific pretender, proposed that the loser should receive two guineas by way of consolation for defeat; but *Ned*, confident in his own opinion, and flattering himself that the battle must terminate in his favour, completely scouted the idea of it, and declared the original sum should go to the conqueror, which was ultimately agreed to. But such is the uncertain fate of war, that *Hopping Ned*, who had congratulated himself with what ease and dexterity he would *serve out* the gardener, was, in the short space of a *quarter of an hour*, so completely MILLED out of all conceit of his fighting, that he was reluctantly compelled to cry out, ENOUGH! and if we might judge from appearances, *Ned* was rather sorry he had been so *confident*. He was now convinced of his error, by retiring severely *punished*, without enjoying the benefit of the two *quid*. OLIVER was so much in obscurity at this period, that the fighting men present seemed rather shy in *seconding* him upon this occasion, and a novice must have performed that office, if *Silverthorne* and old *Dick Hall* had not appeared, and stepped forward to bring their friend through *the piece*!

On the 2d of June, 1812, OLIVER fought with *Harry Lancaster*, at Newman's Meadow, near the turnpike, at Hayes, Middlesex, for a subscription-purse of twenty guineas. *Caleb Baldwin* seconded OLIVER, and *Paddington Jones* attended upon *Lancaster*. The

latter boxer, in competition with OLIVER, appeared insignificant in the extreme. In fact, on the part of *Lancaster* it was a most contemptible fight. OLIVER was every thing, and, in the short space of eighteen minutes, he was proclaimed the conqueror. So easy a thing did it appear to the spectators, that it was the general opinion OLIVER could have won this battle without taking off his clothes !

OLIVER, somewhat more experienced, now entered the prize-ring with *Ford*, for a subscription-purse of twenty guineas to the winner, and five guineas to the loser, on the 6th of October, 1812, at Greenford-common, Middlesex. *Caleb Baldwin* and *Silverthorne* were his seconds; and *Tom Jones* and *Joe Norton* officiated for *Ford*. The latter was deficient in weight, but considered the most effective boxer. Little more was known of the Gardener than that he was a good man ; but an opinion was entertained that his *milling* requisites were rather of a confined nature. He was slow in hitting, and not looked upon as any thing of a *punisher*. Previous to the battle, generally speaking, it was even betting. During a contest of *two hours and ten minutes* his patience, courage, science, and fortitude, were completely put to the test. It was not only a battle of experience, but a proper day of trial to him ; and it will hereafter be seen, that he completely profited by it. To detail the numerous rounds would be superfluous ; but the odds changed several times during the fight. *Ford*, in the fifth round, put in a tremendous blow on OLIVER's eye, which nearly *sewed* it up, and raised the betting six to four on *Ford*. From the tenth to the fifteenth

round OLIVER took the lead, when *Ford*, recovering from his weakness, again kept the advantage for some time. It might be said to be reciprocal fighting for about an hour and a quarter, when *Ford* felt convinced that, to *win*, every art and stratagem must be adopted. OLIVER received dreadful *punishment* in the face repeatedly, and had no opportunity of *returning*, as *Ford* now generally fell on making a *hit*. Every manœuvre was practised to *tire out* the Gardener, but he at length triumphed over all the *shifting* of *Ford*, notwithstanding he was nearly blind the last half hour of the battle. The *game* of OLIVER claimed universal praise, and few men could have possessed fortitude enough to endure such a continued *teazing* and *irritating* mode of MILLING. They were both most terribly *punished*, and *Ford* discharged an unusual quantity of blood before he left the ring. It lasted two hours and a half.

From the sound pugilistic qualities developed by OLIVER in the above fight, he became an *interesting* ARTICLE to the *Fancy*, and a fine powerful young man of the name of *Cooper*, possessing good science and true bottom, was selected as an equal competitor for a subscription-purse, at Moulsey-hurst, on May 15, 1813. *Bill Gibbons* and *Caleb Baldwin* were seconds for OLIVER; and *Richmond* and *Jones* for *Cooper*. Betting six to four on the Gardener.

First round.—*Milling* seemed determined upon by both the combatants, and which commenced with unusual severity. The *Gardener*, in putting in a right-handed hit, met with a severe return, and a good rally followed on both sides. They closed, but soon broke away, and again rallied most courageously, when *Cooper* put in a severe blow upon the neck of

his adversary, who gallantly returned. Strength was now resorted to, when Oliver went down. So severe a first round has seldom been witnessed.

Second.—Cooper hit his opponent on the head, who not only returned severely, but also threw him.—The odds rose considerably, and a few offered two to one on Oliver.

Third.—A better round was never seen, nor was greater courage ever displayed by any pugilists. Both the combatants, full of gaiety, showed themselves off to great advantage; and a great many hard blows were exchanged. Toward the close of the round Cooper suffered severely from the terrible *fibbing* he received from Oliver, who had got his head under his left arm. Cooper was much distressed by it.

Fourth.—The scene was now materially changed, and Cooper played his part with so much judgement, that it became even betting. In a desperate rally, Cooper planted a terrible hit, and, as Oliver was going in to return the favour, Cooper measured his distance so accurately, that he again hit Oliver between his jaw and ear, with such tremendous force, that he went down as if he were *finished*. Cooper took the lead most decidedly in this round.

Fifth.—The admirers of *game* and manhood were most anxiously interested by the bravery of the combatants. Both claimed equal attention. If the one was brave, the other proved himself equally courageous. But Cooper appeared to have the advantage also in this round from the great facility with which he used both his hands. He hit Oliver to the ropes, where he was thrown.—Betting stationary.

Sixth.—This round was bravely contested. A severe rally took place between the combatants, but terminated in favour of Cooper, who got his man down. Notwithstanding the manhood displayed by Oliver, it was evident he had not got the better of the severe blow he received in the fourth round.

Seventh.—Cooper put in a tremendous blow upon Oliver's eye, just as he commenced a rally. This round was also bravely fought. Several heavy hits were exchanged, when Oliver was thrown.

Eighth.—A small change took place. Cooper seemed rather distressed, and Oliver appeared getting fresh. A long and *hammering* rally occurred, but Oliver had the best of it, and Cooper went down exhausted.

Ninth.—Cooper now showed he was no stranger to the

science, and adopted his master's (*Richmond*) plan of hitting and getting away. He, with much adroitness, put in a body blow and got away, but the Gardener was not to be had upon this *spoiling suit*; by watching the manœuvres of the enemy, with vigour and caution, and by his prudence, he gained the best of the round, and threw his man.

Tenth.—Cooper now appeared much exhausted, yet his *game* was good. Oliver, perceiving the chance was in his favour, lost no time in going-in to put an end to the battle, when Cooper was levelled.—Oliver, the winning man, five to one.

Eleventh.—Oliver showed himself a very cool and steady fighter, possessing good judgement, and most determined resolution. He was now winning fast, and again sent his man down. The exertions of Cooper were manly and firm, but his strength was so reduced, that he could not check the successful career of his antagonist.

Twelfth.—Cooper now only stood up to receive *punishment*. He was so much exhausted, that his blows produced no effect upon Oliver.

Thirteenth and last.—It was pitiable to view the *gameness* of Cooper which induced him to make another effort, as he was now so *milled* that he could not stand up, whereupon Oliver was declared the conqueror, in seventeen minutes.

Two such boxers do not often meet, and it might be observed, it was the best and most evenly contested battle that had been witnessed for a long time. Bravery and science crowned both their efforts. The *game* of OLIVER was most clearly manifested with *Ford*, but his visible improvement toward scientific excellence claimed peculiar attention. He is a cool, steady, and confident, boxer, possessing, therefore, the great requisites toward victory; and he used both his hands in this fight with much greater facility than heretofore. The severe checks he received from Cooper in the fourth, fifth, and sixth, rounds, were enough to terrify most men, but did not deter OLIVER from proceeding to become the conqueror.

Cooper, although defeated, must be viewed as a pugilist of no common pretensions. He is a diffident young man, and this operated as a sort of drawback to him during the *mill*.—This was his second attempt, he having but a short time previous defeated *Harry Lancaster*. *Cooper* is a first-rate pugilist, a hard and quick hitter, and possesses courage of the finest quality, and *science* that gives him a good place among the list of PRIME boxers.

OLIVER, in conquering *Cooper*, had acquired considerable fame, and was deemed an equal match for *Painter*, a pugilist who had distinguished himself by two recent conquests, and was looking forward to higher honours. When this match was first made known, *Painter*, being the heaviest man, was rather the favourite, but on the night previous to the battle the odds had changed 11 to 8.

On Tuesday, May 17, 1814, they met at *Shepperton-range*, for a purse of £50, given by the Pugilistic Club, to be contended for in a 24 feet ring. OLIVER was seconded by the CHAMPION and *Clark*, and *Bob Gregson* officiated for his friend and countryman, *Painter*. At one o'clock they set-to.

First round.—Upon stripping, the clear appearance of Oliver satisfied every one that he had been trained to the highest pitch of condition, and his arms, from their handsome muscular form, were a perfect study for any anatomist, and he attracted considerable attention. *Painter* was equally conspicuous; and two finer young men never entered a ring. The anxious moment had now arrived, and the spectators were watching with eagerness to perceive on which side the first advantage would be obtained. Oliver commenced the attack by making play with his left hand, which was returned by *Painter*, but too short to do any execution. Both now rallied with high spirits and determination, during which the *clare*,

was first seen trickling down Painter's face. In endeavouring to put in a right handed blow, Painter, not being correct in his distance, missed his man, which brought them to a close, when Oliver immediately got his opponent's *nob* under his left arm, *fibbed* him considerably, and ultimately threw Painter. More anxiety displayed than betting.

Second.—The most determined resolution appeared on both sides, and the spectators were well aware, from the characters of the pugilists, that victory would not be obtained by either of them at an easy rate. Oliver with much dexterity put in a severe *hit* upon Painter's *mug*, who returned sharply with his right. A most desperate rally now commenced, when it was perceived that Painter left his head too much unprotected. Oliver, *awake* to every chance that presented itself, *punished* his opponent's *nob* terribly indeed with his left hand; but Painter, with considerable adroitness and execution, planted a blow on the head of Oliver that instantly sent him down. Its force was not unlike the *kick of a horse*, from its sharpness and severity. Impartial betting.

Third.—From such a tremendous *hit* it was truly astonishing to see Oliver so ready to his time, when Painter, somewhat flattered from his last effort, made play, but his distance proving incorrect, Oliver returned by planting a heavy blow in his face. A rally now followed, in which so much determination was exhibited, as to excite the greatest surprise in the most experienced pugilists. It lasted more than two MINUTES, without any advantage to either of the combatants. If *bottom* was at any time portrayed to its greatest extent, no boxers in the world ever put in a higher claim to it than PAINTER and OLIVER, who undauntedly stood up to each other, giving blow for blow, till their heads were terrific and their bodies covered with blood. The *science* of Oliver at length obtained the advantage, and he now adopted the CRIBB system of *milling on the retreat*, and *punished* his opponent's NOB heavily, till Painter fought his way in to another rally, which, if possible, was more determined and severe than the first. This second rally seemed rather in favour of Painter, who hit most tremendously, but he was checked in the midst of his career, by a severe body blow that nearly sent him down, but he collected himself up a little, and continued fighting till he fell from weakness.—Such a complete determined *milling* round is not to be met with in the Annals of Pugilism, and there was more execution done in it than in many fights of an hour's length. It was enough to *finish*

any two men. By a correct stop-watch it continued FOUR MINUTES AND FORTY-TWO SECONDS!

Fourth.—On this round it might be said that the fate of the battle hung. *Science* was now wanting to recover from the severe *winding* that each of them had experienced in those last two desperate rallies. Oliver was convinced that systematic precaution was necessary, and *milling* on the retreat was again by him successfully adopted. He now *nobbed* his opponent dreadfully with his left hand, and Painter incautiously followed Oliver, literally throwing away most of his blows, which, had they reached their destination, must have done terrible execution. Painter was evidently much distressed by this retreating system, but, at length, put in a tremendous right-handed hit upon Oliver's eye, and appeared getting rather more fresh in his wind. A spirited rally took place, when some heavy blows were exchanged, but Painter at length fell exhausted. Two to one was loudly vociferated upon Oliver.

Fifth.—Oliver kept the advantage from his system of fighting, by reducing the strength of his opponent in almost every round. He *hit* Painter repeatedly without receiving any return, and his left hand was continually at work. Painter still kept pursuing Oliver, although so terribly *milled off* at every step, and he at length fell upon his face.

Sixth.—This round was rather more evenly contested, and, in rallying, Painter put in several good *hits* both right and left, when he fell from weakness.

Seventh.—It was now demonstrable which way the battle would terminate, and Oliver appeared so much at home, that he *punished* his opponent in any direction he thought proper. Painter did every thing that a *game* man could, but he was so severely *milled* and exhausted, that in making a hit he fell down on one knee. Three to one but no takers; the battle was brought to such a state of certainty.

Eighth.—Painter was quite done up, and Oliver finished the contest in prime style, by *milling* his antagonist in every way that he presented himself, and then with a right-handed blow finally knocked him down. Painter could not be brought again in time. They were both *punished* in the extreme, and Painter was quite blind, and his nose beat flat upon his face. Oliver's body was terribly beaten, his head much disfigured, and one of his eyes nearly closed.

Upon OLIVER's being declared the conqueror, *Cribb* took him up in his arms and carried him round the ring in triumph, when he received universal applause. OLIVER deserved it. In conquering *Painter* he defeated a hero of the first mould, whose fine *game* and true courage was never excelled. But *GAME alone* seldom wins in opposition to superior science; it may prolong the battle. *Painter* suffered severely from his distances proving incorrect. During the battle he missed nineteen hits; and, in one round, OLIVER put in five severe blows on the head, without receiving a single hit in return.

OLIVER is a fine looking young man, and weighed, in the above fight, 12 stone 7lb. and is in height 5 feet 9 inches and three quarters. In every battle he has successively risen in fame and shown more *science*, but with *Painter*, however desperately contested, it appears, that he felt within himself less danger of being beaten than in any of his other five. In the early part of his training, (for which he was indebted to the peculiar skill, care, and attention of Captain BARCLAY,) the severity of fatigue he experienced rendered him unwell, but when his *PITCH* was correctly ascertained, his constitution was so finely and vigorously tempered, so much spirit, lightness, and sound stamina were infused into his frame, that it was thought he could have fought an hour without much difficulty. It is astonishing what *confidence* men are taught to feel, from the superior system of TRAINING pursued by Captain BARCLAY.

In fighting *Kimber*, OLIVER appeared a mere novice; but in his battle with *Hopping Ned*, a promising

tyro. With *Harry Lancaster*, he rose above the *stumping* commoner. When Tom fought *Ford*, he completely showed that he had good *stuff* in him, and proved himself a staunch *bottom* man. In his severe conflict with *Cooper*, an improving and steady boxer. Against *Painter*, he proved his claim to the appellation of a first-rate pugilist; and it was from this progressive state of pugilistic acquirement, and OLIVER's superiority over *Painter* that he was considered equal to any thing upon the list; not even the *Champion* was excepted. In fact, so high were his capabilities rated, that before *Carter* offered himself as a *customer*, OLIVER had displayed great anxiety to enter the lists with *Tom Cribb*; and it appears, that some conversation had passed between those mighty heroes of the fist, as to the propriety of a meeting to decide the subject. But success, at length, deserted OLIVER, and he was compelled to surrender his hard-earned laurels to the *Lancashire Hero*, at Carlisle, on the 4th of October, 1816, after THREE to ONE had been betted upon him with the utmost confidence; yet, notwithstanding the former victorious triumphs of OLIVER, his spirited conduct in the above defeat, ought not to lessen that high estimation he once held in the sporting world. It was equal to the bravest of the brave!

In concluding this sketch, it is but common justice to observe, that OLIVER, in point of civility and good behaviour, yields to no pugilist whatever; and, in disposition, he is also truly inoffensive. Tom must be viewed altogether as a sporting man; and a more prolific *caterer* for the amateurs, it seems, is not to

be found among the pugilistic circles. The variety he affords is unbounded, from his continual production of walking matches,—foot races,—trotting matches,—scientific dog-fights, &c. and the admirers of *bull-baiting* have also derived great diversion from the frequent exhibitions of his *game-bull*. This cunning animal was baited before the Grand Duke of Russia, for a silver collar, at Coombe-wood, given by Lord *Lowther*, and afforded his Imperial Highness great amusement. OLIVER, too, has brought forward several candidates for the *prize-ring*. In short, since the fighting period of the renowned *Caleb Baldwin*, OLIVER has been looked up to, as the HERO and CHAMPION of *Westminster*. His house, the *Duke's Head*, in Peter-street, is a place of much resort by the FANCY in general.

NED PAINTER.

NED is a boxer of the old English stamp—a stand-up fighter, and boldly meets his man—a very *glutton* in appetite: but his *forte* is more conspicuous at in-fighting with his opponents than attending to the advantages of hitting and breaking away, although PAINTER, it appears, derived considerable improvement under the tuition of the scientific *George Head*. However, at all events, NED is a customer not easily to be *served out*; and he that attempts to perform this achievement must possess *milling* pretensions of no mean quality. His person altogether is prepossessing, and not the slightest particle of ferocity overclouds

his countenance; but, on the contrary, good nature beams through every lineament of his face. In his general deportment PAINTER is mild, obliging, and communicative; and only to be *dreaded* in actual combat. He is in height five feet nine inches three quarters, weighing about thirteen stone, and, when divested of his clothes, his fine athletic frame exhibits (it was supposed) much anatomical beauty. His arms possess great muscular strength; and few men, it is said, can throw half a hundred weight any thing near the same distance, with such comparative ease, as PAINTER performs this feat.

This interesting hero of the fist is a native of Lancashire, and was born at *Stratford*, within four miles of Manchester, in March, 1787, and brought up in the capacity of a brewer. His connexions are said to be extremely respectable. NED, it seems, from a casual *turn-up*, in the yard of the Swan Inn, at Manchester, when quite a stripling, with a "big one," of the name of *Wilkins*, first put him on the alert to become a boxer. This *Wilkins* was a fellow of prodigious strength, of a quarrelsome disposition, and, added to his possessing a trifling knowledge of pugilism, that he not only insulted at various times several persons, but *milled* many of them afterwards, who had dared to dispute his powers. PAINTER, not dismayed from the well-known character of his adversary, struck him so hard and fast, that in a very short time *Wilkins* had all his *impertinence* taken out of him, and felt glad to give up the contest. NED's master, who witnessed the fight, complimented him upon his true courage, and the spectators, in general, ad-

mitted he had displayed good boxing requisites. In a dispute, that occurred a few years afterwards with some of the heavy dragoons, quartered at the above house, NED fought two of the best men among them, and gained both conquests, with such ease and style, that he was considered able to meet some of the scientific class of pugilists. Upon *Carter's* exhibiting at Manchester, PAINTER, at the solicitation of several of his friends, was induced to have a *set-to* with that distinguished boxer; and, from the rough specimen he then gave with the *gloves*, several amateurs entertained an opinion that he possessed good *stuff*; and only wanted a little more *science* and experience to enter the prize-ring, with a tolerable degree of *chance*. PAINTER, it seems, in consequence of this good opinion held of him, visited his friend *Bob Gregson*, in London, (during the latter's occupation of the Castle Tavern, Holborn,) at which period *Bob* might be viewed as an independent *caterer* for the FANCY. *Gregson*, always anxious to promote the interest of his countrymen, did not suffer any great length of time to elapse before he procured an opportunity for PAINTER to make his *debut*, which took place on the 23d of August, 1813, at St. Nicholas, near Margate, in Kent, (in the same ring that *Harmer* and *Ford* had fought in,) with one *Cohen*, an Irishman, more than six feet in height, from Kilkenny, for forty guineas. PAINTER was seconded by his friend *Gregson* and *Clark*, and *Cohen*, was waited upon by *Joe Ward* and *Hall*. Upon setting-to, like most new ones, his confidence was evidently more conspicuous than his display of the *science*. From his eagerness

also to give, and continually fighting with his opponent, *stopping* his adversary's blows seemed not a consideration; and, owing to deficiency of this advantageous scientific trait, a great portion of severe *punishment* which he *received*, might otherwise have been avoided. The appearance of Paddy *Cohen* excited much risibility, his slimness of form, and long visage, ghastly smiling through his battered *nob*, was not altogether unlike the renowned chivalrous knight of the woeful countenance, in search of heroic adventures. The Irishman displayed more science than was expected; and had not his frame been so *lathy*, he might, perhaps, have given a better account of the ending of the fight. But the heavy *milling* of PAINTER was more than he could resist,—it took the lead, at length, over his knowledge of boxing, and thus was the *chance* against *Cohen*. Paddy is far from an inferior boxer, and received a good share of applause during the conflict. PAINTER, notwithstanding the very great attention of his second, bled so copiously that it was impossible to keep him clean. At the expiration of 40 minutes NED was declared the conqueror.

PAINTER, from the above success, claimed some attention among the amateurs, and was at length matched with *Alexander*, the gamekeeper, for sixty guineas, at Moulsey-hurst, on Saturday, the 20th of November, 1813. *Alexander* had defeated the *game Ford* in such good style that the odds were 5 to 2 upon him. *Gregson* and *Tom Owen* were seconds to PAINTER; and *Joe Ward* and *Tom Jones* waited upon *Alexander*. At one o'clock the men *set-to*.

First round.—Painter gave evident signs of improvement, and immediately went to work with both his hands. The Gamekeeper, equally on the alert, hit Painter on his head. Some blows were exchanged, when Alexander went down, from a slip, on his knee.

Second.—Some caution observed before any blows were exchanged. Alexander did not show himself off in that superior style which had been anticipated, and Painter proved himself an equal, if not a superior, fighter than his opponent. They fought their way into a close, and, in going down, the Gamekeeper was undermost; 5 to 2 had now vanished, and level betting was the truth of the affair.

Third.—Both of the combatants on their mettle—reciprocal heavy exchanges occurred in a sharp rally, and Painter was thrown.

Fourth.—Milling, without ceremony, and hit for hit took place. It was the evenest and best-contested round in the fight. The Gamekeeper planted a desperate blow upon Painter's ear, that staggered him from his position. Both their *nobs*, from the heavy *punishment* they had received, were rather metamorphosed, and the *claret* was first seen on Alexander's face; Painter went down, from a sort of slip. Great applause.

Fifth.—Both terribly distressed at the scratch. The effects of the last round had completely winded them. Alexander was soon down. Betting had now taken a turn, and Painter was the favourite 2 to 1.

Sixth.—The superiority was now decidedly on the part of Painter. Alexander endeavoured to keep pace with his opponent, but had the worst of it at every move. In closing, the Gamekeeper was thrown.

Seventh.—Alexander took the lead in this round. He *nobbed* Painter twice under the ear, without any return. Both down.

Eighth.—Both of the combatants appeared to have outfought themselves, and sparred for wind. In closing, both down, but Painter uppermost.

Ninth.—It was now a *blinking* concern between them, their *peepers* being materially damaged. The gamekeeper's right hand appeared to have given way, and he made his blows at random. Painter took the lead in fine style, and

finished the round by *flooring* his adversary. This was the first knock-down blow.

Tenth.—Painter still kept the advantage; but, in closing, both down.

Eleventh.—Alexander contested his ground ably, but Painter had the best of the hitting. In struggling to obtain the throw, the latter experienced a most severe cross-buttock.

Twelfth.—It was altogether a sporting fight; another change had taken place, and the Gamekeeper appeared the freshest man. Alexander commenced play with increased spirit. A desperate rally took place, in which Painter received a severe blow again under his ear, and he was ultimately thrown.

Thirteenth.—The Gamekeeper kept the advantage, and also brought into play his left hand, which had hitherto been neglected. Painter exhibited great weakness, and Alexander improved this opportunity with considerable skill, by putting in some good blows, and ultimately obtained the throw. Alexander was again the favourite, in point of betting.

Fourteenth.—One of Painter's eyes was completely closed, and the Gamekeeper did every thing in his power to put the other into a state of darkness, but, in this attempt, he was *floored* so severely by Painter, that he went down *nob* foremost.

Fifteenth.—In favour of Painter; but both down, and Alexander undermost.

Sixteenth to Twentieth.—These rounds were all in favour of Alexander, who fought with his left hand at Painter's half-closed eye. The latter stood up manfully to his opponent, but he seemed incapable of administering any effective *punishment* to bring the *chance* in his favour. Alexander was the best in wind and strength; and was *booked* as the winning man, and 3 to 1 was boldly offered in his favour.

Twenty-first and last.—Such is the uncertainty of war, that although victory seemed within the grasp of Alexander, yet, from a slight well-directed hit at the *mark*, Painter was announced the conqueror in a twinkling! It positively electrified the *Knowing Ones* (who had so recently sported the odds against Painter) to witness Alexander staggering away from his opponent, who fell down, and could not be brought

to time. The heads of both the combatants were terribly disfigured. The battle continued for near 40 minutes.

This was a proud day for the *Lancashire* fancy, and *Bob Gregson* felt considerable exultation in having produced a hero who bid fair to obtain a high place on the pugilistic roll of fame. PAINTER was brought home to the Castle-Tavern with all the honours of a triumphal entry.

PAINTER, from this conquest over *Alexander*, was deemed a competent match for *Tom Oliver*; but the smiles of conquest now deserted our hero, who experienced a most gallant defeat. For an account of this distinguished battle, equal to any thing upon record, see page 103.

For a purse of fifty guineas, without the least hesitation or *training*, PAINTER entered the lists with *Shaw*, the life-guardsman, at Hounslow-heath, on April 18, 1815. Nothing but the truest courage could have induced PAINTER to contend with an opponent so much his superior in every point of view. *Shaw* was upwards of six feet in height, and above 15 stone in weight; having the advantages also of military exercise every day—a good knowledge of the pugilistic science—frequent practice with the *gloves*,—and so confident of success that he had challenged all England; while PAINTER, on the contrary, was a debtor in the Fleet, and had only obtained a day's rule; the odds, in consequence, were 2 to 1 on the life-guardsman. *Cribb* and *Oliver* seconded PAINTER. The latter set to with great gaiety, and the soldier did not appear to have much the best of him, but the length and weight of *Shaw* ultimately prevailed, and

numerous terrible hits were exchanged on both sides. It was piteous to view the *punishment* PAINTER received, and the *game* he exhibited astonished every one present. The long arms of *Shaw* were terrific in the extreme, and he stood over NED, planting his blows with confidence and ease. PAINTER received ten knock-down blows in succession; and, although requested to resign the battle, ~~not~~ the slightest *chance* operating in his favour, he positively refused to quit the ring, till nature was quite exhausted. The battle lasted twenty-eight minutes.

At *Carter's* benefit, at the Fives-Court, on Tuesday, March 11, 1816, *Oliver* and PAINTER *set-to*; the latter boxer was considered to have rather the best of it, and, in one instance, PAINTER hit *Oliver* away from him with such a degree of violence against the rail of the stage, that it was broken in twain. The above circumstance occasioned considerable conversation among the amateurs, and, at a sporting dinner which occurred soon after at *Belcher's*, the friends of PAINTER, in order that he might have a chance to recover his lost laurels with *Oliver*, subscribed £100 towards another combat. It was generally thought that PAINTER was much improved in *science*, from his frequent practice with *Carter*, in their sparring tour in various parts of England and Ireland, and that his pretensions to victory were now greatly in his favour; more especially, as it was during his *noviciate* he was defeated, at *Shepperton*, by *Oliver*. The following challenge was, in consequence, sent from PAINTER, after that heroic and generous manner which would have done honour to the proudest days of chivalry:—

" Castle Tavern, Holborn. March 21, 1817.

" Mr. E. PAINTER's compliments to T. Oliver, and challenges him to fight, on Thursday, the 22d day of May next, in a 24-feet ring, half-minute time between each round, a fair stand-up fight, for one hundred guineas a-side. The place to be appointed by, and stakes deposited with, Mr. Jackson, who, Mr. Painter understands, is willing to contribute a purse of twenty-five guineas to make up the one hundred. An early answer is required. E. PAINTER."

The following answer was returned to the above challenge:—

" Tom Oliver, with compliments to Mr. Painter, informs him, he has received his most welcome challenge to fight him. Oliver certainly cannot refuse to fight him on the day appointed, but requests it to be understood, he will not fight for a lesser stake than £100 a-side, independent of the purse which may be thought proper to be given by the Club.

" Oliver also begs leave to inform Mr. Painter, he agrees to his own proposal, that is, to make it a stand-up fight, in a 24-feet ring, at half-minute time between each round; and also the place to be appointed by Mr. Jackson; and, if it meets his pleasure (which it does mine most unexceptionably,) to deposit the whole stakes in his hands. Your early answer to the above terms is requested, in order that I may apprise my friends to come and make a deposit. They will either meet you at my house, or I will meet you and them at Mr. Thomas Belcher's, in Holborn, at his."

" Peter-street, Westm.—22d March, 1817."

" Mr. Painter has to inform Mr. Oliver, that having waited upon Mr. Jackson with the above reply, it is contrary to the rules of the Pugilistic Club to give a purse of twenty-five guineas when the battle money amounts to £100.

" Castle-Tavern, March 24, 1817."

The following articles were, at length, most amicably agreed to:—

" Castle-Tavern, April 10, 1817.

" Thomas Oliver and Edward Painter agree to fight, on the 19th of May next, for 100 guineas a-side, in a twenty-four feet ring, a fair stand-up fight, half-minute time. The fight not to take place within 25 miles of London. Twenty

guineas are deposited in the hands of Mr. Belcher, which deposit is to be forfeited, if the whole of the money is not made good on the 2d of May, at T. Oliver's, Great Peter-street, Westminster. The men to be precisely in the ring at one o'clock.

" THOMAS OLIVER, his X mark

" EDWARD PAINTER."

" Witnessed by T. W. and J. H."

The stakes were made good according to the specified time, and the odds were 6 to 4 upon *Oliver*; but the sporting world experienced great disappointment from the unexpected interruption of the above fight. *Oliver*, from an information laid against him at Worship-street, Moorfields, was brought from Riddlesdown, where he was in training, to the above police-office, and bound over to keep the peace for a twelve-month, himself in £200, and two sureties in £100 each. Both of the combatants felt equally mortified with their partisans, in being thus defeated without a *blow*. A trip to *Calais* was talked of among the *swells*, as the only correct mode of settling this untoward circumstance, on which so much betting had occurred. *Oliver* and PAINTER were both anxious for it, and the *Mounseers* would then have had a fine opportunity of witnessing one of those national sports which have placed OLD ENGLAND at the *top of the tree* in the scale of nations—a TRAIT that has routed out *effeminacy* from the composition of BRITONS—tempered their courage with generosity—and given them that true notion of *bottom*, never to flinch from their opponents while a *chance* of victory remains. This *trait* was nobly experienced at WATERLOO—it was *felt* and acknowledged by all *Europe*—when the greatest *Prize Fighter* in the world was not only *floored*,

but had the *fight* completely taken out of him. Of its *national utility* to Englishmen, the above fact speaks more than a volume.

The interruption between *Oliver* and PAINTER occasioned much mortification among the partizans of the latter; but, to keep the *game alive*, (as it is termed,) a match was proposed between PAINTER and *Sutton*, a very strong, bony, and long-armed *man of colour*, aged 27 years, who made his *débüt* in the ring, from the casual offer of a purse, at Coombe Warren, on May 28, 1816, with an old black man of rather a ludicrous stature. From his *set-to's*, soon afterwards, with *Cooper* and *Oliver*, at the Fives-Court, it was thought he displayed some capabilities; and his fight with *Robinson*, at Doncaster, not only confirmed this opinion, but produced him numerous patrons. He also fought a man of the name of *Dunn*, for an hour and seven minutes, in the streets of Deptford, with success. *Sutton* was well known to be a desperate *panisher*, without fear, possessing great strength, a penetrating eye to direct his efforts, and tolerably well thought of by the *milling* fraternity. The above heroes met on Wednesday, the 23d of July, 1817, at Moulsey-hurst; nor do the BOXING ANNALS record a greater exhibition of pugilistic heroism than the above battle. The various *ramifications* of the FANCY were never more interested than upon the termination of the above achievement. It was altogether an exhibition of the truest courage. Each hero proved a host in himself—a fine display of *science*, and *game* of the richest quality, emphatically marked the result. The amateurs of *Lancashire* were most highly excited,

and the recent exploits of one of her favourite heroes over articles of colour, had emboldened them confidently to look forward, in the present instance, for an increase of fame. The *black* fanciers were also upon the alert to witness the *tremendous* capabilities of a second *Molineaux* developed.

The immediate attraction, however, was NED PAINTER, who had conquered in two battles, but, in the terrible conflicts with *Oliver* and *Shaw*, he had been defeated. He was, however, known to have generally improved, and, for some time after the match was made, for twenty-five guineas a-side, in a twenty-four feet ring, and a purse from the Pugilistic Club, of the same sum, had been decided, NED was the favourite, 6 to 4.

PAINTER showed himself near the ring, sitting on a basket, a considerable time before the *Black* appeared in sight. In fact, he was sent for by the *Commander in Chief*. *Sutton*, at length, came forward with his second, and threw up his hat in the ring, and he was soon followed by his opponent, performing the same act of defiance. During the time PAINTER was employed in taking off his clothes, *Sutton* never took his eyes off his person, surveying NED from head to foot. *Cribb* and *Harmer* seconded PAINTER; and *Tom Oliver* and *Paddington Jones* waited upon *Sutton*. The anxious moment had now arrived (ten minutes after one), the combatants and seconds shook hands together, and the battle immediately commenced.—Both men appeared in good condition; but PAINTER looked somewhat *thin*.—5 to 4 offered upon *Sutton*.

First round.—Some trifling sparring occurred, and *Sutton's* long arm stood out like a may-pole, and, upon the whole, his

frame looked tremendous. Painter hit first, but not effective ; when they both got to hammering each other *sans ceremonie* and arrived at the ropes. Here Ned fibbed his opponent severely, until the strength of Sutton enabled him to break away. The Black now returned to the attack impetuously, but without judgement, and got *nobbed* preciously for his fury, till Painter went down from a slight hit or a slip.

Second.—The men were now both upon their mettle, and the tremors of a first round had subsided. Notwithstanding the Black's long arm, the science of Painter prevailed to that extent upon Sutton's *upper works*, that he seemed to possess a body without a head. It was almost a question whether he knew that he was in or out of the ring. A desperate rally also occurred, and, in closing, Painter endeavoured again to fib his opponent. The Black caught hold of his hand to avoid *punishment*, and ultimately Painter went down.

Third.—It is impossible to describe the execution which took place on both sides during this round. If one was bold, the other was fearless—it was hit for hit, in the most finishing style of boxing ; in fact, it was truly tremendous, and the amateurs were now convinced that the man of colour possessed "*devil*" enough for any thing. At length, Painter planted a body blow with so much severity, that the Black was missing in a twinkling, and seen gasping for breath on the ground. The uproarious applause that took place was like a fire of artillery,—the confusion of tongues immense,—“That's the way to win, by boy!” and 20 to 10 all round the ring upon Painter.

Fourth.—It is true the Black was brought to the scratch, but his breath escaped with that rapidity from his lips, like a pair of bellows with the greatest haste. This was a trying round for both parties, and Painter seemed to have out-fought his strength. They almost tumbled against each other, so much were they exhausted, till they again got into determined *milling*. Here Painter gave Sutton such a tremendous *pimpler*, that his head seemed to leave his shoulders for nearly a quarter of a yard, and it also exhibited the rapid twirl of a *Bologna*. In closing, Painter exerted himself in fibbing his opponent : but Sutton resolutely disengaged himself and threw his adversary.

Fifth.—Painter now appeared bleeding, and half-minute time was too short for the men to appear any thing like themselves, so furiously had the battle raged in this early part of

the fight. This round, however, was decidedly in favour of Painter, and he stopped the temerity of his opponent in a scientific manner. He gave Sutton three such heavy facers, that the *nob* of the Black did not seem to belong to him, and he gallantly finished this round by sending his opponent down. The applause here was beyond every thing—it was a tumult of joy—and in the ecstasy of the moment, 7 to 1 was offered. It was now the expressed opinion that *Ned* would win the battle in a canter.

Sixth.—The fight must have been finished in this round, or, at least, he would have rendered it certain, had Painter possessed sufficient strength. The Black could scarcely leave his second's knee, and had it not been for the skill of Owen, he would not have been in time to meet his opponent at the scratch. They both stared at each other, and appeared fit for any thing but *milling*. However, they went at it *pell mell*, and Painter received so sharp a blow on his left eye that the *claret* run down in torrents. The black also got such a *nobber* that he was quite abroad, and moved his hands after the manner of a puppet pulled with strings. It was all chance work, and Painter went down.

Seventh.—Painter again *fuced* the Black, and had the best of the round, but he went down.

Eighth.—The Black endeavoured to bore in, but he was stopped in fine style. Painter *nulled* him in every direction, planted three facers with ease, and finished the round by *leveling* Sutton. Great shouting.

Ninth.—Both extremely distressed, and notwithstanding the many *nobbers* the Black had heretofore received, all Painter's work in point of appearance went for nothing. Sutton's *front* seemed to defy all hitting. Painter was bored to the ropes, where, in struggling, both fell.

Tenth.—Sutton *floored* his opponent from a tremendous hit in the chest. The partisans of Sutton here manifested their approbation in turn.

Eleventh.—Painter's exertions in this round were astonishing. He had it all his own way. He *nobbed* the Black so repeatedly, that his arms were of no use to him, as he could not place himself in a position, and Sutton fell from his exhausted state.

Twelfth.—Some blows were exchanged, but materially to the advantage of Painter. His exertions were more than his strength could support, and he ultimately went down.

Thirteenth.—Sutton had been so much beaten about the head, that he seemed in a state of stupor; and “*TIME*” might have been vociferated in vain, had not his attendant roused him into action. He was literally pushed forward to meet his opponent, when Painter kept paying away at his nob, till he actually went down from weakness. Painter planted eight *fencers* in succession, without experiencing any return.

Fourteenth to the Seventeenth.—In the first three rounds Painter went down, but, in the last, notwithstanding his bad state of vision, he *milled* the Black so successfully, that Sutton measured his length on the grass. Loud shouting, and Painter will yet win, was frequently asserted.

Eighteenth.—In this distressed state, a rally occurred, and Painter was *floored*.

Nineteenth.—This was a most singular round. It was any body's battle. Both the men were dead beat. The Black turned away from Painter on his making a hit; and soon afterwards Painter turned from him in turn, and went down. 2 to 1 upon Sutton.

Twentieth.—Painter not only made some good hits, but, in closing, he *fibbed* Sutton sharply, and dropped him.

Twenty-first to Twenty-third.—Painter was down in all these rounds, although he had the best of the hitting. But he was distressed beyond description.

Twenty-fourth.—Painter seemed to have revived a little, and made a desperate hit upon the nose of Sutton, that *floored* him so dreadfully upon his back, that his legs rebounded from the earth. It appeared like a *finisher*, and he was got upon the knee of his second with considerable difficulty. The odds now changed again in favour of Painter, and approbation loudly testified.

Twenty-fifth to Thirty-first.—It was astonishing to witness the desperation with which many of these rounds were contested. Painter showed the most science, but the Black's strength was more than could be reduced, and the former was down almost every time from exhaustion.

Thirty-second to Fortieth and last.—Painter was almost blind—destitute of strength, and although scarcely any recollection left in him, during these rounds, yet he contended up to the last moment to gain the victory. He was so far gone, in some instances, that he almost tried to *hij* down; and, it was owing to his extreme weakness and great loss of blood that enabled Sutton to recover his strength, and

brought to him the smiles of victory. It was strength alone that won it. And it is due to Sutton to promulgate, that a fairer fighter never entered the ring; but it is more pleasure to assert that no disparagement whatever occurred respecting his colour. Impartiality was the order of the day. Painter was led out of the ring; while Sutton walked from the scene of action without his clothes. The battle lasted 48 minutes and a half.

A liberal subscription was gathered, by Mr. Jackson, for him on the ground. He returned to *Belcher's* in the evening, where the most considerate attention was paid to him. He experienced no body blows of consequence; but his head and arms were terribly beaten.

PAINTER, although defeated, has not fallen in the estimation of his friends. His courage was equal to the task he had to accomplish—in point of science, he was far superior to his opponent—but in *quantum* of strength he was materially deficient. It was a complete sporting fight, and the odds were continually changing. Two better men never had a meeting; and a more determined battle could not be witnessed. Sutton has raised himself in the opinion of the amateurs from the above victory; and he is considered to have evinced as much *pluck*, if not more, than any man of colour that has ever exhibited. Though his exterior did not show much *punishment*, yet his cheeks, from the continual *milling* they experienced, had a sort of *rainbow* appearance. He is not likely to remain long in a state of inactivity, and will now confidently prove a desperate *customer* to any one who dares contend with him. His prodigious length of arm is of great advantage toward winning; and he is pronounced, by the *best informed* upon this subject, to be the hardest hitter on the present list of boxers.

Sutton owed his success greatly to the *management* and prompt determination of his second, *Tom Oliver*. PAINTER never fought any thing like so well before. He stopped fifty blows at least with his right hand ; and also *punished Sutton* severely about the body. Upon the whole, it was one of the evenest contended battles that had been witnessed for a long time, until the last seven rounds, when, during some of those, PAINTER strained every effort to turn the chance in his favour. What the human frame could perform towards obtaining conquest, this determined boxer attempted. He actually fought till nature refused to move. So much regret was never expressed upon the defeat of any pugilist, as upon the present occasion, owing, it is thought, to his inoffensive disposition and respectful behaviour in society at all times.

PAINTER possesses good speed in addition to his *milling* requisites, and has proved successful in some foot races. *Scroggins*, it seems, entertained an opinion that he could beat the above "big one" the distance of one hundred yards, for a handsome wager. The race took place near the Archbishop of Canterbury's Palace, Lambeth, when a good muster of the *Fancy* attended to witness the exertions of this little confident hero ; however, PAINTER not only distanced him in good style, but turned round, smiling, beckoning the little boxer to follow him. PAINTER also beat another competitor opposed to him with equal success.

In a TRIAL OF STRENGTH, in a field belonging to the White Hart, in the Commercial-road, near Stepney, on March 21, 1817, for ten guineas, half a dozen

of wine, and a good dinner, against a gentleman of the name of DONOVAN, upwards of six feet and one inch in height, in quantity equally proportionate, and possessing prodigious strength, PAINTER, with the utmost ease, and without taking off his great coat, threw half a hundred weight to such a distance, that DONOVAN, after making every preparation, lost his throw by 18 *inches and a half*. PAINTER, as yet, has beat all his opponents at throwing the heavy weight, in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Spring, a fine athletic young man, was matched by *Scroggins* to run the distance of five miles against PAINTER, for ten guineas. It was a hasty bet on the part of the latter, and was undertaken without *training*. The race was decided, on the 7th of November, 1817, from the four mile stone on the Essex road. PAINTER merrily *jogged* on before *Spring* at starting, when the latter took the lead and kept it for nearly two miles and a half, the distance of running out, PAINTER keeping close at his elbow, compelling *Spring*, as it were, to use his best speed. PAINTER now shot by him like an arrow, touched the handkerchief first, and returned, running the two miles and a half in. *Spring* was so dead beat, and out of wind, at the corner of White-Post-lane, three miles and a half, that he could proceed no farther. PAINTER continued to run in gallant style, at the rate of ten miles an hour, and arrived at the place of starting, at the expiration of thirty-five minutes and a half. The above feat, for a "big one" like PAINTER, was loudly cheered on his touching the winning-post.

The hero of the Black Work, BILL RICHMOND.

A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

FIVE years had nearly elapsed since this HERO OF THE BLACK WORK had exhibited in the prize-ring; and his confidence and science seemed considerably increased, rather than any diminution of spirit observed, on his once more preparing for action. RICHMOND appeared in excellent condition, and looked more like a man of thirty than what he actually was, *fifty-two* years of age! He weighed 12 stone 2 lb. and Davis, 12 stone 10 lb. but the latter was the *fancied* article, and betting, previous to the fight, was 11 to 8 and 5 to 4 upon him.

Davis, a fine, tall, powerful, young, athletic, navigator, it seems, had *thumped* his way into notice, by *sarving* seven or eight customers with tolerable ease; but he was most egregiously mistaken in entering the lists with RICHMOND. Second-rate pugilists, or strong RUSSIAN *commoners*, must not attempt to box with RICHMOND as a matter of course. It must be a first-rate steady *mill* that can, with any thing like certainty, dispose of the *man of colour*; and, if he accomplishes this task in half an hour, it will not be doubted that he has made the most of his time. When the age and activity of RICHMOND are taken into consideration, if he cannot be pronounced the

very FIRST boxer of the day, it must be observed, he stands not a great way down the list. At all events, he is an extraordinary pugilist, and a proper dangerous customer for any of the MILLERS, however distinguished by *practice* and SCIENCE.

The above heroes contended for the first £50 purse given by the PUGILISTIC CLUB, at *Coombe-Wood*, on Tuesday, May 3, 1814. Every thing was conducted with appropriate attention congenial to the patronage bestowed upon the occasion, which was much more conspicuous than heretofore. The members of the Club were dressed in their uniform (blue and buff); and those persons who were appointed to clear the outer ring, wore dark blue ribbons in their hats to designate their appointment, tending to prevent any sort of confusion, because, at other times, men so acting have been challenged with officiousness. The stakes and ropes were entirely new; and upon the former the initials of the Club (P. C.) were painted. Three ropes went round the ring, which was 21 feet. *Davis* entered first; he threw up his hat, bowed to the spectators, and was well received. RICHMOND soon followed, paid the like attention, and was equally applauded. Their seconds now began to perform their office, *Joe Ward* and *Dick Whale* for *Davis*; and *Tom Belcher* and *Bill Gibbons* for RICHMOND. It was a sun-shiny day and the toss for the shady side was won for RICHMOND. A few minutes after one the set-to commenced.

First round.—From the well-known science possessed by Richmond, and his peculiar forte of *hitting* and getting away, considerable interest was excited upon the setting-to of the combatants, Davis being under the guidance of the veteran

JOE WARD, it was presumed by the *Fancy*, that the *Navigator* would be made *awake* to the dangerous mode of attack pursued by his antagonist, and to be on the alert by endeavouring not to be *CUT UP* and *spoilt* before his own powers could fairly be brought into action. Davis did not want for confidence, and made a good hit with his left hand, which was stopped by Richmond, who also returned right and left, but without any material effect. Davis, anxious to make a *beginning* and full of vigour, followed up his man, and with considerable adroitness planted a smart hit on Richmond's temple with his right hand, which knocked him down instantly. Betting took a lift, and 7 to 4 was loudly vociferated upon Davis.

Second.—Both combatants rallied with great spirit, and some heavy blows passed between them. Richmond drew the *cork* of his antagonist, and the *claret* profusely followed, but, notwithstanding, the *man of colour* was again levelled.—Two to one was sported upon Davis in the exultation of the moment by the inexperienced; but, the more *cool* better was too well aware that such proceeding was rather premature.

Third.—Richmond began to show off a little the mastery of the art, by *milling* the *NOB* of his antagonist severely and getting away; but Davis with much resolution, bored-in, when, after closing, both went down, and Richmond the undermost.

Fourth.—Richmond rallied in fine style, and with his left hand put in a most tremendous blow, which irritated Davis so much, that he suffered his passion to be uppermost and returned furiously, but, his distance being too short, Richmond went down from a slight touch of the mouth.—Davis bled profusely.

Fifth.—The science of Richmond in this round burst forth so conspicuously, that the doubtful were now satisfied of his superiority. Confident in himself, and with his science and courage united, he nobly opposed a rally, and *got away* with uncommon dexterity, by *punishing* most terribly, at every retreating step, the head of Davis. The *Navigator* in pursuing him threw nearly all his blows away, when Richmond, quite unexpectedly to his antagonist, stopped short, and planted so severe a teaser on the mouth of Davis that sent him quickly on the grass. Even betting.

Sixth.—Davis, from the severity of the last round, was unable to gain any advantage over Richmond, who again took the lead in high style, by *milling* and dropping his antagonist.

Seventh.—The manner of Davis was now rather unpropitious towards winning, and he appeared evidently distressed. His temper also forsook him, and he still incautiously kept following Richmond, who *milled* him in every direction, and, at length, put in so tremendous a blow upon his jaw, that his senses seemed bewildered and his confusion was so great, that he made blows without any sort of direction, till he hit himself down under the ropes.

Eighth.—Davis, in rallying, hit Richmond slightly on his mouth, when the latter kept *punishing* his adversary severely and getting away; but, in closing, Richmond went down.

Ninth.—The inferiority of Davis was manifestly apparent. In science he was by no means equal, and his strength was much reduced by the art of his opponent. Richmond continued his retreating system with great success, and put in so weighty a blow under the ear of Davis, that he was instantly levelled.

Tenth.—This round was of little importance; both closed and fell, but Richmond undermost.

Eleventh.—Richmond, in this round, completely *spoilt* his antagonist. Davis was going in to *smash* the Black in haste, but he met with such a *stopper* right in the wind, that completely changed his course: he reeled again. Davis now closed, by endeavouring to throw Richmond, which he accomplished, fell down upon his rump, his head lolling towards the ground, completely rolled up, and distressed beyond measure.

Twelfth.—Had Davis possessed the strength of a giant, it must have been exhausted by the mode in which he fought. Notwithstanding the severe *remembrancers* which he had received in the preceding rounds, and bleeding in all directions, he had gained no experience from it, but still kept following Richmond all over the ring, hitting wide and losing himself. The Black kept *punishing*, but received no PUNISHMENT, and who kept retreating, retreating, and retreating again, and at almost every step made woful havoc on the NOB of his adversary, completely showing to the spectators what might be accomplished by scientific movements. Richmond, at length, suddenly made a stand, and, by his distance proving correct, with his right hand he hit the mouth of Davis with such uncommon severity, as not only to separate his upper lip from his nose, but he went down like a log of wood.—Numerous betters, but no takers.

Thirteenth.—It was plain that Davis was nearly *finished*, he appeared stupid, and his efforts were feeble. Richmond put an end to the combat, by knocking him down with such severity, that his legs rebounded, and he was partly under the ropes. Davis could not come again.

Upon RICHMOND's being declared the conqueror, he, with all the agility of a tumbler, leaped over the ropes, which were nearly five feet in height. He received little if any hurt except a blow on the temple and a slight touch on the mouth; while, on the contrary, *Davis* was so dreadfully *punished* that he could not stand, and was supported off the ground. The battle continued twenty minutes. RICHMOND remained on the ground, during the sports of the day, without suffering the slightest inconvenience from this conflict.

It was scarcely imagined from the advanced age of RICHMOND, that he would ever fight any more prize-battles; and, upon a battle being announced between the *man of colour* and the navigator, *Shelton*, great surprise was manifested by the amateurs, at the vast disparagement between them. The latter pugilist being little more than half the age of RICHMOND, and possessing all the advantages of youth, strength, and science. It, however, created so great an interest in the sporting circles, that, on Tuesday, the 1st of August, 1815, upwards of ten thousand persons assembled on Moulsey-hurst, to witness the above-mentioned trial of skill. *Oliver* and *Painter* seconded the veteran *man of colour*, and *Cribb* and *Clark* waited upon *Shelton*. It appears, this battle originated in a quarrel between the combatants; and so strongly did

it operate on the feelings of *Shelton*, that he positively refused to comply with the usual custom of shaking hands with his opponent, previous to their *setting-to*. But upon the *Champion's* declaring he would instantly quit the ring if he did not, *Shelton* laid hold of *Richmond's* hand, and the fight commenced, the odds being 6 and 7 to 4 on the man of colour.

First round.—*Shelton*, from his eagerness to be at work, missed his adversary in making a blow, and *Richmond* also hit short; but the *man of colour* soon planted a severe body blow with his left hand, when *Shelton* with great readiness not only damaged one of *Richmond's* *peepers* so sharply, that the *claret* was seen trickling down his face. *Shelton*, full of resolution, fought his way into a rally, which was well contested, and the navigator was thought to have the best of it. *Richmond* went down from a hit. The betting immediately changed, and *even* was the order of the day.

Second.—*Richmond*, anxious to return the favour he had received, planted a hit so clean and dexterously upon *Shelton's* mouth, that the blood followed like drawing the cork of a bottle of wine. *Shelton* positively appeared like a person electrified, all his masticators seemed to have left him, and he went down like a log.—Great shouting, and 2 to 1 offered upon the *man of colour*.

Third.—The right eye of *Richmond* was terribly puffed up, and almost in a state of darkness. *Shelton* had the best of the rally, and his opponent went down.

Fourth.—The man of colour was all alive, and he cut more *capers* than a cook preparing sauce for a leg of mutton. *Shelton* showed good science, but he seemed determined that nothing less than downright *milling* would satisfy him, and made a good right-handed blow. *Richmond* missed a desperately aimed hit at his adversary's ear, which was attributed to the bad state of his eye, and, in closing, he got down in an easy style.

Fifth.—The navigator got into work in the most successful style, and he felt for *Richmond's* head and body not very delicately; but the man of colour again touched him on the sore place of his mouth. The advantage of this round was

evidently with Shelton, and he sent his opponent down with much ease. The odds now rapidly changed, and 2 to 1 was loudly offered upon the navigator.

Sixth.—Richmond found that no time was to be lost, and to win in any thing like his usual style the fight must soon be taken out of his adversary. He, with much judgement, planted a tremendous blow with his right hand upon Shelton's nob, who instantly went down from its severity.

Seventh.—Both of the combatants on their mettle, and reciprocal *punishment* occurred between them. The man of colour went down. It was altogether a good round, and a sharp rally took place.

Eighth.—The passion of the *navigator*, at length, prevailed more than his judgement, and he went in furiously to *mill*, regardless of the consequences. This sort of conduct rendered victory almost certain to Richmond, who planted so desperate a blow on his opponent's throat, that he went down almost in a senseless state.

Ninth.—Richmond set-to with increased confidence from the success of the last round, but, after a short rally, in closing, both down.

Tenth.—Shelton, full of pluck, attacked his opponent with much gaiety, when Richmond got down from a slight blow.

Eleventh.—Richmond appeared the most fresh of the two combatants; but little execution was done on either side. The odds, however, were upon Richmond.

Twelfth.—Shelton slipped on setting-to and went down.

Thirteenth.—The man of colour seemed well assured of his own superiority. He hit Shelton right and left so tremendously, that he went down in a twinkling. The partisans of Richmond thought it was quite safe, and offered without hesitation 2 to 1 upon him.

Fourteenth.—The discretion of Shelton was now at an end; and he was furious in the extreme. He completely bored Richmond off his legs.

Fifteenth.—Richmond, in making a hit, over-reached himself and went down.

Sixteenth.—Richmond was again on the grass.

Seventeenth.—This round was decidedly in favour of Richmond, who not only *milled*, but threw his adversary.

Eighteenth.—It was piteous to see the *punishment* Shelton brought upon himself, from the rushing system he pursued. The right hand of the man of colour was at work like a sledge-hammer.

Nineteenth.—The combatants soon fought their way into a sharp rally, when Richmond made some good hits and got down.

Twentieth.—Richmond went down rather unsatisfactorily, and some marks of disapprobation were expressed; but, the umpires did not deem it worthy of their attention.

Twenty-first.—The man of colour now completely satisfied the spectators of the advantages of hitting and getting away; and this destructive system, to an adversary who will suffer himself to be decoyed by it, was completely exemplified from the dreadful *punishment* Shelton received. Some murmurings occurred about a foul blow; but the umpires did not stop the battle. Any odds upon Richmond.

Twenty-second.—It was plain that Shelton could not last much longer, and went down from a heavy blow he received upon one of his eyes.

Twenty-third and last.—Richmond now had it all his own way, and, with the utmost *sang froid*, planted so tremendous a hit upon Shelton's temple, that the claret instantly followed, and he went down. The effects of which were so severe that he appeared quite stunned, and when "time" was announced, he could not quit the knees of his second. The battle continued 29½ minutes. Richmond, elated with the success of victory, jumped out of the ring.

From the above victory, the *man of colour* added another laurel to his wreath; and, although he did not escape without some *punishment*, yet he, nevertheless, won the battle in good style. Impetuous men must not fight RICHMOND, as in his hands they become victims to their own temerity. The right hand of the *man of colour* is truly dreadful; and two hits from it, well applied, have produced sufficient severity, in some instances, to decide a contest. *Shelton's* head was much beaten. The capabilities of

RICHMOND have been so fully treated of in the first volume, that any farther remarks in this place are wholly unnecessary. It is, however, singular to state, that it has been observed, by the best judges in the *Fancy*, when speaking of RICHMOND, that "the older he grows, the better pugilist he proves himself." He is an extraordinary man.

NED TURNER,

THE CONQUEROR OF (THE HARDY AND ALMOST
CONSIDERED INVULNERABLE) SCROGGINS.

Let us

Act with cold prudence, and with manly temper,
As well as manly firmness.
'Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,
When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, though honest, bears us
Often too far.

IN recording the achievements of the above fortunate pugilistic hero, upon whose numerous battles the smiles of victory have been the constant attendant, one peculiar trait of disposition is so highly creditable to his character as a man, and a scientific boxer, that it cannot be passed over without some observation and marks of respect. TURNER, it appears, has been in the habit of *milling* from his school-boy



Drawn by G. Sharpe

Engraved by E. B. ...

NED TURNER.

days down to the present period of his pugilistic notoriety, and never, in any instance whatever, (and the following circumstance is well authenticated,) *did* a CHALLENGE FIRST *emanate from his feelings to fight!* The *skirmishes* among his school-fellows, although tolerably frequent, will be summed up in a few words—NED was the little hero of the tale, and looked up to as the best *bit of stuff* amongst them.

TURNER is descended from that warlike race of people, denominated ANCIENT BRITONS; and he seems to have imbibed those true notions of valour, which so eminently distinguish that loyal and brave description of men. His relatives are of the most respectable kind, residing at New Town, in Montgomeryshire; and his father and mother are also natives of the above-mentioned place in Wales; but whatever the *original* intention of his parents might have been, respecting his claims as a *Welshman*, NED, it appears, was born in Crucifix-lane, in the borough of Southwark, on the 8th of November, 1791.

TURNER is by trade a skinman, and was apprenticed to the proprietors of a large yard in Bermondsey, where 150 men were generally employed. It was during his apprenticeship, about the age of 19, that he fought a battle with *John Balch*, a Bristol man, the foreman of the above-mentioned premises, and the Champion of the yard. In point of the requisites for boxing, he possessed them in a superior point of view over TURNER, and was altogether a much taller and heavier man. It was a determined battle for one hour, when *Balch* resigned the contest, and was led out of the ring totally blind.

A publican, of the name of *Keating*, landlord of the Black Horse, in the vicinity of St. Giles's, brought forward a big Irishman, whom he had patronized, to fight TURNER, in the Cockpit, at the Huntsman and Hounds, in Lock's Fields, for five guineas a-side. For the first three rounds *Paddy* bored in upon NED with the utmost fury, and the latter, in going down, fell with his back upon the short stakes, which formed the pit. The contusion was so severe and painful, that TURNER did not recover from its effects for the course of several rounds. At length, NED got into work, and, before twenty-five minutes had elapsed, *Paddy* was so *bothered*, beaten, and blind, that he could not tell whether he was living at that moment either in England or Ireland.

TURNER, soon after the above circumstance, in company with three of his fellow-workmen, left London to fulfil an engagement he had made at a skin-yard in Glasgow. A man of the name of *M'Neal*, a spirit dealer, and a pupil of *Carter's*, had threatened, previous to the arrival of TURNER, to *mill* all the Englishmen in Glasgow. In fact, *M'Neal* was the Champion of that place, and was in height 5 feet 11 inches, and weighing 13 stone. TURNER was soon singled out, after his arrival in Glasgow, by *M'Neil*, for a trial of skill. A match was accordingly made for five guineas a-side, and the contest was decided in a room. In the course of half an hour, *M'Neil* was completely defeated. Some time afterwards he wished to have another trial allowed him, and five pounds a-side were deposited to make it for a larger

sum; but *M'Neil* preferred forfeiting the said deposit, than entering the ring again with *TURNER*.

NED, upon quitting Glasgow, went to Newcastle. At this place *TURNER* was challenged by one *Blacket*, a slater, well-known for the pugilistic feats he had performed in this part of the country. A finer proportioned young man was not to be seen than *Blacket*. He was symmetry itself, of prodigious strength, and not deficient in *bottom*. He was in height 6 feet and 1 inch, weighing rather more than 14 stone. The battle was fought on the race-course, in the presence of thousands of spectators. In the course of forty-five minutes, *Blacket* received so much severe punishment, without being able to return any *milling* upon *TURNER*, that he swore, in the utmost rage. "*he would not fight any more, as TURNER was not a fair fighter, and that he did nothing but make hits, and then jump away!*" *TURNER* was much applauded for the skill he displayed in conquering a man so much above his weight, and a liberal subscription was entered into by the amateurs, as a reward for his bravery.

Soon after *TURNER* returned to the metropolis, he had a *turn-up* with *Youler*, (*Davenport's Jew*), a *ruffianing* sort of fighter, in St. George's Fields; in the course of thirty-five minutes, he so completely satisfied this *boring* Israelite, that he retired from the conflict with terrible body punishment.

At the *Cottage of Content*, in St. George's Fields, *TURNER* was one evening set upon by five watermen, who, it seems, had made up their minds to give our hero a complete *milling*. The *manly* conduct of these sculler gentry, however, was soon placed to its pro-

per account. TURNER disposed of the *first four* with as much *non-chalance* as if they had been merely *sacks* in his presence; and, the fifth, who, it appears, had some pretensions to boxing, and who endeavoured to make something like a regular stand against NED, paid most dearly for his temerity, by leaving off under numerous marks of severe chastisement.

The above conquests, although they display every trait of courage and science, yet, in the opinion of the amateurs they amount to very little in the scale of excellence, until a boxer makes his *débüt* in the London ring. In fact, a pugilist is not recognised till he has made this appearance; when, if successful, he becomes a sort of leading *star* of the *Fancy*—friends flow fast in upon him, and *backers* are never wanting to support his pretensions towards obtaining victories of higher importance. Notwithstanding this kind of disparagement to a *novice*, the *fame* of TURNER had made some progress in the *milling circles*, but more especially in the neighbourhood of Bermondsey, where the capabilities of TURNER were better known and more duly appreciated. *Curtis*, a boxer also well known in the same quarter, it seems, felt something like envy at the growing reputation of NED, and repeatedly challenged the latter, before he agreed to meet him in combat. *Curtis*, though, not possessing the notoriety of a *Belcher* or a *Scroggins*, was nevertheless of importance to the admirers of pugilism from the laurels he had acquired in the ring. *Tom Roe*, *West Country Dick*, and *Lazarus*, the *Jew*, had all been defeated by him. As a *game* boxer, his

character was firmly established; in short, of the "light weights," a better *bit of stuff* was not thought to exist upon the list. A match was, at length, made between TURNER and *Curtis*, for 100 guineas; but the betting was current 7 to 4, and, in many instances, 2 to 1 upon the latter. Indeed, so sanguine were the partisans of *Curtis*, that they roundly asserted TURNER could not stand half an hour before him. In a 20 feet ring, at Moulsey-hurst, on Tuesday, October 22, 1816, these two heroes met. The morning proving wet, the spectators were not so numerous as usual. At half past one o'clock, *Curtis* entered the ring attended by *Oliver*, who came on purpose from Carlisle to second his friend, assisted by *Clark*. *Curtis* threw up his hat. TURNER soon followed, attended by *Tom Owen* and *Jacobs*.

First round.—The combatants, upon setting-to, exhibited great caution, and both appeared anxious to obtain the first advantage. Turner, at length, got an opening, and, with much dexterity, planted a severe hit in *Curtis's* face, without receiving any return. The former made another successful hit, when they fought their way up to the ropes, and *Curtis* was sent down. The 3 and 2 to 1 betters seemed rather astonished at the *novice* (as Turner had been termed) commencing in such a *milling* style. It argued much *mischief*, and the *safety* of the thing was not now looked upon quite so certain, as it was said to be, previously to the men entering the ring.

Second.—The lead was again on the side of Turner. He *nobbed* *Curtis* with evident superiority, when the latter slipped and fell down.—The odds began to *shake*, even at this early period of the battle.

Third.—Some good blows were exchanged, but materially to the advantage of Turner. The *claret* was seen trickling down the face of *Curtis*, who was ultimately thrown.

Fourth.—Turner commenced offensive operations with a

severe blow from his right hand. He now appeared a *troublesome* customer for Curtis to get at, and some long sparring occurred. A good round, but Curtis was thrown.

Fifth.—Curtis could not make any impression upon his adversary, when he retreated to the ropes where he received severe *fibbing* punishment; but he succeeded in throwing Turner.

Sixth.—Turner put in so dreadful a *facer* that the *claret* flowed in torrents, and, with the rapidity of lightning, he put in another successful blow, which sent Curtis out of the ring.—Even betting.

Seventh.—By this time, Turner had done sufficient *work* to convince the spectators that he was the leading boxer. He was compelled to follow his opponent to get a hit, which he never failed to do when the ropes stopped Curtis from retreating farther back. In struggling to obtain the throw, the latter got Turner down.

Eighth.—It seemed to be the aim of Curtis to plant some body blows, but he frequently hit short. Curtis was thrown.

Ninth.—Curtis, in point of science, did not appear any thing equal to his opponent, except in throwing, when he now sent Turner under the ropes.

Tenth.—On the part of Turner much coolness and judgment prevailed. He threw Curtis in great style, and did not go down himself.

Eleventh.—The left hand of Turner, upon setting-to, reached over the guard of Curtis with such severity, that the latter was *floored*.

Twelfth.—This was a short round. Turner went round from a slip, and fell to the ground.

Thirteenth.—Curtis put in a body blow, but in so doing he received a severe *facer*. A few hits were exchanged, and both down.

Fourteenth.—The decided superiority of Turner in this round was evident. He hit Curtis in all directions, till he went away staggering like a man intoxicated, and fell.

Fifteenth.—Curtis could not protect his *nob* from the left hand of his opponent. In closing, both down.

Sixteenth.—Curtis, with much resolution, fought his way into a sort of scuffle, when they both got upon the ropes. In this situation, Turner had the superiority of hitting, till they

both went down.—Turner was now decidedly the favourite, and 6 to 4 was offered upon him.

Seventeenth.—Curtis missed his aim and turned round. In closing, both down.

Eighteenth.—The left hand of Turner was continually in Curtis's face; and the latter, in going down, unfortunately fell forward upon the ropes, hanging by his chin.

Nineteenth.—The *nob* of Curtis was again the object of punishment. In closing, both fell on the ground.

Twentieth.—The *milling* Turner administered to his opponent in this round was truly terrific. Curtis did nothing but *receive*; and, in closing, he was severely *fibbed*, till he went down.

Twenty-first.—Curtis was so closely pursued, that he turned round, and was hit out of the ring.

Twenty-second.—This was a good round. Curtis changed his mode of attack. In making play he slipped down, but instantly got upon his legs, and put in two sharp blows. Both down.

Twenty-third.—Curtis hit short; but, in closing, he seized hold of the hands of Turner. The latter was, ultimately, thrown.

Twenty-fourth.—The *nob* of Curtis appeared much damaged. The latter, in retreating from his antagonist, fell, and knocked Oliver also down, who was resting upon one knee.

Twenty-fifth.—Some blows were exchanged, when Turner put in a right-handed hit, that *floored* Curtis.

Twenty-sixth.—A close soon take place, but the combatants disengaged themselves, when some severe fighting passed between them, till both went down.

Twenty-seventh.—Turner got Curtis on the ropes and *fibbed* him severely till he went down.

Twenty-eighth.—Curtis, it was evident, could not stop the *mischief* which the left hand of Turner was continually doing him, and he went down from a sharp hit.

Twenty-ninth.—In this round, Curtis threw his opponent, but he received much *punishment* before he accomplished it.

Thirtieth.—There was nothing attractive about Curtis in this fight, except his *taking* qualities, which he exhibited in a very eminent degree. He returned well, but was, at length, hit down.

Thirty-first.—Curtis had the best of this round. He gave Turner so severe a facer, that sent him down.

Thirty-second.—Sparring for advantage. Curtis hit short. In closing, both down, but the latter undermost. The length of Turner prevented Curtis from going in with any success.

Thirty-third.—Turner put in three successive hits, without any return, and Curtis went down. The latter could not make a hit without boring-in, and then he paid for his temerity.

Thirty-fourth.—Curtis bled copiously on appearing at the scratch. Some exchanges took place, and both down.

Thirty-fifth.—This was an excellent round, and both the combatants upon the alert. The advantage was most completely on the side of Turner, who used both his hands so successively, that Curtis was *milled* down.

Thirty-sixth.—Merely struggling to obtain the throw, and both down.

Thirty-seventh.—Curtis hit short at the body, when they fought their way to the ropes, and the latter held Turner's hands. They broke away—exchanged a few blows—and both went down. Curtis threw away a great number of hits.

Thirty-eighth.—Of no consequence. Both down.

Thirty-ninth.—Turner put in two severe facers, without any return. Some exchanges occurred till both went down. During this round, Owen gave directions to Turner respecting his mode of fighting, and told him to "hit out."

Fortieth.—Turner followed Curtis all over the ring—*nobbed* him with the most perfect ease; put in four successive blows with his left hand, and finished the round by *flooring* his antagonist.

Forty-first.—This was a truly singular round. Curtis ran in furiously, and seized so fast hold of the wrists of Turner, that he could not disengage himself from this awkward situation. He, at length, slung Curtis completely round, when the latter lost his hold.

Forty-second.—In closing, Turner fibbed his opponent down. Curtis could not resist the overwhelming length of his adversary; and, although things seemed to be so much against him, still he did not want for resolution.

Forty-third.—Curtis, from the repeated punishment he had received, seemed quite abroad, and totally at a loss how to

make a hit. He kept continually retreating from his adversary, till he was sent down.

Forty-fourth.—Curtis again seized hold of his opponent's hands, and when Turner released himself, he floored his antagonist. Every person seemed surprised at the conduct of Curtis—it was desperation personified.

Forty-fifth.—It was all up with Curtis as to fighting. He had not the slightest *chance* of winning. In struggling, both down.

Forty-sixth.—Curtis came to the scratch boldly, and put in a casual hit, but he was soon sent down.

Forty-seventh.—Turner hit Curtis with such severity upon his face, that he staggered and fell down like a log. He was covered with blood. Turner stepped over him.

Forty-eighth.—The *gameness* of Curtis prompted him to go on, and he endeavoured to tire out his adversary. It was a sharp struggle to obtain the throw.

Forty-ninth.—A short round, and both down.

Fiftieth.—It was mere protraction on the part of Curtis; and his friends requested him to resign the contest. But he would not listen to any thing like defeat. Turner made some successful hits. In struggling, both down.

Fifty-first.—On setting-to Curtis slipped down.

Fifty-second.—The left hand of Turner slightly sent Curtis off his legs.

Fifty-third.—The head of Curtis was now frightful, and bleeding copiously. His sight was growing defective, and the blows he attempted to make were all out of distance. However, in closing, Curtis got Turner down.

Fifty-fourth to fifty-seventh.—In these four rounds Curtis scarcely *set-to*, before he was either sent or went down. Any odds upon Turner.

Fifty-eighth.—Curtis seemed to think it was not all over with him, and desperately bore in to *punish* his adversary; but this mode only occasioned extra *milling*. In closing, both down.

Fifty-ninth.—Curtis on the same tack, but he was soon stopped and thrown.

Sixtieth.—Curtis was all desperation; but sent down almost upon setting-to.

Sixty-first.—The left hand of Turner was again *punishing* his opponent's face; but, in closing, Turner dropped him with such ease and humanity as to obtain applause from all parts of the ring.

Sixty-second.—It was evident, from the strange manner in which Curtis attacked his adversary, that he was nearly in a state of darkness. In running at Turner he passed by him—turned round, confusedly, and was *floored*. Many of Curtis's friends were sanguine enough to think that he might be enabled to tire out his adversary by his determined resolution.

Sixty-third.—It was astonishing to view what a *bottom* man could effect. Notwithstanding the dreadful state Curtis was reduced to, and distressed beyond imagination, he struggled with Turner, and ultimately threw him. But still no change appeared.

Sixty-fourth.—This desperate mode of *going in* was acted upon too late. The strength of Curtis was fast leaving him, and he could now scarcely make a push at his opponent with any degree of certainty; while Turner was so much at his ease, that he administered scarcely any additional *punishment*, and behaved to his brave adversary with much consideration and humanity.

Sixty-fifth.—Curtis, with great desperation, again tried to hold Turner's hands; but he was hit down.

Sixty-sixth.—In this round a trifling demur was nearly taking place. In closing, a struggle occurred, when Turner, to disengage himself, caught Curtis by the thighs, and threw him. A cry of "foul—fair," was loudly vociferated; but the umpire did not pay any attention to it. Curtis was literally in a state of stupor.

Sixty-seventh.—Curtis, on setting-to, was instantly sent down.

Sixty-eighth and last.—It was piteous to view this little *game* cock of the true English breed endeavour to fight another round. He immediately went down. On being placed upon his second's knee, his head lolled on one side, and he was in a state of darkness, and totally insensible when the "time" was called; while, on the contrary, his brave opponent, excepting two dreadful hits on the ear, by comparison, was not materially injured. The fight continued *one hour* and *twenty-five* minutes, and finished five minutes before three o'clock.

In this conflict, TURNER proved himself a steady scientific boxer—there was nothing hurried in his manner, and he used his left hand with all the celebrity and decision of *Jack Carter*. Instead of appearing a *novice* in the fight, he showed himself an *up-hill* boxer for *Curtis* to contend against. He took the lead and kept it—supported not only by length and strength, but he was by far the best fighter. His position was so formidable, and his mode of setting-to so different from pugilists in general, that *Curtis* could not approach him, with any thing like safety, to make a hit. The FLASH SIDE (i. e. the *presumed* Knowing Ones, or, more properly speaking, the *good* judges) were completely dished upon the unexpected termination of the battle, which ought to operate as a useful lesson in future, by inducing them to prefer the calculation of *capabilities* between the combatants, than to be led astray by the mere greatness of names. Three to one is dangerous betting at all times.

Notwithstanding the greatest exertion and humane care were taken in speedily removing *Curtis* from the ring, after the battle terminated, to the nearest house of accommodation; in fact, but a few minutes scarcely had elapsed before he was put to bed at the Red Lion Inn, Hampton, and medical assistance procured,—yet the brave, but unfortunate *Curtis*, in the course of a few hours, breathed his last. The subject of his death having very properly come under the cognizance of the laws of the country,

AN INQUISITION

was taken on the body at the above inn, on Friday, Oct. 25, 1816, before *Thomas Stirling, Esq.* Coroner for Middlesex.

In taking a view of the body of *Curtis*, who was designated as a groom, there appeared many contusions upon the head, but none upon the body.

John Griffinhoof, surgeon, of Hampton, deposed, being sent for, on Tuesday evening, to attend upon the deceased, who was, when he arrived, in a state of perfect insensibility. There were no blows upon the body which could have caused, in his opinion, a man's death. There was a general discolouration from the waist upwards. He bled him in the arm, and applied leeches to his temples, and also endeavoured to administer to him a draught, but he could not get it down his throat. His head was beat in a dreadful manner, and he was of opinion that the blows which he received on the head were the cause of his death. The deceased lived from the time when he first saw him (about eight o'clock) until twelve o'clock at night.

Mr. Morris Jones, of Hampton, surgeon and apothecary, sworn. He attended the deceased; his head was a complete mass of blood; and not a single feature was distinguishable. He had not the least doubt but the blows which *Curtis* received upon his head were the cause of his death. He believed that a blood vessel had broken in his head, and the only hopes he had of his recovery were by his bleeding profusely.

Richard Coombs, fishmonger, at Hampton, sworn. He was present at the fight between the deceased and *TURNER*. It was a pitched battle. He never

heard of there being any quarrel between *Curtis* and *TURNER*; saw *Curtis* enter the ring at about half-past one o'clock; *TURNER* entered directly after. They stripped, shook hands, and then commenced fighting. When they had fought more than an hour, witness went up to *Curtis* and advised him to give in; but he observed, that he could see, and should beat his opponent yet. *Curtis* was at that time in a situation the most dreadful; blood poured from every pore in his head; his eyes, nose, and mouth, were running with blood in streams; he and his seconds advised him not to fight any longer, and forced him to the ropes, but he broke from them and faced *TURNER* again. The third round after he forced himself from his seconds, *TURNER* gave him a very heavy blow, which threw him, and *TURNER* fell upon him; he was raised up by his seconds, and the battle ended: *TURNER* was declared the conqueror. *Curtis* was carried by his friends to the Red Lion, at Hampton, in a state of insensibility; leeches were applied to his temples, and five of them drew a great deal of blood. Mr. *Gilchrist*, a surgeon, at Twickenham, was present, and advised a little brandy and water to be put in his mouth, which made him sick; *Curtis* afterwards appeared a little better, and he raised his head upon the pillow, which appeared to relieve him: *Curtis* grew sick again between eleven and twelve, and as he held him in his arms his under jaw fell, and he appeared to be dying. *Curtis* expired in a few minutes afterwards without any convulsion or groan. He was informed that *Curtis* had been, previous to the fight, about a month very unwell, with a certain disease, in

an hospital; he had also been under the care of two physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital. His friends, thinking him not in a sound state, advised him not to fight; but *Curtis* was determined. He never saw a fairer fight. *TURNER* could have struck him several times between the fiftieth and sixtieth (last) rounds, when he would not, on account of his having such an advantage over his opponent; at one time he stood over *Curtis* as he leaned against the ropes, and might have given him a violent blow, having him wholly in his power; instead of doing so, HE LIFTED UP HIS HANDS AND WALKED AWAY.

Another witness, sworn, also observed, that, for about twelve rounds before the termination of the contest, he told *Curtis* he had no chance to win, and that it was a pity he should suffer himself to be beaten to pieces. The reply of the deceased was, that he could not lose the battle; and he maintained this assertion against every remonstrance, until he fell in the last round, and never recovered from a state of stupor. *Oliver*, his second, advised him also in vain to resign long before the battle was decided, and the umpire refused to hold the watch any longer, but the deceased entertained a notion that he could win until the moment he fell. The evidence of this witness went to explain on the subject of the fall. He stated, that, in the struggle for superiority, both men were down, and that *TURNER* had an opportunity of doing mischief to his adversary, by falling upon him, but he broke from him, and behaved in a manly manner, as he had done in other instances during the fight. After this fall, *Curtis* never recovered from the stupor; and wit-

ness believed him to be in a dying state before he reached the inn at Hampton. After being put to bed, Mr. Jones, the surgeon, pronounced him to be in a very dangerous state, and witness, together with the people at the inn, used every exertion in procuring medical aid. The deceased at this time was cold at the extremities, and appeared to be dying.

It was farther confirmed, that TURNER had forborne to take advantage of his adversary when he had him upon the ropes, and that he showed much fair play during the combat.

The Coroner now addressed the Inquest to the following purport:—Gentlemen of the Jury, I have read over the whole of the evidence which has been adduced, and it is now my duty to point out to you, what is the chief point for you to consider with regard to your verdict. It is proved there was no previous quarrel between TURNER and the unfortunate deceased, before their contest at Moulsey-hurst; but, notwithstanding, it is my duty to tell you that the meeting was unlawful, for TURNER had no right to beat *Curtis*, because he had his consent, until he died; although they they did not agree to fight till one had killed the other: yet such was the fact in evidence, that the extremities of *Curtis* were dead before he left the ring. There are certainly several features in favour of TURNER. It appears, that he could several times, when he did not, have not only disabled the deceased, but *that he had him at one time so much in his power that he could have put an end to the contest, and that he avoided taking the opportunity of an advantage*;—still the deceased died in consequence of the wounds he received

from TURNER. I have stated what appears in favour of TURNER; and, on the other side, that he acted unlawfully; and you cannot discharge your duty, in my opinion, unless you find him guilty in some degree—to what *degree* it is for you to determine. The Coroner having left the room, the Jury were in consultation for twenty minutes, when they returned a verdict of *manslaughter*.

Immediately after the Coroner's warrant was obtained, the body of the deceased was conveyed away in a hearse to London. The coffin-plate stated Curtis to be 28 years of age. He was five feet in height, and weighed 10 stone 2 lb.

Upon the issuing of the warrant, TURNER was soon found ready to pay obedience to the laws of his country.

THE TRIAL.

ON Friday, November 1, 1816, at the Old Bailey Sessions, EDWARD TURNER was indicted for the wilful murder of *John Curtis*, by inflicting with both his hands divers blows upon his head, face, body, sides, and belly, on the 22d of October, whereof he died.

The witnesses called on the part of the prosecution were Mr. *Griffinhoof*, the surgeon, *Richard Coombs*, &c. whose depositions being exactly similar to what they gave on the Coroner's Inquest, as stated in the preceding pages, renders their repetition here totally unnecessary.

The evidence being gone through on the part of

the crown, TURNER, when called upon for his defence, put in a written paper as follows :—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury,—

“ Deeply impressed with the great peril to which I am exposed by the present heavy charge made against me, and with the difficulty I necessarily experience in substantiating my innocence, owing to the danger to which most competent witnesses of the transaction would be exposed, were they to be examined, I must solicit your most serious attention to such facts as I shall be enabled to lay before you, by which I trust not only my natural disposition will appear, but that on the occasion of the sad catastrophe imputed to me, I was goaded into a consent to fight the deceased, who was himself a prize-fighter, and with the greatest reluctance I entered the ring, after being assaulted and pursued with the most unremitting vigilance; and when I did so, as soon as I ascertained my superiority over my antagonist, I forbore, on very many occasions, to avail myself of the advantages that presented themselves to me, and with the greatest reluctance I continued the contest until the circumstance occurred which led to the unfortunate event which I must ever deplore, and which has placed me in my present awful situation. I beg to state, that my pursuits in life are honest, and my aversion to prize-fighting great, never having before fought a pitched battle; nor should I on this occasion, but for the great aggravation which will be proved I received. I assure your Lordships and Gentlemen of the Jury, that I am totally innocent of any intention to seriously injure the deceased, and that there never existed in

my mind the smallest particle of malice towards him. I trust, therefore, that my character for humanity and forbearance will have its due weight on this occasion."

During the time the clerk of the Arraignment was reading the defence, the feelings of TURNER were so oppressed, that he was observed to shed tears.

His counsel, Mr. *Andrews*, (who had scarcely time to look over his brief, in consequence of Mr. *Adolphus* not being in court, although retained some days previous to the trial, for TURNER,) then proceeded to call a multitude of witnesses, all of whom gave him an excellent character for humanity and mildness of disposition; some of them stated that he had never fought a pitched battle before, and that he was urged to the contest by the frequent importunities of the deceased, who was not easy until he obtained his promise to fight him.

Baron GRAHAM, in charging the Jury, said, this was not a case accompanied by any circumstances that indicated previous malice on the part of the prisoner. It appeared from the evidence, that the prisoner was not one of those men who devoted themselves to the dangerous profession of prize-fighting. He was, it seemed, supposed to be a young man of prowess, a victory over whom would increase the fame of his opponent, and, therefore, he was urged, nay goaded, to fight the battle which ended so lamentably. There was certainly *premeditation* enough, on his part, to make the crime *murder*, provided the parties had fought with those dangerous weapons, which were likely to produce death. The law was quite certain and decided on this point. For, if people

met (a smaller period even than a day having expired between their quarrel and their meeting) to fight with deadly weapons, and that death ensued, it was murder—because what the law called malice was apparent—the act was done in cold blood. *The present appeared to have been a display of MANHOOD and COURAGE;* and whilst they disapproved of such a rencontre between two young men, *THEY COULD NOT FEEL THAT HORROR* (this being a trial of natural courage and manhood) which, under other circumstances, they might entertain. Under the circumstances stated, the prisoner and the deceased met to fight on the 22d of October—but they met to fight with those natural arms, which, certainly, when strong men were opposed to each other, might produce fatal effects, yet were not, in general, likely to occasion dreadful consequences, and the *contemplation of which could not excite those feelings which deadly and dangerous weapons were calculated to produce.* It seemed evident that nothing like malice existed in the mind of the prisoner. It was, as he had before observed, a trial of prowess—no malice appeared, at least on the part of the prisoner. He did not wish to cast any reflection on the memory of a dead man—but, looking strictly to the circumstances, perhaps an imputation of an angry feeling might rest on the deceased. It was in evidence, that, during the contest of nearly an hour and a half, the prisoner had *cautiously and humanely avoided using, to the extent he might have done, the decided advantage and superiority which he had over the deceased.* There was nothing in his conduct like deliberate cruelty, or a desire to injure his adversary, farther than

the result occasioned by his efforts to show himself the better man. Water, it appeared, had frequently been thrown upon the deceased, in the course of the fight, he having previously taken large quantities of a very powerful medicine (mercury). But a medical gentleman had stated, that such ablutions could not have materially affected him at that time—and, perhaps, considering the exertions he was making, they might have refreshed him. The prisoner evidently showed that humanity which did him credit and honour. It appeared that he greatly regretted being obliged to continue the fight, in consequence of the determination of the deceased. The principal part of the charge, therefore, that of murder, was quite out of the question—but there could be no doubt of the killing and slaying, which the law considered a very high offence. The consequence had indeed been fatal to that unhappy young man; but it would be extremely unjust to say TURNER was responsible for those consequences, as being the cause of them. It was a fact, unquestionably true, that TURNER had no hostility whatever to the deceased, for, on the contrary, he had shown himself actuated by the purest motives of humanity during the whole contest; and likewise, from the numerous previous insults he had offered to TURNER, were long and painfully endured without any retaliation. This was honourable to his patience. The taking away the life of the young man, by the prisoner, was clearly proved;—for the surgeon had stated, that death had ensued, as he had expected, in consequence of the injuries he had received.

The Jury after a short consideration, returned a verdict of *Manslaughter* against the prisoner, but earnestly recommended him to the merciful consideration of the court, on account of his humanity and forbearance.

Mr. Baron GRAHAM observed, that the court participated in the feelings of the Jury.

At the end of the Sessions, TURNER was sentenced to two months imprisonment in Newgate.

During the confinement of TURNER in the above prison, it appears, that he conducted himself with so much propriety and decorum, as to merit the attention of the head keeper, who granted him every indulgence consistent with the rules of this place of safety, in order to render his privation of liberty less irksome and oppressive to his feelings. He was also visited by many of the highest patrons of pugilism.

Shortly after his liberation from Newgate, TURNER, by the advice of his friends, took a benefit at the *Minerva-rooms, Ledenhall-street*, as a means of contributing towards the heavy expenses he had sustained from his trial and imprisonment. The amateurs rallied round him, upon this occasion, in the most respectable and numerous manner.

The sporting circles, at this period, were extremely anxious, it seems, to bring about a match between the ALL-CONQUERING *Scroggins* and TURNER; but, the friends of the latter insisting that *Scroggins*, on coming into the ring, should not exceed 10 stone 7 lb. after considerable conversation upon the subject, the match was completely *off*. But the following *accidental* circumstance produced a battle, after all the pre-

vious regular propositions of bringing them together had failed.

At a sporting dinner, which took place at the Castle-Tavern, Holborn, on Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1817, Mr. EMERY, of Covent-Garden Theatre, acting in the capacity of president, both TURNER and Scroggins were among the visitors. In consequence of the deputy-chairman being absent, Scroggins was requested to fill up the vacancy. The above little hero, having returned from the Fives Court, after *setting-to* with Tom Belcher, in which display with the gloves he had been much applauded, was quite upon the *qui vive*; and, not standing upon the *punctilio* of waiting for either toast or *sentiment*, rallied his bottle in such quick succession, that in a few minutes it was completely *floored*! In a short period afterwards the potent effects of glass upon glass operated so *somniferously* upon the *upper works* of Scroggy, that he laid down his head and went to sleep. The company were rather pleased than offended from this inactive state of their deputy—it afforded, what they had for some time wanted, *harmony* without interruption—and he was permitted to enjoy the benefit of his slumbers. Upon *waking*, he quitted the chair, *sans cérémonie*, and introduced himself to the company below stairs in the coffee-room. TURNER soon afterwards took his leave of the dinner party, and on his way home through the house, he merely took a peep, *en passant*, at the room below stairs. Here Scroggins had got his coat off, and was offering to fight Joe Norton, who had offended him, with one hand tied behind his back; in fact, threatening to *mill* him. It is fair to observe, that

Scroggins was in a complete state of inebriation. The company remonstrated upon the inequality of the thing, and *TURNER* slightly and civilly remarked that *Norton* was an *old man*, his time was gone by, and quite out of the question, as to fighting with *Scroggins*. The latter, with much asperity, abused *TURNER* for his observation—called him every thing but a *good one*—and sneeringly told *NED* that he had never defeated any body, and only “*LICKED a man who was dead before he entered the ring.*” This produced a sharp retort from *TURNER*, when *Scroggins*, without hesitation, gave the former a slap in the face as he was sitting down. A *turn-up* was the immediate consequence, but scarcely a blow passed from the confined state of the room, when they were both down, and *TURNER* undermost. *Sutton* instantly got between them, the company also interfered, and peace was once more restored. The account of this *fracas* flew up stairs like lightning, and the amateurs immediately entered upon the subject, with all the decision of a council of war. *Scroggins*, with much derision and contempt, offered to fight *TURNER* £100 to £50; but the latter felt all this sort of empty boasting, in the true spirit of indignation so finely applied by the poet—

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

It was the general opinion of those persons present, that *TURNER* had been unhandsomely treated by

Scroggins; and, in consequence, Mr. *Sources*, on the part of *TURNER*, immediately made a deposit of five guineas, towards making the match in a month from that time, (although Mr. S. had, in every previous instance, supported *Scroggins*). On Wednesday, the 12th of March, the partisans of both the heroes met at *Belcher's*, and the stakes were accordingly made good. But *Scroggins* was the "idol" of the sporting world; and it was almost like a *caricature* upon any one's judgement to name *TURNER* as having any thing like a *chance*; indeed, *infatuation* was carried to such a pitch of extravagance, respecting the *overwhelming* capabilities of *Scroggins*, that the *JEW PHENOMENON* never stood upon higher ground in the best of his days than did the above "little hardy hero," at this precise period.

It is impossible to describe the sensation this fight occasioned in the sporting circles; the fame of *Scroggins*, from his having conquered *Boots*, *Dolly Smith*, *Nosworthy*, *Eales*, *Whittaker*, and *Church*, in succession, had made such a strong impression on the minds of the *Fancy* in general, that he was thought to be almost *invulnerable*; and even *Scroggins* himself felt impressed with the same idea, and fought £100 against *TURNER's* £50. It is true, the above match was made when *Scroggins* was not exactly in a *compos mentis* state; but, in his soberest moments, he boldly asserted he would win it with the most apparent ease. The capabilities of *TURNER* he positively ridiculed—treated him as a mere *upstart* pugilistic pretender—and flattered himself, in the ring, that the prowess of *TURNER* would as quickly vanish in competition with

his *punishing* arm, like snow before the sun. For three nights previous to the battle taking place, the sporting houses were crowded to excess, and so very high did this *modern* DUTCH SAM stand in the estimation of the *knowing ones*, that to procure a bet, nothing less than THREE to one would be accepted, and that only from an idea a *chance* hit or an *accident* might operate against his usual success. On Wednesday morning, March 26, 1817, as soon as it was light, groups of pedestrians were seen on the Uxbridge-road, tramping along to witness the above grand fight; and, by eight o'clock, carriages of all descriptions were rattling along, from the splendid barouche and four, down to the donkey and hamper. By eleven, twenty thousand persons had collected on the ground, in a field near Hayes, between the bridge and the turnpike, about ten miles on the Uxbridge-road, from Tyburn-turnpike. At eighteen minutes to one TURNER appeared in the ring, dressed in a fashionable great coat, and threw up his hat, and Scroggins immediately followed. Cribb tied the yellow handkerchief belonging to TURNER on the posts of the ring, and Oliver immediately placed the blue one belonging to Scroggins alongside it. The combatants shook hands together before they stripped. The time having arrived for the commencement of the fight, Oliver and Clark appeared as seconds to Scroggins, and the Champion of England and Harry Harmer attended upon TURNER. Three to one was the current betting against the latter, and many thousands were depending on the event. TURNER was an object of great curiosity, from his late unfortunate battle

with *Curtis*; but viewed as any thing like a competitor with *Scroggins*, the idea was *sneered* at, as betraying a want of judgement. The ring measured twenty-four feet, and the numerous carriages round it formed an elegant amphitheatre. Lord Yarmouth and Colonel Barton acted as the time-keepers.

First round.—It was expected, on the combatants *setting-to*, that *Scroggins* would adopt his usual method of boring-in to his adversary, or to use his own words, “take the fight out of him;” but he was more cautious than usual, and a good deal of sparring occurred between them. He made a feint at *Turner*, and instantly got away again. At length, *Scroggins* put in a hit—some trifling blows passed between them, and ultimately *Turner* went down slightly, when *Scroggins* held up his hands, by way of showing how little he thought of him.

Second.—*Scroggins* now appeared a little more on the alert to follow up his success, and gave *Turner* a sharp *nobber*, but he failed in doing his usual *punishing* execution. The *customer* before him was not of that easy description he had flattered himself, and though *Turner* went down, it was not from effective hitting. Many persons exclaimed, “now where’s your three to one?”

Third.—*Turner*, on *setting-to*, fought with his opponent manfully, and planted a severe facer under his left eye, and though, at the close of the round, he was again down, his capabilities as a boxer were manifest, and he appeared no ways inferior to *Scroggins*. He also met with great encouragement from the surrounding spectators.

Fourth.—This was a sharp contested round, and both at work in right earnest, and in a close *Turner* gave his opponent a severe cross-buttock. The concourse of persons was so great, and their eager curiosity not keeping pace with the etiquette usual upon these occasions, pressed forward to the ropes—the outer ring was broken, and all traces of the fight lost sight of, excepting to a few, who, at the hazard of their lives, were in front.

The men continued to fight for several rounds under this disadvantage—when the small ring was broken

into, the posts knocked down, and the ropes trod under foot. It was now like a street fight, and the combatants had scarcely a yard of space to exhibit in. *Scroggins*, notwithstanding being so close to *TURNER*, had by no means the best of him, and it was the general expressed opinion, that, had no interruption occurred, *TURNER* would have won. To attempt to describe any of the above rounds with any thing like accuracy would be a deviation from the truth; and Mr. Jackson has since declared, it was totally out of his power to give an opinion upon them. *Carter, Painter, Dolly Smith, Richmond, &c.* exerted themselves with their horsewhips to beat out the ring, but all in vain; and nothing less than a troop of horse or a company of soldiers with charged bayonets could have attempted it with success, and both the men were taken from the ring. Mr. Jackson immediately went round the ring, declaring all the bets to be null and void. At this period not less than thirty thousand persons were present, and the carriages estimated on the spot and along the road at eight thousand. The oldest pugilist does not remember any thing to equal such a numerous collection of the *Fancy* as at the above fight. A suspense of two hours occurred, and thousands of inquiries took place to ascertain how the day was to be *finished*? During this *interregnum* of *milling*, the coster-mongers wished to clear their carts, but not being able to *persuade* their customers, who had paid 3s. a-piece to see *all* the sports of the day, to *retire* from their situations, actually took out their horses, and lifted up their vehicles, after the manner of shooting rubbish.

This mode of *ousting* people occasioned much laughter, and a little extra boxing. At length, Mr. Jackson appeared, when it was understood the contest between *Scroggins* and *TURNER* must be decided at some future period; but thousands followed the above gentleman to Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, to see *Randall* and *Dick* fight. The men, however, could not be got together, and some hints were given that the magistrates would not permit any fight to take place. In this anxiety and dilemma it was at length agreed on, that Arlington-corner, near Hounslow-heath, should be the place, and *Holt* and *O'Donnel* to be the pugilists who were to exhibit. Thither thousands repaired, across the country, notwithstanding the heavy rain, and, at half-past five, in "the pitiless pelting shower," the above boxers entered the ring, to finish the sports of the day.

TURNER, in the above conflict, proved himself a much more competent boxer towards obtaining victory than was expected—and *Scroggins* was also equally deceived. *TURNER* is a very *game* man, and convinced *Scroggins* on his coming furiously in, that he is to be stopped. He hit him once so tremendously on the jaw, that the latter held up his head afterwards, and did not go boring-in so furiously as heretofore. They were both fresh on leaving the ring, but neither of them were considered in good condition. *Scroggins* had a black eye, and one of *TURNER*'s *peepers* was a little out of repair. It is but fair to state, that much difference of opinion existed on the subject, many persons contending that *Scroggins* was not in the

slightest degree *punished*, and that TURNER showed evident symptoms of weakness on leaving the ring.

Several noblemen were present, and most of the first-rate theatricals. To describe the numerous ludicrous circumstances that occurred among this vast assemblage of people would require a volume. It proved a rare day for the inn-keepers and turnpike-men, and it was impossible to move a step, where the pocket was concerned, without dearly paying for anxious curiosity.

Upon the Monday evening after the fight, every room to the top of *Belcher's* house was crowded to excess by the *Fancy*, so anxious were the amateurs to learn the determination come to as regarded the ensuing battle, when the following articles were agreed to:—

“ *Castle Tavern, Holborn, March 31, 1817.*

“ John Scroggins engages to fight Edward Turner, 120 guineas to 80, on the 27th of May, ten pounds on each side are deposited, to fight in a 24 feet ring, half-minute time; one-half of the remainder of the money to be deposited at Scroggins's, on the 15th of April. The whole to be made good on the 20th of May, at Tom Belcher's. The fight to take place not within twenty-five miles from London. To be a fair stand-up fight; Mr. Jackson to name the place of fighting, and to receive the money, till all is made good. The money, upon the first failure of deposit, to be forfeited, and the other half if not made good. To meet in the ring between twelve and one.

“ J. SCROGGINS, his X mark.

“ E. TURNER.”

“ Witness, J. W.”

In consequence of Ascot races occurring near the appointed time of combat, it was judged expedient by both Scroggins and TURNER, in order to accom-

moderate the sporting world, to put off the battle till the 10th of June. But so confident, it appears, were the partisans of *Scroggins* that victory would again crown his exertions, that no *disparagement* whatever was felt by the amateurs from his unexpected battle in a room with *Fisher*, when in a state of complete inebriation; in point of fact, it operated materially in his favour. The manliness he displayed in this sort of *casual* turn-up, though formed into a regular battle with *Fisher*, quite a fresh 12-stone young man, before Mr. Jackson, induced a great portion of the sporting world to bet 2 to 1 without the least hesitation.

SECOND GRAND PUGILISTIC MATCH BETWEEN SCROGGINS AND TURNER.

Notwithstanding the great secrecy that was observed, in keeping the place unknown, the magistrates of Essex got hint enough not to permit *Matching-Green* to be the spot, as fixed upon, for this grand trial of skill to be decided. The attraction in the sporting circles was so great, that vehicles of all descriptions were on the road the whole of Monday night,—and as soon as day-light began to peep on Tuesday morning, the 10th of June, the amateurs were all in motion. Upon their arrival at Harlowe, the interruption was found out—and, after a short deliberation, it was decided, that the battle should take place in the adjoining county, Hertfordshire, in a paddock, contiguous to Sawbridgeworth. Thither the cavalcade posted without delay, and the inhabitants of the above village were not a little alarmed at this

sudden visit from horsemen galloping, the rattling of post-chaises, barouches, tilburys, carts, &c. &c. till the *important* cause was learned. It was a profound secret here, notwithstanding TURNER slept at Mr. Parsons, the White Lion Inn, Sawbridgeworth, the preceding evening. He arrived from New Town, in Wales, where he had been in training under the care of his uncle, Mr. Turner, and reached Barnet, on Friday evening, *incog*. He scarcely saw five persons before he entered the ring; being under the immediate care of his brother, Mr. Baxter. He was in much better condition than when he stripped at Hayes; but it is certain he still might have been brought to a finer pitch. He weighed 10 stone 5lb. On meeting with his opponent, *Scroggins*, he shook hands with him in the most friendly manner. The stakes were £120 on the the part of *Scroggins*, against TURNER'S £80. At half-past twelve TURNER appeared in the 24 feet roped ring, and threw up his hat. *Scroggins* soon followed his example. *Tom Owen* and *Jacobs* were the seconds of TURNER; and *Harmer* and *Clark* attended upon *Scroggins*. *Owen* tied the yellow colour of his man upon the post, and *Harmer* covered it with the true blue belonging to *Scroggins*. It is curious to remark, that the above blue handkerchief belonged to the former, and he had won all his seven battles in it; but now he sported a new one round him. The ring was unusually respectable and select—not being above one deep, few, if any, pedestrians being able to go the distance of thirty miles in time. One o'clock being arrived, the parties shook hands, and the battle commenced.—Two to 1 on *Scroggins*.

First round.—Two minutes elapsed in sparring and dodging each other round the ring, both anxious to obtain the first advantage. The firm and erect attitude of Turner, who appeared armed at all points, seemed to puzzle Scroggins so much, that he was at a loss how to commence the attack with any degree of certainty; and that formidable conspicuous resolution of *going in* furiously, which gave him the lead in the commencement of all his other fights, in the present instance had visibly abated. Scroggins, at length, neck or nothing, made a sort of rush in, and after a short scuffling close, Turner went down from a slight hit on the side of his head.—Loud shouting, and 3 to 1 on Scroggins.

Second.—The little hero seemed pleased with his success, and was going in with much gaiety to reduce the confidence of Turner, when the latter put in a sharp teaser on Scroggins's *mug*, with his right hand, that rather stopped his career, and, in the course of the round, also planted another desperate facer, and added a severe hit on the ribs. In closing, the strength of Scroggy prevailed, and Turner was undermost. Bravo, Turner.

Third.—Scroggins seemed, in this early stage of the fight, to anticipate that he had got a very ugly customer before him, and, though not absolutely frightened, he appeared unusually cautious. Several good hits passed between them, but, in closing, Turner was again undermost.

Fourth.—Turner was not long before he planted a desperate hit on the throat of his opponent, that gave him a sort of hiccup. Scroggins endeavoured to make some rushing hits, but he lost his distance, and no execution was done. In closing both went down, but Turner was undermost, who experienced a cross buttock.

Fifth.—This round was well contested, and Scroggins, quite determined, endeavoured to get the best of it; but Turner *milled* his *nob* sharply, and the claret was seen trickling down his face. In closing Turner was again undermost. At this instant, a troop of Yeomanry Cavalry made their appearance, galloping down the lane towards the scene of action, creating some alarm that the fight would again be interrupted; but, on being interrogated as to that point, it appeared they were admirers of true native courage, and only anxious to witness the *mill* between the above distinguished combatants.

Sixth.—This was a short round.—Scroggins missed a des-

perately aimed blow at Turner's body; but he, nevertheless, rushed in, and hit Turner down. The friends of Scroggins, rather plucked up a bit—thought this turn looked well, and gave the little hero great applause.

Seventh.—Scroggins came bleeding up to the scratch, and a good milling round occurred between them. Several sharp blows were exchanged; but, in closing, Turner was undermost.—Great shouting on both sides.

Eighth.—The little tar, without ceremony, rushed head-long in, and scuffled with his antagonist, till both went down; but Turner was thrown out of the ropes. Well done, Scroggins; he'll tire out Turner, was the cry!

Ninth.—On setting-to, Turner put in a tremendous facer with his right hand, and got away with much dexterity. Scroggins endeavoured to return, but lost his distance, and Turner again *nobbed* him. The former appeared confused, and dropped his hands, but at length rushed in, and, in closing, Turner was undermost.

Tenth.—This was a sharp round altogether, but the coolness of Turner was manifest, and he hit with much judgement. He was perfectly aware of his opponent's mode of fighting, and was prepared always to give him a warm reception. In closing, Turner was undermost.

Eleventh.—Scroggins commenced this round with considerable caution, and a minute nearly occurred before a blow was struck. Turner's left hand claimed an acquaintance with Scroggy's cheek; but Scroggins in return endeavoured to plant a hit at Turner's *middle piece*, that had it proved successful, might have materially changed the face of the battle. He, nevertheless, in closing, again sent Turner over the ropes.

Twelfth.—This was a most tremendous round; and the combatants rallied in grand style. In closing, Turner fibbed his man terribly, and, for the first time, the little hero was undermost. The applause was great indeed—Turner will beat him, was the general observation; the odds had now changed, and the backers of Scroggins looked rather blue.

Thirteenth.—From the severe fibbing Scroggins had received upon setting-to, he hastily retreated, and loud hissing occurred from all parts of the ring. But he soon recovered from this sort of panic, and it was as sharp a round as any in the fight. Turner gave his opponent a hit that sent him quite

round; but Scroggins again opposed Turner with the most determined spirit, and followed him, till, in closing, both went down. Loud applause, and Turner was now evidently the favourite.

Fourteenth.—Turner immediately planted a facer on setting-to. Applause. Scroggins also made a hit, and Turner went down from it, as if he had slipped.

Fifteenth.—Smashing hits on both sides, but many of them were out of distance. Scroggins was again fibbed, but he stopped this sort of punishment, by holding the hands of Turner, and he also obtained the throw, and Turner was undermost.

Sixteenth.—On setting-to Scroggins got back, and Turner put down his hands, convincing his opponent he had leisure enough to wait for him. Turner, at length, planted a desperate ribber; and Scroggins furiously bored-in, and, in closing, the latter again obtained his usual advantage.

Seventeenth.—This was a curious round. Scroggins, on receiving a hit, turned round, but again furiously renewed the combat. Turner, in closing, had the advantage materially in fibbing his opponent, yet Scroggins brought him down undermost.

Eighteenth.—Turner, with much coolness, *nobbed* Scroggins and got away. The latter seemed quite at fault—he was at sea without a rudder—no sight of land appeared in view—and desperation seemed his only resource, Scroggy rushed in again on the bull-dog system, and ultimately succeeded in getting Turner undermost. During this round, Clark, who was bottle-holder to Scroggins, fell down in a fit; but it did not interrupt the fight; he was instantly taken away, and proper means used for his recovery, when Painter instantly supplied his place.

Nineteenth.—Scroggins made a good body hit, and smashed away with much spirit. He was manfully opposed by Turner, but he went down, and almost a second had elapsed when Scroggy fell with all his weight upon him. Some marks of disapprobation; but it might have been the effects of accident. Betting now was rapidly on the turn.

Twentieth.—Turner, with considerable ease, planted a right-handed hit on the already *chanceried* nob of Scroggins, and got away; but the latter, wishing to revenge this attack, rushed in with uncommon ardour to make a change, if possi-

ble, and from his endeavours to put in some tremendous blows, he received a slight hit that caused him to fall, and slip out of the ring. Great applause.

Twenty-first.—Some heavy hits were dealt out on both sides, and Turner, in particular, received one so severely on the right side of his nob, that, for a second, it was almost upon his shoulder. In closing, both down.

Twenty-second.—This was positively the best round in the fight; and the blows were heard all round the ring. A desperate rally occurred, and the men broke away; but Scroggins, not satisfied that he had done enough, endeavoured to go in head-foremost, to take the fight out of his opponent. Turner, prepared for his impetuosity, hit upwards, as he was coming in, upon his throat, that not only stopped his fury, but almost choaked him. In closing, both down, Turner undermost. Scroggins, on his second's knee, hemmed for wind, and he also discharged a considerable quantity of the *criminal fluid* from his mouth.

Twenty-third.—Scroggins rushed in, and both down.

Twenty-fourth.—Things had now materially changed, and 5 and 6 to 1 was freely offered on Turner. On Scroggins reaching the scratch, his knees trembled under him, and he appeared like a man intoxicated. He endeavoured to plant a hit, and fell. Loud disapprobation.

Twenty-fifth.—Turner gave him a left-handed facer, and also a severe ribber with his right. Scroggins was quite abroad, he could make no hit with any degree of certainty, and once more resorted to boring in, till both went down. The combatants were close together while sitting on the knees of their seconds, when Turner laid hold of his opponent's hand, and gave it a friendly shake.—Well done, Turner, was loudly vociferated; and the *long faces* to be witnessed all round the ring were of the most mournful aspect. All betters and no takers.

Twenty-sixth.—On setting-to, Turner planted a dreadful facer, and soon after hit Scroggins clean down. Seven to 1 was offered. Brandy was now called for to renovate the little hero, but it was of no avail. The applause was loud indeed.

Twenty-seventh.—The spectators were now completely astonished, and the backers of Scroggins more than alarmed. On coming to the scratch, after a slight hit from Turner, Scroggins turned round and retreated till he got to a corner of

the ring. Turner stood still pointing his finger at him, and beckoning him to come up and fight; but it would not do. Turner was compelled to follow Scroggins, when they closed; severe fibbing was again dealt out to him, till both went down.

Twenty-eighth.—Turner left the knee of his second in the most lively manner; but Scroggins seemed to come very reluctantly to the point of war.—Scroggins threw away his blows, and he received some dreadful up-hits in his throat and mug, that electrified him.—Eight to 1; but this once great favourite had lost all his attraction, and defeat was fast coming upon him.

Twenty-ninth.—Scroggins was brought to the mark, and he had scarcely lifted up his hands, when he was hit down.—Loud applause, and 10 to 1 offered freely.

Thirtieth.—The nob of Scroggins now appeared much damaged, and his ribs exhibited a token of severe punishment. But, though the little hero was prevented from doing any mischief, he, nevertheless, consended for the throw; and obtained it.

Thirty-first.—The superiority of Turner astonished all present. He made a successful hit, with his right hand, on the face of Scroggins, and instantly made another good one upon his ribs. The little hero turned round in a state of confusion, and was sent down. Great applause, and 5 to 3 offered that he did not fight three more rounds.

Thirty-second.—Scroggins had been literally stupid for the last half hour from the heavy blows he had received on his head, and in not being able to stop the up-hits of Turner. At out-fighting, in this round, he was much punished and also severely fibbed, till Turner dropped him. Well done, Turner.

Thirty-third and last.—It was all up with this *millng cove*, who had made so much noise in the fighting circles for the last three years. He was pronounced to be almost *invulnerable*, and he had flattered himself into the same sort of belief. In the last ten rounds, in point of fighting, he had no chance whatever; but nevertheless he fought with much bravery. Scroggins endeavoured to do something in this round, put in some hits, but turned away from his opponent from the severity of punishment, and fell down. On being placed upon his second's knee, he gave it in. Upon Harry Harmer hoist-

ing up the handkerchief as a token of defeat, it is impossible to describe the appearance of the ring—it operated on the feelings of his backers like a clap of thunder. They seemed lost in reveries, till giving vent to their surprise, exclaimed—“What, Scroggins given in? Impossible!” The battle lasted one hour and twelve minutes. He was carried out of the ring, and put into a post-chaise. It might be deemed almost a bloodless fight, scarcely any being spilled, except on the part of Scroggins.

Thus was this little “Napoleon of the ring,” at length, defeated, but not disgraced; and, like other mighty fighting heroes, has also been taught what it is to drink of the bitter cup of disappointment. He is now blamed for his confidence and temerity by those very admirers who supported him on the above qualifications; but it may be asked, what is a hero without feeling confident of victory? *Scroggins* entered the ring under these feelings, and he endeavoured to come out a conqueror. He did all that a man could do—and the hero, who defeated in succession, *Boots, Dally Smith, Nosworthy, Eales, Whittaker, Church, and Fisher*, ought not to be forgotten, in an honourable defeat with a superior man. *Scroggins* was never considered any thing of a boxer, in a scientific point of view; and this day he completely proved the truth of the assertion. The judgement and science were most completely on the side of *TURNER*—he never struggled to lose his strength in throwing, but went down with scarcely any opposition. He also never hit first, but when the opportunity was undeniable;—and his guard was so firm and protecting, that *Scroggins* could never get at him without being exposed to great danger. His coolness was equally admirable; and, in opposition to *Scroggins*, he made

the ferocity of the latter subservient to his skill. The *desperation* of *Scroggins*, which had so terrified his opponents hitherto, was now reduced to confusion; and the ease with which he was conquered, astonished the most knowing amateurs, and many of them have paid dearly for their confidence. At best, he was only a resolutely smashing fighter; and all his opponents, except TURNER, could not get away from his severe punishment. He lost by *out-fighting* with TURNER, and was worse off from going in. *Scroggins* is, nevertheless, an astonishing man; and, it is presumed, there are but very few men of his weight that would stand any sort of *chance* with him. In the fight at Hayes, TURNER has since acknowledged, he received so violent a blow from *Scroggins* that he could not for a month afterwards open his mouth without considerable pain.

TURNER was so fresh, that he was able to fight another battle, and walked round the ring during the second fight. He drove himself to London, and appeared so little hurt from his conflict, that he returned to town with all the gaiety of a spectator. The house kept by *Scroggins*, in Westminster, was surrounded by hundreds of people, waiting for the intelligence; and so much confidence were the crowd inspired with, in behalf of the little hero, that his defeat was not believed till he arrived at home, about one in the morning. Mr. JACKSON, with great difficulty, we understand, collected only seven pounds on the ground for *Scroggins*!

The backers of TURNER met on the Friday evening following, at *Belcher's*, the Castle Tavern, Holborn,

and presented him with the whole of the stakes, amounting to £120, as a reward for his courage. TURNER also paid his fallen opponent a friendly visit the preceding evening, when *Scroggins* wished to retrieve his lost laurels in a new contest, for £100 a-side. TURNER, who had no wish to fight again, but merely as a matter of *accommodation*, said, he could not meet him for less than £200 a-side. *Scroggins* attributed his defeat to a *chance* blow on the throat, accompanied with getting one of his feet into a small hole in the ground, which threw him off his balance, and it was at this precise instant, that he received the above tremendous hit, which deprived him of his wind throughout the conflict.

PUGILISTIC HONOURS CONFERRED ON TURNER IN WALES.—NED, it seems, upon his return to New Town, a short time after the above conquest, where he had recently been in training, and which is the birth-place of his parents and the whole of his relatives, was hailed with all the respect due to a hero in a more important cause. The companions of his youth, and the admirers of pugilism among the Ancient Britons, caused a congratulatory peal to be rung upon the bells, in honour of his victory. A feast was held at the first inn in the place, and two roasted fat sheep, with *gilded* horns, were served up with other *et ceteras*, including great plenty of *game*. The evening was conducted with the utmost conviviality, and the Welsh bards who were mustered upon this occasion composed and sung some extempore verses in praise of the brave and the exploits of the ring.

Mitling was also toasted by the *lads of the Fancy*, till all was *blue*!

Upon the return of **TURNER** to London, the stakes were made good, and *Scroggins*, it seems, so much *fancied* this third trial of skill, for 300 guineas, that, in order to *train* correctly, he relinquished his character as a publican, and disposed of his house; but the opinion of the sporting world had completely changed, and 7 to 4 was the current betting upon **TURNER**. The spell of *Scroggins*' "*invincibility*" was now broken, and the great interest this little hero once sustained in the *millling circles* was materially injured from his recent defeat with **TURNER**.

THIRD PUGILISTIC CONTEST BETWEEN TURNER AND SCROGGINS, AT SHEPPER- TON RANGE, OCTOBER 1817, FOR £50 A-SIDE.

From the apparent careless conduct of *Scroggins*, since the stakes were made good, much doubt and *mystery*, it seems, prevailed through the *FANCY*, respecting the above battle, and a strong opinion was maintained "that no fight would take place." Even 3 to 1 was betted on this particular point. This circumstance operated as a great drawback upon the interest of the contest, and until the evening preceding the battle, very few sums were risked upon the event. Both the combatants, however, had publicly declared it should not be their fault, if any disappointment occurred, as they were very anxious to come to a decision upon the subject. Notwithstanding this *mystery*, which existed among the *betting* amateurs, still *Scrog-*

gigs had not lost his interest with the sporting world generally; and early on the morning appointed for the battle the various roads leading to the scene of action gave proof of it. The ring was made at an early hour, at *Shepperton*; and, whether owing to accident or intention, we have yet to learn, but upon the arrival of numerous spectators at the above spot, it was given out "the fight would take place at *Moulsey*." Thither the motley cavalcade repaired, and the confusion that now occurred beggars description—the flight from *Shepperton* through *Walton* was like the retreat of an army to reach a desired point—those persons, too, who were galloping from *Hampton* to *Shepperton* now turned suddenly round upon hearing the news—the road in consequence was blocked up—the scent for a time was lost, and all seemed doubt and glorious confusion. A strong grouse was, at length, seen forming across the water at *Moulsey*, and the boats were now actively employed in conveying over the anxious spectators to be in time. It was now looked by many that no fight would take place; and, if it did, that hundreds would not be able to see it. The hoar, however, was dispelled—and "*Shepperton*" was again the signal. Till this period, no idea was formed of the number of the people interested in the event. The barouches—post-chaises—gigs—rattlers—heavy drags—waggon—*rozinantes*, &c. now all in rapid motion in one line—numerous pedestrians out of breath to keep pace with the vehicles, one o'clock being nearly arrived—the whole enveloped in clouds of dust—the people all out of their doors and windows throughout the villages as they passed, the

staring of the *Johnny raws*, &c. &c. formed a picture not easily to be described. The keeper of the Walton-bridge toll, anxious, it seems, to come in for a *slice* of the *arcana* of making the ring, put up a board at the end of a lane, "*this is the road to the fight*," and from this stratagem came in for a tolerable good share of copper. It was considerably out of the way. At length, "all was considered right," the ring was formed, and the spectators took their stations. But then another dilemma arose, the principal actor had not arrived—and the audience waiting in the most anxious suspense. TURNER had been in the ring, and thrown up his hat without being answered. Two to 1 was offered it was no fight. To prevent total disappointment, the after-piece was about to be performed first, and two boys appeared stripped. But the cry of "*Scroggins—Scroggins*"—was now heard, the boys instantly made their exit, and the little hero was greeted welcome. Upon being asked by a friend if he meant to fight—he answered, "yes, and win it." The combatants soon prepared for action, and 7 to 4 against *Scroggins*, although he appeared in the best condition. *Tom Owen* and *Painter* were for TURNER; and *Paddington Jones* and *Spring* waited upon *Scroggins*. The colours of the combatants were tied to the stakes of the ring, and at two o'clock the men set-to.—(The articles mentioned to meet between twelve and one; but TURNER did not wish to avail himself of this advantage.)

First round.—This first round was very similar to the two last battles at Hayes and Sawbridgeworth, but with an increase of caution on both sides. *Scroggins*, it seemed, did not like the idea of going in to *smash* his opponent at the onset, after

his usual decided manner, when victory crowned his efforts in seven successive contests, but exhibited a total change in his tactics—a complete new feature—and this once tremendous *milling* boxer now preferred the system of *getting away* adopted by scientific pugilists. Turner, equally on the alert, and wishing to do every thing but *receive*, lengthened out this round to five minutes and a half, during which time, they dodged each other about the ring to obtain the first advantage. Turner, at last, hit short, and Scroggins also made a feint without effect. Turner was tired of his position and put down his hands. They, however, finished the round by both hitting together, closed, went down, but Turner undermost. Only four blows were exchanged.

Second.—Turner planted two clean hits without experiencing any return. A good rally followed, during which the *mug* of Scroggins was *clareted*. In closing, both down, but Turner again undermost.

Third.—The little hero, anxious to punish his adversary, rushed in and planted a severe hit under the jaws of Turner and got away. In rallying, however, Scroggins slipped down, and received a slight hit in falling.

Fourth. Nearly a minute had elapsed before a hit was made. Turner gave two sharp blows, and Scroggins put in a desperate *nobber* just passing the ear of Turner. It was a good round altogether. In closing, the strength of Scroggins prevailed, and Turner was thrown.

Fifth.—It was evident to every one the great advantages Turner derived from his height and length over his adversary. The latter, with much *sang froid*, planted two nobbers and got away. Some sharp blows were exchanged when they separated from each other. In finishing the round, a smart rally occurred, and, in going down, Scroggins was undermost. Five to 2 on Turner, but little betting occurred.

Sixth.—Scroggins appeared earnestly to wish for in-fighting, but the difficulty and danger of the attempt operated as a drawback upon his exertions. He, however, made two punishing hits, but, in closing, Turner caught hold of his nob, and *coloured* it with all the quickness of a painter with his brush. In struggling for the throw Turner was undermost, but he gave his opponent rather an ugly hoist.

Seventh.—In this round Scroggy appeared to advantage. He fought after his usual method, regardless of the consequences. He stopped Turner as he was coming in with a tremen-

dous hit in his face, that made his head bob again. Scroggins also planted two more severe blows that seemed rather to confuse the tactics of Turner. The latter returned heavily, and made an up-hit at his opponent's throat, but he missed it. In closing, both down, but Turner undermost.

Eighth.—The little hero, full of gaiety, rushed in, planted two successful hits, and bored Turner down. Bravo, Scroggy! and applause.

Ninth.—After an exchange, Turner went down from a blow on the side of the head.

Tenth.—The length of Turner again prevailed to a great extent. Scroggins was desperate in action, but not effective in execution; while, on the contrary, Turner planted three hits in succession on the face of his opponent, and the *claret* followed at every touch copiously. In closing, Turner was undermost.

Eleventh.—This round was contested in a most manly style. Scroggins, with uncommon severity, hit Turner away from him in three successive attempts, when considerable sparring occurred. Turner then took the lead, and the execution he performed on the head of Scroggins was tremendous. He also finished the round in high style, and Scroggins undermost.

Twelfth.—Turner was much applauded in this round for his manly conduct. In a short close, he let Scroggins down without a blow, throwing up his hands and walking away.

Thirteenth.—This was a grand round, and Scroggins never displayed any thing like such a knowledge of the pugilistic art in any of his previous contests. Scroggins stopped with considerable skill, and reciprocal fighting occurred. Scroggins got rather impetuous, and threw his blows away; and Turner was also incorrect in some of his distances. The latter again hit up at his head, but without effect. Scroggins went down.

Fourteenth.—Considerable execution occurred between the combatants. Scroggins planted two good hits upon his opponent's nob; but Turner returned upon him so hard and fast that Scroggins turned round rather confusedly. He however rallied with great spirit till he slipped down. The odds were now all upon Turner, and scarcely any takers to be met with from handsome offers.

Fifteenth.—Well contested and both down, but Scroggins undermost.

Sixteenth.—Turner commenced by planting a successful blow on the head of Scroggins; but the latter returned in a spirited manner, and hit, hit, and hit again, till Turner went down. Great applause.

Seventeenth.—Some sharp blows occurred between the combatants in this round. Scroggins made a hit over the left eye of Turner, and he also touched his body; but Turner sent his adversary down.

Eighteenth.—After some sparring, Turner put down his hands and rubbed them against his body. Some blows were exchanged. In struggling to obtain the throw, Turner neatly tripped up his antagonist.

Nineteenth.—The hands of Turner were covered with the blood of his opponent. In closing, Scroggins was undermost.

Twentieth.—Some good hits were exchanged, but materially in favour of Turner, who planted four blows in succession, without having any return, but Turner went down rather weak.

Twenty-first.—Scroggins planted a sharp blow on the side of Turner's head, when he dropped down on one knee, but instantly rose again and went on his second's knee. Great applause.

Twenty-second.—Good exchanges. In closing Turner was down, and Scroggins fell upon him. Turner also received a sharp hit on his throat.

Twenty-third.—On setting-to Turner sighed loudly, as if in want of wind, and, after some little sparring, he dropped his hands, as did also his opponent. Scroggins let several opportunities slip of going in; and when he did it was more of the "forlorn-hope" sort of attack, than from the cool judgment of the tactician.

Twenty-fourth.—The little hero went in with much resolution, and ultimately sent down Turner upon his rump. Great applause.

Twenty-fifth.—On coming to the scratch Turner displayed considerable weakness, his knees trembled violently. In the course of this round, Turner turned from his antagonist, but Scroggins ultimately went down. Both of the combatants

put down their hands, when Turner endeavoured, from his activity, to take advantage of this circumstance ; some marks of disapprobation were expressed.

Twenty-sixth.—Some sparring occurred, and Turner put down his hands, when the men fought their way into a close. They broke away, and closed again, and dealt out to each other some heavy blows, and Turner received so severely on his kidneys, that he appeared to go down from weakness. Scroggins bled profusely.

Twenty-seventh.—One hour and three minutes had now elapsed, and Scroggins appeared to stand the firmest on his legs. But the betting did not change in his favour. The position of Turner rendered him so formidable that it was dangerous to attack him. Scroggins displayed some of his old antics, and, in going in, slipped down from a slight hit.

Twenty-eighth.—Some blows were exchanged, and Turner went down.

Twenty-ninth.—Scroggins even now appeared well upon his legs, and he followed Turner all round the ring, and, in closing, Turner was undermost.

Thirtieth.—Scroggins felt determined to win if possible. Turner was hit away from his intention of going in. It was a good round, and both down.

Thirty-first.—Notwithstanding Scroggins showed himself off in good style, the chance was completely against him. He went down from a slight hit. Turner, in general, finished most of the rounds decidedly in his favour.

Thirty-second.—Scroggins went down from a severe hit in the body.

Thirty-third.—This was a good round. Scroggins followed his opponent in a desperate manner all over the ring, and Turner went down from a slip or a slight hit.

Thirty-fourth.—The *chancery* suit was fast coming on Scroggins, and his *nob* was completely at the service of his opponent. The little hardy hero nevertheless contended for victory, till he fell in an exhausted state.

Thirty-fifth.—If Scroggins was not satisfied of the superiority of his opponent, the spectators had long previous to this period been convinced that he had no chance of winning. He went down from a slight hit almost upon setting-to.

Thirty-sixth.—Turner sent down Scroggins in a twinkling, and his legs curled up.

Thirty-seventh.—The head of Scroggins was in a terrible state ; but, notwithstanding he stood at the scratch in a more firm state than might have been expected. He was shortly hit down ; and the general cry was “ take him away.”

Thirty-eighth.—The desperation of Scroggins was not quite exhausted, and he endeavoured to contend up to the last moment. He was so weak, that he went down from a mere touch.

Thirty-ninth and last.—His friends were now perfectly satisfied that Scroggins had done every thing that a brave man could attempt. The idea of *losing* seemed terrible to his feelings, and he again endeavoured to meet his opponent. On setting to the *punishment* of his adversary was so severe to him, that he turned, as it were, in a confused state from it, and fell forward upon the ropes. Turner instantly patted him on the back, implying, “you are a brave fellow!” The battle was now at an end.—Scroggins could not come again, and Turner immediately went up to him and shook him by the hand, before he quitted the ring. It continued one hour thirty-one minutes and a half.

Scroggins, from the brave conduct he displayed in the above battle, has completely removed all those *insinuations* which were levelled at him respecting his defeat at Sawbridgeworth, and established his character as a determined *game* boxer. Though defeated, he has not been disgraced ; but compelled, at length, to yield to superior skill, height, and length. It might not, perhaps, be too much to observe, that he is yet equal, if not able to beat any man of his *exact* height that dares to enter the lists with him. **TURNER**, from his distinguished conquests over a **HERO** like *Scroggins*, (who had gained such an ascendancy and attraction throughout the circles of the **FANCY**,) has placed himself at the *top of the tree* ! And it should also be

recollected, that he has fought ~~four~~ prize battles, and experienced eight weeks close confinement, added to the agitation of his mind during his trial, within the last twelve months. He is a truly singular boxer, possessing requisites rare and valuable; and his position, though not *showy*, is formidable in the extreme. Cool and collected in the heat of battle, with *game* of the first quality, TURNER retired from the ring with only a slight scratch upon his ear. He was well seconded by *Owen* and *Painter*. Whoever fancies TURNER for a *customer* must be armed at all points, and have all their *recollection* about them on entering the ring. His backers presented him, as the fruits of his victory, with the whole of the battle money. He returned to London on the same evening, and appeared among the company at *Belcher's*, as if nothing had happened. *Scroggins* showed himself in town the next morning, but his head exhibited terrible marks of *punishment*.

TURNER, in having accomplished this *second* victory, has obtained a high pugilistic eminence in the sporting World; but it might be fairly urged, that NED was literally "*dragged*" into his present *mill*ing popularity, from the repeated *meetings* his efforts received from the late unfortunate *Curtis*; and also the sovereign contempt his capabilities were treated by *Scroggins*: however, TURNER wears his "blushing honours" with becoming moderation. In disposition, he is modest, generous, unassuming, civil, and communicative. His countenance, it is thought, bears a great similarity to the features of the late *Dutch Sam*, but without that degree of ferocity which characterized the

expressive face of the Jew phenomenon. His flesh is of so close a texture, that, in all his fights, it appears, none of his opponents have ever been able to draw any blood from him. TURNER is in height about 5 feet 7 inches, weighing 10 stone 4 lb. He is more of an *effective* than a showy fighter, and peculiarly cautious and vigilant in the fight; scarcely ever making a blow first, but improving every opportunity with much quickness, from a sharp penetrating eye. TURNER is considered one of the most difficult boxers to be got at on the whole list of Pugilists. The distance he stands from his opponent is truly singular, and he avoids the coming blow with much dexterity. He also *gets away* with adroitness, and he uses his left hand with celerity and effect. His appearance does not indicate much strength; but, nevertheless, his length of arm is capable of every exertion, and it is said of TURNER that he can exercise with dumb-bells, weighing 18 pounds, 300 times, before he feels tired. His attitude is firm and erect, and his mode of standing, with his right leg foremost, puzzles all his adversaries, and it is viewed as a great means towards producing victory. No boxer, it is said, recovers himself after striking a blow with more quickness, rendering his position ready, either to commence offensive operations, or to protect his frame from the attacks of his opponent, than TURNER. This is a trait of excellence that few pugilists possess, in an eminent degree; and boxers, in general, do not seem to calculate upon its advantageous results towards conquest. *Tom Belcher*, in this respect, is a most excellent model. It is also urged by the friends

of TURNER that his boxing requisites have been seen to greater advantage in his accidental *skirmishes* than in those PRIZE FIGHTS which have so much enhanced his *milling* reputation, owing to labouring under those peculiar feelings which he cannot get the better of for some time after his entering the ring with an opponent, merely to obtain a purse.

His integrity is unquestionable, and, in Wales, he can be backed to any amount; and also in the metropolis he has equally numerous supporters. As a workman, it seems he can earn from £150 to £200 per annum.

TOM SHELTON, THE NAVIGATOR.

The truth you speak do lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore
When you should find the plaister.

I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am : nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice.

IN obedience to the dictates of truth, and towards fulfilling the character of an impartial Biographer, the Author feels reluctantly compelled to record one of the most singular and awful transactions which the above determined hero of the fist was engaged in, that ever occurred in the history of human nature !

It appears that SHELTON was indicted at the Quarter Sessions for the city of London, on the 14th Sept. 1812, in consequence of having assaulted *Croker*, one of the police officers, on the Hampstead-road, a short time previous to the above date, when the defendant was prevented FROM HANGING HIMSELF ON A LAMP-POST! through the interference of this spirited officer.

SHELTON, in company with a staunch *pal*, (according to the acceptation of the term,) had determined on a day's *spree* in the country, and the place fixed on, where the *cares of life* were to be relaxed over a *cloud* of the "best Virginia," was at the delightful village of Hampstead. To fill up the time, which, it seems, dragged somewhat heavily upon the hands of these "NON-DESCRIPTS," notwithstanding much fun and *larking* had occurred between them during their excursion, assisted with most copious libations of *heavy wet*, to prevent their arguments from becoming too *dry*, and also numerous invigorating *flashes of blue ruin*, to give point to their *oratory*, still the *amusements* they had experienced were not considered altogether complete, and, therefore, by way of putting a *finish* to the day, the old pot-house recreation of *gaffing* was the expedient hit upon. That slippery jade, Fortune, had tantalized SHELTON with alternate successes for some hours, when, at length, his *luck* turned, and he lost every thing that he possessed about his person—the *blunt* having first vanished, the *togs* followed in succession, and the last desperate stake produced (having nothing else left) was—HIS LIFE, *upon the cast of a die!!!*

Can such things be, and overcome us
Like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder?

The destructive effects of profligate gaming were never seen in a more horrid point of view than in this transaction between SHELTON and his associate. To what dreadful extremities are not men of superior education and mind often hurried from its pernicious effects, even when their imaginations have not been heated with the *juice of the grape*; but the desperate conduct of these two characters, (though evidently labouring under a state of inebriation,) exceeds every thing upon record. It is scarcely possible to admit the reality of the circumstance in question, *namely*—to witness one man “staking his life” with the most perfect indifference as to the event, and viewing the other, equally *callous*, not only in *winning* the precious life of a human being with as much satisfaction, apparently, as he would a piece of inanimate metal; but claiming the performance of the contract, with all the barbarous rigour of a SHYLOCK, *by having the defendant hanged at the first lamp, on their getting to the road across the fields!*

SHELTON, strange to remark, with the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness, anxious, as he thought, *to do the thing that was right*; or, in other words, fulfil the character of an honourable GAMBLER; with a composure and fortitude that would have done honour to a better cause, ascended the lamp-post, tied a *Belcher* handkerchief round his neck, which he affixed, by the command of the winner (his intimate friend), firmly to the post. Pending the suspension, however, the handkerchief gave way by the knot

going loose, not being tied by a more skilful JACK KETCH, *and the intended victim dropped—not into ETERNITY, but to the surface of the EARTH!*

And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

"Up again, quickly," cries his *friend*, insisting upon the full performance of the condition of the wager, to which SHELTON *assented without the slightest murmur, and again mounted to fix the knot more securely!*

While in this act, Croker accidentally passed the spot, and, upon being called, he immediately interposed, *sans cérémonie*, with the cudgel he held in his hand, and gave SHELTON several hard blows that brought him to the ground before he could accomplish the SECOND SUSPENSION! For this humane interposition—this stepping-in between a man and ETERNITY, with all his imperfections upon his head, Croker was requited with a pair of *black eyes*, and his *nose broken!*

In a false quarrel there's no true valour.

It was for this breach of the peace, that SHELTON was now placed at the bar; and, after the case was fully proved against him, he pleaded *son assault de même*, and called witnesses to prove that Croker had first struck him three times before he retaliated, adding that the officer had not shown his staff of authority before he had struck him, and INSISTING that he had A RIGHT TO HANG HIMSELF, *as he lost*

the wager, and it would have been considered UNFAIR if he had not fully performed the bet !!!

By heav'ns ! methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon !
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without co-rivals all her dignities.
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

After the learned chairman had most humanely observed upon the FOLLY and OBSTINACY of SHELTON in accusing the officer of assault for performing an act of imperative duty, by preventing the impious act of *intended suicide*, the Jury returned a verdict of guilty.

Upon the sentence being promulgated, the wife of SHELTON, in person, addressed the bench, stating, that in consequence of this prosecution she was ruined in her little shop and business, and her four young children deprived of the means of subsistence, which had cost her no less than £18, and left her unable to defray farther expenses, in case the sentence should require it : but added, with considerable feeling, that, excepting some such irregular fits and frolics, he was a good husband, and laborious and attentive to his duties.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad ; so may my husband.

The bench, in consequence of the good character given of her " lord and master " by the female pleader, were induced to grant SHELTON his immediate liberation.

The *gameness* displayed by men in the ring, in comparison with the "daringness" or "hardihood" evinced by SHELTON in the above "unparalleled transaction," is as snow before the sun; and the usual mode of expressing courageous acts, by using the phrases of fortitude, resignation, &c. in this instance are quite out of the question: in fact, a term is wanting, not to be found even in any of our copious modern dictionaries, emphatically to designate this species of "action," that, upon the *toss up of a halfpenny*, the finest feelings of nature were in an instant obliterated—the important ties of husband and father forgotten—no compunction for the past transactions of life manifested—and the important consequences of the FUTURE not even thought of! It is a subject so *nouvelle* in its kind, that sets all theoretical researches into the human character at defiance; and only reminds us, that, with all our experience, still "the proper study of mankind is man!"

This determined hero is a native of Wrotham, in Kent, and was born on the 1st of May, 1787, within a mile of the place where the Championship of England was contended for between *Big Ben* and *Tom Johnson*. Shelton is in weight about 12 stone 7 lb. and in height 5 feet 10 inches. He is a scientific boxer—a truly brave man in the ring—a good infighter, but a left-handed hitter.

His first battle took place in Tothil-fields, for ten guineas a-side, with one *Fitzgerald*, an Irishman. SHELTON fought under the auspices of *Caleb Baldwin*. *Paddy* was a "big one," weighing upwards of 13 stone. The above mentioned battle was contested on both

sides, for the space of 54 minutes, with much manhood and science, when SHELTON was declared the conqueror. The amateurs, who witnessed the efforts of the navigator upon this occasion, were astonished at the boxing requisites he displayed.

He next entered the lists with *Harry Harmer*, for an account of that distinguished battle, see page 50; upon that occasion SHELTON was defeated.

A Suffolk farmer, of the name of *Studd*, of superior weight and strength, anxious to obtain the honours of the ring, was matched with SHELTON, for a subscription purse of twenty-five guineas, which took place, on Tuesday, the 27th of June, 1815, at Moulsey-hurst. *Harmer* and *Oliver* seconded SHELTON; and *Studd* was waited upon by *Richmond* and *Painter*. SHELTON was the favourite, 2 to 1.

First round.—The superiority of *science* was soon discovered to be on the side of Shelton. The farmer endeavoured to *thrash* his opponent straight forward, and succeeded in planting two hits, but he was awkwardness itself. A rally took place, in which *Studd* got the worst of it, and went down from a severe blow upon one of his peepers. The odds were all upon Shelton.

Second.—The farmer had no pretensions to scientific boxing, and *bored* in without the slightest judgement. Shelton *nobbed* him with the utmost ease, and, at length, hit him down. Four to one on Shelton.

Third.—The farmer could not tell what to make of it, and seemed quite stupid. The *claret* was seen trickling down his mug, from the repeated facers he had experienced, and he was *floored* from a right-handed blow. His head was completely in *chancery*.

Fourth.—*Studd* was quite *abroad* and he was sent down with the utmost ease. Twenty to one upon Shelton.

Fifth.—Shelton's work was all done, and victory was now certain. *Studd*, without any discretion, rushed head-foremost

in; but the left hand of Shelton paid him most dearly for his temerity, and he was again sent down.

Sixth.—Studd, rather desperate, fought his way into a rally, and made one or two hits at random; but Shelton, with the utmost ease, *milled* him down. All betters but no takers.

Seventh.—Shelton hit his opponent all over the ring with the utmost *sang froid*; and sent him down as heretofore.

Eighth.—On coming to the scratch, it was evident the countryman would not last long. He appeared to be much better acquainted with *thrashing* of corn than capable of entering the prize-ring to box for a sum of money. This *Johnny Raw*, it should seem, had flattered himself that the possession of *strength* was the main qualification for making a win, but he paid dearly for his erroneous notions. The *science* of Shelton rendered him so much at ease over his opponent, that he treated the attempts of Studd with the utmost contempt—he hit him all round the ropes, and then finished the round, by planting a severe *floorer*.

Ninth and last.—The farmer, at length, was completely satisfied that he had no chance whatever, and resigned the contest. Shelton retired from the ring without a mark upon his face, or a blow of any consequence. Studd was much *punished*, and his optics in a damaged state. This combat did not exceed thirteen minutes and a half.

Owing, it is said, to some private pique, a match was made between SHELTON and *Richmond*, the man of colour, which took place at Moulsey-hurst, on Tuesday, the 1st of August, 1815, in which the former was defeated. SHELTON, it seems, had received some instructions from *Richmond*. See page 131. From the above period to the publication of this Volume, SHELTON did not exhibit in the ring; and although not materially declined in person, he suffered much from indisposition, which tended to produce considerable weakness in his style as a boxer. It appears, he derived much instruction from the experience of time, and is, at the moment of

publication, a civil well-behaved member of society, and industriously following his occupation as a navigator.

TOM OWEN,

(DENOMINATED, IN THE OLD SCHOOL, THE FIGHT-
ING OILMAN, AND) THE CONQUEROR OF
BULLY HOOPER.

For knowledge of *life*, and rigs of the town,
TOM OWEN's the lad that always is *down*!
He's *awake* in the FANCY, alive in the ring—
And merriest of *chaunts* he's ready to sing;
As a GOOD SECOND, Tom's entitled to fame,
He'll win if he can, and stands up for the *game*!

THIS pugilistic hero, it appears, derived considerable notoriety, in the sporting circles, from his conquests over the renowned *Hooper*, the tinman, whose name was a terror to the boxing ring! TOM is a native of Hampshire, and was born at Portsea, on the 21st of December, 1768. The first trial of skill, in which OWEN exhibited some knowledge of the pugilistic art, was with one *Bill Savage*, in a field, near Portsea. It was a severe battle on both sides, and contested with manly spirit for upwards of an hour, when victory crowned the efforts of OWEN. *Jones*, belonging to the dock-yard, was his second upon this occasion.

OWEN, soon after the above *set-to*, arrived in the metropolis to follow the occupation of an *oilman*. In passing through the Haymarket, with a jar of oil upon his shoulders, he was rudely assailed by a huge



Drawn by G. Sharpley.

Engraved by H. Wood.

TOM OWEN.

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carman, and in danger of having his jar broken and the loss of its contents. TOM remonstrated on the ill usage he had received from the *carman*, but, instead of any thing like an apology from this piece of uncultivated nature, he struck OWEN a severe blow. TOM's indignation was roused, and a battle was the immediate consequence; when, in the course of a few minutes, TOM *punished* the *Knight of the whip* so terribly for his insolence, that his head was swelled nearly as big as a bushel, and his sight so much injured, as to be rendered incapable of driving his cart home. This sharp *turn-up* was accidentally witnessed by *Charley Cohant*, a pugilist of some note at that period, and who felt so much pleased with the boxing capabilities displayed by TOM, that he immediately introduced him to Mr. JACKSON, as a candidate for the honours of the prize-ring.

OWEN was matched against *Hooper* for 100 guineas, and the above combatants met to decide this contest, at Harrow, on the 14th of November, 1796. OWEN was seconded by *Joe Ward* and *Juck Bartholomew*; and *Hooper* by the *Old Ruffian* and *Paddington Jones*. The battle continued one hour and four minutes, occupying fifty rounds. OWEN won it with considerable ease; his hands being the most hurt.

In about ten weeks after, *Hooper* not being satisfied with the above fight, another match for 100 guineas was made between OWEN and the former, who was backed by the late Lord CAMELFORD, and fought within half a mile of Harrow. *Joe Ward* and *Bill Warr* seconded OWEN; and the *Ruffian* attended upon *Hooper*. OWEN won this battle in equally good

style ; but, unfortunately for TOM, the stake-holder had his pocket picked of the 100 guineas, near the ring, and he had only to console himself with the *honour of victory*. OWEN never got a *single farthing* afterwards. The fame of OWEN had now made some progress, and a match for 25 guineas a-side was made between *Jack Bartholomew* and TOM, which took place at Moulsey-hurst, August 22, 1797. *George Maddox* and *Goff* seconded OWEN upon this occasion. It was a truly desperate battle, and highly spoken of, at the time, by the amateurs, for the great courage displayed on both sides ; and it was so much in favour of OWEN during one period of the fight, that 5 to 1 was betted on him without hesitation ; but owing to missing his aim from over-reaching himself, OWEN, it seems, received so tremendous a hit from his adversary, that he lost the battle in not coming to time.

On September 2, 1799, for 10 guineas a-side, TOM entered the lists with one *Houssa*, a Jew, on the race-ground, at Enfield. *Joe Ward* was second to OWEN. The latter, it appears, was so desperately beaten in this contest, after a struggle of 40 minutes, that he was incapable of coming to the scratch in due time, leaving the Jew, the conqueror.

OWEN fought with a man of the name of *Davis*, at Deptford, a digger of the docks, for one hour. *Davis* weighed 14 stone, and was considered as a good boxer in the neighbourhood ; but TOM, who was seconded by *Bill Smith*, won it in first-rate style.

A *Jack Tar*, belonging to the Queen Charlotte, and the boxing hero of Portsmouth, entered the lists with

OWEN, at the above place, for 10 guineas a-side. The Sailor, from his weight, which was 16 stone, and possessing other milling requisites, was a terror to most men for miles round the country; but, in the hands of TOM, in the course of an hour, he was literally cut to pieces. *Bolt*, of Portsmouth, seconded OWEN.

At a benefit which TOM took at the Horse-Shoe and Hoop Tavern, Tower-bill, *Bartholomew* and OWEN had some words together, respecting their fight at Moulsey, when these two heroes decided their quarrel upon the spot, and, in this casual *turn-up*, the smiles of victory crowned the exertions of OWEN in a quarter of an hour.

Soon after TOM had defeated *Hooper*, he was taken by a few of his friends, disguised in the round frock of a *countryman*, to the Fourteen Stars, in Rosemary-lane, to be present at a sparring exhibition, at which place several of the Jews displayed considerable talent. One *Abraham Robes*, the leader of the party, and a first-rate *setter-to*, offered to accommodate any gentleman in company, by a trial with the *gloves*. TOM's friends now introduced the pretended *countryman* to have a bout, which occasioned no small degree of smiling among the *tribe of Israel*, when Owen put on the *muffers*, particularly *Aby*, who flattered himself how the poor *countryman's nob* would be punished for his stupidity, and the diversion it would afford to the spectators in general. But the scene was soon changed, and the *countrymen* at length discovered, from the Jew's receiving such a tremendous *floorer* in the wind, that he laid for some time on the ground insen-

sible, from the effect of its severity, and could not get upon his legs, and was ultimately obliged to be carried home.

Few boxers, it is said, have fought more battles than OWEN; and in most of the sea-port towns TOM has exhibited.

But OWEN, at length, met with an opponent that proved too strong for him, and, notwithstanding all the *science* he displayed, in getting away from the LAW for upwards of a twelvemonth, TOM was compelled at last to strike his colours. At the Surrey Sessions, in January, 1805, our hero was indicted for a riot and conspiracy, on Putney-common, in aiding and abetting *Bourke* and *Pearce* to fight a pitched battle. The Counsel for the prosecution, Mr. *Morris*, observed the object of this indictment was to convince the public of their misconception, in believing that boxing contests were legal. The parties, who fought, from a false notion of honour, might have an excuse; what defence the seconds could make on such occasions, he was at a loss to determine.

Richard Lovett and *Jackson*, two police officers, proved that OWEN was second to *Bourke*, and the fight had begun when witnesses broke into the ring, and desired the defendant and others to disperse, or they would be prosecuted; but their remonstrances were of no avail; the battle continued for an hour, and *Bourke* was carried off the ground dreadfully beaten.

Upon the part of OWEN, it was contended by his Counsel, Mr. *Laws*, that he was entitled to an acquittal, and no more guilty of a conspiracy than the

noblemen and others who remained after the police officers had warned them to depart. If that great orator Demosthenes, or a herald with a trumpet, had endeavoured, at the commencement of the fight, to persuade the spectators to retire, their efforts would have proved useless; the battle had begun, and the confusion so great, that his client could not hear what the officers imparted. He trusted the Jury, upon an impartial view of the defendant's conduct, would not entertain a belief of his guilt; and, from the circumstance of his having served the King, in the impress service, for a number of years, with the greatest respectability, they would, by their verdict, once more restore him to the enjoyment of his liberty.

The Jury, who were some time in deliberation upon the subject, found OWEN guilty, and he was sentenced to THREE MONTHS imprisonment, in Horsemonger-lane.

OWEN is of prepossessing appearance, and in height about five feet ten inches, weighing 12 stone. He is full of fun and anecdote; a good knowledge of life; of a cheerful disposition; sings a flash song with much characteristic point and humour; and the company TOM spends an evening with will not have to complain, that the time has proved tedious or dull upon their hands. He is also well acquainted with the old school of Boxers; and has given a public imitation of their various attitudes and modes of fighting with effect and success.

In the character of a *second*, OWEN yields to no boxer upon the list. He attends to the interest of the men placed under his care, with much judgement and

alacrity, frequently regulating their conduct throughout *training*; and, in the ring, his cheerful mode of encouraging them towards victory has not only had the effect of removing doubt from their minds, but generally proved successful. The mode OWEN adopted with *Turner* against *Scroggins*, and in the memorable instance of winning the battle for *Sutton* against *Painter*, are such strong instances in his favour, and proofs of his sound judgement, that any further eulogium upon his merits in this capacity is totally unnecessary.

Black Sam,

(OTHERWISE SAM ROBINSON.)

MOLINEAUX and RICHMOND having distinguished themselves with so much success in the pugilistic circles, it should seem, induced other *Men of Colour* to come forward, and endeavour to make a similar impression upon the minds of the FANCY in general, without even considering how far they were in possession of those boxing requisites which have placed these heroes so high upon the fighting list. Nothing can be so different as *sparring* and FIGHTING; and the *ring* gives so clear and *practical* an explanation of these terms, that the best dictionaries must fall short in even attempting to describe them in theory. It also informs a man whether he has any *game* in him or not,—and if, after having been severely *milled*, he has any relish for more trials, it

then proves the fact beyond all doubt. *Cribb* and *Dogherty* are lively instances in this particular point of view.

ROBINSON, although not realizing the pugilistic eminence of *Molineaux* and *Richmond*, has nevertheless, it appears, from his frequent exploits in the ring, acquired considerable notoriety as a boxer. SAM is a native of New York, in America, and was employed as a labourer, in the service of Mr. Johnson, a pavior, in Westminster, when he first offered himself to *Oliver* as a promising candidate for *milling* honours. The general appearance of ROBINSON indicates bodily strength, and, when stripped in the ring, his *bust* is considered to possess much athletic beauty; in height about five feet nine inches, and weighing 14 stone. His *nob*, at all times, is far removed from the attractive qualities of an *Adonis*, but, in battle, it assumes an aspect truly terrific. SAM's first attempt at pugilism is said to have been with a man denominated "*Billy the broker*," for a guinea a-side, near St. George's Row, Westminster. It was a hard fought battle, and, for 35 minutes, the time it continued, SAM displayed good courage, and came off conqueror, in better style than was expected.

Under the care and tuition of *Oliver*, SAM, it seems, acquired a tolerable knowledge of the art of boxing; and he was, at length, matched for a trifling sum, with the rough and hardy *Cockey*. This *trial-match* was decided in a field, a few miles from town, on the Edgware-road. The Black rose in the estimation of the spectators, from the spirited manner in which he gained this contest. It was a long battle,

and much heavy *milling* passed between the combatants, and it has been urged, that *Crockey* never fought so courageously as he did this day with *ROBINSON*.

The friends of *SAM* thought him capable of achieving something higher, and he was accordingly matched with *Butcher*, a navigator, for a subscription-purse of ten guineas, at Coombe-warren, in a twenty-four feet ring, on March 14, 1816. *Butcher's* character, as a *game* man and a natural fighter, was well understood; and, from the repeated conquests he had obtained, among his own hardy race of men, it was considered that *ROBINSON* would have his work to do to win the battle. The usual ceremony being performed, of shaking hands, the men *set-to* :—

First round.—The Man of Colour immediately let fly at the Navigator; but the latter returned with the utmost gaiety. *Milling* seemed the intent of both the combatants, who had fought their way into a desperate rally, when *Butcher* was sent down.

Second.—The Black took the lead decidedly in this round, although his adversary drew the *claret* from his mouth. A rally occurred, in which some tremendous blows were exchanged. In closing, it was plain the strength was on the side of *Robinson*, who threw his man with the most apparent ease. 2 to 1 on *Robinson*.

Third.—*Robinson* had no hesitation about his efforts, and went to work in the most finishing style of execution. In a rally the *punishment* was terrific; but *Robinson* *bored* down *Butcher* out of the ring.

Fourth.—The *pluck* of *Butcher* was excellent, and he returned upon the Black in a sharp and dexterous style. In closing, *Robinson* had the superiority, from his prodigious strength.

Fifth.—The Man of Colour went down from a hit; but it was not viewed as a complete *floorer*. Great applause. "Well done, *Butcher*!"

Sixth.—Robinson was the hero of this round, he out-fought his opponent with much superiority; but the Navigator exchanged hits with him till he went down rather exhausted. In falling, Butcher received a severe blow. 2 to 1 on the Black.

Seventh.—Butcher commenced *milling* with great severity, and kept the lead. The Black returned furiously, and both seemed to have had enough of it, when the Man of Colour received a *throttler* that *floored* him like a shot. Uproarious applause; and the odds dropped something.

Eighth. The men immediately fought their way into a desperate rally, in which the Navigator was conspicuous, from the *nobbing* hits he planted upon the Man of Colour; but the latter, with the fury of a bull, bored down the Man of Clay.

Ninth.—The fighting was again contested with equal vigour, as in the above round, till the Navigator went down.

Tenth.—Good *milling* on both sides, till they got down.

Eleventh.—It is impossible to convey an accurate description of this round. In point of real courage, it was equal to any thing of the kind ever witnessed. At times, they hit each other away so desperately, that a short pause occurred, before they could return in an offensive manner. At length, the attack was renewed with more obstinacy than the former, and they *milled* each other on the ropes almost suspended, till nature compelled them to drop, equally exhausted. The applause was immense.

Twelfth.—This was a short round. The Man of Colour soon got the Navigator down.

Thirteenth.—Fighting without intermission occurred, but the Black had the best of it. The Navigator was *floored*. Three to 1 on Robinson.

Fourteenth.—The Man of Clay stood up like a hero, and fought with the most determined resolution, till he was sent down.

Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth.—The Man of Colour took the lead decidedly, in these rounds, and completely out-fought his opponent, who went down every time.

Eighteenth. — The Navigator, not dismayed, planted

several good blows upon Robinson's *nob*; but the latter fought his way to the ropes, when Butcher went down very exhausted.

Nineteenth.—The Black received a heavy fall.

Twentieth.—The Man of Colour again struggled with his opponent, but, nevertheless, he went down.

Twenty-first.—In this round Butcher surprised the spectators, from the superiority he displayed. He hit the Man of Colour in every direction, and not only threw him, but fell with all his weight upon Robinson.

Twenty-second.—From the severe *milling* that had occurred between the combatants, it was astonishing to see with what firmness they both came up to the scratch. Some desperate blows were exchanged, but the Black had the best of it, and the Navigator was knocked down.

Twenty-third.—This round was terrible in the extreme. The combatants both seemed insensible to the heavy blows they received; and, notwithstanding being hit away from each other, they returned to the attack with the most perfect indifference. Butcher, at length, *floored* the Man of Colour like a shot.

Twenty-fourth.—Robinson commenced with great spirit, and closed the round, by *levelling* his opponent.

Twenty-fifth.—The *gluttony* of the combatants astonished every one present; but it was clearly seen, that Robinson ultimately must prove the conqueror, from the possession of boxing requisites superior to his brave opponent.

Twenty-sixth to Thirty-eighth. — During these twelve rounds the conduct of Butcher was a fine specimen of native courage; but he never obtained a decided change in his favour, so as to alter the opinion of the amateurs, respecting the termination of the event.

Thirty-ninth.—The generosity of Robinson in this round, and also in a previous instance, cannot be too highly promulgated. He had Butcher twice in a suspended state upon the ropes, when a hit must have produced him *victory*, but his *HUMANITY* rose superior to the advantage that offered itself, and he walked away with uplifted hands, gratified with a higher feeling. It should not be forgotten, this noble trait was evinced by a *Man of Colour*!

Fortieth to Forty-fourth and last.—The Navigator contended with the most determined spirit; till not the slightest *chance* remained; but he could not be prevailed upon to pronounce the reluctant NO! to a brave mind. It was, however, deemed dangerous by the umpires for Butcher to proceed, and, under their direction, he was taken out of the ring: The battle continued 47 minutes.

The above manly contest brought ROBINSON into considerable notice; and his generous conduct throughout the fight gained him many patrons. *Butcher* also proved himself a hero worthy triumphing over,—his courage was of the first order,—and any thing like stopping between the combatants was out of the question. ROBINSON eager, it seems, to obtain a higher situation on the pugilistic roll of fame, felt no hesitation in being matched with *Carter*, for a purse of 25 guineas, given by the P. C. in addition to the stakes of 25 guineas a-side. But in this contest, which was decided at Moulsey-hurst, on Wednesday, April 24, 1816, he was defeated in the short space of *seventeen minutes and a half!* The superior tactics of *Carter* so bothered ROBINSON, that he had not a single *chance* during the battle.

The amateurs, however, still thought ROBINSON an object of attraction; and, to give the FANCY, in general, a *nouvelle* sort of entertainment, it was determined to put the

Prize Ring in Mourning!

And a match, in consequence, for £20 a-side, was made between the above *sombre* hero and *Stephenson*, the black, both having been recently defeated by

Carter. This *dark* contest took place at Coombe-wood, on the 28th of May, 1816, but the amateurs of rank were by no means so numerous as on former occasions, anticipating, it is said, that it would be a mere burlesque on fighting; it being well known the above men were so easily disposed of in the hands of a first-rate boxer, and that they possessed none of the talents of *Richmond* and *Molineaux*, or any thing like them. *ROBINSON* first showed and threw up his hat, and was soon followed by *Stephenson*. The latter was seconded by *Richmond* and *Harmer*; and *ROBINSON* by *Oliver* and a stranger. The battle lasted one hour and twelve minutes, and sixty-eight rounds took place as follow:—

First round.—On setting-to Robinson put in a facer, when Stephenson retreated, and Robinson run after him, but hit short; a few blows were exchanged, and in closing they both fell, but Robinson undermost.

Second.—Stephenson set-to in good style, and followed Robinson so sharply, that he almost went out of the ring; and went down from a slight hit, a sort of slip.

Third.—Several good blows were exchanged, when they closed, and Stephenson fibbed his opponent severely; but in throwing Robinson had the advantage.

Fourth.—Robinson hit his man, when Stephenson returned sharply, and acted upon the getting-away system. In closing, Stephenson went down.

Fifth.—This was a good round. Some heavy blows passed between them, and Stephenson went to work in earnest, and threw down Robinson most severely.

Sixth.—Robinson rather panic-struck, after receiving some blows, went down of his own accord. Disapprobation expressed.

Seventh.—Robinson went in and punished away in style, and had the best of the round. Stephenson down.

Eighth.—Stephenson, from his strength, seemed now ca-

pable of performing more than was expected, and put in some severe facers. Robinson fought well, but was ultimately thrown.

Ninth.—A few lunging hits, and Robinson was again down.

Tenth.—Stephenson punished his opponent's nob terribly, and got away; but in a close, his strength enabled him to send down Robinson.

Eleventh.—Robinson made a body hit, and Stephenson retreated and went on his knees. Disapprobation.

Twelfth.—Stephenson having Richmond so near him, began to follow the advice of his master, put in some good blows and got away. Robinson followed in good style, but in closing went down.

Thirteenth.—Stephenson put in a facer, but Robinson returned on the body, and had the best of the round. Stephenson's strength enabled him again to throw his opponent. Both appeared rather weak.

Fourteenth.—Robinson went to work with spirit, and several good blows were exchanged between them. Stephenson's long arm felt for his opponent's nob terribly, and in closing sent him down.

Fifteenth.—Stephenson put in two clean hits and got away; but Robinson followed him and gave him a severe facer, but was at length thrown.

Sixteenth.—Robinson gave his opponent a heavy body blow, and in closing Stephenson went down.

Seventeenth.—A few blows exchanged, and Robinson again thrown.

Eighteenth.—It now appeared to the amateurs, that it was not to be an apology for a fight, and it was something more serious than *larking*. Betting had changed a little, but Robinson was still the favourite. Stephenson set-to with spirit, and there was a smile upon his countenance, and displayed considerable gaiety, but was at length hit down.

Nineteenth.—Stephenson made three good hits, but Robinson went in furiously, and felt for his opponent's wind, and bored him down.

Twentieth.—This was a curious round altogether, and Stephenson finished it by lifting his opponent completely off his legs, and threw him sharply down.

Twenty-first.—Some good hits, but Stephenson fell. Betting 20 to 5 against Stephenson.

Twenty second to Twenty-ninth.—A great deal of *thumping* took place in these rounds, and they were generally closed by Robinson being thrown; but in the 29th, Robinson cross-buttocked his opponent.

Thirtieth.—Stephenson by dint of strength hit Robinson away, but fell on his knees. Disapprobation expressed.

Thirty-first.—In closing this round, Stephenson fibbed his opponent severely and sent him down.

Thirty-second to thirty-eighth.—Though so many rounds had been fought, yet it might be termed a *bloodless* fight. Their blows though heavy and often told, yet from their complexion and close skin, there was no appearance of effective punishment having passed between them. In this last round, Stephenson turned round from a hit, and grappled his opponent's thigh, and threw him. Stephenson began to show great distress, and Robinson generally came freshest to the scratch.—5 to 1 on Robinson.

Thirty-ninth to Fifty-first.—Stephenson, during these rounds, seemed to profit from some advice that Harmer gave him, and put in several *nobbing* hits, and generally, from strength in closing, got his man down. In this last round Robinson showed considerable superiority, several hits were exchanged, a sort of hug took place, when they broke away, and Stephenson went down from a severe hit. (Great applause.)

Fifty-second.—Robinson put in a body blow, and Stephenson retreated, and laid down, as it were, to avoid the coming blow.

Fifty-third to Fifty-ninth.—Nothing particular transpired, but, in the 59th, Stephenson again got himself down.

Sixtieth.—Robinson clearly hit his opponent down, and laughed. Any odds upon Robinson.

Sixty-first to Sixty-eighth and last.—Robinson now evidently had the superiority in every round, and Stephenson was only prolonging the battle to obtain a chance. He certainly tried to win, by going down several times. At length he became so distressed, that it was useless to proceed, and he was so tired of it, that in the last round he turned and looked about to find an opening to be off, but was at length hit down; and thus finished this black *mill*.

If first-rate science was not displayed between these *Men of Colour*, they certainly made a good battle of it—and the fighting amateurs were most agreeably disappointed. ROBINSON seemed the most determined man, and showed considerable *bottom*, as the falls he received might, in a great measure, have defeated him. *Stephenson* is the strongest man; but his blows did not appear so effective towards victory as ROBINSON's. However, it was considered, that both the combatants had retrieved their characters, and need not be ashamed again to enter the ring.

The friends of ROBINSON were anxious to give him an opportunity of retrieving his laurels with *Carter*, and a hasty and *nouvelle* bet was entered into, for twenty pounds a-side, that the *Lancashire Hero* did not beat ROBINSON in *half an hour*. This *match against time* was a new feature in the prize-ring, excited considerable attention in the sporting circles, and, on Wednesday, the 26th of June, 1816, it took place, on Coombe-warren. Twenty-eight minutes and a half had elapsed, and ROBINSON was both good in strength and wind; but, owing to his falling without a blow, (which circumstance occasioned great disputes between the different partisans,) it was decided against him. It is, however, fair to state, this *decision* was by no means satisfactory to the sporting circles generally; although the bets were paid.

Our hero, who preferred enjoying all the good things of this life, more than adhering to the rigid principles of *training*, was induced to enter the lists with *Sutton*, a man of Colour, and a *new adventurer* in the field of glory. The above *dark ones* met at

Doncaster-Races, on Wednesday, September 25, 1816, for a subscription purse, when ROBINSON was beat nearly off hand, in 36 minutes. The latter, it is true, entered the ring a few hours after he arrived, and had been overturned in the coach on his journey to Doncaster. But had not this circumstance occurred, *Sutton* could beat him at any time.

The *honour* of ROBINSON, it seems, was at stake at Ferrybridge, in Yorkshire, in December 1816, with one of his pupils, of the name of *Taylor*, a promising *chick*, but rather of an irritable disposition. In *setting-to*, ROBINSON was compelled to *glove-mill* this young disciple of the fist severely, in order to prevent the laugh from going against him from the surrounding spectators, *Taylor* having endeavoured to out-spar his master. A fight was the result, and *Taylor*, "who had previously crept into favour with himself," was, in the short space of nineteen minutes, completely convinced of his error, and *taught* to feel the sorry difference between *theory* and practice. It was a prime adventure for *Blackee*, who pocketed a subscription purse of ten pounds.

The frowns of fortune still followed ROBINSON, and he was again defeated by *George Cooper*, at Costerton Honyhead, near Edinburgh, for a purse of 50 guineas, on February 24, 1817. In the hands of this superior fighter, the *Man of Colour* was disposed of in the same *finishing* style that *Cooper* conquered *Jay* at Shepperton.

But ROBINSON at length got a small turn in his favour. In strolling through various parts of the

country, it appears, he met with a doubtful customer, of the name of *Fangill*, near Shellock, in Ayrshire, Scotland, on Wednesday, June 25, 1817. The cause, it appears, originated in a whiskey-shop on the preceding evening, when the *Man of Colour* was recounting his "deeds of arms," and the valorous feats he had achieved in the field of glory—this latter sentence roused the attention of *Fangill*, a young, brawny, athletic *Highlander*, who had braved the hottest fires of the late campaign, and, on the plains of *Waterloo*, felt the glowing expression, in asserting, "I WAS THERE!" *Fangill* instantly checked the "heroics" of ROBINSON—and as fighting, professionally, belonged to both of them, the *Highlander* challenged the *Black* to a trial of skill, which the sombre Hero of the ring immediately accepted. The stakes were trifling, and the liberality of a subscription was to compensate their efforts. On setting-to, the *Highlander* made a furious charge, as if attacking the French *cuirassiers*, and though ROBINSON retreated a little from the impetuous shock, yet he was not able sufficiently to get away to prevent his being ultimately *floored*. The art of *milling*, it seems, was decidedly in favour of the *Black*; but the strength and courage of his opponent were of the first order, and the *Highlander* was not completely subdued till upwards of 40 minutes had elapsed, and near 20 rounds had been gallantly contested. *Fangill* experienced severe *punishment*, and he was nearly deprived of vision before he was taken from the ring. ROBINSON did not escape *shot free*—and in addition to several *city castors* upon his dark *canvas*, he also received a

tremendous hit under one of his *listeners*, that *bothered* his *upper works* for four rounds, equal to a knotty point in *chancery*, before he was again able to resume his regular *practice*. It was the superiority of *science* that brought to the *Man of Colour* the cheering sound of victory.

ROBINSON, it appears, is not of an idle disposition, and, to keep his hands in *practice*, does not refuse any offer that presents itself which may be turned to account. The ring is his *work-shop*, and he again entered it with a Northumberland man of the name of *Dent*, on the 5th of December, 1817, near Gretna-green, Scotland. The battle, in question, originated from a slight *turn-up*, on the day previous, with the above *sombre* hero, in which *Dent* rather took the lead of the *Man of Colour*. In consequence of the success the former met with, his confidence prompted him to fight a regular battle for five guineas a-side. After 23 minutes of downright *milling*, the Northumberland man received an accidental hit upon his kidneys, that compelled him to resign the contest; previous to which blow, it seems, it was 6 to 4 in his favour. ROBINSON, although in the hands of scientific boxers, has experienced defeats, yet his *capabilities* are not to be viewed *contemptuously* by rough untutored *commoners*!

In concluding this sketch, little more is necessary to be observed, than that ROBINSON is nearly thirty years of age. In disposition, he appears to be good-natured, rather humourous, and tolerably communicative. He possesses considerable vivacity; is fond of dress—and extremely attentive to the fair sex. The *Man of Colour* has nothing like *ferocity* attached to his

composition; and, in society, he is not inattentive to the rules of decorum. As a pugilist, his qualifications never soared to a high pitch of *scientific* excellence; and, in all his battles, his *head* was too open to the attack of his opponent. ROBINSON, in all probability, might have attained a more prominent situation in the sporting circles, had he experienced the improving advantages of a *Corinthian* patron; but, under all the circumstances of his pugilistic career, he is certainly entitled to rank above *mediocrity*.

PURCELL, the Farrier.

THIS *hammering* son of VULCAN, although he has left the *heat* of the forge for the *warmer* service of the ring, does not appear to have accomplished any great exploit in the pugilistic field of glory. PURCELL, if not a direct pupil of *Tom Oliver*, it seems, has derived considerable instruction from the frequent practice he has had with that *game* boxer. PURCELL is considered a showy fighter, and can use both hands with tolerable ease and dexterity. He made his *débüt* in the prize-ring with *Jack Johnson*, the Paddington carrier, by whom he was defeated, in August, 1815, after a good display of *milling* talent. Two years having elapsed during which PURCELL, from the part he has taken in various *sparring* exhibitions,

was considered to have materially improved his knowledge of the pugilistic art, was, at length, matched with *Harry Lancaster*, who had also been conquered by *Johnson*. The above heroes met on the plains of Moulsey, on Tuesday, the 9th of Sept. 1817. The amateurs again assembled on the above romantic spot, so delightfully abounding with picturesque scenery and effect (now termed by some of the FANCY, the "*Pugilistic Waterloo*"), to witness some good specimens of *science*, supported by true British valour. The heroes were not so attractive as those who usually exhibit, and added to Harlowe-bush-fair, Enfield-races, &c. occurring at that period, in some manner accounts for the scarcity of spectators on this occasion. Neither did Mr. JACKSON honour the combatants with his presence. The *absence* of this gentleman is not only felt by all the patrons of the art respecting the *etiquette* of the proceedings; but, to the losing men, it is a positive loss. In the cause of the unfortunate, a more successful *gold-beater* is not to be found. However, upon the whole, the day's sport was tolerably well managed, and, to increase the comfort of the *Corinthians*, three large well-built stands, erected for the Hampton-races, were left in the same state, and the ring of 24 feet was formed within a few feet of the above superior accommodation. *Lancaster* had been *trained* by *Owen*, and every thing done to render him confident. The battle-money was for twenty guineas a-side. At a quarter past one the fight commenced. *Owen* and *Cribb* for *Lancaster*; and *Harmer* and *Jones* for PURCELL. Five and 6 to 4 on the latter.

First round.—Some little sparring took place, when Purcell made a slight hit on Lancaster's *nob*. An exchange of blows occurred sharply between them, and Purcell went down.

Second.—Purcell hit over Lancaster's shoulder, when the latter planted two good facers. Both the combatants got into work, and Purcell was hit down.

Third.—Lancaster showed the best science, and milled his opponent so severely that he turned round, when Harry again sent him down. Purcell's *mug* was *clarted*.

Fourth.—Lancaster stood on the defensive, and received three facers without giving any return. Harry, at length, put in a severe blow on Purcell's neck, when he went down. The *claret* began to peep now upon Lancaster's face.

Fifth.—Lancaster had the best of this round decidedly; and hit Purcell as he was going down. Some cries of "foul—fair!"

Sixth.—The men got into a close, and broke away. Lancaster planted a hit on Purcell's forehead, and he again went down. The odds began to shift, and Lancaster appeared by far the best man.

Seventh.—Purcell put in three slight facers without receiving any return. But, whenever Lancaster went in to *mill*, the superiority was evident, and Purcell was always, at the end of the round, on the grass.

Eighth.—Purcell commenced this round with gaiety, when, after some few blows were exchanged, he appeared to fall without a blow, and Lancaster, in consequence, hit right over him. Considerable hissing.

Ninth.—In closing, both down.

Tenth.—Lancaster stopped with great skill, and planted some good blows. He also behaved very manly to Purcell, in falling with his hands over him, instead of squeezing his stomach with his knees, which he might have done. He was deservedly applauded, and "well done, Harry!"

Eleventh.—Purcell was again down.

Twelfth.—This was a sharp contested round. Purcell was punished in all directions, and again down.

Thirteenth.—Purcell came bleeding to the scratch, and was soon down on the grass.

Fourteenth and fifteenth.—In favour of Lancaster, and Purcell down in both rounds.

Sixteenth.—This was a singular round. Purcell turned

round from the hitting he received. They got into a close, when Lancaster fibbed him. Purcell got away and exchanged some blows. Both distressed; but Purcell down. Oliver, notwithstanding the appearance of things, loudly offered 5 to 4 on Purcell.

Seventeenth.—Purcell had the best of the round, but, nevertheless he contrived to get down.

Eighteenth.—Lancaster hit Purcell right away from him, and upon his attempting to follow him up, Purcell got down. Many now began to hedge their money.

Nineteenth.—Lancaster commenced sharply, and Purcell soon got upon the grass. Lancaster pointed at him in derision.

Twentieth.—Both distressed, but Purcell down.

Twenty-first.—It would be superfluous to repeat the following rounds; they were all decidedly in favour of Lancaster, who showed himself a good fighter. Purcell again down.

Twenty-second.—Purcell down. Twenty-third.—Ditto, Twenty-fourth.—Ditto. Twenty-fifth.—Ditto. Twenty-sixth.—Ditto. Twenty-seventh.—Ditto.

Twenty-eighth.—Lancaster, from weakness and a slight hit, went down for the first time. The partisans of Purcell shouted loudly upon this event. Some even threw up their hats for joy.

Twenty-ninth.—Purcell down.

Thirtieth.—Lancaster turned round from a blow, and fell down. Hats again up, and loudly huszaing. It was astonishing to see the partiality for Purcell.

Thirty-first.—Purcell down.

Thirty-second.—Lancaster, at the ropes, behaved generously to Purcell, and let him go down without extra punishment. "Bravo, Harry!"

Thirty-third.—Purcell down.—Thirty-fourth.—Ditto.—Thirty-fifth.—Ditto.

Thirty-sixth.—Lancaster, from a blow in the mouth, turned away from his antagonist, and fell down. Hats were again thrown thrown up, and Purcell applauded to the echo.

Thirty-seventh.—Purcell down.

Thirty-eighth.—Some good blows were exchanged, but Purcell positively laid himself down. Murmurs and hissing.

Thirty-ninth.—Lancaster was completely tired out, and he fell down near the corner of the ring.

Fortieth to forty-fourth and last.—It was all up with Harry. The spectators were astonished at this sudden falling off. He never reached the scratch any more, but was instantly down in the above five rounds on quitting his second's knee. The battle continued 55½ minutes.

Respecting *Lancaster*, it was the exact counterpart of the fight with *Ford*, at Ilford. However, in the above battle, it was positively a *guinea* to a *shilling* in his *fatour*, without the appearance of any thing like *hazard*, till within the last six rounds, when the falling off was so *sudden*, that it was £100 to a farthing against him with equal propriety. And so strongly did it operate upon the minds of many persons present, that they turned away from the ring with astonishment, expressing loudly,—“*it must be sold.*”—*PURCELL* was dead beat once during the fight; but *Lancaster* did not improve upon this circumstance. Had he gone in a little oftener with his left hand, he must have won it. He had also the advantages of having *Tom Owen* at his elbow, and the *CHAMPION* at his back. *Cowardice* cannot be imputed to him; but, as the *ring* has proved so unlucky to *Lancaster*, if he never enter it again, it might be better for his friends. If *PURCELL* also wishes to obtain an eminence on the pugilistic list, the *down, down, and down* again system will never be the way to *rise* into favour, or to add *manliness* to his character as a boxer. He does not appear to want for *game*; but it is rather a curious method of showing it. His patron, *Tom Oliver*, is a good example, in this respect, to follow. In height, *PURCELL* is about five feet ten inches and a half, weighing 12 stone.

JACK SCROGGINS,

THE SAILOR,

(*but whose real name is—JOHN PALMER.*)

There is a boxing blade, of his feats now I'll sing,
He jump'd, and thump'd his way, till he got into the ring—
With his capering jigs, and funny rigs, laughing at all *science*,
Says he, "I'm the boy! here's my *castor* bids defiance!"

With a thump and jump, whack, row de dow !

IN point of attraction, what KEAN has been to the boards of Drury-lane theatre, SCROGGINS has proved to the Prize-ring. Without the advantages of a patron—destitute of common introduction—and *merely* relying upon his natural strength and courage, he, *sans cérémonie*, entered himself as a competitor among the formidable list of London scientific boxers, and this too at a period, singular to remark, after he had been discharged from his Majesty's service as an INVALID !

Upwards of nine years, SCROGGINS buffeted the ocean, five of which had been occupied in different merchantmen, and the remainder actively employed in fighting the enemies of his country, on board the *ARGO*, a 44-gun ship. During the above mentioned time, his constitution, it seems, while thus contending with the *rude elements*, had acquired so fine a stamina, and a disposition so insensible to fear, that nothing could appal his feelings, or affect his dreadnought frame to acknowledge superiority of prowess in any man.



Drawn by Sharpley

Engraved by Hopwood

JACK SCROGGINS

Pub^d by Sherwood, Neely, & Jones, April 23, 1818.

The *skirmishes* of our hero, while in the capacity of a sailor, are too numerous for recital. Full of *pluck*—fond of a *lark*—and always ready for a *turn-up*, MILLING, it appears, formed the principal part of SCROGGINS'S *amusement* when off duty! He was the life of his *mess*, and the delight of the crew; and there was not a blue jacket from one end of the ARGO to the other, but was well acquainted with the tricks and manœuvres that little SCROGGY was continually creating, to keep his shipmates in a roar. He was one of those English props so finely portrayed by the late CHARLES DIBDIN—a man to whom society in general are so much indebted for the many social hours they have experienced from the eloquence of his poetry, and the harmony of his genius. The life of a sailor he has so characteristically drawn—the generous feelings of a tar so touchingly narrated throughout his compositions, and his portraits of our best bulwarks, the WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND, are so exquisitely finished, that WILKIE, in his happiest moments on the canvas, never exhibited NATURE in more glowing colours, or delineated the emotions of the heart with finer effect. The exertions and loyalty of DIBDIN have tended to man the Navy in a ten-fold degree more than all the houses of rendezvous and press-gangs combined, from one end of the kingdom to the other. A single extract from his works will suffice:

'Tisn't the jacket nor trowsers blue,
Nor the can of grog so cheerly,
That shows the heart of a sailor true,
Or tells us his manners sincerely;

But 'tis the hour of strife,
When venturing his life,
And this shows the heart of a sailor.

JOHN PALMER was born, on December 31, 1787, near New-cross, Deptford. It should seem, that PALMER had a *penchant* for *milling* almost from his cradle, and; although not designated as an ill-natured lad, he was continually fighting with the boys of New-Cross, till his victories were so numerous, that he was ultimately considered as the *cock of the walk* ! At a more advanced age, he went to live as a servant on the farm of Mr. Giblett, (the great butcher of Bond-street,) at Kilburn. It was from the frequent *turn-ups* with the hardy race of navigators belonging to the Paddington-canal, that he derived the name of "SCROGGINS." This appellation continued with him throughout his services in the Navy, and from the *notoriety* he has since acquired in the prize-ring under this title, there is little doubt but it will remain with him to the end of his boxing career.

When SCROGGINS was only sixteen years old, and after partaking of the amusement of a bull-bait, quite fatigued, on his return home, he was ill-treated by one *Bill Walters*, at the sign of the Waggon and Horses, at Brentford. *Walters* was a full grown man, possessing strength and some knowledge of *milling*, but JACK was not easily to be intimidated, and an immediate *turn-up* was the result, in a field near the above inn. The battle continued upwards of an hour, when SCROGGINS was proclaimed the victor. *Jem Belcher* witnessed the *mill*, and praised SCROGGY for the courage he displayed.

It was not long after the above circumstance, that SCROGGINS dined at a club-feast, at the sign of the Swan, Sunbury-common. The harmony of the company experienced great interruption from the improper conduct of a fellow called *Sam Beak*, but better known as the *bully* of Harrow. His name was a sort of terror to all present, and the company would have been compelled to endure his insolence for the remainder of the evening, had it not been for the *pluck* of little SCROGGY, who insisted upon his quitting the room. This threat produced a regular fight out of doors, and, after a severe battle for nearly an hour, *Beak* was glad to give in.

SCROGGINS also fought with a brick-maker, weighing 13 stone, near the sign of the Fox and Goose, at Appleton, near Harrow-on-the-Hill. It was thought, by the spectators, from the great disproportion between the combatants, that little SCROGGY must ultimately be annihilated; but the *smashing* activity of JACK soon reduced the brick-maker to his own pitch, when he *finished* him off in quick time.

A navigator, known by the appellation of *Long Will*, fought with SCROGGINS, near Harrow. It was a desperate battle, and contested with alternate success for a long time, till victory, at length, crowned the exertions of our little hero.

At Cowley, near Uxbridge, SCROGGINS entered the lists with *Burke Smith*, denominated the second ROBIN HOOD, from his attachment to deer; a man of great activity, and distinguished for his great jumps over the canal. In the hands of SCROGGINS, he was soon glad to acknowledge he was defeated.

Bill Lee, the gipsy, had a desperate *set-to* with *SCROGGINS*, before the door of a public-house at Kilburn. The *bruising* qualities of the *Gipsy* were well known in the neighbourhood of Paddington; but *SCROGGINS* not only *nobbed* him severely, but also *punished* his body in such a hammering style, that he hastily relinquished the contest, acknowledging the superiority and *goodness* of our hero.

By moonlight, at Kilburn, between twelve and one o'clock, on a Friday night, a chap of the name of *Blinko*, otherwise designated as "*No Nose!*" had a *turn-up* with *SCROGGINS*, but the severity "*No Nose!*" met with, in the course of a few rounds, induced him to give in. Upon being shown *SCROGGINS* the next day, he swore he was not the same man he had fought with, but would fight him for the whole of his week's wages on the next Sunday morning; but, when the time arrived, "*No Nose!*" was not to be found.

A strong athletic farmer's man, of the name of *Bill King*, was also beaten by *SCROGGINS*, at Sandford-green, near Harrow.

At Appleton, after a very severe battle, *Jack Matney* surrendered to the conquering arm of *SCROGGINS*.

It was owing to the following circumstance, that our *HERO* was compelled to leave *nailling* on land, to fight the battles of his country at sea, by entering into the *NAVY*. In a row, with one *Ellis*, a constable, at Sandford-green, the above representative of the *law*, it appears, felt rather *heavily* the indignation of *SCROGGINS*. In consequence of which *turn-up*, an application was made to the magistrate, (Dr.

Glasse,) when our hero was depicted in such terrible colours, that a press-gang of *seventeen* were considered necessary to convey him in safety out of the neighbourhood.

On the *Point-beach*, at Portsmouth, *Happy Jack* the terror of the above sea-port, so termed from the numerous conquests he had obtained over various Jack Tars, was, in the presence of some thousands, literally cut to pieces, from the severe *punishment* he received in combat with SCROGGINS. *Happy Jack* was thus, for once in his life, made *miserable* by the above defeat.

In Goree, an herculean black soldier, who was doing duty over some casks of water, not only got *milled* by SCROGGY, but his musket taken from him, for a short time, owing to his ill-naturedly refusing our hero a draught of water, when he was suffering under a most feverish state of thirst.

During the time SCROGGINS was on board the *Argo*, the ship was one continued scene of *milling* adventures; and, it should seem, when off duty, all his leisure time was filled up in boxing.

In the hold of the above ship, *James Neale* struck his colours to the victorious SCROGGINS.

Before our hero was suffered to realize the title of the CHAMPION of the *Argo*, the best men in the ship were pitted against him. *Briggins*, an able seaman, (and one of those dread-nought characters that never submit till *nature* is completely exhausted, and who would sooner lose their lives than pronounce the reluctant NO!) was reduced to a state of insensibility

by the *punishing* arm of SCROGGINS, and in that state carried to his hammock.

Maples Wright, as good a man as ever stood between *stem* and *stern*, was also disposed of on board the same vessel, with the utmost ease by SCROGGINS.

Joe Witticks, too, as great a *glutton* as ever nature formed, had several bouts with SCROGGINS, on board the *ARGO*, but never could rise superior to defeat. Our hardy tar had a *turn-up*, in December 1817, with *Jack Johnson* the Paddington carrier.

The rough and daring *Crockey* also received a most severe *milling*, in a room, from SCROGGINS.

Toogood, a Man of Colour, of first-rate weight, and possessing prodigious strength, had a regular battle with our hero, one Christmas-day, on board the *ARGO*. *Toogood* had also killed at one blow on shore, a man of the name of *Lyons*; but, notwithstanding his athletic powers, SCROGGINS compelled him to strike his colours.

A *caulker*, a tall, strong, bony man, who came on board the *ARGO* to make some necessary repairs, it seems, presuming on his strength, took off the boiler and placed his frying-pan on the fire, in defiance of the whole mess. SCROGGINS, at length, appeared, and took the frying-pan from off the fire. A fight was the immediate consequence; but the *caulker* was so often *floored*, met with such severe *punishment* for his temerity, and laughed at by the whole ship's crew, that, out of revenge, he complained to the captain of the conduct of SCROGGINS, when our hero was compelled to *stand* and take two dozen lashes, or, in the sea phrase, what is called a *dry holy stoning*!

SCROGGINS had scarcely set his foot on *terra firma*, when he had a *turn-up* with two dragoons, before the door of the Prince of Wales, at Woolwich; and, notwithstanding the heavy force and discipline SCROGGINS had to contend against, our little hero hustled through it with so much true courage, that, in the course of a few minutes, he came off triumphant, having *floored* both the soldiers with the most apparent ease.

SCROGGINS's first battle in the ring, after his return from sea, was with *Jack Boots*, at Wilsdon-green for one guinea a-side. It was a fight without *training*, and took place entirely from accident. *Boots*, it seems, had previously talked about fighting our hero, and both of them now meeting, at the above place, to partake of the diversion afforded by CALEB's *game bull*, they instantly agreed to decide the dispute in question, upon SCROGGINS observing to *Boots*, "that he thought they were as capable of *amusing* the amateurs as the *bull* had done!" In consequence of which agreement, the sports of the day closed, unexpectedly, with a regular mill. Upon the *bull's* quitting the ground, a ring was immediately formed, and SCROGGINS and *Boots*, without further preface, *set-to*. The latter was well-known from having fought several battles; but SCROGGINS was a complete stranger to the fighting circles. It was a *punishing* MILL for an hour, during which period the pantomimic tricks exhibited by SCROGGINS, occasioned roars of laughter; he, however, displayed all the fortitude of a sailor bent on obtaining victory. Any thing like a regular system of tactics he appeared to despise, and *scrambled* his way

in to *mill* his adversary ; but, notwithstanding this sort of *non-descript* boxing, his hits were so tremendously sent home, that *Boots* could not resist their desperate effects. The friends of *Boots*, perceiving that he must eventually *lose*, were about resorting to some manœuvres to prevent *SCROGGY* from proving the conqueror. This conduct was observed by old *Joe Ward*, who was standing in a cart viewing the battle ; and, although he was severely afflicted with the rheumatism in both knees, he hastily jumped out, and made for the ring, where he insisted upon fair play being observed between the combatants. *SCROGGINS* was, ultimately, declared the victor. The spirited conduct of the latter so much pleased the amateurs, that *four pounds* were collected, without any trouble, for him as a reward for his exertions.

The friends of *SCROGGINS*, it should seem, thought, from the above specimen, that he possessed *good stuff*, and only wanted more practice to distinguish himself among the first-rate *milling coves* of the day ; and, accordingly, *Dolly Smith* was selected as a game active boxer, and as a good *trial-man*, for our hero to contend with. At Coombe-warren, on Wednesday, the 11th of January, 1815, they met in a twenty-foot roped ring, for twenty guineas a-side. *Smith* was seconded by *Bill Cropley* ; and *SCROGGINS* was attended by *Richmond* and *Oliver*.

Smith was well-known as a boxer, and considered a good little man, from his distinguished *game* battle with *Hares* ; but *SCROGGINS* was scarcely known to any person connected with the ring. He was viewed by the amateurs as an ambitious adventurer, a rough

and daring *commoner*, opposed to *science* and experience; and the betting was, in consequence, 5 to 4 upon *Smith*. The combatants in point of weight were nearly equal. The first round proved a good specimen of the whole fight; but the impetuosity of the "*hardy tar*" was so overwhelming, that the *science* of *Smith*, however well applied, could not prevent its conquering effects. SCROGGINS's singular mode of attack astonished the spectators; immediately on his receiving a hit from his opponent, he went resolutely in to *mill*, protecting his head with his left hand over it, like a ship running in to attack a fort under a battery of guns, dealing out terrible *punishment* with his right hand. He also took the lead and kept it; although he was opposed in the most manly and skilful style of action by *Smith*, who was not long in *darkening* one of the *peepers* of the sailor. SCROGGINS fought at the body with great ferocity; and had the advantage in an eminent degree in *throwing*. *Smith* experienced some severe cross-buttocking, and desperate falls. The latter frequently was *out of distance*, and hit over instead of *punishing* his adversary's *nob*. It was a most determined battle on both sides, and *Smith* did not disgrace his character from defeat. The blows of SCROGGINS were terrible; and he was never off his *pins* but once during the battle. It continued three-quarters of an hour; and *Smith* was severely beaten about his head and body.

The *milling* fame *Nosworthy* had recently acquired among the admirers of pugilism, from his conquest over *Dutch Sam*, had also rendered him an object of *envy* among the fighting men. SCROGGINS, it seems,

was eager to make a *dash*;—he now soared above all *commoners*, and was extremely anxious to fight the *baker*, as a competitor worthy of his ambitious motives. However, some little time elapsed before he was *accommodated*, when they met on the 6th of June, 1815, at Moulsey-lurst, for fifty pounds a-side. *Belcher* and *Gibbons* seconded *Scroggins*; and *Cribb* and *Clark* for *Nosworthy*. The amateurs mustered very strongly upon this occasion; and the *dead men* of the metropolis felt so confident the *Master of the Rolls* would gain the cause, that, the evening previous to the fight, they sported their *blunt* with all the facility of bankers, and laid the odds with cheerfulness and alacrity. *Nosworthy* had won his late battle so apparently easy, that no doubt was entertained by the *bakers*, as to the issue of the contest. At one the men *set-to*.

First round.—The notoriety *Nosworthy* had obtained in conquering the Jew phenomenon created considerable interest among the amateurs, and every eye was upon the stretch, on the above combatants *setting-to*. A short time elapsed in sparring, when *Scroggins* made a good hit, but the *Baker*, in returning, missed his aim. Some heavy *milling* occurred, when they closed, and both went down. *Nosworthy* was undermost. Five to 4 on *Scroggins*.

Second.—*Nosworthy* appeared bleeding at the scratch. Determined fighting was the order of this round; and both the men seemed bent upon proving each other's courage. Hit for hit was returned with as much indifference as if their bodies were insensible to feeling; and, although both of them were frequently hit away, they returned to the attack like lions. The rally was dreadful; and *Nosworthy* was, at length, sent down.

Third.—It was evident to the spectators that *Nosworthy* had got enough to do if he made a win of it. No flinching was to be seen on either side; and they stood up to each

other like a couple of English bull dogs. Scroggins took the lead in gallant style, and *punished* his opponent in the most terrific manner, by planting a hit under Nosworthy's ear, so powerfully, that he went down in a twinkling, and the blood flowing copiously. Nosworthy's importance was now all at an end; and 2 to 1 was offered on Scroggins, without the least hesitation.

Fourth.—The *game* displayed by Nosworthy was equal to any man, but he had *received* so plentifully, that his strength was somewhat reduced. Another most terrific rally occurred, in which the superiority of Scroggins was manifest to all parts of the ring, and he *milled* his adversary completely before him till he went down. Three to 1 on Scroggins.

Fifth.—Nosworthy fought like a man, but the chance was decidedly against him. Scroggins had it all his own way in this round, and planted his hits with all the success of a first-rate fighter.

Sixth.—Upon setting-to, Scroggins, with much severity, *floored* his antagonist. Great applause.

Seventh.—Nosworthy, notwithstanding the *punishment* he had sustained, came to the scratch full of pluck, and made a desperate effort to effect a change in his favour. He with much dexterity put in a tremendous blow upon one of Scroggins's eye-lids; but the latter returned upon him severely, and had the best of the round.

Eighth.—The head of Nosworthy seemed an easy mark for Scroggins, who *peppered* it with the utmost *sang-froid*. The Baker was again *floored*.

Ninth to Fifteenth and last.—The courage of Nosworthy was the admiration of the ring; and he continued to fight till not a shadow of chance remained. He was so severely beaten in the fifteenth round, that, on time being called, he was unable to quit the knee of his second. The battle was over in eighteen minutes.

From the above victory, SCROGGINS rose rapidly into the notice of the amateurs, and he was considered to be one of the best "little men" of the day. SCROGGINS was scarcely known at this time to the scientific circles, and his *rumbling* mode of fighting,

so peculiar to himself, not much admired; but still it was thought in some instances, that he exhibited the prominent traits of the once terrific *Hooper*—one that would not be *denied* from boring in upon his adversary at all events. Although *Nosworthy* was defeated, it was viewed as a most determined battle on both sides. The *springing* hits of SCROGGINS were truly tremendous; and covering his head with his left hand, not only prevented him from receiving much *punishment* at *going-in*, but gave him additional vigour towards *smashing* his adversary.

SCROGGINS, it was urged, had offended several of his patrons, in consequence of his insisting upon the whole of the battle-money of the late fight being given to him, and many of them felt determined, if possible, to select a scientific boxer, that should take the *fight out of* our hero. *Eales* was therefore selected, and backed for this special purpose; but the *flush side*, i. e. KNOWING ONES, were much divided in their opinions, previous to the fight between them, respecting their various merits. Two of the most complete adepts in the ring took them under their care or training. The sporting knowledge of *Gully* renders him, at all times, no mean judge how to select his object, or to *lay* his money; and *Tom Belcher's* experience had equally taught him too well to know the value of *blunt* to give *half a chance* away: therefore, when *Gully* selected SCROGGINS as his favourite, and *Belcher* preferred *Eales* as the most competent pugilist towards obtaining the VICTORY, it might not be inaply observed, that "Greek met Greek," and "then came the tug of war!" The backers, as well

as boxers, it was certain, meant to win if possible; and no opportunity was lost sight of whereby this desirable object might be obtained. SCROGGINS and *Eales*, by comparison, were not altogether unlike *Dutch Sam* and *Tom Belcher*—it was *first-rate science* against downright FEROCITY. *Eales* was armed at all points towards conquest, from a complete knowledge of the *milling* art, possessing the additional advantages of height and length,—great requisites in his favour; while, on the contrary, SCROGGINS could only be put down as a *non-descript* boxer, who disdained copying the mode of any pugilist, and fought after his *own* method—if *method* it could be termed. On Saturday, August 26, 1815, near the George, at Kingston-hill, contiguous to Coombe-warren, this interesting match to the pugilistic amateurs was decided. At an early period in the morning, the various roads leading to the scene of action were crowded beyond description. All sorts of vehicles were so close upon each other, as to be out of any calculation; and pedestrians, numerous beyond any former precedent. A great many high personages appeared on the turf, among whom Earl Yarmouth, Lord Fife, Hon. B. Craven, &c. were conspicuous. A few minutes before one the men entered the ring, attended by their seconds. *Tom Belcher* and *Harmer* for *Eales*; and *Joe Ward* and *Oliver* for SCROGGINS. The spectators were struck with the great contrast between the size of the combatants. *Joe Ward* tied the colours of the sailor, “true blue,” to the stakes, as a token of defiance; and *Belcher* tied the yellow handkerchief, as the colours of *Eales*. Both of the men

looked well and confident: the ceremony of shaking hands being complied with, the *set-to* immediately commenced.

First round.—From the scientific pretensions to *mill*ing Eales was known to possess, in his prime contest with *Jack Lancaster*, it was generally expected the first round would clearly point out his superiority over his hardy opponent, added to the advantages of Eales being some inches taller than Scroggins. The latter, however, with all the heroism of a British tar, boldly attacked the enemy, regardless of fear, and confident that the cheering sounds of victory would ultimately crown his exertions. The display of Eales, although more scientific than effective, was nevertheless, much admired; and Scroggins, equally anxious to commence the fight favourably on his side, exhibited some degree of caution. The former made some hits, but all out of distance; when Scroggins put in, with much severity, a well directed blow under the left ear of his opponent, and, in closing, threw him. The odds looked rather queer, and Scroggins was pronounced the favourite.

Second.—This round was decisively in favour of Scroggins, who exchanged blows with his opponent in the most gallant style of courage, till Eales was, at length, *floored*.

Third.—Both the combatants were now alive to the interest of the scene in which they were engaged. A good rally occurred, and they returned upon each other liberally in the extreme, till Eales went down.

Fourth.—This was altogether a severe round. If Scroggins planted some severe blows upon the frame of his antagonist, Eales returned *punishment* with equal courage; but the strength was evident upon the part of Scroggins, who appeared merely getting into work; while Eales, on the contrary showed symptoms of a weak constitution, and fought till he again went down.

Fifth.—Eales, notwithstanding his superior science, could not make that sort of impression upon his opponent, so much hitherto expected by his friends as a leading point towards victory. He, however, put in some heavy blows, but the hardy tar was not a degree behind hand in returning, and kept up a most spirited charge, till his opponent went down.

Sixth.—The strength of Eales did not keep pace with his

judgement; but he, nevertheless, evinced good bottom. This was a sort of pantomimic round altogether between the combatants, and it appeared as if harlequin and the clown were exhibiting their antics all round the ring. Eales exerted his best skill to obtain a favourable turn, and a terrific rally ensued; but, in closing, the singularity of conduct portrayed by Scroggins excited roars of laughter; in throwing Eales he went down, and then rolled over and over from his adversary till he rose upon his legs with all the caricature of a *merryman*. Eales displayed weakness; and the odds were 5 to 1 on Scroggins.

Seventh.—The combatants soon fought their way into a sharp rally, and the science of Eales prevailed to a certain extent, till Scroggins went down. Applause.

Eighth.—A little discretion seemed necessary on both sides, and some sparring occurred before a hit was made. Scroggins bobbed his head down to avoid the threatened blows of his opponent, but returned fighting hand over head. The *punishment* was severe in this round, but reciprocal; however, Scroggins went down.

Ninth.—The combatants attacked each other with the most determined resolution, and any thing like *stopping* was out of the question, till they both found themselves upon the ground. Eales could not lay claim to any advantage; neither had Scroggins the worst of it.

Tenth.—Another equally desperate round followed, and a tremendous rally took place. The blows on both sides did great execution; and *punishment*, without stopping, was truly conspicuous.

Eleventh.—Eales, notwithstanding the exertion of the last round, came up to the scratch with considerable spirit, and showed off in such good style upon his opponent, that Scroggins again dropped his *nob* to escape the *milling* intended for him.

Twelfth.—The science of Eales was exhibited to great advantage, and Scroggins's upper works seemed under the direction of a *chancery* practitioner, till he was sent under the ropes. This round was contested with much resolution on both sides.

Thirteenth.—Eales again tried the *chancery* suit with some success, by planting three severe hits on the *nob* of Scroggins; but the latter, determined not to be deficient in this part of

the *practice*, most liberally returned the favours which had been bestowed upon him, and also concluded the round, by cross-buttocking his antagonist.

Fourteenth.—The spectators now perceived that Scroggins was too much for Eales, as the strength of the latter was evidently on the decline every round. Scroggins, with much severity, punished Eales in all directions, and gave him three heavy hits on his *nob*, stomach, and neck. In closing, both down, but Scroggy fell upon Eales with velocity enough to send the wind out of his body. Seven to 1 on Scroggins.

Fifteenth.—The advantages of strength appeared completely on the side of Scroggins, who came up to the scratch smiling with confidence, that he had little more to perform, in order to render victory certain. Eales, although weak, fought with much spirit, and contested every inch of ground in a sharp rally, till Scroggins again threw and fell upon him.

Sixteenth.—Eales endeavoured to gain time by cautious sparring, but Scroggins fought his way *pell mell* into a sharp rally, and adopted the same mode as in the two preceding rounds, by tripping up his adversary, then falling upon him to deprive Eales of what little wind he had left.

Seventeenth.—From the terrible heat of the sun, and the severe *punishment* both the combatants had experienced, it did not excite any degree of surprise to see them both brought to the scratch in an exhausted state. The little hardy tar, who had so often braved the various changes of climate, seemed, of the two, the least affected by the scorching rays that now pressed so heavily upon their persons, commenced fighting with great spirit. In closing, he *peppered* Eales considerably, and then cross-buttocked him. From this severe touch, it was expected Eales would not be able to meet his man any more; and the *poundage* was offered, that Scroggins was the winning man.

Eighteenth.—Eales, although much exhausted, again opposed his opponent, but the chance was decidedly against him, and Scroggins threw him as before.—Any odds, but no takers.

Nineteenth.—The fight was nearly taken out of Eales, and it might be urged, that he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist. He was again thrown.

Twentieth.—Eales tottered up to the scratch; but Scroggins gave him another cross-buttock with as much ease as if a child had been opposed to his strength.

Twenty-first.—The strength of Eales was quite reduced as to effective *punishment*; but he, nevertheless, evinced good *bottom*, and did more than might have been expected from one so nearly beaten. Scroggins laid himself open, but Eales was too weak to turn it to account. In falling, Scroggins went down upon him.

Twenty-second.—It was now a horse to a hen, and Scroggins threw his man with the most apparent ease.

Twenty-third and last.—Eales, to the astonishment of the spectators, once more appeared at the mark; but it was all up with him, and, by way of a *quietus*, Scroggins put it in so tremendous a hit under the right ear of Eales, that he was *floored* like a shot. He could not come again, and the battle lasted 22 minutes.

SCROGGINS, in defeating a scientific boxer like *Eales*, completely astonished every amateur present; and it was singular to observe the severity of his blows, and the *punishment* he administered to his opponent, although a man four inches taller than himself. The former little hero was confidence itself; and, it seems, he assured his friends, previous to the battle, that he would win it and nothing else. As an in-fighter, *Eales* had decidedly the best of his opponent; but his distances were so incorrect, at times, in *out-fighting*, that numerous blows were thrown away. Some of the partisans of *Eales* attributed his loss to a severe hurt he received on the back part of his head, in falling violently against one of the stakes of the ring; but the general opinion was, a want of stamina to resist the finishing qualities of his antagonist. *Eales* was also the heaviest man, weighing 11 stone and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The bets never varied after the commencement of the fight, and SCROGGINS was the favourite throughout. It was altogether a sharp contest; but a great deal of time was consumed in struggling

to obtain the advantage in throwing. Notwithstanding the great superiority *Eales* had in standing over his opponent, united with his first-rate science, he could not prevent SCROGGINS from going in. The admirers of FINE SCIENCE were much disappointed at the defeat of *Eales*.

From the success SCROGGINS met with in his boxing career, and the numerous patrons of the art who rallied round him, he was enabled to commence publican; and he accordingly opened the *Waterman's Arms*, at Stangate Lambeth, for the reception of the sporting world. His house in summer-time was pleasantly and attractively situated, commanding a view across the Thames, also a part of the venerable Abbey, and Westminster-Hall; and the name of JOHN SCROGGINS, in large letters, at the top of the premises, might be seen from the other side of the river, operating as an inducement not only to sporting characters, but to many an old shipmate of the *ARGO*, on catching a glance at it, to call and give our hero a friendly turn. He did not want for company of every description—PEERS and costermongers all contributed to make the pot boil; and, though SCROGGY could not boast of the eloquence of a *Cicero*, yet he never suffered any of his customers to depart without receiving a ready answer. "Life," in a variety of shapes, was to be seen under the roof of this little caterer for the public.

Melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

In the more remote parts of his dwelling, the "saloon" was not of the least importance in the picture. In *ruder* hands it was merely a skittle-ground, but, under the taste and *judgement* displayed by SCROGGY, it assumed a new and prominent feature; a gallery was now added to it, in addition to its being boarded over for the accommodation of spectators and embellished with chandeliers to illumine the scene. Every Tuesday night it was opened as a school for the art of self-defence; and here this remnant of the OLYMPIC GAMES was conducted after the true characteristic spirit of *milling* to overflowing audiences. SCROGGINS himself usually appeared as a first-rate actor, assisted by several other *professionals*, in most of these performances, to explain and render the art attainable, or, in other words, to *beat* it into the *craniums* of his auditors; and here many a *novice* has been *floored* for his temerity, by way of *initiation*, as a sort of preparatory step to a better acquaintance with the practice and use of the gloves. The *tipping* for admission was upon a small scale, and, with much liberality on the part of the proprietor, it was allowed as *blunt* of equal value for any liquor called for to the amount of the price of the ticket.

The sporting dinners given by SCROGGINS were of excellent description; and the *Waterman's Arms* generally afforded considerable amusement to those persons who were disposed to take a peep at the fun and frolic exhibited there, under the management of this comic hero of the ring.

Four months scarcely had elapsed when SCROGGINS again made his appearance in the prize-ring,

but under very different circumstances, he having in his last combat defeated one of the most scientific boxers of the day, and was now called forth to enter the lists with a complete stranger, and a mere *novice*. It appears, that *Whittaker*, from Denbigh, in Yorkshire, and an oilman by trade, had criticised the *mil-ling* talents of SCROGGINS rather freely in company, and which conversation, ultimately, produced a battle between them. The sum contended for was fifty guineas a-side, and so much confidence did the *oilman* feel upon entering the ring with SCROGGINS, (notwithstanding his name was a sort of terror to pugilists in general,) that he put down thirty-two guineas of the stakes out of his own pocket. Scroggins viewed *Whittaker* with so much indifference, that he thought he had merely to take off his coat and win the fight. On Tuesday, the 9th of January, 1816; the above heroes met to decide this trial of skill at Moulsey-burst. The *oilman* was understood to be a *game* man; and so much interest was excited in the sporting circles, that upwards of ten thousand persons witnessed the battle. The odds were two to one upon SCROGGINS, who was seconded by *Oliver* and *Clark*; and *Whittaker* was attended by *Cribb* and *Richmond*. The men shook hands, and at one o'clock the set-to commenced:—

First round.—The amateurs expected more of a smashing than a scientific fight, and Scroggins thought so little of his adversary, that he went to work *sans cérémonie*, but hit short with his left hand; when the oilman, in return, planted a slight *nobber*. The combatants now fought their way into a rally, and some sharp blows were exchanged, at the end of which the *claret* was seen trickling down Whittaker's face. No variation in the betting.

Second.—The oilman seemed full of *pluck* and eager for battle. Scroggins again hit short, but Whittaker improved on this opening, and made a sharp left-handed blow. Some desperate *milling* occurred, and no want of spirit on either side. In closing, much struggling took place, when the oilman got away, but was ultimately sent down.

Third.—This was altogether a well-fought round: and if the oilman did not show any superlative science, he, nevertheless, evinced those qualities that convinced the spectators he was not to be beat off-hand as a matter of course. Scroggins attacked his adversary with much determination, and Whittaker showed equal resolution in a sharp rally, till he went down.

Fourth.—Science was not the *forte* of the combatants; but downright *milling* was the order of this round. Scroggins missed several hits, and did not appear to such advantage as was expected. The oilman fought with much steadiness and composure, and his left hand, in some instances, was successful. The men fought their way into a close, when the oilman, with great dexterity, threw his adversary.—But the odds were still high upon Scroggins.

Fifth.—It was now evident that Scroggins had paid no attention to *training*; and, at this early stage of the fight, his wind appeared rather treacherous. The oilman attacked his adversary in good style, and had the superiority of hitting. Scroggins slipped in making a hit, but soon recovered himself upon one knee, and with much force levelled his man.

Sixth.—Both the combatants on their mettle, and reciprocal fighting took place. The oilman proved himself a much better man than he was thought to be previous to the battle, and the odds were now reduced to 6 to 4.

Seventh.—Scroggins came to the scratch much distressed and out of wind. The oilman improved upon this circumstance with much advantage, by making several of his blows tell, and ultimately finishing the round in his favour.—Applause.

Eighth.—Scroggins could not recover his wind; and, in order to avoid receiving *punishment*, resorted to some strange manœuvres to amuse his adversary. But the oilman was not to be deluded, and stuck to Scroggy hard and fast till he was thrown.

Ninth.—Scroggins came up more fresh, and attacked his

opponent with true native courage. A rally took place, which was desperately contested; but finished to the advantage of Scroggins, who *darkened* the oilman's left peeper.

Tenth and Eleventh.—Both of these rounds were fought with much manliness and resolution; and it was plain Scroggins had got considerable work to get through, before victory would crown his efforts.

Twelfth.—The qualities of the oilman seemed more conspicuous for his fine *game* and knowledge of wrestling than to a sound acquaintance with the principles of the pugilistic art, and in this round, he threw Scroggins in great style.

Thirteenth and Fourteenth. Rather in favour of Scroggins.

Fifteenth.—Here the oilman showed himself to much advantage; and was not so easy a customer as Scroggins had flattered himself. He put in several heavy blows, not very palatable to his opponent.

Sixteenth to Thirtieth.—Several trifling changes occurred during these rounds; in one of which, it seems, Scroggins met with an accident in falling, which might have terminated the battle; but his fortitude as well as policy was so great, that, notwithstanding the excruciating pain he suffered from one of his testicles being severely hurt, he did not even communicate the circumstance to his second, but fought under considerable disadvantage. He, however, from the numerous antics and manœuvres that he displayed, recovered himself in some degree, so as to nearly darken his opponent's remaining eye.

Thirty-first to Forty-ninth and last.—It is not necessary to detail the whole of these rounds; but suffice to observe, the oilman contested the whole of them with fine resolution and true game. He fought till he was without *vision*; and, in the last three rounds, it might be truly said, he was in a complete state of darkness. He resigned the contest with considerable reluctance; urging his not being reduced in bodily strength. In fact he was humanely persuaded, by Mr. Jackson and his friends, to retire, as he had no *chance* whatever, from the damaged state of his eyes. In other respects, there is no doubt, but he might have protracted the battle to a great length.

SCROGGINS, in the above fight, had nearly given the *chance* away, from the contemptuous manner he

had previously viewed the pretensions of the *oilman*; and, in obtaining the victory, it was more owing to good fortune than to any thing like judgement. In fact, he laughed at the idea of *training* to beat a *novice*; and never left his home for a single night. In consequence of this neglect of his person, he took an *hour and sixteen minutes* to beat *Whittaker*, which, had he been in good condition, it is presumed he might have accomplished in *HALF AN HOUR*. *SCROGGINS*, (almost too late,) found out the fault he had committed, from the want of *training*, by the difficulty he experienced in getting the better of his antagonist. It was a fortunate moment for our hero when the *oilman* was taken from the ground. The memorable defeat and *ruin* of *BROUGHTON* ought always to operate as a useful lesson to all pugilists—more especially to conquerors—respecting their *preparatory conduct*, when under an engagement to enter the prize-ring; and *SCROGGINS* had nearly fallen a victim to this blind confidence; his fame might be said to have tottered on a precipice.

SCROGGINS was extremely incorrect in his distances; but neither of the combatants fought upon the defensive: it was all *milling* throughout the battle. The *oilman* was evidently the best *wrestler*, from the numerous severe falls *SCROGGINS* received; and the latter also appeared more *punished* about his *nob* than in any other battle. Had not *SCROGGINS* succeeded in *blinding* the remaining *BYE* of *Whittaker*, the termination of the event would have been rather doubtful, as the former was not hurt in his body nor distressed in his wind; and, to effect this important point

towards conquest, it was truly laughable to witness the various antics SCROGGINS put in practice. The eyes of the *oilman* were lanced, but without obtaining the wished-for advantage, this relief being attempted too late; and if he retired from the ring a defeated hero, it is but common justice to state, that a *gamer* man than *Whittaker* never quitted the field. A handsome subscription was collected upon the ground by Mr. JACKSON, said to amount to £30, as a reward for the bravery the *oilman* had displayed. Notwithstanding the latter *resigned* the contest, he still entertained an opinion that SCROGGINS was not the best man, and justly attributed the *chance* going against him to his being a stranger to the prize-ring.

SCROGGINS, from the rapid conquests he had obtained, was at this period the envy of the boxing heroes. His *lushing crib* was numerously attended—he was enjoying the fruits of peace and the rewards of his victories—smoking his pipe with ease and pleasure—and laid up, as it were, in ordinary, resting from the fatigues of war. But “*peace*” was not the element in which JACK was seen to advantage, and, therefore, out of the numerous challenges offered to him, he accepted one from a countryman of the name of *Church*, a native of Gloucester, who, it seems, “had heard of battles,” and, thirsting to obtain fighting glory, had, like the chivalrous Don Quixote, been prompted to lead “a dull inglorious life” no longer, but to sally forth in search of heroic achievements. He left Gloucester for the avowed purpose of challenging our hero; and Col. *Berkeley*, the patron of *Church*, had so high an opinion of his requisites, that

he, without the least hesitation, backed him for 100 guineas. *Church*, it appears, had *milled* all the best men in Gloucestershire, was well known as a stanch bottom *chap*, and was in such high spirits upon the present occasion, that he felt no disparagement in consequence of the great pugilistic reputation his opponent had obtained; but, on the contrary, as far as confidence within himself had weight, he asserted, the smiles of victory would crown his efforts. *Church* was a well-made man, taller than his adversary, and possessing a hardy and erect frame. Upon the match being made, he went into *training* near Enfield; during which period he gave some proof that he was capable of performing a little in the *milling* way. Three countrymen called at the house where he resided, and rudely challenged him to fight. *Church*, careless about the engagement he was under, or the consequences that might operate against him, accepted their offer without delay, and, in a very short time, he *disposed of the whole* THREE in the most satisfactory manner. It was generally thought he was likely to turn out rather a *troublesome customer* for SCROGGINS. On Tuesday, the 20th of August, 1816, the above heroes met to decide this trial of skill, and Moulsey-hurst was once more the amphitheatre for pugilistic honours. Myriads of persons left the metropolis, in all directions, to witness the renowned SCROGGINS once more enter a twenty feet roped ring, for 200 guineas; among whom were Lord YARMOUTH, Col. BERKELEY, Captain BARCLAY, &c. Vehicles of all descriptions, from the splendid barouche and four, in regular gradation, down to the mud-cart were in requi-

sition at an early hour, to reach the destined spot; the blood horse, in all the gaiety of high breeding, was seen passing all before it, and the more humble donkey and spare *Roxinante*, trotting and snorting along the road to be up in time. Pedestrians of all qualities formed one moving scene, from the *Wilson* step to the downright limp and hobbling gait; so anxious was the curiosity of the sporting world to witness this *mill*, that by twelve o'clock many thousand persons had arrived. *Church* appeared first, and threw his hat into the ring, and *Scroggins* shortly followed his example. The former was seconded by *Tom Belcher* and *Bill Gibbons*, and the latter by *Cribb* and *Clark*. At a quarter past one they set-to; three to one on *Scroggins*. The battle continued for the space of 53 minutes, and 50 rounds took place, as follow :—

First round.—*Scroggins*, on setting-to, seemed anxious to be at work, but hit short; he, however, soon made up for this deficiency, by giving his opponent two desperate facers, which produced the *claret* in a twinkling. *Church* seemed electrified with the severity of his hits, exchanged a few blows, turned round in a sort of confusion, and was, ultimately, sent down. Three to 1 on *Scroggins*.

Second.—*Church* appeared, bleeding copiously, at the scratch. *Scroggins* set-to most determinedly, and soon convinced his opponent the severe punishment he was likely to encounter, by putting in two severe blows, right and left, on his nob. *Church* again turned round confusedly, but drew the cork of his antagonist. *Scroggins* completely evinced his superiority as a boxer, and finished this round most decidedly in his favour, by sending his man down. In this early stage of the fight, the spectators finally thought what must be the ultimate event, and 4 to 1 was offered.

Third.—*Church* did not know what to do with his antagonist, and he was soon hit down by *Scroggins*, who held up both his hands.

Fourth.—The position of Church was good, but there was nothing of the scientific boxer conspicuous about him; he, however, put in some good hits, and, in closing, both went down. Scroggins went over like a tumbler.

Fifth.—This was rather a severe round, and, in closing, Church endeavoured to fib his opponent, and both went down.

Sixth.—Scroggins went furiously in to mill his opponent, which he did most effectually, and sent Church down. Both their *mugs* began to show the effects of punishment.

Seventh.—Scroggins seemed to wish hastily to finish his opponent, and twice hit short; but his ferocity was not to be resisted, and he took great liberties with his opponent's nob, by endeavouring to render it senseless. Church again went down.

Eighth.—Church appeared to have no notion of protecting his head from the attack of his opponent. He not only received two desperate *facers*, punished severely at the ropes, but *milled* down.

Ninth.—In this round Scroggins had it all his own way; he hit Church quite out of the ring. Great applause.

Tenth.—Some good blows were exchanged. In closing, both down, but Church undermost.

Eleventh.—Church broke away from a close, and got into a rally, but he was, at length, sent to the ground.

Twelfth.—In favour of Church, he put in two good blows but, in closing, both went down.

Thirteenth.—Scroggins hit him quite round against the ropes, and Church was sent down.

Fourteenth.—Scroggins put in a *facer*, and Church went down.

Fifteenth.—Church made a hit and fell down. Nineteen minutes.

Sixteenth.—Scroggins put in two *facers*, turned suddenly round with all the agility of a dancing-master, and floored Church.

Seventeenth.—Scroggins broke from a close, and exchanged some blows; but Church ultimately threw him.

Eighteenth.—Church made one or two good stops, but he was sent down.

Nineteenth.—Scroggins *milled* his opponent in all direc-

tions, without receiving any return, till Church went off his legs.

Twentieth.—Scroggins was the principal receiver in this round. In a close both went down.

Twenty-first.—Scroggins with the utmost *sang froid*, on setting-to, *floored* his man, and stood over him with the utmost contempt.

Twenty-second.—Scroggins measured his distance again well, and put in a tremendous facer, and ultimately threw his opponent.

Twenty-third.—Church felt for Scroggins' *nob* twice, and threw him.

Twenty-fourth.—Scroggins received a hit at going in, but, in closing, both went down.

Twenty-fifth.—Church put in a facer, but Scroggins soon *floored* him.

Twenty-sixth.—Church, with much severity, hit his opponent quite away from him, and had the best of the round; but, in closing, both went down.

Twenty-seventh.—Church seemed in this round totally off his guard. Scroggins put in seven severe facers in rapid succession, till he sent Church down. Twenty to one.

Twenty-eighth.—Scroggins determined to lose no time, pursued his advantage with the utmost spirit, dealing out death-like *punishment* at every step. His ferocity was not to be resisted, and Church again went down.

Twenty-ninth.—Church gave his opponent rather a check upon his *nob*, as he was going in, but it did not ultimately prevent Scroggins from boring him to the ropes, and going down. Any odds.

Thirtieth.—Church was completely on the *taking* system, and the knowledge of *giving* he seemed totally ignorant of. A greater *glutton* was never seen, and no common caterer could serve his inordinate appetite. Scroggins hit his adversary off his legs.

Thirty-first.—Church only appeared as a mark to hit at. Stopping his adversary was out of the question; and he again measured his length on the grass.

Thirty-second.—Scroggins was truly conspicuous in this round. He did as he liked with his antagonist, till he sent him down.

Thirty-third.—It was astonishing to see Church, considering the severe *milling* he had already received, continue to face his man with such a degree of confidence. He had no *chance* whatever, excepting being knocked down.

Thirty-fourth.—Church exchanged some blows in this round rather to his advantage, but he almost laid himself down from exhaustion at the conclusion of it.

Thirty-fifth.—Scroggins, in making a hit, literally pushed down his opponent.

Thirty-sixth.—Church was hit down almost upon setting-to, bleeding copiously.

Thirty-seventh.—Scroggins, eager to put a finishing stroke to this *game* article, rushed in furiously and sent him down.

Thirty-eighth.—Church's face looked piteous in the extreme; when he received three tremendous blows upon his nose and cheeks, the claret pouring down in torrents. Scroggins put in also a severe body blow with his left hand, when Church, as usual, went down.

Thirty-ninth.—The battle might be said to be at an end, but the *game* was not yet exhausted; and Scroggins again sent his man down.

Fortieth.—Scroggins ran in to his adversary, like a bull, head foremost, at his body, and caught hold of the waistband of his breeches, but instantly recollecting himself, as it were, that he had committed an error, he slid his hands upwards. It might have been accidental; but the seconds of Church considering such an attack contrary to the established rules of fighting, that to fulfil their duty they ought to take their man out of the ring. The umpires, however, passed it over, and thus, fortunately for Scroggins, saved him from the disagreeable circumstance of a *WRANGLE*; or, perhaps, making a drawn battle of it.

Forty-first.—Though Church could not win, yet he now and then felt for his antagonist's nob sharply, and in this round he put in a severe facer, but, ultimately, Scroggins sent him down.

Forty-second.—Nothing. Church went down upon setting-to.

Forty-third.—Scroggins again nobbed his opponent, and, to add to the severity of the punishment, Church received a severe body blow, before he found his way to the grass.

Forty-fourth.—Scroggins hit his adversary cleanly down, and it was apprehended that he would not be able to come again, and his backer wished him to desist from the contest. The seconds of Scroggins took the hint and threw up their hats in the air, as the token of victory. The outer ring immediately gave way, but Church insisted upon fighting longer, and the

Forty-fifth.—Commenced during this confusion. The mind of Church was good, but his strength could not keep pace with his wishes. Scroggins was awake that victory was certain, and sent his adversary down in quick time.

Forty-sixth.—Church was going now very fast, and was sent down upon setting-to.

Forty-seventh.—The afflicting idea of surrendering to a brave mind, it seems, urged Church to continue the battle while he was able to stand upon his legs. But it was all up, and he was only receiving unnecessary *punishment*, by being sent down every round.

Forty-eighth.—Church went down completely exhausted.

Forty-ninth.—Notwithstanding the reduced state of Church he made a couple of hits, but it was only to be hit down.

Fiftieth and last.—On coming to the scratch, he was *floored*, *sans cérémonie*, and not able to meet his man any more. He was led out of the ring dreadfully beaten.

A *gamer* man never entered a ring than Church; he proved himself a complete *taker*, but as to the winning consequences of *giving*, he had to learn. SCROGGINS, in the ring, is completely at home; he is cautious of himself; and his judgement is most excellent, in perceiving when his antagonist is nearly exhausted, by going in promptly to *finish* him off hand. He will not give half a chance away, and in one of the rounds he ran in, head foremost, at his opponent's body, which rather seemed to displease the spectators. SCROGGINS, however, did not win this battle without considerable *punishment* about the *nob*, one of his eyes being nearly closed, and his face much beaten and

swelled. He never exhibited any thing like such marks before. *Church* sprained his ankle most severely in the third round; and, it is supposed, had not this accident occurred, he would have continued the fight, at least, twenty minutes longer. His confidence never deserted him throughout the battle; and he talked to his second between every round of his capabilities to continue the contest. After the great success *SCROGGINS* met with in the two first rounds, when he, in fact, reduced winning almost to a certainty, many of the *Fancy* expressed some little astonishment, that 55 minutes should elapse before *SCROGGINS* was able to send his man out of the ring!—The exertions of Mr. *JACKSON* to reward the bravery of *Church*, we hear, collected for him £20.

The friends of *Isle of Wight Hall* were extremely anxious to match him with *SCROGGINS* for 200 guineas a-side; but, after four meetings upon the subject, the last of which was held at the Mansion-House Coffee-House, in February, 1817, the partisans of *Hall* offered to pay half the deposit between *SCROGGINS* and *Turner*, in order to induce the former to relinquish that match. *Hall* also proposed to add the ten pounds which had been forfeited to him in a previous instance, to the battle-money; but the offers were declined. *SCROGGINS* had no objection to fight *Hall*, provided he weighed no more than 11 stone. However, it was the general opinion among the best judges of pugilism, that *Hall* was too heavy for our hero.

After enjoying six months ease, *SCROGGINS* was once more called upon to enter the prize-ring with

Ned Turner, in a field near Hayes Turnpike, Middlesex, on Wednesday, March 26, 1817, SCROGGINS fighting *Turner*, £100 against £50. This contest ended in a *drawn* battle. (See page 160.)

A second match, however, was made, to take place on the 10th of June, 1817, SCROGGINS fighting *Turner* £120 against £80.

Upon a review of the merits of the *drawn* battle between the above heroes, some *doubts* now appeared to exist in the minds of the backers of SCROGGINS, respecting the CERTAINTY of the ensuing battle terminating in favour of the latter, when the following contest, which took place *ad interim*, not only tended to remove the *doubts* in question, but operated so strongly towards increasing their former confidence on this favourite hero, as to bet THREE to one that he proved successful.

It appears, a meeting was held, at *Oliver's* house, in Peter-street, Westminster, on Friday, May 2, 1817, to complete the stakes respecting the match between the above pugilist and *Painter*. Several of the boxers were present upon this occasion, among whom were SCROGGINS, *Carter*, *West-Country Dick*, *Ballard*, *Purcell*, &c. Our hero having drank very freely during the evening with the amateurs above stairs, now descended, in a *non compos mentis* state, into the parlour, and ridiculed *Dick* upon his defeat by *Randall*. He also offered to bet 2 to one upon himself against *Turner*, which was immediately accepted by *Richmond*; and, upon the latter's taking up the money, to deposit in some person's hands, SCROGGINS seized hold of the *Man of Colour*, and, in the scuffle, both

fell upon the ground. SCROGGINS now gave some ludicrous imitations of *Richmond's* mode of *mil-ling*—called him every thing but a *good one*, and offered to fight the *Man of Colour*, in the room, for any sum. The latter was much pressed, by all the amateurs present, to give SCROGGINS a severe *thrashing* for his improper conduct, but *Richmond* kept his temper, although he was called a *cur* for suffering such a little fellow thus to insult and triumph over him; yet the *Man of Colour* was not to be moved from his resolution, and he very properly observed, "that as SCROGGINS was under an engagement to fight *Turner*, the sporting world should not experience any disappointment from his *disabling* the former to fulfil his agreement." This conduct, on the part of *Richmond*, was admitted to be handsome and manly by all present. SCROGGINS, however, would not be *denied*—fight he would with somebody, and, therefore, to *accommodate* his daring spirit, a match was proposed between him and young *Fisher*, for twenty guineas a-side, to be decided instantly upon the spot: the latter having gallantly beat the rough and hardy *Crockey*, before the GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA, at Coombe-warren. Previous to which, the opinion of Mr. JACKSON was taken, respecting the propriety of SCROGGINS fighting, considering his engagement with *Turner*. Mr. J. "thought he ought not!" But SCROGGINS over-ruled this objection, by declaring that nothing should hinder him from having a *mill*, provided Mr. *Farmer* would make the match. Mr. *Shelton*, in conjunction with some other amateurs, put down the money for *Fisher*. The large room, at

the back of the premises, was instantly lighted up, the scratch made—bottles, lemons, &c. produced—the spectators retired to each end of the room, and the door locked. Mr. JACKSON acted as the umpire. Carter and Clark attended SCROGGINS; and Richmond and a novice waited upon Fisher. Three to 2 on SCROGGINS. The parties shook hands—half minute time was allowed—and *sixteen minutes* before TWELVE o'clock at night the battle commenced. More spirited betting or greater order never occurred either at Moulsey, Shepperton, or Coombe-wood.

First round.—On setting-to mischief being meant, little science was displayed between the combatants, when Fisher put in a slight body hit. Scroggins *reeled* in after his usual mode, and both went to work slap bang—some sharp *nobbers* were exchanged, and, in closing, both down, but Scroggy undermost. “Well done, Fisher!”

Second.—Fisher, full of gaiety, again hit, first on the body, and seemed resolutely determined upon following up his success. They both *nobbed* each other smartly; and, in struggling to obtain the throw, Scroggy, as before, was undermost.

Third.—Scroggins, from the effects of *lashing*, came quite noisy to the scratch, and, laughing at Fisher, told him, if he could hit no harder than he had hitherto done, he must lose it, and he, Scroggins, would soon convince him of that fact. But Fisher, not dismayed by this threat, not only fought with his opponent manfully, but threw him completely on his face. —“Go it, Fisher!”

Fourth.—This was a good round, and Fisher pelted away so sharply, that Scroggy seemed rather *sobbered* from the contact. Ceremony was out of the question, and hit for hit was reciprocally given, till Fisher slipped and went down.—2 to 1 on Scroggy was vociferated by his partisans.

Fifth.—Fisher came to the scratch in the most lively style, and set-to with as much *sang froid*, as if he had been fighting with a mere commoner. They soon closed, but Fisher undermost. Shouting on both sides.

Sixth.—Nothing but *millng* was the order of this round, and both down.

Seventh.—Scroggins rushed at his opponent with all the impetuosity of the English bull dog, and made his *one two* tell upon Fisher's *mag*; but the latter stood up to him like bricks and mortar, and contended *gamely* till he found himself undermost in the throw.—This change on the part of Scroggy brought offers forward of 4 to 1 in his favour.

Eighth.—Fisher went to work manfully, and Scroggins slipped down from a hit, but, instantly recovering himself, instead of finishing the round, he rushed at Fisher, when some sharp blows were exchanged, till both went down.

Ninth.—Fisher with the utmost ease sent Scroggy down.—Bravo, Fisher—stick to him, my lad!

Tenth.—One of Scroggins's *peepers* seemed a little damaged, but the *canvases* of both of them appeared so impenetrable, that the *claret* scorned to make its appearance. Both again down; but Scroggins, while on the knee of his second, gave two or three loud *hems*, as if to improve his wind.

Eleventh.—This was a truly *punishing* round. Fisher hit Scroggins slightly down—he was up again in a twinkling, and most furiously went in to *mill* his opponent, but he was ultimately sent down.

Twelfth.—Fisher put in a good facer; but, in closing, both down.

Thirteenth.—As yet, nothing was the matter with Fisher, and considering Scroggins was three parts *groggy* upon commencing the fight, he convinced those around him what a fine constitution he possessed. He is an extraordinary little man—a perfect NELSON in idea and nothing less than VICTORY reigns paramount in his composition. Fisher was also viewed with much admiration—and making some allowance for his *noviciate*, in contending with a pugilist at the *top of the tree*, he proved himself an *ugly customer* for this modern DUTCH SAM! In this round Fisher had the best of it, decidedly.

Fourteenth.—Scroggins went down, in closing, but the advantage was on his side. When on his second's knee, he sneeringly observed to Fisher, that “he could not hit hard enough; he had better give it in, as a few more of *his* hits must finish him.”

Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth.—Nothing material on either side.

Eighteenth.—In this round Scroggy was *floored*.—Great applause to Fisher.

Nineteenth to Twenty-third.—Though Scroggins was the favourite, yet many present considered the event at this stage of the fight as doubtful. Upon several offers being made, Scroggy observed, "Aye, bet away, gentlemen, I can win it like fun.—I lay 2 to 1 on myself."

Twenty-fourth to Twenty-ninth.—Fisher appeared still fresh, and, notwithstanding the desperate rushing forward of Scroggins to take the fight out of him, he never *flinched* from his man, but fought with Scroggins like a game cock. At the conclusion of this round, which was in favour of the *cove* of Stangate, he exclaimed with the utmost confidence "Who can beat me, alive? I can mill any of 'em!"

Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second.—Scroggins had the worst of these rounds. He appeared rather distressed, and from the effects of the *grog* reeled about. Fisher exchanged many blows to his advantage.

Thirty-third.—This round was complete *hammering*. Scroggins wanted to put an end to the fight, and fought his way in with all the determination of a lion. His blows were terrific—and although he went down from a sharp hit, he instantly jumped up again and *milled* Fisher furiously till he got him down. Carter now offered a guinea to half-a-crown.—"Bravo, Scroggy—he is an astonishing fellow!" was the general cry.

Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth.—Well contested on both sides; but in the latter round Fisher missed putting in a blow, that might have materially turned the fight in his favour. He had hit Scroggins away from him twice, near the corner of the room, that laid him open, and instead of following up the chance, he retreated, and got sent down. Scroggins again loudly *hemmed*! upon his second's knee for wind.

Thirty-seventh.—Scroggins send down Fisher in a twinkling. This blow was on the face, and, from its tremendous severity, his countenance instantly changed like the various colours of the rainbow. The former shouted with glee, and offered to bet any thing.

Thirty-eighth.—Fisher again went down from a slight hit.—Scroggins, with much contempt and confidence “What do you think of that—I’ll bet 100 to 1, I’ll win it.”

Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second.—Fisher fought manfully, but a change had taken place, and he showed evident signs of weakness, and went down in all these rounds.—£250 to £100 on Scroggy, and his partisans roared with delight.

Forty-third.—Scroggins now began to finish in high style, and dealt out some tremendous punishment.—Guinea to a shilling was offered, but not taken.

Forty-fourth and last.—Fisher came to the scratch much distressed, and Scroggins again *milled* him down. On the time being called, Fisher could not rise from his second’s knee, being very faint and rather sick, upon which Scroggins was declared the conqueror. The battle lasted 41 minutes.

Fisher must be pronounced a good man, and had he fought more at the head, he might have been able to have given a better account of the battle. His *mug* was a little battered; but in other respects he did not exhibit severe marks of *punishment*. He attributed his loss to the heavy falls he experienced more than to the blows he encountered, and walked from the scene of action without any help. With a little more experience and good training, it might not be an easy task to conquer him. SCROGGINS fought under every disadvantage; but the confidence he possesses in himself was truly astonishing; he urged, that he could beat all the light weights, and entertained an idea that six men in the whole kingdom did not exist who could conquer him. He was much *incubriated*, and the danger he was likely to experience in preventing a favourable chance in his ensuing fight with *Turner*, seemed not in the least to operate on his mind. Though the above conquest was not an easy fight, he

was as anxious to bet upon himself as the most interested looker-on, and offering terms almost on every round. He was more beat about the face than his antagonist. It has been observed by *Shakspeare*—"O that a man will put an *enemy* in his mouth, to steal away his brains!" but it is widely different with this extraordinary *milling* personage; for, whether drunk or sober—in the ring or a turn-up, &c. &c. he will not let any person have the *best* of him. He must be viewed as a PHENOMENON.

It was now decidedly two to one, and in many instances the odds were still higher throughout the sporting circles, that SCROGGINS would add another laurel to his wreath, in his second combat with *Turner*, upon the 10th of June, 1817, at Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire, (see page 164,) but unfortunately, the smiles of victory abandoned our hero, and, for the *first time in his life*, he found himself in DEFEAT! The *flooring* of this great favourite operated like an electric shock upon the FANCY; and the anxiety manifested by hundreds of persons, assembled at an early hour both within and outside the *Waterman's Arms*, to learn the event, beggared description. The *defeat* of SCROGGINS was not generally believed for some hours after the report had reached the metropolis; and, indeed, *such an event* was thought almost impossible to occur, so high an opinion was entertained by the Patrons of Pugilism of his *milling* capabilities. In fact, his house was not deserted till he arrived at home, about one o'clock in the morning, where the scene was so much changed, that his feelings must have suffered far more from the agony of

his mind than all the *punishment* his frame had ever undergone in his multiplicity of engagements. No smiles now! No loud huzzas, as heretofore, to greet the conquering hero, with welcome! No over-joyed backers to overwhelm with their fulsome praises! But, on the contrary, a gloomy silence prevailed—his partisans, too, had fled from him like a pestilence, and he retired to his pillow *alone*, depressed, unhappy, and restless, and even without the common merit allowed to him of having lost his laurels in any thing like a well-fought battle! But it has been observed, by a great Poet, that

In adversity

The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest;
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

The only *consolation*, it seems, SCROGGINS experienced, after his mind had overcome the shock of *defeat*, was in attributing his loss to an *accidental* blow he received upon his throat, in the third round, and which swelled up so rapidly, as almost to deprive him of the power of breathing during the remainder of the battle; and nothing could satisfy his wounded feelings, but another opportunity to retrieve his lost laurels with his more fortunate opponent. *Turner*, without hesitation, agreed to *accommodate* him, and SCROGGINS was so confident victory would crown his efforts, that he put down the principal part of the money himself, to make the stakes good of £150 a-side to meet on Tuesday, October 7, 1817. But the *charm* was broken—the *invincibility* of SCROGGINS, in the sporting world, was at an end—no longer a win-

ning man, all his defects were now too prominent to be overlooked—a material falling-off was also observed at his benefit—and he was altogether so much reduced by comparison with *Turner*, in the estimation of the boxing circles, that the odds on the *third contest* were 7 to 4 against him.

During the time allowed for *training*, SCROGGINS, as in a former instance, unmindful of the necessity of paying the greatest attention to his frame to render every thing secure towards conquest, in an inebriated moment, had an accidental *turn-up* with *Bob Gregton*, at *Belcher's*. In this *skirmish* our little hero went down, and sprained one of his legs so severely, that he did not recover from its effects for upwards of a month; but, to make amends for the above *indiscretion*, so much did he *fancy* this match, that he sold his house, quitted the character of a publican, and became a private individual, in order, as he observed, to be more circumspect towards his *training*.

His *third* battle with *Turner* was fought at *Sheperton*, (see page 174,) and, notwithstanding his contempt for regular *training*, he, nevertheless, appeared in the ring in better condition than his opponent. It was, however, evident to every one present, that SCROGGINS strained every point to win the contest, on which his darling fame was at stake: and it is but common justice to remark, that his character as a boxer rose far higher in every point of view, on that day, than in any of his previous battles. Yet fortune again deserted him, and he was left mentally to exclaim, in the words of a great fighting hero:—

Perdition catch thy arm—the chance is thine !
 But, oh ! the vast renown thou hast acquired
 In conquering SCROGGINS does afflict him more,
 Than even his body's parting with its soul !

SCROGGINS HIMSELF AGAIN !—Notwithstanding the above defeats of our hero by *Turner*, *despondency*, with him, was out of the question, and his *pluck* remained so good, that he determined, if possible, to triumph over the old adage, “ *When a man is down down with him !* ” and not to lose the whole of that great *notoriety* he once possessed in the pugilistic circles. It is true the stream turned against him, but, nevertheless, SCROGGINS is not to be beat off hand, as a matter of course. *Commoners* must not attempt this circumstance ; and even *scientific* men will not be able to try it without experiencing something like danger in the event. The following *turn-up* may, perhaps, tend to elucidate this point. It appears, on Tuesday, October 21, 1817, a *navigator*, weighing upwards of thirteen stone, having accidentally got into company with SCROGGINS, at *Tom Oliver's*, in Westminster, impertinently began to *throw off* upon his capabilities as a boxer, by observing, “ *that he could lick half a room full of such impostors !* ” SCROGGINS remonstrated on the impropriety of such conduct, but in vain ; nothing less than a fight could satisfy this *bouncing* man of clay. The room in which SCROGGINS had conquered *Fisher* in such high style was immediately prepared, and the combat commenced. The *science* of SCROGGINS soon prevailed over the *navigator*, and, in five rounds, the conflict had ceased ; and this modern *Bobadil* proved himself the

real impostor! The latter had not a shadow of *chance* towards victory, and he paid dearly for his temerity. His *mug*, from the repeated *facers* it had received, was completely changed; and the *punishment* he sustained was so terrible, that it may operate as a lesson, in future, to such "*fool hardy characters*" as the above *navigator*, to keep their tongues within their teeth. SCROGGINS concluded the evening as if nothing had happened; and returned home without experiencing the slightest inconvenience from this unexpected combat.

In taking leave of our hero, a few general remarks will suffice. No boxer on the list has afforded greater sport in the ring than SCROGGINS. In the short space of little more than *three years*, he exhibited himself in *TEN* prize battles; and although never *rated*, or *praised*, as a SCIENTIFIC FIGHTER, yet his *milling* talents were of that peculiar cast, and his name so attractive throughout the FANCY, as to draw together some of the most numerous meetings of the amateurs ever witnessed. The singularity of his person tended, in a great degree, to procure him *notoriety* as a pugilist; his height does not exceed five feet three inches, and under eleven stone in weight. His appearance, when stripped, is not unlike the stump of a large tree; and, from his loins upwards, he looks like a man of fourteen stone. He also stands firm upon his legs. His frame is round, hardy, and capable of great exertions, either in *giving* or receiving the blow, accompanied with a *nob*, which seems laughing at all opposition. A projecting forehead too, which, in a great degree, protects his

peepers from being easily measured for a *suit of mourning*; and he frequently attacks his adversary more like the antics of a *merryman* than displaying the practical system of a disciplined boxer. *Smashing* is his principal *forte*; and he appears to fight more from the impulse of *feeling* than acting with the *coolness* of judgement; but latterly he has exhibited signs of scientific improvement. Those boxers that cannot keep SCROGGINS out are in great danger of experiencing defeat from his overwhelming *punishment*. In short, after reviewing all his defects as a fighting man, he must nevertheless be pronounced an EXTRAORDINARY LITTLE PERSONAGE ALTOGETHER; his achievements entitle him to this appellation; and, at one period of his reign, after his memorable set-to with *Tom Belcher*, at the Fives Court, (see page 41,) it is an indisputable fact, that the amateurs were so *infatuated* with his capabilities, he could have been backed against that elegant pugilist for £500 a-side. But, alas! how are the mighty fallen! and such is the versatility of opinion, that SCROGGINS—the ONCE GREAT TERROR OF THE RING TO ALL THE LIGHT WEIGHTS—like all other fallen heroes, is thrown completely in the back ground, except in his own *confidence*. However, his *pluck* is still undiminished, also, extremely anxious to recover his fame, and it is not unlikely he may yet achieve more conquests.

NATURE, it should seem, has not been unkind to SCROGGINS, and if this gift had been seconded by *cultivation*, it is probable his demeanour in society might have proved rather more *classical*. He is well read in the book of life—*awake* upon most occasions,

and to get the best of him upon any *suit*, it must be a second *Cocker* in calculation ;—full of fun and anecdote, while SOBRIETY keeps her empire, he is a pleasant cheerful fellow—alive to the interests of the ring, and particularly attached to prize-milling, in being found always ready to afford amusement, when a purse is offered for a *set-to*. In allowing for a great portion of his time being passed in the Wooden Walls of Old England, his manners are not more blunt, nor his conduct less independent than what usually characterize the BRITISH SAILOR. At all events, he is a *striking* feature in the annals of pugilism ; and the name of SCROGGINS, in the boxing hemisphere, is in no danger of being hastily forgotten.

JACK RANDALL,

DENOMINATED *the Prime Irish Lad*, otherwise the
NONPAREIL.

THE Prize-Ring (1818) does not boast of a more accomplished boxer than RANDALL ; nor of any pugilist who, in so short a period, has made greater progress towards arriving at the *top of the tree* than he has done.

The "*prime Irish Lad*," so denominated in the sporting world, it appears, is not a native of Ireland, but who has acquired the above appellation, in consequence of both his parents being Irish. RANDALL was born, on the 25th of November, 1794, in the neighbourhood of St. Giles, near the brewhouse ;



Drawn by Sharpley

Engraved by Maywood

JACK RANDALL

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and, among the "gay boys" of that lively part of the metropolis, his skirmishes have been numerous indeed.

The Archery-ground, in the Long Fields, near Russell-square, was the principal scene of action in which our hero exhibited when a mere stripling. Young "*Snuff*," well known in the boxing circles, was conquered *three times* by RANDALL in the above place; and, at the age of fourteen, he also fought a man of the name of *Leonard* in this ground, who was a stone heavier than himself, for three quarters of an hour. *Leonard* was, at length, so terribly *punished*, from the activity of JACK's arms, that he was obliged to be led off the field.

Size or weight, it seems, never operated as any drawback to the exertions of RANDALL; and, possessing courage of the first order, his *pluck* rose superior to the obstacles he had to encounter, and, like another NELSON, he never thought of any thing but victory. JACK was unavoidably engaged, in Mary-le-bone-lane, with a man of the name of *Henshaw*; the latter was not only taller, but had the advantage of three stone in weight. Twenty-five minutes of hard fighting had occurred, when the friends of both parties interfered and made a drawn battle of it. Notwithstanding the great disparagement between the combatants, from the superior style of fighting displayed by RANDALL, it was thought he must, ultimately, have proved the conqueror.

One *Murphy*, an Irish labourer, a most powerful athletic young man, attacked RANDALL in Bainbridge-street, St. Giles's; but the latter, not dismayed

from his giant-like appearance, MILLED Murphy so severely in the course of a few rounds, that had it not been for fear of the consequences likely to ensue from a general row, our hero was compelled to desist, and rest satisfied with the *punishment* he had so very liberally bestowed upon his over-grown opponent.

Since the period of *Bill Ryan* and *Jack O'Donnel*, the Irish amateurs have not had a champion to take the lead in the prize-ring, till the appearance of JACK RANDALL; and, under the patronage of the gallant Col. BARTON, the sons of Hibernia, it seems, although *Donnelly*, the hero of Ireland, appeared somewhat shy in *hazarding* his laurels on British ground, are nevertheless determined, if possible, to make as high a stand in the pugilistic circles, as when the renowned and fearless *Peter Corcoran* took the lead.

Of RANDALL, it has been observed, that he is the architect of his own fame—he is a pugilist from nature, perfectly self-taught—and is not indebted to any professor for a single lesson towards improving his knowledge of the art of self-defence. He is in height 5 feet 6 inches, and weighing about 10 stone 6 lb. His appearance when stripped indicates great bodily strength; his shoulders athletic, but rather inclined to be roundish; and his frame altogether capable of great exertion, very compact, and which might be urged to partake of *multum in parvo*. RANDALL is a complete *rara avis* in the ring; but does not appear to use any *finesse*. His position is erect, and natural fighting is his forte. His *look-out* in battle is equal to any admiral upon the station; and he turns the neglect of his adversary to account with the utmost

promptness and judgement. He is a most excellent judge of his *distances*, and *floors* his opponent with tremendous severity. His *one-two* are put in with the sharpness of lightning; but he appears most partial to the use of his left hand. As a *fibber*, he has no superior; and, in struggling to obtain the *throw*, the strength he has generally exhibited over his adversaries, in this respect, has astonished every spectator. On his legs he is wonderful, and he gets over the ground with all the agility of a dancing-master; but, notwithstanding these rare requisites towards victory, he does not trifle with any of them, but fights with the greatest caution. He leaves nothing to *chance*. In the heat of battle he is cool to a degree; but his most prominent feature as a fighting man is—in retiring from all his contests without scarcely exhibiting a *scratch*!

The first battle of any note in which RANDALL was noticed by some amateurs, was with *Jack, the butcher*, in the Prince Regent's Park, Mary-le-bone. It originated in a dispute respecting some improper conduct in a fight, in which the above heroes had acted in the capacity of seconds, and being a *point of honour* it was decided instantly upon the spot. In the course of twenty minutes, *the butcher* was so completely *served out*, that RANDALL was declared the conqueror.

Our hero, it seems, now aspired to obtain higher honours among the pugilistic corps, and, in the same ring in which *Scroggins* and *Eales* had contended, at Coombe-wood, on August 26, 1815, he made his *débüt* with *Walton*, denominated the Twickenham

Youth, for a purse of five guineas. RANDALL astonished the amateurs with the gaiety of his style, and the decisive action he exhibited. *Paddington Jones* and *Whale* were his seconds upon this occasion; and, in the short space of TEN MINUTES, the Twickenham Youth, who in other battles had shown some talents for *milling*, was in the hands of RANDALL so *peppered*, that he now left the ring without the slightest *chance* of winning.

After *Carter* and *Robinson* had exhibited at Moulseyhurst the first time, Wednesday, April 24, 1816, RANDALL entered the ring with *George Dodd*, for a purse of five guineas. It was a well contested battle, and twenty-five minutes elapsed before victory was decided in favour of our hero. *West-Country Dick* and *Clark* were his seconds.

On Wednesday, May 28, 1816, at Coombe-wood, RANDALL entered the lists with a Jew, denominated "*Ugly Borrock*," for a subscription purse, collected on the ground, of ten guineas, towards producing a second fight. The amateurs were completely astonished at the *milling* capabilities displayed by RANDALL upon the above occasion; more especially from his *condition*, which, in point of look, appeared so meagre and lank, that an opinion was generally entertained *Young Paddy* must, in the course of a few minutes, be compelled to quit the ring, from the severe *punishment* he was likely to receive from the hands of this determined *Israelite*. But so unexpectedly and different was the result, that *Borrock*, "*ugly*" as his *index* hitherto had been urged to be, was now, owing to the sudden *painting* it had undergone from

this *expert changer of faces*, not only rendered more "*unlikely*," but it was so *matamorphosed* as scarcely to be recognized, even by his most intimate friends. The *decisive* qualities of RANDALL were so conspicuous to every one present, from his quick disposal of *Borroch*, as to demand the unqualified praise of the best judges of scientific pugilism.

RANDALL did not give the Jew a single *chance* throughout the fight—he *ONE-TWO'D* him with all the celerity of the sweeps of a windmill in full swing, and *floored Borroch* in almost every round, with the most perfect *non-chalance* ever witnessed. This *millng* performance, so scientific and effective in its conclusion, strongly brought to the recollection of the spectators, the once distinguished *Jack O'Donnel*; and, the superior talents of that boxer, from *Paddy's land*, seemed about to be revived in the person of JACK RANDALL. The above battle only continued about twelve minutes; and RANDALL was seconded by *Tom Oliver* and *Clark*.

The abilities of RANDALL were often the theme of conversation among the amateurs of boxing; but, owing to a bad finger, and want of necessary time to improve generally his frame, he was not matched till Thursday, April 3, 1817, when he entered the lists with *West-Country Dick*, for 25 guineas a-side.

A roped ring was prepared for the occasion, about a mile and a half from Twickenham, on the Common, and numerous vehicles of all sorts were placed round it, forming a most capacious amphitheatre. Several marquees were also erected on the ground, filled with the *good things of this life*, to render the sports of the

day pleasant and attractive to those lads who were *well breeched*; but, such is the uncertain chance of war, that a gentleman who rode into the ring having all the appearance of an *amateur*, unfortunately, in *propria persona*, turned out to be a county magistrate. He very politely requested the *official* characters to remove the ring, and to disperse as soon as possible—a good deal of *gammon* was *tipped* to prevail on him to let the manly sports proceed; but he was good-naturedly inflexible, and observed, that he had been upon his horse ever since seven in the morning on the *look out*, and that it was *morally* impossible the battle could take place in the county of Middlesex. This was enough. And, in less than half an hour, this spot of ground so previously important for *milking*—now appeared like the “*baseless fabric of a vision*,” that not a drag was left behind. *Bill Gibbons, Richmond, Harmer, Scroggins, Cribb, &c.* repaired to Hayes, followed by a great party of horsemen and carriages, and formed a ring, but this ultimately proved a *hoax*, to the no small chagrin of thousands. The better informed proceeded to Twickenham, where the subject was *argued* and *determined*; and, on the signal being given, the carriage wheels went round like lightning—the water was crossed in a twinkling—and, on the plains of Moulsey, in Surrey, about two o’clock, RANDALL entered the ring and threw up his hat, followed by *Dick*. *Paddington Jones* and *Whale* seconded RANDALL; and *Oliver* and *Clark* for *Dick*. Two to one on RANDALL. The battle continued 33½ minutes. Both the combatants were well known to the ring, particularly *Dick*; but RANDALL was con-

sidered by far the better fighter. The amateurs were of the first respectability, but not very numerous. It was generally spoken of as a most *comfortable* MILL, and conducted with all the *good breeding* of a drawing-room! A small delay occurred, owing, it is said, to *Dick* refusing to fight out of a *roped ring*.

First round.—On *setting-to* much caution was observed on both sides to obtain the first advantage, when Randall, with great dexterity, put in a sharp *facer*. In returning, *Dick* hit short—some few blows were exchanged in favour of Randall, who fought his way into a close, and commenced *fibbing* his adversary till they both went down.—3 to 1 on Randall, who had drawn *Dick's* cork.

Second.—*Paddy*, full of fire, immediately took the lead, and *nobbed* *Dick* so successfully, that he turned round from his opponent. In closing, as before, he held *Dick* up, and *faced* him till he went down. Loud applause.

Third.—*Dick* set to with much gaiety, and put in a body hit, but he could make no successful impression upon Randall. The latter not only out-fought him, but again *fibbed* him down.

Fourth.—The superiority of *milling* was decidedly on the side of Randall, who drove *Dick* from him. In closing, *Dick* went down rather rapidly from the numerous blows he had received in this round, and it was thought a foul blow had been given him, and much vociferation took place of "foul—fair," &c.

Fifth.—Randall's distances were well measured, and *Dick's* *nob* was again in contact with *Paddy's* fist. At the ropes *Dick* made an ineffectual struggle to escape from the severe *fibbing* which Randall was so liberally bestowing upon him.—5 to 1, but no takers.

Sixth.—Randall commenced *work* after the manner of a hammer-man at a forge, and although *Dick* kept plunging with his favourite right-handed hits, yet, in closing, Randall held him up with all the tightness of a vice, beating a *tat-too* upon his *mug*, till he felt disposed to send him down. Loud shouting.

Seventh.—The left hand of *Dick* seemed of no use to him, and his right hand did not perform that severe execution as on

former occasions. Randall, however, did not seem to relish it much, and got away from it with much adroitness. Dick was again *fibbed down*.

Eighth.—Randall now satisfied the ring that he must win; he showed himself a complete scientific fighter—could work well with both his hands, and not only hit Dick away from him, but ultimately *milled* him down.—Bravo, Paddy!

Ninth.—Dick put in a *facers*, and Randall, in returning, hit short and went round, but recovered himself; and, in closing, *fibbed* Dick severely at the ropes, and then dropped him in style. 6 to 1 on Randall.

Tenth.—The *nob* of Dick was fast losing its shape from the severe *hammering* of Randall, who applied his fist so rapidly on his opponent's *mug*, that it could only be compared to a footman knocking violently at a door. In closing, both down.

Eleventh.—A short round, but it terminated in favour of Randall, as did also the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth rounds.

Fifteenth.—It seemed as if Dick was endeavouring to obtain a change in his favour—he hit Randall on the face, put in a hard blow on his shoulder, and had the best of this round. Both down.

Sixteenth to Twentieth.—Randall seemed rather *blowed* in these rounds, and at times got away from Dick's right hand. In fact, he had not been idle for a moment, and the face of his opponent gave a strong specimen of his capabilities, and he was *fibbed* down upon every set-to. 5 to 1.

Twenty-first.—A good deal of sparring occurred before a blow was exchanged, when Randall put in four *facers* without any return. Both down. Any odds.

Twenty-second.—The arm of Randall appeared to have all the activity of a fiddler playing a country dance; his hand was never out of his opponent's face.

Twenty-third.—This round claimed much attention, from its singularity. Dick put in two severe body hits, but, in closing, Randall *fibbed* him severely with his left hand, then changed it with the most apparent ease, and *punished* Dick down. Great applause.

Twenty-fourth to Twenty-seventh.—In these rounds the spectators were surprised to see the successful manner that Randall held up Dick with one arm, and punished him with

the other. His head was now completely in *chancery*, his left eye quite puffed up, and he had been down so often, as nearly to get the appellation of "tumble down Dick!"

Twenty-eighth.—The battle was fast drawing to a close, and the excellence of Randall was now acknowledged by all. Dick endeavoured to make some desperate hits; but Randall *nobbed* him at arm's length, with the utmost *sang froid*, and, in closing, did as he liked with him.

Twenty-ninth and last.—On setting-to, Randall, with much severity, put in a blow on the *bread-basket*, that not only puffed the wind out of him, but he went down and instantly rolled up like a bale of cloth. Such a blow is rarely witnessed, and seldom fails in having the desired effect. Time was called, and upon Dick's getting up to come to the scratch, he shook hands with Randall, and resigned the contest.

RANDALL, in the above contest, proved himself one of the prettiest fighters of his weight, (10 stone 2 lb.) He is a good two-handed hitter, but unusually successful with his left hand; and his game has not yet been put to the test in any of his battles. *Dick* had not the slightest chance. RANDALL left the ring without a scratch upon his face.

The scientific quality displayed by *Holt*, in a battle of an hour and a half's duration with *Parish*, the waterman, and from his more recent conquest of *O'Donnel*, at Arlington-corner, the amateurs were much prepossessed in his favour; and, notwithstanding the well-known excellence of RANDALL, it was generally thought that *Holt* would turn out an equal competitor. In consequence of this opinion, a match for 25 guineas a-side was made between the above pugilists. Considerable interest was felt by the sporting world respecting its decision, which took place at Coombe-warren, on Tuesday, May 20, 1817, in a 24 feet roped-ring.

The wet state of the weather in the early part of the morning prevented great numbers of the *Fancy* from quitting the metropolis, and although it was extremely fine contiguous to Coombe-wood, there were not above six hundred persons present, among whom were Col. BERKELEY, Capt. BARCLAY, Mr. JACKSON, Gullely, Cribb, Carter, Oliver, Scroggins, Crockey, Ballard, Gibbons, &c. The combatants were nearly alike in weight, both under 11 stone. RANDALL was backed by Col. BARTON; and Holt by some gentlemen of Bermondsey.

It was upon the whole one of the most orderly conducted matches ever witnessed, excepting a slight fracas which occurred between Caleb Baldwin and the keepers of the gate. The latter, not immediately recognizing the *veteran of the ring*, refused his vehicle admittance, without the usual tip; but Caleb finding *argufying the topic* would not do—instead of paying them in the *new coinage*, dealt out another sort of *currency*, and although destitute of the W. W. P. it, had such an instantaneous effect upon the *Jahany Rams*, that the gate flew open, and Caleb rode through in triumph.

At a little after one, Holt appeared in the ring and threw up his hat, and RANDALL immediately followed. Paddington Jones and Whale seconded the latter, and Painter and Clark for Holt.

The usual ceremony of shaking hands being performed, every eye was on the stretch, looking out for the first advantage.—Seven to 4 generally on RANDALL, but 2 to 1 in many instances.

First round.—The combatants had scarcely placed themselves in attitudes to *set-to*, when Randall's left hand, with much severity, hit Holt on his mouth. He repeated it as quick as lightning, and was endeavouring to plant a third, but Holt stopped him. Randall again put in another desperate *facer*; a few blows were exchanged, when young Paddy went in with his usual sort of hook to *fib*, but Holt caught hold of his arm, and a sharp struggle took place for the throw, Randall showed the most strength, and Holt was undermost, 3 to 1 upon Randall.

Second.—On coming to the scratch, in this very early stage of the fight, Holt's *mag* showed the *painter* had been very busy. Randall's left hand again successfully *nobbed* his adversary, and he was as active as a drummer beating "*the generale!*" Considerable science was now displayed on both sides; Holt stopped many blows in good style, and he also planted a sharp blow on Randall's cheek. Several hits were exchanged, but materially to the advantage of Randall, who, in finishing this round of three minutes, caught hold of Holt's ribs in rather a singular manner, and threw him. 3 and 4 to 1 loudly offered upon Randall.

Third.—Randall with the utmost *sang froid*, again beat the *tat-too* upon Holt's nob. It was altogether a long round, but the science exhibited by Holt was that of *stopping* instead of giving, and the spectators were astonished at the little execution he appeared capable of performing. Randall put in upwards of six *facers*, damaging the *peepers* of his opponent, and *claretting* his face all over, and sent him down from a tremendous hit on the side of his head. Five to one.

Fourth.—Holt came up to the scratch undismayed, but he had no sooner set-to, when the left hand of Randall dealt out tremendous punishment. It was never out of his opponent's face. Holt, it was now evident, had been deceived respecting the quality of his adversary; yet he contended in the most manly style, and planted a desperate hit under the left ear of Randall, that the latter bled prodigiously. The science of Randall was pre-eminent; he put in six *facers* almost successively: and when Holt, at length, stopped him on this *boring* suit, he used his right hand with nearly equal success, till Holt went down.

Fifth.—Randall was compelled to fight extremely different from the mode he had adopted with *West-Country Dick*. Holt was not to be *fibbed*; and Randall also convinced the admirers

of scientific pugilism, that he is a most effective out-fighter. The Irishman's hits are tremendous, and the appearance of Holt's face was completely *vermilioned*, and his body also, from the above source, was so strongly coloured, that he might have been termed a *red man*. In this round, notwithstanding the *damaged* eye-sight of Holt, he put in so sharp a blow on the bridge of Randall's nose, that *pinked* the *index* of Paddy in an instant. The quickest eye could scarcely keep pace with the execution performed by Randall's left hand in this round, and he repeatedly bit Holt from him till he went down. All betters, and no offers accepted.

Sixth.—Randall appeared to suffer much inconvenience from the violent bleeding of his ear; his mouth was so over-charged that he could scarcely get rid of it. Had not Holt possessed good science, he must have been *smashed* all to pieces in the very outset of the battle. He stopped a great number of blows; but it may be truly said, that he only stood up as a mark to be hit at. It was curious to observe, that, whenever the left hand of Paddy was denied, he used his right with great facility, and put in some terrible *ribbers*. Randall closed this round by a terrible blow in the *middle piece*, that sent his adversary down in a twinkling. Ten to one was offered upon Randall.

Seventh.—It was useless for Holt to contend; but his game and courageous nature prompted him, if possible, to rise superior to defeat. But it was all up—Randall did as he pleased; in fact, it was Waterloo-bridge to a deal plank, and Holt was again down. Any odds.

Eighth and last.—Holt was anxious for conquest; the *blunt*, it seems, he did not value, but the darling fame of victory was most dear to him—nothing else could have induced him again to meet his opponent. Randall worked sharply with both his hands, and with his right he planted a tremendous hit on Holt's *nob*, that instantly *floored* him. He was beat out of time; but he was very anxious to renew the combat; and observed, "*I am ready to fight*;" but, in endeavouring to rise from his second's knee, he fell down, from his exhausted state. Holt's friends were perfectly satisfied that he could not win, and he was instantly carried out of the ring by Parish and Painter, put into a chaise, and proper attention paid to him. The battle lasted 25 minutes.

In the above contest, RANDALL firmly established

his character as a first-rate scientific pugilist. He possesses the *mastery* of the art in an eminent degree—divests his actions of *sameness* with the most perfect ease—and promptly changes his mode of fighting as the necessity of the attack requires. In his former battles with *Borroch* the Jew and *West Country Dick*, wherein his superior *fibbing* traits proved so successful—with *Holt* a different system was essential, and as an *out-fighter* he completely astonished the ring, at the terrible effective capabilities he exhibited. With his left hand, RANDALL planted forty clean hits on *Holt's* face, and several also with his right. He throws little time away in *sparring*—and, like a good artist, his *workmanship* soon speaks for itself. In the boxing circles, as a *finisher*, there is a great analogy between RANDALL and the late *Dutch Sam*;—as a two-handed hitter, he portrays the decisive mode of TOM BELCHER;—and, to sum up his *milling* requisites in epitome, he is a most consummate elegant boxer. It was urged by the partisans of *Holt*, that he displayed no fight at all in contending against RANDALL. This complaint, upon a slight examination, will not only soon be removed, but such an *unmerited* assertion proved to be unjust. RANDALL was the *offensive* fighter throughout the battle, and his *punishment* was so very rapid and severe, that he never gave *Holt* any opportunity of showing himself, but merely on the *defensive*. The latter, notwithstanding his knowledge of the science, did, but in very few instances, *stop*, with any effect, his opponent's left hand;—and the true statement of the case is—that "*the fight*" was decisively *hit* out of him as early as the

third round. By comparison, it was a *novice* fencing against an *ANGELO*. In fact, if *Holt* had not been a truly *game* man, he could never have stood before *RANDALL* for 25 minutes, after the heavy *milling* he received at the onset. In consequence of this opinion, entertained by the few amateurs present, TEN pounds were immediately collected for his bravery.

Four months had scarcely elapsed, when *RANDALL* again appeared in the prize-ring, in competition with *Belasco*, the Jew; and produced one of the most interesting battles upon record. Since the boxing days of the scientific *Tom Belcher* and the renowned *Dutch Sam*, the amateurs and patrons of pugilism had not been more animatedly interested respecting the termination of any combat than the one which took place on Tuesday, September 30, 1817, at Shepperton-range, in a 24 feet ring, for 50 guineas a-side, between the above heroes. The *milling* reputation of both the combatants was of the first order throughout the circles of the *Fancy*. *RANDALL* (better known as the *prime Irish boy*) was viewed as the best *finisher* of the light weights—armed at all points, either to *stop* or *give* with equal certainty;—and, added to the superlative advantage of *hitting* with all the severity of a kick from a dray horse, among his friends he was considered as a tremendous *Nonpareil*. In epitome, he was the *primest* of *FLOORERS*. He had *disposed* of his three different opponents, *Borroch Levy*, *West Country Dick*, and *Holt*, with such astonishing celerity, that the only quality *RANDALL* had not yet demonstrated satisfactorily to the sporting world was—in proving himself a *taker*, united with his other acknowledged

boxing requisites. The Jews, in *Belasco*, hoped to find another *Dutch Sam*—he was the rising star of their pugilistic hemisphere—looked upon as a most *mischievous* boxer—he *set-to* with all the varieties of a *harlequin*—an awkward man to get at—a truly desperate *in-fighter*—one that would not be denied—and also rally with his opponent to the end of the chapter. Indeed, from comparison, it was nearly *diamond cut diamond*! *DUKE'S PLACE* was all alive respecting the capabilities of *Belasco*, and, notwithstanding the love of *monish* by the various tribes, it is said, in some instances, the *odds* were sported on the young promising *Israelite*. While the inhabitants of the *back settlements* of the *Holy Land* were equally full of spirits upon the occasion, from a *turf-cutter* to a *knight of the hod*, and sported all their loose *blunt* from a *Sovereign* down to a glass of *whiskey*, in honour of their *darling JACK RANDALL*. The *Corinthians* of St. James's were so highly interested upon the event; and the *Flash Side* (as they are termed,) although they sported 5 and 6 to 4 on the hero of the *sod*, did not view it with any thing like the safety of *receiving* a bank dividend. The men appeared in good condition—*Belasco* weighing a few pounds more than his opponent, and looked uncommonly fresh. The time having arrived, five minutes before one, the combatants commenced the attack. *RANDALL* was seconded by *Paddington Jones* and *R. Whale*; and *Belasco* was waited upon by *Little Puss* and *Aby Swartcher*.

First round.—Randall, who in all his former battles, generally hit first, now displayed unusual caution. The same care was equally observed by the Jew. They viewed the attempts of

each other with great circumspection. NAPOLEON, in the height of his glory, never looked upon the advantages of a *move* with greater interest—nor did the competent WELINGTON ever attempt to *frustrate* any grand design, with more zeal, judgement, and anxiety, than the above combatants. It was a complete system of tactics. The spectators were lost in amazement; and their optics were completely *tired* in watching the feints—viewing the steps—contrasting the manœuvres, stratagems, and snares, resorted to by Randall and Belasco to get the best of each other, until NINE MINUTES had elapsed before the first round was terminated, during which only four blows had been exchanged; in closing, Belasco went down.

Second.—The same system of *generalship* occurred, and this round occupied EIGHT MINUTES AND A HALF. Belasco put in a sharp hit on Randall's mouth, which brought forth the *claret* in a twinkling. Here the coolness of the *Irishman* was seen to great advantage, and his *steadiness* of frame was the same as if no blow had been struck. A rally occurred, in which some sharp hits were exchanged, and Randall received rather an unwelcome *touch* upon his eye. They separated and rallied again, when, in a close, the Jew went down.

Third.—From this mode of fighting another Birmingham battle was anticipated of *four hours*! In this round the knowledge of the art was portrayed on both sides. Randall was rather unfortunate in his distances, for although his left hand *bodied* his opponent repeatedly, it did not once touch the *mark*. It was not the *coup de grâce* hit. Belasco down. Twenty-four minutes had elapsed.

Fourth.—The conduct of the Jew was much to be admired. He fought like a hero, and followed his opponent with all the confidence of true game. He was however *floored*, with the celerity of a shot, from a desperate left handed hit of Randall. The latter put up his hand to his eye as if it was troublesome.

Fifth.—It was now clearly seen that Randall was the great Captain, and he *out-generalled* his opponent with all the accomplishment of the Art of War. If Randall was bored at any time to a corner of the ring, he fought his way out with such ease and safety, that description falls short in conveying its excellence. It was also curious to observe, that the Jew, at one period, had got Randall in a position to fib him, when the latter, from his genius and courage, not only extricated

himself from this perilous situation, but he returned the compliment upon Belasco with an adroitness unparalleled, and fibbed the Jew till he went down. Two to one upon Randall.

Sixth.—A most excellent round in point of science, but Belasco was again *floored*.

Seventh and last.—Belasco not only appeared a *better*, but a superior boxer in every respect, than in his late contest with Reynolds; and if he could not rank equally great with Randall, he nevertheless proved himself a difficult *customer* to be *served*! After some scientific movements, Randall put in so tremendous a hit on Belasco's eye, that the latter instantly put up his hand to feel if it was out of the socket—the pain appeared so excruciating, that he staggered, fell, and fainted. Randall might have put in another hit before he went down, but his conduct was too noble to add the slightest punishment to a fallen rival. Upon Belasco's recovering from his *trance*, he rubbed his body, as if suffering from severe *punishment*. The battle thus terminated in 54½ minutes.

The most experienced judges of boxing agree, that, throughout the ANNALS OF PUGILISM, such a finished display of scientific excellence as the above battle is not to be paralleled. It was a perfect picture of the art, and RANDALL justly acquired the appellation of—THE NONPAREIL. On his legs, notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of CARTER, RANDALL is considered equal, if not superior. His agility is surprising. *Dutch Sam*, in the best of his days, it is also said, never fought with any thing like that degree of certainty manifested by RANDALL; and, in competition with the latter, the Jew phenomenon must have fallen beneath his superiority. This high sounding praise may appear, to some persons, more like *flattery* and *adulation*, we are aware, than proceeding from the conviction of cool and solid judgement. The above contest, it is true, did not

altogether please, if we are to collect from the crowd who are partial to downright *milling*: but from the admirers of scientific efforts—from those patrons who value the *intent* more than the *effect*—those amateurs who appreciate the advantages of *hitting*, and *getting away*, of *giving* instead of *receiving*, and of seeing a fight won without ferocity, gluttony, and copious *streams of claret*, the fight between RANDALL and Belasco was pronounced one of the most perfect specimens of pugilism ever witnessed. The attitudes of the men were fine in every point of view, and their movements conducted on the true principles of science. The athletic beauty of the human frame was never more prominent. RANDALL retired from the ring scarcely scratched from the war—but, as a *taker*, he is still to be tried. This is the grand art of fighting, to *give* and not to *receive*! RANDALL, it cannot be denied, is completely master of the above trait.

At a sporting dinner, given to the *Lads of the Fancy*, at Tom Oliver's, a few days after the above fight, by one of the *highest* amateurs in the scientific circles, no want of *game*, it appears, was discovered to render the table complete; and when the cloth was removed, the cigars lighted, the lively glass replenished, and the merits and *capabilities* of various *milling* heroes became the animated subject of discussion among the company present, a *set-to* was proposed, by way of practical illustration, between the prime *Irish Boy* and young Burke of Woolwich. The above heroes immediately acquiesced in this request: the *gloves* were produced, and the men soon appeared in battle array. Burke, who is five feet ten inches in

height, and wanting neither *gluttony* nor *science*, contended for the honour of *having the best of it* with much determination; but some doubts having arisen among the learned judges upon this precise point, a regular *glove match* was entered into, and a sum deposited on both sides accordingly. The first clean *floorer* was to decide the event! The contest was truly spirited between them, and, after some *tidy* milling having occurred, *Burke* went down; but it not being *exactly* the thing meant, the point was reserved till another round. Thirteen minutes had now elapsed, and notwithstanding the advantages *Burke* possessed from standing over RANDALL, the latter at length measured his distance so correctly, that *Burke* was *floored* with as great celerity as if he had been shot! The point being now satisfactorily decided—the glasses went merrily round—mirth and harmony prevailed throughout the evening, and the company separated in the utmost good humour. It is said, that the amateur before alluded to, observed, RANDALL should not want, if necessary, from 500 to 1000 guineas to complete any match, so high an opinion did he entertain of his milling talents! RANDALL was presented by his backer with the amount of the stakes.

RANDALL had made such rapid strides towards perfection in pugilism, that some difficulty was experienced in finding a *customer for him*. However, the *long talked of* match between the *Waterman* and RANDALL was at length made for 100 guineas a-side. These boxing heroes met on Thursday, November 27, 1817, at Hayes-common, in Kent. *Parish*, it seems although not appreciated as a boxer by the amateurs—

was well-known as a *staunch* man—and also to have acquired first-rate *science*, under the tuition of *George Head*, (a teacher of deserved celebrity,) yet nevertheless, in comparison with the *Nonpareil*, so much was the Waterman placed in the back ground, that THREE to one was the current betting against him. It is true, that *Parish's* battle with *Holt* was highly spoken of at the time it occurred, although it took him *one hour and a half* to win it; while RANDALL, on the contrary, beat *Holt* in twenty-five minutes. The *Nonpareil*, too, had acquired great boxing reputation from defeating, in succession, *Jack the Butcher*, *Walton*, the *Twickenham Youth*, *George Dodd*, *Borroch*, *West-Country Dick*, and *Belasco*. Wallingham-common, in Surrey, about six miles beyond Croydon, was the spot selected for this grand trial of skill. Thither the amateurs repaired at an early hour, but the clergyman of the parish (and also a magistrate) saw the cavalcade pass by his window, and immediately, on learning the cause, hastened to the ring, and declared that the battle must not take place in Surrey. A little *persuasion* (or what some of the *Fancy* might term *gammon*) was tried to divert the *Rev. Gent* from his intention,—but he observed, “it was loss of time to remonstrate, as he was as inflexible as a rock.”—In this dilemma, Hayes-common, in Kent, about seven miles distant, was suggested as an eligible place. The stakes were instantly removed, and the *motley groupe* followed like lightning, over a cross-country road, that had not been visited for months by any thing else but dung-carts or waggons. It was almost impassable, but the *game* of the *Fancy* was not

to be beaten by trifling obstacles, and the scene that followed beggars description. Postchaises were *floored* from the high ruts in the road—the springs of carriages and gigs were broken—the *Rosinantes* dead beat—the *Eatoners* puffing and blowing from top to toe, anxious to arrive in time—shoes were dragged off the feet by the strength of the clay, and many of the *slight-footed* coves stuck fast in the mud. The magistrate, very *politely*, saw the patrons of the science to the extremity of the county before he took his leave. At length, Hayes-common appeared in sight, and the ring, after some little time, was again formed. At ten minutes after three o'clock, RANDALL appeared and threw up his hat in the ring, attended by *Paddington Jones* and *Whale*, as his seconds; *Parish* shortly followed and repeated the same token of defiance, followed by *George Head* and *Spring*. Several amateurs of rank were in the ring; and Colonel BARTON, the patron of RANDALL, sat down close to the stakes, anxiously waiting the result of the contest.—On shaking hands the men set-to :

First round.—The positions of the combatants were extremely elegant, both appeared in good condition, but, if any thing, Parish seemed the heaviest man. Neither of the men were eager to strike; and notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of Randall, considerable time elapsed upon the *look-out* before the attack commenced. At length, the *Nonpareil* got his distance, and planted a body hit with much dexterity, and got away. He was not long in giving his adversary another, when Parish returned, but not effective. Considerable time again occurred in sparring, till a favourable opportunity offered for Randall, when he let fly at the Waterman's *nob*, which produced the *claret* in a twinkling, and he got away with the agility of a dancing-master. The *Nonpareil* also stopped in a masterly style the blows aimed at him; and

showed his superiority by finishing the round in a winning manner, from the equal use of both his hands, the left being applied to the body of his opponent, and the right hand put in so tremendous a hit on the head of Parish, that he fell forwards on his face as if he had been brought down by a gun. Great applause. Eight minutes and three quarters had occurred, and 4 to 1 was offered with as much *sang froid* as if the *blunt* was of no value.

Second.—Randall, notwithstanding the decided advantages he had obtained, like a skilful general, seemed to think that discretion was the best part of valour, was equally as cautious as if no blows had passed between them, and again waited for a good opening. The attempts of Parish were frustrated, and Randall, with the most smiling confidence, again *bodied* his opponent. The already damaged *mug* of the Waterman was again *peppered*, and the *crimson* flowed copiously down his cheeks. In closing, the *Nonpareil* showed himself completely entitled to the above appellation, he got Parish's head under his arm, and fibbed him with all the celerity of the footman of a fine lady knocking at the door of a rout, till both went down.

Third.—The admirers of fine science were here completely tired before any *work* was attempted, so much time had elapsed; and the downright partisans of the Old School of fighting, when *milling* was the order of the day, began to treat this sort of boxing rather contemptuously. In fact, Parish was so fatigued that he put down his hands. At length the combatants became more in earnest, and Randall finished the round most successfully. The latter planted a severe *throttler*, when Parish returned, but not heavily. Some blows were exchanged, and the Waterman very cleanly hit one of Randall's *peepers* that made him *wink* again; but the *Nonpareil* returned this favour with compound interest, and made the waterman *bite the dust*! Uproarious applause. In this round Randall cut the knuckles of his left hand all across, against the Waterman's teeth, and the blood ran down in torrents. He also broke the bone of the third finger of the same hand, against Parish's cheek-bone.

Fourth.—The head of Parish, from the profuse *colouring* it exhibited, showed the handy works of the limner, but his confidence was not in the least abated. On setting-to he was *robbed* without ceremony, and he also received in the course of the round, a body hit, that sent him staggering away from

his opponent. The returns of Parish were not effective; and, in closing, Randall showed the amateurs the practical advantages of *fibbing*; for he here portrayed a feature peculiar to himself in this respect, when tired with one hand to change it, and then *worked* with the other, till Parish was thrown undermost.—The *gluttony* of the waterman was acknowledged by all present, and even good *science* was allowed him; but betting, nevertheless, was at a stand still, so certain did the event appear to be, that the *Nonpareil* would be again crowned with victory.

Fifth.—This was a sharp round, and Parish appeared to more advantage than heretofore. The left hand of Randall was dreadfully lacerated, but although in this painful state, it did not prevent him from doing his usual execution. In closing, Parish met with a heavy fall, and was undermost.

Sixth.—The waterman scarcely ever attempted to strike first, had he done so, in all probability, a greater *chance* might have presented itself. In one or two instances, he lost nothing by commencing the attack. In closing, a desperate struggle took place to obtain the throw, after *fibbing* had been again administered, when Randall got him down and rolled over him.

Seventh.—It was evident Randall was the strongest man—the best fighter—superior on his legs—knew how to shape himself for every situation he had to encounter; in short, he appeared a complete master of the art of war. Some hard *milking* occurred in this round, and Parish made some good hits; but he could not turn the scale. Randall put in a *bellier*, and got away; the waterman followed him in the most *game* manner, and never showed any thing like flinching throughout the fight. Randall put in a desperate hit in the waterman's neck and laughed, and nodded at him, by way of approbation. In closing, both down. The friends of Randall were under some alarm, from the great quantity of blood he had lost from his left hand; and a medical man of some eminence, viewing the fight, was rather apprehensive it might produce fainting.

Eighth.—Randall was not to be got at, and he distinctly took the lead in this round; but Parish gave him a sort of half-arm hit in the mouth, that appeared to fill his throat with blood. Both down.

Ninth.—On setting-to Randall drew on one side to void the *claret* from his mouth; but this was the most effective round in the fight. It was truly singular to view Randall, hit, hit,

and hit again, till the Waterman went down upon his back. A guinea to a shilling was laughed at.

Tenth.—In this round the Waterman appeared rather conspicuous. He got Randall in the corner of the ring, and put in a body blow that made the *Nonpareil* wince again for the instant; in fact, he dropped a little on it, and had it been heavier, it is likely he must have gone down. But the recovery of Randall was excellent, he got out of his perilous situation in the masterly style of a consummate tactician, and the marks of his bleeding hand were seen imprinted on the belly of his opponent. After some little traversing the ring, Randall was again in the corner, when it was curious to observe the mode he took to obtain his distance;—he leaned his body back quite through the ropes, and planted by this means, a heavy hit on the Waterman's mouth, that soon gave him an opening, when he came laughing out. Some hits were exchanged, and Parish, with much dexterity, hit Randall under the ear, that marked him. The *Nonpareil* now showed no quarter, and in closing, he threw the Waterman so desperately, that his shoulder was nearly dislocated. This was the most attractive round in the fight, and Parish received considerable applause.

Eleventh and last.—The Waterman was entitled to every consideration, from the manly manner in which he contested every round. Although he did not gain much by in-fighting he should have tried it at an early part of the fight; he could not have been worse off. In out-fighting in this round, he was fairly beat to a stand-still; and although he endeavoured to stop scientifically, his altered face was again punished. In closing, he received the usual severity; and in going down, with his brave competitor, he was not able to meet him any more at the scratch. The shouts of victory were loud and lasting, and the *Nonpareil* was carried out of the ring as a token of triumph, and the reward of conquest. The battle lasted fifty-three minutes.

The capabilities of RANDALL, in the ring, are so well known, that any comment is scarcely necessary to urge further proof of his excellence upon the above occasion. What the most skilful master of the sword portrays, RANDALL exhibits with the fist. His mode of fighting does not appear to originate from the com-

mon advantages of tuition; but it seems completely *intuitive*: *study* is out of the question, and it partakes more of the effects of NATURE than resulting from the *minutiae* of Art. RANDALL gains nothing from *chance* blows; and rarely ever makes a hit without its proving effective. If his blows are not stopped, his distances are so well measured, they are sure of arriving at their destination. It is asserted, he has never been seen to hit past the head of his opponent; and though considerable time is lost in the *caution* he observes before he strikes, it is amply repaid in his coming off victorious without *punishment*. However unpleasant it may be to state, the positive fact is, *Parish* had no opportunity of turning the battle in his favour; it was all on the side of RANDALL from the commencement to the end; but, notwithstanding this remark, *Parish* must be allowed to have sustained the character of a *bottom* man, and a good fighter; and, excepting the *Nonpareil*, in competition with any other boxer of his weight he is likely to show himself to great advantage. Although his *face* received such tremendous punishment, his *peepers* were never closed, and he showed himself, on the same evening, at the White Hart, on the Bromley-road, quite *chuffy*, refusing to be put to bed. The absence of Mr. JACKSON, on these occasions, is a severe loss to the combatants; particularly to the losing man, who, in this instance, had not *one single farthing* collected for him.

In concluding this sketch of RANDALL, it is scarcely necessary to remark, that he has risen rapidly to the elevated point he at present stands upon; and a still higher eminence, in all probability, awaits his abilities

on the pugilistic roll of fame. From the short period he has moved in the *scientific* boxing world, (little more than 18 months,) he may be termed the “*DARLING OF VICTORY!*” success ever attending upon all his operations. RANDALL is the *pride* of the *Irish* amateurs—and the “finger post” to all the *tight boys* of the *sod*, many of whom, in their warmth of admiration of his *milling* superiority, urge that he is capable of giving a stone weight to even boxers of talent; and, throughout the *Fancy* in general, JACK RANDALL is viewed as a LEADING STAR!

He has derived essential service, it seems, from the patronage of Colonel BARTON, and, under the auspices of this patron of the gymnastic sports, he has been enabled to come into the ring in superior *condition*; and it is also due to RANDALL to remark, that his conduct has been worthy of that patronage—circumspect in his mode of living—far from a quarrelsome disposition—and attentive to his *training*.

Among the numerous advantages he possesses towards *prize-milling*—his *confidence* is not the least prominent. The following well-known fact is a decisive proof of the above remark. On the day that *Scroggins* and *Turner* fought their last battle at Shepperton, in consequence of the delay which occurred, and an opinion being entertained that *Scroggins* would not appear in the ring, RANDALL, in order to prevent any disappointment to the amateurs, who had come so great a distance from London, offered to fight *Turner* on the ground, for £100 a-side, although *eight days* had not elapsed since he had defeated *Belasco*. In a word, he is—A NONPAREIL!

BRISTOW,

(denominated **Young Paria** !)

THE above boxing *prig* of colour entered the prize-ring entirely by chance; in fact, it was so very sudden that he had not the slightest notion of it three minutes before it occurred; but the *pluck* he displayed, and the encouragement he met with upon this occasion, from the amateurs, it seems, induced him to think more *seriously* upon the subject, and at length he entered himself in a regular way upon the list of scientific pugilists.

BRISTOW, it appears, is a native of Barbadoes, under 20 years of age, and came over to England in the capacity of a gentleman's servant. He is in height about 5 feet 4 inches, and rather less than 9 stone in weight. Having some leisure time upon his hands, and anxious to witness a *prize-mill* between two men of his own colour (*Stephenson* and *Robinson*), he walked down to Coombe-warren, on Tuesday, May 28, 1816. The above heroes had pleased the *swells* so much by their *milling*, that they were determined to have another *black set-to*, at all events; two men of colour were, therefore, selected upon the ground, and for a purse they immediately entered the ring; but just as they were preparing to mill, and the outer ring being beaten out, the veteran Champion of Westminster, *Caleb Baldwin*, chanced to strike with his whip the above black youth; the lad for this favour gave *Caleb* two such *facers*, that his *nob* was instantly covered with

claret. A row was now the consequence, and to prevent the darling honour of *Caleb* from being sullied, an immediate appeal was made to the ring, the *blacks* immediately quitted the ropes, and *Richmond* very handsomely seconded *BRISTOW*, that fair play might be obtained : thirteen rounds were well contested, and *YOUNG MASSA* was by no means a *pleasing customer*, as will be seen by the following recital of facts:—

First round.—*Caleb* seemed angry, and eager to check this daring novice for his presumption, set-to with great courage, and wished to *mill* off hand this *sprig of colour*, but *Massa* laughed at the attempt—returned bit for hit, and, in closing, brought the veteran down.

Second.—Young *Massa* not only showed pluck, but his attitudes were imposing, and the Champion of Westminster did not know what to make of him. *Caleb* hit out viciously, which the Black returned on the nob of his opponent, and the veteran, in a close, went down undermost.

Third.—On setting-to *Massa* put in a severe facer, and followed it up so strongly, that the Champion was fairly hit down.

Fourth.—Young *Blacky*, full of gaiety, pointed his finger at the veteran, by way of derision, and kept moving with great agility that he might not be *smashed* by the superior science he had to contend against. Some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, this game sprig fibbed *Caleb* severely, and brought him again down undermost.

Fifth.—The youth of the Black encouraged him to proceed, and he hit out rather in a scientific style, as if he had taken lessons. *Caleb* seemed not able to stop him, and the veteran's sight appeared somewhat defective, as he generally hit short. In closing, as before, the Black fibbed away, and *Caleb* went down undermost.

Sixth.—*Caleb*, on his guard, had the best of this round, and, in closing, turned the novice down.

Seventh.—Young *Massa* seemed an apt scholar, quite on the alert, and under the guidance of such a second as *Richmond*, he stood more than a chance to do something. He put

in three severe hits, got away cleverly, and succeeded finally in bringing down his man.

Eighth.—Caleb's nob was properly *crimsoned*, and in every round he received more than he gave. His once acknowledged talent for *servoing out* appeared to be gone by, or else this almost conqueror of Dutch Sam could never have suffered so many rounds to pass over to his evident disadvantage. The young Black had too much gaiety for him, and he threw the Champion against his will.

Ninth.—Caleb got a little into work, and gave Massa a small *taste*; but he seemed to make no impression; however, he ultimately brought the young one down.

Tenth.—This was a sort of scuffling round, but Caleb had the best of the throw.

Eleventh.—Blacky ran in with great velocity, and gave his opponent a tremendous body blow—a perfect *winder*! It was heard at some distance, and the Champion felt not a little surprised. In closing, they both went down.

Twelfth.—Appearances were most certainly against Caleb; but yet some trifling odds were betted, judging from what he had formerly done, that the old trump would be able to come through the piece. At Caleb's age, the Black must have been considered a dangerous unlucky customer to have fallen in his way, so unprepared as he then was. It was altogether an unfortunate *turn-up* for the veteran; and even the terrors of the ring did not in the least abate the confidence of the young adventurer, who hit out, and faced his man, more like an experienced boxer than a raw chance *mill*. Caleb again found himself on the ground.

Thirteenth and last.—Caleb, full of pluck, seemed to rally all his capabilities into action, and rushed towards the scratch with all the eagerness of a *Richard*, mentally exclaiming—"Perish the thought; ne'er be it said, that Caleb, the renowned Caleb Baldwin, of *mill*ing notoriety, ever surrendered his hard-earned laurels into the hands of a mere stripling novice, and that to a *Black*."—The Westminster Champion put in some of his teazers, and, it is but justice to observe, that the young one was not a jot behind-hand in returning some good hits. It was a *mill*ing round altogether, but, in closing, Caleb was again down.—Some interference now appeared to be made, and the darling fame of Caleb was rescued from the tottering brink of destruction, by *Blacky* giving in! to the great asto-

nishment and surprise of the spectators, as the young one had only a very slight scratch over one of his eyes. Caleb was thus enabled once more to return to his dominions, as the conquering hero.

Young *Blacky*, upon being persuaded to relinquish the contest, received the sum of thirty shillings, collected by subscription, as a reward for the *pluck* he had manifested, in daring to enter the lists with so renowned a *punisher* as *Caleb Ramsbottom Baldwin*.

YOUNG MASSA having received some instructions from *Richmond*, he was hastily matched with a man, called *Little Tom*, on Saturday, July 19, 1817. It was PUGILISM ON THE SLY, and, as early as nine o'clock, about fifty real sporting amateurs assembled together in the fields between Copenhagen-house and Highgate, according to an appointment made the preceding evening at BELCHER'S, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, to witness the match between the above *aspiring* heroes for twenty guineas. *Tommy* did not possess the height, strength, or weight of a *Gregoon*; neither is his *pedigree* of that *high sounding* description as to have afforded conversation for the sporting circles, nor can his *milling* exploits be *accurately* traced in the annals of the ring; but it seems his backer, an amateur of fortune, valued *Tommy's goodness*, from witnessing his efforts in *frightening* an overgrown saucy *Knight of the Rainbow* in a row, who *bolted* on receiving a clumsy thump from this brave little hero—and also in his vanquishing a rough tar, who, in consequence of being “half-seas-over,” was compelled, in a short *turn-up*, to strike his colours. YOUNG MASSA'S ring-fight with *Old Caleb* had not

only given notoriety to his pugilistic requisites, but added confidence to his courage to attempt future achievements. Under these pretensions the combatants *peeled*, and all the formalities of the prize-ring were adhered to, excepting the use of ropes to confine the combatants within a certain space. *Richmond* took under his protection *YOUNG MASSA*, and *Harry Harmer* seconded *Little Tommy*. The *fury* of the battle *raged* for thirty-three minutes, and nineteen rounds occurred; a description of which may be summed up in a few words. *Little Tommy*, in *theory*, was a perfect hero, and he had pictured to himself the ease and *sang froid* with which he would *serve out* his opponent in battle; but the actual *practice* of the ring completely took the fight out of him, and, at the end of the sixteenth round, he informed his second he would fight no more. But the recollection of the *blunt*, it seems, gave *Tommy* new courage, when he instantly checked the unpleasing sound of *No!* and jumped up with all the gaiety of a tumbler, and once more met his opponent at the scratch. For three more rounds, *Tommy* endeavoured to tease *YOUNG MASSA*, but his mode of attack was a complete *caricature* upon fighting. His *nob*, however, notwithstanding his shyness of approach, came in contact with *Blacky's* fists, and one of his *listeners* got a little *touched*, when he immediately urged that his *upper works* were in such a state of confusion, he had scarcely *sense* enough left for him to make known he had had quite enough. Upon the whole, it was a *nouvelle* display of the art of boxing, and the amateurs experienced as much fun and laughter as if they had been

witnessing a broad farce at the theatre. It was almost a *bloodless* fight, and, excepting a slight *scratch* Tommy received in closing, not the shadow of a drop of *claret* would have been split. He put on his wearing apparel with as much ease as if rising out of bed; and, as he appeared not to like *milling in buff*, MASSA, with much *politeness* and attention, offered to *accommodate* him with a round or two in his clothes; but this offer Tommy declined, and walked home rather *chagrined* from not winning the stakes. BRISTOW had no opportunity of showing himself off to advantage, from the *dancing-about* tactics of his opponent; and he left the ring as *nice* as if he had been taken out of a band-box. Tom Belcher, in company with several amateurs of note, was in the ring; but, in point of fact, more *laughter* than *batting* occurred! The above *set-to* was intended as putting BRISTOW upon his *trial*, but he had nothing *strong* against him, therefore his former *milling* character remained in *statu quo*.

BRISTOW was matched with a minor hero, designated "*Little Pug*," for ten guineas a-side. This contest was decided on Tuesday, Sept. 30, 1817, at Sheperton-range. It was a long fight, occupying upwards of an hour, and forty rounds occurred. YOUNG MASSA did not increase his reputation in this battle; for he was compelled to acknowledge *defeat*!

Under the care and tuition of the experienced *Richmond*, it was expected YOUNG MASSA would have been able to give a better account of the "*light weights*," more especially as his first *untutored essay* with *Old Caleb* evinced so many fine qualities.

BILL (DOLLY) SMITH.

THE above milling hero is a native of Hammersmith, and, it seems, had *practised* with much *effect* upon the *nobs* of numerous *Johnny Raws* in that neighbourhood previous to his entering the prize-ring. He is a lively active boxer, ready to time, and completely on the alert when contending with his man. DOLLY is in height 5 feet 4 inches and a half, and about 11 stone in weight. His frame is round and compact, and he does not want for either strength or courage; neither is he destitute of *science*: but determined *milling* seems to be his decided forte. SMITH entered the lists with *Hares*, for a purse of twenty-five guineas, given by the Pugilistic Club, at Coombe-wood, on Tuesday, May 3, 1814. *Hares*, in conquering *Bullard*, not only proved himself a *game* man, but, also, displayed some traits of scientific knowledge; and had, previous to the present combat, fought with SMITH; but, after fighting about three rounds, his neck got so much twisted from a severe fall, that he was then unable to proceed, and it was postponed till another opportunity. They were both what is termed "little ones," and set-to with great spirit and confidence.

First round.—It seemed that a good *mill* was now determined upon between the combatants, and that a slight *taste* would not suffice this time, so at it they went, without any ceremony; and, after a few blows were exchanged, *Hares* was levelled.

Second.—*Hares* had scarcely prepared himself to set-to, when Smith attacked him with so much impetuosity, that all

attempts to resist it were unavailing, and with his right hand he again *milled* down his opponent.

Third.—Smith, full of spirit, after a few hits had passed, levelled his man.

Fourth.—Hares put in a good blow and got away, but Smith, no ways deterred, kept following, till he hit him down.

Fifth.—After a few hits, they closed, and both went down.

Sixth.—Hares kept *milling* and retreating, but was ultimately sent down.

Seventh.—The activity displayed on both sides was lively in the extreme; but Smith put in such a *scender*, that levelled his opponent under the ropes.

Eighth.—Hares portrayed that he was possessed of science, and his blows in general were well directed, but the gaiety of Smith triumphed over all his skill, and again sent him down.

Ninth.—Smith made play, and some brisk fighting took place, but Hares went down.

Tenth.—Hares quite fresh and unmindful of what had passed, pelted away in good style, but, notwithstanding, Smith bored him down.

Eleventh.—The advantage was completely on the side of Hares in this round, who, with much dexterity and *punishment*, severely *fibbed* Smith down.

Twelfth.—*Milling* on both sides, and, in closing, Hares was thrown.

Thirteenth.—On setting-to Smith levelled his antagonist.

Fourteenth.—A few blows were exchanged, rather to the disadvantage of Hares, who again went down.

Fifteenth.—An uncommon good round, and both on the alert. Hares doing considerable execution with his left hand, and ultimately gave Smith a clean knock down blow.

Sixteenth.—A most courageous rally took place; and, in closing, both went down, but Smith undermost.

Seventeenth.—A short round, and, in closing, both again down.

Eighteenth.—After a sharp rally, they came to a close, and both fell.

Nineteenth.—Hares put in two severe hits right and left, and *punished* Smith considerably, who was *milled* down.

Twentieth.—Smith went down from a cross-buttock.

Twenty-first.—Both hit together, and Hares endeavoured to put in a severe left-handed blow, but Smith very neatly stopped it, when they closed and both fell.

Twenty-second.—Hares with his left hand levelled his opponent, but who, notwithstanding, jumped up with great gaiety.

Twenty-third.—A well contested round, and sharp fighting on both sides. In closing, they both fell, but Smith undermost.

Twenty-fourth.—Hares, however fond of the retreating system, stood up manfully, and dealt out very often severe *punishment* with his left hand. In closing both fell.

Twenty-fifth.—Hares, with much science, measured his distance well, and levelled his opponent.

Twenty-sixth.—In this round, also, Hares took the lead, and his left hand was seen flourishing away in prime twig. Smith's *nob* showed severe traits of *punishment*, and the *claret* was fast trickling down his face, but he *milled* away with perfect *sang froid*, till he was levelled.

Twenty-seventh.—Resolution and better fortitude were never exhibited by any pugilists, than by these two "LITTLE ONES." They often hit together, and such reciprocal boxing was scarcely ever witnessed. This round was famously contested, till they closed, and both went down.

Twenty-eighth.—Such gaiety was seldom seen, and notwithstanding so many hard and *punishing* rounds had passed, they were both upon the alert, hitting and stopping as if the battle had just commenced. They closed, and both fell.

Twenty-ninth.—Hares rallied in grand style, and went in and hit Smith down.

Thirtieth.—So much activity, displayed on both sides, reminded the spectators of two game cocks. They appeared to be always ready. No difference was yet manifest. Hares endeavoured continually to hit and get away, and at times was very successful. Some blows were exchanged, when they both went down.

Thirty-first.—Hares, with considerable dexterity, put in a

tremendous teaser in the wind of his antagonist, which levelled him in a twinkling.

Thirty-second.—The gaiety of Smith astonished every one. He was always *towelling* away and sticking close to Hares. The latter received so severe a blow upon one of his *peepers*, that sent forth the *claret* in all quarters.

Thirty-third.—On commencing this *set-to*, Hares levelled his antagonist.

Thirty-fourth.—Sharp *milling*, when both went down.

Thirty-fifth.—The rounds were now short. In struggling to obtain the throw, they both fell.

Thirty-sixth.—Hares put in a left-handed hit and got away, and Smith in pursuing him received another blow, which sent him down.

Thirty-seventh.—Hares, from the success of the last round, went in with great confidence, and *sans cérémonie* made Smith again *measure his length* on the grass.

Thirty-eighth.—The *nob* of Smith exhibited a queer aspect, and it might be said, putting a *new face* upon the matter.—On *setting-to* weakness showed itself, and their blows appeared rather feeble. They soon closed, and both went down.

Thirty-ninth.—A few blows were exchanged, when Hares got his opponent's head under his right arm, and *fibbed* him so terribly, that he went down exhausted.

Fortieth.—Considering the length of the battle this was a most excellent round. Some hard hits passed between them, when they closed, and both fell.

Forty-first.—Smith commenced with spirit, and, although he fell from a trifling hit, the round was decidedly in his favour.

Forty-second.—Smith now appeared conspicuous, and the gaiety he displayed astonished all the spectators. He put in a most tremendous hit, that knocked Hares down.

Forty-third.—Smith bled considerably, and seemed determined to win off hand if activity could accomplish it. He now went in with great spirit, and from the force he used in *milling* down his opponent, he also fell.

Forty-fourth.—Hares betrayed great weakness, but no want of *pluck*, and boldly faced his man, though he was soon levelled.

Forty-fifth.—Smith was quite a hero in this round. He hit and stopped with great facility. Hares stood no chance with him, and was not only terribly *punished*, but ultimately levelled.

Forty-sixth.—The *game* of Hares was still prominent, and, anxious to obtain a change in his favour, he nobly contested this round and exchanged some good hits. They closed, and both went down.

Forty-seventh.—This round was little more than a trial of strength in closing, when they both fell.

Forty-eighth.—Hares, notwithstanding his weak state, by a well-directed blow, levelled Smith.

Forty-ninth.—Hares was now much exhausted, and his head and body exhibited great severity of *punishment*, and bleeding most copiously, yet still he managed to exchange a few hits, when he fell from weakness.

Fiftieth and last.—Hares, upon setting-to, was immediately knocked down. He was anxious to protract the fight, but his friends interfered, and Smith was declared the victor.

SMITH and *Hares*, in the above combat, completely proved, "that height does not make the man!" Giants could not have shown more manhood and resolution than these little heroes did in a severe conflict, sustained with equal ardour on both sides, for the length of FIFTY-EIGHT minutes. Bravery, game, and science, were not wanting in either of them; and it was not till upwards of forty rounds had elapsed, that any material difference was to be perceived between them, and even at that period, nothing like certainty, as to the ultimate event. No conqueror ever retired from the scene of action with a *severer* MILLING than did SMITH. Both of them were most dreadfully *punished*.

SMITH was now matched with *Scroggins*, and contended with that hardy boxer for an hour, with a tolerable chance of success. (See page 224).

DOLLY entered the lists with an athletic bargeman, of the name of *Cannon*, in a field contiguous to Shirley-common, near Windsor, on Tuesday, May 6, 1817, for twenty guineas a-side, in a twenty-four feet ring. It proved a most determined battle. SMITH, upon this occasion, was patronised by the *swell stage-coaches*, whom, it seems, sported their *blunt* most freely in his support, notwithstanding the great disparagement of person between DOLLY and his opponent. The former being in height about 5 feet 4½ inches, and weighing 11 stone 4 lbs. *Cannon* was much *fancied* by the *gemmen of the oar*, and his pugilistic pretensions were rather of a prepossessing quality. He was a fine athletic young man, 26 years of age, standing 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighing 13 stone. It was his second appearance in the ring, and he was not destitute of science, having some time before conquered the biggest man in the Staffordshire militia, in a very *finishing* manner. As early in the morning as eleven o'clock the men stripped, and DOLLY was seconded by the veteran *Caleb Baldwin* and *Dick Whale*; and *Cannon* was attended by two stout countrymen. Half-minute time allowed.—Six to four on SMITH.

First round.—Both the combatants did not seem disposed to waste much of their time in sparring, and went to *work* without any ceremony. *Cannon*, from his height, length, and strength, completely stood over his opponent, but Dolly, not in the least dismayed, planted two good body hits, and fought with his man with much gaiety, till, in closing, both went down.

Second.—Both on their mettle, and, pelting away in good style, some sharp blows were exchanged between them, when Dolly put in a tremendous teaser on the side of *Cannon's* *nob*, that seemed like an electrifying shock to the bargeman's upper-works. He was much confused, but his *bottom* would

not let him go down, and he fought his way into a close, when both again fell.

Third to seventeenth.—During the whole of these rounds the combatants were far from being idle, and much severity of *milling* had occurred. The *claret* had long made its appearance upon both their *nobs*, and their *mugs* had undergone some little change, from the repeated thumps they had so reciprocally and liberally bestowed upon each other. Upon the whole, Dolly as yet might be said to stand forward in the most favourable point of view, and betting continued on him.

Eighteenth.—In this round Dolly gained great applause, he fought his opponent in the most gallant style, *milled* him in all directions—and, by way of finishing it, he planted such a tremendous hit in Cannon's *middle* piece, that he went off his pins in such quickness of style, resembling more the celerity of a cannon shot, than in being *floored* from the fist of a man. Loud shouting, and 7 to 4 on Dolly.

Nineteenth to sixtieth and last.—*Punishment* was the order of the day in all these rounds. The gaiety of Dolly never forsook him, and he contended against an opponent every way so much superior, with the most determined courage and manhood. It was a good fight throughout, and both the men displayed true native resolution. The *claret* flowed profusely—and both were so equally *painted*, that it was remarked by a spectator they both belonged to one flock of sheep, they were so regularly *marked*. Their *peepers* were nearly obscured, and such a *punishing mill* has not been witnessed for a long time. One of Dolly's arms was so much beaten, and his wrist so terribly sprained and puffed up, that he was reluctantly compelled to relinquish the contest, at the expiration of an hour and four minutes.

Cannon was so much exhausted, that, on being declared the winner, he was obliged to be led out of the ring, and, on being lifted into a coach, by three men, he immediately fainted. The battle had scarcely finished one minute, when a magistrate appeared to put an end to the sports; but "his *worship*" was politely informed, there was no necessity for his functions then to be brought into *action*, as it was all right

respecting the *mill*, and they should be upon the *retreat* in a *twinkling*. A great number of sporting gentlemen from Windsor, Eton, &c. were upon the ground, and considerable betting took place.

TOM SPRING, the Butcher.

FROM the retirement of *Gully* and *Gregson* out of the fighting circle, very few "big ones" of note entered the *prize-ring* as candidates for *milling* honours; and upwards of six years had elapsed since *Cribb*, the Champion, had been engaged in actual combat when SPRING appeared. The attention of the amateurs was therefore principally directed towards pugilists under the weight of twelve stone; however, about the year 1818, a little variety was produced, some new boxers having entered the field, among whom SPRING did not appear least anxious to obtain the *highest place* on the roll of pugilistic fame.

This "big one" of *milling* pretensions is a native of Herefordshire, and had, it appears, before his arrival in London, not only *disposed* of all the rough *commoners* opposed to him, with considerable ease, but likewise defeated the best man in that county in great style. His family name is WINTER. With the *gloves*, SPRING had exhibited in the metropolitan circles with some degree of talent; and, as a pupil, under the tuition of the skilful *George Head*, had derived the greatest part of his pugilistic knowledge. He made his *débüt* in the prize-ring, at Moulsey-hurst on Tuesday, September 9, 1817, with

one *Stringer*, a Yorkshireman, from a place called Rawcliffe, thirty-three years old, and a mere *novice*, excepting a few lessons he had lately received from *Richmond*. On stripping, the appearance of *Stringer* was athletic and formidable, but not youthful. His countenance, from its rough cut, seemed as if it had endured some hardship; while *SPRING* exhibited equal strength, did not look more than 21 years of age, and, in some instances, not altogether unlike the late *Jem Belcher*. In fact, the men were nearly equal in weight, the difference of half a stone, it is said, not being between them. The stakes were 40 guineas, and a trifling purse given from the P. C. Both the men were about 6 feet in height. *Stringer* was seconded by *Richmond* and *Shelton*; and *SPRING* was attended by *Tom Owen* and *Parish*. Two to one was asked on taking the Yorkshireman; but 7 to 4 was current betting against him.

First round.—*Stringer*, on setting-to, placed himself in a better attitude than might have been expected. He also made two feints. Some blows were exchanged, and in closing, both down.

Second.—In this round the superiority of science was evident on the part of *Spring*. In closing, he fibbed his opponent severely, and, in struggling for the throw, both went down, but *Stringer* uppermost.

Third.—This round was most courageously fought. It was curious to observe the left hand of *Stringer*, pushing, as it were, against his opponent, with his right close upon it. *Yorky* did not appear wholly without judgement, though many of his blows were made at random. Both were down. The odds had now risen rapidly upon *Spring*.

Fourth.—*Stringer* rushed in with all the impetuosity of a bull, and seized hold of his adversary improperly, and sent him down. Loud cries of "foul—fair," &c. occurred. But the fight was suffered to proceed. It being attributed more

to a want of knowledge on the part of Stringer than to absolute design.

Fifth.—The strength, activity, and science, were now pre-eminent on the part of Spring, and, at this early stage of the fight, it was almost certain how it must terminate. Spring kept hitting his opponent completely away from him,—but still he returned more desperately to meet him, till *Yorky* was at length bit down, and his mug deluged with *claret*.

Sixth.—This was also a desperate round. The men stood up to each other, and *hammered* away like a couple of blacksmiths, as if both their frames were insensible to *feeling*; but Spring had the best of it. The latter nobly disdained taking an advantage when Stringer was on the ropes, and let him go down without extra *punishment*. Great applause from all parts of the ring.

Seventh.—The determination of Stringer was truly astonishing, and he bored in, regardless of the consequences. In passing Spring, he got a tremendous *nobber*, and was ultimately sent down.

Eighth.—Nothing but *milling*, till they closed, and both down.

Ninth.—On setting-to *Yorky* received a *facer*, which nearly turned him round, but he recovered himself, and planted a good hit. In closing, Stringer got his arms round his opponent's body, but he nevertheless could not prevent Spring from administering some heavy *punishment*. The Yorkshireman, however, obtained the throw, and fell with all his weight upon Spring.

Tenth.—Stringer fought with so much desperation, that he almost laid himself down, he appeared so exhausted.

Eleventh.—The Yorkshireman could not protect his head from the repeated attacks of his opponent. In closing, both down, but Spring uppermost.

Twelfth.—Both the combatants exhibited the severe marks of each other's *handy-work*. The *claret* was also flowing copiously. Both down. A quarter of an hour had elapsed.

Thirteenth.—A short but sharp round, till both on the ground.

Fourteenth.—Stringer was rather conspicuous in this round. He bored Spring to the ropes, where much struggling took place before they went down. Spring bleeding.

Fifteenth.—Stringer was hit down at the ropes. Great approbation.

Sixteenth.—This was as terrible a round as any in the fight. One minute occurred in hard *milling*, without intermission, till Spring got the best of it, when Stringer went down and fell upon his hands.

Seventeenth.—The conduct of Spring was again truly brave. He had got Stringer in a situation that he might have *punished* him till he was tired, but he let him down amidst the loudest shouts of approbation. Bravo, Spring!

Eighteenth.—Stringer kept fighting till he fell covered with blood.

Nineteenth.—The *game* displayed by the Yorkshireman was equal to any thing ever seen in the ring; and, notwithstanding the severe *milling* he received, he came laughing up to the scratch. But his head was never out of *chancery* in this round. Both down.

Twentieth.—The men upon *setting-to* went as eagerly to work as if the fight had but just commenced. Hit for hit, and *facer* for *facer* were reciprocally given, till, in closing, both had enough of it, and went down.

Twenty-first.—Equally desperate as any of the preceding rounds. *Richmond* now loudly observed to Stringer “to fight his own way.” The Yorkshireman went down covered with *claret*.

Twenty-second.—Spring took the lead in this round in an eminent degree. He *fibbed* Stringer terribly, till he fell.

Twenty-third.—The courage of the Yorkshireman was truly fine; and had he possessed *science* equal to his opponent, the termination of the battle would have been very doubtful. They fought like lions, till they both fell out of the ropes. Loud shouting.

Twenty-fourth.—Spring again behaved handsome to Stringer. Many of the spectators called out to “take the Yorkshireman away.” Three to 1 on Spring.

Twenty-fifth.—A more determined round was never fought, and the battle altogether was so terrible, that many of the amateurs turned aside from viewing it. In a rally, both the

men were hit to a stand-still ; they at length got away from each other, when Stringer rushed in and got his arms round his opponent's body, but, ultimately, he was so severely *fibbed*, that he went down quite exhausted.

Twenty-sixth.—On setting-to, Stringer merely exchanged a blow and went down.

Twenty-seventh.—Stringer, in endeavouring to bore in upon his adversary, run himself down.

Twenty-eighth.—Stringer now made a last and desperate effort. His seconds kept as it were pushing him forward, telling him "to hold up his head." He continued to fight undauntedly till he was sent down.

Twenty-ninth and last.—This round was, in point of *finishing* execution, the severest ever seen. Stringer received in his *middle piece* so tremendous a hit, from the right hand of his opponent, that he was only prevented in the act of falling on his face by a quick repetition of it, which caught *Yorky's nob*, that instantly *floored* him on his back. He was carried out of the ring by his seconds, in a state of stupor. It lasted thirty-nine minutes.

In all of the above rounds, a more determined or *gamer* man was never witnessed than *Stringer* proved himself. He also put in some desperate blows, and his *confidence* never forsook him ; and he laughed several times. On being asked how he felt himself within the last two rounds, he observed, "he was as hearty as a buck !" As a *Receiver General*, he stands almost without an equal. It was a truly desperate fight, and, by comparison, like the battle between *Symonds* and *George Maddox*. *Stringer* was most ably seconded by *Richmond* and *Shelton*. His *nob* was completely metamorphosed. *Stringer* looks like a man of forty, and, it should seem, he commenced pugilist too late in the day to attain celebrity. He might be able to beat any rough commoner ; but notwith-

standing this appearance of strength, he did not hit in proportion to it. In fact, he was not the strongest man. From the exhibition of *SPRING* in this battle, he bid fair to put all the "big ones" upon the alert. It is true, he stood in need of considerable improvement in his mode of fighting; but he, nevertheless, displayed those sound requisites that, when united with experience, must ultimately constitute him a first-rate boxer. His *strength* unquestionable; and his *game* by no means doubtful; he also evinced a tolerable good knowledge of the *science*. *SPRING* was not once *distressed* throughout the battle. He never *bobbed* his head aside to avoid the coming blow, but stood as firm as a rock. His generous behaviour also to *Stringer*, in four or five instances, when he might have administered some terrible additional *punishment*, was so manly and humane a trait, that it cannot be passed over, nor ought it to be forgotten. *SPRING* has a prepossessing appearance, is well made, and weighed more than 14 stone. Both the above boxers have since stood at the Royal Academy, as "studies" for the artists. The frame of *Stringer* is said to possess great anatomical beauty.

SPRING, anxious to obtain a higher situation on the *millling* list, and to lose his time no longer with *rough commoners*, or to remain in obscurity, without hesitation challenged *Painter* for 100 guineas a-side, which was immediately accepted. It was thought rather a bold attempt on the part of *SPRING*; and showed more of *ambition* than *sound* judgement. This match occasioned much conversation in the *millling* circles; but *Painter* was decidedly the favourite. Some

difficulty also occurred in making the stakes good on the part of SPRING, many of his *promised* backers being found absent at the appointed time. A gentleman, however, stepped forward and made up the deficiency, to prevent any disappointment taking place.

Day-light had scarcely shed her beams over the metropolis, on Wednesday morning, the 1st of April, 1818, when the roads leading to Mickleham-downs, near Leatherhead, in Surrey, were thronged with vehicles of every description full of amateurs (or, in the sporting phrase, the FANCY) hastening to the destined spot to enjoy the attraction of *scientific* pugilism, it being the first "big fight" in the season. The splendid *set-out* of the "bit of blood" in his barouche and four *nice* ones; the SWELL in his *natty* gig and rum trotter; the middling *coves* in their numbered *drags*; the Kent-street, Bermondsey, and Tothil-fields' boys pushing along in their light *tumblers* and spare *roinantes*; and, notwithstanding the distance of twenty-three miles from London, numerous *Eatoners* were witnessed on the alert to get a peep at this mill, with as much *sang-froid* as if it was only a mere walk to meet a friend to *blow* a cloud at the *Bull in Trouble*. The *Bonifaces* along the road were rather taken by *surprise* as to the subject in question (it being *April Fool* day), but as soon as they got hold of the right *scent*, the *dashing* system was put into requisition, and the *cooling* article was most liberally added, in order to prevent the amateurs from getting the fever, or over-heating their frames from the too copious draughts of *ardent spirits*. The heroes stood *bang-up* in the *milling* chronicles—the one from his well-fought defeats, and hard-earned victories; and the other

from what he was likely to achieve in future pugilistic fame. The *Knowing Ones* were perfectly satisfied that *Painter must win*, and 7 to 4 were the odds sported; but the admirers of youth, supported by science, strength, and pluck, added to the chance of such *great odds*, became eager takers.

The situation where the ring was made was truly picturesque and delightful, commanding an uninterrupted view of diversified scenery for sixty miles. Some fir-trees contiguous to it had also a pleasing appearance, from the numerous spectators that hung upon their boughs. At a little after one, *Painter* and *SPRING* appeared in the outer ring, and, upon their meeting, shook hands in the most cordial and true Englishmanlike manner. *SPRING* threw his hat first in the ring, and *Painter* immediately followed the same line of conduct. At half-past one the men set-to: *Painter* was seconded by *Tom Belcher* and *Harry Harmer*; and *SPRING* by *Cribb* and *Burn*.—7 to 4 current, and 2 to 1 betting against *SPRING*,—in fact, 10 to 4 was offered when the men were stripping, and refused. *Gully* kept time.

First round.—The attitude of *Spring* was firm—his body he kept far back, and his length of arm rendered him difficult to be got at.—They sparred for three minutes without a hit being exchanged; *Spring* appeared tired, and put down his hands. He then, in endeavouring to plant a blow, hit short; more long sparring occurred, when some hits were exchanged, and *Painter* received a blow on the side of his throat that sent him staggering, and, in falling, the back of his head and part of his shoulder came in violent contact with one of the stakes of the ring. The shock was heard by all the spectators. This round occupied six minutes.—*Spring* received great applause.

Second.—The time-keeper, it appears, from this circumstance, thought his occupation was at an end; and Mr.

Jackson also deemed it next to impossible for the fight to proceed. Painter seemed completely stupefied from the effects of this accident, and Belcher lifted him up with all the heaviness of a log of wood; but he nevertheless came to time. This he did, in fact, more from a sort of *instinct* than meeting his man under the guidance of *intellect*. A swelling, the bigness of an egg, had now rose on his head, and the skin on his shoulder was cut. Spring again hit short, when Painter planted a sharp facer with his left hand. More long sparring occurred—some blows were exchanged—when Painter received a hit and slipped down. Shouting and applause. The very high odds at this early stage of the fight were on the totter.

Third.—The hitherto idea of a *smashing* fight was now at an end, and the Randall and Belasco system seemed to be the order of the day. It was more of a display of *science* than *milling*. Spring planted a blow and got away. Painter made a hit, but Spring followed him over the ring. Two sharp counter-hits occurred on the body. Spring laughed, and gave Painter a *nobber*, and got away dexterously. Painter made play and put in a severe facer; some blows were exchanged—and, in closing, the latter endeavoured to *weave* his antagonist, but, in struggling, the strength of Spring prevailed: he not only held Painter's hands, but extricated himself in gallant style, and planted a hit on him as he was going down. Great applause; and the long odds completely *floored*; in many parts of the ring it was now even betting. Twenty-one minutes had elapsed. Painter, while sitting upon his second's knee, confusedly inquired "what is it?" just coming to his recollection; having fought the two last rounds in total ignorance. Harmer then informed him of the accident he had experienced, when Painter complained of his shoulder.

Fourth.—Long sparring again occurred. Some hits were exchanged. In closing, Spring held his opponent's hand (called Tom Owen's *stop*, and first introduced by that boxer), to prevent being *weaved*. Both down, but Spring uppermost.

Fifth.—The *forte* of Painter seemed to have materially changed. There was more of *science* exhibited, than *work* performed. The *claret* scorned to make its appearance. In closing, Spring threw Painter.—Shouting.

Sixth.—For "Big Ones," there was nothing like going to work between them: and a long fight was contemplated by all the spectators. Two severe counter-*nobbers* occurred. Painter hit short, when Spring returned a sharp blow on his

mouth. In closing, Spring got Painter down. Applause. The above six rounds occupied half an hour.

Seventh.—Painter commenced this round by planting a blow on the head, and one on the body of his opponent. But, in closing, Spring fell heavily upon him.

Eighth.—This was also a good round. Painter put in three facers and got away. In closing, both hung on the ropes, and went down.

Ninth.—This round was the best display of *milling* exhibited by Painter throughout the fight. He planted several facers with success, and one was so severe, that, had it not been for the ropes, Spring must have gone down. In closing, both down.

Tenth.—Spring hit short several times, and Painter planted a good *nobber*; but, in return, he received some sharp hits that he turned round and went down. Great applause for Spring.

Eleventh.—The manliness of conduct exhibited in this round by Spring received thunders of applause. Painter endeavoured to *punish* Spring in the act of closing; but the latter, instead of holding him up as he might have done, let Painter down, and put up both his hands. Bravo, *Spring*! and he now became, in a great measure, the favourite, and the *Knowing Ones* began to look *queer*.

Twelfth.—The same manly conduct again occurred on the part of Spring.

Thirteenth.—Painter hit down.

Fourteenth.—Blow for blow, but Painter down.

Fifteenth.—Spring slipped, but hit Painter again on the grass.

Sixteenth.—Spring hit down by a complete body blow.—Well done, Painter, from his friends.

Seventeenth.—Painter got a blow on the mouth, when he went down, but he appeared to slip.

Eighteenth.—The left hand of Spring was used with success; and his science and length gave him great advantages. Painter down.

Nineteenth to Twenty-fourth.—Painter was evidently much distressed, and went down in all these rounds. He frequently hit himself down.

Twenty-fifth.—Spring, although he frequently hit short, planted some heavy chopping blows on the arms and shoulders of Painter, which, added to the accident, tended, in a great

measures, to disable his efforts. The latter, on going in, was hit down. Caleb Baldwin now loudly offered five guineas to one on Spring.

Twenty-sixth.—Painter was so weak that he hit himself down.

Twenty-seventh.—Spring's left hand caught Painter as he was coming in, and the latter fell on his face.

Twenty-eighth to thirty-first, and last.—Description is not necessary for these rounds. Painter was completely exhausted, and he resigned the contest, in one hour and twenty-nine minutes; and nothing but the highest state of condition could have enabled him to last such a length of time.

SPRING turned out a much better man than he was previously rated; though, it is even now urged, he is not a hard hitter. In fact, it was almost a *bloodless* fight. *Painter*, it should seem, did not complain of the *punishment* he received, but of the excruciating pain of his head, and the impracticability he experienced of using his shoulder to any advantage. The *gameness* of *Painter* was too well known to need comment; but he never ranked as a first-rate fighter, from the confined state of his arms, added to his being a round hitter. SPRING is, undoubtedly, a boxer of talent—he uses his left hand well, though not so quick as *Carter* does; and he gets away with ease and dexterity. He also possesses coolness and command of temper, and it was deemed very likely he would endeavour to *cut out* work for a few of the big ones, as his ambition even now prompted him to reach the *top of the tree*. SPRING's body was rather *marked*; his *peepers* somewhat damaged, and he was also *distressed* a little at one period of the fight, but he soon recovered, and kept the lead. Upon being declared the victor, *Cribb* took him up in his arms and carried him round the ring, amidst loud huzzas. It

was thought, by several of the amateurs, that a very different termination of the event would have taken place, had not the accident happened to *Painter* in the first round. The day was rather *ominous* (the 1st of April), and it was laughingly observed by the winners that the layers of odds had been made *April Fools* of. *Leather-head*, the town contiguous to the ring, was also *punned* upon, as being very applicable to *mill*ing. The *long faces* were not to be described. It was one of the primest *cleaning-outs* that had occurred for a long time at any *mill*.

So anxious were the friends of *Painter* that he should have another trial of skill with *SPRING*, (in order to put all doubts out of the question respecting the accident,) a single week was not suffered to elapse before a deposit of five pounds was put down, and, on the 14th of April, the sum was increased to forty pounds, to fight on the 7th of August, 1818, for 100 guineas a-side; and, in the articles of agreement, it was particularly specified "*that the ring should be made with only EIGHT STAKES.*"

It is due to truth and justice to remark on Mr. *CLINE*'s examining the state of *Painter*'s shoulder a fortnight after the fight—He observed that the curve of the bone was severely injured, and he accordingly treated it as a fracture which required considerable care and attention.

JACK CARTER,

THE LANCASHIRE HERO.

WITHIN the last two years, it seems, the above distinguished pugilist has risen rapidly into notice, from his repeated conquests. After his defeat by *Molineux*,

he exhibited the art of self-defence in Ireland, Scotland, and most of the provincial towns in England, with great success; and from his continual practice in those trials of skill, aided by considerable intuitive knowledge upon the subject of boxing, he returned to the metropolis an active and improved fighter. Upon his arrival in London, CARTER, without hesitation, declared himself ready to enter the lists with any man in the kingdom; and this public challenge, as might be supposed, was not suffered to remain long unanswered, and *Richmond*, in consequence, catered a fine strong healthy black, of the name of *Joseph Stephenson*, weighing upwards of 14 stone, from Havre de Grace, Maryland, in America, as a likely opponent.

The Pugilistic Club gave a purse of twenty-five guineas, and the combatants put down twenty-five also a-side. On Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1816, the above heroes met at Coombe-warren. This battle excited considerable interest throughout the pugilistic circles; and, notwithstanding the torrents of rain that deluged the roads, from seven in the morning till seven at night, without intermission, thousands of spectators braved the elements with the utmost *nonchalance*. The men entered the ring about one o'clock. *Cribb* and *Shelton* acting as seconds to CARTER; and *Richmond* and *Oliver* for *Stephenson*. Two to one, in many instances, upon CARTER.

First round.—On setting-to, Carter had scarcely placed himself in a fighting position, when, with much dexterity, he gave Stephenson a desperate *nobber*. The *man of colour* seemed rather surprised from this sudden attack, but he bored his way into a sharp rally. The *pink* first appeared on Carter's face. The latter, in closing, *fibbed* Stephenson, but he was undermost when down.—Seven to four against the Black.

Second.—Carter again commenced offensive operations with his left hand, and the Black's head was completely open to him. Some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, Carter found his way to the ground.

Third.—It was evident the *man of colour* was the strongest, and that Carter might have come into the ring better prepared for action. Stephenson endeavoured to put in some heavy blows, but the science of Carter was too much for him. The latter hit and got away in good style; but, in a sharp rally, the Black showed tolerable resolution. In struggling to obtain the throw, both went down.

Fourth.—Carter showed bad condition, and much in want of wind, but Stephenson did not appear to avail himself of this opportunity of turning it to account. Carter, with great dexterity, not only nobbed his opponent successively with his left hand, without experiencing any return, but also made use of his right better than usual. The Black, however, in closing, endeavoured to fib his adversary, but Carter extricated himself with much adroitness, and went down. Two to one was now offered on Carter, with great confidence.

Fifth.—Stephenson did not appear eager to commence the attack, and some little sparring was also necessary, that Carter might recover his wind. The Black knew more about *receiving* than any other part of the science, and Carter *milled* him on the retreat with great *sang froid*. Stephenson, rather passionate from this sort of treatment, endeavoured to bore in upon his adversary, but Carter stopped short upon him, and, measuring his distance well, the *man of colour* measured his length on the grass in a twinkling.

Sixth.—The strength of the Black, at times, gave him rather the advantage, and, in finishing this round, Carter was thrown. Seven to 2 on the latter, but no takers.

Seventh.—Stephenson seemed almost tired of the battle, and got down in the best manner he was able. Any odds upon Carter.

Eighth.—Stephenson reached the scratch greatly distressed, and Carter sent him down from a slight touch.

Ninth.—The left hand of Carter was again in motion, but Stephenson caught hold of it, and the word "stop," it was understood had escaped from his lips. Carter instantly made his exit from the ring, and upon his seconds preparing to follow him, Stephenson insisted it was a mistake, and that he

was determined to continue the contest. Nearly half an hour had now elapsed, and Carter immediately resumed offensive operations.

Tenth.—Carter, somewhat angry at this disappointment, went to work in sharp style, and the Black again felt the severity of his left hand. In closing, both went down.

It would be superfluous to detail the succeeding rounds of this battle. It was perfectly ridiculous on the part of *Stephenson* to resume the fight, as not the slightest chance appeared to turn it to his account. At the expiration of forty-four minutes, victory was declared in favour of CARTER. From the well-known *science* of the latter, it was expected that he would have been able to dispose of *Stephenson* in much less time; but CARTER, it seems, looked upon the termination of the event so certain, as to be very indifferent respecting his appearance in the ring in good condition. *Stephenson* had merely to boast of strength; in other respects he was little better than a *novice*.

Three months had scarcely elapsed, when a formidable *man of colour*, of the name of *Robinson*, who had acquired some celebrity from the execution he had performed among the second-rate boxers, and ambitiously eager to achieve conquests of greater importance, without any hesitation, agreed to enter the lists with CARTER, at Moulsey-hurst, on Wednesday, April 24, 1816, for a stake of fifty guineas, and also a purse of twenty-five, given by the P. C. in a twenty feet roped ring. Vehicles of all descriptions were in requisition at an early hour to reach the destined spot: and the curiosity of the Fancy was so strongly

excited to witness this *mill*; that, by twelve o'clock, it might be fairly stated, the Hurst contained little short of 20,000 souls. The last *man of colour*, *Joseph*, proved himself to be every thing but a *good one*, yet he contrived to last forty-four minutes before he was completely done up; but the above *Robinson* was a fancied article, capable of performing pugilistic wonders: he had beat *Crockey* in prime twig, and *Butcher* he had also vanquished in decent style; and, when the match was first made between *Robinson* and *CARTER*, the *Black* was rather the favourite with those characters who are always eager for novelty, and considerable bets were laid in his favour; and even some of the *Knowing Ones* were doubting upon the subject. It is not to be denied, that *CARTER* never stood exactly *bang-up* in the minds of the *Fancy*;—they knew he did not want for *science*,—they knew he did not want for strength and activity,—and they also were acquainted that he could jump and run well, and that he was a boxer above mediocrity. Yet still there was an inexpressible something that seemed to pervade their opinions, which kept many back from going that length upon *CARTER* they otherwise might have done: added to which, *Robinson* talked confidently of his great capabilities toward *sarving-out*, which blinded the too credulous as to the real state of things. But the *flash side*, upon looking into the *chances*, and comparing notes upon the subject, soon became *awake* as to the issue likely to ensue, and, previously to the fight, 6 to 4 first came forward,—5 to 3,—and, lastly, 7 to 4 upon *CARTER*. A few minutes before one, the *Black* showed in the ring, and tossed up his hat.

CARTER soon followed and did the same, and immediately came up to *Robinson* and shook hands with him. Soon after their seconds appeared—*Paddington Jones* and *Dick Whale* for *Robinson*; and *Painter* and *Harry Harmer* for CARTER, when they stripped, and the fight commenced :

First round.—Carter had scarcely set to, when he gave Blacky a severe *facer* with his left hand, and quick as lightning put in two more tremendous hits upon the same cheek, and got away with much dexterity, before the *man of colour* was able to return. The Black, in closing, got somewhat *fibbed* and went down. Seven to 4, generally, was offered but no takers appeared. Two to 1 in many places.

Second.—The Black's *nob* was completely at Carter's service, when the latter put in five tremendous facers again with his left hand. The Black, notwithstanding, bored-in and got Carter against the ropes, but did no execution, when, after an awkward struggle in a close, Carter went down. It was now 10 to 2 against the man of colour.

Third.—The Black, at this early stage of the fight, seemed not only damaged, but rather shy, and he sparred cautiously, to recover his wind. Carter again made the same successful use of his left hand, by planting three more hits upon the old place. A short rally took place, in which Blacky endeavoured to make a change in the appearance of things, but without effect, and he ultimately went down. The superiority of Carter appeared manifest in every round. In fact, the Black was dead beat, and, when on his second's knee, called out for "brandy!"

Fourth.—Carter hit short, but the Black gained nothing by it. In closing, the *punishment* which Carter served out to his opponent was tremendous in the extreme, he held the Black up with one arm, and with the other *fibbed* him so severely, that he went down quite exhausted. The Black's consequence as a first-rate miller was all gone; his fanciers now began to look rather blue, and found too late that their judgement had proved erroneous.

Fifth.—The distressed state of the Black was conspicuous to all parties, and he left his second's knee in a tottering state. He, however, endeavoured to make the best of it, and at-

tacked Carter rather furiously, but the latter soon spoilt his intention, and again *fibbed* him down. Five pounds to five shillings.

Sixth.—Carter, full of gaiety, smiled at the impotent efforts of his opponent, and *punished* him with the utmost *sang froid*. Blacky put in a body blow, but received such a *staggerer* in return, that he was quite abroad, and, at length, went down.

Seventh.—The left hand of Carter was again busy with the *nug* of his antagonist. However, the Black endeavoured to make something like a rally, but he displayed more of desperation than judgement, and paid dearly for his temerity by again going down. This was the best round in the fight.

Eighth.—The *nob* of the Black, from the severe *punishment* he had received, now assumed a terrific aspect, and, in his endeavour to plant a hit, Carter stopped it dexterously, and returned so severe a *facer*, that Blacky's *pimple* appeared to go round upon his shoulders, like the movement of a harlequin, when he went reeling away like a drunken man, and fell.

Ninth.—The Black reluctantly appeared at the mark, when Carter, as fresh as a daisy, added more dreadful left-handed hits to his already disfigured *nob*. In closing, both down, but Blacky undermost.

Tenth.—It was almost up with the *man of colour* ; he made a running hit and fell. Some disapprobation now manifested itself.

Eleventh.—The *game* of the Black, if he ever had any, was now all exhausted, and he went down from a mere push. It was thought rather *currish* !

Twelfth and last.—The Black, in a state bordering on frenzy, endeavoured to follow Carter, but the latter punished him at every step—*fibbed* him terribly—and, in closing, both down, but Blacky undermost. So complete a *finish* in seventeen minutes and a half was scarcely to be expected, from the high milling qualities the Black was said to possess ; and even the most knowing upon the subject offered to bet, previous to the fight, that it continued upwards of forty minutes.

Blacky, from the above display, rather lost ground in the opinion of the amateurs, and his strength was more prominent than any other pugilistic quality. He

left the ring apparently much distressed in body and mind, from the *punishment* he had experienced. His head was out of all proportion, and, it is said, the tears stole down his battered cheeks at his sad reverse of fortune; as, it appears, that he had calculated, beyond all doubt, of proving the conqueror. CARTER was in good condition and in high spirits, and disposed of his opponent in first-rate style, and positively retired from the contest without a scratch, excepting upon his back, which, it is said, occurred either from a *bite* or a *pinch* given him by the *man of colour*. CARTER showed himself evidently improved as a scientific pugilist—there was nothing hurried in his manner of attack—he viewed his antagonist with much fortitude, and scarcely made a hit without doing material execution. He adopted the *milling on the retreat system*, and hit and got away with all the celerity of *Richmond*. TWO BLACKS he has thus completely vanquished; and, it is generally considered, to the above might be added a THIRD. It must certainly be admitted that CARTER gained a step or two on the roll of pugilistic fame, from the above contest, and, perhaps, removed many doubts that hitherto existed respecting his pretensions as a first-rate boxer. An opinion was entertained, that he had only to look well to himself, and something higher was still within his reach, as he is not wanting of *game*, if that is necessary to win, which his contest with the late deservedly celebrated *Jack Power* proved that he possessed in no common degree; and his other requisites are good, if but properly applied.

The amateurs, it should seem, were determined

that CARTER should not long remain idle; and proposed to him the following NOUVELLE FEATURE IN THE PRIZE-RING, namely,

A MATCH AGAINST TIME!

when *Robinson* was again brought forward as his opponent, not to be defeated in *half an hour*. CARTER, who had vanquished this *sombre* hero in seventeen minutes, laughed at this new attempt upon his capabilities, and accepted the challenge without the slightest reflection. On Wednesday, June 26, 1816, at Coombe-warren, the above boxers met to decide this match, for twenty guineas a-side; and, notwithstanding the badness of the weather, the patrons of pugilism mustered strongly. Much sporting speculation occurred, and they both entered the ring in good spirits. Six to 4 on CARTER. The latter was attended by *Cribb* and *Harmer*; and *Robinson* had for seconds *Oliver* and *Richmond*.

First round.—Carter, as in the last fight, immediately upon setting-to, went quickly to work with his left hand, and nobbed the Black in style. Robinson was not able to make any return, and he received four severe successive facers. Carter did as he pleased, hit and got away with much dexterity. Two minutes elapsed before the round was finished, when the man of colour went down.

Second.—It seemed not to be the intention of Robinson to make any hits, but merely to prolong the fight. He sparred with the utmost caution, but he was not able to prevent Carter from nobbing him at almost every step. The man of colour, however, was induced to make a sort of rally, but he was at length hit down. This round lasted three minutes.

Third.—Carter, with the utmost activity, put in six severe blows on the cheek of Robinson, and got cleanly away, without the least return. A close took place, when Carter got the Black's head under his arm, and fibbed him so severely, that he fell out of the ring, and Carter upon him.

Fourth.—The fighting was all on the side of Carter; he planted hits with the utmost dexterity; and had he not been fighting against time, any odds must have been laid upon him, as to proving the conqueror. He again held Robinson up and fibbed him till he went down.

Fifth.—Carter kept hitting and getting away, till, at length, they closed, when he got Robinson's head under his arm, and the man of colour, to prevent being *fibbed*, grasped tight hold of Carter's hand, but the round was finished by Blacky's going down.

Sixth.—The left hand of Carter was again three times in succession in the Black's face, without any return. Robinson kept cautiously sparring and drawing himself back, and those blows he attempted to make were out of all distance and lost their effect. Robinson was again sent down.

Seventh.—It was astonishing to see with what ease and facility Carter made use of his left hand. He now put in with the utmost rapidity *nine* severe facers, making Robinson's head dance again, and experiencing not the least return. In closing, they both went down, but the Black undermost.

Eighth.—The superiority of Carter over his opponent was visible in every movement, and he not only gave six more facers with the utmost dexterity—also put in a body blow, but most severely fibbed Robinson down. The Lancashire hero was much distressed.

Ninth.—Carter again felt for the Black's nob, but from the slippery state of the grass, he got off his balance and went down from a slight hit or trip. But Carter was up in an instant.

Tenth.—Notwithstanding the numerous severe *facers* Robinson had received, there was no confusion about him, and he was always ready to time. It appeared now, that if Carter won the battle, he must go in and do considerable execution, as the half hour was rapidly advancing, and the Black was not to be licked by merely *nobbing* him. Robinson endeavoured to make a change in his favour, by attacking Carter and following him up, but, at length, he was sent down.

Eleventh.—This was a tolerably good round, and the Black showed himself a very different man altogether from what he appeared in his late combat with Carter. His *mug* seemed a

little changed, and Carter kept repeating upon the *punished* places. Robinson went down from a hit.

Twelfth.—The black set-to with much resolution, and seemed very unlike an almost *finished* man. His face was again severely *milled*, but it was very doubtful whether Carter had the best of this round. The Black was sent down.

Thirteenth and last.—Time was growing very short, and Carter to win must almost perform wonders. He again put in two *nobbers*, and some other hits, when Robinson fell down, from a sort of slip, tumbling forwards between Carter's legs: Carter immediately threw up both his arms, and declared the man of colour had dropped without a blow. The outer ring was instantly broken, and some confusion took place. "Foul, foul," and "fair, fair," was loudly vociferated by both parties, and on all sides. *Twenty-eight minutes and a half* had expired. It was urged that Robinson had fallen once before without a blow, which had not been noticed. Upon this termination some *demur* occurred; but it was decided by the umpires that Carter was entitled to the money, and it was given up to him accordingly.

In the eighth round CARTER was evidently distressed, and showed he was much out of condition. He had been living freely, and his *milling* capabilities must have experienced a drawback, by his having a very painful and inflamed leg. In fact, it was rather a surprise match, and money hastily deposited on the part of CARTER, when he was not in the most temperate state of mind. It was a ridiculous wager altogether, and such a man as *Robinson* appeared to be in *this last* fight with CARTER—it would require the tremendous *finishing* hits of a *Cribb* to beat the man of colour with any thing like a certainty in thirty minutes. The face of *Robinson*, never an *Adonis*, was a little spoilt as to its former character, but the fight was far from being taken out of him; and, in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth rounds, he

changed his mode, with an appearance of *going to work* in earnest. He is not to be vanquished by *nobbing* hits alone.

Could CARTER use his right hand in any manner to second his left, few men, it is urged, would be able to stand any length of time before him. He appeared not the least hurt from the conflict in which he had been so recently engaged; and *Robinson* also was in a waggon viewing the fight between *Curtis* and *Lazarus*, which followed, with all the indifference of a mere spectator.

The sports of the day were concluded with a bull bait, for a handsome silver collar, to be given to the dog who went out to face the bull the greatest number of times. It afforded considerable amusement. *Soaking* was the order of the day, and the torrents of wet which the "*Lads of the Fancy*" experienced on their outsides, in partaking of a *bit of life!* were so copiously resisted *within*, by Booth's *flashes of lightning* and Deady's *brilliant stark naked!* that, by the time they went to *roost*, they were little else but *gin and water*, all in high glee, and full of *spirits!*

The *Lancashire* and *Carlisle* friends of CARTER now rallied round him, and he was, at length, matched with *Oliver*, then considered as the best man in the kingdom, arising from the advantages of youth, strength, pluck, and science; and, in addition to the above requisites, having won *SIX BATTLES* in succession. In the metropolis, *Oliver* was every thing; and CARTER, in opposition to him, only named with derision and contempt. But time, which showeth all things, thus narrates this *milling* event:—

PUGILISM IN SCOTLAND.

GREAT MATCH BETWEEN CARTER AND OLIVER.

This distinguished contest between the above *milling* heroes of renown was decided on the estate of Sir James Maxwell, in an enclosed field of Mr. Johnson, the innkeeper, (and within 150 yards of the *Blacksmith's shop*, so celebrated in the *Lover's Cabinet*, for the despatch of business,) at Gretna-green, four miles from Longtown, and fourteen from Carlisle, on Friday, the 4th of October, 1816, for 100 guineas a-side, in a twenty-four feet roped ring, in the presence of 30,000 spectators. The sporting world were much interested, yet so confident as to the termination of the event, that three to one was considered as *correct* betting. *Oliver* had risen progressively into fame, and he was now viewed as almost *invulnerable*! Not so with his opponent—he was any thing but a *good one*. “It is an ill wind that blows no one any good!” and the *Bonifaces* picked up a few *crumbs* by the great bustle and influx of company which this *mill* created in the north. During the day on which the fight took place, the streets and houses of Carlisle and its vicinity were totally drained of the male population—females only were left to conduct business—and a horse, chaise, cart, or any sort of vehicle whatever, however dirty and despicable, was not to be procured at any price. The *fanciers* of the metropolis, it seems, were not so numerous as usual upon those great *milling* occasions, and a few of the *highest flight* only were recognized upon the ground—the *commoners* feel very angry in being thus deprived of this trial of pugilistic skill, and that those “big ones!” ought not

to have fought at such a distance from London. Mr. JACKSON was not at Carlisle; and it is observed, that the losing man was not the *better* for his absence. The concourse of people was so great that it was deemed necessary to form an outer roped ring, in order to prevent any unpleasant consequences from the pressure of so vast a multitude. Not a single accident happened, and the greatest order prevailed. Between the rings the *swells* were accommodated with seats, for a *quid* each. The fight had nearly been prevented, as the officers of justice, sent by George Blamire, Esq. the mayor of Carlisle, and the Rev. Dr. Lowry and Dr. Heysham, two other magistrates, were on the look-out to bind the parties over to keep the peace. *Oliver* arrived at the Bush-lavern, Carlisle, accompanied by Captain BARCLAY, on Wednesday morning, at eleven o'clock, and he had scarcely entered the room when the officers inquired for him. Some person suspecting their errand, introduced them to the brother of *Oliver*, when *Tom* took the hint and quietly withdrew, he not being known to them. At nineteen minutes before one, the battle commenced. The umpires were the Marquis of QUEENSBERRY and Captain BARCLAY. CARTER first entered the ring with his seconds, *Painter* and *Harmer*, and the usual defiance of the *castor* was exhibited by him. *Oliver* instantly followed with his assistants, *Cribb* and *Cooper*. On stripping, the condition of *Oliver* appeared equal to any one that ever entered the ring; but CARTER, it was thought, might have been better. The ceremonies of friendship were then performed, and 10 to 4 was loudly vociferated upon *Oliver*.

First round.—The odds being so decidedly against Carter, the greatest anxiety was manifested by the spectators, upon their setting-to, and the combatants seemed equally alive to the importance of obtaining the first advantage, by their deliberate mode of attack. Oliver endeavoured to plant a tremendous blow with his right hand, which Carter stopped in a scientific style, and returned a severe left-handed hit on the right eye of Oliver, that produced the *claret* in a twinkling. A good rally took place. Carter closed upon his adversary, fibbed him terribly, and ultimately threw him. Oliver bled profusely from his temple and his nose.—It is impossible to describe the shouts of the populace, upon Carter's obtaining this superiority. It was like a salute of artillery; the odds had completely vanished, and even betting was now the true feature of the ring.

Second.—This burst of applause seemed to operate much upon the feelings of Oliver, and he determined, if possible, to get the turn in his favour, by going more furiously to work. Carter, partial to the left hand mode, aimed at his opponent's *nob*, which Oliver prevented, and fought his way into a rally. Considerable *hammering* took place, and Carter got his man on the ropes. Here the truth began to be told to the sceptics, —the superiority of strength most completely manifested itself upon the side of Carter, who again threw his opponent. Great shouting, and it was all up with any more offering of three to one.

Third.—Oliver gave Carter a severe blow on his head, but the latter would not be stopped, and again bored his man to the ropes, *punished* him dreadfully, and brought him down; Oliver bleeding copiously.

Fourth.—Oliver was now convinced that he had formed an erroneous opinion of the boxing powers of his antagonist.—Carter turned out a better man in every point of view than he had expected, and was not to be disposed of in that easy manner which he had flattered himself must be the case, previous to the fight, and in which his friends had so fatally confirmed the error. Several heavy blows passed between them, but to the advantage of Carter. The latter received a severe *facer*, but, notwithstanding, he drove his man to the ropes, and, in closing, both went down. The head of Oliver was now terrifically hideous, the blood pouring down in torrents—his body and back completely *scored* with the ropes, occasioned by his struggles to resist the iron grasp of Carter, and to get away

from that desperate *fibbing punishment* which had been so liberally administered to him by the superior strength of his opponent. Six to four upon Carter generally, and much more in many places. It was at the close of this round that Carter first showed blood.

Fifth.—Oliver seemed at a loss how to cope, with any sort of success, against his scientific antagonist, and resorted to his game qualities of going in to *smash* this hitting and getting away boxer, if possible. Oliver was no stranger that Carter always preferred *giving* to *taking* punishment, and drew an inference that his opponent had some fears in this respect, and to insure victory the fight must be taken out of him, by close and determined attacks. Oliver, in consequence, felt severely in this round for Carter's body, but the latter returned desperately on his opponent's head. They were again struggling at the ropes, and both went down.

Sixth.—Some heavy blows were exchanged in a rally, and Carter was *floored* at the ropes.

Seventh.—Oliver was bleeding in all directions, and, in closing, went down.

Eighth to Twentieth.—The description of these rounds would be superfluous. In admitting the *gameness* of Oliver, his manliness of boxing, and his determination to succeed, if possible, perfectly satisfied the most sanguine of his partisans, and at intervals he met with partial success; but, in justice to Carter, it must be stated, that the advantages were decisively upon his side—he hit and got away with his usual *sang froid*; his right hand was also conspicuously effective, and, whenever it appeared expedient to finish the round, he closed at pleasure upon his adversary with the most eminent superiority. Oliver gained nothing in fighting, for *length*, and even by going in, he was opposed with the most determined opposition. In truth, the spectators were convinced, in the above rounds, that the *science*—the *strength*—and smiling confidence of victory were on the side of Carter; and that his adversary had not only been most dreadfully *punished*, but quite *abroad* as to his usual system of tactics, throwing away a number of blows, by repeatedly hitting short; while, on the contrary, the Lancashire hero did not exhibit any very prominent marks of severe *millng*, and was quite in possession of himself.

Twenty-first.—In this round Oliver showed himself off in a conspicuous manner, and put in so tremendous a hit in the wind of Carter, that he measured his length on the ground

instantaneously. It appeared, from its severity, a complete *finisher*, and the friends of Oliver thought Carter would not be able to come to time, if at all—and the Lancastrians looked rather blue as to its ultimate effects. The betting, notwithstanding, varied but little.

Twenty-second.—The expected change did not take place, although Carter appeared, at the scratch, very much distressed, and almost gasping for breath, but he contrived to get himself down in the best manner he was able. No blows passed in this round.

Twenty-third.—Much the same as the preceding, but in struggling Oliver was thrown.

Twenty-fourth.—Carter was now “himself again”—his wind had returned, and he resumed the conflict in the most decisive style. Oliver, like a lion, rushed forward in the most gallant manner. The hitting, in a rally, was terrible—both the combatants seemed totally to disregard *punishment*—the fine *game* of Oliver was opposed by the *bottom* of Carter, and this essential quality toward victory in pugilists, so much doubted to be possessed by the latter, was now found not to be wanting in the Lancashire hero. Oliver’s head was so hideously disfigured that all former traces of it were gone—and Carter’s *nob* was a little *altered* from its originality. It was the most desperate round in the fight, and the close of it at the ropes was to the disadvantage of Oliver, and his friends were now satisfied he could not win.

Twenty-fifth.—It was astonishing to witness the courage of Oliver, and he appeared determined to conquer or perish in the attempt. One eye was completely in the dark, and the other was rapidly closing. His strength was also fast leaving him, but nevertheless he contested this round in the most manly manner. He was ultimately thrown, and Carter fell heavily upon him. Ten to one upon Carter.

Twenty-sixth to thirty-second and last.—The die was cast, and the brave Oliver, like heroes of old, could not control his fate. Nature had been pushed to the farthest extremity that the human frame could bear, the vital powers were nearly extinct; defeat seemed to operate so much upon his mind, that he fought till his pulse was scarcely found to vibrate—and in the last six rounds, during which he had not the least shadow of a *chance*, he persevered till all *recollection* of the scene in which he had been so actively engaged in had totally left him. In the thirty-second round he was taken out of the

ring in a state of stupor, and completely deprived of vision. The swelled appearance of his head beggared all description—his body and back were shockingly lacerated all over from his struggling so much upon the ropes, and, in point of fact, much as fighting men may have suffered in former battles, the situation to which Oliver was reduced, it appears, exceeded them all. The battle lasted forty-six minutes. He was taken and put to bed at Longtown, four miles from the ring, and in consequence of the vast quantity of blood he had lost in the contest, added to his exhausted state, the surgeons who were called in to attend upon him, deemed it highly dangerous that he should be bled.

Oliver felt confident that he should prove the conqueror, and exerted every means in his power to insure victory. He came into the ring in high condition, weighing about 12 stone 8lb.; but the chance was completely against him, either at *in* or *off* fighting, excepting the twenty-first round. *Oliver* tried to beat *CARTER* after the manner he had vanquished *Painter*, by determined *in*-fighting; but, the left hand of *CARTER* always met the head of his adversary before he got to his length; when *Oliver*, finding the great danger of this mode of attack, endeavoured to render it useless by throwing his head back to avoid the coming blow, at the same time it gave *CARTER* a full opportunity of striking down with his right hand, which he never failed to do. It was always in the power of *CARTER* to close upon his adversary, and bore him to the ropes whenever he thought proper. In short, there was no comparison between the combatants respecting *scientific* fighting; and the character of *Oliver*, as a good man, was more valued than his capabilities as a boxer considered—the high patronage, too, of Captain *BARCLAY* had

dazzled the minds of the FANCY—individual, or cool judgement was out of the question, and three to one was betted without *why* or *wherefore*. Calculation was completely against such betting, and it was a sort of overwhelming preference. Too much prejudice had existed against CARTER; and it was sneeringly observed that he was without *game*—at best a mere *flipper* with his left hand—and whenever he was placed against a *good one* he would soon be found out! Comment upon that head is now rendered unnecessary, as facts are stubborn things;—a better or a braver man than his fallen opponent is not to be found upon the list of boxers—and, although defeated, he is entitled to the highest consideration of the sporting world. CARTER weighed about 13 stone 7lb. smiled frequently during the fight, and treated the efforts of his adversary with the most perfect indifference. There was some cry out about a foul blow, but the umpires did not notice it. CARTER returned to Carlisle in the evening, and was seen walking about the streets with his friends. So much was CARTER the object of pugilistic admiration at this place, that, at the White Hart Inn, a subscription was proposed among several amateurs, that he should fight the Champion of England for 500 guineas. It was also observed, as *Richmond* was walking round the ring, during the fight, that CARTER had beat all the blacks—"No; all but one," was the reply; when *Richmond* said he would fight CARTER for 200 guineas. Great praise is due to *Painter* for the care and attention he paid to CARTER during his *training*.

Lancashire has at length got a turn, and *Gregson's*

protégé acquired great boxing popularity. CARTER is entitled to the patronage of the Pugilistic Club—having fought **FOUR** battles in the space of eight months—not only afforded the amateurs great sport, but a *nouvelle* fight against time. He was always ready to go to *work* whenever it offered, and never refused to *accommodate* a customer because he could not raise a £100. WESTMINSTER has again lost her CHAMPION, and some time will elapse before a third can be found equal to their two last—*Oliver* and *Caleb Baldwin*.

The backers of CARTER presented him with fifty guineas in addition to the battle money. *Oliver* and the former, a few days after the fight, met at Hawick, and received each other in the style of true courage.

In conquering *Oliver*, the prejudices which had previously existed against the pretensions of CARTER to the appellation of a first-rate boxer, it appears, have, in great measure, subsided; and the principal defect which now seems to be most urged against the LANCASHIRE HERO's mode of fighting, is—that notwithstanding the excellent use he makes of his left hand, the eagerness he displays in *getting* away from his opponent to avoid receiving any *return*, render his blows but a sort of *half-hits*; and, consequently, occupies a much longer portion of time to produce VICTORY, if not making such an event more *doubtful*, than if those hits in question were put in with proper effect. However, as a “big one,” the *goodness* CARTER possesses on his legs, and the agility he portrays in getting over the ground in fighting, leaves him almost without a competitor in this particular point

of view. He is materially improved altogether; and he brings his right hand into play with much greater facility and execution than heretofore. His experience and practice have given him a thorough knowledge of pugilism; neither can it be denied to him, that he is also a Master of the *science*. CARTER is considered as good a *trainer* as any boxer on the list, from the great exercise he is capable of taking.

Viewed as a PEDESTRIAN, the qualifications of CARTER are far above *mediocrity*. He has ran a mile in little more than *five minutes*; and out of fourteen races and walking matches, he has won them all, excepting *two*!

In the spring of 1812, CARTER ran a match against time, on Sunbury-common, when, to the astonishment of every one present, he performed TWO MILES in a *few seconds over eleven minutes*, without ANY TRAINING! This exploit is equal to any match recorded among feats of pedestrianism.

CARTER, from the celebrity he gained through the performance of the above match, was backed for a considerable sum against the celebrated *Abraham Wood*, of Lancashire, for two miles. The latter was to give CARTER 100 yards; but his friends deemed it prudent to pay forfeit. However, a new match was made off hand, *condition* not being considered. *Wood* was now to give 150 yards out of two miles. This race was decided on Saturday, the 26th of December, 1812 on the Lea-bridge-road, near London. *Gregson* acting as umpire for CARTER, and Capt. *Hinton* for *Wood*. They started at two o'clock, CARTER having taken 150 yards in advance. Both of the racers seemed to fly, they got over the ground with such

speed, when at the end of the first mile, *Wood* had gained upon *CARTER* 60 yards, and in the next half mile, *Wood* had made greater progress; but when within a quarter of a mile of the winning-post, he was within 20 yards of *CARTER*. The latter had now recovered second wind, and ran the last quarter of a mile with speed, at the rate of a mile in five minutes, and won by about six yards! It was even betting at starting, but *CARTER* for choice.

CARTER has some other pretensions to public notice, independent of prize-fighting. He is a good dancer, and performs the clog-hornpipe with considerable talent; and, after the manner of an expert clown, he stands upon his head and drinks off several glasses of ale in that position; and also exhibits several other comic feats. When free from the potent influence of the *juice of the grape*, his deportment is correct; and his company humorous and entertaining. And that he is not without much *patience*, and even evinces great control over his *temper*, the following *IMPROMPTU* will clearly suffice:—

ON A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

*Which occurred between CARTER and a betting Limb of the Law,
at Belcher's, Castle Tavern, Holborn, in 1816.*

“There’s a louse in your coat, I’ll bet you a crown!”
Says a sporting great lawyer, long flash on the town.
JACK doff’d off his coat—“Here take it and see—
You might as well fish for one in the river call’d LEA!”
He rummag’d the coat like, exploring an Act,
But instead of his pen his knife cut for the fact;
No Client suffer’d more when under the Laws;
He assaulted the collar, made many more flaws;

But fearing his judgement, he threw down the tog,
While this Boxer, indifferent, kept drinking his grog—
Old Red Tail confused, perhaps thought of rum millings—
“You stand it so well, JACK, pray take my *five shillings*!”

EQUITY.

The prudent conduct observed by CARTER, during the above transaction, was not only the admiration and praise of all the company present, but his *forbearance* astonished every one. It was a new coat.

The friends of the LANCASHIRE HERO, from the improved capabilities he had so recently displayed, were now anxious to produce a meeting between him and the CHAMPION. Much conversation in consequence took place, and even *personal* challenges passed between the above pugilists; but no deposit was put down to make a match. CRIBB offered to fight any man in the kingdom for £1000, and not less than £300, but CARTER, it seems, could not be *backed* for either of those sums, and therefore the match went off altogether. It ought, however, to be mentioned, that the latter was ready to *accommodate* any man for £50; and, although no DECISION ever occurred respecting his claim to that enviable title on the boxing list, yet CARTER assumed the appellation of CHAMPION, from the following circumstance:—a bet of £200 aside, £50 forfeit, was made between SIR WILLIAM MAXWELL, and the MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY, immediately after the defeat of *Oliver* by CARTER, at Carlisle-races, October, 1816, challenging all England; the MARQUIS to produce a man to enter the lists against the latter at the above races, in 1817. Twelve months having elapsed, and no competitor making his appearance at the appointed place, the

£50 were forfeited, and CARTER received the same, it is said, at Dumfries.

In the newspapers, our hero again publicly challenged any thing alive in the shape of a man, adding that his friends were ready to back him, regardless of colour; and also observing, that *Blue, Black, White, or Yellow*, would be equally acceptable to him. In his printed hand-bills, at the Shrewsbury-races, 1817, he thus described himself—

“BOXING.—The Art of Self-defence will be scientifically displayed by Mr. JOHN CARTER, (the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND,) Mr. GREGSON, and others, at the Turf Inn, Shrewsbury, every Race Morning, precisely at eleven o'clock; and in a spacious Booth on the Race-ground, between each heat.

“* * Gregson, who is CARTER's trainer, is taking him down into the North of England, to contend with *Donnelly*, the Irishman, at the ensuing Carlisle-races.—Private Lessons given.”

IMPROMPTU.

On CARTER's Boxing Match against Time.

The *Black* work all o'er, JACK handles the cash,
Awake in the FANCY, on the right side—The *Flash*!
 He laughs at the *Flats*, with their faces so sour,
 And gammon'd “Old Time,” tho' he cou'dn't do POWER!
 IT'S ALL MY EYE!

JACK JOHNSON,

OF PADDINGTON,

The Errand Cart-Man.

ALTHOUGH this boxer cannot boast of the *Belcherian* system of tactics, he has nevertheless *milled*

his way into some degree of *notoriety* among the pugilistic circles, from the successive conquests he has gained. JOHNSON, it is said, was a pupil of *Tom Jones*, and, like his master, more of *weight* than *agility* characterized his movements; but he had a singular mode of hitting with the right hand. His constitution is not considered strong; or else he a long time bid fair to become one of the first boxers on the list of second rates. His height was about 5 feet 8 inches, and weighing 12 stone. His first battle, it appears, was with *Roe*, a smith, on the 6th of June, 1815, on Moulsey-hurst, when he was seconded by *Joe Ward* and *Paddington Jones*; and his opponent by *Oliver* and *Painter*.

It was bravely contested for thirty minutes, when JOHNSON planted such a tremendous right-handed hit under *Roe's* ribs, as instantly took him off his legs, and he fell down as if he was dead. With great difficulty he was again made to face his opponent, when he was *finished* in a *twinkling*!

JOHNSON, in less than two months after the above fight, was matched with *Purcell*, for twenty guineas a-side, and which was also decided at Moulsey-hurst, on August 1, 1815. The latter was attended by *Cribb* and *Oliver*, and *Joe Ward* and *Jones* seconded JOHNSON. *Punishment* was the order of the day on both sides, and *Purcell* showed himself a showy fighter, and used both hands with much dexterity; but his blows were not effective. He *nobbed* JOHNSON almost at pleasure, and put in hits out of number. It was 7 to 4 on *Purcell*. JOHNSON, although slow in delivery, planted some dreadful body blows. Both

the combatants were considerably beaten; but *Purcell* bled inwardly, and was carried out of the ring at the expiration of thirty-five minutes.

JOHNSON, from his above conquests, was now considered a match for *Harry Lancaster*, and accordingly they met at Coombe-warren, on Thursday, the 16th of November, 1815, for twenty guineas a-side. In point of weight, the combatants were about equal; but *JOHNSON* was rather the favourite. *Oliver* and *Shelton* seconded *Lancaster*; and *JOHNSON* was waited upon by *Joe Ward* and *Tom Jones*. At half-past one the men entered the ring.

First round.—It was well known that *Lancaster* was not deficient in science; but his *punishing* qualities were rather questioned. Little ceremony occurred before they fought their way into a rally, but no mischief was done, and the round was concluded, by *Lancaster* going down. The odds now rose upon *Johnson*.

Second.—The right hand of *Johnson* felt severely for *Lancaster*'s body; but, the latter returned cleanly upon his adversary's neck, who went down from a sort of slip.

Third.—Both the combatants went sharply to work, but *Johnson* took the lead, and the *claret* was first seen upon the mouth of *Lancaster*. The latter was thrown. Six and 7 to 4 on *Johnson*.

Fourth.—*Lancaster*, with much dexterity, planted a severe body blow; but, in closing, *Johnson* got his nob under his left arm, with an intent of fibbing; he was, however, prevented by *Lancaster*'s holding his hand, and, in struggling, both went down.

Fifth.—On coming to the scratch, *Johnson* evidently appeared distressed, and was soon down.

Sixth.—This was a spirited round, and *Lancaster* endeavoured to do something. Both down.

Seventh.—*Lancaster* had the best of this round, and made some good hits, till *Johnson* went down distressed.

Eighth.—Of no consequence; but Lancaster threw his man.

Ninth.—This might be called *milling*—hit for hit, and blow for blow, were spiritedly exchanged, and Lancaster had rather the turn, although he got severely punished. Both down.

Tenth.—A tremendous right-handed blow on Lancaster's nob, completely changed his countenance, and made him stagger again. In closing, both down.

Eleventh.—Lancaster took the lead in a gallant manner, but his science seemed more *showy* than effective. The bad training of Johnson was conspicuous, and he received a dreadful fall. Even betting.

Twelfth.—Johnson was soon down from weakness.

Thirteenth.—Lancaster seemed to feel his consequence and fought with his man like a hero. Johnson was equally determined, but, at length, went down completely exhausted. The odds took a slight lift upon Lancaster.

Fourteenth to sixteenth.—In these rounds Johnson had not recovered from his weak state, and went down from mere touches.

Seventeenth.—The *nob* of Lancaster was any thing except like the head of a human being; he nevertheless displayed confidence and pluck. In closing, both down.

Eighteenth.—Johnson's right hand again bothered Lancaster's *upper* works, which confused him for a second. It was a desperate struggle to obtain the throw, and both fell down.

Nineteenth.—It was mere wrestling, the combatants appearing so weak, as to be able to do but little more than struggle.

Twentieth to twenty-first.—Both terribly out of wind, and a good blow on either side might have put an end to the contest.

Twenty-second.—This round was rather more spiritedly contested, but Lancaster fell with such violence on the back of his head, that he seemed almost insensible. It was thought Harry was finished.

Twenty-third.—Lancaster appeared at the scratch in a queer state, and was soon down.

Twenty-fourth to twenty-sixth.—In the course of these rounds, Lancaster, from his science, recovered himself so much, that he was now considered to have the best of it.

Twenty-seventh to Thirtieth.—It seemed anybody's battle, the changes were so frequent. Both of their hands were dreadfully lacerated. Johnson, however, fell so severely, that he did not know where he was.

Thirty-first and Thirty-second.—Rather in favour of Lancaster, owing to the stupid state of his adversary.

Thirty-third.—Johnson now appeared the freshest man, and his right hand was able to do execution. He put in some hits, that enabled him to take the lead.

Thirty-fourth to Forty-first and last.—It was all up with Lancaster, but he would not resign, and fought till he could scarcely move a limb. His appearance was truly piteous, and the *punishment* he had taken immense. It was a fortunate moment for the conqueror, who had not much the best of it, after fighting ONE HOUR SIXTEEN MINUTES AND A HALF.

JOHNSON is a desperate right-handed bitter; full of bustle, but more of a *random* boxer than a scientific professor. He was much *punished* about the body, but did not appear to bleed at all during the battle. Upon the whole, it was a near thing; and could but *Lancaster* last, or continue his mode of fighting at the end, as he generally commences a battle, conquest must await his efforts. Two or three hits from the right hand of JOHNSON, well applied, (like *Richmond*,) tend in a great degree towards victory. *Lancaster*, it seems, wished for a second trial, but JOHNSON paid forfeit.

Tom Molineaux.

AFTER the defeat of this American hero, by the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, MOLINEAUX, became an object of attack by boxers of minor pretensions; and SCOTLAND the principal scene of his ex-

plots. From his irregularity of life, it seems, he had *gone off* altogether, and at the period, (May, 1814,) when he entered the ring with *Fuller*, by comparison, he was nothing at all like that pugilist, in every point of view, as when he first entered the lists with *Cribb*. *MOLINEAUX* came to this country a most tremendous *teazer*! his *milling* requisites were inferior to none, with stamina sound and vigorous; possessing almost herculean strength; wind undebauched; and feeling confident in himself that he was equal to any, but superior to most of the present race of pugilists. It is but justice to state, that when *MOLINEAUX* first stripped in England, his appearance was terrifically imposing; his muscular powers were fine in the extreme; his frame was *manliness* itself; and the anatomist and artist, in contemplating its various beauties, derived pleasure from this uncommon subject and fine *STUDY*.

And although the sporting world preferred having a *white* to a *black* pugilistic champion, and that an Englishman's wearing the cap was more congenial to their feelings than an *American*, still it was impossible that the courageous qualities of *MOLINEAUX* could be passed over with indifference. In fact, his *milling* pretensions had made a strong impression on the *FANCY* in general, and the higher flights of the boxing circles endeavoured to console his defeats by liberal presents. The cash flowed fast in upon him, and the generosity of the *SWELLS* left him little to complain of, except wearing the proud title of conqueror. The *Black* naturally had a taste for gaiety—a strong passion for dress—was amorously inclined, and full of

gallantry; it is not surprising, therefore, that the charms of the softer sex should warmly interest the attentions of the lusty *Moor*.

Plung'd

In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee!

With *togs* of the best quality and fashion, the *Man of Colour* soon appeared as a *blade* of the first magnitude, and many a proud CORINTHIAN felt no degradation in recognizing this renowned *milling* cove. To be the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND he could not—*would not* be allowed! But to stand next to that character, who could prevent him? Maintaining, then, this high *secondary* rank as a boxer, he sallied forth regardless of any future consequences respecting his *milling* fame. Pleasure was the order of the day with him, and the *stews* of the metropolis tended not only fast to ease him of his *blunt*, but to undermine that terrific overwhelming impetuosity, so prominently possessed and so conspicuously displayed by MOLINEAUX in his terrible combats with the mighty *Cribb*.

The consequences of this line of conduct were obvious, and even the *iron*-like frame of the *Black* seriously felt the dilapidating effects of intemperance! Yet, notwithstanding this visible *falling off* of his personal appearance, and his once great pugilistic traits materially changed—MOLINEAUX, with all his defects, was not to *be beat off hand*. He must be a boxer of more than common requisites who should calculate

upon accomplishing this task with any degree of certainty.

Fuller, a pugilist whose character for *science* and *game* entitled him to every consideration, *fancied* he was able in every respect to contend with this renowned *milling* hero, and the amateurs of Scotland, in order to facilitate a match between them, entered into a subscription purse of 100 guineas, to be fought for in a forty feet ring. Early in the morning, on the day appointed for the above trial of skill to be decided, Friday, the 27th of May, 1814, at Bishopstorph, Peesley, Ayrshire, twelve miles from Glasgow, the FANCY were in motion, and numerous vehicles of all descriptions were seen rattling along the road to the scene of action, and *scampering* pedestrians out of number, to witness the novelty of *prize-milling* in Scotland. Some thousands of spectators formed the ring, and upwards of one hundred carriages belonging to gentlemen were upon the ground. MOLINEAUX was seconded by *Carter*; and *Fuller* had the veteran *Joe Ward* and *George Cooper*. Five to four on the *Black*. At one o'clock the ceremony of shaking hands was performed, and the men set-to. Both the combatants displayed good *science*; but the blows of *Fuller*, although he put in several with much dexterity, appeared more *showy* than effective. However, on *Fuller's* planting a desperate *ribber*, *Joe Ward* ironically observed to the former, that "if he continued to hit his man so hard, the amateurs would be baulked, and the fight terminate too soon." The battle had continued only eight minutes, when the sheriff of Renfrewshire, attended by constables, entered the ring and put an

end to it. Both the combatants appeared much chagrined, particularly MOLINEAUX, who vauntingly declared, "had he anticipated such an interruption, he would have *finished* his opponent before the arrival of the sheriff." The *man of colour*, it seems, was so confident of victory, that, previous to the fight, he betted five to two he drew first blood; this bet he won; and also two to one he *floored Fuller* first; the latter was not decided. *Fuller* expressed himself ready to settle the matter the next day, but MOLINEAUX insisted the fight should not take place till the following Tuesday.

The above arrangement was, at length, agreed to between the parties, and, on Tuesday, May 31, they again met at Auchineaux, twelve miles from Glasgow, on the Drymen road. *Fuller* was attended by *Ward* and *Cooper*; and MOLINEAUX by an Irish serjeant, of the name of *Hailward*, assisted by a private. The umpires were Capt. *Cadogan* and Mr. *George Stirling*; and in case of any dispute, Mr. *Graham*, of Guntmanx, as the referee. This battle is without parallel. There is nothing like it in the annals of pugilism. It is thus described by the veteran *Joe Ward*, and upon whose testimony it is inserted in this work :—

First round.—Fuller displayed some good positions, and soon convinced the spectators that he was a scientific boxer. His guard was firm and imposing, and he seemed confident of success. Molineaux did not view his opponent with indifference, but flattered himself that Fuller must ultimately be defeated. They *sparred* a considerable time, with good skill, before any *punishment* was exhibited, when Fuller, by a tremendous hit, drew the cork of his antagonist. The *Black*,

upon the claret making its appearance, became rather impetuous, and attacked Fuller with great ferocity, but the latter *stopped* with much adroitness, and gave in exchange some heavy *nobbing* returns. A desperate rally now took place, during which severe *milling* was felt upon both sides, when they broke away, and again resorted to *sparring* to obtain superiority. Fuller's nose was much *peppered*, and the *crimson* flowed abundantly. In short this unprecedented round was filled up with rallies—recoveries—retreating—following each other alternately round the ring—stopping and hitting with various success,—and both exhausted by turns, till at length Molineaux was *levelled* by a tremendous blow, and the round finished after a lapse of TWENTY-EIGHT MINUTES!

Second.—To describe any thing like the various changes which occurred during this *act-to*, it must partake more of the length of "*Paterson's Road Book*" than the ordinary round of a fight! But suffice to observe, that the whole *minutia* of the *milling* art was resorted to, from the beginning to the end. The skill, practice, and experience of both the combatants were made use of to the best advantage. Fuller proved himself a boxer of more than ordinary *science* and game throughout the fight. The *Black* was convinced he had got a *troublesome* customer to deal with, and who required *serving out* in a masterly style before he could be *satisfied*. In fact, the strength of the *Man of Colour* seemed materially deficient from his former exhibitions, when he used to *hit* his man away from him, and *levelled* his opponents with the most perfect *sang froid*. The severe blows of Fuller, who stuck close to Molineaux, made him *wince* again! The *Black* appeared much exhausted from the great portion required for him to *give*, and heartily *tired* of what he had to TAKE. An unusual quantity of blood was spilt. It is supposed Fuller lost two quarts in the ring. His head was terrific in the *extrema*. From the dreadful punishment his *nob* had undergone, his seconds lost all traces of his original character. Stancher game was never displayed by any pugilist whatever. Upon the whole, it was a truly singular fight, and the people of Scotland witnessed one of the most *nouvelle* specimens of English prize-fighting that ever occurred. In SIXTY-EIGHT MINUTES, two rounds ONLY had taken place.

The above contest, it seems, terminated in rather a

singular manner. MOLINEAUX asserting that "*Joe Ward* had behaved foul, in pulling *Fuller* down, who was much distressed and had been beaten all over the ring in a rally, so as to prevent the *Man of Colour* from putting in a decisive blow." The Umpires decided it was so; and the purse, accordingly, was awarded to MOLINEAUX. The latter did not appear in the ring any thing like the once tremendous competitor of CRIBB; but, on the contrary, instead of going boldly up to his man, he was always shy, and tried to win by tiring out *Fuller*. MOLINEAUX fought at the head, and *Fuller* at the body. Notwithstanding the defects of the *Man of Colour*, it was considered great temerity on the part of *Fuller*, to enter the lists with MOLINEAUX. The second and last round continued FORTY MINUTES !!!

The conduct of *Fuller*, in the above fight, it seems, gave such general satisfaction to the amateurs, that a purse of 50 guineas, which had been subscribed for a match between *Cooper* and *Carter*, in consequence of its not taking place, was presented, it is said, to *Fuller*.

MOLINEAUX's *milking* character was still viewed with much attention in Scotland, and a match was at length made between him and *George Cooper*, a boxer of superior talent. On the 11th of March, 1815, these first-rate heroes of the fist met at Corset-hill, in Lanarkshire. In twenty minutes MOLINEAUX was defeated.

Intemperance has been the ruin of MOLINEAUX as a pugilist; and, it should seem, every strong *commoner* entertained an idea that he could serve out the *Man*

of *Colour*, as the following anecdote will evince. The above sable hero, in his provincial tour of 1813, alighted at the town of Derby, to give the amateurs and others of that place, an exhibition of his *milling* accomplishments. The competitor of CRIBB was well attended, and several *Johnny Raws* had the temerity to have a *taste* with the *Black*; but these, possessing little more than strength and courage, soon found themselves inadequate to contend against the tremendous and scientific powers of MOLINEUX, and therefore wisely laid down the *gloves*. Not so a country pugilist of the name of *Abraham Denston*, possessing almost the strength of an Hercules, and the size of a Colossus, and, added to which powerful requisites for boxing, whose fame was well abroad in these parts for *milling* all those persons who had dared to oppose him. *Abraham* had rather "crept into favour with himself," and entertained an idea that, with the *mufflers*, he should be able to *serve out* the Moor in style, and increase his renown as a *mill*. Great things were expected from the *countryman*; and considerable interest was excited among the spectators upon their *setting-to*. But, unfortunately for *Abraham*, he had calculated somewhat too hastily upon his great size and strength, and two rallies with the *Black* were quite enough to *convince* him of his error. MOLINEUX *punished* the *chaw-bacon* most severely for his temerity, and, with one of his favourite left-handed lunges, gave him such a *remembrancer* under his left eye, that the *claret* flew in all directions. The *conceit* of *Abraham* had now all evaporated, and he quickly retired, amidst the laughter and confusion of the audi-

ence, to disencumber himself of the gloves, MOLL-NEAUX and his assistant now exhibited some prime specimens of the art, portraying the superiority of SCIENCE OVER MERE *strength*!

From Scotland, our hero of colour went on a sparring tour into Ireland; and, at the latter end of the year 1817, he was travelling over the northern parts of that country, teaching the *warm-hearted* natives the use of their fists, in preference to their indiscriminate attack with sticks. But his personal appearance, at this time, was little more than a skeleton, compared to his once fine athletic form.

GRIFFITHS AND BAYLIS.

PROVINCIAL BOXING.

THE above combatants, it seems, were the CHAMPIONS of their respective places; both stood high in point of boxing requisites, and much jealousy had existed for a long time, between their various partisans, respecting which was the *best* man; when, at length, a match was made between them for a subscription purse of £40. On Wednesday, the 16th of October, 1816, the attention of the *milling amateurs* and *fancy* of Birmingham and neighbourhood was directed to the *field of sport* at Sutton-Coldfield, to witness the contest between GRIFFITHS and BAYLIS, the former an inhabitant of *Birmingham*, and the latter from *Wednesbury*, so renowned for *cocking*. They

were nearly of equal weight, but BAYLIS had the advantage in height and reach. The combatants set-to at one o'clock, and, after fighting TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN rounds, in the space of FOUR HOURS, half minute time, the battle was drawn, each party being so fully *satisfied* as to prevent the possibility of either rising in time to claim the victory ! GRIFFITHS was the favourite at setting-to, and, in the second round, drew first blood ; in each of the eight first rounds he brought the *Wednesbury* man down, which caused betting six to four in his favour. About the ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH round, however, betting became twenty to one against GRIFFITHS, but, in five or six rounds more, he reduced the betting to five to four in his favour. The blows, even to the last round, were given with the most tremendous force, fully evincing the *bottom* of the combatants and their determined spirit. *Tom Belcher* left London on purpose to second GRIFFITHS, and *Millward*, from *Wednesbury*, to BAYLIS. A number of the *fancy tribe*, from London, were present, who had arrived a few days before to give a *relish* to this, perhaps, as obstinate an effort of *gluttony* as any on the bruising record. The spectators, it is thought, did not fall short of ten thousand, and Birmingham was literally drained of its inhabitants. Several coaches, and an immense number of vehicles of every other description, horses, &c. were upon the ground. The millers of *Moulsey*, *Coombe-wood*, &c. are at a loss to understand this protracted state of *fighting* ! as the *Brummagem*s have termed it ; half an hour being deemed quite sufficient to *satisfy* any *Johnny Raw* at the above places, by a boxer that can *punish* at all.

The *seconds* must have had a precious time of it: in fact, it was owing to the superior skill and judgement of *Belcher*, which prevented GRIFFITHS from losing.

DICK ALEXANDER,

THE COALHEAVER.

THE above *Knight of the Sack* made his *débüt* in the prize-ring with *Harry Lancaster*, on Wednesday, April 24, 1816, at Moulsey-hurst, immediately after the fight had terminated between *Carter* and *Robinson*. It was for a handy-cap subscription purse, collected by Mr. JACKSON, amounting to 15 guineas for the winner, and five for the loser. The sturdy coalheaver was not generally known to the amateurs, but it appeared he had recently entered the lists at Twickenham-common, and beat his man in good style; and was now anxious to show his quality before better judges. *Lancaster* was seconded by *Richmond*; and ALEXANDER by *Oliver*. At setting-to 6 to 4 on *Lancaster*.

First round.—The *Coalheaver* set-to with much gaiety, and seemed determined to show fight for the purse. *Lancaster*, who was an old one in the field of glory, received his attack with much scientific coolness, when several hits were exchanged, and, in closing, both went down.

Second.—*Coaly, sans cérémonie*, again attacked his opponent, and put in a good body blow with his right hand. *Lancaster* returned a severe facer, that made the claret fly, when a close took place, and both again down.

Third.—*Lancaster* made play, and tried to see what his customer was made of, but the *Coalheaver*, regardless of the consequences, went boldly in, and, after exchanging a few blows, *Lancaster* went down.

Fourth.—*Lancaster*, on meeting his man, put in a tremen-

dous hit on the mouth, when a smart rally instantly followed; *Coaly* was all but down from a severe *nobber* he received, but recovered himself in good style; and again resolutely attacked his opponent; many heavy hits were exchanged, when they closed, and both down. The *Coalheaver* was loudly applauded for his courageous conduct.

Fifth.—Much *punishment* was served out on both sides, and the *claret* was seen trickling fast down their nobbs. Lancaster showed evident scientific superiority in this round, and sent his man down in good style. Seven to 4 on Lancaster.

Sixth.—This round, like the last, was nobly contested. *Coaly* drove Lancaster against the stakes of the ring, when a sort of fibbing and a struggle took place to obtain the throw, which Lancaster at length accomplished by throwing his man.

Seventh.—Lancaster *nobbed* his opponent severely,—but, in return, he received several severe body blows, and ultimately went down.

Eighth.—Both men hit out at arms length, and the blows exchanged were of that *punishing* kind as to be heard at distant parts of the ring; there was no deficiency of game on either side, but, in the event, Lancaster went down.

Ninth.—No shyness on either side, thumping away was the order of the day, and Lancaster not only fibbed his opponent severely, but, ultimately threw him.

Tenth.—Lancaster put in a good hit upon the *Coalheaver's* *mug*, which was as smartly returned, upon the body, by *Coaly*. It was altogether a good round, *mill*ing each other in all directions, till Lancaster went down.

Eleventh.—The *Coalheaver* now convinced the ring, that if he was but a *novice*, he had displayed pugilistic talent enough to place him above *mediocrity*; it appeared that he did not want courage or activity, and was capable of doing a great deal with his right hand. Lancaster was determined to win, if possible, and kept pelting away at his opponent's face; but *Coaly*, not deterred, stuck close to him, and returned some severe hits, and both their heads were rather the worse for the *mill*. Much hitting took place between them, till Lancaster found the ground. Considerable applause from all parts of the ring.

Twelfth.—Lancaster appeared distressed; the right arm of the *Coalheaver* did much execution, and, in a close, Lancaster was thrown. Even betting—if any thing, *Coaly* the favourite.

Thirteenth.—This round was decidedly in favour of Lancaster—he seemed much refreshed, and *punished* his opponent in good style. *Coaly* went down.

Fourteenth.—Lancaster still kept the superiority, and his opponent again went down.

Fifteenth.—This was a *milling* round altogether, and Lancaster was driven against the stakes. A great struggle took place to get the throw, which *Harry* at length obtained, by sending down his man. It was again 6 to 4 on Lancaster.

Sixteenth.—*Coaly* ultimately went down, and Lancaster had the best of the round.

Seventeenth.—*Harry* again took the lead, and displayed coolness and judgement. The activity of the *Coalheaver* was unceasing, and his right hand was conspicuously seen throughout the fight. Much thumping again took place, till the *Black diamond* found himself upon the ground.

Eighteenth.—The *Coalheaver* set-to with great spirit, and planted a severe right-handed hit on Lancaster's cheek, that made the *claret* spin again, and followed it up by some severe body blows; but, notwithstanding, Lancaster received the attack firmly, and, in return, put in some good *hits* which claimed the advantage, by sending down his man. Lancaster still the favourite.

Nineteenth.—The *Black diamond* made a sort of running set-to at his opponent,—it might be termed a scrambling round,—and *Coaly* was pushed down.

Twentieth and last.—Lancaster went boldly up to his man, and put in a severe facer, which the *Coalheaver* instantly returned, by planting a most tremendous blow on his opponent's throat, which took Lancaster completely off his legs like a shuttcock, and he came down on the ground stunned with the velocity of the fall. It must have nearly deprived him of breath. A more complete knock-down blow was never witnessed; and so seriously did it operate in its effects, that all the fight was immediately taken out of Lancaster, though it is but justice to observe, that only the minute before, it appeared that *Harry* must have had the battle-money.

It seemed not unlikely, that at some future period this *Coalheaver* might cause some little movement when more known among the *milling coves*, and

prove himself rather a dangerous customer to those of his own weight. He makes excellent use of his right hand, and endeavours to be always *in* with his man. He seems anxious to get upon the fighting list, and showed himself a promising candidate for boxing celebrity in the above fight, which continued upwards of half an hour. ALEXANDER's height was about 5 feet 9 inches; and in weight 12 stone.

JACK MARTIN, the Baker.

THE above hero, although belonging to the fraternity of *dead men*, possesses great *liveliness* of action, and several good boxing requisites. He is a nephew of *George Head*, from whom he received instruction. His opponent, the brother of *Tom Oliver*, entered the ring under some advantages from the well-known stanch qualities of his relative, and much expectation was formed by the amateurs upon that account. It was the first attempt of both the combatants, it seems, at *prize-milling*. On Thursday, July 18, 1816, near Ilford, in Essex, upon Hunsdon's Land, for ten guineas a-side, in a twenty-four feet ring, after *Ford* and *Harry Lancaster* had quitted it, *Oliver* and MARTIN prepared for action. The former was seconded by his brother *Tom Oliver* and *Clark*; and the Baker by *Harry Harmer* and *Richmond*. Upon setting-to, the odds were upon *Oliver*.

First round.—Upon setting-to the attitude of Martin was by far the most conspicuous, and his appearance exhibited

something of the scientific boxer. Martin immediately went to work and nobbed his opponent without ceremony, till they got into a close, when, after hugging and pummelling each other for a few seconds, they, at length, broke away, and some hits were exchanged at arms length. They again closed, and a violent struggle took place against the ropes, when they both went down. This round occupied one minute and a half.

Second.—Both full of activity, but the hurried manner of Oliver was obvious to every one, and his fists crossed each other with all the celerity of a smoke-jack. He presented no security from attack; and his mug got *pinked* in style. In closing, they both went down.

Third.—The Master of the Rolls put in two severe facers, and beat his opponent down against the stakes. On commencing this round, Oliver tried to trip up his adversary, but his brother told him it was wrong.

Fourth.—Oliver, although brought into the ring by his brother, really seemed to have no notion of prize-fighting. He hit at random, and did but little execution. The Baker again *milled* his face, and ultimately threw him.

Fifth.—This was a most dreadful round for *punishment* and blood. In closing, some heavy hits passed between them, when they, at length, broke away. The blood was running down in torrents upon Oliver's face, but notwithstanding he fought his way into a desperate rally, in which his nob received a couple of tremendous blows that made it shake again. In closing, they both got suspended on the ropes, and a violent struggle took place before they went down.

Sixth.—Some sharp *milling* passed between them; and, in closing, both fell out of the ring.

Seventh.—Oliver displayed no science whatever, and his chief aim seemed to be in struggling for superiority with his opponent; but even in closing he failed, as Martin generally brought Oliver down.

Eighth.—The right hand of Martin again *punished* Oliver's nob, and the claret flowed in abundance. In closing, both went down.

Ninth.—The hugging system again prevailed, and both went down, but Oliver fell completely over the ropes.

Tenth.—Martin went in with great spirit and bored his adversary to the ropes. In closing, both went down.

Eleventh.—Oliver appeared rather distressed and came slowly up to the mark. The right hand of the baker was again at work, and Oliver's mug was getting fast out of shape. Both down.

Twelfth.—In this round Martin showed he possessed scientific knowledge, had completely the best of it, and sent his opponent down.

Thirteenth.—Oliver seemed anxious to do something, and went sharply up to his man, when they closed. In struggling they broke away, and several heavy blows were exchanged. They again closed, and both went down; Oliver bleeding profusely.

Fourteenth.—The movements, in general, of Martin were scientific, but they were soon lost sight of by the overpowering closing of Oliver, who always endeavoured to force his adversary to the ropes, and then tire him out by struggling. Both down, and their backs and loins were much marked by their suspension on the ropes.

Fifteenth.—Martin, upon *setting-to*, nobbed Oliver with effect, when they again closed and both fell out of the ring. Oliver required the assistance of his second to get him off the ground.

Sixteenth.—The strength of Oliver was leaving him fast, and in this round he got most dreadfully *punished*. The baker hit him in every direction, and Oliver was thrown completely over the ropes. Seven to four upon Martin.

Seventeenth.—No chance for Oliver, except closing; he caught hold of Martin, and both went down.

Eighteenth.—More hugging, and both on the ground.

Nineteenth.—It was all up with Oliver; the fight was taken out of him, and he had not strength to close with his opponent. In fact, he only stood up as a mark for *punishment*, and the baker put in some severe finishing hits; till Oliver dropped down like a log.

Twentieth.—Oliver could scarcely be brought to the scratch. He immediately went down from a punishing hit.

Twenty-first and last.—Oliver had had quite enough of *milling*, and he turned away from his adversary to avoid the severity that awaited him. The baker lost no time, he saw victory was certain, and with two hits completely *finished* his opponent, who was so severely beaten as to be led out of the ring and put into a coach. Twenty-nine minutes had elapsed.

Oliver, as a scientific boxer, bore no other resemblance to his brother (excepting his *name*) than he had to Hercules. In fact, he was a complete *novice* in every sense of the word, and relied entirely upon main strength for victory, and *pulled* and *hauled* his opponent about as if he had been dragging a truck. But it was widely different on the part of MARTIN; he exhibited those promising traits of the *science* that appeared only to want *practice* to improve, and which, at a subsequent period, were found to develop themselves in a most conspicuous manner. MARTIN is in height about 5 feet 8 inches, and is nearly 11 stone in weight. He is extremely active, and possesses a decisive mode of hitting.

HARRY HOLT, the Duffer.

IN only one instance have the smiles of victory crowned the efforts of HOLT, although he is considered to possess an excellent knowledge of the art of boxing. He made his *débüt* in the prize-ring with *Parish*, the waterman, at Moulsey-hurst, on Tuesday, August 20, 1816, when, after gallantly contending to obtain conquest for the long time of an hour and a half, during which much reciprocal scientific *millng* occurred, and great doubts expressed as to the termination of the event, he was at length defeated.

HOLT next entered the lists with *Jack O'Donnel*, (said to be a relative of the once celebrated Irish pu-

gilit of that name,) at Arlington-corner, near Hounslow-heath, after a harassing journey of some miles across the country, in consequence of the interruption which took place on the day the first fight between *Scroggins* and *Turner* occurred, at Hayes, Middlesex, on Wednesday, March 26, 1817. The combatants stripped with the utmost *sang froid* in a heavy shower of rain, and commenced fighting at a quarter before six o'clock in the evening. *Tom Owen* and *Dolly Smith* seconded *O'Donnel*; and *Painter* and *Harmer* attended upon *Holt*. Five to four on the latter.

First round.—Upon setting-to, the attitude of *Holt* was extremely elegant, and his appearance altogether rather interested the spectator in his behalf. He, without ceremony, planted a severe facer under *O'Donnel's* left eye, and got away with much dexterity, when the latter endeavoured to return the compliment, but hit short. It was one of the most manly rounds ever witnessed, the men fighting at arms length; and notwithstanding the rain descended in torrents, the combatants seemed insensible to its chilling effects, and opposed each other with the utmost gaiety. A number of good blows passed between them, but materially to the advantage of *Holt*, who *nobbed* poor *Paddy* most successfully. Near ten minutes had elapsed, nothing like closing had occurred, and both appeared quite exhausted, when *O'Donnel* rushed in, and *Holt* was sent down. Such a first round was scarcely, if ever, seen before. Seven to four on *Holt*.

Second.—*O'Donnel*, finding that keeping out from his opponent was disadvantageous, endeavoured to bore in, but *Holt* stopped him by a tremendous blow on the jaw, that made his *pimple* rattle again. The Irishman was not to be dismayed, and he succeeded in marking one of *Holt's* *peepers*. Some reciprocal fighting took place, when, in a struggle to obtain the throw, both went down, but *Holt* undermost.

Third.—*Holt* hit and stopped with great facility, and his science was loudly admired throughout the ring. *O'Donnel* did not want for courage, and he showed himself to much advantage in this round. A desperate rally took place, and, in

closing, O'Donnel endeavoured to fib Holt, but the latter resolutely broke away, and he knocked O'Donnel's head about like a spinning top. Both ultimately went down.

Fourth.—A smile sat upon the countenance of Holt: he had all the coolness about his actions of the experienced pugilist, and he scarcely threw a blow away. O'Donnel's *nug*, from the repeated attacks made upon it, appeared rather out of shape. Both again down. Two to one upon Holt.

Fifth to seventeenth and last.—It was most manly boxing throughout the whole of these rounds. O'Donnel put in some good hits, and always had the best of his opponent in throwing, but he never could keep his head *out of chancery*. The seventeenth round was truly desperate; O'Donnel repeatedly attempted to go in, but was as repeatedly kept out by a *stopper* on his nob. Holt put in six facers without any return—the jaw of O'Donnel was terribly *battered*—part of his chin laid open—and a tremendous blow, put in under his ear, brought out the claret instantaneously, and his senses seemed almost beat out of him. He could not come again.

Mr. JACKSON made a collection of nine pounds to be divided between them. The above battle proved a treat to the amateurs of scientific boxing, and which was for five guineas a-side. The above scientific fight restored good humour to the amateurs for their disappointment at Hayes, and they now retired well satisfied. The ring here was kept in good order, although no stakes or ropes were used to protect the men from the crowd. The unpropitious state of the weather had not the least effect upon the feelings of the spectators, who never shifted an inch of ground in consequence of being so drippingly assailed. The sudden appearance of such a vast cavalcade of carriages and pedestrians, scampering through the villages, caused an effect not to be described.

The friends of HOLT, from his decisive victory over O'Donnel, and the general improvement which ap-

peared to have taken place in his fighting, were induced to match him with *Randall*. But, unfortunately, he again sustained defeat. (See page 269.)

Notwithstanding the reverses *HOLT* experienced in his boxing career, he is fully entitled to the character of a neat scientific pugilist. He *stops* with considerable skill; and *returns* in a quick and masterly style. His *bottom* is of the first quality; and he has no idea of retiring from the conflict, while he is able to stand upon his legs. In height *HOLT* is about 5 feet 6½ inches, weighing 10 stone and a half. His appearance rather prepossessing—genteel in his person—and, in his deportment, mild and unassuming. Possessing a well-informed mind, his conversation upon various topics is generally listened to with much credit to himself and satisfaction to his hearers. He is also respectably connected.

GEORGE COOPER,

THE BARGEMAN.

THE first-rate pugilistic pretensions possessed by the above hero give him a high (if not the first) place on the boxing list. Previous to his appearance in public, he derived considerable instruction from the tuition of *Paddington Jones* and *Richmond*. *COOPER* is a native of Stone, in Staffordshire. He is viewed as one of the most NATURAL fighters belonging to the prize-ring. He uses both hands with equal facility; and his ONE—TWO are put in with tremendous

execution. He also wards off the coming blow with great adroitness; *returns* with the quickness of lightning; and *gets away* with the talents of a *Richmond*. COOPER appears armed at all points towards victory, so far as *execution* is requisite to accomplish that great point; and his mode of setting-to is pleasing and perspicuous; a smiling confidence sits on his brow while engaged in battle. Upon the defensive or offensive, he is considered to be equally prepared; and, in short, COOPER must be pronounced a most accomplished and consummate boxer. In height, about 5 feet 10 inches; weighing 12 stone. It is urged, however, that he does not *train* well; and his *constitution* does not keep equal pace with his other superior *milking* capabilities. COOPER has fought some of the best men in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and out of the six prize-battles in which he has been engaged with *Lancaster*, *Oliver*, *Jay*, *Donnelly* (the Irish Champion), *Molineaux*, and *Robinson*, he has been crowned with conquest four times.

COOPER first entered the prize-ring with *Harry Lancaster*, on Tuesday, the 15th of December, 1812, at Coombe-warren, for a handsome subscription purse. COOPER on this occasion was seconded by his tutors, *Richmond* and *Paddington Jones*; and *Harry* was waited upon by *J. Lancaster* and *Cropley*. From the superior boxing capabilities displayed by COOPER, the above contest was decided in the short space of *seventeen minutes and a half!* *Lancaster* had not only the length of his opponent—was of equal weight—but possessed the advantage of standing over him. He commenced *milking* with much gaiety, and ended

youred to *nob* COOPER in a sharp rally, but the latter stopped him with great adroitness, and ultimately FLOORED *Lancaster*. In short, throughout the fight, *Harry* had but little chance of success, although he planted several severe blows upon COOPER's head. The steadiness of COOPER—the excellent use he made of both hands—the science he portrayed in *stopping*—and the quickness and severity of his *returns*, were the admiration of all the amateurs present. In opposition to such superior talent, *Lancaster* could not take the lead, and retired from the ring with heavy marks of *punishment*.

COOPER derived considerable fame from this first attempt, and he was, at length, matched as a very competent competitor with *Oliver*, for a subscription purse, at Moulsey-hurst, on May 15, 1813. It was a truly determined battle, (see page 100,) and at one period of the fight, his superiority was so great, that it was thought almost impossible for COOPER to lose it; however, one tremendous blow defeated him. It was like *stolen* from COOPER—victory appeared so nearly within his grasp.

COOPER now entered the lists with *Jay*, upon the termination of the battle between *Painter* and *Oliver*, at Shepperton-range, on Tuesday, the 17th of May, 1814, when the ring was immediately occupied by the above boxers, for a purse of twenty-five guineas, given by the pugilistic club.

Upon the first appearance of *Jay*, at Rickmansworth, when he defeated *Fuller*, it was then thought from his prominent display of *milling* requisites, that he had fair to obtain a higher situation on the pugilis-

tic roll of frame. His unquestionable strength, firmness of stature, and a sharp severity of *hitting*, were great traits in his favour. And even in his second contest with *Fuller*, when he experienced a reverse of fortune, and was compelled to yield to superior science, he nevertheless claimed notice, and showed considerable *game*. The *hips of Jay* are bigger than most men, and his thighs and legs are extremely athletic. In the hands of COOPER he appeared a mere *commoner* indeed, and no traces of his former *mill*ing character were visible. In the short space of EIGHT MINUTES he was *punished* out of all conceit of himself and the *purse*, by declaring he had had *enough*! while, on the contrary, COOPER retired from the ring with scarcely a scratch upon his face. The amateurs were completely astonished at the *finishing* qualities of COOPER; but, it appears, that *Jay* felt so much *depression* in being defeated by *Fuller*, that he took no care of himself whatever, and was never in any thing like *condition* afterwards fit to enter the prize-ring.

COOPER, it seems, shortly after the above battle, went to Scotland, where he opened a school for the tuition of the ART OF SELF-DEFENCE. At Edinburgh, in particular, his general conduct was much praised—it not only gained him many patrons, but his school was well attended.

A match was now proposed between COOPER and *Carter*, for £100 a-side, both being at Edinburgh; but it went off in consequence of the bad state of health of the latter. The country amateurs thought it would have proved a fight of great equality.

The patrons of pugilism anxious, at all events, to

witness a prize-mill in Scotland, entered into a subscription purse for that purpose, to be fought for by COOPER and *Molineaux*. This battle took place at Corsethill, in Lanerkshire, on March 10, 1815. Early in the morning, the *Fancy* were all upon the alert, and not a *drag* or a *prad* was to be had in Edinburgh by nine o'clock. Thousands, before day-light, *Powelled* it so as to arrive in time; numbers, it seems, went on a wrong scent and sailed for Inchkeith. At half-past twelve, COOPER and *Molineaux* appeared in the ring, and, at fourteen minutes before one, they shook hands and set-to. *Oliver* and a Yorkshireman seconding COOPER; and *Joe Ward* and *Richmond* for *Molineaux* Six to four on the Black.

First round.—The greatest silence prevailed, and the Caledonian amateurs appeared most anxiously interested upon the first attack. Considerable sparring occurred, both, it should seem, being aware of the *milling* talents possessed by each other, when *Molineaux* commenced offensive operations right and left, and Cooper, in *return*, put in a sharp *bodier*, but in slipping received a hit which sent him under the ropes.

Second.—*Milling* without ceremony, and both of the combatants on their mettle. *Molineaux* planted a sharp *nobber*, but received for this favour two tremendous hits upon his kidneys, that made him wince again and gasp for breath. Some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, both down.

Third.—*Molineaux*, with the most determined spirit, after his usual style, kept fighting at his opponent's head; while Cooper directed all the blows at the body. Some heavy hits passed between them, and in a desperate rally against the ropes, the *claret* was first observed upon Cooper: however, the round was finished to the advantage of the latter, who hit the *man of colour* out of the ropes. Seven to 4 upon Cooper.

Fourth.—*Molineaux* appeared at the scratch rather distressed from the effects of the last round. Cooper, full of gaiety, took the lead, and *floored* *Molineaux* in grand style. Two to one on Cooper.

Fifth.—The superiority of Cooper was conspicuous to every one present. He stopped the fury of the Black with much skill; *nobbed* him at will; made the blood copiously to run down his face; and again hit the man of colour down. Any odds upon Cooper.

Sixth.—Molineaux was growing weak, and Cooper having the best of him in an easy style. The latter put in a tremendous *facer*, which *floored* the Black like a shot.

Seventh to ninth.—In all these rounds the best of the fighting was decidedly on the part of Cooper. Molineaux was hit down every round.

Tenth.—The Black, still determined, rallied Cooper against the ropes, and some hard fighting occurred; but, the latter planted so desperate a blow on his opponent's body, that he went down quite *rolled* up, his head falling against the stakes of the ring.

Eleventh.—Molineaux, with all his defects and *falling off*, astonished the ring from the gallant manner he fought this round. Some terrible exchanges of blows were witnessed, when the Black again rallied Cooper up to the ropes. In closing, Molineaux was severely fished, but broke from his antagonist in grand style, and ultimately *floored* Cooper by a heavy blow upon his face. From the great exertion used by Molineaux he fell down quite exhausted. This rather reduced the odds.

Twelfth.—Cooper appeared at the scratch eager to finish the Black, when he *nobbed* Molineaux successively, and completely hit him off his legs. The man of colour was quite sick, and brandy was obliged to be given him to recruit his declining spirit. It was all up with Molineaux. Any odds, but no takers.

Thirteenth.—Molineaux was sent down upon setting-to.

Fourteenth and last.—The Black could scarcely leave the knee of his second, and, upon meeting his man, he was again *floored*. The battle was now at an end, and *twenty minutes* had elapsed.

From the superior style of boxing displayed by COOPER, in this battle, he rose very high in the opinion of the Scotch *Fancy*. He also appeared in

the ring in good condition. *Molineaux*, it seems, trusted principally to his weight and length, neglecting entirely any preparatory care of his health; so that the right-handed hits of COOPER proved overwhelming. It was well conducted upon the whole, and afforded a high treat to the amateurs of pugilism in that part of the kingdom.

In making a sparring tour in Ireland, a few months after the above battle, a match was made between COOPER and *Donnelly*, the Champion of Ireland, which took place on the Curragh of Kildare, on the 13th of December, 1815. COOPER, after a desperate struggle, was defeated; but there was great disparity of size and weight between the combatants. The advantages being all on the side of *Donnelly*.

In June, 1816, COOPER returned to England, when it was expected a match would have been made between him and *Harmer*; but, in consequence of not meeting with a *customer* of any description, he once more directed his steps toward his patrons in Scotland, where he was again well-received, and liberally patronized. He was at length matched with *Robinson*, (a man of colour,) who had gained considerable notoriety from two contests with the Lancashire Hero, *Carter*, particularly in the latter one, a match, against time (half an hour;) although defeated in both instances. The Caledonian *fanciers*, like the metropolitan high-bred *swells*, were all in motion at an early period to witness the above *mill*; and an unusually strong muster of amateurs of all pedigrees, from the Laird of rank down to the more humble "Bonnie cheel," were seen in every direction trotting along the

road, so great was the anxiety manifested to view these heroes of the "London ring," exhibit their various acquirements of self-defence. It occasioned considerable betting previous to the fight; but whatever opinions might have been entertained by the patrons of pugilism in Scotland, respecting the *milling* qualities of *Robinson*, it should seem the more experienced ones in England viewed the match in question as one of the most certain things that could happen, if it was all right, and COOPER must win the battle in high style, asserting that *Robinson* had no peculiar boxing trait to rely upon, not even a shadow of chance, excepting his superior strength. And anticipation, in this instance, proved exactly to be the fact. *Robinson* was beat off hand with the same *sang froid* that COOPER disposed of *Jay*.

On Monday, the 24th of February, 1817, the men entered the ring at one o'clock, attended by their respective seconds, in a twenty-feet ring, at Costerton Houghhead, about fourteen miles from Edinburgh, for a purse of fifty guineas.

The gallant style displayed by COOPER, proved a perfect treat to the Scotch admirers of boxing. His superiority was evidently manifest upon lifting up his hands, and putting himself in an attitude of defence; but, before the first round was finished, all the spectators were perfectly satisfied what must be the result of the battle. It would be superfluous to detail the minutiae of the rounds, short, even as they proved, being only seven in number. *Robinson*, in the hands of COOPER, appeared no more than a fresh caught novice,—and the latter pugilist treated the

capabilities of the *Man of Colour* with the most mortifying contempt. COOPER punished him severely in all directions, put in hits on every part he aimed at, and concluded every round so *finishing*, as to receive loud and repeated applause. *Robinson* could not stop the celerity of his opponent's blows; and only in one instance did he make any thing like a successful hit. He was *floored* every round. COOPER is allowed upon all hands to be the best natural fighter of the day—and, if he possessed that primary requisite for a fighting man, sound stamina, he would be an equal competitor for any thing either upon the Scotch or English list. It appears, from the elegant display of COOPER, that the gentlemen composing the *fancy*, both South and North of Carlisle, felt anxious to back him against any one of his weight. It was a curious remark, made by some one, that *Oliver* beat COOPER, and *Carter* defeated *Oliver*; and again COOPER conquered *Molineaux*, and *Molineaux* proved the victor in his contest with *Carter*.

COOPER, from the union of his superior *practical* knowledge of the Art of Self-defence and civil deportment, it seems, rendered himself an object of much attraction among the amateurs in Scotland. As a teacher he is also much patronized; and, in consequence, it is said, COOPER fixed his residence in that part of the kingdom. In concluding this sketch one general remark will suffice:—in the ring he is seen to peculiar advantage, and without undue adulation or disparagement, a more complete boxer in his day was not to be found upon the list of scientific pugilists than—GEORGE COOPER.

Henry Sutton.

SINCE the *heavy* MILLING days of *Molineaux*, no pugilist of colour was so much thought of as SUTTON; in fact, it was long time a question, whether he was not the *gamest* Black that ever appeared in the English prize-ring? He is about thirty years of age, and a native of Baltimore, in America. SUTTON, it appears, was employed, after his arrival in England, for some years, as a corn-porter, in Deptford; and he achieved numerous conquests in that neighbourhood, over some hardy fellows belonging to the Dock-Yards, &c. particularly a most desperate fight with a man of the name of *Dunn*, for an hour and seven minutes, in the street. Curiosity, it is said, attracted SUTTON to witness the *mill* between the two *Men of Colour*, *Robinson* and *Stephenson*, at Coombe-wood, on Tuesday, May 28, 1816. SUTTON being a tall, strong, athletic man, and not much unlike *Stephenson*, it seems, was noticed on the ground by some of the amateurs, and a purse was offered him to enter the lists with another Black, also selected from the crowd. These *sombre* heroes having agreed to the terms proposed to them, entered the ring without further preface. *Richmond* and *Harmer* seconding SUTTON; and *Cropley* and *Puddington Jones* taking the other Black under their most especial care, who was inferior in every point of view, in height, strength, make, look, and age, to SUTTON. The *set-to* was truly a great novelty:—

First.—The long arms of Sutton looked terrible towards *punishing*, and he began to work in a hurry—and Cropley's black seemed equally as eager to meet him. Such a term as *science* ought not to be mentioned upon this occasion. It was a sort of slip-slap hitting, dodging, and turning round, till at last they met and came to a violent hug, when much pummelling took place between them. They, however, broke away from this close embrace, and made a complete standstill of it, looking at each other and panting for breath. Cropley's black now folded his arms, nodded his head, and began to point his finger laughing at his opponent; this conduct so enraged Sutton, that he rushed in and planted a chopping hit which made Cropley's beauty dance again. It was now the comic scene of a pantomime, and new tricks were introduced at every step. Sutton, in making a blow at his opponent's nob, hit his cap off, and his bald pate appearing, the spectators set up roars of laughter: yet notwithstanding the variety of ludicrous postures exhibited by these *black QUIXOTES* in search of chivalrous exploits, some heavy *milling* passed between them. *FOUR MINUTES AND A HALF* had at length passed, amid the most uproarious shouts and applause from the lookers on, when Sutton, to put an end to this singular round, grappled his opponent and brought him down.

Second.—On setting to some hornpipe steps were *jigged* by Cropley's black, added to the grimaces and antics of a pantaloon. The arms of Sutton trembled astonishingly, and his frame seemed much agitated. He made use of the chopping blow, and whenever his distance proves correct, his hits were evidently tremendous. Some few blows passed, when Cropley's black was thrown.

Third.—The little one did not seem to like *milling*; and, perhaps, had it not been for the charms of a purse, he had never entered the ring. In fact, he was no match for his opponent. He hopped about the ground, and hit at random. Sutton trembled so violently, that he claimed particular notice in this respect. He seemed partial to *chopping* at his opponent. Some few blows were exchanged, when Cropley's black fell, and thus finished this *caricature on Milling*.

On June 4, 1816, at a benefit for *Eales and Johnson*, at the Fives Court, the principal attraction of

the day was the appearance of SUTTON, who mounted the stage, to contend with the scientific and powerful *Tom Oliver*. It seemed a new thing altogether to SUTTON, and he appeared rather shy and diffident upon the occasion. His sparring was far from contemptible; and, viewing SUTTON as a complete novice, he achieved much more than could reasonably be expected, and put in some heavy body blows. *Oliver* had very little the best of him; and, it was observed, that *Tom* took the gloves off the first.—*George Cooper*, the late competitor of *Donnelly*, in Ireland, (and who was reported to be dead,) made his appearance here, and also had a set-to with SUTTON. *Cooper* put in several heavy facers, showed off considerable science, and seemed to hit out after his usual severe mode of *punishing*; but SUTTON, no way dismayed, stood well up to him, and, in a sharp rally, returned some heavy *nobbing* hits, and exchanged several blows advantageously. Upon the whole, this new *Man of Colour* received much applause; and, it was thought not unlikely, at some future period, that he might be brought forward in a more conspicuous point of view. *Cooper*, like *Oliver*, it is also to be remarked, took off the gloves first.

The *millin* qualities of SUTTON being now better understood by the amateurs, he was at length matched with *Robinson*; and these *heroes of colour* met at Doncaster Races, on September 25, 1816. The fight took place in a paddock, (where each spectator was charged three shillings as the price of admission), in a twenty feet roped ring, for a subscription purse, collected among the amateurs attending the above

sports. *Robinson*, who had twice fought with the renowned *Carter*, and defeated *Stephenson*, *Butcher*, &c. was seconded by *Crouch* and *Saunders*, and considered rather an *ugly* customer; and, in consequence of such boxing notoriety, 5 to 4 was betted upon him in the metropolis, and 6 to 4 upon his setting-to in the ring. *SUTTON* was attended by *Richmond* and *Harmer*. At half-past twelve the signal was given for *going to work*, and offensive operations commenced without farther ceremony. It appears in the first round, that *Robinson* sustained so severe a foul hit from his opponent, that it quite *spoiled* him, as to any vigorous exertion afterwards; and an appeal was made to the Umpires upon this momentous circumstance, on which the fate of the battle now hung,—but these *country* arbiters of *milling*, not being *awake* to the *niceties* of *Moulsey*, or the *practice* at *Coombe-warren*, and not wishing to make a *chancery suit* of it, instantly put it all to rights, by ordering the fight to proceed. The long arms of *SUTTON* not only took great liberties with the *upper works* of *Robinson*, but soon *felt* that the *penetrakia* of the latter was not in good order, and ultimately made him measure his length upon the ground. The betting now rapidly changed, and *SUTTON* became the favourite, with great odds upon him. It was all up with *Robinson*, and, during 25 rounds, he had no opportunity of turning the battle in his favour: and in 36 minutes, after receiving a severe *milling*, he was compelled to acknowledge that he had had ENOUGH! It is but fair to state that he was out of *condition*—never had any *training*—was overturned in the coach—and entered the ring in a very few hours

after his journey from London. But the *wis ones* asserted SUTTON could beat him at any time, and that he would soon look out for a *customer* much higher on the boxing list than ever *Robinson* stood. SUTTON was scarcely hurt, and gave visible traits of the great improvements he had made in the *science*. It seems, SUTTON, by the above battle, gained little more than the *honour* of proving a conqueror; not getting money enough to pay for his journey back to London.

From the tremendous capabilities displayed by SUTTON, in his fight with *Robinson*, he rose a step higher in the estimation of the patrons of scientific boxing, and was judged an able competitor for the *GAME Painter*. A match was accordingly made between them, for 25 guineas a-side, and a P. C. purse, and they entered the lists at Moulsey-hurst, on July 23, 1817. In this truly desperate conflict SUTTON proved the conqueror. (See page 119.)

The sporting amateurs of NORFOLK hearing of the above manly combat, and anxious, it seems, to witness a *scientific* boxing match in their own county, in consequence of the disappointment they experienced about 28 years before, which was to have taken place at Buckenham-castle, between *Ballard* and *Brighton*, entered into a subscription-purse of £100, £80 to the winner, and £20 to the losing man, for a SECOND TRIAL of skill between *Painter* and SUTTON. It is impossible to describe the universal curiosity upon this occasion. The scene of action was kept private, to prevent any interruption from the magistracy, till Tuesday, December 16th, 1817, when the battle took place on Bungay-common, in Suffolk. Early in the morning

the amateurs were in motion, and not a coach, chaise, cart, or any sort of vehicle whatever, could be had in Norwich, all having been previously engaged for the mill; and, notwithstanding the rainy state of the weather, myriads of pedestrians were pouring in from all parts of the county, so that by twelve o'clock not less than 15,000 persons had assembled upon the common. The ring was formed in a far superior style to those made at *Moulsey, Shepperton, &c.* besides the enclosed one of twenty-four feet, for the combatants to engage in, an outer-roped ring was placed, leaving a clear space of twenty yards for those persons connected with the fighting men to walk round without confusion,—next stood the pedestrians in several rows,—and, lastly, three circles of waggons made the whole complete, giving the ring the appearance of a perfect amphitheatre. Every person could see with the utmost ease, and the whole was conducted with the greatest propriety and good order. The spectators were silent in the extreme. The combatants were much applauded upon their entering the ring. *Painter* was seconded by *Tom Belcher* and *Harry Harmer*; and *SUTTON* was attended by *Tom Owen* and *Richmond*. About ten minutes after one the men shook hands and *set-to*; 6 and 5 to 4 upon *SUTTON*.

First round.—The fine condition of *Painter* attracted the attention of every eye, and the terrific appearance of *Sutton* was equally imposing. Nine minutes elapsed before a hit occurred, during which, much science was displayed. The Black, it seems, had undergone some previous rehearsals, and his cue was "steady," which was given to him by his second, *Owen*, in order not to make the first blow. The first attack, however, commenced from *Sutton*, which *Painter* returned by a slight right-

B b 2

banded hit at the Black's nob; a rally followed, and Painter's superior skill *milled* the man of colour's *pimple* most successfully. Painter at length got away, when a second rally occurred, and Sutton was floored from a right handed hit on his jaw. The first blood was, however, drawn by Sutton, slightly, from Painter's nose. Great applause.

Second.—The fine science of Painter was much admired, and the knowledge of boxing displayed by Sutton far above mediocrity. Painter planted, with much adroitness, a severe *bodier*, and got away, the Black following, who received a facer, till the former made a sudden stand, and again *floored* him.—6 to 4 against Sutton.

Third.—The success of Painter rendered it necessary for Sutton to alter his *previously* planned system of tactics, and Owen, upon the alert, like a skilful general, loudly observed to Sutton "to fight his own way!" This hint was enough, and the man of colour *went to work* without loss of time, and endeavoured to plant a terrible blow with his left hand, which Painter stopped in a scientific manner. The Black now seemed determined on doing some *execution*, and Painter appeared equally resolute. They stood up to each other as if insensible to the effects of *punishment*, and exchanged hits with all the celerity of blacksmiths striking at an anvil, till they became quite exhausted, when Painter was thrown in closing.—In this round the advantages were considered on the side of Sutton; but the *claret* ran down in torrents from his left eye. The nob of Painter was rather *damaged*, and one of his *peepers* slightly marked. Even betting.

Fourth.—The man of colour seemed bent on *milling*, and rallied in a most heroic style. Finer courage or greater resolution could not be witnessed.—The *gumeness* of Sutton was the object of admiration from all the spectators, and the true *bottom* exhibited by Painter equally impressive. It is impossible to particularize the blows that passed between them in this round, more than merely to observe, they were dreadful indeed. Sutton not only received a severe *bodier*, but so tremendous a blow on his nob, that it was distinctly heard all over the ground. Painter went down easy.

Fifth.—Half a minute was too short, apparently, for the men to come up to the scratch any thing like themselves, and they both commenced sparring to recover their wind. The Black at length made play, but out of distance, and got again severely *nobbed*. He, without dismay, fought his way man-

fully is, although he had the worst of the *puttishment*. One of Painter's *listeners* received a heavy hit, and, in closing, he was thrown.

Sixth.—Sutton's *nob*, from the *milling* it had undergone, and the terrific appearance it made, from the singular contrast of the red streams upon the Black, would have been a fine subject for the strong imagination of a FUSELI. Some reciprocal hitting occurred, when Painter's back was accidentally turned for an instant upon his opponent, but he soon *righted* himself, and, in a sharp contested rally, planted a good blow on the head of Sutton. In closing Painter went down.

Seventh.—In this round the superiority of fighting was decidedly on the side of Painter, who with much skill put in a *winder*, and also planted a severe blow on his opponent's *punished* head. The men opposed each other like lions, till Painter fell, rather exhausted from the exertions he had made; Sutton was equally distressed, and staggered like a drunken man. He appeared scarcely to know where he was.

Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth.—The fine condition of Painter was manifest in these rounds, and he recovered himself with advantages in all of them. His improved science was also attractive.

Eleventh.—Sutton proved himself a troublesome customer to be got rid of, and he, in the most manly style of courage, endeavoured to get a change in his favour. The head of the Black, terrific to view, from its *outré* appearance, was again *punished*; but the left ear of Painter received so sharp a hit, that the blood ran in streams down his back. In closing, both down. It was evident Sutton was beat, and Tom Belcher went up and asked the question, but the seconds of the Black reproved him for so doing.

Twelfth.—In this round Painter astonished his most intimate friends from the superiority of science which he exhibited. Sutton had no chance left him now but desperation, and he, bored in regardless of the consequences. His *nob* came in contact with the left hand of Painter, and the *claret* followed profusely. Still the *gameness* of Sutton was not to be denied, and he contended bravely indeed, and Painter, in getting away from his impetuosity, found himself awkwardly situated against the stakes of the ring, when he fought his way out in the Randall style, and extricated himself from so perilous a place cleverly indeed. He also showed the advantages of *giving*, and the art of not *receiving*; the Black's *nob* was again

punished out of all shape, and fished so sharply, that the claret flowed from his ear. It was a terrible round, and Sutton was all but done.

Thirteenth.—The Black was nothing else but a “good one!” or he never could have met his man again. In fact, he appeared stupid as to scientific movements; but he nevertheless rushed at his opponent *pell mell*. Painter, quite collected, stopped the desperation of the Black with the utmost ease, and also nobbed him at will. Painter received a chance hit upon his cheek, but in return he *floored* Sutton. The Black was now so dead beat that he resigned the contest to his seconds; when he was requested to try two rounds more, which he *gamely* did, but it was only to add to his *punishment*. At the end of the 15th round he could scarcely articulate to Belcher “he would fight no more!”

ONE HOUR AND FORTY-TWO MINUTES had elapsed, and a braver or a more manly battle does not stand recorded in the annals of pugilism. SUTTON weighed 13 stone 9 lb. being two pounds heavier than his opponent; and he stood also about three inches higher. His arms, too, were considerably longer than *Painter's*.

Several of the spectators were so pleased with the manliness of character displayed by the combatants, that, in the impulse of the moment, they drew *Painter* and his seconds off the ground, in their post-chaises, into the town of Bungay, where several females were seen waving their handkerchiefs from the windows, as he passed through the streets to the inn, in honour of true courage.

From the superior style with which the above victory was gained, *Painter* raised himself high in the opinion of the sporting world. It is true, that to good CONDITION and active and careful *training* he was much indebted for this conquest, he being

opposed to a man of almost herculean strength and great *pluck*. His first battle he lost with SUTTON, it seems, proceeded entirely from a deficiency of tone in the system; but he was now able to face his man in the month of December, *for an hour and forty-two minutes*, in a cold rain, without any difficulty; whereas, in his former contest with this *sombre* hero, his *distress* was so great that he could not lift up his hands at last, and this too occurred in a fine summer's day. On the contrary, at Bungay, he came into the ring so confident in mind, and firm in his person, that he took the fight out of SUTTON, in a manner, at an early part of the battle. It was good *training* that enabled him to do this; and *Painter* could have fought much longer had this been necessary.

The advantages of a *scientific* second was manifestly seen throughout the fight, from the improved system of tactics pursued by *Painter* upon this occasion. *Belcher* being at his elbow, the *defensive* plan was acted upon with judgement and success; and, according to the expressed opinion of many of the best informed amateurs of prize-boxing, the prompt advice and superior skill of *Belcher* tended, in an eminent degree, in addition to the tractability of disposition and courage of *Painter*, to ensure victory. Comparison proves the fact. The latter, in this *SECOND* contest, *hit and got away* with all the advantages resulting from science; while in his *first* battle he went in boldly, opposing *strength* to *strength*, by which means he was defeated; the length and weight of SUTTON being against him. In the character of a *SECOND*, from his

experience and practice as a scientific pugilist, *Belcher*, if not superior, is certainly not excelled by any boxer whatever.

The result of this contest completely deceived the *Knowing Ones*, as the odds were greatly in favour of *SUTTON*, previous to the fight; and *Oliver*, the conqueror of *Painter*, it seems, on the ground, backed the Black freely, so sure was the event considered by him.

Painter called, the morning after the battle, upon *SUTTON*, and left him a guinea. The sporting people of Norfolk, it appears, were so highly gratified at the manner in which the battle between *Painter* and *SUTTON* was conducted, that more prize combats were set afoot in that county. *Belcher*, *Harmer*, *Richmond*, *Owen*, *Oliver*, &c. exhibited at the Norwich theatre in the evening after the battle; and their efforts to amuse were respectably attended.

SUTTON, notwithstanding the reverse he experienced with *Painter*, was a most tremendous boxer; proving himself a truly dangerous opponent for any pugilist, however well-versed in the art of *milling*. *SUTTON* was not destitute of a tolerable knowledge of the science, besides being upwards of 6 feet in height—and possessing first-rate weight—longer arms than any pugilist on the list—*game* of the first quality—great activity—not dissipated in his mode of life—and, as a pendulum to all these requisites, of prodigious strength. Further comment upon his capabilities are not necessary: he was carried off the ground; and the *punishment* he endured entitled him to the appellation of a GOOD-ONE. As a *Man of Colour* he stood high indeed.

YOUNG FISHER.

PUGILISM AND BULL-BAITING BEFORE THE GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA.

THURSDAY, February 13, 1817, Coombe-warren was again the scene of attraction for the *Lads of the Fancy*, to witness a *mill* between *Crockey* (who had been recently defeated by *Bone*, at Ilford) and a novice, of the name of *FISHER*, who thirsted to obtain pugilistic honours, for twenty guineas a-side. The GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS honoured the *milling* circle with his presence, accompanied by Lord YARMOUTH, and several *amateurs* of the highest order; it being presumed that the GRAND DUKE's knowledge of the English nation would be incomplete, and his tour not *finished*, if he had returned home without witnessing the old English sport of boxing. The grand caterer of the day, to make it *all right*, and as a sort of wind-up to the scene, ordered the *game bull* to be exhibited, and a let-go match by the dogs, for a silver collar. THE GRAND DUKE took his place in a covered waggon at an early period, where a flag was flying to signalize the royal stand; and at a quarter before one, *FISHER* entered the ring, and threw up his hat, and was soon followed by *Crockey*, who made a very *polite* bow to his Imperial Highness and the spectators. *Joe Ward* and *Paddington Jones* waited upon *Crockey*; and *Oliver* and *Clark* acted as seconds to *FISHER*.

First round.—Fisher, like all new ones to the ring, set-to in rather a hurried manner, and put in two slight hits without any return. Crockey slipped down on his knees, but instantly recovered himself; and, after a few blows were exchanged, both went down, Crockey undermost.

Second.—Both hit together, and Fisher shewed blood at the mouth. Crockey made play, and Fisher went down from a slight hit.

Third.—Considerable sparring took place, and much jumping occurred, before a hit passed between them. Neither of the combatants seemed intent upon *winning*, and although Fisher made a good hit, he turned round, as if looking for a place to fall. In closing, both down.

Fourth.—Fisher attacked his opponent very briskly, and Crockey again slipped down, but he got up, and renewed the round to much advantage, by putting in a severe facer. Both went down, but Fisher undermost. Crockey's ear bled profusely.

Fifth.—This round was well contested, and some good blows passed, but materially in favour of Fisher. Both down, and rolled over each other.—Seven to 5 in favour of Fisher.

Sixth.—Fisher, with much severity, planted some body hits, and, with a precious *nobber*, sent Crockey down.—Great applause.

Seventh.—Crockey appeared in good condition, but threw away several blows in hitting short; he, however, put in a tremendous blow on Fisher's shoulder. The latter again nobbed his opponent, and ultimately floored him. Eleven minutes had now elapsed, but very little execution had been done.

Eighth.—Both the combatants stopped with much celerity, but from the little punishment dealt out, a long fight appeared inevitable.

Ninth to thirtieth.—It would be superfluous to detail the *minutiae* of these rounds, there were no good points made; the advantages were alternately on both sides, but rather in favour of Fisher; the latter bled copiously from the eye, and exhibited signs of weakness. He did not appear strong enough to finish Crockey with any certainty, though he was far the most lively and active. Little betting occurred.

Thirty-first.—Crockey, in his usual lunging manner of hitting, made a good hit, but went down.

Thirty-second.—Some good blows passed, when Crockey again fell.

Thirty-third to fifty-eighth and last.—The fight was protracted to this number of rounds with little degree of interest. There was nothing like first-rate science exhibited—heavy blows passed, but severe punishment was by no means visible; and Crockey, finding that he could not win, resorted to his old mode of tumbling down. One hour and ten minutes had elapsed; but, at the hands of a moderately experienced boxer, Crockey must have been disposed of in half the time. As a prize-fighter he may be pronounced as one that was now positively *told-out*.

FISHER, upon getting on his clothes, was introduced at the stand, *sans cérémonie*, to the notice of the GRAND DUKE, by *Richmond*. The DUKE, in return for this mark of attention, not only took off his hat to the conqueror, but shook him heartily by the hand, with all the cordiality of an Englishman. He seemed very attentive to the battle, and made several remarks to the gentlemen of his suite.

Oliver's game bull was now brought to the stake, and the GRAND DUKE minutely examined the silver collar. He appeared much surprised at the *gameness* displayed by the English bull-dogs, in their determined attack to pin the bull. These dogs were of the first order, and afforded not only much amusement and laughter to his Imperial Highness, but also to the plebeian multitude. The bull, at length, broke loose from the stake; and, to describe the consternation, scampering, laughing, and shouting, that took place, would require the pencil of a Hogarth. The sports of the day, in consequence, terminated rather abruptly; and the GRAND DUKE and his suite, in two barouches and four, left the ground for London. His Highness

was dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, covered with a grey military cloak. He looked rather pale on his return home, as if indisposed; and he was observed taking repose in his carriage. Lord YARMOUTH and the GRAND DUKE had much conversation together, probably upon the nature of the sports exhibited; and his Lordship officiated as time-keeper. Mr. JACKSON gathered a purse for the losing man, and the higher orders did not seem unmindful of the object of his solicitation. Every thing was conducted with the utmost regularity, and his Imperial Highness had a good opportunity of witnessing the independence and humour of the English people, in the enjoyment of their sports.

FISHER fought with the hardy *Scroggins* in a room, at *Oliver's*, on Friday, May 2d, 1817, when, after a sharp contest for nearly an hour, he was defeated. (See page 248.)

BILL BONE, the Soldier.

AFTER the defeat of this hero by *Carter*, he kept aloof from the ring about four years, till Thursday, December 5th, 1816, when a renewal of the sports took place, on a part of Epping-forest, within a short distance of Ilford, in Essex. BONE was now matched against *Jack Crockey*, the sailor, for 20 guineas a-side. The scene of action was kept so profound a secret, that even many in the *Fancy* lost scent, the hint having been given that the *mill* would certainly take place near the Sun-in-the-Sands, contiguous to Blackheath. It proved

a great disappointment to many of the amateurs, who returned home with much chagrin. *Crockey* had been busy in the ring, with much success, the preceding two years. *BONE* was seconded by *Oliver* and *Eales*; and *Clark* and a *novice* seconded *Crockey*. Betting 6 to 4 on *BONE*.

First round.—*Crockey* set-to in an awkward round manner, and, in measuring his length, *Bone* hit him over his guard upon the mouth, which drew blood. In a trial of wrestling, *Bone* had the best, although both fell.

Second.—*Crockey* was hit down without ceremony.

Third.—*Bone* repeated his hits, and *Crockey* planted some blows about the body; round but ineffective. After two minutes fighting, *Crockey* was thrown.

From the fourth to the tenth rounds, it was *Chelsea College* to a *sentry-box*; *Bone* out-fought his adversary in every point. He had length and science upon him, and whilst *Crockey*'s fists were swinging round, *Bone* hit strait with the left hand at the centre of his *nob*, and with his right *punished* his left ear. *Claret* flew copiously from the right-handed hits of *Bone*.

Twelfth.—*Crockey* made a decent stand, and fought well. He was hit down on his knees in the middle of the round, but he recovered and made play. He, however, had much the worst of it, and was ultimately *grassed*.

Thirteenth.—*Crockey* made an ineffectual opposition, and got a little punished. He was here evidently beat, but he protracted the fight to the twenty-fifth round without a chance, notwithstanding the offices of his adherents, when he appeared quite *sick* of it, and gave up the contest. The battle lasted thirty-five minutes. *Bone* was not hurt; and *Crockey* viewed the next fight from a hackney coach, between the *Bow Boy* and a *Sailor*, with the most perfect indifference.

Many second raters about the ring could have disposed of either quickly; and *BONE*, it should seem, had but few pretensions remaining to attract attention in the prize-ring.

JACK SHAW, THE LIFE-GUARDSMAN,

ONE OF THE BRAVE HEROES THAT FELL ON THE
PLAINS OF WATERLOO.

Peace to his manes!

THE above warrior, whose martial exploits and honourable death are recorded in the annals of his country, long bade fair to become a distinguished feature in the pugilistic circles, had not his career been so speedily terminated in the field of glory. He is thus truly and emphatically apostrophised by a great modern amatory poet:—

“ Oh, shade of the cheesemonger! you, who, alas!

Doubled-up, by the dozen, these mounseers in brass,

On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,

When *KINGS held the bottle* and *EUROPE the stakes!*”

JOHN SHAW was a native of Woolaston, in Nottinghamshire, and brought up as a farmer, until he was eighteen, when, tired of longer leading “a dull inglorious life,” he enlisted, on the 16th of October, 1807, as a private in the Life-Guards. It seems,

“ He had heard of battles,

And he long'd to follow to the field

Some warlike lord.”

When SHAW was a mere *stripling*, it appears, that, during the time he was fighting with a man three stone heavier than himself, at Woolaston, and in great danger of being defeated, *Jam Belcher*, who was at Nottingham, suddenly made his appearance in the ring. The latter gymnastic hero immediately went up to SHAW and advised him in what manner to alter

his system of tactics to render success more certain SHAW, upon learning that it was the renowned *Jem Belcher* who had thus stepped forward to direct his efforts, felt, as it were, inspired with fresh courage, acted promptly on the advice given to him, and, in the course of a round or two, he turned the battle in his favour, and ultimately gained the victory in great style. He also received the praise of *Jem Belcher*. From this circumstance, it is said, he attached himself to scientific pugilism.

SHAW possessed, in an eminent degree, many requisites to render him a first-rate scientific pugilist. He was in height six feet and half an inch, weighing, when stripped, close upon 15 stone. It seems he had derived great advantages from repeated exercise with the dumb bells, as a part of his military discipline; and his continual practice of the sword exercise had given such strength and elasticity to his wrists and shoulders as made him capable of administering the most *effective* PUNISHMENT. Discipline had also taught him coolness, in addition to a most excellent temper. He was introduced to the FIVES-COURT under the patronage of Col. BARTON. In his first exhibitions he was considered rather slow in his movements; but from the frequent use of the gloves, in competition with the most experienced and scientific boxers on the list at the above place, he rapidly improved. His height, length, weight, and strength, were of so valuable a nature, united with a heart which knew no fear, rendered SHAW a truly formidable antagonist. His public displays were considered far above mediocrity; and, it appears, he felt great

pride in getting the *best of Molineaux*. In a sort of trial set-to at Mr. JACKSON'S rooms, with Captain BARCLAY, who, it is urged, never shrunk from *punishment*, or hesitated in *milling* his adversary, and equally scorning any thing like the *delicacy of light play*, out of respect to situation in life, received such a convincing blow on his mouth from the *paw* of the life-guardsmen of his *decisive powers of execution*, that a dentist was absolutely necessary to replace matters in *statu quo*. The amateurs were satisfied he was nothing else but a thorough-bred one; and it was considered a very difficult matter to hit him without being *returned* upon. In retreating, he made use of his left hand with much effect, and was thought to fight something after the temperate manner of *Cribb*.

In the neighbourhood of Portman-square, our hero *milled* three big fellows in the course of a few minutes with the most comparative ease, for upbraiding him on account of the colour of his cloth and other opprobrious epithets respecting his regiment. They were all compelled to acknowledge their error, and gladly to cry for quarter.

SHAW'S first attempt in the prize-ring was on Saturday, July 12, 1812, at Coombe-warren, with *Burrows*, a sturdy west-countryman, who had fought a good battle, of an hour's length, with the tremendous *Molineaux*, when the athletic powers of the latter hero were undebaunched and in full vigour; but, in the hands of SHAW, the west-countryman had not the slightest *chance* whatever. In the short space of *seventeen minutes*, occupying thirteen rounds, the superior *science* of SHAW had so NOBBED *Burrows*, and he was

otherwise so dreadfully beaten, that he could not see his way, and was led out of the ring. *Burrows* never once drew blood from *SHAW*, who quitted the ring without a scratch upon his face.

Three years nearly elapsed before *SHAW* made a second appearance in the prize-ring; during which period, it seems, from the considerable practice he had with the gloves, he was materially improved as a scientific pugilist. On April 18, 1815, at Hounslow-heath, for a purse of fifty guineas, he entered the lists with that brave hero of the fist *Ned Painter*. Victory again crowned his efforts in twenty-eight minutes; and he also retired from the ring little, if any, the worse from the effects of battle. (See page 114.)

It is certain *SHAW* had an eye upon the CHAMPIONSHIP—he seemed bent upon obtaining that high pugilistic honour; and, in consequence, he challenged all England! The amateurs were divided in opinion upon this subject, but *SHAW* felt confident, in his own mind, that no boxer existed who could conquer him. His *length* enabled him not only to hit first, and to *get away* in good style, but rendered him ready again to receive his opponent. His blows also were too weighty to be warded off like those of a man of lighter frame.

Six weeks had scarcely elapsed after the above battle, and no time allowed for either *Cribb* or *Oliver* (who would not have suffered such a challenge to pass over unnoticed) to have an opportunity of entering the lists with *SHAW* to decide the point in question, when his regiment was ordered abroad, and he soon

found himself on the plains of WATERLOO. His heroism on that memorable occasion will be handed down to posterity in those glowing colours which such traits of real courage and love of country so amply and laudably merit. It is thus sung by the poet:—

The work of death is done, yet still her song
In Britain's praise the muse would fain prolong,
Would, were her power but equal to her will,
Swell to a mighty stream her slender rill,
Exalt her voice to praise each gallant son,
But chiefest thee, O godlike WELLINGTON !
But who can count the sands? e'en he might name
The lengthen'd numbers of the sons of fame:
NOR 'MONGST HER HUMBLER SONS SHALL SHAW E'ER DIE,
Immortal deeds defy mortality:
Posterity shall read the glowing page
That paints the glories of a former age;
Then shall their bosoms burn with patriot fires,
And if their country calls, they'll emulate their sires.

In "*Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*," written by WALTER SCOTT, Esq. respecting the BATTLE OF WATERLOO, he thus observes: "Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Among these should not be forgotten SHAW, a corporal of the Life-Guards, well known as a pugilistic champion, and equally formidable as a swordsman. *He is supposed to have slain or disabled TEN Frenchmen with his own hand, before he was killed by a musket or pistol shot.*"

The "*science of the sword*" SHAW also possessed in a superior degree; and which *science* tended so much to accelerate the fortune of the day, in reducing the hitherto considered invincible FRENCH CUIRASSIERS:

A desperate charge the cuirassiers oppose,
And thrust for thrust, and blows return for blows,
But still in vain the British sabres fall,
Whose strokes rebounded from a brazen wall.
At length more wary, with experience stor'd,
They now apply the *science of the sword* :
Just at the juncture of the arm and chest,
Where meet the mail-plates of the back and breast,
In gentle curve they leave an opening way
To fit the shape, and give the shoulder play ;
Some watch the moment while the uplifted arm,
Urg'd by a feint, protects the head from harm,
To reach with lightning speed the unguarded part,
And through the opening penetrate the heart ;
Some skill'd with dextrous art deceive their foe,
Cut through the face and lay the opponent low ;
Some at the breast-plate thrust with upward glides,
Pierces the jaw, or else the neck divides :
And some more quick the unguarded throat observe,
Drive to the spine, and cut the dorsal nerve.

It appears, on the first day of the battle of Waterloo, SHAW was wounded in the breast, and was ordered, by his commanding officer, to remain in the rear ; but after the wound was dressed, and feeling little inconvenience from it, he nobly disdained to shrink from the post of honour, and on the second day he again attacked the foe. After having performed his duty towards his country in a giant-like manner, and exalting his character both as a man and a soldier, he fell on the 18th of June, 1815, covered with glory.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

While martial pomps rise on the view,
And loud acclaim exalts the brave,
The tears of beauty shall bedew
The fallen victor's laurell'd grave ;
Flow, mournful flow, and sacred be the tear,
To grace the hero's fall, whose bright career
Is clos'd in victory.

DAN DONNELLY,

THE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

THIS pugilistic hero, although an attractive feature in the *milling* circles of Ireland, had not to boast of numerous victories; and, unlike his fistic predecessors, the renowned *Peter Corcoran* and courageous scientific *Mich. Ryan*, of Irish growth, (whose manly exploits are recorded in the first volume of *BOXIANA*,) seemed little ambitious to extend his conquests beyond his native soil.

DONNELLY was in possession of every requisite to constitute a first-rate boxer. In height about 6 feet and half an inch, weighing 14 stone—gifted with prodigious strength—no lack of courage—a good knowledge of the *science*, and backed with the prime advantages of youth, being under thirty years of age. The blows of DONNELLY are described as terrific and appalling, and in their operation are more like the ponderosity of a sledge-hammer than given from the arm of a human being, added to which he has a peculiar sort of hitch, or fastening, that gives him great facility in cross-buttocking his opponents when in the act of closing. With an animated countenance, his head altogether portrays a stanch *milling* INDEX! He was a carpenter by profession, and was born in Townshend-street, Dublin. His first appearance in the prize-ring, it appears, was with *Tom Hall*, of the Isle of Wight, who was on a sparring tour in Ireland. It was for a subscription purse of 100 guineas, in a twenty-foot ring, and took place on

the Curragh of Kildare, on the 14th of September, 1814. The concourse of persons that flocked to witness this combat was more than ever was remembered upon any similar occasion. It seemed as if Dublin had emptied itself, and not less than 40,000 spectators were present. The vehicles on the road were beyond all calculation, from the barouche, jaunting cars, and gingles, down to the most humble description. The footpaths also were covered with pedestrians, so great was the anxiety manifested by the Irish people for the fame of their champion. Previous to the battle the combatants met on the ground and drank with each other. **DONNELLY** first entered the ring and was greeted with thunders of applause. *Hall* was also well received. The battle did not answer the expectations which had been previously formed upon it. In fact, *Hall* was over matched considerably in point of weight, and therefore compelled to act upon the defensive. It was far from a stand-up fight. **DONNELLY** received no injury, except one trifling cut on his lip, which drew first blood. He slipped down once. His superiority of strength was evident, and he did not appear the least exhausted. **DONNELLY** generally hit first. *Hall* did not acknowledge defeat, and retired from the ring by order of the umpires, after the fifteenth round, exclaiming foul, in consequence of being hit three times when he was down. No betting occurred during the fight, but previous to which, it was 60 to 40 upon *Hall*; and, on the ground, 25 to 20. Bonfires were made in several of the streets of Dublin by the warm-hearted countrymen of **DONNELLY** to celebrate his victory. The latter was

under the training of Capt. KELLY. He was also seconded by this gentleman and Capt. BARCLAY, brother to the celebrated pedestrian. *Hall* was attended by *Painter* and *Carter*. During the fight DONNELLY kept his temper—closed every round—and attempted to put in some heavy blows, which, had they reached their destination, must have proved effective in the extreme. *Hall* was well known as a *game* man; and as a scientific fighter he appeared far more conspicuous than DONNELLY. It was, however, urged by the partisans of the IRISH CHAMPION, that *Hall* fell down three times without a blow, which were not noticed; and DONNELLY, in his eagerness, to catch him, before he again attempted this sort of conduct, hit *Hall* once, in particular, so desperately on his ear, while he was setting on the ground, that the *claret* flowed in torrents from it. The most independent and candid opinion upon the subject, from the best judges of pugilism who witnessed the battle, appears to be, that BOTH of the combatants LOST IT!

George Cooper, who was teaching the Art of Self-defence in Ireland, with much approbation, and whose fame as a boxer in England was also well known to the Irish amateurs, was accordingly selected as an equal competitor for DONNELLY, and they fought for a purse of sixty pounds.

On Monday, the 13th of December, 1815, they met in the ring, on the Curragh of Kildare, at a few minutes after ten o'clock in the morning. At an early hour thousands of persons left Dublin to witness the fight, and the road to the scene of action was crowded with vehicles of every description, hurrying along to

reach the destined spot. *DONNELLY*, followed by *Coady*, received great approbation upon making his appearance; and *Cooper*, on entering the ring, was loudly cheered by the spectators. The combatants shook hands together, and immediately began to prepare for action. *Coady* seconded *DONNELLY*; and *Painter* attended upon *Cooper*. Both the men appeared in good condition.

First round.—The tight boys of the sod were all upon the alert in favour of their countryman, and *Donnelly* must win, and nothing else, was the general cry. Every eye was on the stretch when the men set-to. Some little time occurred in sparring, when *Donnelly* planted a sharp blow on the neck of *Cooper*, and the latter returned in a neat manner on the body. Desperate milling then took place, when the round was finished by *Donnelly*, who, in first-rate style, *floored* his antagonist. It would be impossible to describe the shout that accompanied this feat; it was not unlike a fire of artillery; and the faces of the *Paddies* smiled again with innate approbation.

Second.—Considerable science was displayed before a hit was made, when *Donnelly* put in a sharp *facer*. He also drew blood from one of *Cooper's* ears, and his strength prevailed to that extent, as to drive *Cooper* to the ropes, where he went down.

Third.—Had it not been on the Curragh of Kildare, it was presumed, that the fine fighting of *Cooper* would have told with better effect. He evidently laboured under great fear, from the prejudice of the numerous spectators being so much attached to his opponent; but *Donnelly* exhibited great improvement, and he completely took the lead this round. After some tremendous hitting *Cooper* went down. Another uproarious burst of applause.

Fourth.—This was altogether a good round. *Cooper* convinced *Donnelly* that he was a troublesome customer, and, in spite of his overwhelming strength, he could not protect himself from *punishment*. In closing, both down, but *Cooper* undermost. *Donnelly* was now decidedly the favourite, and 6 to 4 was the general betting.

Fifth.—The gaiety of Donnelly was hastily stopped, after an exchange of a few blows. Cooper, with much adroitness, *floored* Donnelly in a scientific style; but the latter instantly got upon his legs without any help. The odds changed, and even betting was the truth.

Sixth.—Cooper's mode of fighting extorted the admiration of the Irish amateurs, from the ease and natural manner he contended with his big opponent. Donnelly was kept to his work, and he had some difficulty in getting Cooper off his leg.

Seventh.—In this round Donnelly was seen to much advantage, and he resolutely went in, as if to beat his opponent off hand. He drove Cooper to all parts of the ring, till they closed, when the strength of Donnelly almost proved fatal to his opponent. Cooper received one of the most dreadful cross buttocks ever witnessed; and by way of rendering it even more terrific, Donnelly fell on Cooper with all his weight, driving the wind nearly out of his body.

Eighth.—From the severity of the late fall, Cooper appeared much distressed on setting-to. Donnelly, with some judgment, turned the weakness of his opponent to good account; and, after having the best of his adversary, Donnelly put in so tremendous a hit, that Cooper was hit off his legs. The loud cheerings from all parts of the ring beggared description, and, in the pride of the moment, a GUINEA to a *tenpenny bit* was offered on Donnelly.

Ninth.—Cooper commenced this round in the most gallant style, and the *milling* was truly desperate on both sides. In making a hit, Donnelly over-reached himself and slipped down.

Tenth.—The strength of Donnelly was too powerful for Cooper; but, notwithstanding this vast disparagement, the latter fought him upon equal terms of confidence. Cooper was, however, again *floored* by Donnelly. High odds, but no takers.

Eleventh and last.—It was evident Cooper could not win; but, nevertheless, this round was fought with as much resolution and science to obtain the superiority, as if the battle had just commenced. Donnelly at length, put in two tremendous blows, that put an end to the contest, particularly one on the mouth, that knocked Cooper off his feet. On victory being declared in favour of Donnelly, the applause lasted for a

minute. The battle continued for about twenty-two minutes. Donnelly appeared quite elated with victory, and shook hands with Cooper, and also his friends.

DONNELLY, in the above fight, portrayed great improvement both in *science* and temper; and, added to his overwhelming strength, he was enabled to beat down the guard of *Cooper* with ease and effect. He was also in better condition than when he fought *Hall*. *Cooper* was much beneath his antagonist both in size and weight.

Cooper was, in a manner, *half beat* before he entered the ring, arising, it is urged, from the prejudices which existed against him. The sum originally offered to the combatants was a purse of £120, and the loser to have £20; but on the morning of fighting, after *Cooper* had been kept waiting in a chaise on the ground for upwards of an hour, he was told, that the funds would not admit of more than £60 to be given to the winner, and nothing to the losing man. Upon this statement, *Cooper* declared he would not fight—but the reply was, “*you are on the ground, man! and you must fight. The amateurs cannot be disappointed.*” Under the above disadvantages *Cooper* met his adversary—he had not only dared the attempt of wresting the laurel from the brow of the CHAMPION, but that, too, upon his native soil. During the battle some intemperate person threw a stone into the ring, which struck *Painter* on his back, the second of *Cooper*.

It is not meant to be urged that the latter could have won the battle—an impartial opinion has been given by his own countrymen directly to the contrary, asserting that *Cooper*, with all his superior boxing skill,

does not possess strength enough to reduce the overwhelming powers of DONNELLY. This Irish Champion was there considered a first-rate boxer; and from the repeated use of the gloves he derived great improvement. His benefits, at the Olympic Theatre, in Dublin, were, in general, numerously attended; and, in the character of a publican, his house was well attended by the Irish amateurs. The size, strength, and science of DONNELLY qualified him to fight any man in the world.

JACK CURTIS, the Groom.

OF the "LITTLE ONES," a better *bit of stuff* was not to be found in the *milling* circles, during the height of his pugilistic career, than the late unfortunate JACK CURTIS. He was not destitute of *science*, and possessed a tolerably good knowledge of boxing, although his movements were not directed by superior skill; but severity of hitting, supported by unimpeachable *bottom*, were most decidedly his leading features as a prize-boxer. He, nevertheless, was a cool steady fighter in the ring. In the neighbourhood of Bermondsey, it seems, he was quite a *fancied* article, and no lack of backers ever experienced to take him by the hand upon any occasion. CURTIS was in height about 5 feet 6 inches, and when stripped, in point of exhibiting a close and hardy frame, he greatly resembled *Scroggins*; but the former did not weigh above 10 stone 4 lb.

The first battle of any note in which CURTIS appeared in the ring, was with *Jack Atcherlee*, (otherwise

denominated *nacker Jack*,) a man considerably taller and much heavier than himself, for ten guineas a-side. This contest took place at Rushy-green, a short distance from the Metropolis, in August, 1815, on the Walworth-road, in the presence of some thousands. The *game* evinced by CURTIS astonished every one; his *nob* was so dreadfully *punished* that all traces of his face were completely lost sight of; his nose also lay quite flat; and his ears were reduced to a mere mummy. In fact, this battle partook of so much *determination* on both sides, that numerous spectators turned away from the terrible effects of it; and, notwithstanding the *chance* was so much against CURTIS, he positively refused to give in, till he had fought for *one hour and thirty-seven minutes*, when nature was so exhausted that he was carried off the field insensible, and a defeated man.

His next battle was with *Tom Rowe*, at Moulsey-hurst, for ten guineas a-side. This contest was also desperately carried on for *an hour and ten minutes*, when CURTIS proved the conqueror. It was a good fight altogether; but CURTIS displayed so much manhood, and took the lead in such a superior style, as to claim the attention and praise of the amateurs.

From the above improved display, CURTIS was considered able to enter the lists with *West-country Dick*, and on Tuesday, March 5th, 1816, on Hayes-common, near Uxbridge, these heroes met in the ring, at one o'clock, for a handsome purse. *Oliver* and *Richmond* seconded CURTIS; and *Shelton* and *J. Clark* for *Dick*. Seven to four on CURTIS. After the usual ceremony the men set-to:—

First round.—Like many first rounds little execution was performed by either combatant. Both the men were incorrect in their distances, when Curtis was thrown. Dick gained applause, and also reduced the betting.

Second.—Dick, full of bustle, went to work without delay, and tried to plant his *one-two* on the body and nob of his opponent, but the superior skill of Curtis stopped the intention. He, however, slipped down in making a blow.

Third.—Both the heroes were now on their mettle, and sharp reciprocal hitting occurred. Curtis, at length, took the lead, and drew the *cork* of his opponent; but, the latter, in return, also brought forth the claret and threw Curtis.

Fourth.—This was a tolerably even contested round. The gaiety of Dick gained no advantage over the coolness of Curtis. In closing, both went down, owing to the slippery state of the grass.

Fifth.—Dick succeeded in planting his favourite right-handed hit on the body of his opponent; but Curtis, with much severity, knocked down Dick in return with his left hand. Loud shouting, and 2 to 1 offered on Curtis, without any hesitation.

Sixth.—*Punishment* was severely dealt out upon both sides, and Dick appeared rather distressed. The latter also received a tremendous *nobber*, that brought forth the *claret* profusely; but Curtis was ultimately thrown over the ropes. Seven to 2 on Curtis.

Seventh.—This round was most manfully fought. Dick commenced with uncommon gaiety, and his right hand was at work like the fly of a jack, and severely *milled* his adversary's body. Curtis, with equal spirit, attacked his opponent, till they went down in a close, quite exhausted.

Eighth.—It was evident that Dick had not recovered from the effects of the last round, and the chance of winning appeared strongly against him. Dick was quite confused, and missed most of his blows, while Curtis kept successfully planting *nobbing* hits. In closing, Dick made a desperate effort, and sent Curtis, as before, out of the ropes.

Ninth.—The courage of Dick was much admired, and, although suffering greatly from the severe blows of the last round, he stood up to Curtis in gallant style. In struggling for the throw both went under the ropes.

Tenth.—Dick ultimately threw his man; but he received

much injury in this round from his knuckles coming in contact with his adversary's elbow.

Eleventh.—Notwithstanding the hands of Dick were much disabled, he fought with the most determined resolution; but Curtis had the superiority in every point of view. In closing, they both fell over the ropes.

Twelfth.—Dick, with much dexterity, *floored* Curtis as he was going in. Great applause.

Thirteenth to thirty-third and last.—It would be superfluous to detail, minutely, the whole of the above rounds. In many of them Dick fought with his accustomed courage, but in several instances he lost his temper. His right hand might be said to have gone, it was so lacerated and swelled, and his left was not effective. He had no chance of winning; and after fighting in the most gallant manner for FIFTY-EIGHT MINUTES he was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that he had had *enough*!

Lazarus, termed the *Jew boy*, who put out his shoulder in fighting with *George Ballard*, and which accident, it seems, deprived him of victory, was, at length, matched against CURTIS. The character of the Jew stood high among the amateurs, from the capabilities he had shown in his late battle, and a good fight was anticipated. They met at Coombe-warren, on Wednesday, June 26, 1816. *Oliver* seconded CURTIS; and *Lazarus* was attended by some of his own people. Odds 5 to 4 on CURTIS.

First round.—At setting-to considerable caution was displayed on both sides, and nearly a minute had been occupied in sparring before any blows were exchanged. Curtis, at length, put in a facer, which brought forth the *claret*, when the Jew sharply returned upon his opponent's nose, that not only started the blood, but sent Curtis down.

Second.—Cautious sparring, when *Lazarus* again sent his man down.

Third.—Both on the look-out to obtain an advantage, when

they got into a rally, but soon broke away. In closing, Curtis fibbed the Jew severely, and they both fell over the ropes.

Fourth.—Both down, but Curtis had the best of the round.

Fifth.—Well contested on both sides, but, in closing, Curtis fibbed his opponent down.

Sixth.—Curtis made play and put in a good hit, when the Jew sharply returned. In closing, Curtis again sent his man down.

Seventh.—The Jew attacked impetuously, bored his adversary to the ropes, and hit him down.

Eighth.—Lazarus generally waited for his opponent's hitting first, when he instantly returned. After some sparring, Lazarus was *floored*.

Ninth.—Both parties appeared rather painted about the mug, and the Jew again went down.

Tenth.—Upon setting-to Curtis ran his man down.

Eleventh.—Curtis put in some good hits and had the best of the round, but, owing to the slippery state of the grass, he went down from a slight hit.

Twelfth.—The Jew went to work a little, and appeared to have the best of the round.

Thirteenth.—Curtis seemed the best man, but his opponent had too much length and weight for him. However, he was by no means shy, and generally commenced hitting. In closing, the Jew had the worst of it, and went down.

Fourteenth.—A close soon took place, and both were on the ground.

Fifteenth.—The strength of Lazarus assisted him in throwing Curtis and falling upon him.

Sixteenth.—The Jew had the best of this round. In closing, a struggle took place for the advantage, but Lazarus fibbed his man down.

Seventeenth.—Several hard blows were exchanged till they closed, when they both fell over the ropes out of the ring. Curtis immediately jumped up quite fresh.

Eighteenth.—Curtis put in a severe blow upon his opponent's *nob*. In closing, a severe struggle took place between them to obtain the throw, but Curtis was uppermost.

Nineteenth.—Lazarus ran rapidly in and sent Curtis down.

Twentieth.—Curtis showed himself off to good advantage in this round. He slipped down from a slight hit he received, but instantly jumped up on his legs with the utmost gaiety, and soon afterwards sent Lazarus down.

Twenty-first.—This was a sharp *milling* round. In closing, Curtis fibbed the Jew down over the ropes.

Twenty-second.—The Jew shewed considerable activity and game. He faced his man with good confidence, and planted a hit that sent his opponent down.

Twenty-third.—Some hard blows exchanged, when both went to the ground.

Twenty-fourth.—Lazarus, in closing, got Curtis's head under his arm, punished him slightly, when both went down in a struggle.

Twenty-fifth.—Curtis put in a light hit, but, from the slippery state of the grass, Lazarus went to the ground.

Twenty-sixth.—It was steady fighting on both sides, but Curtis, from his *staying* qualities, was the favourite. He had the best of the round, but ultimately both found the ground.

Twenty-seventh.—Curtis seemed rather taking the lead, and had not his opponent been the heaviest man, he would soon have made great progress towards victory. He went in with much gaiety, and finally brought Lazarus down.

Twenty-eighth.—The Jew rather cautious, stopped a heavy blow, and made a sharp return; but Curtis on the alert, ultimately sent him down.

Twenty-ninth.—This was a fighting round altogether. The Jew, on his mettle, put in a severe body blow, which was instantly returned on the *nob* by Curtis. Several heavy blows were exchanged between them, when, at length, Lazarus went down.

Thirtieth.—In closing, Curtis threw the Jew out of the ring.

Thirty-first.—Lazarus set-to with spirit, but Curtis was too much for him; and, in closing, both fell.

Thirty-second.—The Jew hit Curtis, when the latter slipped down, owing to the wet state of the ground.

Thirty-third.—Some hits were exchanged, when Lazarus went down.

Thirty-fourth.—Of no consequence.

Thirty-fifth.—Lazarus attacked Curtis with much severity, and finally knocked him down out of the ring. Curtis, with the utmost ease, got up himself, and came to his seconds. He was much applauded.

Thirty-sixth.—Both their faces were *crimsoned*, and Curtis slipped off his balance from a hit, and went down.

Thirty-seventh.—The Jew kept the advantage, and again sent his man down.

Thirty-eighth.—In closing, they both fell, but Lazarus undermost.

Thirty-ninth.—An exchange of hits took place, when Curtis measured his distance well, and put in a severe facer, that brought his antagonist down.

Fortieth.—Some hard *milling* passed between them, but the Jew had the best of the round. In closing, both fell.

Forty-first.—From the number of rounds they had fought, and their quickness in coming to the scratch, it was evident they were nothing else but good ones. The Jew was ultimately sent down, but he endeavoured to put in some good hits before he fell.

Forty-second.—Curtis, full of gaiety, went in and sent his man down.

Forty-third.—Two steadier boxers could not be witnessed, and both felt eager to make every blow tell. Much reciprocal fighting had taken place between them, and, to the un-biassed spectator, the Jew appeared equally as good as the Christian. In closing, they both went down.

Forty-fourth.—Curtis rather the best of it, and sent his opponent down.

Forty-fifth.—The superiority again was on the side of Curtis, and Lazarus ultimately went to the ground.

Forty-sixth.—The Jew set to spiritedly and planted some good hits to his advantage, and *levelled* his opponent.

Forty-seventh.—Lazarus again had rather the lead. A few blows were exchanged, when Curtis went down.

Forty-eighth.—The liveliness of Curtis rendered him attractive, and whether *floored* or not he was always ready to *mill*. The length of the Jew protected him from a great deal of punishment which he otherwise must have received. In a close, both down, but Curtis uppermost.

Forty-ninth.—The Jew put in a severe *facier*, which was sharply returned on the body by Curtis. They closed, and both fell.

Fiftieth.—This was a hard fought round, and the Jew put in a clean knock down blow. Curtis jumped up with the utmost *sang froid*. Great applause.

Fifty-first.—Both went to work in earnest, but the Jew was sent down.

Fifty-second.—Curtis, full of pluck, followed up his success and went in to *mill* away; some good hits were exchanged, when Lazarus again went down.

Fifty-third.—Curtis kept the lead, but the Jew, not dismayed, returned hit for hit, till he found himself on the ground.

Fifty-fourth.—A sharp attack commenced between them, when they closed against the ropes, and both fell, Curtis struggling to fib his opponent.

Fifty-fifth.—The Jew rushed in and bored Curtis to the ropes, but he had the worst of it, and was sent down.

Fifty-sixth.—Curtis, on the alert, was going resolutely in to *mill*, but the Jew stopped him by a severe knock-down blow.

Fifty-seventh.—Lazarus, eager to improve this advantage, commenced fighting, but was ultimately sent down.

Fifty-eighth.—Both parties trying to obtain the superiority, some heavy blows were exchanged, when they closed, and both fell.

Fifty-ninth.—The Jew measured his distance well, and quickly *levelled* his opponent.

Sixtieth.—In closing, Curtis had the best of his adversary, and dropped him in style.

Sixty-first.—The activity of Curtis was pleasing, and he let no opportunity pass without taking advantage of it, and planted so severe a hit under the Jew's ear, that he went down like a log.

Sixty-second.—Lazarus soon recovered himself, had the best of the round, and *floored* his man.

Sixty-third.—The Jew made a good hit, but the slippery state of the grass seemed to operate more towards sending Curtis down than from the effects of the blow.

Sixty-fourth.—A few blows passed between them, when Curtis got Lazarus down.

Sixty-fifth.—The Jew from a slight hit slipped down.

Sixty-sixth and last.—Lazarus did not appear particularly to have the worst of the round, but he was ultimately sent down by Curtis; and some surprise was manifested when it was announced that the Jew had given it in, as he stood well upon his legs. It was urged that his shoulder was again dislocated.

In this battle, notwithstanding the courage displayed by CURTIS, he did not take the lead over his opponent, as had been previously anticipated; and it was the expressed opinion of the best judges upon the subject, that, had not the shoulder of *Lazarus* given way, the manner of its termination would have been very doubtful.

CURTIS, it seems, was now anxious to enter the lists with *Ned Turner*, little more than a *novice*, but whose character was rising as a boxer in Bermondsey. After a few meetings to arrange the affair in question, they were accordingly matched for 100 guineas. CURTIS was confident in the extreme that victory would attend his efforts; indeed, he flattered himself that his opponent would not have the slightest *chance* with him; and his friends were equally sanguine, and sported the odds very high against *Turner*. This unfortunate contest took place on Tuesday, October 22, 1816, at Moulsey-hurst, when, after fighting one hour and twenty-five minutes, against the repeated remonstrances of his friends, he was taken out of the ring in a state of insensibility, and expired in a few hours afterwards. (See page 139.)

JACK FORD.

THE early exploits of this *milling* hero are mentioned in page 469 of the first volume of this work; but, since that period, he has exhibited in the ring in rather a more prominent point of view. The courage of FORD, although unquestionable, with a good portion of scientific knowledge, and *game* equal to any thing on the list of boxers, nevertheless derived more notoriety from repeated *defeats*, than it became conspicuous from his pugilistic requisites. The sound of VICTORY but seldom cheered his efforts, though his exertions often deserved it; but, at all events, the appellation of "A GOOD MAN" could never be denied him. The following battles, as to his character as a *game* hero, speak for themselves:—

FORD entered the lists with *Alexander*, the game-keeper, for a subscription purse of 20 guineas, on Tuesday, June 12, 1812, in Newman's Meadow, near the Turnpike, at Hayes, in Middlesex. *Paddington Jones* and *Cropley* seconded FORD; and *Alexander* was attended by *Richmond* and *Fuller*. It was an over-match for FORD, but his true courage prompted him on without dismay, and he contended for *one hour and ten minutes*, till he was carried out of the ring. FORD experienced nearly 40 tremendous falls.

Our hero next fought with a man of the name of *Davis*, at Redmarley, in Gloucestershire, for a purse of 20 guineas, in a forty feet roped-ring, on the 24th of August, 1812. FORD was waited upon by *Abrahams*; and *Yarnold* seconded *Davis*. This was a most

tremendous fight; dreadful *punishment*, but reciprocal; occupying the long space of *two hours and ten minutes*, when the appearance of the combatants was so terrific, that the spectators interfered, and the purse was divided between them.

FORD also fought a desperate battle with *Tom Oliver*. (See page 99.)

He next entered the lists with the scientific *Harry Harmer*. (See page 47.)

FORD also had a battle with a *Navigator*, on the 9th of May, 1815, at Twickenham-common. The *Navigator*, in every point of view, was too much for FORD; but the latter contended in his usual *game* style, although the chance was decidedly against him, and, at the expiration of 56 minutes, he again experienced defeat.

On Thursday, July 18, 1816, just beyond Ilford, in Essex, upon Hunsdon's Land, FORD and *Harry Lancaster* entered the lists for 20 guineas a-side, in a twenty-four feet ring, at one o'clock. *Lancaster* was attended by *Oliver* and *Clark*; and FORD had, for his seconds, *Harry Harmer* and *Norton*. FORD, as a *bottom* man, stood well; but an idea had gone forth that the *fight* had been taken out of him, and that he was gone *off* altogether; in consequence of which, it was laid down in the betting circles that he must lose, and nothing else; and it was giving *Harry Lancaster* a *chance* to raise his name above defeat.

First round.—Ford immediately commenced fighting, by giving Lancaster two facers, when the latter returned on the body. Several hits were exchanged—a sharp rally then took place, and, in closing, Ford went down. This round occupied two minutes and a half.—Seven to four upon Lancaster.

Second.—Ford endeavoured to put in some good blows; but, from Lancaster's mode of getting away, they did not prove effective, when Lancaster hit Ford down.

Third.—Lancaster did not seem altogether so confident as might be expected, as he kept continually jumping away from Ford's blows; but, at length, in closing, Lancaster fibbed his opponent severely down. The odds began to rise rapidly on Lancaster.

Fourth.—Lancaster again on the alert, when some good blows were exchanged, and Ford went down from a hit.

Fifth.—Lancaster appeared too strong for his man, and again sent him down.—Two to one on Lancaster.

Sixth.—Ford made some good blows, and the face of his opponent seemed a little *pinked*; but Lancaster sent him again to the ground.

Seventh.—Ford frequently hit short, and, in closing, he was sure to be sent down.

Eighth.—This was a good round, and a long severe rally occurred; but Ford, as before, was down.—Four to one upon Lancaster.

Ninth.—Ford put in two severe facers, without receiving any return. Lancaster, in closing, again sent his opponent down.

Tenth.—Ford went sharply to work at the nob of his opponent, which Lancaster left in an unprotected state by fighting at the body of Ford. In closing, Lancaster threw his man with ease.

Eleventh.—On setting to Lancaster cleanly hit Ford down; when it was loudly vociferated, what do you think of that for "*Logic*?" The odds again rose rapidly upon Lancaster.—Six and seven to one.

Twelfth.—The spectators, generally, seemed satisfied that Ford must lose. He now appeared much distressed, was quite lame, and limped to the scratch. In closing, Ford was sent out of the ring.

Thirteenth to Twenty-fifth.—In these rounds Ford frequently felt for his opponent's *nob*, and at times put in some heavy blows. He *hopped* a great deal, and perhaps it might have been from this circumstance that he threw so many blows away. Lancaster was not altogether deficient in stopping, but, in closing, Ford was sent down in all the above rounds.

Twenty-sixth.—This was a curious round. Several heavy blows passed between them, when they got into a struggle, and Lancaster appeared rather confused; but he ultimately sent his man down. The long odds were now completely betted on Lancaster.

Twenty-seventh to Thirty-first.—In some of the rounds Ford put in some *punishing* hits, and, in closing, twice *fibbed* his opponent; but Lancaster always sent him down.—Ten to one upon Lancaster for pounds, and twenty to one for less sums.

Thirty-second.—A small change rather appeared in favour of Ford, and, in closing, Lancaster, for the first time, went down.

Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth.—Ford again down, in both rounds.

Thirty-fifth.—Lancaster hit his man down quite out of the ring.—Any odds upon Lancaster.

Thirty-sixth.—Some sharp fighting took place, and, in the struggle for the throw, Ford, in going down, threw Lancaster a complete cross-buttock; or, in other words, he went head over heels, like a tumbler.

Thirty seventh and Thirty-eighth.—Ford again down.

Thirty-ninth.—Lancaster appeared an altered man from his fall, and Ford not only *nobbed* him severely, but ultimately threw him.

Fortieth.—Ford, full of spirits, went into his man, and hit him down. The heavy betters began to quake at this change of things, and the odds fell considerably.

Forty-first.—Lancaster's head seemed much damaged, and he went down not in the most courageous manner.

Forty-second.—Lancaster almost laid himself down.—Disapprobation.

Forty-third.—Lancaster's head was much swelled, and he staggered, like one intoxicated. Such a sudden change was totally unexpected, and Ford, with the most apparent ease, hit Lancaster down. The odds now changed upon Ford, but no takers.

Forty-fourth.—Lancaster scarcely appeared to know he was in the ring; in fact he turned round as if to get out of it, but Ford sent him down.

Forty-fifth.—Lancaster could scarcely be brought to the

scratch, he was so much exhausted, and soon found his way, on the grass.

Forty-sixth and last.—Lancaster, on leaving his second's knee, staggered and fell down, and could not return again. He was completely *finished*. Ford now *jumped* for joy on being declared the conqueror; it was a new and pleasing sound that his ear had not been accustomed to. The battle lasted fifty-two minutes.

Both these pugilists were principally known in the ring from their frequent defeats. FORD was ever a good *in-fighter*, and difficult to be got at. He however trained badly, and was not at all *fancied* in this fight. *Lancaster*, in endeavouring to put in body blows, lost the battle. He was most terribly beaten, and led out of the ring. There is no dependence to be placed on *Lancaster*, much as he may have the best of the battle—he *goes off* all on a sudden! His head was quite out of shape; while FORD, on the contrary, was scarcely *pinked*. The judges, upon this occasion, paid severely for their confidence, and if there was no *weeping*, we cannot say how much there might be of—*gnashing of teeth*!

NED BROWN and BELASCO, JUN.

THIS battle might be termed *milling* in miniature; and operated as a contrast to *Painter* and *Sutton*. It was for a trifling purse, made up for a *third fight*, on Wednesday, July 23, 1817, at Moulsey-hurst, on the same day the above “big ones” contended. BELASCO was seconded by *Lazarus* and *Gatsey*; and NED BROWN, *flashly* termed the *Sprig of Myrtle*! (a son of *Hopping Ned’s*,) under the care of *Richmond*. These lads (17 years old each) had often exhibi-

bited with the gloves at the Fives Court—and it was now determined, by the patrons of the art, they should experience the *reality* of the thing. BROWN scarcely weighing seven stone; and BELASCO not exceeding eight. The first part of the fight the Jew had it greatly in his favour, he *milled* and *floored* NED repeatedly; and the odds were two to one upon him. But at length a turn occurred, and the *Hammermith sprig* took the lead in high style. The odds changed rapidly. He *nobbed* the junior Jew in severe style, and ultimately *finished* him by a tremendous *floorer*, which he planted on BELASCO's mouth. NED is a complete little *trump*, and he fought with all the heroism of a *Gully* or a *Cribb*. He appears intent on *milling*—full of bustle and activity—and *fear* seems to have no *resting place* in his composition. *Caleb Baldwin, Oliver, &c.* carried him off in triumph; they giving out the *chaff* that the *Sprig* belonged to *Westminster*. The battle continued about 30 minutes, and an equal number of rounds.

BILL EALES.

IF superior knowledge of the pugilistic *science*, continually improving from repeated practice with the gloves, could ensure victory, no boxer on the list could ever stand in a more favourable point of view than BILL EALES, the carpenter,

He made his *débüt* in the prize-ring, on that memorable day to the FANCY, when *Dutch Sam* was defeated by *Noworthy* December 8th, 1814, at Moul-

sey-hurst, for a subscription-purse of 25 guineas, given by the Pugilistic Club. His opponent, *Jack Lancaster*, stood high in the opinion of the amateurs, from the spirited specimen of boxing he had previously exhibited; and *EAL*ES was also well known as a *sparrer*; but his intrinsic merits as a boxer had not been ascertained. It is but justice to observe, that, on this occasion, *EAL*ES distinguished himself in the first style of pugilistic excellence; and his celerity of attack reminded the spectators of the late *Jem Belcher*. It turned out a truly scientific fight, and the art of boxing was portrayed with an unusual degree of talent on both sides. The first round occupied nearly two minutes, in which superior skill was displayed to obtain the advantage. *Lancaster*, upon setting-to, was the favourite, 6 to 4; and he was backed strongly as the winning man; but in the course of nine rounds he got much *punished*, and was compelled to resign the contest in *eighteen* minutes. The hands of *Lancaster* were terribly lacerated, and had quite given way. The above contest has been highly spoken of as one of the most scientific *milling* exhibitions upon record—the neatness of stopping, and quickness of hitting never having been excelled.

*EAL*ES's character, as a first-rate pugilist, now rose rapidly in the estimation of the amateurs, and he was selected as a formidable competitor against *Scroggins*, who was carrying every thing before him. They were accordingly matched, and met at Coombe-warren, on Saturday, August 26th, 1815, when *EAL*ES, to the great disappointment of the Sporting World, was defeated. (See page 228.)

Little more can be observed, than that, as a *setter-to*, he ranks equal, if not superior, to most of the professors of boxing; and, even in competition with the accomplished *Belcher* and well-prepared *George Head*, he is not seen to disadvantage. The appearance of *EALB* is prepossessing—he is a genteel, well made man. In height, about 5 feet 8½ inches; weighing 11 stone. It has proved a matter of some little astonishment to the sporting circles, considering the superior scientific requisites possessed by *EALB*, that he has not oftener exhibited in the prize-ring.

JOHN CROCKEY, the Sailor.

If winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle and sing!

CIRCUMSTANCES, instead of *pretensions*, it should seem, must have induced the above boxer to appear in the prize-ring, as CROCKEY was never conspicuous for any thing more than downright *milling*; scientific movements not being his *forte* or his *study*. The *War* was at an end—*Peace* turning him adrift—and *fighting* being his trade, it appears, he followed the example of the hardy *Scroggins*, and enrolled himself among the list of boxers to better his fortune, and to give *notoriety* to his efforts. It is true, he was generally ready for a *MILL*, when any *blunt* was offered for a made-up match on the ground: but, unfortunately for his fame, his *defeats* were more numerous than his conquests. However, he surrendered to *Robinson*, *Harry Lancaster*, *Bone*, and

Fisher, with the most perfect *nonchalance*. At best, CROCKEY was but a *rumbling* fighter, without tactics, *rolling* in, as it were, upon his antagonist. His personal appearance was no *Adonis*—it was altogether of the most uncouth description; and adorned too with a *nob*, which seemed to defy even the fury of the elements. In height he was about 5 feet 7 inches, weighing between 11 and 12 stone.

On the 11th of January, 1815, (after his friend and shipmate *Scroggins* had defeated *Dolly Smith*, at Coombe-warren,) he was determined to introduce himself to the notice of the amateurs, and accordingly threw up his hat in the prize-ring for a subscription purse, when his challenge was immediately answered by a promising Jew, aged 18 years. Seven to 4 upon the Israelite. It proved a most determined combat for 45 minutes, when CROCKEY was declared the conqueror.

A month had scarcely elapsed, and feeling rather elated by the above victory, when he entered the lists with *Manby*, a baker, on the 13th of February, 1815, in a twenty-five feet roped ring. *Oliver* and *Scroggins* seconding CROCKEY; and *Harry Harmer* and *Paddington Jones* for *Manby*. This contest occupied two hours, during which time *one hundred and twenty-six* rounds were fought. The first four rounds were in favour of the baker, who planted several successive blows, covered his antagonist's *nob* with blood, and ultimately *floored* CROCKEY.—6 to 4 on *Manby*. In the 5th and 6th the odds changed on CROCKEY; but in the 7th, which proved a most determined rallying round, the baker put in so tremendous a hit on

the neck of CROCKEY, that the *claret* never left flowing from his ear throughout the battle. The latter, however, took the lead in a spirited manner, and kept it till the 84th, when *Manby*, from giving his adversary two successive cross-buttocks, again recovered the superiority. In the 100th round, after exchanging some severe hits, they both fell in a singularly entangled manner upon their faces, and could not disengage themselves without the assistance of their seconds. The baker grew worse every round after this circumstance; but, notwithstanding *Manby's* falling off, it was with the greatest difficulty CROCKEY was able to win it. Both the combatants displayed good courage; and CROCKEY gained the conquest merely from his weight.

On the 24th of April, 1816, at Moulsey-hurst, a third battle was mixed up between CROCKEY and a *Navigator*, for a small subscription-purse collected on the ground. The *Navigator* was the tallest man, and we believe a new one to the prize-ring. His length of arm was considerably in his favour, but he left himself too open to the attacks of his adversary. They set-to with spirit, and the peculiar attitude of CROCKEY tended to make him much shorter by holding his body and head back, and also very low. He possessed great ferocity, and was ever a lunging hard hitter. Notwithstanding his experience, he had not altogether the best of it, though he made some heavy aimed blows tell, and *pinked* his opponent's *nob* rather successfully. The *Navigator*, in his turn, milled CROCKEY in several rounds, nearly closed one of his peepers, and his *mug* was often disfigured with the claret trickling down.

It was more of a thumping fight, than a scientific display of the art; and, after about fourteen rounds having taken place, in the course of twenty minutes, from a tremendous lunge which CROCKEY put in on the side of the *Navigator's nob*, he went down like a log, and when time was announced he was not able to quit his second's knee, and the purse of course, was declared to be CROCKEY's.

A *wheelwright*, who had acquired some pugilistic fame, entered the ring with CROCKEY, at Coombe-warren, May 14, 1816, for a subscription purse.— 6 to 4 on CROCKEY. The battle was very short. In the second and third rounds the *wheelwright* was *floored* with much severity, and in the fourth his jaw was broken, which put an end to the contest, leaving CROCKEY the conquering hero. So far the smiles of victory crowned his exertions; but, in competition with *Robinson, Harry Lancaster, Bone, and Fisher*, as before observed, defeats overwhelmed him.

But the most unfortunate circumstance relating to CROCKEY, is the following:—On Thursday, July 3, 1817, he was indicted for committing a highway robbery upon the person of *John Bowen Willoughby*, and taking from him a gold hunting watch, a chain, and seals.—The prosecutor described himself to be a lady's servant, in the house of a *Mrs. Barnet*, in Baker-street, Portman-square. He stated, that on the 23d of May, about ten o'clock at night, he went out to see a friend, and, in passing through the park, was accosted by two men, who, after asking him whether he had a watch, pulled him down, tore his face, and tried to strangle him. Witness thinking that he was about to

be murdered, and that he was near his end, cried out, "don't murder me ; I will give you my watch." He did give it up, and the men went away. The next morning the prisoner was identified in the watch-house by the witness, having been taken up for an assault upon a watchman. Several witnesses were examined on the part of the prisoner; and the jury, after a short consideration, returned a verdict of—*Guilty, Death*. The above sentence has since been commuted to *transportation for life* ! The writer of this article has authority to assert, from the best information upon the subject, added to the firm belief and conviction of mind expressed by an eminent solicitor, who investigated the whole of the circumstances connected with the case, that CROCKEY was an INNOCENT MAN. It is therefore much to be feared, from his rough appearance, united with the alarming ideas held by some individuals as to the terrific characters of *cientific*, or prize fighters in general, that an overwhelming prejudice might have operated against him ; more especially as the person who was taken up with CROCKEY was a respectable tradesman, and discharged on the first examination before the magistrate. It appears that CROCKEY and his friend were both intoxicated, and were out upon what is termed a *drunken spree*, when, accidentally quarrelling with a watchman, they were both taken up, and brought to the watch-house ; the result of which has proved so melancholy to our hero.

He thus speaks for himself in the following letter, which was sent by the post to Mr. *Belcher*, Castle Tavern, Holborn. From the *singularity* and *sim-*

plcity of mind which it discovers in the writer, and not having been made public before, are the reasons of its insertion in this place, and in consequence of its being so closely connected with the sketch of the unfortunate CROCKEY.—

“Newgate Cell, July 4.

“DEAR FRIEND,—I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you—but I am cast for death for a crime of which, I declare to God, I am innocent of. I should thank you to get G—— K—— to put an advertisement in the newspaper for me, to see if I can find out the men that committed the robbery, as it will not do them any injury, as the prosecutor has sworn to me, as being the person that robbed him—and it may possibly be the means of saving me. I hope this will find you and your family well in health, and I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

“JOHN CROCKEY.”

COPY OF THE ADVERTISEMENT.

“WHEREAS, JOHN CROCKEY was capitally convicted, at the Justice Hall in the Old Bailey, in the present sessions, for taking away by force, from the person of *John Bowen Willoughby*, in Hyde Park, a go'd watch, a chain, and three seals, in the evening of the 23d of May. Now, in order to save an innocent man from an ignominious death, it is hoped the person that committed the said robbery will come forth and declare the same, as no hurt can be done to them, as the prosecutor has sworn to the prisoner. And, further, they shall receive a reward of £20, by applying to Mr. S——, at the Brazen-Head, Lisson-green, Paddington.”

JACK LANCASTER,

A LIVELY, *game*, and scientific boxer; and, could his hands be depended upon, there is little doubt but he

might have achieved several conquests among pugilists of his own weight. His style of fighting was much admired by the late *Jack Power*; and this celebrated boxer took great pains to improve it during the frequent practice they had together.

From the scientific style displayed by LANCASTER, in vanquishing *Marten*, the Jew, (see page 470, first volume of BOXIANA,) a subscription purse was entered into of £25, that he might have a trial of skill, at Wilsdon, in Middlesex, on June 14, 1813, with *Frere*, a pugilist of no mean quality, and who took twenty-five minutes *milling* from *Power*, when that pugilist was in his prime, before he cried out *enough*. At two o'clock they *set-to*, attended by their seconds *Jones* and *Clark*, for LANCASTER; and *Oliver* and a *novice*, for *Frere*. From the abilities of the boxers, a good battle was expected.

First round.—Both on the alert to obtain an advantage, when several good *hits* were exchanged.

Second.—*Frere*, with activity, made two rallies, but meeting with a *poser* in the mouth, which drew his cork, the *claret* ran down copiously. However, he put in a *hit* upon Lancaster, who, slipping at the same time, fell.

The four succeeding rounds were well contested, with alternate advantage to the combatants. But the *science* of LANCASTER was most conspicuous; and he made use of both hands with much facility. The *nob* of *Frere* suffered from his left; while with his right hand he was not *sparing* of his opponent's body. The right hand of *Frere* also was not *idle*, and, in many instances, it *told*. Neither of the pugilists appeared as if he had undergone any thing like *train-*

ing, by a deficiency of that spirit which generally makes its appearance in those who adopt that renovating process. LANCASTER, of the two, appeared the most fresh, and he now went in to *mill* away for victory, which he accomplished in three more rounds. *Frere* was always ready to *hit*, and generally gave the first blow; but he did not appear to do much execution.

Marten, it seems, anxious to recover his lost laurel, again entered the ring with LANCASTER, at Coombe-warren, on October 13, 1813, for 20 guineas a-side and a subscription purse. *Marten* was seconded by *Jacobs* and *Puss*; and *Harmer* and *Clark* attended upon LANCASTER. The latter was the favourite 3 and 4 to 1. Upwards of ten thousand persons were present; and the *patience* of the amateurs completely exhausted from the protracted state of the battle, which continued the unusual length of THREE HOURS AND THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES, occupying ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE ROUNDS! The activity of *Marten* was conspicuous in the first round; for he *went to work* so hard and fast upon LANCASTER's *nob*, that one of the latter's *peepers* was nearly closed; but, in a sharp rally, *Marten* received some severe *milling*, and was hit down. The battle was contended in the most manly style for half an hour, during which period the *nob* of LANCASTER had been so *peppered*, that its appearance was terrific; but his *game* never deserted him, and he was considered to have the best of it. Six to 4 was freely betted he would win. In the fiftieth round LANCASTER's knuckles were *puffed* up; and the system adopted by

Marten, of hitting and getting away, and also, when closing, of getting down in an easy manner, rendered him not only a troublesome but a *dangerous* customer. LANCASTER now fought under great disadvantages, one eye was totally *dark*, the other much *damaged*; and his hands in a distressed state; he nevertheless showed himself the best boxer, and his length and strength enabled him to throw his man, and he was also generally uppermost. From the protracted state of the battle, *half minute* time seemed too short for LANCASTER. Except *shifting*, (although it may be deemed a safe way to win,) the activity of *Marten* was much noticed. For the last half hour the Jew was the favourite, as LANCASTER was quite blind and worn out. He would not say, NO! but contended till nature refused to proceed, and he lost the battle in not being able to appear at the scratch when time was called. His right hand was disabled after the first twenty minutes; his arm also was as black as a hat from the repeated blows he had stopped with it; and, after he was put to bed, the bruises he had received on his face had so changed his appearance, that he might have been taken for a *man of colour*! *Marten*, although coming off conqueror, was also dreadfully *punished*; and it was a most *welcome* sound to him when he heard his opponent was defeated. The Jew experienced at least 100 falls.

LANCASTER, in a battle of much science, was defeated by *Bill Eales*. He has not since exhibited in the prize-ring. (See page 403.)

YOUNG BURKE.

FROM a few fortunate skirmishes, in the neighbourhood of Woolwich, it appears this boxer was induced to make his appearance in the prize-ring. He accordingly made his *début* with *Leicester*. The match was for fifteen guineas a-side, and was to have been contested on Saturday, April 5, 1817, at Dartford-heath, Kent, and a twenty feet roped ring was prepared for the reception of the combatants; but the magistrates unexpectedly arrived, and declared the *engagement* must be off. This occasioned some little consternation among the *milling* *coveys* to prepare another spot of ground, when they at length brushed off to the Barge-house, Woolwich, where the *mill* commenced. BURKE was seconded by *Oliver* and *Clark*; and *Leicester* by *Painter* and *Harmer*. It was a hard fought battle of two hours, consisting of sixty-six rounds, minute time, but its principal feature was downright *milling*. *Leicester*, though very game, was vanquished and dreadfully *nobbed*.

His *milling* pretensions, it seems, were so highly valued by some of his friends, that he was matched with *Randall*, as a trial set-to with the *gloves*, and was, by many, backed to have the best of it; but the result did not exactly answer their expectations. (See page 278.)

BURKE was, at length, matched with *Jack Payne*, the butcher, on Tuesday, December 23, 1817. The patrons of scientific boxing were, in consequence, led a most precious dance, and the pursuit, at last, turned

out a mere *phantom*—a complete HOAX—or, in the dictionary of Grose, a proper *string* ! Hendon was the place originally fixed upon for the *mighty* battle to be fought, and at this village the ring was accordingly made ; but, owing to the *caprice* of obtaining the advantages resulting from a GATE, (not from the *interruption* of a magistrate,) the stakes were struck—and horse and foot, carts and carriages, were *dragged* along the country for some miles, to a place called the Coventry-farm, on the Hale, a distance of thirteen miles from London—the *approach* to which, for a quarter of a mile, was similar to the *shaking bogs* in Ireland, over the shoes in mud at every step, and scarcely a yard could be gained without experiencing the danger of being *floored*. At length, the *long wished-for* object, the field with a GATE to it appeared in view ! Smiles beamed on every countenance, and all *past* difficulties, for an instant, were forgotten : but, lo ! upon entering this admirable piece of *choice* ground, *Smithfield*, on a full market-day, was a hundred degrees preferable to it ; and it should seem as if the COMPANY OF APOTHECARIES had contributed their mite towards the stakes of forty pounds, in order to promote business, from the production of *colds*, *coughs*, *agues*, and *rheumatism*, which this field was so well calculated to produce. However, the ring was soon completed, when all thoughts of *comfort* or *danger* had vanished ; and the HERO OF THE TALE, the only object that now fastened upon the *imagination* of the FANCY, rushed forward with all the heroism of a man of war—it was *Jack, the butcher*, accompanied by his seconds, *Crouch* and *Bailey*,

hurling defiance at his opponent, by "*dinging* his *castor* into the ring!" BURKE soon followed and repeated the same signal of war, attended by *Paddington Jones* and *Dick*. The men *peeled*—hands were shaken—but further we cannot proceed! It would be a downright *mockery* upon PRIZE-MILLING to detail fifteen rounds (of any thing but fighting) in *fourteen* minutes! *Jack, the butcher*, never was "a good-one;" but now he showed himself "the *worst* of the *bad ones*!" although he had *promised*, previously to his entering the ring, that if he did not win, no person should have to find fault from his deficiency of *game*. But, in battle, he seemed to fall in exactly with FALSTAFF's notions of *honour*—that "discretion is the better part of valour!" The last two rounds will elucidate this remark:—

Fourteenth.—Jack, on rising from the knee of his second, instead of going to meet his opponent at the scratch, turned his back upon him, when Crouch and Bailey, disgusted at his conduct, told him indignantly "to go in and fight like a man!" Jack then turned himself, apparently intimidated, as if a cannon-ball was coming at his *nub*, when Burke merely *touched* him, and he went down. Loud murmurs. Much coaxing, &c. it appears, had been used to induce him to fight the three previous rounds.

Fifteenth and last.—SHAKESPEARE has observed, that "Cowards die many times before their death!" This was completely exemplified in this round. Jack, to all appearance, had been long *dead beat* in his own mind, but he now turned to, planted some good hits—exchanged several sharp blows—had the best of it—got his man down undermost—and then finished in style by *giving in!!!*

The *denouement* of the above battle produced a loud burst of disapprobation, something like the damnation of a new piece at the theatre. The amateurs were much chagrined at the journey they had taken; and

without hesitation many of them declared it was nothing less than a palpable *fraud*. No remarks can be made here on BURKE's style of fighting, as he had nothing to do. He is in height about 5 feet 8 and a half inches, and weighing eleven stone; and fights very open-handed.

TOM CRIBB.

AT the time this second Volume was published, seven years nearly elapsed since the CHAMPION *stripped* in the prize-ring; and his memorable contest with the determined *Molineaux*, Sept. 28, 1811, was his last prize-battle. The tremendous *capabilities* exhibited by CRIBB throughout that fight, made such a strong impression in the fighting circles, that his right to the above title has not been *actually* disputed during the whole of this long period. It does not appear that CRIBB has resigned his pretensions to this high *mill*ing honour, although the general opinion ran, that he would not again enter the lists; but, in fact, it might almost be observed of this most precious *giver* and *TAKER*, that he retired from the scene of

“ Battles bravely fought, and hardly won!”

not merely to enjoy the sweets of repose, but to *serve* his *customers* in a far more *palatable* style, at the Golden Lion, in the Borough. He subsequently removed to Duke-street, St James's, and finally to Panton-street, Haymarket.

CRIBB's merits as a boxer have been so amply dis-

cussed in the *first* volume of this work, as to leave no room for any more observations on that head, except to remark, that his knowledge of the *science* is far more complete, and his *setting-to* is more scientific than heretofore. In his character as a publican, he is found civil, obliging, and entertaining. He has also felt the advantages of mixing with the liberal part of society; and material improvement, both in person and manners, has been the result of such intercourse. In the ring, INTEGRITY was ever his *motto*; and, as a sporting man, generally, he appears anxious to do "*the thing that is right!*" Of the whole race of pugilists, no boxer was ever considered *safer* to back than TOM CRIBB. His heart upon all occasions proved as firm as his person; and his numerous manly combats gave decisive proofs of the extent and courage of his nature. The CHAMPION is of a cheerful disposition in company, a lover of harmony, and sings an excellent song. It appears, CRIBB is ready at all times to render service to any of his brethren of the fist—all of whom, it is said, unite in pronouncing our hero entitled to the appellation of a true BARTON. The life of CRIBB is full of incident, and abounds with anecdote. In fighting the battles of his country as a *seaman*, it is asserted, many interesting traits of our hero might be told, which so emphatically characterize the *blue shirts* and *wooden walls* of OLD ENGLAND.

Why what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping,
A tear is a pleasure d'ye see in its way!
'Tis nonsense 'bout trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they that an't pity, why I pities they;

Says our captain, says he, I shall never forget it,
 If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from the sham,
 'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it,
 But duty appeas'd, he's in mercy a lamb!

In the hands of CRIBB the CHAMPIONSHIP exhibited every thing that is manly and courageous—a finer picture of the true scientific pugilist has never been depicted—nor the native valour of an Englishman displayed more eminently. Let the next boxer who acquires the above title—"go, and do likewise!" It has not been *sullied* by TOM CRIBB. The following

Anecdotes

OF THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND,

TOM CRIBB,

MAY BE DEPENDED UPON AS GENUINE.

PUGILISM EXTRAORDINARY.—A *navigator*, from Lancashire, as big and as rough an article as can be imagined, prompted, it is supposed, by the great pugilistic success of *Carter*, took a turn, on Thursday evening, November 7, 1816, into the neighbourhood of Westminster, and all of a sudden pounced on the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND and *Tom Oliver*, who were in the friendly act of *blowing a cloud* together. Without waiting for the *formality* of an introduction to those heroes of the fist, he boasted of his *milling* pretensions, and, *sans cérémonie*, challenged *Oliver* for a *turn-up*. The coat of *Oliver*, like electricity, was off to resent an unmerited attack upon his prowess—but CRIBB forbid it—observing, that the *navigator* was too

heavy, and that he would *accommodate* this hasty customer, having no doubt but he should quickly *serve* him to his satisfaction. The parties retired to a large shed at the back of the house, when the *turn-up* commenced without farther delay. The *navigator* run in like a bull, head foremost, and endeavoured to bring the CHAMPION down after the Lancashire method, by seizing hold of his thighs, but he failed in moving this tough piece of oak an inch; and in five minutes was so punished for his temerity that he cried out—" *I yeald.*" CRIBB then left him to reflect on his folly, but, in the course of a few minutes, he again insisted upon having another *set-to* with the CHAMPION. This was instantly agreed to, but the *navigator* very soon adopted his former phrase of " *I yeald!*" CRIBB now retired, supposing he had given complete *satisfaction*; but it was not long before he was compelled to renew the combat for the third time with this *dissatisfied* brute. The *navigator* resorted to *purring*, and endeavoured to effect a conquest by *hugging*; but CRIBB *claretted* him in all directions, and *marked* his body so severely, that he now could scarcely articulate the provincial—" *I yeald!*" The only regret expressed by the CHAMPION was, that, during an *attack* of twenty minutes, he could not put in a straight blow, as the *navigator* never met him like a man, displayed no real courage whatever, and took every private means of doing him an injury. CRIBB returned home without a *scratch*, while the *man of mud* laboured under those sort of *feelings* that are by no means *enviable*!

THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAINING.—Without any disparagement to the pugilistic prowess of TOM CRIBB,

it will appear, from the following statement, extracted from a work recently published on Pedestrianism, and revised under the immediate eye of Capt BARCLAY, that the result might not have proved so favourable to the CHAMPION, on the 29th of September, 1811, had he not been taken such care of by a scientific person during his TRAINING. It is well worthy the perusal of all sporting men; and pugilists will do well to observe it with attention.

— “The CHAMPION arrived at Ury on the 7th of July of that year. He weighed sixteen stone; and from his mode of living in London, and the confinement of a crowded city, he had become corpulent, big-bellied, full of gross humours, and short breasted; and it was with difficulty he could walk ten miles. He first went through a course of physic, which consisted of three doses; but for two weeks he walked about as he pleased, and generally traversed the woods and plantations with a fowling-piece in his hand; the reports of his musket resounded every where through the groves and the hollows of that delightful place, to the great terror of the magpies and wood-pigeons.

“After amusing himself in this way for about a fortnight, he then commenced his regular walking exercise, which at first was about ten or twelve miles a day. It was soon after increased to eighteen or twenty; and he ran regularly, morning and evening, a quarter of a mile at the top of his speed. In consequence of his physic and exercise, his weight was reduced, in the course of five weeks, from sixteen stone to fourteen and nine pounds. At this period he commenced his sweats, and took three during the

month he remained at Ury afterwards; and his weight was gradually reduced to thirteen stone and five pounds, which was ascertained to be his *pitch* of condition, as he would not reduce farther without weakening.

"During the course of his training, the CHAMPION went twice to the Highlands, and took strong exercise. He walked to *Mar-lodge*, which is about sixty miles distant from Ury, where he arrived to dinner on the second day, being now able to go thirty miles a day with ease, and probably he could have walked twice as far if it had been necessary. He remained in the Highlands about a week each time, and amused himself with shooting. The principal advantage which he derived from these expeditions was the severe exercise he was obliged to undergo in following Capt. BARCLAY. He improved more in strength and wind by his journeys to the Highlands than by any other part of the training process.

"His diet and drink were the same as used in the pedestrian regimen; and in other respects, the rules previously laid down were generally applied to him. That he was brought to his ultimate *pitch* of condition was evident, from the high state of health and strength in which he appeared when he mounted the stage to contend with *Molineaux*, who has since confessed, that when he saw his fine condition, he totally despaired of gaining the battle.

"CHIBB was altogether about eleven weeks under training, but he remained only nine weeks at Ury. Besides his regular exercise, he was occasionally employed in sparring at Stonehaven, where he gave

lessons in the pugilistic art. He was not allowed much rest, but was constantly occupied in some active employment. He enjoyed good spirits, being at the time fully convinced that he should beat his antagonist. He was managed, however, with great address, and the result corresponded with the wishes of his friends.

"It would be, perhaps, improper, while speaking of CRIBB, to omit mentioning, that, during his residence in the north of Scotland, he conducted himself in all respects with much propriety. He showed traits of a feeling, humane, and charitable, disposition, on various occasions. While walking along Union-street, in Aberdeen, he was accosted by a woman apparently in great distress. Her story affected him, and the emotions of his heart became evident in the muscles of his face. He gave her all the silver he had in his pocket.—"God bless your honour," she said, "*ye are surely not an ordinary man!*"—This circumstance is mentioned with the more pleasure, as it affords one instance, at least in opposition to the mistaken opinion, that professional pugilists are ferocious, and totally destitute of the better propensities of mankind. The illustrious Mr. WINDHAM entertained juster sentiments of the pugilistic art, as evinced by a print he presented to Mr. JACKSON, as a mark of his esteem. In one compartment an *Italian*, darting his stiletto at his victim, is represented; and, in the other, the combat of two *Englishmen* in a ring. For this celebrated genius was always of opinion, that nothing tended more to preserve among the English peasantry those sentiments of good faith and honour, which have ever distinguish-

ed them from the natives of Italy and Spain, than the frequent practice of fair and open BOXING."

TOM CRIBB AND THE SWEEP.—During the time the CHAMPION was under *training*, the first time, to fight *Molineaux*, after the fatigues of the day's exertions were over, and spending his evening at a house in Mottingham, in Kent, he accidentally fell into company with a little *sporting* master chimney-sweep; when after the common topics of the day had undergone discussion, TOM rather familiarly asked Mr. *Soot-ho*! if he had got any "*Queer*!"* This unexpected question operated upon the nerves of the sweep like an electric shock! his self-importance was at stake—and, *sans cérémonie*, he gave the CHAMPION so severe a blow upon his nose that the *claret* was visible in an instant. *Grose's* slang dictionary might have received some additional phrases from the *bonne bouche* of this little enraged *Knight of the Broom*, whose volubility of tongue and impetuosity of attack had now completely engaged the attention of the company present. TOM, with all the coolness of a hero, only smiled at the impotent efforts of the diminutive *Soot-ho*! to rouse him into action, and with the most perfect composure observed to this irritated man—"I say, Mr. *Sooty*, you have forgot to mention what you mean to charge a bushel for your *Queer*?" Boiling with rage and indignation at this repeated *touching* inquiry, the sweep again attacked the CHAMPION's *nob*, threatening to thrash him severely for his

* "*Queer*." A term made use of by the dealers in soot, signifying a substitute imposed upon the unwary for the original article, inferior in point of value 4d. per bushel.

insolence. TOM, with the firmness of a rock, kept his seat undisturbed, smoking his pipe, and enjoying the fun. A busy coachman, who witnessed the scene, and whose large size and strength rendered him equal to any opposition that might come against him, called the CHAMPION "a rascal—a great lump of dirt—a mere thing, &c. &c.—that he would not have dared to take such liberties with any one like a man!" then suiting the action to the word, he, without hesitation, endeavoured to *spoil* TOM's face, by planting a heavy blow upon his mouth. The lion was now provoked—the pipe dashed into a thousand atoms—and CRIBB, like lightning, put in his *one-two* with such a *parading* severity upon *coachy's upper works*, that he measured his length upon the floor in a twinkling. When the recollection of the latter came to him, he scrambled up on his legs, and, without stopping to look behind him, *bolted* off with all the celerity possible to hide himself in his master's stables. At this juncture some *swells* arrived from town, inquiring for TOM CRIBB, and upon the CHAMPION's answering to his name, and shaking hands with them, little *Sooty* appeared panic-struck; indeed

His face seem'd bewild'rd with a kind of fright:
and he expected little short of being thrown out of the window for having had the temerity of assaulting the best man in the kingdom. Recovering a little from his surprise, he ventured with all due submission to beg CRIBB's pardon, soliciting him to drink, and to let all be forgotten. "With all my heart," cried TOM, laughing, "never mind, *Sooty*, you are a prime little game cock; but, hang me, if we have not *quarred*

the coachman!" Harmony was at length restored—mirth and good humour presided for the remainder of the night, and the potent effects of the grape had *floored* most of the company, before they found themselves in the arms of *Somnus*.

TOM CRIBB AND THE PIG.—During the time Tom was in training, previous to his match with *Gregson*, as he was taking his morning's exercise through a country village, accompanied by his friend *Gully*, dressed in long smock frocks, when they observed an overgrown fellow beating a pig in a very cruel manner. Upon inquiry, they found the animal belonged to a poor man in the neighbourhood, when they very civilly begged of him to desist from committing such an act of cruelty. The fellow abused them for their interference, and, relying upon his great strength, finally threatened to give them both a good *hiding*, assisted by three or four *hambucks*, who had now joined the squabble. Without farther ceremony the above fellow put himself in an offensive attitude, and made a violent blow at **CRIBB**, which the latter stopped with the utmost *sang froid*, not forgetting to put in his *one-two* so tremendously, the effects of which *floored* this unfeeling brute in a twinkling. His *nob* was materially changed, and the *claret* flowed in torrents down his face. This small *taste* of **CRIBB**'s quality had the desired effect. The *fight* was instantly taken out of this *chaw-bacon*, who went off, growling to himself, as fast as his legs could carry him, from the scene of his cruelty and impertinence; but not before receiving an admonition from the **CHAMPION** to be more temperate in his language and humane in his

conduct in future. *Gully*, smiling to himself, now wished another of these *Johnny Raws*, who had also been very busy and impudent, to try what he could do with him, observing, "*that he might have better luck than his fellow-servant!*" But all in vain, as the *milling* specimen exhibited by CRIBB had completely terrified all their boasted valour into submission. It was soon afterwards learned in the village, that the row in question had been with those celebrated pugilists—*Gully* and CRIBB.

TOM CRIBB AND THE LAWYER.—The CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, it appears, was *blowing a cloud*, one evening, (in 1817,) among some of his friends, at a sporting house, in the vicinity of Tottenham-court-road, when his capabilities as a boxer were not only much undervalued by a *limb of the law*, who was present, but his courage also treated with the most sovereign contempt. TOM, who had hitherto *faced* so many *prime ones* in the ring without dismay, now only smiled—after the noble contempt of the *lion* against the *ass*—and most socially bore this unmerited attack of hard words from the *parchment* hero with all the coolness of an EPICURE; well knowing the slightest movement of his *morley* against any of the *red tail* squad would be so *construed* and *twisted* to his disadvantage, that he must ultimately be *floored*, and, therefore, with much good judgement, TOM, at length, retired in silence. But the CHAMPION, determined to see what sort of *stuff* this *SOI-DISANT gemman* of the law possessed, provided himself with a pair of pistols, and called the next day at the above place, that he might give his *jawing* opponent an honourable op-

portunity of meeting him upon *equal* terms. After much bustle and inquiry, it turned out exactly after the old adage, "that great *talkers* do the least;" and, in *brief*, LATITAT was returned *non est inventus*. The above circumstance occasioned considerable laughter in the sporting circles, and the decided good temper and extraordinary coolness of this first of boxers much praise.

FORBEARANCE OF CRIBB.—This manly hero of the fist, it seems, on coming through the Dover gate, one evening in November, 1817, having drank a little too free, accidentally fell against the turnpike-man, as he was in the act of paying him the toll, and came down upon the ground. The latter without any expostulation whatever, instantly set upon CRIBB, in his fallen situation, and kicked him in a violent manner all over his breast, &c. CRIBB, at length, rather *sobred* from this outrageous attack, on getting upon his legs, put himself in a position to fight, and was going in with his ONE-TWO, but perceiving his antagonist was an *old man*, he immediately exclaimed, "if it was not for the fear of killing you, you should have the *punishment* you deserve," and with the utmost composure remounted his chaise and drove off.

CHARACTERISTIC TRAIT OF TRUE BOTTOM.—CRIBB, one evening in October, 1817, in conversation with *Belcher*, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, was suddenly attacked with a sort of apoplectic fit, and dropped his head upon a table near him. Upon being discovered, his tongue was considerably advanced out of his mouth, his eyes open but fixed, and he appeared totally insensible to all around him. *Belcher*, much

alarmed, instantly took off his handkerchief, opened his waistcoat and shirt-collar, and sluiced his face with cold water, loudly calling out, "*time—time!*" This expedient had the desired effect, and the CHAMPION immediately rose up, as if in the ring, speaking rather indistinctly, "*I am ready!*" but looking confusedly around him, and again relapsing into his former state of stupor. Painter now assisted Belcher in slaking CRIBB about, in order to restore animation; and, from the application of more cold water sharply sluiced on his face, in the course of a few minutes they happily succeeded in restoring the CHAMPION to the possession of himself, who soon gratefully acknowledged the exertion of his friends towards him.

The CHAMPION is not to be put off his guard easily, though often provoked by a number of designing fellows to make a property of him, should he be aggravated to commit an assault, as the following fact exemplifies:—One *Jerquot*, a hackney-coachman, perceiving CRIBB walking with a gentleman, on Jan. 19, 1816, in order to ridicule his calling and to bring Tom, if possible, into contempt, went close up to him, and kept calling out "*coals—coals, do you want any coals?*" with other insolent expressions. But CRIBB was not to be moved by this silly fellow's conduct, and took the proper mode of convincing him of his error, by summoning him before the Commissioners of Hackney Coaches, who, without hesitation, upon hearing the charge, fined him ten shillings.

CRIBB, it seems, was rudely attacked at Hungerford-wharf, on the 8d of May, 1815, by one *Heath*, an informer, when, in addition to a variety of opprobrious

epithets, he had the *temerity* of striking the CHAMPION a severe blow; this was too much, and at length raised CRIBB's indignation, when he returned the compliment so *effectively*, that *Heath* was sent floating in the Thames in an instant, to the no small shouts and laughter of the surrounding spectators. The *informer* was, however, rescued from the danger of *drowning*, and had the consolation of having the whole night to *dry* himself in the watch-house, as well as reflecting on his improper and absurd conduct towards a man of CRIBB's prowess. The next morning he was discharged, with a suitable admonition from the magistrates.

IMPROMPTU

Occasioned by the *singular idea* expressed by TOM CRIBB, the Champion of England, upon his being suddenly tossed into the air by a bull.

TOM tossed in the air, felt alarm'd for his pride,

That a beast should such impudence take!

Then shaking his fist, "O, dom thee!" Tom cried—

"I wish I was a BULL for thy sake!!!"

P. E.

TOM REYNOLDS,

THE MURPHY DEALER.

THIS "*tight boy of the sod*," it seems, first opened his *peepers* on the 2d of January, 1792, at Middleton, in the county of Armagh, in Ireland, and when quite a *squeaker* he arrived with his parents in London. Covent-Garden-Market was the scene of his exploits when a boy, and near to that "gay spot" young REYNOLDS was reared. His *skirmishes* are too numerous

to be detailed; but suffice to remark, the smiles of VICTORY always crowned his efforts.

When REYNOLDS was a mere stripling, not more than sixteen years of age, and scarcely weighing eight stone and a half, he fought with an Herculean *coal-heaver*, on the stones, for *an hour and a half*. The *Knight of the sack*, as might naturally be supposed, treated young Tom's attempt to *mill* him with the most perfect contempt, yet such is the uncertain chance of war, that he not only was *punished* severely; but compelled to acknowledge he had been *licked* by a boy. REYNOLDS also did not purchase conquest without a terrible beating; and, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot, there was not a free place from bruises, many parts were quite black: neither could he move for two days afterwards without great pain.

Dick, the coachman, well known in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, a man of fifteen stone weight, was also disposed of in three quarters of an hour, when REYNOLDS was only seventeen.

Sam Hubbard, a decent second-rate boxer, was beat by our hero, in Tothill-fields fair, in the course of fifteen minutes, so severely, as to be led out of the ring. It was an accidental fight, and occasioned by the *cruelty* of *Hubbard* towards REYNOLDS.

It has not been ascertained, whether the ancestors of REYNOLDS possessed any superior pretensions to pugilism; but, it should seem, Tom's *genius* has a peculiar *bent* towards scientific boxing.

REYNOLDS, however, had no idea at one time of his life of ever exhibiting in the prize-ring; but reverses in trade, as a potato-merchant, in Covent-Garden, unfortunately consigned him to the immured

regions of the Fleet Prison. During his stay at this renowned "*College*," which defies all the *degrees* of LEARNING obtained at either Oxford or Cambridge, and, in fact, all the universities in the world put together, in order to fill up the vacant time which hung so heavily upon his hands, he resorted to his favourite exercise and amusement of *sparring*: The talents exhibited by REYNOLDS with the *gloves* procured him the approbation of his brother *collegians*; and his fame made a complete tour round the College. But, it appears some person, anxious to ascertain the real qualities of REYNOLDS, brought in *George Head*, a first-rate *setter-to*, of acknowledged celebrity, to have a trial of skill with TOM, it is asserted, by way of a *plant*, as no *introduction* took place between the parties. REYNOLDS put in rather a heavy hit on the side of *George's nob*, which was not exactly relished; and to prevent TOM from having the *best of him*, the compliment was returned with double severity. This produced *sharp work* on both sides; however, the *set-to* finished pleasantly, when both combatants sat down and emptied the contents of a bottle of rum together before they separated. But "*busy bodies*" are never wanting upon such occasions to promote *mischiefs*; and, during the time *Head* was occupied in taking a parting glass with some friends below, it appears some conversation took place respecting the capabilities of REYNOLDS, when it was immediately whispered to the latter, that he had been spoken of too lightly. REYNOLDS, irritated, immediately flew to the spot, and challenged *Head* to fight, which was accepted without hesitation. Both, heated and flushed with liquor, instantly stripped, and three

rounds were contested, Tom being down every time; when *Head* was taken in custody by the door-keepers, he received a desperate blow and was taken out into Fleet-market in a state of stupor.

Our hero, on his emancipation from this species of *durance vile*, was matched against *Belasco*, the Jew, a boxer of talent, for twenty guineas a-side, which took place on Wednesday, July 23, 1817, at Moulsey-hurst. *Paddington Jones* and *Wheele* seconded REYNOLDS; and *Cribb* attended upon the Jew. Seven to four on REYNOLDS.

First round.—Reynolds, from his eagerness to attack his opponent, bull-dog like, hit short, when Belasco returned as sharp as lightning. Some blows were exchanged, and Reynolds went down in a manner not very satisfactory to the spectators.

Second.—Reynolds soon removed any unfavourable impression which might have existed from his falling (or slipping) down in the preceding round, from the lively and spirited style he commenced his work. It was altogether a good round between the combatants; some severe *milling* occurred, when Reynolds put in a tremendous hit under Belasco's left arm, and the Jew went down. Loud shouting.

Third.—*Paddy* planted some blows and got away with much dexterity; and, although he had the best of the round, yet Belasco was not deficient in hitting. In closing, the Jew was down.

Fourth.—Belasco took the lead, and having got Reynolds in a corner of the ring, he kept him there and *punished* him severely, till *Paddy* went down. The Israelites smiled with joy, and Belasco was loudly applauded.

Fifth.—Reynolds was hit in almost every direction, but, to stop the Jew in his career, he caught hold of Belasco's thigh as he was in the act of going down, and threw him a complete perpendicular up in the air. The Jew came down with extreme velocity, and great fears were entertained that his neck was dislocated. But it was astonishing to witness how soon Belasco recovered from this dreadful shock, and renewed

the combat with the most determined courage. Loud cries of "foul—fair" took place, and upwards of a minute elapsed before they again set-to.

Sixth.—The face of Reynolds was rather damaged, and the *claret* was seen trickling down it. The Jew had rather the best of the round, but he was, nevertheless, sent down.

Seventh.—Reynolds received some *facers*, when they got to the ropes, and much struggling occurred before the Jew was down.

Eighth.—Belasco drove his opponent to the ropes, when Reynolds caught hold of them, and was ultimately upon the grass.

Ninth.—Reynolds appeared bleeding at the scratch, and went furiously in upon the Jew, who kept retreating to the ropes, where he went down.

Tenth.—Reynolds had no discretion about him. He got his adversary to the ropes, flogged him severely, and then let him down.

Eleventh.—This was a good and singular round. The combatants fought with each other till they were exhausted, when they stood still looking about them, till their strength again enabled them to commence hostilities. Some blows exchanged and Belasco down.

Twelfth.—The Jew displayed considerable science, and nobbed his opponent with the utmost ease. Reynolds became rather furious, and as he was rushing in to *scree* out the Jew, he was stopped by a troublesome hit on his nose, that made him retreat in quick time. In closing, both down.

Thirteenth.—Reynolds appeared to great advantage in this round; he had it all his own way, and sent Belasco down.

Fourteenth.—It was curious to witness the Jew after he had been hit fairly round, recover himself so soon, and ultimately to *fl* his adversary down.

Fifteenth.—Some few blows exchanged, and, in closing, both down.

Sixteenth.—Reynolds took the lead, but in his hurry to do some heavy execution, he over-reached himself and went down.

Seventeenth.—A heavy shower of rain now commenced, but its chilling effects did not in the least damp the ardour of

the combatants. Reynolds got his man to the ropes, and *fibbed* him terribly till he went down. The odds were now rapidly rising on the Irishman.

Eighteenth.—Reynolds was in high spirits, planted two good *facers*, and ultimately put in a blow, that hit Belasco down. Great applause, and two to one on Reynolds.

Nineteenth to twenty-first.—In these rounds, Belasco had evidently the best of the fighting, and he sent his man down every time.

Twenty-second.—Both of the combatants on their mettle, pelting away, but Belasco got *peppered* down.

Twenty-third.—Upon setting-to, the Jew went down from a hit.

Twenty-fourth.—This was a busy round. In closing, much fibbing occurred, and great struggling to obtain the throw, but both went down.

Twenty-fifth.—The Jew with much spirit drove Reynolds all over the ring, and was ultimately sent down.

Twenty-sixth to twenty-eighth.—Some sharp blows were exchanged in these rounds, but Belasco went down in all of them.

Twenty-ninth.—Much struggling at the ropes, when the Jew found himself on the grass.

Thirtieth to thirty-third.—At the finish of all these rounds Belasco was down. In one of them he received so tremendous a *nobber*, that it appeared almost to take his head from his shoulders.

Thirty-fourth.—One of Reynolds's *peepers* seemed darkened—his face much beaten, and covered with claret. Belasco planted four *facers* without any return, but ultimately went down. Forty-five minutes had elapsed.

Thirty-fifth to fortieth.—Belasco was down at the end of all these rounds; although during their continuance he made some good exchanges, and fought spiritedly.

Forty-first.—This round continued for two minutes, but entirely to the advantage of the Jew, who put in several *facers*—hit his man in all directions, and ultimately *floored* Paddy.

Forty-second.—The Jew kept adding *facers* to the already damaged *nob* of his antagonist, but again found his way down.

Forty-third.—This was a courageous round on both sides; and Reynolds received such a dreadful hit in his mouth, that he seemed to feel as if all his teeth had been knocked out, and put up his hands apparently to throw some of them away, and was obliged to retreat to clear his mouth of the blood. He, notwithstanding, sent Belasco down.

Forty-fourth to forty-sixth.—In these rounds the Jew went down; but, in the forty-fifth he was completely *floored*.

Forty-seventh.—Both down; but the cries of "foul—fair" occurred in consequence of Reynolds throwing his opponent.

Forty-eighth.—The *gameness* displayed by the Irishman was the praise and admiration of all the amateurs present. His head was terrific from the numerous *facers* he had received, and was fast approaching to a state of darkness; but he, nevertheless, displayed great activity in meeting his man. Reynolds was thrown in this round.

Forty-ninth.—Belasco's *mug* was also the worse for the *punishment* it had undergone; but his flesh seemed so firm and close as to be almost impenetrable as to appearance. After an exchange of blows, the Jew was hit down.

Fiftieth.—The face of Reynolds again came in contact with the fists of the Jew; but, the latter was again down.

Fifty-first and fifty-second.—In closing and struggling, both down.

Fifty-third.—The men in the most courageous manner fought their way to the ropes; when Belasco fibbed his opponent severely; and ultimately sent him down. The head of Reynolds was truly frightful, and although his *game* had not deserted him, it was *booked* by many who now left the ring, that he must lose it, as he possessed scarcely a glimmering of light.

Fifty-fourth to fifty-sixth.—Belasco kept adding *punishment* to the already terrifically bruised *nob* of his opponent; but, at the end of all these rounds he was down.

Fifty-eighth.—A short round, but, in closing, both down.

Fifty-ninth.—It was astonishing to see Reynolds contend under such disadvantages; he frequently hit by his opponent, and when his blows *told*, they were entirely from the effects of *chance*, as he could not see to direct them. It was piteous to see him put up his fingers to try to open his eye-lids. In closing, both down, but Reynolds uppermost.

Sixtieth.—Notwithstanding the battle appeared so much in

the favour of the Jew, it was thought surprising that he could not put an end to it. Much struggling occurred at the ropes—"foul, fair," &c. were also repeated, till both went down.

Sixty-first.—It seems Reynolds observed to his seconds, "that if he could but see his man, he certainly must win!" The office was immediately given, when a *farrier* jumped into the ring and lanced his eyes, which had the desired effect. Reynolds now soon convinced the spectators the important consequences *vision* had given to his efforts. In closing, both down.

Sixty-second.—Now that Reynolds could see his way, he attacked Belasco in a superior style, had the best of the *mil-ling*, and sent his man down.

Sixty-third.—Upon setting-to, Reynolds again had the Jew upon the ground. Great applause, and any odds.

Sixty-fourth.—Reynolds kept the lead, and punished his antagonist. In closing, both down.

Sixty-fifth.—The change which had taken place was quite evident, and it was all up with the Jew. Reynolds had now decidedly the best of him. In closing, some struggling occurred to obtain the throw, but both went down.

Sixty-sixth and last.—Reynolds set-to with great spirit, drove Belasco before him, and finished the fight by *flooring* the latter in such style, that he could not come again. *One hour and twenty minutes* had elapsed.

It was owing to GAME—and GAME alone that REYNOLDS defeated the Jew. The head of the Irishman was swelled prodigiously, and *battered* all to pieces; and till the *lancet* was applied, the *chance* was decisively against him. His determined *bottom* and persevering efforts, at length, brought victory to crown his exertions. REYNOLDS is a fine fighter, and active in the extreme. On the part of *Belasco*, it must be said, that he proved himself a most courageous man. It was a complete up-hill fight, in point of weight, for the Jew, and he maintained the conflict till he could no longer stand. Some little consterna-

tion took place not only among the *Jews* but the *Christians*, on REYNOLDS being proclaimed the conqueror. It was at one time considered next to impossible, from his beaten state, that he could win. REYNOLDS, from this conquest, was considered able to undertake any thing of his weight upon the list. *Belasco* was led out of the ring, supported by two men, and put into a *post-chaise*; his skin was impenetrable toward exhibiting marks of *punishment*; but from his wrist to his elbow his arm was black.

From the above success, REYNOLDS, was matched with *Church*, for twenty guineas a-side. This contest was also decided at Moulsey-hurst, on Tuesday, September 9, 1817. Of the former it is necessary to observe, that scarcely six weeks had elapsed since he defeated *Belasco*. Much too short a time for any man again to enter the prize-ring with *safety* to himself or his *backers*; more especially, when it is remembered, that he was severely *punished* in that battle, and also in the *interim* allotted for *training*, he had, in spite of that *prudence* so necessary to be observed preparatory to every contest, been engaged in a casual *turn-up*. However, on entering the ring, his *condition* only was questioned; in other respects his *courage* and scientific qualities were so much valued towards insuring victory, that he was readily backed at six, and by many at seven to four. *Church* had merely strength and *gameness* to recommend him. *Paddington Jones* and *Wheels* seconded REYNOLDS; and *Church* was looked after by his late opponent *Scroggins*, assisted by *Tom Cribb*. This fight continued thirty minutes, during which time twenty-six rounds were contested

in the most manly style of action. On setting-to *Church* exhibited great gaiety of manner, and self-importance, and without ceremony *floored* his opponent. This success was but of short duration, yet the twenty-first round was decidedly in his favour; but, in every other instance, his *game* only was conspicuous. On the part of *Church*, *claret* was the order of the day—his *nob* was continually in *chancery*—and his *mug* completely *crimsoned*. In the above battle, REYNOLDS gave evident signs of improvement, from the repeated and successful use he made of his left hand. His right gave way almost as soon as he began to fight, and at every interval that occurred, he was seen to rub it, as if suffering from great pain. He had scarcely a scratch upon his face, while the *index* of *Church* was rather *transmogrified*, from the numerous *facers* he had sustained. He jumped out of the ring, and immediately ran up to his patrons in the betting stand. In point of *goodness* his title is genuine; as an active, scientific, finishing boxer, his claims are equally sound; and, as a truly dangerous *customer* for any of his weight, there is not a dispute throughout the *Fancy*. He bids fair to obtain a high place on the pugilistic roll of fame. It is curious to remark, that *Church*, with a dislocated ancle, stood before *Scroggins* for an hour all but ten seconds, but could not remain half that time in the *presence* of REYNOLDS; yet *Belasco* contended with the latter one hour and twenty minutes; and was *booked* by several who left the ground a short time previous to the termination of the fight as the winning man! Notwithstanding the *milting* *Church* had received, he returned with his head tied

up, and sat himself down close to the ring to witness the fight between the "big ones;" and urged that he lost his battle in consequence of becoming "*dizzy and queerish like!*"

In consequence of no opponent offering to enter the lists with our hero, and, not wishing to remain idle, he was matched against a provincial boxer of great celebrity; but, from the interruption which occurred between them, it might be denominated

A CANTERBURY TALE!

The London *Fancy* were but little interested upon this event, and very few left the metropolis to witness it. The *broom-dasher*, *Johnson*, was scarcely known out of his own county; but where, it is said, his fame was so terrific, and his name so great a terror, in Kent, from his having proved the conqueror in ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE BATTLES, that it might be said of the *broom-dasher* he had every thing his own way, like the daring *RUGANTINO*, and renowned *Three-fingered Jack*. It appears the *notoriety* he had acquired was more from his *rough milling* than exhibiting any pretensions to *science*. Not so with *REYNOLDS*, his character as a good active fighter, had gone before him; and even at Canterbury he took the lead in betting at great odds in his favour. The stakes were thirty guineas a-side, and a subscription purse. The place of meeting, on Tuesday, November 11, 1817, *originally* intended was the cemetery of the old Palace, in the above city, for the display of manhood between the above heroes; but, as the gentlemen in the magistracy were quite out of the *milling* fancy, they were unwilling that the *golgotha* of the venerable Monks

should become a field of blood, and by issuing their mandate the scene of action was changed to some other place, less liable to annoyance from the *beats*! Marshals *Oliver* and *Crouch*, commanding the *milling squad*, detached from the main body for this particular service, proceeded, on Monday, to reconnoitre and fix on a convenient position; all was anxiety, and the Cathedral clock had hardly announced the dawn of day, when every vehicle, from the barouche down to the *costermonger's* cart, was in readiness to march on the signal being given by the commanders-in-chief. To *Sarre*, was heard from rank to rank; this *hint* was enough, and whipping and spurring commenced in order to arrive in time, and obtain a good situation. A roped ring was fixed in a field to the right of the entrance of *Sarre*, where the men were beginning to set-to, when the Rev. Mr. *Bayley*, of Margate, (a magistrate of the Cinque Ports, in whose jurisdiction the field was situated,) was heard to read—not the *articles* but the *Riot Act*, and, with much good humour, endeavoured to point out the imperious necessity of their separating, on account of the melancholy death of the Princess CHARLOTTE. This exhortation had the desired effect, and the forces immediately crossed the water: but, the magistrate, anxious to learn where they were going, an amateur, by way of a *great secret*, told him to *Plumb-pudding Island*; but, the fact was, the men were to meet in Lord COWPER's park, near Canterbury. To *Plumb-pudding Island* the magistrate repaired, but found out, on his arrival, that a *hoax* had been practised upon him. His horse was now *dead beat*, and his pedestrian constables

knocked up; as REYNOLDS and *Johnson* had been conveyed to the above park at the rate of ten miles an hour. No time was now to be lost; and the men set to without delay. REYNOLDS was winning in first-rate style; and *Johnson* was *floored* during eight rounds. The latter was a complete *shy* cock. The mayor of Canterbury and his *posse comitatis* arrived when they had been milling thirty-five minutes, and separated the combatants. It was lucky that night intervened to lend her sable locks to hide the disconsolate faces of the *guinea* backers of the *broom-dasher*, and they retraced their steps to Canterbury, deprived even of *hope*, as *Johnson*, out of *respect* to the laws of his country, refused to fight any more. REYNOLDS wished him to decide it the next morning, or at the distance of a week, but all in vain. The purse, however, was presented to the latter for his courageous conduct.

Our hero is considered to possess rather too much of the "bull dog" in his mode of fighting; but experience, most likely, will correct this exuberance of disposition. In the ring, REYNOLDS is terrific; out of it, mild, inoffensive, well-informed, and correct in his general deportment. As a proof of his value in the Sporting Circles, his *first* benefit at the FIVE COURT, on Tuesday, February 10, 1818, was equal to any thing witnessed at this place; and, before this numerous assemblage of amateurs, he offered to fight any man in the kingdom, of his own weight, for the sum of 200 guineas.

DAN M'CARTHY.

Who e'er 's had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green !

IN the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, DAN M'CARTHY, it seems, had often distinguished himself with much notoriety in the numerous *skirmishes* which so frequently occur in this *lively* part of the metropolis; but wishing to turn his *blows* to a better account, and attracted, it is presumed, from the *milling* success of his countrymen *Randall* and *Reynolds*, M'CARTHY was induced, as a candidate for pugilistic reputation, to exhibit his pretensions in the *prize-ring*; more especially, as those heroes alluded to had made such a high stand in the boxing circles, under the patronage of Colonel BARTON.

M'CARTHY is in height 5 feet 8 inches, weighing about 11 stone, and possessing well-proportioned limbs. It appears he offered himself in the ring without hesitation to the notice of the amateurs, on that memorable *hoaxing* day, when *Jack, the butcher*, attempted to make a fight at the Coventry Farm, on the Hale, in Middlesex; but no person appearing to accept the challenge on the ground, he was shortly afterwards, under the auspices of the gallant Colonel BARTON, matched with *Parcell*, in a twenty-four feet ring, for twenty guineas a-side. This contest was decided on Tuesday, January 27, 1818, at Coombe-warren, in the presence of some thousands of spec-

tators. M'CARTHY being viewed in no other light but as a *novice*, *Purcell* was the favourite, 7 to 4. SIR HENRY SMITH, MR. HARRISON, Mr. JACKSON, &c. were upon the ground. The *Irishman* first appeared and threw up his hat; and was soon followed by his opponent. *Purcell* was seconded by *Oliver* and *Shelton*; and M'CARTHY by *Randall* (by whom he had been once defeated) and *Paddington Jones*. The usual ceremony of shaking hands was performed, and at a quarter to one the men commenced fighting.

First round.—On setting-to the *Irishman's* attitude appeared low, he smiled at his opponent, and seemed rather hurried in flourishing with his fists. *Purcell* attempted to strike first, but it proved short, when *Paddy* returned upon the body. They closed, both down, but no mischief.

Second.—*Purcell* again hit short, when M'Carthy's right hand found its way to *Purcell's* *nob*, and his left almost immediately followed the example; some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, both down, but *Purcell* undermost.

Third.—This was a good round, and *Paddy* convinced the ring he meant nothing else but fighting. He hit first, which proved a sharp *facers*, and *Purcell* returned upon him slightly. The round was finished by *Paddy's* going down.

Fourth.—M'Carthy, with much gaiety, planted a hit and got away, smiling and pointing his finger at his opponent. With all *Purcell's* science he did not appear to take the lead. In closing, *Purcell* undermost.

Fifth.—The *claret* was now seen trickling down the face of *Purcell*, and his *nob* at this early stage of the fight seemed quite at the service of the *novice*. *Paddy* went down from a slight hit.

Sixth to eighth.—In all these rounds *Purcell* appeared in a secondary point of view, his blows seemed to have no effect on *Paddy*, while, on the contrary, the latter put in severe *facers*; *fibbed* him also sharply in one instance, made the *claret* flow copiously, and ultimately had the best of him.

Ninth.—*Purcell* in this round endeavoured to try the *Irish*.

man's *stuff*; which, in opposition to all that might have been urged against his want of knowledge, M'Carthy not only proved himself *awake*, but *CUNNING*, and quite *up* to the scientific system of prize-fighting. Both down

Tenth to Fourteenth.—In all these rounds Paddy went down; but the *face* of Purcell did not escape *punishment* in either of them.

Fifteenth.—Purcell got four *facers*, and both down.

Sixteenth.—The Irishman hit his opponent round, although he was sent down for it.

Seventeenth.—M'Carthy received a precious *mortar*, which produced for the first time the *claret* most copiously, but before he went down, he put in a *bodier* and two *facers*.

Eighteenth.—In this round the Irishman showed himself off in superior style. He used both his hands with such great facility, that he planted five *facers* without sustaining a hit. Applause.

Nineteenth.—The face of Purcell had changed materially from the *punishment* it had received, and M'Carthy again *nobbed* him so spiritedly that he fought himself down. Loud shouting.

Twentieth to Twenty-fourth.—It is true Purcell kept *hitting* his antagonist, but it was evident to the spectators that he had *done no work*. Paddy kept facing him and getting away, when Purcell, in following M'Carthy, fell down rather weak.

Twenty-fifth.—The Irishman received a blow upon his right eye that made him *wink* again, and went down. Purcell was much applauded.

Twenty-sixth to Thirty-third.—In all these rounds there was a great deal of *sameness* as to the mode of fighting. The Irishman's fist was never out of Purcell's *face*, and, in addition, he now put in a dreadful blow on his neck.

Thirty-fourth to Thirty-ninth.—The *milling* was nearly the same. In the thirty-eighth he *faced* Purcell terribly, and when on the ground laughed at him. In this last round he also exhibited good science, and stopped five blows in succession with the utmost ease. But Paddy went down rather exhausted.

Fortieth.—This proved a severe round, and Purcell was almost beat to a stand-still; but M'Carthy went down, Two to one on Paddy.

Forty-first to Forty-seventh.—The Irishman down in all these rounds; but he put in the most effective blows.

Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth.—In the first they closed, and broke away; but Purcell was hit down. In the last Purcell turned round from a sharp hit; but he soon recovered himself and sent Paddy down.

Fiftieth to Sixtieth.—The head of Purcell was now truly terrific; but his *game* astonished every one. Tom Jones now roared out to M'Carthy to go in and finish the fight. Purcell was sent down.

Sixty-first to Sixty-ninth.—In all these rounds Purcell was down. In some of them from weakness—in others hit down, and in two instances dreadfully *fibbed*. His *frontispiece* had a sort of *rainbow* appearance; nothing like it has been seen for some time.

Seventieth to Seventy-sixth.—In all these rounds Purcell fought well; but his blows did not appear to do any good towards reducing the strength of the Irishman. By comparison he positively appeared a fresh man. In the last round, Purcell received so tremendous a body hit, that his head fell upon his shoulder, he seemed nearly to be in a swoon, and fell down in a state of stupor; but the activity of his seconds, and the potent application of *eau de vie*, enabled him to appear at the scratch in due time.

Seventy-seventh to Seventy-ninth.—The fighting in these rounds was better than could be expected from the state of the combatants, particularly Purcell. He had now little more than his *game* to rely upon.

Eightieth to Eighty-third.—One hour and a half had now elapsed. Purcell could not protect his *nob* from the *chancery* practice of his opponent, although he seemed rather to have the best of these rounds.

Eighty-fourth to Eighty-fifth.—In the first round, Purcell in making a hit fell from weakness; and, in the last, in going resolutely in to *smash* the Irishman, he received such a sharp *nobber* that he was *floored* in an instant. The *brandy* was again applied to Purcell.

Eighty-sixth to Eighty-ninth.—Jones again told Paddy to fight away. The hands of the Irishman were covered with *claret* from the face of Purcell. The latter put up his hands to his eyes, as if to pull down the swellings, which nearly deprived him of vision.

Ninetieth to Ninety-third.—Weakness on both sides was now the order of the day; but Purcell had the worst of all these rounds. His head, at this period, defied description: it even exceeded the terrific touches of a FUSILLI, in the most extravagant traits of distortion. In the last round, Purcell was hit into a state of stupor, from a jump the Irishman made at him, and it was almost past the activity and art of his seconds, assisted by another potent application of brandy, again to get him on his legs. The odds high upon Paddy.

Ninety-fourth to Ninety-sixth.—It was nearly any body's battle. Purcell made hits but without effect; and had the worst of these rounds. It was expected every minute would terminate the event.

Ninety-seventh.—Strange to observe, Purcell seemed to recruit a little, and *floored* the Irishman. Thunders of applause—and the Westminster boys threw up their hats.

Ninety-eighth to One hundred and third.—In all these rounds Paddy was sent down; although Purcell's damaged *index* *punished* in every one of them.

One hundred and fourth to One hundred and eighth.—Purcell put up his hands to his mouth on the commencement of every round, as a sort of lucky omen. Paddy was again on the turf in all the above rounds; but he, nevertheless, kept *facing* his opponent.

One hundred and ninth.—The Irishman made a successful effort this round; he not only planted a tremendous *facer*, but caught Purcell in his arms, and fell upon him with all his weight.

One hundred and tenth.—Purcell was not hasty in coming to the scratch, and Randall called out time. Hugging, and both down.

One hundred and eleventh to One hundred and fifteenth.—The *chancery* suit was still practised on Purcell's *nob*; although Paddy went down.

One hundred and sixteenth to One hundred and twentieth.—The *gameness* of Purcell exceeded almost every thing upon record; and such a first appearance in the prize-ring has seldom fallen to the lot of any boxer, as M'Carthy exhibited. The lower part of his face was dreadfully *punished*, though not in comparison with his opponent, and he has established his character towards making a good Irish trio with Randall

and Reynolds. The *nobbing* system was still kept up by M'Carthy, and in the last round both were down.

One hundred and twenty-first to One hundred and twenty-fourth.—Purcell appeared to fight better, he *jumped* away from some blows directed at him—*facers* were exchanged between the combatants, but to the advantage of Purcell, who now sent the Irishman down by a severe *nobber*. Applause.

One hundred and twenty-fifth and last.—The Irishman left his second's knee, and, in an audible voice, said, *I won't fight any more!* and did not put up his hands. Purcell was in such a state of stupor at this time, that he did not hear him, and hit M'Carthy in the mouth. The latter turned away, but received another blow, before Purcell was made acquainted with the circumstance of his defeat—which, no doubt, was the most joyful moment of his life. TWO HOURS AND THIRTEEN MINUTES had occurred. Both the men were instantly put in coaches and taken off the ground to the nearest inn, where every attention was paid to their necessities, and medical assistance also furnished them without delay.

If *GAMENESS alone* constituted a first-rate pugilist, Purcell possesses that prime quality in a most eminent degree; he has no superior in this respect. He also understands the *ART OF BOXING* tolerably well—he knows, too, *how to get away*, and even to *go down upon* particular occasions; but he is not now a *decisive* hitter; he cannot *finish* his man in due time, and relies more upon *staying* to produce victory than to any other peculiar trait. Purcell won the above fight entirely from *bottom*, and his conduct throughout was *manliness* itself.—It was the true picture of a British boxer. In one word, he is not a *punisher*; his right hand *goes* after a few rounds: and even in *sparring*, he is almost afraid to hit with it. The Irishman *showed* more of the *PROFICIENT* than the *novice*; more *CUNNING* than *awkwardness*; and used his fists with more *effect* than his opponent. Both his hands are continually at

work, particularly his left; and he *stops* with considerable talent. It was an up-hill fight altogether for M'CARTHY—he had to meet an experienced boxer—an antagonist two inches taller, and a stone heavier—and he was nearly a stranger to the ring. He is a *game* man, and with a little more practice, it is likely he may make some *mischief* among his own weight. He ought to have won this battle, and had there been more *skill*, and less *zeal* used toward him, M'CARTHY could not have lost it. In the first hour of the battle, when he was fresh, he did not fight comparatively, and, in the latter, when he was *distressed*, and should have been *kept off*, M'CARTHY was *shoved in*, as it were, to *mill*. This was the glaring error committed—and this *error alone* gave the victory to *Purcell*. More counter-hits occurred between the above combatants than in any battle for the last twenty years.

ABRAHAM BELASCO,

THE PROMISING JEW.

DURING the last thirty years, it is but candid to admit that the Jews have made a very prominent feature in the pugilistic circles; but since the effects of "*Old Time*" have compelled MENDOZA to retire from the field of glory, and *defeat* and *death* having removed their Phenomenon DUTCH SAM from the Prize-ring, the importance of the *Israelites* must be considered as

somewhat placed in the back-ground, and, in fact, they are left without a leader to increase their hopes, or to stimulate their exertions to obtain a similar high boxing eminence. The "blaze of talent" exhibited by the former hero, whose name resounded from one end of the kingdom to the other, as being the most accomplished and scientific pugilist of his day; and the *tremendous* *VEROCITY* and conquest-like abilities possessed by the latter, gave to the JEWS a character for *milling*, that it is not likely they can ever expect to realize again. A century may elapse before two such boxers as MENDOZA and DUTCH SAM appear in the Prize-ring.

It appears, that when young ABRAHAM first exhibited with the gloves, he gave such promising *milling* specimens, that some hopes were entertained by the *Israelites* respecting his future success. Their expectations were much flattered and increased from his conquests, in succession, over *Cribb's Coalheaver*, *Hudson*, and *Payne*; nor have the defeats he experienced with *Reynolds* and *Randall* annihilated their former opinions of his rising pugilistic capabilities.

BELASCO is a boxer of superior talent—he is master of the science—he does not want for *bottom*—he has also the advantages of youth on his side, not being more than twenty years of age—not deficient in strength—of an athletic make—a penetrating eye—and, in the ring, full of life and activity. With practice and opportunity he is likely to obtain a high place on the pugilistic roll of fame; at least, to make a good stand among boxers of his own weight, 10½ stone, at the time we now speak of. In height, ABRAHAM is 5 feet 6½ inches.

BELASCO's first battle of note was with a man denominated "*Cribb's Coalheaver*," in consequence of his being under the patronage of the CHAMPION. This contest was for a subscription-purse of five guineas, collected, for a second fight, in the Prize-ring. The activity and science displayed by BELASCO, on this occasion, attracted the attention of the amateurs, and he was viewed as a pugilist of rising abilities. In the course of thirty minutes, the superiority of BELASCO was so decisively portrayed, that the *Coalheaver* was glad to acknowledge he had had *enough* ! BELASCO now obtained the immediate patronage of the Jews.

Near the Barge-house, at Woolwich, BELASCO, entered the lists with *Josh Hudson*, a butcher, a determined, active boxer. It proved a well-fought battle on both sides, and was contested with great spirit and science *for one hour and thirty minutes*, when the smiles of victory again crowned the efforts of the promising Israelite.

Our hero, it seems, was down at Moulsey-hurst, on Thursday, April 3, 1817, to witness the fight between *Randall* and *West-country Dick*, and, in order not to lose sight of the "*main chance*," but to turn the penny to advantage, he filled up his time on the ground in disposing of oranges, thus uniting pleasure with *profit*, when he was unexpectedly called upon to enter the ring with *Jack the Butcher*, for a subscription-purse. BELASCO, without hesitation, put down his basket of fruit, *peeled sans cérémonie*, and instantly prepared for action, with the utmost confidence. He was seconded by some of his own people; and *Jack* was attended by *Paddington Jones* and *Dolly Smith*.

First round.—Jack, full of bustle, went to work, and planted three hits, and had the best of the round till they closed, when Belasco got him against the ropes, fibbed Jack severely, till both went down.

Second.—The latter did not appear to like the Jew, and held down his head. Belasco went in with great gaiety, and again *fibbed* the butcher till he was tired, and then dropped him.

Third.—This was a spirited round, and Jack showed fight. Some good blows were exchanged, till the *fibbing* system was introduced by the Jew, till both went down.—Belasco undermost.

Fourth.—The Butcher's *nob* now showed the *handy* work of the Jew, and the *claret* was flowing copiously. In this round Belasco appeared to do as he liked with his opponent,—he *punished* him in all directions, and, by way of concluding like a good workman, he *floored* the Butcher, and jumped over him as he lay on the ground. Great shouting.

Fifth.—Jack appeared at the scratch, but he soon run himself down.

Sixth.—The Jew behaved like a true Christian in this round. He had it all his own way; and when he had got the Butcher on the ropes, in a perilous situation, he was too manly to take advantage of it, but lifted up his hands and walked away amidst thunders of applause.

Seventh.—Belasco *nobbed* Jack with the utmost *sang froid*, and ultimately sent him down; but it was rather a sharp round.

Eighth.—In closing, the Jew fibbed his opponent terribly, till they both fell over the ropes.—7 to 4 on Belasco.

Ninth.—It was evident the Butcher wished to avoid the fist of his adversary, and held down his head. In struggling, both again out of the ropes.

Tenth.—Jack turned away from the Jew, but he got *peppered* for so doing, and was ultimately sent down.

Eleventh.—The Butcher could not keep his head out of *chancery*, and was *floored*. Great applause.

Twelfth.—Jack seemed quite sick, and *curred* it down without a *blow*. Disapprobation.

Thirteenth.—Both down; but Belasco took the lead.

Fourteenth.—After the exchange of a few blows, Jack was *fibbed* down. His face covered with *claret*.

Fifteenth.—If the Butcher possessed any thing like resolution or *bottom* he might have stood some chance; but his fighting is all *momentarily*, either *desperate* or *cur-risk*! Cool judgement is not witnessed in any of his attempts. He nevertheless made some good hits; but, in closing, he was again *fibbed* till both went down. Any odds upon the Jew.

Sixteenth and last.—The butcher run at the Jew furiously, but it was too late to turn the scale, and he received such a *floorer*, that he would not again appear at the scratch. The battle continued for seventeen minutes and a half.

BELASCO retired from the above contest without a scratch; and he proved the conqueror in first-rate style. In consequence of the friends of *Davis*, the milkman, paying forfeit to BELASCO, he was hastily matched with *Reynolds*. In this battle he sustained defeat. (See page 492.)

Notwithstanding the above reverse of fortune, experienced by BELASCO, his partisans did not desert him, and, from the scientific qualities he had displayed, he was considered as an able competitor for the accomplished *Randall*. He was accordingly matched with the *Nonpareil*, eight weeks only having elapsed since his long fight with *Reynolds*. It is true BELASCO was defeated; but it is equally true that he gained much approbation as a skilful boxer; and the battle between the Jew and *Randall*, in a scientific point of view, stands equal to any thing on the records of pugilism. (See page 274.)

BELASCO was born on the 9th of April, 1797.

WEST-COUNTRY DICK,

THE NAVIGATOR.

A GAMER or more manly boxer was not to be found among the records of pugilism than the above little hero. In a very short period, he fought no less than TWELVE PRIZE BATTLES in the most courageous style, and the smiles of victory have proved propitious to his exertions, in TEN out of the TWELVE!

RICHARD WEST is a native of Bedminster, in Somersetshire, and was born in the year 1794. At the period of his first battle, he was in height 5 feet 5½ inches, and weighing nine stone and half a pound. DICK ranks more as an active boxer than a fine fighter, but was conspicuous for being a slashing hitter; and, considering the slimness of his person, he used his right hand in a tremendous manner. His courage, however, is of so superior a quality, that it has often prompted him to fight men much above his own weight, without the least hesitation. The most prominent of DICK's battles are the following:—

DICK's first attempt at prize-milling, it seems, was with a man denominated the *Grabbler*, in Totbill-fields. It was a most desperate fight, and *one hour and twenty minutes* transpired before DICK was declared conqueror. The latter was much noticed by the amateurs from his spirited style of fighting.

A man of the name of *Reeve* was disposed of by DICK in the short space of *six minutes*, at Coombe-

wood. It was a match for seven guineas a-side, Dick putting down his own stake.

A gardener, of good weight, fought with Dick at Moulsey-hurst. This was also a short battle; and, as before, the confidence of Dick again prompted him to back himself; he also gained the victory in good style.

Dick now entered the lists with the determined *Jack Curtis*. (See page 389.)

For a trifling purse, to make up a second fight after *Carter* had defeated *Robinson*, the man of colour, in a match against time, at *Coombe-warren*, on *Wednesday, June 26, 1816*, Dick entered the ring with *Jack Payne, the butcher*; but, in the course of only four rounds, the latter was so *satisfied*, that he declared he would fight no more, and left the ring, under evident marks of disapprobation.

Dick was, at length, matched with *Charley Martin*, for the sum of twenty guineas a-side; this contest took place at *Moulsey-hurst*, on *Tuesday, August 22, 1816*. It was a spirited battle on both sides, and considerable reciprocal *milling* occurred between the combatants; during forty-seven rounds; but the severity of Dick's hitting brought him through it in nearly fifty minutes.

Martin, not being exactly satisfied as to the termination of the above battle, requested a second trial of skill, which being granted him, he entered the ring with Dick, confident of recovering his lost laurels, on *Thursday, February 13, 1817*, at *Coombe-warren*, for twenty guineas a-side. *Richmond* and *Eales* seconded *Martin*; and Dick had for his attendants, *Oliver* and

Clark. This was a bravely contested battle of thirty-four rounds; and sharper *milling*, for the time it lasted, thirty-five minutes, has not been often experienced; but, for the last six rounds, *Martin* had not the least chance, and left the ring much *punished*. The GRAND DUKE OF RUSSIA, who witnessed this battle, seemed much interested in the event, and made several remarks upon the *bottom* displayed by both the boxers.

DICK was now thought a competent match for the prime Irish boy, *Randall*. (See page 265.)

To make up for a wretched burlesque on scientific pugilism, (see page 413,) which took place on Tuesday, December 23, 1817, at Coventry-farm, on the Hale, in Middlesex, DICK was suddenly called upon to enter the ring with *Street*, for a subscription-purse of ten guineas. No delay occurred, and DICK, attended by his seconds, *Paddington Jones* and *Ballard*, and *Street* by *Dolly Smith* and *Leicester*, appeared within the ropes at thirteen minutes to three o'clock, and fought as follow:—

First round.—Dick's right hand soon got into *work*, and slightly *nobbed* his opponent. *Street*, in returning, hit short. They immediately fought their way into a close, and both went down. Six to four on Dick.

Second.—Dick, as usual, full of bustle, put in a severe *facer*, that made *Street*'s head shake again; but the latter, with much confidence, stuck close to Dick, and gave him a sharp blow on the shoulder. In closing, both down.

Third.—*Street*, on setting-to, planted a heavy hit under Dick's ear and got away, laughing and nodding at him, by way of self-approbation. Some hits were exchanged, and both down.

Fourth.—*Street* made play with his left hand and neatly got away, but they soon commenced hard fighting, when Dick,

with spirit and judgement, drove his opponent to the ropes, and hit him bang out of the ring. Great applause. Well done, Dick, and 7 to 4 against Street.

Fifth.—Street met his man confidently, but his blows, though often well directed, lost their force from being open-handed; however, the best of the hitting was on the side of Dick. In closing, both down. The legs and drawers of the combatants were covered with mud.

Sixth.—Dick went down from a hit he received under his left arm; but it appeared more owing to the slippery state of the ground than from the force of the blow.

Seventh and Eighth.—In this latter round Dick took the lead in good style, he hit his opponent quite away from him, and followed Street with much success, making several of his blows tell, till both went down.

Ninth.—Street did not turn out quite so easy a customer as Dick had imagined. The *nob* of the former was rather the worse for the battle; but no *claret* was to be seen about either of the combatants. Could Dick have used his left hand with any sort of effect, he might have made greater progress towards conquest. This was a *milling* round, and both down in the mud.

Tenth.—Dick was rather distressed from his exertions in the last round, and seemed rather reluctant in quitting his second's knee, which excited much vociferation of "time—time," from Leicester. Paddington Jones was angry at this remark, and he offered to fight the former for his uncalled-for noise. However, Dick was at the scratch, some sharp hits were exchanged, and Street went down from the severity of his opponent's right hand. Two to one on Dick.

Eleventh.—Street, it was evident, could not protect his head from receiving repeated *factors*; but he planted a sharp body blow that moved Dick from his station. The ground was in such a wet clayey state, that neither of the combatants could stand firm. However, Dick sent Street down in a twinkling. Bravo, Dick! and 5 to 2 was offered.

Twelfth to Fifteenth.—In the latter round Street hit his opponent down, and planted so severe a blow on one of Dick's *peepers* that made it wink again. Street felt flattered at this event, and patted his hands at Dick while on the knee of his second.

Sixteenth and Seventeenth.—In this round Dick slipped

down from a slight hit, but he was evidently distressed. Oliver handed over the *sau de vie* to his seconds, who instantly administered this restorative cordial to his wants.

Eighteenth to Twentieth.—In all these rounds Street appeared the *freshest* , though his opponent had rather the best of the *milling* ; but Dick's eye was puffed up and seemed dark; and Street had been anxiously endeavouring to *shut* up the other.

Twenty-first.—Street came to the scratch laughing and nodding at Dick by way of derision; when the latter gave him such a *podger* on his jaws, that not only *spoilt* the look of his countenance, but made him laugh on the wrong side of his mouth, and then finished the round by hitting him down. Loud applause.

Twenty-second.—Dick seemed to have recovered and reduced Street to his *pitch* , and made his hits *tell* as fast as he could plant them.

Twenty-third.—The scale was now turning and Dick having it all his own way. He planted four severe *facers* without any return, and ultimately sent Street down. Well done, Dick. Five to one.

Twenty-fourth to Twenty-seventh.—In these rounds Street scarcely exchanged a blow before he was in the mud.

Twenty-eighth to Thirty-second.—It was all up with Street, he was down every round. Dick, very politely, inquired "how he was?"

Thirty-third.—Street, on leaving the knee of his second, was told by Dick "to come to his place, and stand up like a man!" but he was again down.

Thirty-fourth and last.—On setting-to, Street almost laid himself down. He, however, got upon his legs, but he seemed rather to avoid meeting his man, and so the fight ended in thirty-one minutes.

Considering that the above contest was a made-up *mill* on "the spur of the moment," it was far above *mediocrity* , although there was more *manhood* than science displayed. The combatants, too, it seems, were equally unprepared for the event, Dick having been *navigating* early in the morning, and *padded the*

hoof, as it is termed, down to the *Hale*; and *Street* also had *Powelled* it from Woolwich to the same spot, a distance of twenty-two miles, which must have operated as a considerable drawback upon their *activity*. However, in opposition to one of the "trained" heroes in the *burlesque* fight, their courage did not want "screwing to the sticking place!" *Dick's mug* was rather *battered*; and had not the *frame* of *Street* been of a close texture, the repeated *punishment* he received would have been *visible* indeed. The latter, though defeated, was not altogether *satisfied* with the termination of the fight; and it was thought not unlikely, at a future period, it might lead to a more *regular* meeting. *DICK* was now not above nine stone and half a pound, and lay open to any one of his weight in the kingdom.

Colonel *BARTON* and several amateurs of rank appeared on the ground; and *Randall, Parish, Scroggins, Oliver, Gibbons, Tom Belcher, &c.* were also present.

A match was now proposed to *DICK* to enter the lists again with *Jack the Butcher*, when our game little hero accepted the challenge without the slightest hesitation, and, on Tuesday, February 2, 1818, upwards of eight thousand persons assembled on Old Oak-common, in Middlesex, to witness the battle. The fight was for twenty guineas a-side, in a twenty-four feet roped ring. From the size, strength, and weight of the *Knight of the Cleaver* (added to his promise of fighting like a man for once in his life-time), he was backed by the *soi-disant* KNOWING ONES at 6 to 4; but the steady amateur who valued *character*—who admired *pluck*—and who was well assured that, while a

chance remained Dick would not quit the field, took the odds again and again, not only as a *fanciful*, but what was considered much better, A *SAFE THING*. And the event justified their correct judgement. At thirteen minutes past one o'clock, Dick, accompanied by his seconds, *Randall* and *Paddington Jones*, first entered the ring, and threw up his hat; *Payne* soon followed, and answered the token of defiance, attended by the veteran *Joe Ward*, and *Dick Wheale*. The old ceremony of shaking hands was then complied with, and the combat commenced :

First round.—Jack set-to rather eagerly, but hit short; when Dick's right hand made free with his opponent's *nob*. In closing, Jack endeavoured to fib Dick, but it was a short round and both went down.

Second.—Jack seemed to feel as if he had still some *character* left, and endeavoured to convince the amateurs that he could fight. He gave Dick a precious *muzzler*, and also exchanged some sharp hits; but when Dick put in a *facier* which produced the *claret*, a slight trait of his old system began to appear, and he went down not in the most gallant style.

Third.—This was a good round, and two minutes of down-right milling occurred. Jack put in two desperate facers with much dexterity, and likewise some sharp body hits. Dick was not behind hand with his opponent, and exchanged hits in a manly style, till he sent Jack down.—Applause.

Fourth.—Jack hit his adversary without ceremony, till Dick got the turn, when he followed the Butcher all over the ring. Jack's *mug* was bleeding copiously. Both down.

Fifth.—Sharp work was the order of this round; and reciprocal *nobbers* occurred. In closing, Dick threw his adversary.—Great shouting; well done, Dick.

Sixth.—Dick evidently took the lead, although he did not escape severe *punishment*. Jack went down from a heavy hit he received on his body—he fell on his knees, and in a singular manner his *nob* bent forward on the ground.

Seventh.—After an exchange of blows, Jack *curred* it down

from a *facer* he received. Hats were thrown up, and disapprobation was manifested.

Eighth.—Dick went down from the force of a severe *facer* he gave his antagonist.

Ninth.—This round caused a *blush* upon the cheeks of the game pugilists who were witnessing the fight, to view a boxer, at least 20lb. heavier and taller than his antagonist, positively turn his back and run away from Dick after receiving some sharp hits, and in a manner laid himself down.—Load hissing.

Tenth.—It was singular to observe, when the Butcher forgot his fears, he fought in a manly style. In this round Jack had decidedly the best of the *milting*—he planted two *facers* right and left, and also sent Dick down from a *bodier*.—The latter, while on his second's knee, appeared much exhausted, and brandy was applied with success.

Eleventh—Jack again took the lead. He planted two dreadful hits, right and left, on Dick's *nob*, that seemed nearly to stupefy him; but Dick, game-cock like, went in with the most determined confidence, changed the scene, and sent the Butcher down.—Great shouting.

Twelfth.—After an exchange of hits, Dick sent his opponent down.

Thirteenth.—Dick slipped down on one knee, but recovered himself, and ultimately got his adversary down.

Fourteenth and Fifteenth.—Jack was down in both these rounds; but not before Dick had received much *mischiefs*.

Sixteenth.—Dick again slipped, but in recovering himself to meet his antagonist, received a desperate blow near the mark that *floored* him. This was bad judgement on the part of Dick.

Seventeenth.—This was a singular round; both went down from counter hits.

Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth.—One of Dick's *peepers* was nearly closed, and although he had not lost a single drop of *claret*, he had received an unusual degree of *punishment*. These rounds were rather in favour of Dick.

Twenty-first.—This was a grand round on the part of the little one. He planted three *facers* with his right hand, without any return; but Jack at length got into work, and fought gaily till he went down.

Twenty-second and Twenty-third.—Jack down in both these rounds; but, in the latter, he received so severe a *konker* that his *mug* was crimsoned all over in a twinkling.

Twenty-fourth.—The Butcher again administered some dreadful *punishment*. In closing, both down, when Jack laughed at his antagonist.

Twenty-fifth.—Jack went down from a hit in the throat. Well done, Dick.

Twenty-sixth.—There was nothing like *stopping* attempted between the combatants; and several of the round lunging blows told desperately. Dick again received some terrible *punishment* about his *nob* that made him stagger again. Both down.

Twenty-seventh.—Dick was now extremely weak, and his *nob* had been so *peppered* that he could scarcely tell what he was about; but his rich game prompted him to proceed like a hero, and in consequence he *floored* Jack, from a desperate hit he planted on his mouth. Loud shouting.

Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, and Thirtieth.—Although Jack *curred* it down in all these rounds, it could not be considered exactly safe to Dick. The Butcher always hit his opponent. In the last round, the hats were thrown up, in consequence of Jack's not liking to leave his second's knee. Five to one on Dick.

Thirty-first.—Jack however appeared at the scratch; and the terrible *long faces* of his backers rather resumed a more cheerful appearance, at the *chance* he had given them. He fought this round tolerably well, and, in closing, when Dick attempted to *fib* him, he held his hands till both went down.

Thirty-second.—On setting to Jack fell down. Hissing.

Thirty-third to Thirty-seventh and last.—In all these rounds the Butcher went down, in a *curring* style, although he generally planted a hit before he fell; but, however, he could not have lost it, if he had possessed any thing like "the heart" of a true English boxer. *Thirty-five minutes* and *ten seconds* had elapsed, when victory was decided in favour of Dick. The latter was led out of the ring quite destitute of vision; and Jack leant upon the ropes, to show, as usual, that he was quite *sick* of it! It, however, cannot be denied to him, that he took a great portion of *milling*, and was dreadfully hit about the kidneys.

Notwithstanding Dick's well-known *bottom*,—which is equal to any thing upon the list, however high it may be characterized,—it was physically impossible he could have *lasted* three rounds more. NATURE was completely exhausted, from the heavy *punishment* he had received. Upon Dick's being put into a coach, he suffered for a short period temporary derangement, which might have been owing to the heavy *nobbing* hits he had undergone, and in consequence of not losing a single drop of blood. His head was much swelled. Had Dick been any thing else but a *game cock*, he could never have had the *pluck* to have fought a man 23 lbs. heavier than himself, and almost in every other respect a more skilful boxer. Upon the whole, it was not a contemptible fight, more especially, when it is considered that *Jack, the Butcher*, was concerned; however, in this instance, it is admitted, that "*he did the thing that was right*," and was *defeated* against his will! But, in a word, he is a boxer without "A HEART," and, what is much worse, "*without a character*." It was a matter of great astonishment to the writer of this article, how the amateurs could have suffered him again to make his appearance in the prize-ring after his unblushing effrontery in acknowledging his being privy to a ✕. His backers, it is said, have lost considerable sums in consequence of his defeat! Is it possible? Can such a man have any backers? Surely not! without they feel it in the *Hudibrastic* manner:—

He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day!

JOE PARISH, the Waterman.

THIS boxing hero, it seems, derived the principal part of his pugilistic science from the instructions of *George Head*. Under so able a teacher, the *Waterman* made great improvement; and his first appearance in the prize-ring, with *Holt*, was considered to have fully answered the expectations formed of him. PARISH is in height 5 feet 5½ inches, and his fighting weight about 10 stone 5 lb. JOE was born in London, on the 10th of April, 1789. He is well made; extremely active; possesses excellent *science*, and no lack of *game*. His attitude is commanding, and reminds the spectator of the late *Humphries*. He is a hard hitter, and stops with great skill; but, nevertheless, his mode of fighting is thought to partake more of *show* than producing effect. He had fought only two prize-battles, when this second volume was printed.

PARISH had a most desperate room-fight with one *David Davis*, a poulterer, at the Pitt's head, in Bermondsey, about six years ago. One hour and five minutes elapsed before the combatants were separated, when PARISH was considered to have had the best of it.

In about two months after the above battle, our hero fought, at Peckham, with one *Perry*, a cooper, a man weighing nearly thirteen stone. Previously to entering the ring, *Perry* thought so little of PARISH, that he held him up by the waistband of his breeches, and, in this ludicrous situation, the *Waterman* received

some heavy blows before he could extricate himself. However, in the course of nine rounds, PARISH *punished* him so severely that he was led out of the ring.

In Tooley-street, PARISH fought with a Welsh captain for one hour and twenty minutes, before the *hardy tar* thought it prudent to lower his colours. It was a well-contested battle.

PARISH was, at length, matched with *Holt*, for twenty guineas a-side. This manly contest took place at Moulsey-hurst, on Tuesday, August 20, 1816. The *Waterman* was seconded by *Harmer* and *Eales*. Near seventy rounds took place, and the fight continued for *one hour and a half*. It would be an act of injustice to the brave character of PARISH to pass over the following humane trait without comment. During the battle, when PARISH had got his antagonist upon the ropes, and might have nearly *finished* him, he most manfully threw up his hands and walked away, receiving loud and well-merited approbation from all parts of the ring. *Holt* also felt impressed with the generous behaviour of his adversary towards him, and while sitting upon his second's knee, he shook PARISH by the hand, observing, "I THANK YOU, JOE, FOR YOUR CONDUCT!" But, rather strange to remark, when the *chance* presented itself to *Holt* in a similar manner, he *punished* PARISH heavily indeed, totally unmindful of the liberal treatment he had received, and ultimately knocked the *Waterman* over the ropes in the most pitiable state. After an hour and ten minutes had elapsed, it seemed extremely doubtful as to the termination of the event. *Holt* contended in the most heroic manner, till NATURE had completely

deserted him, when he was led out of the ring nearly insensible. The above battle afforded considerable conversation, not only for the amateurs, respecting the *science* and *game* displayed throughout the seventy rounds, but the whole of the spectators who witnessed it; and PARISH's pretensions, as a pugilist, rose accordingly in the estimation of the sporting circles.

A scientific battle had been long expected by the amateurs, between PARISH and *Randall*, and, at length, a match was made between them for 100 guineas a-side. (See page 279.)

The *Waterman*, although defeated in the above contest, nevertheless possesses a superior knowledge of the *science*; and it is not unlikely, should any more opportunities present themselves, he will be found capable of distinguishing himself among boxers of his own weight. He is a civil well-behaved man; of a cheerful active disposition; and is considered to dance in a style far above mediocrity.

HARRY LANCASTER.

Behold the man that is unlucky!

IT is said to have been the boast of one *Charley Cohant*, a boxer not altogether destitute of *milling* talent, that he had fought TWENTY-ONE battles, and LOST them all! Not so exactly with HARRY LANCASTER, in SEVEN prize contests he has contended, but only in ONE instance did the smiles of victory crown his efforts; and, unfortunately for his fame, *this*

conquest was of so questionable a nature, that our hero's reputation had been much better without it.

This trial of skill (if it is not *libelling* the phrase) took place at Coombe-wood, May 15, 1815, between *Crockey* and HARRY LANCASTER. The former was seconded by the veteran *Joe Ward* and *Paddington Jones*; and HARRY LANCASTER by *Oliver* and *Painter*. This *burlesque* on *milling* continued for twenty-two minutes; when *Crockey* put an end to it, by loudly vociferating. "*I give in !*" and, "*I'll be d—d if I fight any more !*" In the first three or four rounds he had the best of his opponent, from his *roly poly* method of *scrambling* in; but every round afterwards, he wanted to quit the ring, and had not *old Joe* stopped his mouth, it would have been, short as the time was, much *sooner* decided. Not the slightest tinge of *claret* was visible in this memorable contest. On *Crockey's* being presented with four pounds, which the liberality of the amateurs had subscribed for him, Mr. JACKSON observed, he was quite ashamed of such a fight, and that he (*Crockey*) did not deserve *fourpence*.

It ought, however, to be mentioned, that LANCASTER, in experiencing such repeated DEFEATS, has contended with some first-rate pugilists: and, it should seem, his *failures* might be attributed more to a defect in nature, than arising from any *practical* cause; as he possesses a good knowledge of boxing, and must be viewed as a scientific pugilist; neither does he want for height or strength. The place, too, where he comes from, is renowned for sending up to London boxers of the first quality, which will not be

questioned, when *Bristol* is named. **HARRY** is a well-proportioned athletic young man, in height about 5 feet 9 inches; and weighing at least 12 stone. It is singular to remark, that he generally takes the lead at the commencement of his battles, and, from his good fighting, frequently has had the best of it 7 to 4, and even 2 to 1, till very near the end, when, all of a sudden, he goes off like the snuff of a candle, and is then, *sans cérémonie*, beat off hand. His contests with *Alexander*, *Ford*, and *Purcell*, are memorable and strong instances of those facts. His battle with *Johnson* was a very nice point; but with *Cooper* and *Oliver* he had not the slightest *chance* of success. **HARRY LANCASTER** is a civil, inoffensive, member of society. Fortune, however, does not seem propitious to his wishes in the prize-ring; yet, in his profession of a carpenter, with attention and industry, he may not only attain respectability, but secure riches. He will do well, therefore, to quit the *gloves* for the *bench*. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

TOM HALL.

It has fallen to the lot of the above hero of the fist, although in the possession of first-rate pugilistic abilities, to exhibit only **TWICE** in the prize-ring, during the long period of seven years.

HALL is a native of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and was born on the 9th of December, 1791. He made his *debüt* with the brother of the Champion,

George Cribb, at Old Oak Common, on November 5, 1810. He was seconded upon this occasion by *Richard* and *Paddington Jones*. It was a most determined battle for one hour and nine minutes; when the skill and courage displayed by *HALL*, in producing him conquest, made a strong impression on the amateurs in general.

No customer, it seems, offering to engage his attention, he accompanied *Tom Belcher* in a sparring tour through England and Ireland, and attracted considerable attention in setting-to with the above distinguished pugilist.

On September 14, 1814, *HALL* fought with *Donnelly*, the Irish Champion, on the Curragh of Kildare. (See page 382).

A second fight was attempted to be brought about between the above heroes, but *Donnelly* refusing to fight upon any other spot than the Curragh of Kildare, *HALL* quitted Ireland; previous to which, however, he challenged one *Cummins*, a blacksmith, whom *Donnelly* had refused to meet. *Cummins*, however, declined fighting *HALL*.

His friends were anxious, at the period of *Scroggin's* greatness as a pugilist, to bring about a match between them, when, after four meetings on the subject, it went off.

HALL is in height about 5 feet 9 inches; weighing between 11 and 12 stone; of a prepossessing appearance, and remarkably placid in his disposition. He is respectably connected; a superior feeder of game-cocks; a most excellent shot; a skilful boxer, and considered as *game* a man as ever entered a ring.

DAVIS, the Navigator.

THE above hero, although a fine athletic young man, and possessing strength and science, was *defeated* by *Richmond*, with the utmost ease, (see page 126); but, previous to which circumstance, he had won several battles, and was generally considered a good man. He entered the lists with *Cohen*, an Irishman, (who had been conquered by *Painter*,) at Coombe-warren, October 13, 1813. DAVIS was seconded by *Paddington Jones* and *Wheale*; and *Cohen*, by *Painter*. The warm heart of the Irishman lost him the battle, after obstinately contending for victory fifty minutes. *Paddy's* science was excellent, but his passion hurried him to excess, and, after having the best of the fight, he became an easy conquest. DAVIS's right hand NOBBED *Cohen* in a most tremendous manner, and his neck was desperately *punished* and swelled.

DAVIS also beat a heavy Navigator, at Moulsey-hurst, on November 20, 1813.

BILL DAVIS, the Milkman.

THIS little *trump* made his *debut* in the prize-ring with the MOULDER, both *Bernoldsey* boys, after the unfortunate contest between *Turner* and *Curtis*, at Moulsey-hurst, on Tuesday, October 22, 1816. The above fight was of so determined a nature, that, for severity of *hitting*, and reciprocal *execution*, the oldest pugilist scarcely remembers to have seen any thing like it. Upwards of fifty rounds of downright *slaugh-*

tering occurred ; and the ring was positively covered with *claret*. An hour and twenty minutes had elapsed before the MOULDER was *satisfied* that he could not win. The conqueror was also *punished* so severely, that he was obliged to be assisted out of the ring, to *enjoy* his hard acquired *thumping* honours ! The MOULDER, at one time of the battle, held up DAVIS so tight, that, in all probability, he would have beat the life out of him, had not *Tom Owen* taken him away. DAVIS labours under the disadvantage of great *deafness* ; but, in every other respect, he is nothing else but a *good one*. He is about 10 stone in weight, and 5 feet 5 inches in height. His *game* and hard hitting are more prominent in his *milling* capacity, than a scientific display of the art of pugilism.

FULLER.

THIS pugilistic hero, who gained some notoriety in the *milling* circles, from his second battle and conquest of *Jay*, and also from his most singular fight of two rounds with *Molineux*, (see page 336,) is, at the present period, (1818,) happily passing his time among the *Flemings*, at *Valenciennes*. He has been at this place, it seems, for several months, where he presides at the races as *clerk of the course*. He also keeps a sort of subscription-house, and has two billiard-tables constantly in use, besides a room elegantly fitted up for instruction in the art of self-defence. From his appropriate deportment, his hotel is much frequented both

by French and English gentlemen ; and many of the former, it appears, have been induced to have a trial (*a la Anglaise*) with the *gloves* ! FULLER is a well-informed man ; and, notwithstanding his attention to business, his industry towards improving his mind, has furnished him sufficient opportunity to receive instructions and to acquire an excellent knowledge of the French language.

PALMER, the Butcher.

THE above boxer has acquired scarcely any *notoriety* in the London ring ; but it seems, in his native place, Tamworth, in Staffordshire, he achieved several conquests. JONES (his proper name) anxious to obtain the metropolitan stamp of excellence, made his *debüt* at Coombe-wood, on July 21, 1814, with *Burn*. The latter was seconded by *Cribb* and *Clark* ; and JONES by *Richmond* and *Harmer*. This conquest proved a short one, occupying only nineteen minutes, and eleven rounds ; but it nevertheless afforded JONES a sufficient opportunity of showing the amateurs that he was not destitute of *science*, and proved himself a *game* man. In the fifth round it was 5 to 1 against him, when he was *floored* from a most tremendous blow upon his ear ; but, in the next round, he astonished the spectators, from the vigour he displayed in *milling* his opponent. Upon the whole it was a good battle ; and from the superior skill possessed by *Burn* he ought to have won it. He was by far the best fighter ; but he did not appear to like *going-in* to in-

crease the advantages he had obtained. Both the combatants did not escape *punishment*. JONES hits well with his right hand. He is upwards of 12 stone in weight; and in height, about 5 feet 8½ inches. He is a quiet inoffensive man, and far from an illiterate character.

TOM DUGGAN,

THE LITTLE PADDY.

FROM the great similarity of person the above hero bears to the squire of DON QUIXOTE, he might not be inaptly termed—*Sancho Panza*. His face is truly comic; considerably under five feet in height; but so strongly put together, that DUGGAN is viewed as a *big* man, compressed in a *little* compass. In the FANCY he is denominated “No Neck!” Tom is as hardy as a butcher’s block, and *game* to the *back bone*! He has gained some battles; and *Gadze*, the *Jew*, has surrendered to his conquering arm. DUGGAN fought with *Gidgeon*, a most furious *Israelite*, about his own size and weight, on Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1818, at Coombe-warren, for ten guineas a-side. This fight occupied two hours, when it became so dark, that the time-keeper could not see his watch, and as a matter of necessity, it was declared to be a drawn battle. At out-fighting, DUGGAN *milled* the Jew, in good style, and *floored* him repeatedly; but on *going in*, the *Israelite* had the superiority. It was severe fighting; and some very heavy body blows passed between them. The attitude of the Jew was imposing. *Ran-*

dall and *Jones* seconded *DUGGAN*; and *Lazaru*, attended upon *Gidgeon*. If *TOM* cannot be pronounced an elegant scientific pugilist—his stubborn frame enables him to *receive* more than most men; and those *millers* who enter the ring with *DUGGAN* may expect a long *innings* before he says “NO!”

JEM BUNN, the Bow Boy!

A SHARPER or more active boxer is not to be found among the *light weights*, than the *Bow Boy*! Victory is his object in the prize-ring, and he *mills* in a most spirited style to obtain it. *BUNN* entered the lists with a sailor, on Thursday, December 5, 1816, in a part of Epping-forest, within a short distance of Ilford in Essex. The Tar was seconded by *Randall* and *West-country Dick*; and *BUNN* was attended by *Eales* and *Clark*. It was a sharp contest for forty-two minutes, during which time twenty-five rounds took place. The *science* of the *Bow Boy* was conspicuous over his adversary; but the *weight* of the sailor prevailed, and he had the best of the battle: yet, unlike the hardy sons of the ocean, he fell off all on a sudden, when *BUNN* obtained an easy conquest. The latter is in height about 5 feet 5½ inches, and weighing 8½ stone. He has fought more battles with success.

PAYNE otherwise JACK,

THE BUTCHER.

Assume a courage, if you have it not!

Is fighting often, and being defeated in almost every

instance, can give *notoriety* to a boxer, JACK, *the butcher*, most certainly demands a prominent place in BOXIANA. Honourable defeat, at all times, commands consolation and respect—and brave men ought not to be forgotten; but, when pugilists can lend themselves to bring about improper events, contempt and exposure are the only rewards such characters are entitled to, from their endeavours to deceive and rob the patrons of scientific pugilism.

JACK is not destitute of *science*, a two-handed biter, and can execute well upon his opponent's *nob*; but, whenever he loses the lead, his *heart* appears to die within him, and he falls off in the most *dissatisfying* manner to the spectators. He suffered defeat from *Randall, Hudson, Belasco*, twice by *West-country Dick, Dodd, &c.* He is in height about five feet eight inches, and weighing upwards of eleven stone. The only instances in which he has been successful are the following:—On Thursday, the 10th of July, 1817, in the Five Fields, Chelsea, he fought with a deaf and dumb boxer, a pupil of the late *Jem Belcher's*, for ten guineas a-side. At four o'clock in the afternoon the *set-to* commenced after the usual manner, excepting the formalities of a roped ring. The combatants did not appear anxious to imitate the scientific exploits of a *Belcher*, but resorted to the *finishing* system with the utmost expedition. *Dummy* endeavoured to *mill* his opponent in the most *lively* style of assault; but the *butcher*, feeling the advantages of his trade, went to *work* upon the *knock-down* plan—*dressed* and *cut-up* poor *Dummy* in such complete style, in the course of eleven rounds, that, before eighteen minutes had

elapsed, he was glad to make signs he was perfectly *satisfied*. In consequence of JACK's taking the lead, he fought in a spirited manner, and left the ground without a *scratch* upon his face.

PAYNE fought with the *Moulder*, at Shepperton-range, on Tuesday, September 30, 1817. This was considered a tolerably good fight, and was spiritedly contested for nearly an hour. Some heavy blows passed between them; and in one particular instance, the *Moulder* put in so tremendous a hit that nearly took all the fight out of JACK, and his backers began to quake for fear the old system of his *falling off* was at hand: however, he recovered himself, and won the battle cleverly.

From these two battles he was rather gaining ground in the opinion of the FANCY; but his memorable burlesque with *Burke* (see page 413) proved a complete extinguisher to his boxing reputation. In fact, it

Damn'd him to everlasting fame!

Nor could his exertions to win with *West Country Dick*, (see page 458) remove the imputation of his not being "*a good one*!"

LAZARUS, the Jew Boy.

ON the first appearance of the above boxer in the ring, with *George Ballard*, his look entitled him more to the appellation of a strong athletic young man, than appertaining to any thing like boyhood. This contest, which was maintained with considerable ob-

stinacy for fifty minutes, took place on *Tuesday, February 6, 1816*, at *Coombe-warren*, in torrents of rain, immediately after *Carter* and *Stephenson* had quitted the ropes. *LAZARUS* displayed good science, great activity, and, notwithstanding the well-known *game* of his opponent, it was three to one against *Ballard*. But, unfortunately for *LAZARUS* he dislocated his shoulder, when victory was almost within his grasp, to the great *mortification* also of many *Christians*, who had backed him—and to the utter “weeping and gnashing of teeth” of the *Jews*, who were *cleaned out* in the most alarming manner!

LAZARUS, from the spirited style of fighting he had exhibited, was still *fancied* by his own people, and in a short period after the recovery of his shoulder he was matched against *Curtis*. His shoulder again lost him the battle. (See page 391.) He is a well-proportioned man; in height about 5 feet 6½ inches, and weighing between ten and eleven stone. If his shoulders could be depended upon, his other requisites might enable him to gain some *notoriety*.

HUDSON, otherwise JOSH,

THE BUTCHER.

THE qualities possessed by this young boxer are sound; his courage needs no spur; and his action in the ring, active and vigorous to all the important purposes of victory. Practice and experience may yet do much for him; and, at all events, he bids fair to become a *teazer* to opponents of his own weight. Conquest has smiled upon him in several instances;

and defeat has also taught him prudence, not to set too high a value upon his *capabilities*. HUDSON fought with *Charley Martin*, at Sawbridgeworth, on Tuesday, June 10, 1817. It was a well-contested battle for half an hour; and the lively style in which HUDSON won it, produced him great praise from the amateurs.

HUDSON entered the lists with a coachman of the name of *Street*, on Saturday, April 5, 1817, near the Barge-House, Woolwich. This was also a hard fight, and *milling* was the order of the day. *Oliver* and *Clark* attended the butcher; and *Paddington Jones* and a *novice* were the seconds of *Street*. The *Knight of the Whip* was beaten in sixty-two rounds, and in one hour and ten minutes. Colonel BARTON acted as the umpire. Among the amateurs were SIR WILLIAM CONGREVE, and several other persons of distinction.

HUDSON, in a combat with *Belasco*, experienced defeat. The butcher is in height about 5 feet 6 inches, and weighing 10 stone. His brother DAVID, also defeated *Street*. The latter is a spirited promising boxer.

LENNOX,

DENOMINATED "THE COLONEL!"

THE modern *Fanciers*, it should seem, are more acquainted with the above *personage*, from his frequent displays at the Fives Court, than to any actual exhibitions in the ring. In fact, LENNOX may be considered as the prologue to this place of amusement. Some twenty years ago, however, it appears, the

Colonel was an active member in the field of glory, and has fought about eighteen battles. In most of the instances, too, victory crowned his efforts.

He is in the forty-third year of his age, full of health and vigour, and *sets-to* with unabated spirit and resolution. LENNOX is also a teacher of the science—has to boast of numerous pupils in the middling class of society, and a well-frequented school. The *Colonel* is a useful appendage to the FANCY.

PROVINCIAL BOXING.

JOE ASTLEY AND O'SHAUGNESSY.

THE above battle, it seems, was an object of curiosity in the place where it occurred, Lichfield. The combatants met in a field adjoining Whittington-beath, on Wednesday, November 6, 1816. ASTLEY was a native of Lichfield, and what might be termed the *cock of the walk*, and had also obtained considerable celebrity from a recent victory over one *Elmes*. PADDY O'SHAUGNESSY, a boot-maker, however, was determined to dispute the acquired *mill*ing honours of his opponent. *Astley* was known to possess good bottom and some science; considerable interest was therefore excited on the issue of the contest. The nominal stakes contended for were trivial; but considerable sums were depending on the event. The combatants set-to soon after eleven o'clock. *Astley* was considered the favourite by the majority of the *fancy* present, and considerable odds were laid against his opponent. Forty-eight rounds were nobly contested between the combatants, and, in the twenty-

third round, it was 20 to 1 upon *Astley*. In the fortieth, it changed to even betting; and, in the forty-third, 7 to 5 upon *PADDY*. In the forty-eighth, *Astley* was *finished*; and his *nob* and *body* displayed severe marks of his antagonist's prowess. On the contrary, *PADDY* evinced much gaiety at the conclusion, and walked to Lichfield. The *Johnny Raws* were completely *cleaned out* by the defeat of *Astley*, who ranked high as a *milling cove* in this part of the country.

GADZEE, otherwise Cat's-Meat.

THE above little laughing *Israelite* has afforded considerable amusement in the prize-ring; and, although his combats did not exhibit the tremendous *milling* qualities of a *Gulley* or a *Gregson*, yet, nevertheless, they were marked with spirit and *science*, and in several instances also proved interesting. *GADZEE*, it seems, has fought ten battles in the course of a few years. Taking the height of this miniature *Momus* into the scale, which is under 5 feet, and his weight light in proportion, it is rather singular he should have met with so many *customers*. Victory has not always crowned his efforts, but, in the majority of his battles, he has been successful. He entered the lists with *Gidgeon*, twice; *Myers*, *Duggan*, *Walton*, &c. with the latter boxer he fought a most determined battle, for forty-five minutes, and won it in good style. Of the *very* "little ones" upon the boxing list, *GADZEE* is not the least important.

GIDGEON, the Jew.

As a contrast to the "big ones," the above little *milling* hero (for downright *milling* seems to be his aim and *forte*) is entitled to mention from the amusement he has afforded in battles of minor importance. Placed at the side of *Gregson*, comparisons of the human frame might be made with effect and advantage to the student. His person, which does not exceed, in height, 4 feet 9 inches, is remarkably well made; and, in fact, when stripped, and in a fighting position, his body and arms discover great strength and anatomical beauty. He might be termed, without offending propriety, a *HERCULES* in miniature.

GIDGEON is not destitute of *science*; he has also seen some service in the prize-ring, and his efforts, altogether, have not proved unsuccessful. With the *gloves* he is conspicuous for the *ferocity* with which he attacks his adversary, and *rallies* to the end of the chapter with all the impetuosity of the most inordinate *glutton*: but, in actual combat, he displays rather more *coolness*, and seems to think *science* and *getting-away* are not without their advantages towards victory. GIDGEON is a prominent feature in opposition to the minor miniature boxers, and, among his requisites towards scientific pugilism, *game* is not wanting. His attitude in the ring possesses all the self-importance of a boxer of 6 feet; and, in walking, his *gait* is as upright as a *crutch*, so anxious does he appear not to lose the eighth of an inch of his height. In his battle with *Duggan*, (see p. 472,) during which upwards of 60 rounds were fought, he evinced good *bottom*.

CABBAGE—of Bristol.

THIS *milling* hero of provincial celebrity is in person not much unlike *West-country Dick*, but upwards of a stone heavier. He came up a young and promising *plant* of the same *nursery*, from which the late renowned *Jem Belcher* sprang. CABBAGE, among the Bristolians, who had several opportunities of witnessing his boxing requisites, was pronounced nothing else but a "good one." He is a sharp active fighter, full of confidence, and VICTORY for a long while satisfied his exertions. CABBAGE defeated *Manby*, a baker, after a most desperate conflict. The latter was far above his weight; and the same pugilist who was conquered by *Crockey*. (See page 411.) One *Roberts* was also disposed of by CABBAGE with the most perfect ease. He was, at length, matched with *Hall*, (well-known to the London ring, but not of the Isle of Wight,) for ten guineas a-side. This contest, half minute time, took place on Friday, Oct. 3, 1817, at Dundry. The Fancy here were highly interested upon the event, and it proved "*a gay day*" to the amateurs. It was a sporting fight. CABBAGE took the lead in fine style, and *floored* his opponent like a shot, from a tremendous hit upon his forehead. —The three next rounds were well contested, and *Hall* obtained the superiority. CABBAGE again took the lead, and kept it till the tenth round all his own way. *Hall*, at length, went in and *milled* his opponent so desperately that he was beat to a complete stand still. But, in the course of a round or two afterwards, another change took place, and CABBAGE re-

covered from his state of stupor, and finished his opponent with the utmost *sang froid*. *Hall's nob* was never out of *chancery*! In the twenty-first round the battle terminated, occupying nearly thirty minutes. The next day the amateurs had a meeting, and CABBAGE was crowned with laurel outside the gate, intended as a sort of oration after the manner of the triumphal entry of CORIOLANUS on his victorious return from *Corioli*. The above *cabbage* is expected to be shortly sent up to the London market.

His real designation is JOHN STRONG.

CLAYTON.

CHAMPION OF OXFORD.

A DESPERATE contest took place on Monday, April 28, 1817, near Reading, in Berkshire, between the above hero and *Jem Batts*, from Witney, in Gloucestershire. It was a sort of sledge-hammer fight throughout; but materially in favour of CLAYTON, who either *floored* or sent *Batts* down almost every round. It lasted upwards of forty minutes, and twenty-seven rounds occurred. CLAYTON was one of the finest muscular men that ever stripped; and his back and arms portrayed a beautiful anatomical picture. He had, about a twelvemonth since, defeated *Cocks*, a bargeman. In the last round in the fight, he unfortunately received so desperate a blow upon the jugular vein, that rendered him instantly senseless. Four doctors, who were viewing the fight, ran immediately to his assistance; but all their exertions were in vain, he expired in less than two hours.—Coroner's verdict, *Manslaughter*.

THE TRIAL.

William Batts was tried for the wilful murder of THOMAS CLAYTON, on Wednesday, July 16, 1817, at the Oxford Assizes. The prisoner, who is a single man, about twenty-five years of age, and by trade a sawyer, at Witney, was committed, on the Coroner's Inquest, for the wilful murder of THOMAS CLAYTON, a labourer, of Weston-on-the-Green, on the 28th of April last, in a field, in the parish of Radley, Berks.

Charles Ward, a cordwainer, at Witney, was the first witness called: he proved that the prisoner and CLAYTON entered into a written agreement to fight for a purse of twenty guineas the winner, and ten guineas the loser; and they verbally agreed, that in case either the prisoner or CLAYTON should have a broken leg or arm in the course of the fight, that the one who received the injury should be allowed five pounds out of the purse; that they should fight at one minute time; that the prisoner and CLAYTON tossed up for the choice of ground, and that CLAYTON won. The prisoner and CLAYTON, after they had settled the terms of the fight, drank several pots of beer together, and smoked several pipes. At the time the agreement was entered into they appeared to be on very friendly terms, and had never seen each other before. There was nothing unfair in the fight. *William Pidler*, a publican of Witney, *William Holland*, of the Maidenhead Inn, Oxford, and *W. James*, of Ensham, (bottle-holder,) all proved that nothing unfair occurred in the battle. *Mr. G. Hitchings*, surgeon, deposed, that he could not tell whether CLAYTON

died by falls or blows. Mr. JUSTICE PARK, in a most eloquent and impressive address to the Jury, stated the evidence, and clearly expounded the law on the subject. The learned Judge observed, that boxing and prize-fighting were certainly unlawful acts, but that, in the present case, nothing unfair had been proved against the prisoner; that no previous malice could be imputed to him, and that he was of opinion the case amounted to manslaughter only. The Jury then, without any hesitation, returned a verdict of manslaughter, and the Judge immediately sentenced the prisoner to six months imprisonment, and a fine of one shilling.

GEORGE BALLARD,

OF WESTMINSTER.

ALTHOUGH a second-rate boxer, and of small dimensions, he has fought and won some excellent battles. He has also been much admired for the spirit and ~~gambles~~ he has displayed in the prize-ring.

BEN BURN, from Yorkshire.

THE above hero, although he has exhibited several times in the prize-ring, is nevertheless seen to much greater advantage with the *gloves*. In *setting-to* he displays excellent science; and, in competition with *Cribb*, has frequently taken the lead. He has, also, obtained some victories. *Christie* was defeated by him on Highgate-common, January 1, 1810. BURN also conquered *Flanagan*, upon Old Oak-common,

March 22, 1810. But *Dogherty* beat him in great style, at Chichester, in nine minutes. *Silverthorne*, too, proved his master; and he also surrendered to *Palmer*. (See page 471.) He is a 13 stone man, possessing good requisites for *milling*, if brought properly into action.

GEORGE HEAD,

TEACHER OF SCIENTIFIC PUGILISM.

If the above personage did not exhibit in actual combat for the gratification of the amateurs, he, nevertheless, for a long while was a most prolific caterer in furnishing amusement, for the prize-ring. His knowledge of the niceties of SELF-DEFENCE is unquestionable; and his method of communicating the *Art* to his pupils is superior to that of any other teacher whatever. In fact, his lessons, from the explanatory mode in which they are given, might be termed partaking more of a short COURSE OF LECTURES, than deriving information and improvement from the common routine of *setting-to*.

HEAD is well-known in the sporting circles as a teacher of the *science*; his practice has been very extensive; and he has also turned out great numbers of excellent pupils: but his scholars generally have been amateurs. However, he has prepared several pugilists for the ring, who reflected no discredit on the talents of their master, but derived much improvement from his instructions, among whom may be named, NED PAINTER, SPRING, PARISH, JACK MARTIN, the late celebrated JACK POWER, &c.

When HEAD was scarcely nineteen years of age, during the time he was partaking of the *gaieties* which

Bartholomew Fair affords, he was rudely attacked by *Bully Hooper*, better known as the Tinman. Little ceremony occurred, as might be expected at this uproarious place of *fun* and *larking*, and both parties were at issue in an instant. The *mill*, it appears, continued in a room for twenty minutes, with much determination, when GEORGE had decidedly the best of the *turn-up*; and the *Tinman*, in consequence, retired from the contest, not exactly pleased with the event.

It has been urged, that *sparrers*, in general, do not hit hard; and HEAD, from the slight touches with which he teaches his pupils, his blows were considered more *showy* than effective, but GEORGE is found to hit as hard as any 11 stone man on the list, and in a *set-to* with *Carter*, he put in so tremendous a body hit, that *Juck* was not only *doubled-up* from its severity, but compelled to sit down to recover his wind, and ultimately pulled off the gloves!

During the period that HEAD and *Gregson* were taking their DEGREES at one of his Majesty's Colleges, not a hundred miles from St. Paul's Cathedral, it appears a regular *mill*, in consequence of a hasty quarrel which took place between them, was decided instantly in the room where they had met, in the presence of the Hon. THOMAS COVENTRY, and several other amateurs. It is described, in a work called "TOWN TALK," published at the time the occurrence transpired, to have been contested with much severity for 15 minutes, during which time HEAD took the lead in so decided a manner, that *Gregson*, notwithstanding his strength and size, was *floured* several times, and compelled to yield to superior *science*, by ultimately retiring from the scene of warfare.

HEAD, at the FIVES COURT, in two combats with the gloves, opposed to the most accomplished *setter-to* of the day, TOM BELCHER, displayed great skill and talent: and if the former could not lay claim to having the best of it, he nevertheless exhibited such an excellent knowledge of the art of scientific boxing, as to receive, in turn with his skilful opponent well-merited approbation. The above trials of skill, having been pronounced, by the most competent judges of *sparring*, to be equal to any thing ever witnessed at the FIVES COURT.

The acquirement of the Art of Self-defence, possessed by G. HEAD, is asserted to be completely *intuitive*, having never, during the whole of his career as a teacher, received instruction from any pugilist whatever.

The manners and address of HEAD are genteel; his deportment civil and interesting, and possessing an unusual command of good temper. He is well-informed as to the topics of the day; but particularly *eloquent* when sporting subjects are introduced. His patrons are numerous; and his acquaintance in the FANCY extensive and respectable. When assembled round the festive board, and the "gaily circling glass" elevates the mind to pleasure and harmony, the *bon vivant* qualities of HEAD are truly prominent. His compass of voice is great, and his songs are given with such energy of style and characteristic point, as to render them so *unique*, that the company have often felt strongly the words of the poet, "Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour," &c. He is a sort of living BOXIANA; and can descant upon the merits of the ring, for the last twenty-five years, with much perspicuity and judgement.

Original Anecdotes

OF THE LATE TOM JOHNSON, BIG BEN, AND JEM BELCHER; ALSO OF BITTON, DOGHERTY, GREGSON, HARMER, SHELTON, RICHMOND, SCROGGINS, OWEN, &c.

IT is not generally known to the Sporting World, that the first contest between JEM BELCHER and *Jack Bartholomew*, which took place at George's Row, on the Uxbridge-road, was so severely and evenly contested by those distinguished boxers, that no decision could be made as to the conqueror. Near the end of the fight *Bartholomew* was so completely exhausted that he fainted away, and could not come to time: and JEM so much *dove up*, that it was with great difficulty he could stand, and drank some water to refresh himself. *Bartholomew*, in the mean time, recovering a little from his weakness, insisted upon renewing the combat, when the ring was instantly again made: but he staggered about like a drunken man, without any command of himself, and appeared literally stupid. His *game* was so good, but his state so pitiable, that *Cullington* (of the Black Horse, Tottenham-Court-Road), feeling for his bravery, exclaimed, "for G—d's sake JEM, don't hit him!" upon which BELCHER merely pushed him down; in fact, he was so reduced as not to be able to make a *hit*; but, strange to observe, when JEM got up to *set-to* he fell down as if he was dead. The umpires considered it a drawn battle; and the stakes, which were held by *Bill Gibbon's* brother, were drawn the same night at *Cullington's*. But, in the second contest between these heroes, the *inferiority* of *Bartholomew*

was conspicuously manifest. BELCHER, with the utmost gaiety, beat him in twenty minutes, and appeared little, if any, the worse from the heavy *hits* aimed at him by *Bartholomew*.

When the *Game-Chicken* fought with JEM BELCHER, he felt uncommonly surprised upon being told by his second, that the latter had *given in*, and immediately said to BELCHER, "JEM, thee hasn't had enough yet, surely?" which, upon BELCHER's answering in the affirmative, the *Chicken* replied, "then thou art the worst man, JEM, I ever fought with!" This may easily be accounted for, by reason that, at the period alluded to, JEM had lost an eye, his constitution was undermined by disease and his legs were full of holes.

DOGHERTY'S DUEL. — Notwithstanding this *game* hero's *penchant* for milling, he, without hesitation, accepted a challenge to fight with pistols, in order to place his opponent upon equal terms with him, who, it was urged, had no pretensions to boxing. It appears the above meeting was more a sort of *hoax* upon the combatants, than tending to a *serious* termination, and planned by the friends of both parties to produce a *lark*! The *seconds*, unknown to DOGHERTY and his opponent, only put some powder into the pistols. The adversary of DOGHERTY fired first, when the latter, forgetful of the *honourable* situation in which he stood, resorted to the scientific practice of the ring, BY PUTTING UP HIS ARM (with the utmost *sang froid*) TO STOP THE BALL FROM HITTING HIS FACE, as he would have opposed the fist of an opponent; producing much fun and laughter to those persons around the duellists.

GREGSON AND THE JAY!

A little *sparring* is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not of the *milling* RING!

BOB, one evening in May, 1814, taking a cheerful glass of grog, during the time he kept the Castle Tavern, in Holborn, was suddenly interrupted by a *prating Jay*. However troublesome this overgrown bird might have proved to BOB, yet still he thought it of too insignificant a nature to demand any attention from him, and passed its *pratings* over with the utmost indifference. Though strange, yet true, this *Jay* at length had the effrontery to seize hold of BOB's liquor, dipped his beak in it, *chattering* something about having a MILL by way of a *lark*, and endeavoured to give GREGSON a *peck*. This was too much for the brave opponent of *Gulley*, and severe antagonist of *Cribb*, tamely to put up with. BOB's choler began to rise, and he gave the *Jay* such a teaser on his body, that it not only *rumbled* his feathers, but laid him *sprawling*. A regular *brush* was the immediate result, and LARK-ing was now out of the question. In this round GREGSON put in so desperate a thrust on the throat of the *Jay*, that he was again *levelled*. By missing the *Jay's nob* in the third round with his left hand, BOB's arm, unfortunately came in such violent contact against a part of the room, as to break the main bone below the elbow. He mentioned the circumstance to those around him, but continued the *mill* with unabated vigour, and planted so tremendous a *hit* on the forehead of the *Jay*, that his *prating* was not only at an end, but all recollection seemed

entirely vanished. In fact, a bullock could scarcely have resisted its serious effects. The *Jay*, not destitute of *pluck*, although in a state of stupor, still continued the *brush* for two rounds more, when the remaining potent arm of *BOB* put an end to the row. The *Jay* lay with his head under his wing, for some time, in an insensible state.

BIG BEN.—This most tremendous hero of the fist (in fact, one of the best men, in every point of view, that ever entered the prize-ring) was most seriously impressed with the important duties of religion, before he received his final knock-down blow from *DEATH*! It appears, *BEN* derived great consolation from hearing the bible read; and generally solicited those acquaintance who called upon him, to inquire after his health, during his suffering under a devouring consumption, to read a chapter to him. He never went to bed without having the bible placed under his pillow: he was entirely void of school-learning.

The above courageous pugilist and *Tom Johnson*, it seems, never viewed each other good-naturedly, but seemed envious of each other's pretensions. They had both acquired great renown in the pugilistic art, and it was a matter of doubt, on which side the *Championship* then lay. *BIG BEN*, on mounting the stage to fight *Tring*, seeing *Johnson* stand close by the rails, said to him, "How d'ye do, *Master Thomas*; you zee as how I am going to have a bit of a touch here."—"Aye," cried *Johnson*, "I am come on purpose to look at you." "Well, well," replied *BEN*, "most likely they will zee thee and I, one day or another, have

a bit of *try* how it is to be." It was, however, nearly two years after this, ere a meeting could be brought about between them. It is an opinion, expressed by some of the oldest and best judges of pugilism, that, since the days of *Johnson* and *Ben*, two such men have not been seen in the prize-ring.

BITTON.—During the time **BITTON** was fighting with *Paddington Jones*, and at that precise period when the latter had the best of the battle, while sitting upon his second's knee, **BITTON** felt for 1s. 6d. that he had put into his drawers, previously to the battle, but not finding it there he refused to continue the *mill* till he had searched for the same. *Mendoza* was quite enraged at this stupid conduct, and urged that the time was expired, but all entreaties were vain, till **BITTON** felt the money near one of his knees, when he ran into *Jones* unawares, and proved the conqueror.

CHIVALRIC CHALLENGE AND ANSWER BETWEEN SHELTON AND HARRY HARMER.—As a proof that **TRUE COURAGE** is destitute of individual rancour, and that scientific pugilism can be conducted upon the principles of liberality, and even good manners, the following instances are recorded :—

CHALLENGE.

SIR,

Oliver's Westminster,

Jan. 29, 1818.

I beg to inform you, after a long illness, being in a great measure *recovered*, and hope I may be soon quite well, I am agreeable to fight you for 50 guineas a-side, in three weeks or a month, if it meets your approbation; at the same time, not wishing to take advantage of any defect of nature you might be afflicted with, which of course you must be the best judge, I shall decline urging it farther; on the other hand, if

it meets your approbation, I will meet you any evening this week, at Oliver's or Belcher's, to deposit 20 guineas a-side. The other regulations to be left to Mr. Jackson.

An answer will much oblige your humble servant,

THOMAS SHELTON.

To H. HARMER, Castle, Holborn.

Direct to me, at Mr. Oliver's, Westminster.

ANSWER.

Castle Tavern, Holborn, Feb. 2, 1818.

SIR,—I received your letter of the 29th ult. respecting your challenge to fight me for £50. Rest assured, it is with extreme regret that I am incapable of accepting it. You are well aware of the defect of eye-sight which I have unfortunately laboured under for some time past; and you must be equally well informed, that I am not recovered from its serious effects.

But, Sir, should I again enjoy this greatest of blessings, of which I am endeavouring to avail myself, under the assistance of the most eminent oculists in the kingdom, not a single moment shall be lost in communicating to you, that you shall have the preference, as I would sooner enter the ring with you than any pugilist in existence. It however must be understood for nothing less than 100 guineas a-side. Till then, (which I most earnestly wish was to-morrow,)

I remain, your humble servant,

H. HARMER.

To T. SHELTON, Mr. Oliver's, Westminster.

TRIAL OF SKILL WITH THE GLOVES.—CRAWLEY, when a youth of eighteen years of age, six feet in height, and in the possession of considerable strength, set-to with a first-rate amateur, for *superiority*, at *George Head's* Saloon, East Harding-street, near Gough-square, on Wednesday, February 11, 1818. Some of the first judges in the FANCY were called upon for their decision. CRAWLEY, though then unknown, had thus early an eye towards the prize-ring. The combat was contested in the most skilful and manly style for *two hours and a half*, during which long trial, in opposition to excellent science and severity of hit-

KK2

ting, CRAWLEY proved himself much on a par with his leary opponent; the *claret* made its appearance; one of CRAWLEY's *peepers* was also closed; and other honourable marks of war *graced* his cheeks; nor did the amateur retire from the scene (well skilled as he was known to be in the art of self-defence) without a *scratched face*. The above *act-to* was pronounced, by the judges upon this occasion, as one of the best things of the sort ever witnessed, and, at no very distant period, CRAWLEY, it was then augured, would be heard of in a more important point of view, than *merely* exhibiting with the *gloves*.

SCROGGINS AND THE TABLE-LIFTER.—The latter personage is not altogether unknown to the FANCY, from the feats he has displayed in lifting a large mahogany table off the ground (at which eighteen persons might dine) with his teeth—twisting a kitchen poker round a man's neck with all the facility of tying on a neckcloth—and also in breaking the above useful appendage to a fire-place, across his arm, short in two, without the least difficulty. These rare advantages possessed by the *Table-Lifter*, who, it seems, in addition to a *smattering* of the pugilistic science, was upon “most excellent terms with himself,” had a *lurking* sort of ambition to prove the conqueror of SCROGGINS, that prompted him on Tuesday evening, February 10, 1818, to challenge the latter hero to fight in a room full of company, at *Belcher's*. SCROGGINS, not to be deterred, (even though Di could remove the Monument from its station,) accepted it without the least hesitation, and immediately wished to decide this point of honour on the spot. When, strange to remark, the *Table-Lifter's* valour, like *Acres*,

in the Comedy of the *Rivals*, came and WENT; but, as second thoughts sometimes prove best, more especially, as it was *hinted* to this "destroyer of pokers" by some *wag* present, that his *face* perhaps would be so *altered* from the *painting* qualities of his opponent, his customers might not know him in the morning, he prudently *declined* the combat, to the no small derision of the company. The *Table-Lifter* refused the offer of ten guineas if he proved the victor; and also, as a stimulus to put his courage to the test, a bet of five guineas was proposed to him, that he did not fight two minutes, but it was all in vain! He then left the company for two hours, when his *valour*, it should seem, so strongly *returned* as to induce him again to appear and deposit a pound note to fight the next day at one o'clock; but, as before, his courage was not "screwed to the sticking place," and it went again, when the *blunt* was forfeited accordingly. The conduct of SCROGGINS, upon this occasion, although "half seas over," was manly in the extreme—he offered to *accommodate* the *Table-Lifter* that night, next day—or any other time he should think proper to meet him. It is quite a mistaken notion to suppose that SCROGGINS is to be beat off hand by a *commoner*. *Novices* will do well to consider this.

OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW.—The good people of Tenterden, it appears, were sadly *balked* on Tuesday, August 26, 1817, on being prohibited from witnessing the scientific display, formally announced to them in a hand bill, to take place at the above races, between TOM OWEN, OLIVER, TURNER, and LANCASTER.

The permission of the magistrate had not been procured previously, in consequence of which, the *sparring* was stopped. But upon the introduction of the above distinguished *scientific* characters to him—it seems he felt much surprised at their genteel appearance and correct deportment, and exclaimed, “Can these men be boxers?—I have given my honour the above exhibition shall not take place, and it is impossible that I can now retract my word.” The pugilists bowed—took a polite leave of the Justice, and returned to London, rather chagrined, and also to the great disappointment of numerous gentlemen, who had assembled together from miles round Tenterden, to witness their talents.

ANGELO’S SCREEN.—This sporting piece of furniture, in the possession of LORD BYRON, and so much admired by the higher flights of the FANCY, from the numerous portraits and anecdotes it contained of the English boxers from the days of FIGG and BROUGHTON down to CRIBB, it seems, was made principally from the first volume of BOXIANA. At his Lordship’s sale it proved a good sporting lot, and produced a handsome sum. It originally cost his Lordship £250!

FIRST INTRODUCTION OF THE STAGE AT THE FIVES COURT.—Originally, at this place of amusement, so high in repute with the FANCY at the present day, the combatants used to *set-to* upon the ground, till RICHMOND suggested to CRIBB the advantages of a stage, which was adopted. RICHMOND was also the first pugilist who *spurred* at the Fives Court without his clothes, in order that the spectators might derive a more competent idea upon the art of boxing.

Sparring Exhibitions,

FOR THE

BENEFITS

OF THE VARIOUS PUGILISTS, AT THE

FIVES COURT, MINERVA ROOMS, &c. &c.

THE above national and manly place of amusement, which now holds its rank among the numerous public exhibitions of the present liberal and enlightened era in the first Metropolis in the World, for the promulgation of the art of SELF-DEFENCE, is an object of great attraction among the amateurs of Scientific Pugilism. The FIVES COURT is well adapted for an exhibition of the GYMNASTIC SPORTS, and is calculated to contain conveniently 1000 persons; it has also to boast of the most respectable audiences. The combatants exhibit on a temporary stage, about four feet from the ground, and which was first introduced by TOM CRIBB. The doors are opened at two o'clock, and, previously to which time, it is nothing uncommon to witness crowds of amateurs assembled round them, anxious to gain admission, which is by tickets, sold at three shillings each. The whole of the proceedings are conducted with the utmost propriety and respect; but no pugilist whatever can obtain the

FIVES COURT for his benefit without the acquiescence and patronage of Mr. JACKSON.

[FIVES COURT.—

HARMER, Thursday, May 23, 1816, was most respectably attended, and many of the visitors were of a superior rank in society. The *sets-to* were numerous, and the "art of self-defence" was never promulgated in greater varieties of style and manner than upon the present occasion. The sparring commenced with—*Lenox* and *Walker*. The former boxer, though above the age of forty, still retains his manliness and activity, and is a good trial man for any young candidate to *set-to* with. *Lenox* showed himself no way deficient with *Walker*; and the skill exhibited between them was not passed over without applause.—*Gadzee* (denominated *Catsmeat*) against a new Jew lad of the name of *Moses*. These little ones seemed more bent upon *milling* than portraying the *science*. However, *Moses* by no means disgraced his first appearance here.—*Richmond* and *Hall* now mounted the stage, and something *striking* was anxiously looked for from this opponent of *Donnelly*. He has an interesting appearance, but his person appears considerably thinner than when he last exhibited here. *Hall* is much improved, and displayed considerable knowledge of the art, in his mode of combating with the all-scientific *Richmond*. He appears to possess coolness and good temper.—*Tom Belcher* and HARMER displayed their accustomed skill and judgement, and notwithstanding *Tom* laboured under considerable disadvantages from a bad finger, his portraiture of the

science was quite a treat. The elegance of attitude and neatness of style displayed by this finished pugilist claimed universal attention and applause. His manner of *setting-to* is truly pleasing and eminent; there is nothing coarse or affected about it; and, in this particular, he almost stands alone. *Harry* is seen more to advantage in the ring, than in opposition to his scientific relative in *sparring*.—*Curtis* against *Lazarus*. The latter is of the Mosaic tribe, and who showed himself off to so much advantage in his fight with *Ballard*. *West-Country Dick* was conquered by *Curtis*, and a match was talked of between *Lazarus* and him. The spectators paid great attention to this *set-to*, and the Jew seemed rather to have the best of *Curtis* from his height and weight; but without the gloves, it is apprehended, it might prove a very different sort of thing—*Crokey* and *Scroggins*—or rather *Grimaldi versus Paulo*. These *thumpers* occasioned considerable laughter, and the hop, skip, jump, and *dodge* of a pantomime was played off by the above *milkers* more like the routine of a theatre than a scientific display of *sparring* expected at the Fives Court.—*Oliver* and *Richmond*. The fine athletic appearance of *Oliver* attracted general attention. *Richmond's* favourite mode of hitting and getting away is so well understood by *Tom*, that he is perfectly *awake* to any manœuvre of this *spoiling* suit; and, notwithstanding the display of tactics by the *Man of Colour*, *Oliver* put in some clean hits. They were both much applauded.—*Harry Harmer* and *Eales*. This might be considered the neatest *set-to* of the day, and properly entitled to the denomination of

sparring. The play between them was pleasant and scientific, and the art of self-defence was *practically* displayed to the audience by *slight* touches, and accompanied with all the neatness and accuracy of fencing. There was no ferocity exhibited, and *science* was conspicuous at every movement.—*Harmer* here returned thanks for the support he had experienced, when the audience were detained by the appearance upon the stage of a new candidate for boxing honours.—*Parish* and *Dolly Smith*. The latter seemed determined at all events to *TRY Parish*, and was rushing forward to give him a *small taste* of his quality, but *Dolly* was hastily stopped by the left hand of the latter, and which was repeated at every fresh attempt with success. It was severe vital milling while it continued; and *Parish* appears to be able to create some *mischief* among the boxing tribe of his own weight. His arms are peculiarly fine for anatomical beauty, and are capable of great exertion.

[FIVES COURT.—

EALES and JOHNSON, Tuesday, June 4, 1816. The principal attraction of the day was a new black of the name of *Sutton*, (a complete stranger to the boxing world, and who was picked up on the ground at Coombe-wood, on the previous Tuesday, and induced to enter the prize-ring against another man of colour, for a trifling purse,) who mounted the stage, to contend with the scientific and powerful *Tom Oliver*. It seemed a new thing altogether to *Sutton*, and he appeared rather shy and diffident upon the above occasion. His sparring was far from contemptible; and,

viewing *Sutton* as a complete novice, he achieved much more than could be reasonably expected, and put in some heavy body blows. *Oliver* had very little the best of him; and it was observed that *Tom* took the gloves off the first.—*George Cooper*, the late competitor of *Donnelly*, in Ireland, (and who was reported to be dead,) made his appearance here, and also had a set-to with *Sutton*. *Cooper* put in several heavy facers, showed off considerable science, and seemed to hit out after his usual severe mode of *punishing*; but *Sutton*, no way dismayed, stood well up to him, and, in a sharp rally, returned some heavy *robbing* hits, and exchanged several blows advantageously. Upon the whole, this new *man of colour* received much applause; and, it is not unlikely, at some future period, but he may be brought forward in a more conspicuous point of view. *Cooper*, like *Oliver*, it is also to be remarked, took off his gloves the first.—A sort of ruffianing encounter took place between *Kerby* and *Callous*, and the actions of the latter rough customer seemed in unison with his name—he floored *Kerby* by his ferocity, and jumped over the high rail of the stage to the ground, perfectly *callous* as to any consequences that might ensue from such an unthinking attempt.—Much science was displayed in the set-to between *Eales* and *Bitton*—the play was light and pretty, and the amateurs felt much interested in their portraiture of the art of self-defence. *Tom Belcher* and *Eales* also exhibited in a masterly style: and the latter, however, contending with the above first-rate sparrer and boxer, showed himself to much advantage. *Johnson* did not make his appearance on the stage.

[FIVES COURT.—

BELCHER, Tuesday, June 25, 1816. The sparring was of the first order, and the *science* was never promulgated in a higher style of excellence than on the above occasion. *Hall* and *Harmer* displayed a good knowledge of the art, but the latter showed clearly the personal advantages he had derived from his late training.—The greatest attraction of the day appeared between *Cooper* and *Eales*. Some of the rounds might be deemed a perfect master-piece of self-defence. In point of boxing, *Cooper* appears the most natural fighter on the list; and, for coolness and judgement, added to the uncommon severity of hitting, he has few, if any, competitors of his weight—*Richmond*, *H. Lancaster*, *Scroggins*, and *Young Mendoza*, also set-to; *Belcher* and *Harmer* made a wind-up of the entertainment, which went off with much applause.

[FIVES COURT.—

BITTON, Tuesday, July 23, 1816, once well-known in the ring as a pugilist of some celebrity, by his conquests over *Paddington Jones*, *George Maddox*, of *millling* notoriety, and the determined *Bill Wood*, the coachman, but who, of late years, from his increased bulk of frame, has attracted more notice from his tuition of the art of self-defence and knowledge of the broad sword than from any boxing exhibitions. TIME, it seems, has also operated upon his exertions.—The *sets-to* that particularly attracted the notice of the amateurs were between *Bitton* and *Eales*; it was what might be expected from these scientific men—light, neat, and interesting.—*Hall* and *Tom*

Belcher portrayed some fine traits of the art, were much looked at, and loudly applauded. *Hall*, in competition with the first-rate *Belcher*, increased his reputation.—*Stephenson*, the man of colour, in sparring with *Bitton*, gave evident proofs of improvement. *Martin*, who recently fought *Oliver's* brother at Ilford, set-to with a waterman of the name of *Smith*. It was far above mediocrity, and *Martin* is likely to make some work among boxers of his own weight.—*Bitton* and *Harry Harmer* produced considerable sport with the gloves. It was a mixture of science and fun, and the risible muscles of the spectators were completely brought into play. *West-Country Dick*, *Lenox*, &c. also exhibited.

[OLIVER'S, WESTMINSTER.

SHELTON, Friday, December 20, 1816, who distinguished himself so manfully in his contest with *Harry Harmer*, took a benefit, at the above place, which was well attended by the *fancy*. The sets-to were numerous, but those most entitled to attention were between *Shelton*, *Richmond*, &c. The man of colour convinced the spectators, as he did in his fight with the above hero, of the advantages, in *millng*, of hitting and getting away, his peculiar *forte*, and was much applauded.—*Oliver* and *Purcell* followed; the former did not seem to have recovered from the severe effects of his late fight with *Carter*, and exhibited symptoms of weakness. — *Scroggins* and *Randall*; the former boxer was full of his fun, and notwithstanding the fine *science* of the Irishman, the strength of *Scroggins* rather took the lead. This

set to claimed great attention, in consequence of the latter being about to enter the field with the most scientific fighter, on the list, of his weight.—*Byrne* and *Stephenson* sparred in good style; science prevailed on both sides, and the latter boxer gave evident signs of improvement.—A new *Black*, with youth on his side, and a rough one, was put up for a trial with *Harry Lancaster*.—A number of *commoners* were big with *millng* with the gloves, preparatory to a *tate* in the ring. The company were well satisfied with the performances, and *Shelton*, on *doffng* his *qastor*, by way of thanks, retired amidst thunders of applause.

[MORGUE'S ROOM, ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.—

GREGSON, Thursday, December 25, 1816. The amateurs of the fist assembled to witness a scientific display of self-defence between *Carter* and *Painter*, on their return to the metropolis. *Carter* is now considered the best man upon his legs in the whole of the *millng* circles; and in addition to the severity of his left hand, he can now make a formidable attack with his right. He appeared in good condition, and offered to fight any body, from £1000 to £50. The *Lancashire Hero* showed off in great style with *Painter*, and was loudly applauded. Few boxers can now hit *Carter* with any real certainty.—*Tom Belcher* and *Painter* exhibited a good specimen of the art, particularly the latter, who possesses all the elegance of an accomplished fencer. He stops and hits with an astonishing celerity, and makes play with all the lightness of a feather. The auditors acknowledged their satisfaction by repeated marks of attention.

Scroggins and a *novice* put on the gloves; but the latter soon had enough of the leather.—A *commoner* also stood up to *Carter*, but he shortly took off the *mufflers* for fear of being compelled to *run*. It was to serve their patron and friend, *Bob Gregton*, that *Carter* and *Painter* called the meeting, who was in *durange vile*.

[OLIVER'S, WESTMINSTER.—

CHURCH, Wednesday, January 25, 1817. The principal novelty of the day was a *set-to* between *Carter* and *Oliver*. It was their first *professional* meeting since the great battle at Carlisle. The strength, activity, science, and confidence, appeared all on the side of *Carter*; and, in a word, he had completely the best of *Oliver*.—*Crockey* was induced to try his *luck* with *Carter*; but the Lancashire Hero *nobbed* him with so much *sang froid*, and levelled him with such ease and celerity, that *Crockey* soon took off the gloves, declaring, he never experienced such a heavy fall before. The amateurs derived considerable amusement in the above display.

[MINERVA ROOMS.—

HARMER, Wednesday, February 12, 1817. A strong muster of the FANCY, both from the west and east ends of the town, met together at the above Rooms. The *set-to*s were numerous, and some of them, from the excellence displayed of the pugilistic art, afforded very high satisfaction to the amateurs. *Bitton* and *Harmer* gained much applause; and *Belcher* and *Eales*, from their acknowledged scientific

superiority, attracted great attention. *Lazarus*, the Jew, who had surrendered to *Curtis*, was pitted against *Turner*; and from the latter having defeated that unfortunate boxer, great expectations were formed as to his taking the lead; but, strange to observe, *Lazarus* had so much the best of him in the *set-to*, that *Turner* felt it necessary to *peel*, and, in *buff*, again attacked the Jew, but without any increase of superiority. — *Davis* and *Parish* had a complete *mill* with the gloves; and the former promises to be a rough one. *Davis* appears perfectly indifferent as to *elegance* of attitude, but he endeavours to plant his blows with severity. — *Hares* and *Holt* — *Martin* and *Youles* — *Gadzee* and *Lenox* — *Taylor* and *Mason* — also amused the company, — and *Scroggins* and *Stephenson*, to keep the game alive, appeared with the gloves; but the contrast between these pugilists produced much mirth, and *Scroggins* (the Grimaldi of the boxing list) displayed as many antics as usual. — *Richmond* and *Harmer* made a finish to the performances; the whole of which was considered to have gone off in *prime twig*!

[FIVES COURT.—

CRIBB, Tuesday, February 26, 1817.—Some hundreds of the higher order of sporting amateurs had assembled, to witness this remnant of the Olympic Games, long before the doors of the Court were opened for the admission of spectators. The *sets-to* were not only numerous, but several of them exhibited first-rate talent, and all of them proved above mediocrity. It was considered by all the per-

sons present to have been one of the best day's amusement ever witnessed at the Fives Court. *Lenox* and *Mason* commenced; by way of prologue, and were well received.—*Carter* and *Painter* next ascended the stage with great applause. The fine athletic appearance of *Painter* attracted general notice; he is materially improved respecting *scientific* knowledge; and, it is but justice to state, that he had the best of his countryman and friend.—*Sutton* and *Stephenson*, the *men of colour*, followed; *hammering* was the most prominent trait of this display, and *Sutton*, whoever may fancy him for a customer, will really find him an ugly one!—*Tom Belcher* accompanied by *Harry Lancaster* now made their bows, but were interrupted from various parts of the Court with the cry of *Scroggins*; upon which this hardy little hero appeared, and *Lancaster* retired.—The spectators were uncommonly anxious to witness this *set-to*, which might be denominated first-rate *science* against the most determined *ruffianism*. *Scroggins*, on facing his opponent, rushed at him with all the impetuosity of an English bull-dog, and for three rounds it was a downright *mill* with the gloves. *Belcher* was driven against the rails more than once, and his usual scientific excellence, from want of room, did not prevail to that extent as heretofore; but, in the fourth round, *Tom* began to feel his way with more certainty, when *Scroggins* bowed and took off the gloves; and though repeatedly solicited to have another round, he retired. A slight tint of the *claret* appeared upon both their *mugs*, but first visible from the mouth of *Scroggins*.—*Lancaster* now resumed his former situation; and this *set-to*

on the part of *Belcher*, was excellent. The appearance of the CHAMPION, followed by the Lancashire aspiring hero, for this most enviable boxing honour, produced a great burst of applause. The usual steadiness of *Cribb*, the excellent mode of covering himself from the attack of his adversary, and his firm step, were much admired. He made some excellent stops ; but, notwithstanding his *science*, the activity and left hand of *Carter* would not be denied in many instances ; he put in several *facers*, and got away with much dexterity.—*Davis* and *Belasco* (the latter a Jew) were much noticed.—*Perry* and *Baldwin*, two pugilists in miniature, amused the amateurs considerably, as lads of future promise. The latter is son to the renowned *Caleb Baldwin*, of milling memory.—The exhibition of *Bramm* and *Donnel* was tolerably fair ; but the wind-up set-to between *Harry Harmer* and *Richmond* was equal to, if not the best sparring of the day. The attitude of *Harmer* was firm and elegant, and reminded the spectators of his cousin, the late *Jem Belcher*. The benefit was a bumper ; the CHAMPION returned thanks in an improved state of oratory, and the amateurs departed well satisfied.

[FIVES COURT.—

CARTER, Tuesday, March 11, 1817.—It was not only numerous, but respectably attended, by some of the highest *swells* of the *Fancy*. The *sets-to* were uncommonly good, and the various professors of the fist distinguished themselves with unusual applause. *Mason* and *Lenox* commenced with much gaiety, and the *Colonel*, as he is denominated, displayed all the

confidence of the veteran. *Lazarus* and *Belasco*, two Jews, went to work in earnest—desperate rallies passed between them—and *Belasco* seems likely to prove a *teazer* among the light-weight boxers. *Oliver* and *Painter*:—the latter pugilist is so much improved, from his great practice with *CARTER*, in his late tour in various parts of the kingdom, that in his *set-to* with his former successful opponent, *Oliver*, he was much applauded, and, upon the whole, had the best of it. He drove *Oliver*, in one instance, so desperately, that the rail of the stage was broken.—*O'Donnel* and *Davis* seemed to scorn any thing like light play, and much glove *punishment* was exhibited.—*Richmond* and *Harry Harmer*, as usual, displayed the science in all its various advantages with great effect. The *man of colour* convinced the spectators of the facility he possesses of *hitting* and *getting away*. Both these pugilists were highly encouraged.

Cribb and *CARTER* now ascended the stage, and the partisans of both parties, in turn, loudly applauded their favourite. Upon this *set-to* much depended respecting settling the great fight between them. The gaiety and left hand of the Lancashire hero carried all before it. He *nobbed* the Champion most successfully, and, in the course of the rounds, put in several hits, without experiencing any effective return. In both *in* and *out* fighting he had the best of his opponent, and the *claret* was seen trickling down from the nose of *Cribb*. Some sharp rounds occurred between them, and a variety of opinions were expressed.—*Eales* and *Bitton* exhibited the art in the most scientific style, and called forth repeated plaudits.—*Tom Belcher* and

Harry Lancaster were well received; and the latter pugilist, notwithstanding his disparagement against so superior a boxer, displayed more agility than usual. *Painter* and *CARTER* *set-to* in a style of excellence that called forth the admiration of the whole Court. The good nature and courage of *Painter* was pre-eminent, and he stood up to *CARTER* so manfully as to astonish the audience at his capabilities. The two boys, *Perry* and *Baldwin*, again amused the spectators.

[MINERVA ROOMS.—

PAINTER, Wednesday, March 19, 1817.—The amateurs of the fist rallied round *PAINTER*, the game Lancashire boxer, most respectably, as a token of their acknowledgement of his prime *milling* requisites. It ultimately proved a complete treat to the admirers of the art of self-defence at the East end, and many *swells* from the West came to witness the above exhibition; but, previous to the *sets-to* commencing, the harmony of the evening experienced a trifling temporary gloom, from the appearance of the city-marshals, who politely requested this assemblage of the *Fancy* to retire. It operated like a thunder-clap, but their orders were peremptory. A short parley took place—an application was instantly made to the Lord Mayor for his permission, and his Lordship being an admirer of true British courage, and finding that nothing *political* was intended, permitted the exhibition to proceed. *Mason* and *Lenox*, *Belasco* and *Davis*, and *Moulder* and *Gidgeon*, in the minor department, displayed their various efforts with much atten-

tion. *Gidgeon* showed evidently the advantage of *science* opposed to height and strength, and he *nobbed* his opponent with singular success.—The *set-to* between *Belcher* and *Harry Harmer* was of the most excellent description. The fine stopping and hitting of *Belcher*, and the elegant attitudes of *Harmer*, brought down peals of applause.—The *oilman*, *Whitaker*, who was defeated by *Scroggins*, entered the lists with *Stephenson*, the man of colour. The Black gave evident signs of improvement, and from his steadiness of deportment, had it all his own way. The *oilman* is considerably improved, but there was too much disparagement between them as to size and weight. *Bitton*, the Jew, well-known to the ring as a man of first-rate *science*, and a teacher of high repute in the *milling art*, now appeared with the renowned *Carter*; but he had not the shadow of a chance with the Lancashire hero, the left hand of the latter displayed its usual *gaiety*, and he took uncommon liberties with the *upper works* of the Jew. The unceasing activity that *Carter* portrayed upon his legs, not only astonished, but convinced the spectators of his superiority in this particular respect. He was loudly applauded from all parts of the room, and his capabilities toward victory excited considerable conversation; and much eagerness was also expressed to ascertain if the great match had been closed between him and *Tom Cribb*.—*Belasco* and *Lazarus ruffianized* in high style, and operated as a contrast to the elegant light play of *science*.—PAINTER now made his bow, followed by *Carter*. This *set-to* was viewed as a first-rate treat; the liveliness and bustle of *Carter*, in opposition to the steady and

determined mode of attack of PAINTER, gave general satisfaction, and operated as a good finish to the display of the evening. Several delicate *hints* were given to some *coxes* who had taken advantage of the appearance of the marshals, and passed without paying for admission, but their *feelings* were not to be touched, (not even by the good example of *Tom Belcher*, who put down his *token*, in order to make a beginning,) and PAINTER lost nearly ten pounds by this circumstance. The *Fancy* departed well satisfied—that “All’s well that ends well.”

[FIVES COURT.—

RICHMOND, Tuesday, April 15, 1817. — The amateurs (among whom were several of the CORINTHIAN ORDER) flocked in groupes, as a mark of their patronage to RICHMOND, the *man of colour*, who had seen some service in the ring. The doors were crowded a short time previous to the time of admission. The *sets-to* were all above mediocrity; but some of them, in consequence of the ensuing great matches, excited an unusual degree of interest among the *betting* amateurs, from all the combatants engaged in the above battles exhibiting. The *prologue* to this old English ballet of action was, as usual, consigned to the veteran *Lenox* to open the sports. Little *Gadzee* (always full of pluck and spirits) *set-to* with the *Colonel* in great style. Considerable *science* was displayed between these little heroes, and they retired from the stage amidst a loud burst of applause. *Davis*, who defeated the *Moulder*, at Moulsey, now appeared with *Lazarus*, the Jew. Two rounds had

only occurred, when *Lazarus*, in making a sort of round hit, unfortunately dislocated his shoulder, and his arm was seen dangling by his side. He only gave a deep sigh—before two seconds had scarcely elapsed three eminent surgeons jumped on the stage to his assistance; and in less than five minutes his shoulder, from their prompt and humane exertions, was returned to its socket. *Lazarus* bore it with the most becoming fortitude. It is the third time this accident has occurred to him; but, in the two former instances, when he lost the battles with *Ballard* and *Curtis*, it was his left, in the present case it was his right shoulder. One of the above medical gentlemen, immediately after the operation was performed, took off his hat, put a dollar into it, and went round the Court for subscriptions. To the credit of the amateurs be it recorded, they felt the example nobly, and dollars, tokens, shillings, &c. were instantly showered down like hail-stones towards his relief. *Lazarus* was immediately led out of the Court, and every humane and necessary attention paid to him.—*West-country Dick*, recently defeated by *Randall*, made his appearance with the gloves, and endeavoured to show off his skill against *Davis*, by rushing forward with his right hand; but, the latter cooled him more than once upon this subject.—*Harmer* and *Painter* exhibited on the stage to much advantage; and the latter finely-formed pugilist gave evident specimens of increasing improvement.—*RICHMOND* and *Oliver* now made their bows, and, as in the former set-to, the real sporting men paid great attention. *RICHMOND*, notwithstanding he had scarcely recovered from a severe attack of the rheumatism, in contact

with the manly *Oliver*, performed all the *pirouettes* of a *Des Hayes* or an *Oscar Byrne* at the Opera, to the no small amusement of the spectators; and his *peculiar* mode of getting away from the threatened blow excited great laughter, as *Oliver* smilingly observed, "he never could hit *lily white* but on the back!" *Oliver* appeared unusually formidable and well prepared for the attack. *Scroggins*, followed by *Purcell*, ascended the platform, and, in the *Grimaldi* style of fun and merriment, the former produced much risibility. In the last round, during which a long rally occurred, *Scroggins* convinced the audience most satisfactorily of the *mischievous* he is capable of doing his antagonist at *in-fighting*. On quitting the stage, this hardy hero received one of those grand bursts of approbation, that signalizes the exits of *Kean*.—Upon *Turner's* appearing with the gloves on, accompanied by *Randall*, (one of the most *finishing* and lively fighters of the light weights preparing to *set-to*,) every eye was on the stretch to witness their skill, and "hats off" were instantly demanded. The attitudes of the combatants were perfect pictures for an artist, and a minute occurred before a hit passed, so anxious did they view each other to obtain an advantage. The eye of *Turner* is sharp and penetrating—his frame erect and firm—and with much self-possession, he attacked most skilfully his opponent. *Randall*, armed at all points, entered spiritedly into the scene, and with a sort of hook he possesses on going *in* to lay hold of his antagonist, that had they been fighting, severe *fibbing* would have most likely occurred. It was upon the whole a most admirable *set-to*; *Turner*,

from his steadiness, gained upon the audience very highly; *Randall* also made such an impression, that, it is said, he is *booked* for the *first fiddle*, at the next *milling* concert, should any professor dare to dispute the superior *execution* of his arm. He possesses the *Viotti* movement.—*Davis*, a lad from Bristol, an amateur, *set-to* with a tremendous looking Israelite, of the name of *Jonas*. *Davis* was only deficient in wind. The CHAMPION OF ENGLAND and *Bitton* gave a good specimen of the *science*; but the latter, in competition with *Cribb*, is not seen to advantage. The CHAMPION was loudly applauded.—*Bill Eales* and *Stephenson* now came forward to wind up the sports of the day. *Stephenson* is much improved; but, notwithstanding the vast rushing strength of the *man of colour* over *Eales*, the superior skill of the latter prevailed to such an extent as to *nob* his opponent most scientifically. The two boys, *Perry* and *Baldwin*, again *set-to*, as a sort of make-weight to the entertainment, and rallied with all the spirit of greater boxers, much to the satisfaction of the spectators, who, on *RICHMOND*'s making his bow, and returning thanks, departed more than ordinarily satisfied at the treat they had received.

[FIVES COURT.—

CALEB BALDWIN and JOE WARD, Thursday, May 15, 1817.—A strong muster of the *Fancy* assembled (among whom were several of the *Composite Order*) to patronise the joint benefit of the veteran CALEB BALDWIN, of severe *milling* notoriety, and Old JOE WARD, seventy-two years of age, the *Chro-*

nologist of the ring. The *sets-to* were unusually numerous, and considerable *science* was displayed. *Gadzee* and *Lenax*, like the minor characters in a play, opened the scene, in order to prepare the way for the appearance of the more finished actors in the drama.—*Richmond* and *Harmer* exhibited in first-rate style. The attitude and manner of the latter is most prepossessing to the amateur, and forcibly brought to the recollection of the spectator the superior *milling* requisites of the late *Jem Belcher*. It is a question whether *Harmer* will ever be able to fight again, from the bad sight of his left eye. The above *set-to* was loudly applauded.—The CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, followed by *Tom Oliver*, next mounted the stage, and soon commenced sparring. The condition of the latter was the universal topic—his appearance was truly fine, and he seems to have been *trained* up to the highest pitch of excellence. The scientific efforts of these “big ones” met with great approbation.—*Belasco*, jun. (a Jew) and *Mason*, in their display of the art, gave the spectators an idea of *glove ruffianism*.—*Palmer*, (the Staffordshire butcher, who some time since defeated *Burns*,) ascended the platform, accompanied by *Elias Spray*, the coppersmith, and the manful opponent of the late *Game Chicken*. *Spray* had not exhibited for some years, and he *bored* so closely upon *Palmer*, that the latter, seemingly afraid of hurting the old man, suffered himself to have the worst of it. It was more *risible* than scientific. Previous to *Spray*’s quitting the stage, in consequence of his former exertions, a handsome collection was made for him.—By way of contrast to the above *Herculean set-to*, the two

boys, *Caleb Baldwin's* second son and young *Perry*, came forward. *Science* and superiority was alternately witnessed on both sides, from the exertions of those young candidates for the ring, and loud plaudits crowned their rising efforts.—*Oliver* again made his appearance, followed by *Palmer*. The latter, it seems, is on the look-out for a *customer*, ready for any thing, and about 13 stone weight. It was a sort of trial *set-to*, in order that the gentlemen present of the P.C. might make up their minds upon the subject. *Palmer*, in contact with *Oliver*, evidently appeared to great disadvantage, as the latter not only put in his favourite *nobbing* hits, but, in one instance, *Palmer* was *floored*. Some allowance must be made for *Palmer*, in being opposed to the fine condition, science, and experience of *Oliver*.—*Kirby* (who fought a short time since at Twickenham-common) and one *Gibbons*, a complete *Jehanny Raw* from the fens of Lincolnshire, amused the spectators in such a ludicrous style, as to beggar all description. A *set-to* it could not be denominated, but the situations were so truly comic, that the Court was convulsed with roars of laughter. It is 100 to 1, such an attempt is never again witnessed. A trifling subscription was collected for *Gibbons*.—*Harry Lancaster* and *Alexander* displayed considerable activity and *science*; the latter is much improved, and had the beat of the *set-to*.—A lad, about fifteen years of age, of the name of *Brown*, from the Westminster nursery, now contended with *Belasco*, jun. The science, hardihood, activity, and *sang froid*, portrayed by *Brown* astonished all present; and had the *mug* of the Jew been any thing like as flexible as the *index* of the

young *Christian*, it must have appeared like vermillion. It was a perfect glove-fight. The Court rung with peals of applause. The young *miller* retired with his pockets full of *blunt*, and he bids fair, at some future period, to make a noise in the ring.—*Martin* and *Caleb's* eldest son also exhibited for a short period, but the *pipes* of the latter being rather out of *tune*, (it should seem, from the too frequent and copious libations of *blue ruin*,) he acknowledged the *wind* to be in the wrong quarter, and thought it good *judgement* to take off the *gloves* as speedily as possible.—The wind-up of the sports of the day was near at hand, when *Paddington Jones* and *Caleb Baldwin Ramsbottom* made their bows. The latter *old trump* prefaced his *set-to*, by informing the company, that twenty-eight years ago, he and his friend *Jones* had fought together. *Caleb* still retains considerable energy, and the above display of the “Old School” was much applauded. The latter returned thanks to the amateurs; but, if they were not considered exactly after the erudite manner of a *HORNE TOOKE*, yet they proved *classically* intelligible to the surrounding modern *Grecians*, who departed well satisfied with the great variety that had been so *primely* and *funnily* catered for them, comprehending interlude, farce, and pantomime.

[FIVES COURT.—

BELCHER, Thursday, May 29, 1817.—The fame of this pugilist, as the most accomplished *sparrer* of the day, attracted, notwithstanding the indifferent state of the weather, a numerous assemblage of the amateurs, among whom were many of the first

rank in society, and also some foreigners of distinction. The *set-to* were not only numerous, but several of them exhibited first-rate specimens of the pugilistic art. The *Colonel* and his pupil commenced as usual, by way of prelude, but rather in an improved style of action.—*Harry Lancaster* and *Palmer* next ascended the stage. The latter is a fine athletic young man, not destitute of *science*, and had his *pipes* been in tune, he would have showed off to much advantage. He, however, had decidedly the best of the *set-to*.—Little *Gadzee* and *Belasco, jun.* most intelligibly demonstrated to the spectators, what, in the *milling* circles, is denominated *ruffianism*. Their rallies were most impetuously contested.—*O'Donnel* and *Lazarus* also exhibited in these preparatory traits, till the time arrived for *actors* of greater importance to tread the stage. The former has much to learn, before he can obtain any thing like notoriety among the amateurs.—On the appearance of *TOM BELCHER* he was loudly applauded. *Palmer*, in opposition to this first of *sparrers*, claimed much attention, and even applause. If he were *trained* and properly prepared for the ring, he seems to possess *game* and *science* enough to move a little forward on the list. The decisive judgement of *BELCHER* appeared conspicuous to every one present. Not a single hit was thrown away, and the *sang froid* with which he puts in his *one-two*, brought down rounds of applause.—On the retirement of *Palmer*, *Harry Lancaster* instantly ascended the platform and *set-to* with *BELCHER*. The light play of this distinguished pugilist highly gratified the practical amateurs; and with the gloves he displays all the ease and elegance of an

ANGELO.—The hero of Lancashire and *Painter* attracted considerable attention ; and, notwithstanding the extreme gaiety of *Carter*, and the lively movement of his left hand, *Painter* stood up to him without any disparagement. It was viewed as a most excellent *set-to*, and loudly applauded.—*Tom Cribb* and *Oliver* followed. The CHAMPION, with all the confidence of an English man of war ready for action, commenced the combat. The coolness of his temper—the peculiar mode he has of covering himself up—and the scientific ease with which he can *give* and *stop*—renders him a truly formidable opponent. *Oliver* was full of spirits, and made some good hits, but he did not appear to make any peculiar impression upon this tough bit of *stuff*. All these “big ones” made a fine appearance, contributed much to the sport of the day, and were handsomely noticed.—*Richmond*, the *man of colour*, against *Harry Lancaster*, again displayed, with much adroitness, his peculiarly advantageous trait of *hitting*, and in skilfully avoiding being *hit*. This is the grand art of winning, which *Richmond* possesses almost exclusively. At the age of fifty-four he displays all the activity of thirty. The wind-up of the day’s entertainment was completed by *Harmer* and *Carter*. It was considered as a high treat, and the most interesting attention was paid to it. Considerable *science* was exhibited on both sides. The steadiness of *Harmer*, his quickness in warding off the blows, and the sharpness of his *return*, was loudly acknowledged in this combat. The goodness of *Carter* on his legs, the singular trait he has of reaching over the guard of his opponent with his left hand, and his

activity in *getting away*, claimed also much praise; repeated plaudits crowned their exit. Upon the whole, it was a most scientific exhibition, and the amateurs departed highly pleased. *Randall* was in court, but did not *spar*.

[FIVES COURT.—

GREGSON, Tuesday, July 1, 1817.—BOB GREGSON attracted together a numerous assemblage of the amateurs of self-defence. Several persons of rank attended this remnant of the OLYMPIC GAMES; and the company in general were of the most respectable description. The *sets-to* were numerous, and several of them afforded considerable amusement as well as *science*. The veteran *Colonel*, always ready for a brush, followed by little *Gadzee*, of the tribe of Israel, commenced the sports of the day. It was more *tasteful* than scientific—and both their *mugs* appeared rather *flushed* from their spirited exertions.—*Mason* and *Belasco*, jun. next mounted the stage, and, without ceremony, pelted away with all the industry of blacksmiths at an anvil. The latter is fond of displaying his ferocity—and *ruffianism* seems his most prominent trait.—Young *Brown*, (a *sprig* from the Westminster nursery, and a promising *chick* of *Hopping Harry's*) and *Gidgeon*, a little thick-set Jew, made their bows to the audience. These pugilists in miniature, from their style of *milling*, were compared to *Scroggins* and *Turner*. *Gidgeon* was all fury, and endeavoured, from his mode of boring in, to *smash* his opponent; but *Brown* was *awake*, and several times *pimpled* him with so much adroitness as to stop *Gidgeon's* rushing quality.

The above *sets-to* could only be considered as a sort of preparatory interlude, till actors of greater importance took a part in the drama. The *scientific* part of the art does not appear to be properly felt, or clearly understood, by the different pugilists who generally exhibit here with the *gloves*. It is, in too many instances, downright ferocity and *glove-milling*. *Science* only is looked for.—On the appearance of *Tom Belcher* and GREGGSON upon the stage, the spectators loudly testified their approbation. The slight genteel figure of the former, in opposition to the Herculean frame of GREGGSON, excited much attention among the amateurs. In his display of the *science*, *Tom* was eminently successful, and he *nobbed* his opponent with the utmost *non-chalance*. GREGGSON made some heavy feints at the body, that in the ring must have spoken for themselves; but owing to his want of practice, as well as want of *bellows*, in point of *sparring*, the superiority was on the side of *Belcher*. This *set-to* produced much amusement and applause.—*Harry Lancaster* succeeded GREGGSON, and made a tolerable stand against the above first-rate *setter-to* with the *gloves*. *Lancaster*, in being opposed to *Belcher*, derives much activity, and he ought to turn it to account in the ring.—The principal attraction of the day was *Paddy Randall* and *Hudson*, (the latter defeated *Charles Martin*, recently, at Sawbridgeworth). *Hudson* is a strong *game chap*, and stood up to the lively *Hibernian* with great confidence, and he acquitted himself in much better style than was expected; but he could not stop the left hand of *Randall*, which repeatedly and severely kept *milling* his *mug*. *Hudson* had temerity

enough to rally and *ruffianise* with young *Paddy*, but in this attempt he was materially deceived—the finishing qualities of *Randall* were truly conspicuous, his *one-two's* went in like hail-stones, and he ultimately *floored* his opponent amidst thunders of applause. *Randall*, with or without *gloves*, is a most accomplished boxer; and of all other places on the fighting list, he has hitherto displayed too much judgement to let any of his adversaries make him a *Receiver-General*. *Hudson*, for his manly conduct, received a liberal subscription. — *Stephenson*, the man of colour, and *Oliver*, exhibited with much spirit and attention. In the first four rounds, *Stephenson* gave evident signs of improvement; and it was only in the last two that *Oliver* had decidedly the advantage, when he felt for the *upper works* of his opponent with unceasing celerity. *Stephenson* was also rewarded by a subscription for his efforts.—*Carter*, in order to give Lancashire a turn, was not to be deterred from ascending the stage, though he had only one hand to offer in the service of his friend *GREGSON*, his thumb not having recovered from his late severe accident. It was curious to witness the superiority exhibited by *Carter* over *Purcell*; notwithstanding the above drawback, and he was so successful with his left hand, in giving his adversary *facer* after *facer*, as to produce much laughter and peals of applause. On *Purcell's* quitting the stage, the Lancashire hero very politely invited any *gemman* in the court to partake of “a taste of his quality,” which offer was shortly accepted by one *Wilson*, not an entire stranger to the ring. This *set-to* operated on the risible muscles of the audience, after the manner

of a broad farce—the one hand of *Carter* proved quite sufficient, and the best performance of *Wilson* seemed to prove in making his *exit*. *Carter* returned thanks, in behalf of *GREGSON*, and the amateurs departed in good humour. *Scroggins*, *Richmond*, *West-country-Dick*, *Sutton*, &c. were in court, but did not exhibit.

[FIVES COURT.—

SCROGGINS, Tuesday, July 15, 1817. The amateurs of self-defence experienced a high and diversified treat. If this once "*darling of victory*" did not exactly realize a *bumper* as heretofore, when conquest crowned his efforts, yet, from the respectable and numerous collection of the patrons of pugilism, who did attend to witness the performances of the day, it must nevertheless have satisfied his mind that his former exploits were not totally forgotten. In the capacity of manager, *Scroggins* evinced some knowledge of *stage-effect*. The *Ballet of Action* exhibited a greater variety of scenes than usual; and, from the introduction of several new performers, the interest of the piece was kept up with appropriate *spirit* and *feeling* till the *exceunt omnes* took place. *Lenox* and *Mason* immediately commenced; and *Little Gadzee* and *Belasco jun.* *ruffianized* with all the fury of giants.—*Jack the Butcher* and *Hudson* followed; but both these *Knights of the Steel* portrayed more of the *cutting-up* system than amusing the spectators with the mastery of *science*.—*West-Country Dick* and *Hudson jun.*; the latter is a promising *chick*, and much noticed by the amateurs. He manfully opposed the exertions of *Dick*,—*Randall* and *Davis*. The pugilistic excellence

of the former rendered this *set-to* highly attractive. A minute elapsed before any blows were exchanged, and the combatants walked round each other with all the anxiety of a real contest, to obtain the first advantage. *Randall* was cautious in the extreme, and he could not *nob* his opponent with his usual dexterity. *Davis* opposed him with considerable spirit and science, and planted two or three heavy facers. In the last round, the superiority was rather on the side of *Randall*; but, upon the whole, *Davis* proved himself equal to his antagonist. It was thought that a match might be proposed between them in consequence of the above display.—*Adams* and *Jacob*, and *Wittol* and *Jones*. These new performers come under the description of *hammer-men*.—*Fisher*, the late unsuccessful opponent of *Scroggins*, set-to with *Harry Lancaster*. The former endeavoured to bore down his adversary with great impetuosity; *when the science* of *Lancaster* not only kept *Fisher* out, but he *nobbed* him with the utmost ease, and finally drew his *cork*.—*Lazarus* and *Byrne*. This was a sharp *set-to*; and both these heroes very *tastefully* noticed each other.—*Jack Lancaster*, who distinguished himself so scientifically in his fight with *Eales*, at Moulsey, now entered the lists with the finished *Belcher*, but the milling knowledge of *Lancaster* was completely lost sight of in opposition to the above superior *sparrer*. The Court rang with applause; and the *serving-out* talents of *Belcher* were never more eminently conspicuous than upon this occasion.—*Spring*, a new candidate, (denominated as *Scroggins's* butcher,) set-to with *Tom Oliver*. The experience, strength, and science

of *Oliver* prevailed; and, in one instance, *Spring* was hit cleanly down from a blow upon his ear. The butcher is a fine young man, weighing about 13 stone; and, notwithstanding the disparagement he had to contend against, from *setting-to* with so confident a boxer as *Oliver*, he promulgated capabilities that may be better appreciated, at a future period in the *ring*.—*Bristow* and *Taylor*. The former is the young *spring of colour*, who so courageously fought 15 rounds with *Caleb Baldwin*, at Coombe-warren. It was the first appearance of *Young Massa* at the Fives Court, and he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the amateurs, that a handsome subscription was made for him.—*Richmond* and *Purcell* also exhibited. At the conclusion of this set-to, *Scroggins* appeared upon the stage, and returned thanks for the patronage he had received, and proposed entertaining the audience with a match of Single-stick. He was loudly applauded, and *Coxhead*, (of great celebrity as a *cudgeller*,) followed by *Headley*, immediately prepared for action. Great skill was displayed on both sides, but *Coxhead*, who had recently challenged all the world, conquered every one opposed to him, and broken the heads of three expert swords-men of the Life-Guards, in one afternoon, was now doomed to meet with a reverse of fortune, from his *nob* being broken in turn by a slight cut on his forehead from *Headley*. Several pounds were collected from their exertions.—*Richmond* again appeared on the stage, and informed the amateurs, he had a young hero in the Court, who would fight any man in the kingdom for £50; and, by way of specimen, he would *set-to* with any pugilist present.

Stringer, the person alluded to, a strong, athletic, bony, Yorkshire lad, about fourteen stone, made his bow, followed by *Oliver*. Hats were instantly ordered off, and the greatest anxiety manifested upon the combatants putting on the gloves. *Stringer* is a complete novice, and he appears to depend solely on his strength and pluck for success. He bored *Oliver*, from a sort of violent pushing, to the rails; but the latter nobbed him in great style, put in several severe body blows, and, by way of a *coup-de-grace*, he ultimately floored *Stringer*, amidst the loudest tokens of approbation ever heard in this Court. *Oliver* showed great signs of improvement; and, in point of action, he is considerably quicker, and seemed determined to put the *pluck* of the Yorkshireman to the test. The advantage of *science* over strength was never more finely illustrated. *Stringer*, although somewhat confused, from this severe glove *milling*, did not appear at all dismayed; and again offered to fight any man in the kingdom.—*Scroggins* did not *set-to*, owing to his lameness; and *Turner* appeared only in the character of a spectator. The amateurs, however, departed more than ordinarily satisfied with the entertainment afforded them; and, upon the whole, it was the most prolific day's sport ever exhibited at the FIVES COURT.

[FIVES COURT.]—

OLIVER, Tuesday, August 5, 1817, the patrons of the Pugilistic Art rallied most numerous round the above inoffensive and manly hero of the fist. At the least computation 900 persons were present. Civil and respectful behaviour, in every situation of life, are

not without their ultimate advantages; and TOM OLIVER not only *profitably* experienced the value of such deportment upon this occasion, but must have *gratefully* felt that no danger of neglect is likely to arise from "honourable defeat" *alone*: and a brave man, though unsuccessful, among the liberal-minded of the FANCY, will always prove an object of consideration, and be rewarded according to his deserts. In six successive battles the smiles of victory crowned OLIVER's efforts—and, in his last memorable contest at *Carlisle*, where he could not "command success," it is a convincing proof, that his exertions to ensure conquest have not been forgotten, from the vast assemblage of amateurs who now eagerly stepped forward to patronize and promote his future prospects. The *sets-to* were more to be remarked from their number (sixteen) than their *excellence*; and a greater exhibition of determined *millling* occurred than any thing like a general illustration of fine *science*. The usual openers of the OLYMPIC SPORTS presented themselves to the spectators, and *Mason* and the *Colonel* did not quit the stage without marks of approbation.—*Payne*, otherwise *Jack the Butcher*, and *W. Ballard*, set to with much spirit. *Pain* had the best of it, and he is much improved. *Ballard's nob* was rather *disordered*.—*Brown* and *Belasco, jun.* exhibited nearly the same reciprocal advantages, which were seen during their late fight at *Moulsey*. They are both lads of *promise*.—*Fisher* and *Callus* bored in upon each other without any respect to person; in fact, the above *sets-to* generally, were more amusing than scientific.—*Lazarus* and *Belasco*. This contest

was worthy of attention ; and the determined qualities of the latter, and his knowledge of fighting, produced considerable approbation. He is evidently an artful boxer, and a dangerous opponent for any one of his weight.—*Harry Lancaster* and *Belcher* gave the amateurs a good opportunity of witnessing the superior advantages of *science*. We have had so often to record the excellence of *Belcher*, that any eulogium upon the present occasion is perfectly unnecessary. Suffice to observe, that, in one or two instances, when *Lancaster* drove *Belcher* to the corners of the stage, the ease with which the latter fought his way out—the *nobblers* he successfully planted without experiencing any *return*, and the masterly style that he finished the round, called down peals of applause. The *folly* of resolutely *boring* in to get the better of a *scienced* man was never more clearly seen.—*Young Massa* (*Bristow*) was put up for a trial with *Little Gadzee*, a spirited *milling Jew*. This *set-to*, if such it might be termed, produced roars of laughter. The *Israelite*, not destitute of *science*, exerted it with so much effect, that the above young *sprig of colour* turned round again and again ; but, notwithstanding this apparent disadvantage, his strength of arm and height so far prevailed, that *Gadzee* found himself more than once or twice *sprawling* on the stage. *Young Massa*, at all events, does not seem to want *pluck*.—*Stephenson* and *Carlow* appeared, but did not exhibit any pugilistic traits above *mediocrity*.—*Charles Martin* and *Hudson, jun.* These two heroes seemed to despise any thing like light play—rallied with all the fury of a real combat—and even *flooring* was not out of the question.—OLIVER and

Cribb ascended the stage under great tokens of regard from the surrounding spectators. *OLIVER*, although upon the alert to obtain the superiority, does not appear to much advantage in competition with the *Champion*; the steady composure of the latter, and his well-fortified front, renders his frame so secure from attack, that few boxers can assail him with any degree of success: but, notwithstanding the "light play" of these *big ones*, their efforts have been more successful heretofore.—*Eales* and *Purcell* now made their bows. In point of *sparring*, or displaying a perfect knowledge of pugilism, *Purcell* appeared materially inferior to his opponent. *Eales* had it all his own way—*nobbed* his adversary with the utmost ease, and planted hits, or stopped blows, as the occasion required, with great dexterity. *Eales* must be pronounced a complete scientific fighter, and is equal, if not a superior competitor, to any thing upon the present list of *millers* of his own weight. He was much applauded. It has excited considerable surprise among the amateurs, that so much time has elapsed without some match being made for him.—*Duggan*, a little *Paddy*, under nine stone, and a candidate for *milling* honours, made his *débüt* against *Gidgeon*, a Jew, another *thumping* hero in miniature. The appearance of those two modern *Sancho Panzas*, in search of *chivalrous exploits*, most powerfully excited the risible muscles of the amateurs. *Duggan* is a complete *freak of nature*—not unlike the little "Hunchback of Bagdat,"—a lump of a man, squeezed into the short space of little more than four feet; or, in other words, by comparison, a *caricature* upon a scientific pugilist. Their *actions* corresponded

with their *outré* appearance. They attacked each other with all the ferocity of bull-dogs let loose from the scratch; and, in *planting* their blows, they both *hissed* and *grimaced* like geese! *Gidgeon* went down twice, and *Duggan* also measured his *length* once. It was the *extravaganza* of sparring—the scene was truly comic—and the spectators were convulsed with roars of laughter.—*Randall* and *West-country Dick* claimed great attention. To a common observer, the bustle and *capering* tactics of *Dick* gives him rather an imposing appearance in *setting-to*; but the better informed amateur cannot but admire the coolness of position—the promptness of attack—and the decisive qualities portrayed by *Randall*. His attitude, though not so elegant, is equally as commanding as *Tom Belcher*; and, with the *gloves*, he displays considerable talent. He relies upon his judgement, leaving nothing to *chance*; and those *smashing* boxers, who prefer rushing in, as it were, to take the fight out of him, pay dearly for their temerity, as *Dick* not only experienced in the ring, but also in the above *set-to*. *Randall* drove *Dick* away from him in the most finished style of execution; and his blows appear to be given after the celerity of the late phenomenon *Jem Belcher*—scarcely to be witnessed by the spectator, and equally *astonishing* to the *receipt* of his opponent. The above combat met with great applause.—The two boys, *Perry* and *Baldwin*, again contributed to the sports of the day.—A life-guards-man, denominated *Ramper*, wished to try his skill with the *gloves*, when *Stephenson*, the black, mounted the stage, very politely, to accommodate him. If no better *tactics*

had been displayed by the Life-Guards on that great *milling* day, at WATERLOO, than those exhibited by *Ramper*, at the Fives-Court, he must have been turned out as one of the *awkward squad*. *Stephenson* seemed *afraid* of doing too much; or else *Ramper* must have been completely beaten with the gloves. His *upper works* were rather *disordered*; and it appears certain that the life-guards-man has no pretensions whatever to raise his fame in the *milling* circles.—The entertainment was closed by a *set-to* between *Wilson* and *Lidswell*, which excited no interest.—TOM OLIVER returned thanks very neatly. His benefit was a bumper. *Scroggins*, *Turner*, *Painter*, *Richmond*, and *Dolly Smith*, were present, but did not exhibit. The *sparring* was protracted, beyond its usual time of performance, an hour.

[FIVES COURT.—

RANDALL, Tuesday, August 19, 1917. The sports of the day were commenced by *Mason* and *Lenox*. Their *set-to*, as usual, was spirited, but did not exhibit any new traits of *science*.—The above heroes were succeeded by *Martin* and *Young Massa*. This latter *spring of colour* shewed evident signs of improvement, and convinced the spectators that he had made good use of his time under the tuition of *Richmond*. To say the least of *Bristow*, he proved himself in the combat equal with *Martin*.—*Little Gadzee*, of *milling* notoriety, accompanied by one *Sullivan*, now made their bows to the audience. These miniature boxers claimed the admiration of the amateurs in a peculiar degree, from the excellent knowledge of boxing they both portrayed.

Sullivan, in the most singular manner, planted so severe a hit upon the frame of his opponent, that it completely sent him off the stage, and had not *Gadzee* been caught in the arms of the surrounding spectators, the consequences might have proved rather serious. He again appeared upon the platform, *set-to* with undiminished ardour, when the above "little ones" exhibited so much to the satisfaction of all present, that they both concluded amidst the uproarious approbation of the whole court.—*Bales*, in opposition to the acknowledged first sparrer of the day, manifested great scientific talent. It was a perfect treat; and excited the expressed astonishment of the amateurs, on witnessing the pugilistic talents of *Bales*, *how it was possible for Scroggins to have defeated him?*—*Davis* and *Hudson*. Better men cannot be seen in the ring, but they seem to prefer determined *millng* rather than displaying any scientific *sparring* with the gloves.—*Duggan* and *Gidgeon*. These little *freaks of Nature* again afforded lots of amusement. Their *outré* appearance alone is highly ludicrous; but their *actions* beggared all description. The fury of battle raged conspicuously—they *nobbed* each other *sans cérémonie*—the *claret* was seen trickling down both their *mugs*—they also *floored* each other alternately, and, by way of a *finale*, both measured their wonderful *lengths* upon the stage. *Grimaldi*, in one of his merriest moments, could not have convulsed the court with greater roars of laughter than the above "big men" in a little compass.—*Shelton*, the once formidable navigator, but now, in comparison, reduced by illness to a mere skeleton, ascended the stage with *Stringer*, the *York-*

shire Infant. This latter new candidate, of about 15 stone weight, rolled only against *Shelton* so often as soon to tire him. The science of *Shelton* was visible from the *nobbing* he administered to the *Infant*; but he had no strength to support his judgement, and declined proceeding. He apologized on account of his indisposition, but the amateurs did not suffer him to retire without voluntarily subscribing to his assistance.—*Tom Owen*, (of the old School, famous in his day from his conquests over the lion-like *Hooper*, the tin-man,) now set-to with his pupil, *Turner*. It was light, pleasing, and scientific, and loudly applauded. The pupil, in many instances, without disparagement, showed himself equal, if not superior, to his tutor. The position of *Turner* is more secure than elegant, and renders him in fighting very awkward to get at.—*Young Belasco* and *Benjamin*, both of the tribe of *Israel*, gave good specimens of determined resolution.—*Murphy* and *Heatly*. The latter is a Lancashire man, and slightly known among the *millling* circles, as the hardy *Blacksmith*, of Hampstead. *Heatly* had the temerity, about a twelvemonth since, to challenge *Scroggins*. If report speaks true, his head and frame, in a great degree, partake of the *resisting* quality of his iron. It was a sort of *glove* fight between *Murphy* and *Heatly*. The latter *ruffianised* with all the vigour of a hammer-man at his anvil; yet *Paddy* not only received the shock undismayed, but returned the compliment courageously, united with science, and ultimately had the best of *Heatly*. They closed twice during the *set-to*, and went down both times.—RANDALL, the principle attraction of the day, in his

combat with *Lazarus*, the Jew, gave additional specimens of his excellence as a first-rate pugilist. Some of the rounds were unusually well contested; and there seemed an anxiety about *Lazarus* to prove superior to his opponent. The Jew endeavoured to *bore* in upon RANDALL with effect; but the latter successfully planted repeated *facers*, and kept him out. It is but justice to observe, that the efforts and style of *Lazarus* were far above mediocrity; but the *science* of RANDALL carried him through triumphantly. If the *shoulders* of *Lazarus* could be depended upon, his merits as a boxer would undoubtedly place him high upon the pugilistic list; and render him a dangerous *customer* for any of his weight. The above set-to produced great approbation.—*Oliver* and *Richmond* came forward to finish the OLYMPIC SPORTS. The merits of the above boxers are so well known as to need no further comment. Suffice to observe, they acquitted themselves with credit and attention. Considering it was RANDALL's first appeal to the patronage of the public, added to the numerous benefits that have been so liberally attended here this season, the amateurs, upon this occasion, not only rallied most respectably round the above *prime* IRISH BOY, but departed well satisfied.

[MINERVA ROOMS.—

PAINTER, Thursday, October 2, 1817.—It was a complete bumper. The amateurs at the east end of the town rallied round PAINTER, who so gallantly contended with *Sutton*, the man of colour, at Moulsey, a short time since, and the Olympic Sports went

off with considerable *éclat*. The whole of the *acts* were above mediocrity; but the one between Tom Belcher and Harmer was equal to any thing of the kind ever witnessed. The admirers of fine science were highly delighted, and peals of applause marked their exit from the stage.—Cribb and Bitton, notwithstanding their *puffing* and *blowing* to recover their wind, shewed the advantages of tactics.—Davis and Younam, the Jew, *ruffianised* their combat in high style, by way of *set off* to the *refinement* displayed by the other artists.—Lenox and Mason, Belasco, jun. and Gadzee, Lazarus and Benjamin, also contributed to the amusement of the evening.—PAINTER was highly received upon making his appearance on the stage, accompanied by Richmond. In opposition to this skilful *tactician*, PAINTER appeared to considerable advantage. He kept the *man of colour* on the alert; and, upon the whole, it was an excellent specimen of the advantages of *coolness* and *science*. The appearance of Belasco, the recent competitor of Randall, not only occasioned a general *stare*, but many anxious inquiries were made respecting his return to a state of *convalescence*. The amateurs departed highly pleased with the treat they had experienced, from the good order and decorum manifested throughout the evening. In some instances, the *silence* observed was so great, from the attention of the spectators in the attraction before them, as to appear not unlike some parts of an interesting tragedy.

[FIVES COURT.—

BELASCO, Tuesday, October 21, 1817.—The

amateurs rallied round the above *Champion of the Jews*, and, from their numerous attendance, gave him ample proof his recent exertions in the ring were entitled to reward; and at the same time, also pointing out to the class of pugilists, generally, that civility and respectful behaviour in society are not forgotten. The *sets-to*, twelve in number, afforded considerable entertainment, and some of them more than usual interest. The performances commenced with little *Gadzee* and *Lenox*, who convinced the spectators that there was no *trifling* between them.—*Mason* and *Belasco*, jun. *ruffianized* with all the fury of battle. The *forte* of the former is determined *milling*.—The efforts of *Bitton* and *Harmer*, next in succession, were a perfect contrast to the above *set-to*; but many of the amateurs thought their play was *rather too light*! It, however, afforded a good display of fine science; and the skill and superiority of *Harmer* was much applauded. If the sight of one of his eyes was not defective, it is thought, he would have but few rivals.—*Spring* and *Stringer* now ascended the stage, and those “big ones” claimed great attention. *Stringer* gave some signs of improvement since his fight, but not sufficiently to cope with *Spring* to any advantage. The skill of the latter gave him the pre-eminence; and under the able tuition of his master, *George Head*, he is likely to make even greater progress in the Ring.—Upon the *exit* of the above *Brobignags*, their places were instantly supplied by two boxers from *Lilliput*, the united weight of whom could not have produced more than *seven stone*! This singular contrast not only produced roars of laughter, but created much interest,

and "bats off" were ordered throughout the Court. The *tactics* displayed by those *Lilliputian* heroes were far above mediocrity; they stopped and hit—rallied and retreated—concluded the rounds with all the *sang froid* of a *Belcher* or a *Cribb*, and took their leave amidst uproarious approbation.—*Smith* and *Gidgeon*, jun. exhibited more of the *hammering* of a blacksmith's shop than any thing like scientific sparring.—*West Country Dick* and *Charles Martin* portrayed no new feature in their *set-to*.—The stage was now occupied by *Randall* and *Scroggins*, and every eye anxiously intent upon their movements. *Randall* viewed his opponent with the utmost *nonchalance*, and commenced operations with all the *confidence* of an experienced tactician, arising from a superior knowledge of the art of war. This promising lad of *Hibernia* at length broke through the guard of *Scroggins* with such skill and force as to hit him away from his guard; he also *nobbed Scroggins* on his furiously *rushing in*, without receiving any return; and concluded the display by getting his opponent down. It is, however, due to *Scroggins*, to observe that he is considerably improved, and now exhibits in the style of a scientific boxer. He also planted a desperate hit under the ear of *Randall*, the effects of which, in actual combat, might have proved of a dangerous nature. *Randall* had decidedly the best of *Scroggins*—but he took the gloves off the first, and, notwithstanding the universal cry of "another round," from all parts of the Court, it did not alter his determination. It was noticed by several amateurs round the stage, that *Randall* always endeavoured to leave off with the *best* of the *set-to*; such

"insinuations" should be removed in future, and the wishes of the supporters of the art attended to with more *deference*. Such "calls" may be compared with the *encores* at the theatres; where the performers are always anxious to comply with the wishes of their patrons. *Randall*, on quitting the stage, met with loud marks of approbation. — The curiosity of the spectators were equally excited on *Belasco's* making his bow, followed by *Turner*. The latter boxer exhibited none of that *caution* which marked his late contest at Shepperton, but commenced offensive operations *sans cérémonie*. *Turner* does not, by comparison, appear to any thing like the same advantage with the *gloves*, as he does in the ring. It was, nevertheless, an interesting performance; and fine science was displayed on both sides. Some sharp hits passed between them, and *Turner* received a *one-two* from *BELASCO* that drove him to a corner of the stage. The Jew was also once hit away from *Turner*. A good rally took place, which brought down thunders of applause; and the spirit and activity of *BELASCO* was much admired. The latter was considered to have rather the best of it. — *Gidgeon*, sen. and *Benjamin* milled each other with such fury, that the latter was beat almost to a *stand still*. — Young *Brown* the rising chick of the Westminster nursery, in opposition to *Jones*, exhibited much *promise*, and concluded the feats of the day. *BELASCO* returned thanks in a concise and neat manner. The company were of the most respectable description, and among whom some persons of the highest rank in society were observed, enjoying this remnant of the OLYMPIC SPORTS. The whole

was conducted with the utmost propriety, and the amateurs departed highly gratified.

[MINERVA ROOMS.—

HARMER, Thursday, October 30, 1817.—This was a complete bumper. The saloon, galleries, &c. were crowded to an overflow; and so numerous an assemblage of the amateurs were never before witnessed at the east end of the town. *Catalani* or *Braham* could not have stowed a company closer together, or filled a house in better style. The *sets-to* were ten in number, producing great varieties of *manner* and lots of amusement. The united efforts of the *Colonel* and *Mason—Belasco*, jun. and *Gadzee—Josh Hudson and Street*, kept the company in good humour, till actors of more importance *enriched* the scene. *Bitton* and *Spring* claimed the peculiar attention of the amateurs, and, notwithstanding the acknowledged scientific abilities of the former, *Spring* evinced a perfect acquaintance with the art of self-defence, and stood, at least, upon equal terms with *Bitton*.—On *Scroggins* making his appearance he was loudly applauded, and *Belasco* also came in for his share of approbation. *Scroggins* commenced after his old style of *smashing*, and the *science* of the Jew, superior as it is, could not keep the little hero from severely *nobbing* him. The Jew was hit down twice during the *set-to*; and *Scroggins* once. It was a complete *mill* while it continued—the applause was uproarious in the extreme—and the spectators so much pleased with the exertions of the above heroes, that upon their quitting the stage another round was universally called for, and which they

immediately complied with, much to the satisfaction of the amateurs.—The trial of skill between *Painter* and *Belcher* was a perfect treat. It combined all the requisites of the art; and the improvement exhibited by *Painter* astonished every one present. He also displayed great quickness and agility. This set-to was highly spoken of by the audience. *Davis* and *Lazarus* and *Gidgeon* and *Mendoza*, jun. *ruffianized* it with all the appetite of *gluttons*.—*HARMER* and *Shock Jem* contributed towards the sports of the evening with much effect. The latter is a fine athletic young man, and opposed *HARMER* with confidence and talent. Upon *Shock's* retiring, *Turner* ascended the stage amidst considerable applause. The above set-to was peculiarly attractive to the amateurs. The singular, but safe, guard of *Turner* was an object of great attention: and the specimen he gave of protecting himself from assault, proves him to be one of the most difficult men to be *got at*, on the list of pugilists. His right leg first, is a complete *puzzle*; and, the most skilful pugilist cannot *crawl* in upon him, so as to measure his *distances* any ways accurately. This peculiar feature makes *Turner* a truly *dangerous* customer. *HARMER's* attitudes and system of tactics were the general theme of admiration; and *Turner*, in opposition to this elegant pugilist, showed himself off to much advantage. *HARMER* returned thanks after the *Lacedemonian* style, and the audience departed well satisfied. Upon any future occasion, it would add much to the effect as well as convenience to the spectators, if the Rooms were better lighted.

[FIVES COURT.—

SCROGGINS, Tuesday, January 6, 1818.—This “*Saloon of the FANCY*” opened its doors for the first time this season. The amateurs mustered extremely numerous, and were of the most respectable class of society. The *game* fight of the above undaunted hero with *Turner*, in October last, although in defeat, it seems, had made a strong impression on the minds of the patrons of Pugilism, and they now rallied round him as a reward for his brave conduct upon that occasion. The *sets-to*, eleven in number, afforded great varieties of style in their several gradations, from elegance and ease of manner, down to the most determined *ruffianism* and awkwardness of the *untutored* novice. The sports of the day were opened, as usual, by *Col. Lenox* and his pupil *Mason*; considerable applause attended their efforts.—*Gadzee* and *Belasco*, jun. *set-to* better than heretofore, their movements were more light and scientific.—Upon the appearance of *Spring* and *Harmer*, every eye was attracted towards the stage. The attitude of *Harmer* is elegance itself, and his knowledge of the *science* excellent; but, labouring under a serious defect of vision, his tactics in competition with an opponent of talent, are so far placed in the background, that a fair criterion cannot be drawn. *Spring* is evidently improved, and bids fair to become a *teaser* to the “big ones” on the present list—and, if report speaks true, he has an eye towards the CHAMPIONSHIP; and, in the course of the summer, it appears, he intends strongly to contend for that high *millling* title. *Spring* weighs 14 stone and a half. At *in-fighting* the blows of the lat-

ter appeared rather too heavy for *Harry*, but when at his *distance* *Harmer* put in some hits with great dexterity ; upon the whole, this *set-to* was much admired.—*Bilton* and *Barnes* next exhibited, but nothing above *mediocrity* attended their exertions, The *rheumatism* has now the best of the former scientific Jew ; and with all his skill he is not able to floor that *troublesome* customer.—*Richmond* and *John Lancaster* next offered themselves to the notice of the amateurs. The *man of colour* does not appear so decidedly eminent with the *gloves* as his terrible *execution* and mode of escaping from *punishment* are witnessed in the ring. The scientific efforts of *Lancaster* were prominent ; and this pupil of the late *Jack Power* appeared to considerable advantage in opposition to *Richmond*. It, however, should not be forgotten, when *activity* and *agility* are brought into comparison, that the latter boxer is *twice* as old as his opponent. *Richmond* is an extraordinary man at his time of life. He is upwards of fifty-four years of age.—*Bill Cropley*, (the opponent of the once tremendous *Dutch Sam*, and also of the scientific *Tom Belcher*,) and *Jack Martin*, the baker, now mounted the stage. The latter hero, it may be recollected, conquered *Oliver's* brother at Ilford. This *set-to* was applauded to the echo ; and the baker displayed *mill-ing* talent of the first order, particularly in the *scriving-out* style. *Cropley*, with all his experience and knowledge of boxing, could not get the better of *Martin* ; and the baker took the lead in a very prominent degree. He has youth, strength, courage, and length, at his command ; and, if to make a figure in the prize-ring be an object of his ambition, an opportunity only

seems wanting to accomplish it.—*Belcher* and *Harmer* exhibited with their usual excellence and skill, which are so well known to the Sporting World, that any comment upon their efforts would be superfluous. Loud applause followed their exit.—*Gidgeon* and *Smith*. The former of these heroes, under five feet, is one of the most determined little *ruffianing* boxers on the list. It was a perfect contrast to the last *set-to*, and proved a regular fight with the gloves. The impetuosity of *Gidgeon* is beyond description; and his frame is perfectly athletic, although compressed in so small a space. This display created roars of laughter.—Two life-guardsmen next mounted the platform; but, if their system of *tactics* had not been of a more decisive nature on the plains of WATERLOO, than the *knowledge* of Boxing they exhibited here, a very different account, it is apprehended, would have been given of that glorious and immortal event.—*Oliver* and *Stringer* appeared in opposition to each other. The *gameness* of the Yorkshireman is beyond all doubt; but he has much to learn before he can *show off* against the cool and collected *Oliver*. *Stringer* is no *tactician*, and *rolls in* upon his opponent, which from *chance* sometimes proves effective.—*Purcell* and *SCROGGINS* now came forward to wind up the amusements of the day. The cry of "*Randall—Randall*" was heard from all parts of the Court to *set-to* with *SCROGGINS*, but the *Nonpareil* did not appear. *SCROGGINS*, as if determined to convince the amateurs that he was still in possession of his *decided forte* of *milling*, rallied with *Purcell* as hard and as fast as blows could be given, amidst the uproarious approbation of the Court; but upon

making their bows to quit the stage "another round" (or *encore*) was requested. This call was instantly complied with, and contested with even more animation and effect than the preceding. SCROGGINS, in a concise manner, returned thanks, and the spectators retired well satisfied. It was completely dark before the Court was cleared. *Painter, Randall, Sutton, &c.* were present, but did not exhibit.

[OLIVER'S, WESTMINSTER.—

PURCELL, Wednesday, January 21, 1818.—

PURCELL had a complete overflow. *Harmer, Spring, Sutton, &c.* displayed their various capabilities in the ART OF SELF-DEFENCE; but the principal attraction of the evening was the *set-to* between *Spring* and *Sutton*, the *man of colour*. The play was light, pleasing, and scientific between these "big ones;" but, the *long arms of Sutton*, it seems, were not easily to be overcome. He is rather an *awkward* customer. The *science* exhibited by *Spring* was much praised; which, added to his youth and strength, enables him to meet any boxer upon equal terms. The amateurs, by way of *joking* with *Sutton*, proposed to match him against a *great tailor*; when the latter, in reply, with much point, and well understood, "vowed by his fists that he did not care even for the *biggest butcher* in the kingdom." *Spring* did not notice the allusion.

[THREE COMPASSES, HOLBORN.—

SPRING, Friday, February 6, 1818.—SPRING was so numerously attended, that upwards of 150 persons were refused admittance, in consequence of the over-

flow. *Harmer* and *J. Lancaster* opened the entertainment, and the *set-to* between these boxers was excellent—it was distinguished for *science*, much admired, and loudly applauded.—*Scroggins*, the *Grimaldi* of the ring, exhibited with *Dolly Smith*. It only wanted a *fiddler* to have made this *set-to* a complete pantomime. *Dolly* seemed quite *abroad*, and *Scroggins* played upon him with all the antics of a clown. This latter “freak of nature” had it all his own way, and concluded amidst roars of laughter.—*Randall* and *Belasco* in their portraiture of the Art of Self-Defence exhibited first-rate talents; but the excessive heat of the room, and the narrow space allotted to their exertions, soon beat them both, and compelled them to retire.—*Atcherlee* (elegantly termed *Nacker Jack*) put on the gloves and took a *turn* with the *roly poly* Yorkshire youth, *Stringer*. The former hero displayed a good knowledge of *milling*, and, upon the whole, it might be said, he had the best of it. He is in fine condition and fit to enter the ring upon the shortest notice.—*Spring* and *Harmer* concluded this *ballet of action*. The elegant attitude of *Harmer*, and the fine athletic appearance of *Spring* attracted great attention, and excited considerable interest. The play was light, pleasing, and scientific; and it was a combat of real talent. *Harmer* was extremely effective at his *distance*; but *Spring*, at *in-fighting*, (had it been in reality,) appeared to possess singular *demolishing* qualities. He has rapidly improved, and had the best of the *bout*. The *CHAMPIONSHIP*, it is said, by the *prophetic* judges, is within his reach. He was loudly applauded on taking his leave of the audience.

[FIVEs COURT.—

REYNOLDS, Tuesday, February 10, 1818.—This favourite place of the FANCY was completely filled. It was for the benefit of REYNOLDS, the conqueror of *Belasco*, *Church* and *Johnson*, (the broom-dasher,) and it proved a *bumper*. Several persons of the first rank in society were among the spectators, and the company consisted generally of the most respectable description. The *set-to*, twelve in number, were far better than usual, affording great varieties of style, and “lots of fun” and amusement.—*Belcher* and *Eales* opened the sports of the day, receiving loud testimonies of approbation. The latter boxer gave evident *marks* of improvement, and, even in opposition to the first sparrer of the day, acquitted himself in a conspicuous point of view. The *science* displayed on both sides was a perfect treat. This *set-to* altogether proved highly interesting to the amateurs; but the *capabilities* of *Tom Belcher*, in portraying the art of self-defence, are so well known in the sporting world, as to render any further comment totally unnecessary.—*Mason* and *Lemar*, as minor performers, rather increased upon the attention of the audience.—*Bitton* and *Harmer*, or perhaps more correctly speaking, it was *Blind* versus *Lame*, that now made their appearance on the stage; but notwithstanding the *blinking* appearance of *Harmer*, and the *crippled* state of *Bitton*, considerable skill was displayed, and their attempts, upon the whole, far above *mediocrity*.—*Sutton* and *Oliver* next appeared with the gloves, and every eye was fixed on the *maypole* arms of the tremendous *man of colour*, who flatters himself that he can beat any

thing upon the list, attributing his late defeat with *Painter* to bad condition. It is true, *Oliver* put in one or two *facers* in a dexterous manner; but, upon the whole, his *movements* were too *tardy*, and he seemed compelled to act more upon the *defensive*, than to take the *lead*; although the *black*, in plunging with his left hand, continually dropped his head. Such an opportunity to *Carter*, it is imagined, might have produced a *chancery suit*, without the tedious forms of law. Nevertheless, whoever *fancies Sutton* for a *customer*, will find him not the most agreeable one that ever entered a ring.—*Randall* and *Belasco*, as might be expected, (like the KEAN and KEMBLE of another stage,) claimed the merited attention of first-rate performers. *Belasco* is a master of the *science*—he *sets-to* with great taste and spirit, and also possesses the power of *execution* in an eminent degree. But *Randall* is all nature—his knowledge of self-defence is *intuitive*; he rises superior to art. His promptness too is astonishing; and his eye proves so generally accurate in viewing his opponent, that his *distances* almost seem as correct as if they were measured with a yard. *Randall*, as a pugilist, is most certainly a prodigy. This combat was very attractive; but notwithstanding the excellence of *Belasco*, the *prime Irish boy* was the hero of the *set-to*.—Between *Spring* and *Stringer* it was a positive *glove* fight. The latter “big one,” although as good a *bit of stuff* as ever *peeled*, unfortunately for his fame, appears prominent in no other point of view than that of *receiving*! The superior *science* of *Spring* literally *finished* him.—The portrait exhibited by *Belasco, jun.* and *Gadzee*, was *ruffianism*

in miniature.—The *comic phiz* of *Scroggins* now *hove* in sight, accompanied by *O'Donnel*. The *determination* of *Scroggins* was opposed with manly *resolution* by the latter, and they rallied each other with all the severity of *milling*, as if their exertions were to have been rewarded with the attractions of a *purse*.—The two youngest *Belasco's* were now put upon the stage, but, from their diminutive size, a card-table might have been more in *character*. However, the *spirit of the thing* was kept up by these *infantine* sparrers with much applause; and their efforts in "*Lilliput*," at Covent Garden Theatre, in all probability, would not only be seen to greater advantage, but also to increase the interest and effect of the scene. A shower of coppers, and a few silver drops, compensated their trial of *skill*.—*Turner*, who had scarcely left the stage-coach, on his journey from Wales, now made his bow to the amateurs, followed by *Harmer*. With the *gloves*, *Turner* seems indifferent about appearing conspicuous—his *forte* is the ring, where he is quite *awake* to all the important purposes of victory; and, if he cannot lay claim to *elegance*, he is not deficient in *execution*; and no boxer knows better how to *double distance* his opponent than *Turner*; this *set-to* might have been better, but the latter was too *fatigued* to show himself to advantage. He was loudly applauded on quitting the stage.—REYNOLDS and *Dolly Smith*. In opposition to REYNOLDS, the latter had no *chance* whatever; in fact, *Smith's mug* was like a *drum*, upon which the above "tight boy of the sod" beat a *tat-too* with the most perfect ease.—REYNOLDS, in a neat concise manner, returned thanks to his patrons, for the very liberal support he had experienced,

concluding with the following—*Nota Bene*, “That he would fight any man in the kingdom, of his own weight, for 200 guineas.” The *Sprig of Myrtle*, (*Young Brown*) and *Reader*, by way of *FINALE*, sparred the spectators out of Court. It was as *prime* a benefit as was ever seen at this place; and is a convincing proof that civility and good character will always find their own value. The amateurs left the Court much gratified.

[THREE COMPASSES, HOLBORN.—

SUTTON, Thursday, February 19, 1818. Notwithstanding the torrents of rain that came down during the night, he had to boast of a more numerous assemblage of amateurs than might have been expected. The sets-to were not so numerous as usual; but the audience were much amused, and considerable fun and laughter occurred. The sparring commenced with *Hudson, jun.* and *Gibson*. The long arms of the latter were, however, rendered unavailing, from the spirited mode of attack pursued by *Hudson*. This *chick* promises to prove a *game cock* in due time. He was much applauded.—*Gadzoe* and *Young Belauco*. The efforts of these minor boxes were gay, spirited, and entertaining.—*Scroggins* and *Dolly Smith*. The latter was determined, if *Scroggins* wanted a *drum* to amuse himself, his *nob* should not be the musical instrument, by keeping at a most respectful distance. *Dolly*, however, attempted a new feature, by jumping in upon his opponent, but it did not give him the best of it. *Scroggins*, too, displayed his usual antics to put the audience in good humour, and, with a little more practice, he would stand a tolerable chance in

outing some of the clowns of the minor theatres.—The scene was now changed to advantage, and a specimen of fine science was exhibited in the combat between *Belcher* and *Jack Lancaster*. The latter set-to in first-rate style, and received well merited approbation; but the quick eye of *Belcher*, and his quicker fists, if possible, gives him such superiority, that his *one, two*, are put in like lightning, before his opponent can scarcely see him move his arms. A more finished set-to has not been witnessed for some time past.—The *prime Irish Boy* and deaf *Davis* now took a turn with the gloves. The goodness of the latter boxer cannot cope with the excellence of *Randall*. It was decidedly in favour of the *Nonpareil*; but who was as cool and cautious as if he had been opposed to the first hero on the list. *Randall* appears to keep the old adage in remembrance, “to look before you leap!” He floored *Davis* and fell over him by way of exit. *Randall* was much noticed.—The winding-up of the evening’s entertainment was reserved for *Oliver* and *Sutton*. The long arms of the *man of colour* rendered him very difficult to be got at. *Oliver* stopped in excellent style, and also put in a good hit or two on his opponent’s *nob*; but there was nothing like taking the lead. This set-to gave general satisfaction, and both the combatants were not idle in showing themselves off to the best advantage. *Sutton* politely returned the amateurs thanks for their support; and made it publicly known, that he would accommodate *Stringer*, the Yorkshire infant, for any sum, much or little, on the first of April, to make up a good day’s sport.

[THREE COMPASSES, HOLBORN.—
WEST-COUNTRY DICK, Tuesday, February 24,
1818.—On the above evening the amateurs assembled
at this place, as the most convenient room, in lieu of
the FIVES COURT, to participate in the amusement
he had catered for them. *Gadzee* and *Belasco*, jun.
commenced by way of prelude, with much gaiety of
style, and were tolerably successful.—*Turner* and
Harmer attracted considerable attention upon their
setting-to. The former hero exhibited more talent
than usual with the gloves; and it was upon the whole
a good bout. From the great length of arm *Turner*
possesses, and the mode in which he stands, a more
awkward man to get at is not to be found upon the
list. This trial of skill met with much applause.—
Scroggins and *Dolly Smith* again produced roars of
laughter; the latter boxer had not the slightest *chance*
whatever. In fact, *Scroggins* was so much at his ease,
that he performed the part of a *lecturer*, expatiating
on the advantages of a long arm, by convincing the
spectators that he could hit his opponent whenever he
thought proper. *Scroggins* also sent him down several
times. *Smith* appears to have *declined* materially as
an active, spirited boxer, since his defeat by *Scroggins*.
Smith's battle with *Hares* was equal to any contest ever
witnessed among boxers of their weight, for the true
courage and manhood displayed. It should seem,
that little more than *opinion* remains about him re-
specting successful *milling*. *Scroggins*, however, com-
plimented *Dolly* on being a *good* man in nature, and
informed the company, that *Smith's* benefit would take
place in the course of a few days, when he hoped the

amateurs would extend their patronage towards him. This display of *milling* was complete pantomime.—*O'Donnel* and *Wilkins* capered about a little; but nothing above *mediocrity* took place. *O'Donnel*, on making his *exit*, rather checked *Scroggins* for the *ridicule* he had attempted to cast upon the defects of *Dolly Smith*; when the latter hardy “piece of work,” who had something more in him than mere animal spirits, in consequence of his pedestrian excursion to witness the race between *Leach* and *Shaw*, a distance of twenty miles, requested *O'Donnel*, with the utmost *sang-froid*, to return and have a *belly full* with him, signifying the first man that took of the *gloves* to be considered as defeated. *O'Donnel*, however, thought better of it.—*Shelton* and young *Crawley*. It was the first appearance of the latter in public, and, indeed, with propriety, he could *only* be viewed as an *amateur* but he intends to become a *millor*. However, *Shelton*, with all his experience, did not make a *novice* of *Crawley*; and, if the *young* one could have got the better of his *modesty*, in all probability he might have taken the lead: at any rate, he had not the worst of it. *Crawley*, it seems, is anxious to do something among the “big ones.”—*DICK* returned thanks, but from the lacerated state of his hand, he could not exhibit. *Randall* was present, but did not *spar*; neither did *Tom Belcher*. The above *game* little hero was entitled to a better attendance, if *MERIT* has any weight in the scale, but the benefits have been unusually numerous; and, it is only common justice to the *FANCY* to observe, that during the last twelve months, their liberality and patronage towards supporting the appeals of the Pugilists have far exceeded any other season.

Chaunts for the Fancy,

AS SUNG AT THE CONVIVIAL MEETINGS, HELD AT
BELCHER'S, THE CASTLE TAVERN, HOLBORN.

MILLING, NEAR CARLISLE,

BETWEEN

Jack Carter, the Lancashire Hero,

AND

TOM OLIVER, THE WESTMINSTER CHAMPION.

By P. EGAN.

TUNE "We're all of us Kings in our turn."

Attend *Fancy Lads*, and I'll sing you a song,
I'll avoid being dull, and I shall not be long,
Though *milling's* the theme, yet I'll make you all smile,
Concerning the fight t'other day at CARLISLE.

But barring all pother,
This, that, and the other,
We all strive to win in our turn.

The Westminster Hero, a boy of true *game*,
Who *mill'd* all the blades from wherever they came,
Poor KIMBER—NED MOROAN—and young FORD he did beat,
And made LANCASTER—COOPER—and PAINTER retreat !

But, &c.

TOM OLIVER's fame was now *chaunted* with glee,
The *Swells* all swore he's the top of the tree !
For game, science, and strength—and a rare *cove* to *fb*,
In the pride of the moment—he look'd *big* at CRIBB.

But, &c.

But the LANCASHIRE lad, who had *serv'd* out the *Blacks*,
Laying those *men of colour* quite flat on their backs !
His manoeuvres so rum that he led 'em astray,
Put in his left hits, and went laughing away.

But, &c.

The *Black Work* all over, and JACK at a stand,
CARTER offer'd to fight any *cove* in the land,
The best man was pick'd out, just to give him a *taste*—
To roast him like meat, and for his *sauce*, JACK well *baste* !

But, &c.

This great match being made, it was soon "THREE to one!"
Loud boasting that OLIVER wou'd beat him "like fun!"
He was never a "good one"—all of 'em did cry
"He'll turn out a cur," and "he'll fight very shy!"

But, &c.

Near fam'd GRETNA GREEN, so renown'd in love's story,
These heroes they met and were cover'd with glory—
The *Flash side* astounded—alarm'd at the match,
To see JACK win the fight without scarcely a *scratch*!

But, &c.

But the tables now turn'd, and the "good one" got beat!
CARTER rose in the *Fancy* by winning this feat;
So *prime* on his legs, like the life of a dance,
That poor TOMMY he *mill'd* without giving him a *chance*!

But, &c.

Thousands flock'd from all parts to see this grand fight,
And the *Swells* of CARLISLE huzza'd with delight!
All the shops they were left—not a man to be seen,
To get a peep at the *mill* on fam'd GRETNA GREEN.

But, &c.

To describe the *long faces*, 'tis past all belief—
The *bettors* from LONDON were weigh'd down with grief,
Such swearing and queering, all put to the rout,
For if they had *tipp'd*, there'd been a rare *cleaning out*!

But, &c.

But the *coves* who took *toll*, and had charge of the *swag*,
They all of 'em vanish'd, and also the *white bag*;
The *flats* they were *gammon'd*, and likewise "mine host!"
Then put in *leg bail*, and they out *brush'd* the Post.

But, &c.

But the grand *hoax* of all that made many repent,
Was the wrong side of victory reported through K—T,*
Dish'd up so neatly, not forgetting the rounds—
That its *hasty* believers, it cost many pounds!

But, &c.

Then fill up your glasses, and assist me to sing,
The *sports* of the FANCY and lads of the Ring;
From *prejudice* free, let this plain toast go round,
"The 'GOOD ONES' from all parts whenever they're found!"

But, &c.

* The Proprietors of the above Sunday Newspaper, in their zeal to communicate "the event" to the Sporting World, urged, in their acknowledgement of the error they had committed, that they had been imposed upon with an erroneous account "that OLIVER had won!"

THE LADS OF THE FANCY.

By P. EGAN.

~~~~~  
TUNE—"The Land of Sweet Erin."  
~~~~~

You Lads of the Fancy, who wish to impart
The tokens of friendship and soundness of heart,
To BELCHER's repair, at the *Castle* so strong,
Where he'll *serve* you all well, and you'll hear a good song.
The company cheerful, and SPORTING's the go—
Though *millings* the theme, you'll not meet with a foe;
But each in good humour, enjoying his pipe,
With tales of the FANCY—and knowledge of life!

Then let us be merry,
While drinking our sherry,
For friendship and harmony can't last too long—
Be still our endeavour,
That nothing shall sever
The LADS OF THE FANCY at the *Castle* so strong!

First, my muse I'll invoke—the brave sires of the fist,
Those heroes of old, who stand high on the list—
To FIGG, father BROUGHTON, and veteran SLACK,
TOM JOHNSON, MICH. RYAN, that brave Paddy Whack
To do them all justice I cannot now stay,
Nor half their brave actions of feats here display,
But *country* or *colour* to us are the same,
Only anxious are we in preserving the GAME!

Then let us, &c.

Well stor'd is our *Castle*, a long siege to stand,
To parley or fight we can all take a hand—
Like trumps stick together, afraid of no plot,
But beware of being *floor'd* by TOMMY's *grape* shot!
To banish dull care, or to roar out a catch,
Take part in a glee, or in making a MATCH:
Chant the pleasures of Sporting—the charms of a race,
And ne'er be at fault—at a *mill* or the chase.

Then let us, &c.

Now, LADS OF THE FANCY, assist me to sing,
That nothing unmanly takes place in the *ring*!
May nor *fear* nor *revenge* e'er embitter your lives,
And be fond of your sweethearts, and true to your wives.
Then give no offence, but with courage take part,
And show the right trait of an Englishman's heart,
To *resent* or *forgive*, to him 'tis the same—
And may LADS OF THE FANCY still never want GAME.
Then let us, &c.

THE
PUGILISTIC FEATS
OF
JACK SCROGGINS

By P. EGAN.

~~~~~  
TUNE—"The Bold Dragoon."  
~~~~~

THERE was a boxing blade, of his feats now I'll sing,
He jump'd and thump'd his way, till he got into the ring—
With his capering jigs, and funny rigs, laughing at all *science*,
Says he, "I'm the boy! here's my *castor* bids defiance!"
With a thump and jump, whack, row de dow!
He clean'd the Boots so neatly, and *brush'd* 'em up so fine,
And *bother'd* JACK so *primely*, till he got him *in a line*!
His thumping whacks, and precious smacks, made the Boots to run,
GRIMALDI, in a Pantomime, never made more fun!
He's got the trick, that makes 'em sick, whack, &c.
He *hammer'd* next the SMITH, saying "you'll repent your folly,"
And *astonish'd* all the ring by *milking* of poor DOLLY—
He got some fame, O what's his name, the SWELLS all did ask?
'Tis JACK SCROGGINS come from sea, and he'll perform his task!
This rough tar, will not spar, whack, &c.
The conqueror of DUTCH SAM, then next he took in tow,
He *mill'd* that *crusty* blade, and lik'd him for a foe!
He made such play and fought away, to beat any sloven,
NOSWORTHY had better been—a *baking* at his oven!
With his hit away, he won the day, whack, &c.

o o 2

In *fishing* for a customer he soon got hold of EALES,
 With his *in* and *out*, all round about, like dancing of reels,
 He *mill'd* away, so brisk and gay, putting aside all *science*—
 Saying, "let me plant *my* hits—and on them I place reliance!"
 In spite of jarring, and fine sparring, whack, &c.

Next a wrestling OILMAN, who wish'd to gain some fame,
 In fighting with JACK SCROGGINS—by trusting to his *game* ;
 He fought, 'tis true, to give him due, but without a *chance*—
 SCROGGINS won with all the ease like being at a dance,
 With full of fun, sure as a gun, whack, &c.

JACK since turn'd *Boniface*, left fighting in the lurch,
 But to wipe away his sins he *swore* he'd go to CHURCH !
 His *feeling* text much perplex that opposing sinner,
 But SCROG *satisfied* his doubts before he went to dinner !
 Full of *plack*, with good luck, whack, &c.

JACK lately on a *cruiise* got in a *groggy* plight—
 And to please the SWELLS, O be fought by "*candle light* !"
 His thundering hits, came like fits, till the clock struck—"ONE!"
 When FISHER he turn'd sick—SCROGGY winning it like fun.
 Sober or drunk, full of spunk, whack, &c.

JACK's won the golden *chink*—but with all its pleasing charms,
 Now to *serve* his customers at the *Waterman's Arms*,
 With a pipe, to see life, among the *millers* and their men,
 And recount the boxing days of JOHNSON and BIG BEN !
 So full of glory, fam'd in story, whack, &c.

PARISH AND HOLT.

Written and sung by GEORGE HEAD.

~~~~~  
 TUNE—"The Trotting Horse."  
 ~~~~~

COME all you sporting blades, who in *mill*ing take delight,
 Sit you down awhile, and I'll tell you of a fight ;
 There was HARRY HOLT, the *duffer*, to *mill* it was his plan ;
 So the customer we chose for him was JOE, the *waterman*.
 For to hit away, stop away, *mill* away, ye ho !
 With my *fal de ral*, &c. &c.

The parties both agreed, and to *mill* was their intent ;
 On the twentieth day of August to Moulsey-Hurst they went ;
 'The DUFFER was the favourite, the odds were six to four,
 For they said JOE could not *take* it, and swore he was a *cur* !
 For, &c. &c.

At half-past three o'clock, in the ring those heroes met,
To see them *go to work* all the lads were on the fret;
There were crowds of every kind from the east unto the west,
All anxious for to know which could *mill* the best.

For, &c. &c.

From *Horselydown* and *Battersea* two Swells* came rolling in,
Both anxious for to know which of the men would win;
They stript so neat and clean the fight for to begin,
Both full of resolution, and determined each to win.

For, &c. &c.

The heroes they shook hands and then commenc'd the fight;
JOE's second, *Harry Harmer*, and HOLT had *lilly white*;†
Bill Eales, a bottle holder, and PARISH was his man;
George Green for the swell DUFFER, and then they both began.

For, &c. &c.

The fight being now commenc'd, both cautious were the men;
But JOE he drew the first blood, he stopt and hit so clean;
Though HARRY had the length of him, to win he was in hopes,
Yet JOE so well could *go in*, that he *floor'd* him on the ropes.

For, &c. &c.

They both began to *mill*, and the blood began to flow,
And which would win the *blunt*, for some time they did not know;
Though Harry hit so clean, he so well by JOE was stopp'd;
Then he hit him in the *mummer*, and on the ropes he dropp'd.

For, &c. &c.

An hour and half a well contested fight,
But from JOE's body blows HARRY could not stand upright;
On the ropes JOE had the pull of him, but mercy was his plan,
So he yielded him the conqueror, for he could no longer stand.

For to mill away, &c.

So now the *mill* is over, to drink shall be our plan:
Come, fill your glasses high to JOE, *the waterman*:
We will drink success unto him wherever he does go,
And when you see this *milling cove*, you must hail him with

"HALLOO!"

* The two backers, Mr. H. and Mr. C.

† Richmond, the Black.

THE THREE FIGHTS

BETWEEN

PAINTER AND SUTTON—REYNOLDS AND BELASCO—
AND BROWN AND BELASCO, JUN.

By P. EGAN.

.....
TUNE—"Derry Down."
.....

You admirers of Boxing attend to my lay,
And I'll *chaunt* you the feats of a prime day's play,
At fam'd Moulsey Hurst on July twenty-third,
Of the three bravest battles that ever occur'd!
Chaunt away, chaunt, chaunt, chaunt away.

NED PAINTER commenc'd and fire *science* display'd,
BLACKY's *pimple* got *mill'd*, but no fear he betray'd;
His tremendous long arm, and terrific dark frame,
With good *quantum* of *pluck*, and not wanting of *game*!
Chaunt, &c.

Two men of more spirit ne'er enter'd the field,
With minds made up for conquest, yet never to yield—
But the *science* of PAINTER couldn't overcome SUTTON,
For he lasted too long, he was too great a *glutton*!
Chaunt, &c.

NED stood up to fight till *distress'd* like a child,
BLACKY was often *abroad*, with his eyes staring wild,
Once *floor'd* in a twinkling—to the betterers seem'd plain
A SOV'REIGN to a *dump*, that he ne'er came again!
Chaunt, &c.

In praise of *Black SUTTON* 'tis my duty to sing,
A fairer fighter ne'er enter'd the ring,
He fought like a hero, and did every thing right,
Still it can't be denied—TOM OWEN won the fight.
Chaunt, &c.

Paddy REYNOLDS next stripped for *Old Ireland's* fame,
 He *show'd* all the lads the advantage of *game* !
 With action so lively and courage so true,
 Though twenty to one, he beat BELASCO, the Jew.
 Chaunt, &c.

From CALEB's dominions a young *sprig* we trace,
 An aspiring *miller* with smiles on his face.
 He *peel'd* like a boy, but he fought like a man,
 "D—n mye—s!" roared out CALEB—"equal BROWN if you can!"
 Chaunt, &c.

Those miniature boxers astonish'd the crowd.
 And the *Westminster* coves, of their hero, felt proud,
 But the poor *Israelites* now with grief did retreat,
 "My *Cot*," cries little *Gadzee*—"young BELASCO is beat!"
 Chaunt, &c.

Ye Patrons of *milling* then join me in a toast,
 Exposing all *crosses*—be this maxim your boast—
 Impartial to *colour*, giving praise to each feat,
 "BUT NE'ER BE UNMINDFUL TO BRAVE MEN IN DEFEAT!"
 Chaunt, &c.

DUTCH SAM;

OR, THE

TEARS OF DUKE'S PLACE.

=====

TUNE—"The Race Horse."

=====

WHEN MENDOZA's vast glory was losing its blaze,
 And both Time and Disease were contracting its rays:
 As JACKSON and BALDWIN became *all the go*:
 And the credit of Israel was then but so, so:
 DUTCH SAM started up, like young Hope before Care,
 To recover those laurels Fate lent to Despair!

His weight nine stone five—well knit, but yet slight,
 He courageously challeng'd the Christians to fight;
 When they scowl'd with contempt, as, by *Ezra*, we're told,
 Once *Goliath* look'd down on poor *Davy* of old;
 At length, the bold BALDWIN, a chief of the crew,
 Swore he'd take all the fight out of this daring Jew!

The parties both met on the portentous day,
 And the Tothill-fields boys came in gangs to the fray;
 All were sneering at SAM, and they quizz'd and they gaz'd,
 But Sam *leather'd* his man, and the mob were amaz'd;
 As he *mill'd* the stout CALEB and darken'd his lights:
 All the LEVYS cried out, "Look! my Cot, how he fights!"

Now captains and lordships, and the Lord knows who,
 Rush'd in myriads to hail the victorious Jew:
 They made banquets and *fêtes* to feast him and his train,
 While Merit and Virtue begg'd alms, but in vain!
 Yet SAM's triumphs were brief, as, by folly o'er rul'd,
 His intemperance did, what his foes never could!

A young baker, one NOSWORTHY, crusty and stout,
 The first in a lark, but the last to give out.
 Who regarded *dead men* as a matter of course,
 Threw his gauntlet at SAM, who grew ev'ry year worse;
 And though manhood suggested his day was gone by,
 Yet as honour impell'd SAM would conquer or die!

Though SAM planted his blows 'gainst the frame of this youth,
 They fell pow'rless as Fallacy's sophisms 'gainst Truth.
 No more *three to one* echoed now far and near,
 Though SAM's *pluck* was the same, yet his prowess was queer;
 Now the captains and lordings left SAM, once their pride,
 While each Jew scratch'd his head and each knowing one sigh'd.

Lo! stretch'd on the sod, see poor SAM on his back,
 Like Saint Andrew fall'n down, or a wretch on the rack;
 Where *the Fancy* survey'd him with dread, not disdain,
 As the Greeks view'd the *Python* that Phœbus had slain;
 While SAMMY sobb'd out, 'twixt a moan and a while,
 "I am *disk'd*—I'm *done up*, and must soon tip *all nine*!"

Then a pigeon from *Moulsey* was sent to Duke's Place,
 With a label that signified all SAM's disgrace;
 That the tribes might hedge off, as for old clothes they range,
 'Mid the beaux of the west, or the flats near the Change;
 While Israel's brown children in sympathy roar,
 "Have you heard of *Dutch Sam*?"—No! "My, Cot, he's done
 o'er."

THE MORAL.

Now, ye Pugilists listen to what wit may say,
 And while the sun shines, boys, take care to make hay;
 For the hour will come when your vigour must fade;
 And Fortune, ye know, is a slippery jade,
 The partition's but flimsy 'twixt glory and shame!
 And brave SAM, like NAPOLEON, is now lost to Fame!

THE FEATS OF PRIME JACK RANDALL, O!

A New Sporting Chant for Paddy's Land,

DEDICATED TO

DAN DONNELLY,

THE IRISH CHAMPION.

By P. EGAN.

TUNE—"Derby Kelly O!"

'Tis of the ring I mean to sing,
The feats of *prime* JACK RANDALL, O!
Young *Paddywhack*, has got the *nack*,
In *row*, a *mill*, or a *turn-up*, O!
'Twas BELCHER's name, and DUTCH SAM's fame,
And CRIBB's manhood he did revere,
That caus'd his heart to make a start,
Praises to gain both far and near;
At St. Giles's Pound, he *box'd* 'em round,
The PARS cried out—"See the darling, O!
He's got the *trick*, that make's 'em *sick*—
To be sure it is JACK RANDALL, O!

Chorus.—Then fill your glass, and let it pass,
Here's a health to "Young Paddy, O!"
Who *floors* them all, both great and small,
Does *finishing* JACK RANDALL, O!

The *milling coves* came out in droves,
At *Shepperton* to see JACK RANDALL, O!
With BELASCO fight, it was delight
To view the style he won it O!
The *Fancy Lads* upon their *prads*,
Loud cheering of this NONPAREIL!
Who *mills* so gay, and gets away,
Like merry dancing in a reel:
His *precious* hits, like terrible fits,
Doubling-up his opponents, O!
He gained the day, as if at play,
Did *finishing* JACK RANDALL, O!

Chorus.—Then fill, &c.

His fame now rais'd, by ev'ry one prais'd,
 Loud *chaunting* prime JACK RANDALL, O!
 In various parts, the Pats' warm hearts
 Swore he could beat a whole PARISH, O!
 JACK took the lead, to show his breed:
 The WATERMAN, with *science* great,
 Made many stops, got heavy waps,
 Receiving too upon his pate.
 Won battles EIGHT in easy state,
Payne, Levy, Holt, Dick, Dodd, Walton, O!
 With NATURE's guide, JACK's only pride,
 A natural boxer is RANDALL, O!
 Chorus.—Then fill, &c.

THE THREE FIGHTS
 BETWEEN
 SCROGGINS AND TURNER,
 AT
 HAYES, SAWBRIDGEWORTH, and SHEPPERTON.
 By P. EGAN.

~~~~~  
 TUNE—"Paddy Carey."  
 ~~~~~

'Twas at Hayes, TURNER saw the ring,
 So primely made for *milling* glory,
 Of heroes too he'd heard 'em sing,
 Boxers that wish'd to live in story!
 Of FIGG so bold, and BROUGHTON's fame,
 Those millers of a century back;
 Till modern days rais'd SCROGGY's name,
 When TURNER came and got the *crack*.
 He stripp'd so gay,—And mill'd away,
 Till ring got broke,—Then all a joke;
 Prime delusion,—Glorious confusion;
 Such a row was ne'er before seen!
 Among the *slang* faces,—At the donkey races,
 From Tothill-fields to the Epping hunt,
 All anxious to *draw* their blunt.
 Now chaunting with glee,—I should like to see,
 This *milling* boy,—The FANCY's toy,

Who's got the charm,—With his long arm,
Victory to gain,—Without any strain;
Nimble footed, black eye'd, whisker'd cheek,
Milling Neddy Turner,
O prime Neddy,
Get away Neddy,
Prime, hit away, *milling* Turner.

At *Sawbridgeworth* NED took the lead,
So full of spunk, light, and airy,
With confidence he show'd *WELSH* breed,
He hit and sprung about like a fairy!
While *SCROGGY* puzzled, lost his rote,
His temper gone and smashing play,
NED made a hit upon his throat,
So sharply that he won the day.

Old and young,—Were struck dumb,
To see retreat,—And *SCROG*'s defeat,
The “three to one,”—Completely done,
Such long *mugs*,—And precious shrugs!
Among the keen faces,—At Newmarket races,
From *GULLEY*'s odds on that boxing pet,
On *TURNER*'s name they wouldn't bet.

Now, &c.

At *Shepperton* again they met,
But *TURNER*'s now the *FANCY* man;
SCROGGINS so teas'd, and on the fret:
Anxious to win,—changing his plan;
But NED awake, he *spoilt* in style,
The *boring* traits of brave *SCROGGY*;—
His length of arm was like a foil,
Repeated hits made *JACK groggy*!,
POOR *SCROGGY* done,—Beat like fun,
He fought with *pluck*,—But out of luck;
Yet still his name,—Deserves good fame.
A better “little one” ne'er was seen,
Among the hard faces,—At Newmarket races,
From Belcher's time to prime *TOM CRIBB*,
Those precious ones to *mill* and *fib*.

Now, &c.

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