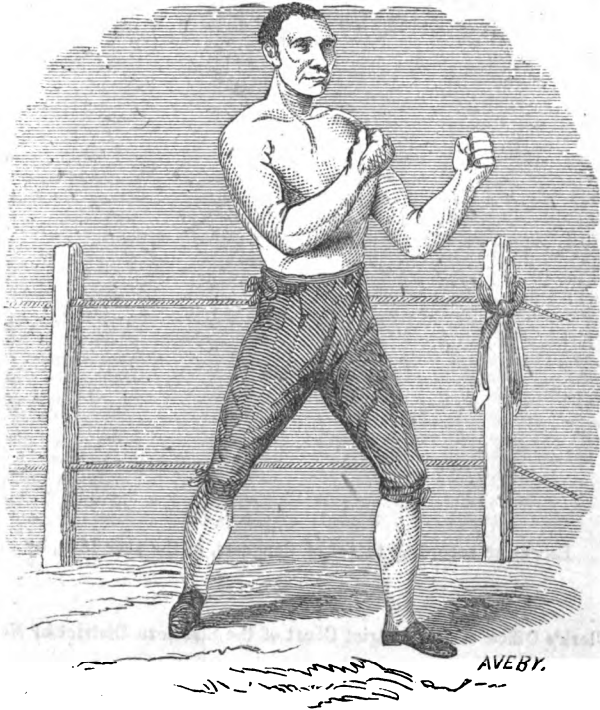


THE
**AMERICAN
FISTIANA:**



CONTAINING A HISTORY OF
PRIZE FIGHTING
IN THE UNITED STATES,
WITH ALL THE PRINCIPAL BATTLES FOR THE LAST FORTY YEARS, AND A FULL AND
PRECISE ACCOUNT OF ALL THE PARTICULARS OF THE
GREAT \$10,000 MATCH
BETWEEN
SULLIVAN AND HYER,
WITH THEIR METHOD OF TRAINING FOR THE FIGHT, AS DESCRIBED BY
PATRICK TIMONY, ESQ.

NEW YORK:
H. JOHNSON,
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PRIZE FIGHTING IN THE UNITED STATES

SULLIVAN AND HYER.

THE system of Prize Fighting which has flourished so extensively in England during the last two centuries, and which has received so much encouragement there, even from the gravest authorities of the land, never obtained to any great extent in this country. Pugilism, as a science, has been very slightly encouraged; and most of the contests which have been decided within a roped ring, on this side of the Atlantic, have proceeded from personal grudge, or sprung from sudden and heedless chaffing. There never has been, until very recently, a recognised class among us, who aspire to pugilism as a means of ambition or a source of profit, while, to say the truth, most of those who do, are rather better content to display their shoulder-exercise in an up-stairs sparring exhibition, at 25 cents a ticket, than to incur the peril of naked knocks from an ungloved adversary in the open field.

In the year 1840, however, the fighting spirit took a sudden start, and numerous gentlemen who had looked mildly out of their eyes till that moment, became as fierce as terriers, and also famous without cause. Whether this was an entirely involuntary impulse of the mind of the substratum, or whether it was stimulated and produced by the arrival in this country of the famous James, *alias* Yankee Sullivan, is still a matter of some dispute, but it is certain that Mr. Sullivan flourished with the agitation, and was looked up to on all sides, not only as a personage to be revered, but as an oracle whose opinion was infallible and without appeal on all subjects connected with the Prize Ring.

These complimentary attentions were by no means overstrained. Mr. Sullivan was really a man of mark in the profession in which his new admirers were only green-disciples. He was at that time the hero of no less than six sternly contested fights in the Prize Ring in other lands, and was still fresh with the fame of the last and most redoubtable of all; the victory over the renowned Hammer Lane.

Mr. Sullivan made his introduction into this country very modestly, and probably would have contented himself with the liberal profits of an old-fashioned tavern in Division street, known as the "Sawdust House," had not his fame roused the envy of the Bowery, and inspired a natural feeling to have him "taken down." Sullivan, who is a fighting man from his top-knot to his toes, affected to play shy to these overtures for a considerable time, but at length a good chance offering, he embraced the opportunity to close a match with an Englishman named Vincent Hammond, for \$100 a side. This affair came off on the 2d September, 1841, at League Island, near Philadelphia, but proved

to be mere child's-play for the champion's experience. He beat his adversary in eight rounds, occupying but the short space of ten minutes, to literally cut him all to pieces. A circumstance which occurred in the course of the fight will serve to show the cunning of the conqueror, and the care at the same time, which he takes of the interests of his friends. Considerable money had been wagered as to which would draw the first blood from the other; and around the ring stood numerous of Sullivan's countrymen who had staked all their spare cash, in sums ranging from two to twenty shillings, that he would win the point. It happened, however, that in the very first round, Hammond let fly and caught Sullivan on the upper lip. The blow was not hard, but it was sufficiently sharp to cut the inner skin, and start the claret down Sullivan's teeth. With a shrewd quickness of thought, the ultimate conqueror sucked the crimson in, with a serious pursing of the face that is common to him when meditating mischief, and letting his left hand go at the same moment, split Hammond woefully upon the cheek and deluged his entire countenance and chest with gore: "First blood!" cried the Yankee, throwing up his hands and clapping them in the air as Hammond staggered back, and then went laughing to his corner. Another instance of yet superior management occurred in his subsequent fight with Bell. "Let me go, Billy," said Sullivan, faintly, as he stood with Bell's arm around his neck, at a slight disadvantage near the ropes; "let me go, Billy; I can stand it no longer; I'm a going to give in!" Bell credulously yielded and turned towards his corner, but no sooner had he exposed his unprotected side, than Sullivan let drive a right-handed hit, and catching him in the region of the ear, sent him almost headlong to the ground. "All's fair in war!" said Sullivan, in relating this event.

The result of this fight, though it raised Sullivan in local estimation as a pugilist, did not gain him many friends. Envy is general in the human breast, and it thrives ranker in foul ground than in a fine and cultivated soil. The battle helped the fighting fever, however, and so inspired John McCleester, who was one of Sullivan's friends and principal adherents, with the confidence of a victorious cause, that he bolted out of the "Sawdust House," one evening only a week afterwards, and ran down to Park Row to catch a fight with Tom Hyer, a tall and powerful young man, of some six feet two in height, who had already gained considerable pugilistic fame in the chance encounters he had from time to time met with in the streets. Hyer, or the friends of Hyer, were not

disposed to have the fight come off that evening, but arranged the matter for the following day. On the following day they fought, and after a contest of three hours, lacking five minutes, Hyer was proclaimed the victor.

As the fame of "Country McCuskey," as McCleester was generally called, had previously been very great as a rough and tough fighter, the reputation of Hyer rose proportionably to the measure of the victory, and from that time to the present, he has generally enjoyed the credit of being a "tip top" man. Indeed, he seemed to deserve it. He was in the prime of youth, of the first class in size, long in the reach, elegantly made, and superior in activity to most of his much lighter companions. Here were the materials for a champion sure enough, and Sullivan found a rival to his popularity, though not a competitor for its professional possession. Hyer, after his victory over Country, had resolutely declared he would fight no more; he had fought as it was, he said, only to settle a quarrel, and would not go in the field again, in a set match, unless it were for a sum of three or five thousand dollars. As this sum was at that time entirely out of the reach, or conception, of Sullivan's scanty backers, the affair was not to be thought of.

Hyer's success, however, stimulated the opposing "crowd" in the same degree that Sullivan's victory over Hammond had inspired "Country" and his faction, and a man named Secor was produced by them as a fitting antagonist to bring the Irishman to his bearings. The match was a formidable looking one for Sullivan, but notwithstanding Secor was a man of first class size, and that he did not reach beyond 160 pounds, he accepted the vaunt, and a match was made in the sum of \$300 a side. The fight took place on the 22d of January following (1842), and Sullivan was victor again, in one hour and three minutes, and in 67 rounds.

Sullivan's fame was now at its highest, but after about six months' lapse of time, the opposition renewed their spirit, and he obtained a man named Bell, a celebrated pugilist of Brooklyn, whose superior knowledge of the art of self-defence, which he had taught as a professor, had long indicated him as the only one perhaps who could be made to successfully compete with the wiry Irish fighter. But this resulted like the others, and Sullivan came off conqueror again in 32 minutes and 23 rounds. He was now considered invincible, or "an invince," as sporting men elegantly condense it; and received from his admirers the presentation of a silver belt, which he retains to this day.

The fame of Sullivan, however, did not affect the reputation of Hyer a single jot. The latter was not, to use a slang expression, which seems legitimate in this connexion, considered "in the ring," but was rather regarded by wonder loving minds as one of those amateurs, who, if he would but "go in," might carry everything before him.

Several small fights took place intermediately between the contests of Secor and Bell, and the fighting fever had run to such a height, that a house was started in Park Row, called the "Arena," which was nightly crowded with swarms of pugilistic aspirants, who came together from all parts of the city, to hear the current fight-talk of the day. But the melan-

choly result of the battle between Lilly and McCoy, which took place in September of the same year, altered this whole state of affairs, and dampened all fighting matters till 1847, when Robert Caunt, brother to the present champion of England, was matched against the ever ready "Yankee," for \$1000 a side. This was fought on the 7th of May, 1847, and lasted only 12 minutes, Sullivan winning in eight rounds, after literally knocking his opponent dumb.

Between this battle and the Spring of 1848, there was no talk of pugilism. The excitement of the Mexican war overwhelmed all taste for the tamer sports of a roped arena, and it was generally understood that Sullivan had fought his last fight, and had retired from the ring for ever. He was the victor of eleven contests without an overthrow, which seemed fame enough for one man; and he had sufficient custom to his tavern, at No. 9 Chatham street, to make him easy on the score of income.

But the spirit of the gladiator was still strong within him, and he could not restrain himself from looking awry at Hyer whenever he came in contact with him, nor of indicating, in various significant ways, that, notwithstanding that individual's size, his youth, and length of reach, he could "flax him out with very little difficulty." In this spirit, and what was worse, with too much spirit in him, he one evening in April last (1848), dropped into the splendid restaurant on the corner of Broadway and Park Place, and being off his guard with the foolish liquor in his belly, gave Hyer (who was somewhat in the same condition) such provocation that an immediate fight ensued. The story was soon told. The conqueror of Hammer Lane, and theretofore invincible Sullivan, was beaten into insensibility, and taken out of the cellar leaving Hyer cock of the walk.

It is scarcely possible to describe the excitement which this event occasioned in the public mind. For five or six days, nothing else was talked of in all circles, and for the corresponding nights, Broadway swarmed with the crowds which concentrated from all quarters of the town to catch a glance, while parading from one drinking house to another, of the man who had whipped Yankee Sullivan. The papers teemed with the event, and the general expression seemed one of gratification at the result. Sullivan's friends, however, took strong objections to the manner in which his overthrow had been accomplished, and insisted that he had been taken at a hopeless disadvantage. The other side recriminated, of course, that such a complaint was a mere vain pretence.

In the meantime both factions armed themselves, and for a period of five weeks, there was a momentary dread in the minds of the peace-loving, that several lives would be lost by the collision of the parties. It seems, however, that Mr. Sullivan took a sober second thought, and being averse to bowie knives or shooting irons, he concluded to dictate a personal challenge, and to that end and purpose, took pen in hand and squared himself at a sheet of paper. Having finished his card with the promptness of a man of genius, he sent it to the *New York Herald* as an advertisement; and on the following day (2d June) it was answered in due form by Mr. Hyer. These two cards were subsequently

published together in the columns of *The National Police Gazette*; and as the remarks which introduce and follow them, are happy with our present purpose, we will give the article of the Gazette in full. Here it is:—

A FIGHTING CORRESPONDENCE.

We commend the following warlike correspondence, from the Wednesday and Thursday advertisements of the *Herald*, to the philosophers and politicians of the age. Like all military correspondence, it is brief, comprehensive, and to the point, and will compare with the brusque exchanges between General Taylor and Santa Anna. Its style may be studied with improvement by all windy and wordy politicians:

A CARD.

About six weeks since, while in the saloon on the corner of Parkplace and Broadway, in a condition rendering me unable to defend myself against any attack, I was assailed in a most cowardly manner, by a man of the name of Hyer. On the strength of it, accounts of the occurrence appeared in a number of the newspapers, false in every particular, and which must have been inserted by Hyer himself, or his friends. If I had been worsted in a fair fight, and by a person who knew anything at all about fighting, or had the courage to fight as a man, I should have taken no notice of it; but I consider it due to my friends, to inform them in this way of the real character of the occurrence. I am no "Irish braggart," or "bully," although I am an Irishman, and believe I can show myself worthy of my country whenever I am required. If there are any who think they can make me "cry enough, like a whipped child," if No. 9 Chatham street is not too far out of the way, I will be happy to have them call and make the experiment. As for Hyer, I can "flax him out" without any exertion.

JAMES SULLIVAN.

A REPLY.

Yesterday morning it was falsely stated in one of the advertisements of this paper, signed "James Sullivan," that I had assailed him in an unjustifiable manner, and at a disadvantage, about six weeks ago, in a saloon at the corner of Parkplace and Broadway. I wish merely to state, that this fellow, Sullivan, assaulted me, and that I chastised him for it, as I can and shall do again on similar provocation, to him or any one else who improperly assails me. I have only to add, that Mr. Sullivan will find me always much readier to meet him anywhere than in the newspapers; anywhere, however, I am his master.

THOMAS HYER.

It will be perceived by the above, that each of these domestic heroes throws himself on the broad platform of the championship, and defines his position with the same rapidity and ease with which a colonel of the light-horse would perform the six cuts. Nothing is left out. Sullivan goes for the Irish vote, and Hyer stands for the suffrages of the Native Americans. We recommend them to the political conventions. In these days of wars, fighting, and fighting men, let all sorts of heroes have a chance.

These two letters, though sufficiently belligerent in their tone, did not lead immediately to the arrangement to which both parties seemed desirous to come, and two months more elapsed in hostile traversing, in the hope to catch each other in some chance *melée*. In the first week in August, however, a bar-room banter to Hyer, of \$20, by one of Sullivan's adherents, to the effect that he *dared not* make a match with Sullivan, produced the requisite arrangement. Hyer put up the twenty dollars, and, in pursuance of the conditions of the wager, a meeting was had at Ford's tavern, at No. 28 Park Row, by the friends and backers of both parties, on

the night of Monday, 7th August. To win the twenty dollar banter, therefore, Hyer stood ready to make a match for \$10,000, or \$5000 a side, and put down \$100 as a temporary forfeit. Though the offer of such a tremendous stake seemed to stagger the friends of Sullivan not a little, they nevertheless came boldly up to the scratch, and the match was at once agreed on.

As soon as this ceremony was over, the following articles of agreement were drawn up, or produced, and being duly executed, became from that hour the law for the contest:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this seventh day of August, 1848, between James Sullivan and Thomas Hyer.

RULES TO BE GOVERNED BY.

The said James Sullivan agrees to fight the said Thomas Hyer a fair stand up fight, half minute time, in a twenty-four foot roped ring, according to the new rules as laid down in the *Fistiana* for 1848, by which rules the said Sullivan and Hyer hereby mutually agree to be bound.

AMOUNT OF STAKE AND PLACE OF FIGHT.

The said fight shall be for the sum of Five Thousand Dollars a side. The said fight shall take place within the states of Virginia or Maryland, or some other place, if the parties can mutually agree upon such other place.

TO INCREASE OR LESSEN THE STAKE.

The fight can be made for a greater or lesser sum than Five Thousand Dollars a side, by mutual consent of the parties.

WITHIN SIX MONTHS.

The said fight shall take place within six months from the date of these articles.

HOURS BETWEEN WHICH THE FIGHT SHALL TAKE PLACE.

On the day on which the fight takes place, each man shall be in the ring on or before 1 o'clock P. M., or at an earlier hour if the parties mutually agree.

PROVISION AGAINST INTERFERENCE.

In case of magisterial interference or other interruption of the fight, which the umpires shall deem fair cause for adjourning the fight, the referee or stake-holders shall name the time and place for the next meeting of the parties to decide or terminate the fight.

Each man shall be attired suitably for fair ring fighting.

NO ADVANTAGE.

No unfair shoes or unfair means shall be resorted to during the fight or at the termination thereof.

AGREEMENT TO GIVE NO INFORMATION.

It is hereby agreed, that no information shall be given to any person, whereby the authorities may interfere to stop the fight.

CHOICE OF GROUND.

The party winning the choice of ground for fighting, shall give the other party ten days' notice of the place selected for the fight, such information to be fair and unequivocal as to its whereabouts.

CONVEYANCE TO GROUND.

Should it be necessary to employ a steamboat to convey the parties and their friends to the place of fighting, and a steamboat be chartered, the proceeds of such boat shall be equally divided between the parties.

FIRST INSTALLMENT.

Five Hundred Dollars a side (making One Thousand Dollars) are now deposited in the hands of J—B—F—, in pursuance of the foregoing agreement.

SECOND INSTALLMENT.

The next deposit of Five Hundred Dollars a side to be put up at the house of James Sullivan, No. 9 Chatham street, in the hands of J. B. F., on Monday evening, 21st of August, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

THIRD INSTALLMENT.

On the 21st day of September, Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars a side to be put up at the house of Ford & Phillips, 28 Park Row.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

On the 21st day of October, Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars a side at No. 9 Chatham street.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT.

On the 21st day of November, *Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars* a side, to be put up at No. 28 Park Row.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT.

On the 21st day of December, *Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars* a side, to be put up at No. 9 Chatham street.

The above mentioned deposits of *Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars* a side, to be put up at the places described between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

FINAL INSTALLMENT.

The last and final deposit of *One Thousand Dollars* a side, to be put up at 28 Park Row on the 8th day of January, 1849, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

FORFEIT.

Either party failing to comply with the above conditions, shall forfeit the money already down.

STAKEHOLDER.

All the sums above mentioned, to be put up in the hands of J—B—F—, who shall be empowered, in case of his sickness or absence from the city, to name or appoint a person to receive for him the deposits.

RULES TO UMPIRES.

Each party shall furnish their respective umpires with a copy of "Fistiana."

NO ADVANTAGES.

It is distinctly understood that no undue advantage shall be taken by either party; but every transaction shall take place in a fair business-like manner.

REFEREE.

Each party shall choose an umpire, and they, the umpires, shall choose a referee, whose decision shall be final and binding upon the parties.

STAKES.

The stakes not to be given up until fairly won or lost, by a fight or by forfeiture. In pursuance of this agreement, the parties hereto attach their names.

Signed,

F. M. for
JAMES SULLIVAN.
M. M. for
THOMAS HYER.

Witness—A. N.
T. C. B. }

These arrangements having been made, and ratified with a general bumper of champagne, the parties separated, and the public drew a long breath of relief at having escaped the danger of a street slaughter which had so long been threatened. The interest having now taken a temperate and a legitimate direction, rose higher than ever, and with the New York community, divided the excitement caused by the approaching Presidential campaign. Both men, and the backers of both, in the meanwhile seemed to feel the highest confidence in their respective causes, the best evidence of which lies in the fact of the promptness and regularity with which the instalments of the monster wager were put up. The long period set for the training excited some surprise in the general mind, but to the initiated it was considered necessary, in order to correct the irregularities of Hyer's mode of life, and as an indulgence, which Sullivan on his part required, so that he might take, for a while, the light and gentle discipline requisite to a man who had trained so often before.

Having now traced the progress of the two men in this matter until they are fairly matched, we will leave them training and putting up their instalments, to give a fair view of the qualities of both, by a publication of those of their contests which will afford the reader the best idea of their peculiar fighting characteristics.

With the view of doing this in the best manner, we will here give, full reports as published at the times of the respective occurrences—of fights in which each have been engaged.

In the first place, Sullivan's fighting history may be condensed as follows: He was born on the 10th of March, 1815, at Banden, near Cork, Ireland, and is consequently nearly thirty-four years of age. He won six battles on the other side of the Atlantic.

He beat Stewart for £12 a side, in 2 hours and 20 minutes.

He beat Dick Trainor for £50 a side, in 73 rounds, in 1 hour and 45 minutes.

He beat Johnny White for a purse, in 13 rounds, lasting 40 minutes.

He beat George Sharpless for £100 a side, in 27 rounds, in 1 hour and 5 minutes.

He beat Tom Brady, a first-class man in size, in 17 rounds and 30 minutes.

He beat the great Hammer Lane for £50 a side, in 19 rounds and 37 minutes.

His American victories were Hammond in 7 rounds and 10 minutes.

Secor, 63 rounds, 1 hour and 3 minutes.

Received forfeit from Abm. Vandersee.

Bill Bell in 23 rounds and 32 minutes.

Bob Caunt in 7 rounds and 12 minutes.

Of these latter fights we will select, on his part, for publication, the fight between himself and Secor as the latter approaches nearest to Hyer as an antagonist; and also his fight with Bell by way of showing his mode of fighting with a highly skilful man, and under the new "stand up and take it" rules. For Hyer, we shall give his famous battle with Country McCleester.

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN YANKEE SULLIVAN AND THOMAS SECOR, ON SATURDAY THE 24th JANUARY, 1842, AT STATEN ISLAND.

We rose at an early hour on Saturday morning to embark to see the long talked of fight between the renowned Yankee Sullivan and Thomas Secor. On sailing forth, we found the sky slightly flecked here and there with light feathery clouds, and a soft south-westerly breeze breathing a moderate and bracing freshness through the atmosphere.

At half-past 9 o'clock we started in the Boston, steamer, preceded by the Citizen (Secor's boat), the Star (Sullivan's boat), and the steamer Dream, and were followed by the steamer Wave. Thousands who were disappointed in getting aboard, lined the wharves and ran in crowds up and down the river side. The order of the day was, that all the boats should follow Sullivan's, who was to select the ground. There appeared, however, to be some indecision in regard to the matter, for after arriving opposite the heights of eternal Neverink, the Champion's boat backed irresolutely to and fro for some time, and kept the others playing about like attendant dolphins. At length it was resolved to land at a wharf on Staten Island about $\frac{1}{4}$ a mile north of old fort Tompkins, and at a $\frac{1}{2}$ to 11 A. M. the whole party disembarked. The singular multitude streamed in one long unbroken line along the heights towards the south, some bearing huge stakes, others ropes, and two or three a pickaxe, terrifying the simple inhabitants of the neighborhood with the savage irruption, and spreading even an uncertain alarm among the blue coated U. S. gentry from the fort, who came running in crowds to look at the strange array.

The spot pitched upon was upon the beautiful grounds of Mr. Aspinwall of this city, within a few hundred yards of the light house at the "Narrows," and about half a mile from fort Tompkins. There were about 2,000 spectators of all classes and descriptions on the ground. At $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 the stakes were driven and two rings formed, the inner one twenty-four feet square for the combatants and their seconds, and the outer one, very large, so as to afford a convenient circle for the large number on the ground. The spot was peculiarly adapted to the business in hand, as it lay at the foot of an abrupt slope of two or three hundred yards, which afforded a

capital stand for the lookers on, and the close shaven sod was rendered soft and elastic by the action of a bright and beautiful sun.

While the preparations were going on, Sullivan walked about among the crowd, surveyed the arrangements with a cheerful and accustomed eye, and bantered several of his opponents with a bet of fifty to thirty-five dollars upon himself. At twenty minutes to 12, every thing being ready, the men commenced to peel. Five minutes afterwards entered the Ring, and confronted each other, stripped to the buff above the middle, while their nether array consisted of the professional corduroys and hose. Sullivan was the first to enter, his tile had been previously cast in by his second McClusky, and Secor's hat followed by the hands of Vanderzee. Previous to confronting each other, Sullivan nailed his color—a shred of black muslin—to one of the stakes, and Vanderzee addressing himself to the assemblage remarked, that his principal wanted nothing but “a fair and honest thing.”

THE MEN.

When the men confronted each other, the superiority of Secor's size was very apparent, though to practised eyes he was plainly too fine. His flesh had a healthful ruddy glow, and the only fault of his condition was that there was a little too much of it. Of his physical proportions, we have spoken elsewhere, so need not recapitulate them in detail. We have but to repeat that he is defective in the chest, which is rather flat and his shoulders incline to be round. In short he is by no means such a man as we should select as calculated to become celebrated in the prize ring, though sooth to say he is a man of great physical strength, strength however which is encumbered and embarrassed by other points that form no part of the necessary *tout ensemble* of a gladiator.

Sullivan, on the other hand, with a single physical exception, may be said to be the very model of a man of his weight and size. In height he is 5 feet 10 inches, his frame is round, his limbs muscular and clean with the exception of a slight inflection of his knees. His head is small and round, and has the appearance of being bone, features and all, from the boldness of its angles, the remarkable closeness of the skin and the apparent impenetrability of its texture. His flesh was clear, what he had of it, and clung with peculiar tenacity to his body. We do not know his exact weight, but believe the difference between him and his antagonist to be about 23lbs.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1st.—At 25 minutes to 12, after the principals and seconds had shaken hands, all together, across each other's arms, the two combatants came merrily up to the scratch. Sullivan gathered himself up in his peculiar style, like a tiger preparing for a spring, and Secor brandished his arms warily up and down, while he at the same time eyed his antagonist with an intense and determined gaze. Secor led off with his right, which was followed by Sullivan as quick as light upon his antagonist's nose; Sullivan then went to the ground to avoid the return. (Cries of “First blood for Sullivan!” and “he went down without a blow!”)

Round 2d.—Both right to work. Sully stopped, and returned a stinging smack on the nose, starting the blood again; answered by Secor with a Palzhan shot on the nob, which knocked Sullivan out stiff, and he fell clear to the ground on his back. When he was carried to his corner by his seconds, he pointed tauntingly at Secor's nose and made faces at him.

Round 3d.—At it sharp again. Sullivan led off upon the mouth, cutting it again, and as Secor followed up, he planted, in his retreat, two more in the same place and then went down to avoid the return, laughing from the ground in Secor's face, who unwillingly had to turn away without touching him on the ground. This system of mocking and pointing the finger at his antagonist was pursued by Sullivan from the start, for the purpose of exasperating him and throwing him off his guard, and was in a slight measure successful. We cannot suppose it practised for any other purpose, as Secor was by no means an enemy to excite any man's contempt.

Round 4th.—Yankee led off again upon his old spot, on the nose, as true as a trivet and sharp as a knife, following it up, in his retreat; then seeing trouble coming, he slipped away from it like a shadow and laughed in his baffled opponent's face.

Round 5th.—Both came up briskly; Secor made a feint and Sullivan went to the ground without a blow. (Murmurs of dissatisfaction from Secor's friends and a laugh from Sullivan.)

Round 6th.—Sullivan commenced in good earnest, planted three successive blows in Secor's face, one on either eye, and one on the old spot, starting the claret

again in streams; he then dropped away from the return, and went to his corner laughing contemptuously again.

Round 7th.—Secor caught it again on the mug, and ere he could reply, Sullivan took to the ground.

Round 8th.—Secor came up fierce and went right to work. He let fly with his left, caught Yankee on his collar bone, turned him half way round, and followed with his right on the shoulder blade with such force as to cause an abrasion of the skin and make a noise resembling a pistol crack. Sully returned, but did not get home, and Secor caught him on the frontal bone and sent him to the ground.

Round 9th.—Yankee stopped, let fly with his left, caught Secor on the nose in the old place and went down laughing, to avoid the return.

Round 10th.—Sullivan bled his man this time the same way, and went down laughing again.

Round 11th.—Secor led off, was stopped, caught a return blow on his gory nose that sent the claret flying in a spray and widened the cleft already made. Secor rushed in, closed and threw his man, falling on him. Sullivan went to his corner laughing at him.

Round 12th.—Sullivan led off in earnest, planting blow after blow in his opponent's face. Secor, made wild by his punishment, returned at random and Sullivan went down laughing.

Round 13th.—A rally and Secor nearly thrown over the ropes.

Round 14th.—A rally, a close and Sully down.

Round 15th.—Sharp counter hits; a rally, Sullivan driven to the ropes and half pressed through them by Secor, who fell upon him. Sully returned to his corner laughing as before.

Round 16th.—Sullivan sent the claret from Secor's nose into fine spray again by a stinging smack; Secor rushed in and closed, but Sullivan turned him and Secor went to the ground.

Round 17th.—Smart exchanges, a close, a rally and both down.

Round 18th.—Secor hit out right and left, a rally, Sully driven to the ropes, a clinch, a short struggle, ineffective exchanges and Sullivan nearly pressed through the ropes.

Round 19th.—A sharp rally, a close and both down.

Round 20th.—Both commenced earnestly; counter hit, a rally, a close and Sullivan pressed to the ropes, when Secor fell over him bodily.

Round 21st.—A rally, Secor caught it sharply on his snuff box again, painting the fist of his antagonist; close and Sullivan went down leaving Secor dreadful jobbed.

Round 22d.—Sullivan let fly with his left three times with terrific effect, completely distracting his enemy, who rushed at him with open hands and arms; Sullivan admonished him once more of his carelessness by a sharp cutting blow and went to the ground laughing at him.

Round 23d.—Secor a little shy, let fly with his right, was stopped and caught it in return on his snuff taker, the blood jetting out into spray from the force of the blow, in all directions; Secor rushed in, clinched and pressed his man to the ropes and fell on him.

Round 24th.—Secor's eyes were now both cushioned and variegated with their frequent visitations; his face was covered all over with the blood which at the end of every round streamed profusely from his nose. He came up this time with a stupid and dogged determination; led off, struck wide and wild, caught an admonisher in the old place in consequence, and Yankee went down out of the way of an ugly blow.

It was now apparent to every body that Secor with his bold, straight forward mode of fighting, could not contend successfully with his wily and active adversary. Blow after blow came raining in upon him, drawing blood at every visitation, and when he would have returned the compliment, his antagonist slipped away from him like a shadow, and his blow, wasted in the air, had no other effect than that of straining him and pitching him forward over his tormentor.

Round 25th.—Secor came up groggy; both his eyes were half shut, and the blood clothed his nose and chin, and covered his face. He went in with good will, was punished in the old place and Sullivan went down.

Round 26th.—Secor went in wild, with open arms and hands, struck out and fell without a blow. (Cries of “he's gone! The fight is over! &c.”)

Round 27th.—Sullivan merry, smart counter hits, a close and Sullivan was thrown, Secor falling heavily on him.

Round 28th.—Secor went in well, got a heavy blow and closed, Sullivan whirled him round and threw him.

Round 29th.—Secor much fatigued and Sullivan fresh, fierce exchanges, a rally and Secor carried Sullivan half over the ropes, falling on him and trying by his weight to force him outside.

Round 30th.—Sullivan jobbed his man dreadfully. Secor returned wildly. Notwithstanding his severe punishment, he followed his tormentor all round the ring, smiling at him through his blood. A rally and Sullivan thrown half over the ropes on his back, Secor on top of him jobbing him in the face.

Round 31st.—Smart exchanges, Secor wild and streaming with blood; he rallied, drove Sullivan to the ropes, who dropped away from a heavy blow and laughed in his face; Secor's eyes nearly closed.

Round 32d.—Sullivan got in two in his old place, a close and Secor fell heavily upon him.

Round 33d.—Secor caught it again and Sullivan dropped.

Round 34th.—Another stinging smack on Secor's nose; Sullivan dropped and Secor in bitter disappointment stood stupidly gazing at him.

Round 35th.—After receiving two severe cuts in the face, Secor rallied, pressed Sullivan to the ropes, where clinch took place and Secor lifted him half over, then mutually jobbed each other very severely for some minutes, during which, amid cries of "Secor's got him at last, give it to him Secor! &c." the ring was broken in. After order was restored, the two combatants went at it again with renewed vigor and determination. From this to the fiftieth round, followed a succession of rounds, during which Secor came up with dogged obstinacy, received two or three terrific cuts in the face, followed, closed and pressed his man to the ropes, falling, in one or two instances, heavily upon him.

Round 51st.—A rally, a close, Secor broke among and gave the upper cut, another close and Sullivan down.

Round 52d.—Wild exchanges, Secor stopped, let fly with his right, caught Sullivan on the ear and struck him down.

Round 53d.—After throwing in two stingers on the nob and nose Sullivan went down.

Round 54th.—Secor caught a severe body blow, returned it lightly and Yankee went down.

Round 55th.—A close and Sullivan down.

Round 56th.—Secor more and more hopeless, a close and Sullivan down.

Round 57th.—Secor very groggy, struck wild, and caught it very bad in return, Sullivan down at the ropes.

Round 58th.—Secor freshening a little, Sullivan down at the ropes.

Round 59th.—Secor, though stupid and groggy with punishment, came up well, caught a severe neck blow followed by another on the chin, mutual hits and both down.

Round 60th.—Sharp counters, both down, Sullivan under.

Round 61st.—Secor coming up slow but willingly. A rally, and Secor down at the ropes.

Round 62d.—Secor caught it again on the nob, rallied and carried his man down at the ropes.

Round 63d.—Secor falling fast, got jobbed badly right and left, and went down hopelessly with the upper cut.

Round 64th.—Sharp work, Secor suffering, went down with a tremendous body blow.

Round 65th.—Secor was now hopelessly weak, with good heart, however, he staggered up to his man and received his punishment with dogged game. More than this cannot be said. It was more cruelty to suffer him to go in any more, and he was only allowed to do so at his own urgent entreaties. In this round he came up readily and free, but after a blow in the face, Sullivan put down his arms as if dealing with a child. Another blow carried him down.

Sullivan now came forward, and offering his hand to Secor, advised that he should be withdrawn as it was now absolute butchery to strike him. Secor took his hand but refused his advice.

Round 66th.—Sullivan got in three severe cuts and Secor fell heavily to the ground.

Round 67th.—Time was called, Secor was ready, but his seconds refused to allow him to enter. He begged for a few more trials, but at length suffered himself to be refused. Sullivan was declared the victor amid the acclamations of his friends. All hands then pulled up stakes and made tracks for the boats.

This fight bears its own comment. The whole description may be summed up, by saying that Secor stood up and took his whipping like a man. With his inadequate science and superior size, he looked like a giant suffering the inflictions of some malicious spirit, impalpable to his attacks. The mode of fighting adopted by Sullivan has been much decanted on in England and lately here. It is in just disrepute, and though not ruled "foul" by regulations of the prize ring, it is not considered "fair" by any of the Fancy. The practice was introduced by the Vards in England, and practised particularly by Nick of

that name. Cannot had to endure it in his fights with the latter, and Brassey was beaten by Tass Parker, a much lighter man, last summer, in the same way. The reporter of that contest speaks with great indignation of the "dropping system," and denounces it as unfair under any circumstances. We cannot say that we think Sullivan has gained any credit in this achievement. We always thought him a first rate man of his weight, and our opinion is still the same.

Sullivan was seconded by Country McClusky and William Ford.

Secor, by A. Vanderzee and F. Speights.

The former left the ground quite fresh, while his antagonist was in a most pitiable situation. Most of his injuries, however, are in his face, which is dreadfully swollen, and his nose is literally split in two.

Sullivan, though he displayed no hurts of consequence in the face, yet received some severe injuries on his body, from the effects of which he must suffer not a little.

Time—One hour and five minutes.—*Sporting Chronicle.*

FIGHT BETWEEN SULLIVAN AND BELL,

For \$300 a side, at Hart's Island, near New York, on Monday, 29th August, 1842.

Reported for the "Spirit of the Times."

This long expected "mill" came off on Monday last. As a precaution against magisterial influence, the precise field of encounter was not definitely known, except to those immediately concerned (though it was generally understood that Hart's Island was to be the locale), and such of the Fancy as wished to be spectators, were merely directed to embark at certain points and follow the combatants' boats. Though the previous evening had threatened unfavorable weather, the sun rose unobscured and warm, and as early as seven in the morning, the river swarmed with heterogeneous thousands, waiting for their respective "locomotives," canvassing meanwhile, the merits of either combatant and speculating upon the results of the day.

At 9 o'clock all were afloat, and the Westchester (Sullivan's boat), Napoleon (Bell's), Saratoga, Superior, Wave, Williamsburgh, Boston, Wm. Youngs, and Jacob Bell, with their heaped up masses, rocking to and fro in the stream, looked like some infernal cortege seeking the waters of the Styx, or a savage eruption bursting forth for ravage and for plunder.

Sullivan, who from the "toss" had the right of selection, chose Hart's Island (about 20 miles from New York city), and at half past ten the whole flotilla lay abreast of it. Here a serious difficulty presented itself in the fact that there was no dock or other landing place, and the long, shallow, shelving shore made it dangerous for the heavily laden vessels to approach too near. The only mode of reaching land was by the medium of small boats, but many of the ardent amphibians, unable to wait their tedious turn, plunged headlong into the water and swam to shore. Thus gradually disembarked, the party streamed in one dense line in a N. E. course across the island, and resembled, as they picked their devious way along, the writhings of a monstrous snake.

The spot appeared to us peculiarly unfit to the business in hand. There was no available landing place; the whole surface of the island is covered with a long, rank grass and stunted thorny shrubbery, growing in a soil of loose shifting sand. Even the field of fight, a natural arena comprising the only available spot on its surface, was of a comparatively circumscribed size, and though covered with a firmer soil, was "lumpy" and uneven. Worse than all, the ring, instead of being surrounded by a natural acclivity for the advantage of spectators, stands in the centre of an almost even plain, and thus robbed four fifths of the horde of even so much as a glimpse of the contest. These disadvantages were at once apparent, and from the moment of arrival there commenced "a scene of rude commotion" and ferocious struggle for the ring. Four times was a large outer circle made, and as often did the wild and insane savages break it in. For ourselves, in the first struggle, we were fortunate enough to obtain a hold of the rope; and concluding by this that we were in a streak of luck, determined to "push it," and in each succeeding struggle were equally successful. At last, with our knees forced devotionally two or three inches in the soil, our shoulders bearing the weight and press of three or four sweaty proximitants, with the sun pouring down his fiercest vertical rays upon our uncovered caput, and boiling the effluvia thrown off from the neighboring bodies into a floating lava of most execrable odor, we saw the gladiators enter the ring.

THE MEN.

At half past one the men confronted each other. Sullivan looked in prime condition. His flesh was clear, his manner gay, and his air confident. He was the very picture of a pugilist—small gladiatorial head—quick, bright eye—dial, which from the boldness of its angles and the tightness of its flesh appeared to be a mask of bone—round—deep in the chest—clean limbed, and possessed altogether of a frame which gives remarkable indications of activity and strength.

Bell did not wear the same appearance of gaiety and confidence. He entered the ring with a half careless, half reluctant swagger, which showed that he was not perfectly at ease, and to our mind, his cap did not follow his opponent's quick enough in answer to the customary challenge. He is taller than Sullivan by an inch and a half but not so faultlessly cut out. His chest is not so well developed or head so well set, and though carrying ten pound more weight we should call Sullivan (in a pugilistic sense) the heaviest man, for he has that weight in his fighting points which Bell has in his long slender legs. A singular indication was given, in shaking hands, of the difference of breeding and manners between certain classes of English and American society. Sullivan took his opponent's hand and gave a short, careless jerk of his nob at him—he was but the prize fighter—while Bell who has been Americanized by his long residence among us, gracefully bent his head, and gave a courtly smile—he would be thought a gentleman.

THE FIGHT.

Bell won the flip for the choice of position and stationed himself on the lower side of the ring with the sun on his back. He was attended by KENNETT, of Baltimore, and McGEE. Sullivan was waited upon by his old assistants, FORD and COUNTRY McCLESTER. Both were dressed in light net brooches and stockings, and blue belts spotted with white.

Round 1st.—Time was called and both came cheerfully up to the scratch. They shook hands again slightly, Bell very cautiously, as if fearful of a rough return for his politeness, and then squared for the combat. The rude murmurs of the turbulent multitude were at once hushed as death. Not a breath was heard. Scarcely a leaf was seen to stir. The primeval silence of that solitary spot was never more profound. In the centre of that vast arena stood the combatants—two bold men—confronting each other in full position, with momentary awe, and gathering their energies for the terrific struggle. Directly behind, stood the seconds of each, their forms slightly bent, their arms unconsciously outstretched and watching every movement of the principals with a feverish anxiety. The whole formed such a picture as one may seldom see. At length Sullivan broke the spell and imperceptibly advanced. He is an old general and knows the advantage of fighting in the enemy's country. Bell cautiously retreated and in answer to a feint showed his wariness by a start as rapid as electricity. At length Sullivan edged him out of his advantage of the sun, and getting it full in Bell's eyes, led drive a straightforward blow, which took effect under the left eye. Bell countered at the same time and caught his opponent on the cheek bone; then followed two or three rapid exchanges, after which Bell rushed in, and at the end of a short struggle, Sullivan threw him handsomely and fell on him:

"Then rung from earth to sky one wild hurrah!"

mingled with clapping of hands and various other expressions of wild applause. Bell rose smilingly and went to his corner, with a slight discoloration under the eye, upon which some of Sully's friends shrieked out a claim to the "first blood."

Round 2d.—Both came merrily up, their glossy skins unscathed by the previous scuffle. Yankee who had now "felt" his man, determined on sharp fighting. He went right to work, got in a sharp body blow and stopped a wicked return. Bell rallied, closed and pressed him to the ropes; then ensued a short violent struggle, which ended in both flying through the ropes and falling hard, nearly side by side. Bell rose and returned to the ring, while Sullivan lay with his eyes closed and apparently insensible. He was lifted and carried to his corner with his head drooping languidly and even while undergoing sponging, &c., betrayed no sign of consciousness—a deep fiesse. Many who did not know where to have him, cried out, "Ah ha! he'll never come to time!"

Round 3d.—When "time" was called, Sullivan slowly rose and walked heavily to the mark; but when there and confronted with his enemy, as quick as light, he "cast his nighted color off" and stood the very incarnation of the spirit of mischief. He led off amid cries of "Oay luk at the devil!" from some admiring Patlanders,

and caught Bell a sharp blow on the eye: a rally—rapid exchanges and some brisk in-fighting followed, which ended in Bell being pressed to the ropes, where Sullivan, with his arm round his neck, fished him severely—they then broke, and after some languid sparring, both made a mutual hit, Bell catching it in the shape of a tremendous repeater on the eye, and Sullivan taking it on the cheek. This blow appeared to have a stupefying effect on both. Sullivan turned his back and walked slowly away, and the latter stood still with his arm by his side. Had Bell followed, a single well directed blow would have broken his opponent's neck. As it was, when Sullivan had got about eight feet away, he suddenly bethought himself, turned, saw the condition of his man and ran up and put it to him right and left. Bell rallied, closed and was thrown heavily. The odds which at the commencement of the fight, had been two to one, now changed to three to one on Sullivan.

Round 4th.—Billy opened the ball with a well-meant right-hander, but was stopped, and stopped one himself in return. He then got in a heavy body blow, which carried his man away three or four feet. Sully came back, wickedly pursing his mouth, and letting fly with his left, caught his man under the left eye, drawing blood this time, sure. A clinch, and Bell down.

Round 5th.—Sully first at it, made Bell take a brisk circuit to his corner, and when there planted his left hand somely. Bell rushed hotly in, pressed him to the ropes, and by a powerful exertion threw him outside—both down.

Round 6th.—Bell a little excited, commenced warmly, and went in right and left, amid the acclamations of the crowd, keeping Sully busy stopping, and affording no chance for a return. At last Sully rallied, but it was no go; Billy forced him back, got in a sounding body blow, and pressed him to the ropes in a close.

Here Bell, for some unaccountable reason, released Sullivan from his disadvantage, and turned away. He had no sooner exposed his side, however, than Sullivan, ever ready for a chance, led drive and caught him on the ear. Bell wheeled around and hit short, when he caught it again. A clinch followed, and Sullivan threw him in superb style.

Round 7th.—Bell came up with his countenance somewhat "chafed,"—the upper part of his dial was quite erysipelous, his nose inflamed, his lip cushioned, and the war paint trickling (though scantily) down his chin. This was Sully's round all through. Bell down.

Round 8th.—Sully had it all his own way again until Bell rushed in, and threw him.

Round 9th.—Sully led hotly off, menacing mischief; Billy abruptly retreated, and in an attempted rally from the ropes, slipped, and fell.

Round 10th.—Beautiful fighting! Sully got in some sounders, which were followed by rapid and heavy exchanges. The Yankee then fished him to the ropes, and by a splendid hit, drove him through, clean.

Round 11th.—Bell's eyes in bad road, and his nose bleeding freely. He led off, got in a heavy hit, staved off a sharp rally, clinched, and received a heavy throw.

Round 12th.—Bell, with his left eye nearly closed, and in solemn black, went in well—pressed Sully, who cautiously sparred away, but who could not stop the visitation of three or four good blows. Sully rallied, got in a terrific blow on the eye, and then rushed in—both down.

Round 13th.—Both of Bell's peepers nearly closed. Sully led off, but was stopped—a rally—a close—a fierce struggle at the ropes, which ended by Billy throwing his man over.

Round 14th.—Smart exchanges. Bell hitting beautifully right and left, and Sully on the retreat—a wild rush and close by Bell, who caught his man in his arms and tried to heave him over again—no go; Sully seized the rope, and locked him fast—they were then taken off and carried to their corners, amid loud applause for Bell.

Round 15th.—All Sullivan's. Bell down heavily. Round 16th.—Bell came up slow and shy—Sully planted his warlike maul on Billy's snuff-box, on which Bell made closed, and was heavily thrown.

Round 17th.—A rally—a clinch—a short struggle at the ropes, and an equal fall over them.

Round 18th.—Ineffective exchanges, considerable pantomiming, but nothing done—a clinch, and Bell down.

Round 19th.—Billy led off, but was stopped, and caught a return upon his gory nose—smart exchanges—close, and struggle at the ropes—Sully ending it by tossing him beautifully over.

Round 20th.—It was now apparent to every one, as indeed it had been several rounds before, that Bell could not successfully contend against his experienced adversary. Sully came up smiling, and apparently fresh, while Bell was dreadfully punished, wavering, and unsteady. Sully let fly with his left with terrific effect, completely dis-

tracting his enemy, who managed, however, on a rally, to make two or three good but light returns. A clinch, and Bell heavily thrown.

Round 21st.—Bell came up groggy, and scarcely able to see—caught it all over, and in a close was badly thrown.

Round 22d.—Bell falling fast—caught it severely right and left, and went down hopelessly with a stunning blow.

Round 23d.—Bell gone, Sully put in three severe cuts, and Bell went heavily to the ground. Cries of "he's gone!—he's gone!" "Take him out!"

Round 24th.—On "time" being called, Bell couldn't come, and Sully still fresh, and scarcely hurt, stepped up and claimed the fight, after a contest of 38 minutes.

REMARKS.

Although there was some handsome fighting in the above contest, it cannot be called a good fight. Sullivan's qualities and admirable generalship, made it too much on one side. He is a *fighting* man in the true and full sense of the word—light in the scale, and heavy in the field; strong, agile, quick, cunning, capable, a perfect master of his science, and, if the expression may be used, an intellectual fighter; for he is continually fighting in his head, and calculating the chances and results of every manoeuvre. Bell committed many errors. His first and most gross blunder—and indeed, if he saw Secor's fight, an inexcusable one—was in giving his antagonist the *whole ring*. Instead of fighting on his opponent's ground, and having a clear field to retreat, if necessary, he took a retreating position from the start, suffered himself to be driven in the face of the sun, and forced into a corner on the defensive, in momentary danger of being pressed on the ropes, and thus crippled, "cabineted, cribbed, confined," by his own folly, he fought in a 19 foot ring, while his antagonist had a 48 foot one. No experienced general will fight on his own ground if he can help it, and the first inch that Bell gave, when Sullivan was feeling him, exposed his timidity, or, to use a lighter term, his ignorance. Had he presented a determined front, and insisted on a forward movement, he would have kept the sun, retained possession of his ground, changed Sullivan's confidence into caution, and made the fight a longer and better, if not a successful one. Bell, though a beautiful sparrer, is not a good fighter. He is not equal to emergencies—seldom follows up his advantages well, and lets many a good opportunity slip. In the third round (if Sully was not shamming to draw him on) he might have won the fight, instead of which he passed the *profit* to his adversary. Mere weight, strength, and science, do not make the pugilist. Some of the best powers of the prize fighter are in the head. He must have an instinctive love for strife, with the rare accompaniment of a clear, cool, calculating head, and a prompt perception of all the advantages and dangers of his situation. A man does not reason in a situation of imminent danger. He acts upon instinct. "Instinct is a great matter." By the above remarks we do not mean to impugn Bell's courage; on the contrary, we believe him to be a man of true metal, but of little knowledge. He might have been successful with most any other man of his weight, but is peculiarly unfitted to this antagonist. There were other things against him. It was his first fight. The immense concourse was enough to awe and abash him, and, unlike Sullivan, who went to win "sure," he went to win *if he could*.

TOM HYER'S FIRST FIGHT.

Fight between Hyer and McCrester, at Cauldwell's Landing, Hudson River, N. Y., 9th September, 1841.

The antagonist of Hyer, in his first fight, was the celebrated John McCrester, more generally known as *Country McCrester*, who has recently returned from the Mexican campaign, and who is now one of the trainers of Yankee Sullivan. The fight between these two men originated in his private feud, which was brought to a determination by a few visits of McCrester to Hyer, in Park Row, on the night of the 8th of September, 1841, and a proposal that they mutually go over into the Park and fight their differences and make Hyer, however, unwilling to incur the consequences of such a breach of the peace, refused, and proposed a spot on the North River, which, after some chaffering, was acceded to; and it was agreed, that each should meet the next morning on the Albany boat, accompanied by a small number of friends. They then retired to their beds to refresh themselves as best they could, for the terrible business of the morrow. In the morning they were both on board the boat at the appointed hour, and in due time were left at Cauldwell's Landing, a small place up the North River. They did not search long for a stopping place, for a climb of about one hundred yards up a steep hill near the shore, brought them to a natural platform, which was exactly the spot for the business in hand.

They commenced at once to strip, and the seconds proceeded to adjust some matters which had not yet been arranged. As the fight was for a settlement of a quarrel, and as a suspicion had been raised by their respective enemies as to the game of either man, to thoroughly test it, it was agreed by all parties, that it should be a *fairing* fight, at half minute time, all blows to be considered fair so that neither, upon becoming tired of the work, or afraid to continue, should resort to a foul blow to end the contest. This left no alternative but desperate fighting. J. Somer Indyke and A. Reynolds were the seconds of Hyer, and Allick Hamilton his bottle holder. McCrester was attended by Sullivan and Ketchum as seconds, and Nesbitt as bottle holder. No ring was made, but the men ran into a scratch drawn by Somer Indyke, to which they were called at five minutes past eleven. The fight is thus described by the *Sporting Chronicle* of that date:

THE MEN.

Upon coming up, both looked well, though Country's flesh appeared more clear and compact than Hyer's, which was ruddy, and though not loose, not firm. Hyer has the advantage of a greater length of reach than his antagonist and is three inches taller, straight, symmetrical, lithe and sinewy, and altogether a perfect model of a man for his weight; which is 176 lbs. Country is more soggy, but possessed of fine gladiatorial points, as some future combatant may find to his cost. His weight is 160 lbs. He is a hard working man, and previous to this encounter is said to have returned from a long voyage before the mast; so his condition might be considered tolerably good. Hyer, on the contrary, had been irregular in his mode of living, and has indulged during the last two years in a life of leisure, but little conducive to the vigor which it was necessary for him, on this occasion, to possess.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1st.—On coming up the odds was 20 to 30 on Hyer. Upon taking his position, he stood firm and erect, and his hand well up and his head moderately forward. Country also stood well up, though his manner was not as easy as Hyer's. A slight, but wicked smile was perceptible on the lips of each, which spoke more mischief than a thousand frowns, and they came to the scratch readily and free. Hyer waited for the assault, keeping his arms playfully free, and ready for a fly. Country advanced, made a left hand pass, was stopped, and Hyer caught him on the left cheek (first blow from Hyer). Country then rallied sharply, a clench followed, and he was thrown.

Round 2d.—Both come up eagerly, and Country led off left and right, in double quick time, and succeeded in planting a heavy blow over Hyer's eye, which split it and started the claret (first blood for Country). Hyer returned with interest in a desperate rally, and at the conclusion went to the ground by a body blow. Country hurt his right hand severely in this round.

Round 3d.—Hyer stopped with his left hand, made a charge, clinched, and threw M.C. heavily.

Round 4th.—Hyer at it right away with his left upon Country's fifth rib; C. answered on the breast, but caught a hard blow on the jaw again in return. A clench and tussle ensued, during which they top-knotted severely. They closed and tussled again, and Country went down with Hyer upon him.

Round 5th.—Hyer hit slightly with his left and right, and caught it severely on the collar bone in return; which, however, he answered by a tremendous body blow; a clench followed, and Country went heavily to the ground.

Round 6th.—Country led off right and left, and brought H. to the ground in a clean and handsome manner by a body blow.

Round 7th.—Smart counter hits right and left; H. caught a heavy body blow, they clinched, and C. went down hard.

Round 8th.—Several exchanges, a tally, terrific fighting all over the ring; H. clinched, and after a short tussle threw C. very heavy.

Round 9th.—C. made a rush, got in a heavy body blow on the left side (his favorite point) which H. returned with tremendous force on the mouth, and received a severe jaw breaker in return, immediately followed up by another of the same sort, though somewhat lighter; then followed a brisk exchange right and left, the last of which from C. brought H. down clean. This round lasted 9 minutes.

Round 10th.—Smart exchanges—a break—H. gathered cautiously for a fly, let loose, and caught C. a terrible right hander on the eye. C. then made a rush and caught H. like a Paixham bomb on the hip and carried him to the ground, hurting his right hand again with the blow.

Round 11th.—Up to this time C. might be said to have had the advantage, but he now gave evident signs of

distress; but Hyer freshening with his punishment, went to work in earnest, he struck fiercely and with tremendous execution; the last blow fell upon C.'s eye badly; H. then ran in, clinched, threw and fell heavy upon him.

Round 12th.—Wild exchanges—a rally and C. went to the ground. Five rounds of hard fighting and alternate success here followed, the last one ending in a clinch, which returned in C. falling back.

Round 18th.—The intervening rounds up to this one were not marked by anything of a specially interesting character. On coming up this time Country opened the ball, but was stopped left and right. H. returned and C. caught it badly in two visitations on the mouth, returned by a body blow from C. in his favorite spot on the left; followed by a clinch and C.'s overthrow.

Round 19th.—Sharp rally, counter hits ending in a mutual blow which brought both to the ground as once.

Round 30th.—Hyer led off but Country got away, slight counter, Country retreated, but waiting for his opportunity rallied and got in a heavy body blow, Hyer followed threatening mischief. Country rallied again, reeled, slipped and fell.

Round 21st.—Heavy exchanges, a clinch, a break, hard hitting, another clinch and Country down.

Round 22d.—Desperate fighting and both down.

The next five rounds were short, and consisted of sharp exchanges of body blows, each round resulting in a throw, three to Country and two to Hyer; indeed a clinch usually resulted in the favor of the latter.

Round 28th.—Country now began to breathe with difficulty and to show evident signs of fatigue, while Hyer, on the contrary, appeared to freshen with his work; he tried left, but C. got away. C. advanced, hit round, but struck short, and went to the ground with a collar bone blow.

Round 29th.—Both came up well, C. led off and after a brisk rally brought H. to the ground.

Round 30th.—Country's friends, a little cheered by this, encouraged their man by saying—"You've got him now, Country; give him one of them old Chatham Square fellows." "Yes, he has!" returned Hyer ironically, accompanying the remark by a wink to his party at the same time that he was gathering for a spring. The thunder did not rumble for nothing, for down it came in a tremendous visitation on the left side of Country's nose, which sent the blood spitting out of it in streams, and appeared to have literally split it in two. The blow struck C. clean down.

Round 31st.—Country showed his punishment by his distress. The fight was now plainly Hyer's, and 20 to 5 was offered on him and taken two or three times. H. led off, a rally followed, ending in a clinch and C. went down again.

Round 32d.—Terrible right hand blow on H.'s ribs, which were now dreadfully swollen from repeated hitting, a clinch, hit again and H. went down.

Round 33d.—A rally, clinch and McC. thrown.

Round 34th.—Close fighting, hard hitting, and McC. down by a neck blow.

Round 35th.—A rally, close hitting and McC. thrown, H. standing firm.

Eight rounds followed in favor of H., in which he went down to the ground three times.

Round 44th.—Heavy exchanges, H. gathered for a charge, let fly with tremendous force and caught C. on the top of the head. Such was the power of this blow that it split Country's head completely open and sent the blood gushing out in streams. It was the opinion of several on the ground, that had his head not luckily have been down, this visitation would have killed him. It was followed by another of the same sort and C. was struck down.

Round 45th.—Counter hits, a rally and both down.

Round 46th.—H. led off on C.'s ribs, C. returned with a round blow in the old place.

Round 47th.—Both hit, a rally, a clinch and McC. thrown.

Round 48th.—Short round, some hitting, a close and both down.

Round 49th.—A desperate rally, a heavy blow on H.'s ribs, a rally and both down.

Round 50th.—Hard hitting, a rally and H. down.

Round 51st.—A rally, clinch and McC. down.

Round 52d.—Sharp fighting, H. down.

Round 53d.—Wild fighting, a clinch, both down.

Round 54th.—Hard fighting, a clinch, a break, counter hits struck H. down.

Round 55th.—A short rally, McC. down.

The next six consisted of hard fighting and a good exchange of body blows, those by Country in his old place. In the 63d round, Country caught a smacking cut on the cheek which brought him to the ground. Varying success followed until the 69th.

Round 69th.—Country led off with his right but caught

it in return on the ear; a close followed, they broke, Hyer made a pass with his right, was thrown off, and received a blow on the old place on the side, which told so powerfully as to start the blood through the flesh.

Round 70th.—A rally and Hyer dropped.

Round 71st.—Light exchanges and Hyer down.

Round 72.—H. struck down and C. floored by the recoil.

Round 73d.—Both fatigued. Country suffering very much. Hyer advanced, made an offer with his right hand, was thrown off, when a mutual blow was hit that brought both to the ground, and while they lay thus, Hyer, with a smile and good natured remark of "put it there, old fellow," reached out his arm and heartily shook hands with his antagonist.

Round 74th.—A rally, Hyer to work right and left, C. down.

Round 75th.—C. down on his knees, up again and knocked down.

Round 76th.—H. hit over C.'s shoulder with his left, was caught and struck down.

Then followed seven rounds, in which there were some short, hard hitting by both, though everything was manifestly in favor of Hyer, whose blows went heavily in, while Country, from his exhausted state, made rather shoves than blows.

Round 83d.—Country tried with his left and right, but got nothing in. Hyer advanced, struck out, and carried him down with a head blow.

Round 84th.—Wild exchanges, with no effect. C. down.

Round 85th.—A rally; short, hard hits. H. down.

Round 86th.—Hyer led off, hitting C. on the mouth and nose with his right, and repeating it on the ear with his left. C. down.

Round 87th.—A guinea to a shilling on Hyer. Country was nearly gone, and nothing but his thorough game continued the fight; still he made a good show, and managed to carry Hyer down at the end of a brisk rally.

Round 89th.—Poor Country came up gasping, but free; he could, however, make no show at all; the day was against him, and he was striking against fate. He went down.

Round 90th.—Country came up groggy, but exhibited unflinching game. Hyer succeeded in planting some heavy blows in his mug, and he went down again.

Round 91st.—Slight counter hits, a rally, and H. went down with a light body blow.

Round 92d.—A short recovery. Sharp hits right and left, and Country down flying.

Round 93d.—Country lay gasping in the arms of his seconds, who plainly saw that all hopes of a favorable change were extinguished. He was evidently in a helpless state, and able only to receive punishment. To save him from further unnecessary suffering, his seconds determined to draw him; but the indomitable and true hearted fellow begged in the most earnest manner to be allowed to go in once more.

Round 94th.—C. staggered up, made a pass with his left, was caught, and went down flying. Here his seconds would have drawn him again, but he begged as before, and was allowed the privilege.

Round 95th.—Wild hitting. C., dreadfully jobbed, went down by a head blow.

Round 96th.—C. came up quite groggy, while Hyer appeared to freshen. He struck out with tremendous effect, caught C. on the jaw, and carried him down. Further effort was of no use to Country; he offered scarcely any resistance to Hyer, whatever, who hit him when and where he pleased. From this round to the 101st, Country's seconds endeavored to draw him, but suffered themselves to give way to his desires to try it once more. In the 100th round, Hyer, who for the time had lost his usual self command, seconded his entreaties with a "O let him come in, let him come in; I'll kill him this time." A neck blow followed this remark, that made Country's collar bone ring again. In the 101st, Country met with the same treatment, when Sullivan would listen to him no longer, but drew him at once, stating that he had lost the fight, and resigning his claim to the stake. Hyer was now left the victor of a hard fought field of 101 rounds, which occupied three hours, five minutes less. Country retired, dreadfully punished, weak, and tottering; Hyer looked fresh, and capable of fighting an hour or two more.

"The manner in which the match was fought," says the Sporting Chronicle of that date, "reflects the highest honor on the two combatants; the rounds were not made by dodging and dropping without a hit, but were clear knock down ones, all. It was, by far, a harder battle than the celebrated one between Brasseley and Parker, on the 10th August last, which was so much talked of in the English papers for it was a continuous and desperate

planting of foul blows and fair, without interruption, and the fight lasted five minutes longer. Some experienced pugilists were on the ground, and declare the fight one of the best that ever came off in the country; and under the circumstances, Hyer's condition being considered, perhaps the best. Hyer is but 22 years of age. He is, however, no fighting man, and does not wish to be so considered; on the contrary, he refuses ever to fight another match. Not many, we imagine, will interfere with his having his way."

Having now laid before the reader the qualities of the two men who occupy at present the greatest attention of the curious in pugilistic matters, we will proceed to a description of their appearance in different stages of their training, and give the mode in which that severe ordeal is conducted to produce a man in superior fighting trim. These descriptions will consist of a series of articles by a very celebrated writer, who from the fact of having long been engaged in the supervisory department of the *National Police Gazette*, was allowed by the proprietor to gratify his powers of delineation in a series of descriptive sketches, of what even the rigid principal of that journal could not but admit, had become one of the most popular topics of the day.

The following is the first of these sketches. It consists of a description of a sparring exhibition given by Yankee Sullivan in the month succeeding the making of the match. We have struck from it the intermediate set-to's, and have retained only what will serve to give a graphic idea of the spirit in which everything appertaining to the fight was conducted, and what relates personally to the principals. We do not like to take such a liberty with the matter of a writer of Mr. Timony's genius, but the space allotted to this volume obliges us to such a course.

September 30th, 1848.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE FIGHTING CROWD.

SULLIVAN'S EXHIBITION.—According to the custom of distinguished pugilists when fitted against each other for a fight, each of the main parties to the contest, gives, during the period of training, three or four sparring exhibitions, that he may test the good will of his friends, and display his condition to those who have laid, or who wish to lay, their money out upon him. Following the principals come the seconds and the trainers, who, however, having less claim upon the curiosity of the public, content themselves with "a benefit" a piece, and with considerate deference usually charge but half the price required by their employers.

In accordance with these regulations, as ancient and invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, James, otherwise Yankee Sullivan, on Monday night last, gave a "grand" exhibition at the Shakspeare Hotel, price 30 cents a head, at which the most famous of the "fancy" regaled each other, in couples, with a series of friendly punches in the head. We were there; so were some eight hundred distinguished persons in the shape of editors, doctors, lawyers, brokers, clerks, exquisites, philosophers (no clergymen who were identified as such), and swarms of the boys and "hitters out," filling the huge ball-room with multifarious and grotesque intelligence, even to the little music perch stuck on one of the side walls.

The performances of the evening were of an exciting character. Barring the first set-to, in which two Chatham street Jews puffed each other's faces with squaw-handed smacks, the contests were spirited and in many cases severe.

At the commencement of the next display the room was entered by a celebrated sporting editor, accompanied by some dozen of his friends, among whom was the Hon. John M. Botts and a commodore of the navy, who, walking across the room at a step something brisker than the measure of the dead march in Saul, melted down among the front row of squatters, who cottoned to the floor, on the furthest side.

During the progress of this set-to, Hyer, who is matched

against Sullivan for \$10,000, and Thompson, his trainer entered the room, and, for a few moments, engrossed the attention of all who were in their neighborhood.

Hyer already shows the improvement of his brief training, since the making of the match. He is a tall, splendid looking fellow, of some six feet two inches in height, with regular and handsome features and a form that is a happy combination of Hercules and the Apollo Belvidere. His countenance is strikingly American, while that of his trainer, who is a man of almost equally formidable dimensions, is no less decidedly English. As for Sullivan, the Emerald Isle never had a more unmistakeable specimen of her hardy race.

After three more set-to's, the last of which was a brisk and severe one, between a Frenchman and the famous *Awful Gardner*, Sullivan and Thompson, duly prepared for sharp work, entered the arena, accompanied by the celebrated Country M'Cuskey, who, amidst repeated showers of applause, introduced them to the company. Country then retired, and the skillful combatants squared for each other amid the most breathless silence of the before tumultuous crowd. Sullivan looked the perfect *beau ideal* of a fighting man. He was dressed in the complete uniform of the ring, and, as he confronted his antagonist, with his keen mischievous eye riveted upon him, we never saw anything more striking than the deeply earnest expression of his peculiar physiognomy. Contrasted with Sullivan, Thompson, who is over six feet high, looked like a young giant, and his skill and action, proved to be no less formidable, than in his muscular powers.

As the combatants measured each other's reach, Hyer looked over the heads of the crowd and studied every motion of Thompson's antagonist, with the intense attention which befitted a man who was to oppose his powers to those of the latter for \$10,000.

The combatants advanced and retreated; they alternately changed sides, and then cautiously worked back to their first positions; they feinted, took guard, smiled at the failures of each, and again grew serious, when, of a sudden, Sullivan let fly with his left, and planted his glove full upon his opponent's nose, and having gained this advantage, he got away and closed the round. As this artistic blow was given, loud cheers were given by Sullivan's friends from all parts of the room. In the next round Thompson showed the most admirable skill, dealing Sullivan some tremendous counter hits, as well as several gratuitous discharges, which kept the champion continually at work. In the third round, Thompson endeavored to maintain the same tactics, and drove Sullivan to the edge of the spectators, when the latter suddenly closed and threw him handsomely, landing him upon his shoulder. This superb manœuvre occasioned the most vociferous applause on the part of Sullivan's friends, some of whom rushed into the ring and tossed their hats up to the ceiling in their ecstacy.

On coming to the scratch in the next round, Thompson looked feverish. He commenced the round most wickedly, and leading off, hit out right and left, driving Sullivan by his headlong and irresistible advance, among the spectators. Perceiving now, that the thing had become too earnest for sport, Sullivan, with proper judgment, bowed to the audience and would have ended the contest; but Thompson, who wished to get an offset for "that throw," waved him back, and the audience seconded the proposition with such unanimous voice, that Sullivan could not resist the challenge. Mischievous now flashed from the eyes of each, and soon sharp exchanges rung on the heads of both. Seizing a chance Thompson rushed in impetuously and grasped the champion, and rather by main strength than by the exercise of any other quality, gave him a lance throw among the spectators. Just as this feat was accomplished, some one of Sullivan's friends, irritated at what he conceived to be a momentary discomfiture of his favorite, either kicked Thompson, or made an overture to do so; whereupon a member of the opposition called the hon. gentleman to order by seizing him by the collar, and threatening to "mortify his jaw." This was the signal for a general rush, and in the close of bodies and the strife of arms, there was for some minutes the prospect of a terrible melee. We have seldom witnessed a more exciting scene, and more than once, it seemed that the rival factions, which adhered respectively to Hyer and Sullivan, were about to settle in the presence of their leaders, and out of hand, the original difficulty which gave rise to their present match. By the judicious efforts of some influential peace-makers, however, quiet was at length restored, and the evening's business wound up by a severe glove fight between Tom O'Donnell, the trainer of Sullivan, and an excellent sparrer named Mike Kelly.

We have thus faithfully given an account of one of the great social movements of 1848, and have been the more particular in doing so, because, among our eighty thousand readers, there are a number of philosophers of all classes,

who require every important movement that takes place in this vast Babel from day to day, for the formation of theories, religious and metaphysical, for the improvement of the present and succeeding generations.

Our Journal is one of facts; our mission to record them, and we leave to our excellent friend Ned Buntline, and others less accustomed to horrors than ourselves, to round the moral and to point the lesson. Indeed we have seen with our own proper eyes, so many of the Mysteries and Miseries of New York, that we have become as Jack Falstaff says, "little better than one of the wicked," ourselves, and we run sometimes for a fortnight on a stretch, without having our bosom curdled by a single horror of any description whatever.

We suppose that Hyer will be the next to give a display of the above description; should he do so, our attention to the wishes of our readers will require us to give a similar detail of the proceedings. Selah.

November 23d, '48.
The third month.

GRAND MEETING OF THE FANCY.

HYER'S EXHIBITION.—The "grand" sparring exhibition of Tom Hyer, which we predicted some time ago, "came off," to use a sporting term, on Friday evening last, at Mager's ball room in Elizabeth street. To our surprise we found, on entering the room, which is a very large one, that it was densely filled with spectators of every class, the nearer circles of which stood closely wedged around an elevated staging, and the outer edges swarmed upwards on chance elevations and balancing themselves by holding on each other's shoulders. At eight o'clock, the impatience of the audience rather elegantly expressed in various modes of sounds, summoned forth two of the athletes, who, arrayed in the fighting garb, jumped into the twenty-four feet roped elevated ring, and made their obeisance to the audience.

The combatants were the veteran *George Kensett*, the hero of several fights, and a young man named *McKay*. Though much heavier than the pugilistic sage, the stalwart Mr. McKay was obliged to receive the compliment of a bloody mouth from one of the veteran's right hand hits, and to receive a succession of similar attentions, beautifully delivered in the same highly favored place.

* * * * *

Bob Sauce and *McStravick*, an English prize-fighter, were the next. The latter of these men, though evidently a very excellent sparrer, did not attempt to work, but gave his more inexperienced adversary the advantage from first to last. His object showed itself after a few rounds, when, leaning up against the ropes, as if almost overcome with faintness and fatigue, he gave utterance to the following delectable rhetorical display:—

"Gentlemen, I doant feel so well to-night; but I'll fight any man in the country nor doant weigh no more nor ten ston."

"Come here, my laddy; we've got a match for your ten stone man," said the sharp voice of the honorable Mr. Clousey, a member from one of the upper districts; whereat Mr. McStravick moved toward Mr. Clousey, to settle the preliminaries. This affair being disposed of according to the laws in such cases made and provided, and Tom O'Donnell being understood as the accepting candidate, the sports went on.

* * * * *

Tom Hyer and *George Thompson*. The appearance of these men in the ring created the deepest sensation; and while they put themselves in position, and squared cautiously away, the most profound silence reigned through the crowded auditory. As both of the men are some two or three inches above six feet, and both also in the pride of youth and strength, it was an exceedingly interesting sight as they confronted each other with a severe and earnest watchfulness. It appeared to us that Hyer's position, though handsome, was rather stiff and inclined too much backwards; while Thompson's was well forward, and easy, and ready for all sorts of work. The combatants sparred cautiously for some time, both careful and proud of their reputations, and several moments elapsed before either would venture to break ground. At length, however, watching his chance, Hyer let fly, a straight right-handed hit, and delivered his glove full upon Thompson's chin, with a sharpness that sent the color tingling to the skin, and with a power that would have driven an ordinary man through the ropes among the audience. Best of all, he recovered in an instant, and got away from a mischievously meant return. A full round of applause manifested itself at this for Hyer, and while it was yet ringing, the gigantic adversary squared for the second round. In this round it was blow for blow, and so it kept

throughout a twenty minutes' contest, Hyer displaying a good style of hitting, and an equal degree of skill in stopping his opponent's blows. His best point, and the one that will the most bested him in his coming fight with Sullivan, is his tact in countering; he seeming to have made it his especial study to give a blow invariably, for every one he is obliged to take. This is an invaluable rule for combatants who have the largest powers of endurance, as in blow for blow, the weakest structure shivers and leaves the strongest master of the field. We were surprised, however, to see Hyer persevere so freely with his efforts. The sweat ran from him like rain, and told a tale of careless training which created evident uneasiness in the faces of his backers.

December 3d, 1848,
The 4th month.

TRAINING FOR THE FIGHT.

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

SINCE the grand sparring exhibition recently given by Tom Hyer, that distinguished individual and his famous opponent, Yankee Sullivan, have put themselves in active training for the desperate fight which is to come off between them for the sum of \$10,000, on the 7th February next. Hyer, with his two trainers, Thompson and Joe Winrow, has taken up his field quarters at Dodge's, at McComb's Dam, and Sullivan, attended by the celebrated Country McClester and Tom O'Donnell, rusticated at Shaw's hard by the Union Race Course, on Long Island. Of the two places, Hyer has much the best of it, the adjacent country furnishing fine rugged hills for him to climb and struggle over, while Sullivan has not much at his command beside the flat race-course, and such variety as he can manufacture out of low sandy ground, or by feats of picking up stones at a full run.

As the mode of training taken for the development of the highest perfection of the animal health and strength in man cannot be otherwise than interesting and instructive, we will give the routine of Sullivan's exercises and mode of living. We do it more willingly as he disclaims any intention of preparing himself for a fight, proclaiming his object solely to be to train against the coming Cholera, by a purification of his system. He doubtless will be properly prepared to meet it.

In the morning the Hon. Mr. Sullivan rises with the first streak of dawn, puts on his breeches cheerfully, goes out on the race-course and commences running around it at a rate somewhat less than the gate of the Eclipse. After having accomplished five or six or seven miles, he returns to his house, rouses up his trainers, takes a heavy pair of dumb bells and strikes out some six or seven hundred times to improve his reach and the muscles of his shoulder, striking mostly upward, in consequence of the height of the man with whom he has to contend. He then lays by the dumb bells, and after a few minutes rest, puts on the gloves with one of his trainers, enters into sharp exercise, striking, avoiding, dodging, and wrestling, even to the ground, as in the contingencies of an actual fight.

Mr. Sullivan having thus peppered his trainers, next squares himself before a heavy bag, which hangs pendent from the ceiling by a single cord, and which is stuffed to the weight of his antagonist. Mr. Sullivan deals a mischievous blow at this bag; the bag naturally totters from such an overture, but Mr. Sullivan punches it again, and keeps following it in every direction, as it swings away, until he works himself into a generous perspiration. He then "knocks off," lays by the gloves, and making a thorough wash with cold water, of his arms, chest, neck, and head, adjourns with his two distinguished friends to breakfast.

Mr. Sullivan eats for his breakfast a large beefsteak of the finest cut, and cooked rare, over which he pours a sauce of old English ale, sent to him, like the steaks, from the city, and both carefully watched by his trainers, and tasted with as much precaution as the taster of the Sultan would exercise in looking out that his sublime master is not touched with deleterious drug. Sometimes Mr. Sullivan breakfasts on boiled chicken, in which case he usually supervises the execution and preparation of the animal himself.

After breakfast, Mr. Sullivan takes an hour of repose, during which he occupies his time and improves his mind by reading "Boxiana," to keep his imagination fresh in all the different modes of fighting in the prize ring, and fresh in all the various dodges adopted on emergencies, by the most celebrated of the champions of the arena. Having thus refreshed himself, Mr. Sullivan starts out in the open country, bestirs himself actively for some eight or ten miles, in a circuit, and in his travel nurses every little acclivity or hollow that offers a chance for novel exercise

as if it were a choice spot in the Californian Placera. During this exercise Mr. Sullivan is accompanied by his trainers, who occasionally help him in a chase, or stimulate him by vying in the feat of picking up stones, placed on the ground at equal distances, while on a full run. This is fine exercise, and challenges every nerve and muscle in the body. Mr. Sullivan comes in from this exercise in a warm glow, and while his body is in this state, he quickly strips all his upper clothing off, and bending downwards, is soused with cold water from his loins down his back and over his head. This operation is repeated several times, when Mr. Sullivan rises up with a healthful snort, and his trainers fall to on his skin, with coarse towels, which soon leave him of the complexion of a cranberry. Mr. Sullivan then puts on fresh flannel (a daily practice), and after settling himself in his suspenders, gaily and gracefully invites his two friends to dinner. It being four o'clock, and no other meal being allowed during the day, those gentlemen do not generally refuse. The dinner of Mr. Sullivan is again a fine underdone steak of the largest size, swimming in a sauce of old English ale.

After dinner, Mr. Sullivan reposes again, and either while away an hour in talking "fight" with his trainers, or in reading "Boxiana," as in the morning. Being refreshed, he takes another sparring bout; another match follows with the dumb bells; when, having his shoulders in play, he wakes up the bag again, and, though it has never done him any harm, and is no way inimical to him except in being of Mr. Hyer's weight, he bangs it viciously and without mercy. Having peppered it to his satisfaction, Mr. Sullivan takes another wash with cold water, when, buttoning himself in his grey overcoat and turning the collar up about his ears, he starts out for a short moonlight or starlight walk of four or five miles on the race course or the road, at the end of which, it being about 9 o'clock, he goes to bed.

This is about the day's routine, subject to slight changes as the training advances, and subject also to the substitution of mutton for beef, during the last two or three weeks, immediately preceding the fight.

While all this is going on, Mr. Sullivan lives, in all respects, a virtuous and abstemious life. He will not touch liquor; he will not smoke a cigar; nay, will not stay in a room where one is smoked, and, above all, he does not see Mrs. Sullivan at all—except in a Pickwickian sense. One dereliction of the latter kind would throw him back whole weeks in his training, and put him very low down in the betting. The result is, he is as strong as a lion, as gay as a lark, with a free conscience and a cheerful spirit, and in all respects in that high condition of animal perfection which enables a man to set at naught all manner of disease or ailment except, perhaps, such as proceed from a hostile collision with some other human machine in as splendid condition as himself. There are those, and their number is thousands, who believe Hyer is the man "to take him down." Out of the thousands on both sides, however, there are none that can positively tell anything about the matter. It is difficult to conceive a more splendid looking man than Hyer, and we must make full allowance in his favor for those natural advantages of youth, strength, weight, and length of reach, which tell so tremendously for their possessor, even though pitted against the highest experience and the most superior skill.

The condition of both men is now represented to be very fine, and Hyer is working like Sisypheus to recover a point or two which he lost previous to his exhibition. Both are continually visited by flying detachments of their friends, who, having seen them punch away at their bags, and show up their points, leave with a full conviction that their favorite is sure to dispose of his antagonist with as much ease as a fourteen stone M. P. would out of an apple woman. On Sunday last, carriage loads went out to Snedcor's and Shaw's, while numerous foot passengers trudged along with sticks and lined the Long Island road which took them "where they could see Sullivan." Hyer, on the other hand, held a perpetual levee from the morning to the evening of that day, paying the courtesies of reception during the intervals of his exercises. Whatever may happen, they are both in a palmy state of health, and both prepared to bid defiance to the Cholera should it pay a visit to our shores to-morrow. In this light, we commend their condition and their virtuous abstemiousness, in every sense, to the serious consideration of the shriveled and wilted debauchees of the town, and give it as a familiar and tangible evidence to all, whether laity or clergy, of the advantages which necessarily result from cleanliness and exercise.

December 10th.

TRAINING FOR THE FIGHT.

TOM HYER.

We gave last week an account of the mode of training pursued by Yankee Sullivan, preparatory to his forthcoming \$10,000 contest with the above named champion in February next, and we now dispose our observation upon Hyer, that both aspects of the matter may be duly estimated, and the friends of both fully aware of the condition of their men.

On Thursday morning last we were called for at our office and plucked from the ocean of our affairs by a distinguished friend connected with the press, aided in his purpose by a couple of bob-tailed ponies, not sent to this country as a present from the Pacha of Egypt. Resistance being out of the question in the face of such an attention, we yielded to Mr. Collins and the ponies, and soon found ourselves whirling on the avenue towards Mr. Comb's dam, being more particularly headed for the inn at that place, kept by Peter Dodge, and entitled the "Romantic Hotel." As we turned into the grounds adjacent to the hotel, we perceived a trio consisting of two very large men and one short one, walking briskly towards us, as if we were trespassers and they were hastening up to challenge our advance. Moreover, one of them, who wore a sort of rough and ready green baize "cut-away," brandished a short cudgel as he stepped along in a manner that did not promise very pleasant entertainment for any who might provoke its applications. A few more revolutions of the wheels, however, and a second look relieved all our concern, and we discovered that the gentleman with the cudgel was no less a person than the Hon. Mr. Hyer, and that the other two with him were his trainers, the tall one being the already somewhat famous George Thompson, or Peter Crawley's sporting "novice," and the short one, the really famous Joe Winrow. We perceived then that the truncheon of Mr. Hyer was not evincive of any belligerent intention, but was only carried and occasionally whirled, to supply employment for his animal exuberance, and to keep his upper muscles in continual play.

We received the civilities of recognition from these three distinguished gentlemen with the grace for which we are so celebrated, and then took a brief snap of conversation with Mr. Hyer, in private, as to the state of his health and conscience. But robust and hearty as Mr. Hyer was, he did not on this occasion show to much advantage. A slight and feverish eruption had been thrown out around his mouth two days before, and though it did not impair the appearance of his otherwise fine condition, it disturbed the effect of his handsome features not a little. This harvest had been produced by the reaction of a slight cold, which he had caught upon the sharp physicking he had undergone to get his constitution rapidly in trim for hard work. Waving an adieu, we forbore any further detention of Mr. Hyer from his business, and drove on to the Hotel to await his return, after his exercise. To make this interim the more pleasant, we ordered dinner for ourselves and the ponies, and had the good fortune not only to secure a very excellent repast, but the felicity of enjoying during the dinner, the conversation of the amiable and lovely hostess of the "Romantic Hotel."

As we expected, our intelligent hostess had her own notions about "this fighting business;" and as it was not, and never is, and never can be, the business of a fighting editor to disagree in opinion with the ladies, and especially with ladies who are amiable and handsome, our hostess had the satisfaction to see us nod a perfect acquiescence to all her observations on "the manly art of self-defence," and to mark, likewise, our perfect agreement with every view she advanced relative to the special match now pending between Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Hyer. While on this portion of our subject, it is due to this worthy lady to say, that she strenuously sets her face against the entire fighting business, in which further view, it will readily be conceived that we agreed with her completely.

Mr. Hyer rises before day break, it appears, being roused by his trainers, and carried away on a brisk walk, to scramble up the beautiful hills, that raise their heads on every side, in and around Bloomingdale, to strive with them in races, not only on the level ground, but up and down the most desperate activities. As these three hardy men go about scaling the sharp edges of the mountain side, they look like the Swiss hunters of the Chamols, and many a wondering glance do their strange and hare-brained exploits draw from the rude workmen who are employed in opening roads and blasting rocks throughout the hilly vicinage.

Having snuffed the fresh air for an hour or more, and exchanged many puffs of hot breath for its invigorating

volume, Mr. Hyer returns home by a circuit of some six or seven miles, and devotes himself to striking out with a pair of large dumb-bells, which though heavier than those in use by Sullivan, he handles with the same facility that a boy would launch an oyster shell quoit, or a copper, at a hob. Mr. Hyer, after having discharged these tremendous slugs at arms' length, some five or six hundred times, takes a short breathing spell, after which he signals to Mr. Thompson his desire to put on the gloves. The two young giants then confront each other, and commence a sort of spurious warfare, punching each other's heads with muffled blows, and anon, as one pursues the other in advantage, closing in, and tussling to the floor. In these encounters, report says that Mr. Thompson frequently takes the measure of an unmade grave. Eight o'clock having by this time made its appearance on the dial, Mr. Hyer and his two friends adjourn to breakfast, where the former confines himself to a very large and very fine steak, broiled slightly over the embers in its natural state, and eat without pepper, salt, or seasoning of any kind. He is allowed no vegetables; indeed, nothing with this food, but bread, and a very little water, while his less restricted trainers are entitled to discuss the hot coffee, fried potatoes, buckwheat cakes, et cetera, which the excellent cook of the establishment knows so well how to get up. It is here due to those two gentlemen to observe that they do full credit to her preparations, as, from the highest testimony we could gather on the subject, we ascertained that everything set before them shares the same fate as tow in the mouth of a conjuror, or calve-foot jelly between the jaws of a reporter for the daily press. The same high authority informs us that Mr. Hyer now and then looks wishfully at the other tempting condiments around him, and that on one occasion, despite all the vigilance of Mr. Winrow, who watches him with the fidelity of a cat, he surreptitiously obtained a pinch of salt for his Indian steak, and that on another and more flagrant occasion, he actually stole a turnip. This latter offence was subsequently discovered by Mr. Winrow, and the result was, that Mr. Hyer received a very severe reprimand from that austere disciplinarian.

After breakfast Mr. Hyer reposes, and neither discusses politics or puseysism, nor reads *Pilgrim's Progress* or *Lalla Rookh*. Nay, he does not even peruse "Boxiana," as does Mr. Sullivan, but yields to a profound but severe meditation, which no calculations for the battle, or any care of business seems to invade. After an hour has been thus consumed, he is summoned by his trainers to go forth, whereupon the trio start out again and accomplish before dinner a distance of fifteen miles, Hyer coming in the two last on a full run. In this severe task, the trainers generally save themselves a few miles of the labor by securing command of an eminence, from whence they can supervise their principal in the performance of his work. They very frequently, however, go through the whole task with him, it being desirable that they should enter the ring in tolerable train themselves, in case they should receive a hasty challenge from one of the opposing faction. Mr. Hyer gets in from this fifteen mile trip early enough before 12 o'clock, to enable himself to wash his head and chest and arms with cold water, and to dress with fresh underclothes for dinner. At dinner, which takes place precisely at 12 o'clock, he eats his beef in the same aboriginal style as at breakfast, but moistens his clay on this occasion, by about two wine glasses full of fine Scotch ale. As for Messrs. Winrow and Thompson, they usually perform such feats at this trencher work, as would cover Herr Alexander with confusion, and force magic itself to take a back seat. Hyer on his part disposes of a steak which overhangs the edges of the largest specimen of Devonshire delph, as if it were only a shaving of smoked beef, or a wafer sandwich. The astonished lady who gave us a representation of this department of the training, could not abstain at this portion of the story from raising her hands and solemnly declaring, that the exploits of the trio on these occasions were a "sight to see!" Indeed it seemed to her that they were training "to eat" rather than to fight, and all things considered, we did not wonder at the solemn face and deep concern with which she recounted these deeds of carnivorous prelinination.

After dinner Mr. Hyer again reposes for an hour; and during this period reflects a little more profoundly even than before. He then takes exercise at the bag, which like the one daily punished by Sullivan, is stuffed to the weight of his antagonist. Mr. Hyer next puts on the gloves with Mr. Winrow, and after a lively sparring bout with that artist, the whole three start out again for another tramp. This excursion commences with easy walking and ends in a run as before. It occupies them until about four o'clock, when in half an hour more Mr. Hyer eats his last meal for the day, and this time, perhaps, contents himself with mutton. The meal closes with the usual

rest, after which sparring, the dumb bells, and the bag, wind up the exercises of the day, and eight o'clock finds Mr. Hyer sound upon his virtuous pillow.

The exercises are varied a little from day to day, rowing on the Harlem river being occasionally added to the morning performance, or perhaps thrown in towards the evening.

In all other respects Mr. Hyer, like Mr. Sullivan, lives a perfectly chaste and abstemious life, and is a pattern to many who claim to lead up middle aisles, and to sound the key note in sacred palmistry. In this connexion, it is proper for us to mention that he maintains the same domestic reserve, as does Mr. Sullivan, and would receive Mrs. Hyer, should she visit him at the Romantic Hotel, only with a dignified and Pickwickian courtesy. The reader has now seen the privations, the hardships, and the self-denial which a man must practise before he can arrive at his physical climax, and stand as nature intended him, free from all vitiation of perverted habits. It is a severe, nay, a terrible task, compared with which, the fighting itself is as nothing. Many constitutions break down while undergoing it, while others which are a little worn, dare not attempt the requisite extremes, but come to the score in only half condition. This is not the case, however, with either Hyer or Sullivan. Both have been repeatedly waited upon by curious physicians, who have sounded them in every point and who repeat their examinations with increasing satisfaction, at every advancing stage of the training. With the exception of the trifling eruption which we have noticed as having appeared on Hyer's face, his skin and flesh look fine, and he shows up his points in a truly formidable manner. He is improving fast and will doubtless continue to do so, if judiciously attended. As he works and perspires away his useless flesh, he does not replace it as do other weary men with copious draughts of water, but eschews everything in the shape of moisture, except what he derives from the juices of his beef, and such slight thimbles full of ale and crystal fluid, as nature absolutely requires. By this system, all the refuse of a long period of ease is fast leaving him, and his frame bids fair soon to be reduced to the mere rudiments of muscular strength.

Dec. 16th, 1848.

YANKEE SULLIVAN IN HIS TRAINING.

Some men are born great; some men achieve greatness; and some men have greatness thrust upon them. At least William Shakspeare said so, in the seventeenth century, and we hold him still to be an authority, maugre the theory of the Rev. J. C. Hart, that he was tainted with Jansenism, and was given to whistling through a fork.—"Some men achieve greatness," says the poet, and if an humble descendant of the Timonies may make a comparison not exactly after the fashion of Plutarch, we would venture to point to General Taylor and Yankee Sullivan as striking proofs of the correctness of the proposition. Both of them are great, and both of them have achieved their greatness for themselves. What is more, both are fighting men, and though General Taylor might not appear to as much advantage in a twenty-four feet roped ring as Mr. Sullivan, it is equally certain that Mr. Sullivan would not be able to compete with General Taylor in giving the six cuts with a broadsword, or in looking against a battery. Both, however, have ever thrown all their adversaries, and are the heroes of every field in which they have ever spread themselves; though the probability is that General Taylor has had the good luck to kill a great many more than Yankee Sullivan has ever peppered.

As for Sullivan, he seems to be what sporting men, in a spirit of elegant condensation, term an "invince," and succeeds with every thing he undertakes. Whether he will carry his prestige with him after the 7th of February next, depends somewhat upon the consent of Mr. Thomas Hyer, for whom he is now training; but outside, or rather inside of that method of ascertainment, the question of his future fortunes cannot be divined by peeping into a mustard pot. At any rate, and happen what may, Mr. Sullivan cannot be rendered less than a great man, or one of the famous "has beens," while Mr. Hyer, on his side, perils the hope of a great "to come."

When we said that the Hon. Mr. Sullivan was successful in everything he undertook, we had in mind, in addition to the list of his battles, a few recent exploits which he has performed since the commencement of his training, and which are but new proofs of the strong and acute intellect to which he mainly owes all his earlier achievements.

Mr. Sullivan at the commencement of his training bought him a horse, and out of compliment to his friend

Country McCleester for having whipped sixteen Mexicans one afternoon after a very hearty dinner near El Puente Nacional, he named him "Country."

What were Mr. Sullivan's original contemplations in regard to the animal,—whether he intended to spar with him, or to challenge his speed in foot races on the track,—we cannot venture to assert; but it is a fact, however, which we will put forth, that he so stimulated his nag by the speed of his example, that he has been enabled to get him up to a sufficient rate of velocity to win three matches and pocket the combined stakes of four hundred dollars.

The first of these matches, (all of which were made by Mr. Sullivan in the same off-hand manner in which he would have signed the Declaration of Independence,) was with a somewhat famous trotting nag called "Cambridge Girl," and the stake was \$200. This was won by Mr. Sullivan, or by the horse for him—which is the same thing as well in Ireland as in Afghanistan—in two straight heats, the first being performed in 2.44, and the second in 2.46, mangle a heavy vehicle behind him, and a very heavy gentleman inside of it.

The second was with the same antagonist, for \$100, and the last with a grey pacer without a name, and which was beaten so badly that it now has no stomach to look a name up.

Thus does Mr. Sullivan amuse himself with incidental "snaps" during his training for his terrifying match, while his hours of more elegant leisure are devoted to the improvement of a large sized bull terrier, which he is ready to match against the world, and a young brood of game chickens, on which he indulges the most enthusiastic speculations. Every thing that comes under his jurisdiction seems to be improving in condition. Tom O'Donnell, one of his trainers, is in such saucy health that he wishes to redeem the laurels he once lost to Winrow, at a wager of \$1000, and Bill Wilson, the other, is willing to fight any thing and every thing that looks like him; a fruitless hope for manifest reasons in his physiognomy. As for Sullivan, he has reached such a degree of pugnacity and physical power, that some of his friends begin to mistrust the safety of leaving him alone with himself.

Those who wish to see the three above distinguished gentlemen in their most favored positions, may be thoroughly gratified on the evening of Thursday the 21st, at Mager's Concert Hall in Elizabeth street, where they will all meet in solemn exhibition, similar to the grand convention recently called together by the Hon. Thomas Hyer. What will render this meeting more exciting, perhaps, is the fact that it immediately precedes the final deposit of the \$10,000 stake, and will be probably the last occasion on which the Hon. Mr. Sullivan will "show" before the fight.

Dec. 30th, '48.

SULLIVAN'S LAST EXHIBITION.

According to announcement by yellow placard and otherwise, the grand soiree pugilistic of the Hon. Yankee Sullivan and his trainers came off, on, according to the taste of the reader, on the night of Thursday the 21st, at the now famous 101 Elizabeth street. Notwithstanding the bitterness of the weather, and the angry driving of the snow, we found assembled at the hour of eight, a very large number of gentlemen in rough pea-coats and seal-skin caps, whose grave countenances and earnest side conversations gave evidence that they were duly impressed with the important nature of the occasion. For our own part, we did not enjoy that elasticity of mind and body which usually characterize our temperament. We had throughout the day been actively engaged in the heavy department of the *Police Gazette*, and it will be easily conceived, even by those very slightly skilled in physics, that an edition of twenty-seven thousand papers, carried on our own proper back, from the press-room to the publication office, may disturb the equanimity of the shoulder even of a fighting editor. It was out of the question, therefore, when we arrived, that we should yield to the numerous invitations to spar with Mr. Sullivan, though we found enough vigor left in our five fingers to give him the sign manual, common from the days of Nimrod down, among gentlemen of our order. In consequence of this state of mind and body, we must be excused from giving the reader that particularity of detail which the principal editor usually requires of us on these occasions.

Altogether, the affair was a very superior one of its kind, and though it did not equal in numbers the great mass meeting of the friends of Mr. Hyer, held some weeks ago, the performances of the athletes who appeared were

fully equal to those of the champions who signalized themselves on the former occasion.

The Hon. Mr. Sullivan, and his friend and pitcher, Country McCleester, were finally ushered in the circle, amid the applause of the enthusiastic auditory. It is hardly necessary to relate the friendly pastime which took place between these two gentlemen. Sullivan was dressed in the uniform in which he will meet the Hon. Mr. Hyer on the 7th of February, in order to request him to show cause why judgment should not be entered against him in the matter of \$10,000, now pending on the question which of the two have, or will have, the handsomest face after that time.

We hardly know how to describe Mr. Sullivan, though it is seldom we are at such a loss in regard to anything in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. It is not enough to say that he is five feet ten, with light legs, rather a small arm, deep chest, strong loins, full shoulders, high cheek bones, muscular neck, quick intelligent eye, and a small flinty looking head, for though all that is true, it will not give a correct idea of his general appearance. At one time he looks like a high trained game cock; next a fighting terrier; again a steam engine in full stroke, and sometimes a flimsy old bag of wool, that would as leaf be beat as not. On the occasion we are now relating, he looked to us more like a hard frost than anything we could think of at the time, and if he had bent his eyes sternly at us during the evening, we should have felt justified in swearing our life against him. It is time for him to look somewhat after this fashion, however, as this is his last appearance before the fight.

On the 10th of January next, or rather in the evening thereof, Mr. Hyer makes his farewell bow to the public at the same place, previous to the event of the 7th of the ensuing month. He is said to be in equally fine condition with his hardy competitor, and his appearance on that occasion will doubtless warrant an equal confidence in his backers, with that which now stimulates the friends of Sullivan.

Let it go as it will, however, a good result has already been effected for the community. The pugilistic spirit has let off the fever for assassination, and the six barrelled pistols and the murderous bowie knives which a few weeks ago were the pet weapons of every rake-hell and swash buckler in the town, have given place to the doctrine of the knuckles and hitting from "the shoulder." A peaceful man may, therefore, now walk the street where the fighting crowds perambulate, without fear of being sped to his account by a whiff from some deadly mazzule, or by a silencing stroke from some sweeping blade.

Indeed, so far as this quarrel between Hyer and Sullivan is concerned, we are well convinced that had not the present match been made, the large bands of resolute men who adhere to each, would have met, Philadelphia fashion, before now, and cost the census records some half a dozen lives. In this view, the present fight may be considered the safety valve of a much greater danger. After the feud is settled, however, all should join to stop such business in the future. We could use cant on this subject if we pleased; but we prefer to talk common sense.

January 13th, '49. }
The 5th month. }

HYER'S LAST EXHIBITION.

The announcement of the last "grand exhibition" of Tom Hyer, drew together, at Mager's Concert Hall, on the night of Wednesday, of last week, a company ranging between seven hundred and a thousand people, who, at a dollar a head, seemed to afford the most profound satisfaction to the Hon. Mr. Hyer, as he stood in a position of dignified reflection near the head of the stairs, in the first smile of the evening. Surrounding Mr. Hyer were several amateurs and the "Pacif Grands" in the fistic art, gazing in admiration at the "Royal Arch" before them, and occasionally making side whispers to their friends, by way of evincing their high estimation of his qualities and condition. A nod from the Hon. Mr. Hyer, to any new comer, under these circumstances, was a compliment of no ordinary magnitude; so when the circle of reverent outsiders saw him spit in his hand at our approach, and give us a grasp similar to that to be exchanged between Mayor Havemeyer and General Taylor, when the latter visits the city, a singular expression of envy might be seen in the faces of all surrounding lookers on. The Hon. Mr. Hyer has a great power of grip, and right well do the five fingers of our right hand recollect it.

The Hon. Mr. Hyer looked in superb condition, and fully justified the high encomiums that were passed upon him. He stood his full six feet two and a half; his frame seemed reduced to its most nervous measure, and the saddy hard-

ness of his features showed a glow of tough and vigorous health, that could hardly be exceeded in animal condition. In attire and outline, he was, perhaps, the best dressed and handsomest man present; and when we say this we give full consideration to the claims and pretensions of all the mustachioed exquisites, pugilistic competitors, dandy policemen, editors and lawyers of a high and low degree, who account themselves "some" in the vocabulary of good looks, and who were then and there "on hand."

The great feature of the evening now arrived, and amidst a strong sensation and general applause, the Hon. Mr. Hyer and Mr. Thompson leaped upon the stage. In standing up in his silk net shirt, Hyer looked more gaunt than we expected, and his shoulder blades showed as sharp through the glossy woof, as the ribs of a racer through a chestnut hide. He is certainly under the mark of one hundred and seventy-five, while Thompson, on the other hand, has fattened with his exercise, and showed to the extent of some two hundred weight.

As soon as the combatants had bowed to the audience with the grace of Barnum's giant, and touched the tips of each other's gloves with dignified courtesy, they squared away amid a profound silence, which evinced the deep interest of the audience in what was about to take place. Hyer did not hold himself so stiff as at his former exhibition, though he still leaned back more than satisfied the opinions of the judicious. His design seems to be to hold his face from danger in the coming fight, which is very well, if he can at the same time protect his lower ribs. One of these two points, however, he must yield to his acute antagonist, and it is a matter of considerable question among the learned in pugilistic science, which of the two relinquishments will subject him to the lightest injury. Apart from his disfigurements, the face is the safest point to give away, so far as ultimate results upon the health are to be considered, while the blows upon the body, though they leave the mind clear and permit a longer struggle, are more lasting and hurtful in their effects. It is the difference between champagne which whizzes the thoughts beyond command and soon lays its victim underneath the table, and blazing alcohol, which bites into the bowels and leaves a permanent imprint upon the inner system. Hyer seems to have chosen to preserve his features, but while he holds his head well up, he has at the same time adopted a firm lower guard, which would be very difficult for any man to pass, except, perhaps, the Hon. Mr. Sullivan.

The first round or two between Mr. Hyer and his friend was rather prosy in its method, consisting mostly of a few feints, and a cautious pantomime, in the course of which but two or three good hits were made by Hyer, without any earnest disposition, as it seemed to us, on the part of Mr. Thompson, to return them. Indeed, he seemed to satisfy himself with keeping on his guard, and when he did return, his blows were handsomely, or, to use perhaps a more correct term, *showily*, stopped. Five or six rounds more followed, of much the same character as the first, but during the whole the surprise of all who knew Thompson's qualities was great in the extreme, that he did not display to better advantage. The backers of the beneficiary, however, insisted that the cause of this, was Thompson's dread of Hyer's counter-hits; while others of the same class, who pretended to be deeper into the secret, gave several profound winks, and slyly indicated that Mr. Sullivan's friends "were not going to learn any pints from that are set-to." However this may be, the encounter might be very properly termed a "wooden" one. Had they been a pair of automatons arranged on mechanical principles, and pulled to a set method by a string, they could not have deserved less independent credit. It is certain that the affair did not give very general satisfaction, and the opinion of the audience seemed to be, that both the parties might have done much better, had they pleased.

The whole affair was interesting, however, as the grand precursor of the fight; and the satisfaction of seeing, in action, a man who is soon desperately to contend for the enormous stake of \$10,000, was worth the individual outlay at the door.

There will be no more exhibitions previous to the actual contest, and each man will be as busy as possible in making the final preparations for the struggle.

As for Sullivan, having won the choice of ground, he is now on his journey, via Philadelphia, to select it. He will make the most of his advantage by scraping acquaintance with every individual for five miles round the country in which the ring is to be pitched, and thus will secure a local feeling in his favor in advance of his antagonist, that will protect his interests, if necessary, on the ground. His journey is, therefore, a sort of electioneering expedition; and he will also make it one of profit, by giving an exhibition in Philadelphia, and perhaps in Baltimore, during his advance or his return. These chances the Hon. Mr. Hyer is deprived of, not being entitled to know

the location of the arena until within ten days of the fight. It is said, however, that he is cheerfully content with this disadvantage, having perfect confidence in his ability, under all circumstances, to take care of the end of the chapter. As to this, we shall see.

Where the Hon. Mr. Sullivan will pitch his stakes is not yet within conjecture, though many hope he will choose the District of Columbia, so that Congress may adjourn, after the fashion of Parliament, for the Epson races, to see this most absorbing event since the Presidential election, or the outbreak of the California fever.

Having now conducted the last operation of the American prize ring to the eve of battle, we will, while waiting to add its result to our record, conclude this number by the following general laws from the new edition of the English "Fistiana," which govern all pugilistic operations in the British isles, and which must likewise be the rules to govern Sullivan and Hyer here.

NEW RULES OF FISTIANA FOR THE DAY OF FIGHT.

I.—That the ring shall be made on turf, and shall be four-and twenty feet square, formed of eight stakes and ropes, the latter extending in double lines, the uppermost line being four feet from the ground, and the lower two feet from the ground. That in the centre of the ring a mark be formed, to be termed a scratch; and that at two opposite corners, as may be selected, spaces be inclosed by other marks sufficiently large for the reception of the seconds and bottle-holders, to be entitled "the corners."

II.—That each man shall be attended to the ring by a second and a bottle-holder, the former provided with a sponge, and the latter with a bottle of water. That the combatants, on shaking hands, shall retire until the seconds of each have tossed for choice of position: which adjusted, the winner shall choose his corner according to the state of the wind or sun, and conduct his man thereto, the loser taking the opposite corner.

III.—That each man shall be provided with a handkerchief of a color suitable to his own fancy, and that the seconds proceed to entwine those handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the centre stakes. These handkerchiefs shall be called "the colors;" and that the winner of the battle at its conclusion shall be entitled to their possession, as the trophy of victory.

IV.—That two umpires shall be chosen by the seconds or backer to watch the progress of the battle, and to take exception to any breach of the rules hereafter stated. That a referee shall be chosen by the umpires, to whom all disputes shall be referred; and that the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute or the issue of the battle. That the umpires shall be provided with a watch, for the purpose of calling time; and that they mutually agree upon whom this duty shall devolve, the call of that umpire only to be attended to, and no other person whatever to interfere in calling time. That the referee shall withhold all opinion till appealed to by the umpires, and that the umpires strictly abide by his decision without dispute.

V.—That on the men being stripped, it shall be the duty of the seconds to examine their shoes and drawers, and if any objection arises either as to insertion of improper spikes in the former, or substance in the latter, they shall appeal to their umpire, who, with the concurrence of the referee, shall direct if any and what alteration shall be made.

VI.—That both men being ready, each man shall be conducted to that side of the scratch next his corner previously chosen, and the seconds on one side, and the men on the other, having shaken hands, the former shall immediately return to their corners, and there remain within the prescribed marks till the round be finished, on no pretence whatever approaching their principals during the round, on penalty of losing the battle.

VII.—That at the conclusion of the round, when one or both of the men shall be down, the seconds and bottle-holders shall step forward and carry or conduct their principal to his corner, there affording him the necessary assistance, and that no person whatever be permitted to interfere in this duty.

VIII.—That at the expiration of 30 seconds (unless otherwise agreed upon), the umpire appointed shall cry.

"Time," upon which each man shall rise from the knee of his bottle-holder and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided, the seconds and bottle-holders remaining at their corner; and either falling so to be at the scratch within 8 seconds, shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

IX.—That on no consideration whatever shall any person be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, or till it shall have been concluded; and that in the event of such unfair practice, or the ropes and stakes being removed, it shall be in the power of the umpires and referee to award the victory to that man who, in their honest opinion, shall have the best of the contest.

X.—That the seconds and bottle-holders shall not interfere, advise, or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

XI.—That in picking up their men, should the seconds or bottle-holders wilfully injure the antagonist of their principal, he shall be deemed to have forfeited the battle on the decision of the umpires or referee.

XII.—That it shall be "a fair stand up fight," and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to either who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

XIII.—That butting with the head shall be deemed foul, and the party resorting to this practice shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

XIV.—That a blow struck when either man is thrown or down shall be deemed foul. That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of those positions shall be considered foul, providing always, that when in such position the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike.

XV.—That a blow struck below the waistband shall be deemed foul, and that in a close, seizing the antagonist below the waist, by the thigh or otherwise, shall be deemed foul.

XVI.—That all attempts to inflict injury by gouging, or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting, shall be deemed foul.

XVII.—That kicking, or deliberately falling on the antagonist with the knees or otherwise when down, shall be deemed foul.

XVIII.—That all bets shall be paid as the battle money, after the fight is awarded.

XIX.—That no person on any pretence whatever shall

be permitted to approach nearer the ring than ten feet, with the exception of the umpires and referee, and the persons appointed to take charge of the water or other refreshments for the combatants, who shall take their seats close to the corners selected by the seconds.

XX.—That due notice shall be given by the stakeholder of the day and place where the battle money is to be given up, and that he be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the directions of the umpires and referee, and that each party be strictly bound by these rules.

XXI.—That in the event of magisterial interference, it shall be the duty of the umpires and referee to name the time and place of the next meeting, if possible on the same day, unless that duty be assigned to the stakeholder or some other authority.

XXII.—That should the event not be decided on the day named, all bets shall be deemed void unless again declared on by mutual agreement; but that the battle-money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder till fairly won or lost by a fight, unless each party agree to withdraw his stake.

XXIII.—That either one voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the umpires and referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

XXIV.—That on an objection being made by the seconds or umpire, the men shall retire to their corners, and there remain till the decision of the appointed authorities be obtained; that if pronounced "foul," the battle shall be at an end, but if "fair," "time" shall be called by the party appointed, and the man absent from the "scratch" in 8 seconds after shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

XXV.—That if in a rally at the ropes either step outside the ring to avoid his antagonist or escape punishment, he shall forfeit his right to the battle.

XXVI.—That the use of hard substances, such as stones or sticks, in the hand during the battle, shall be deemed foul, and that on the requisition of the seconds of either man, the party accused shall open his hands for the examination of the umpires and referee.

XXVII.—That the use of resin or other powder in the hands be deemed foul.

XXVIII.—That where a man shall have his antagonist across the ropes in such a position as to be helpless and to endanger his life by strangulation or apoplexy, it shall be in the power of the referee to direct the seconds to take their man away and thus conclude the round, and that the man or his seconds refusing to obey the directions of the referee, shall be deemed the loser.

FATAL PRIZE FIGHT BETWEEN LILLY AND MCCOY

FOR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A SIDE,

AT HASTINGS, N. Y., ON TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1842.

"One spirit of the first born Cain reigned in all bosoms."

THE fight between CHRISTOPHER LILLY and THOMAS MCCOY originated at a sparring exhibition in the Bowery, where both parties met shortly after the former's victory over MURPHY. They had been old acquaintances, and there was an unsettled grudge between them. Amid the general encomiums bestowed on the youthful conqueror, McCoy's voice was silent, and when challenged for his opinion, he gave it in opposition to the prevailing sentiment. This Lilly couldn't bear, and feeling desirous to break away any existing doubt from his rival's mind, asked Tom to put the gloves on with him for a set-to and try. But the latter refused, and on the instant, Lilly hit him a straightforward blow that carried him to the floor. McCoy rose and rushed in, but they were soon separated, and a match was instantly proposed. Everything was soon arranged; a deposit was, either that evening or the next day, made, and each party went in active training—McCoy into the hands of JAMES SANFORD, and Lilly in the care of MCGEE.

On Tuesday morning last (13th Sept.), the appointed time, I rose at day-break to see the sun, after a half hour's grace, conceal himself in huge masses of heavy black clouds that crowded ominously from the South-west, as if in disgusting anticipation of the approaching strife. Taking the Hoboken boat I crossed to the Jersey side, and after a few minutes' walk found myself at the hour of nine at McCoy's house. The poor fellow was pacing to and fro in a little front garden, occasionally playing with his dog, and now and then exchanging a cheerful remark with his friends. Though he looked in excellent condition, I noticed several small eruptions on his face and neck that gave indication of his being too fine. We sat down together, and during a short conversation in the course of which he informed me of his age, family, &c., he expressed the highest confidence in his success, and betrayed a strong anxiety to be on his way to the ground.

At half past nine o'clock the steamer "Saratoga" arrived, when taking the arm of his second, McCoy started for the boat with the eyes of all the rustic neighborhood upon him. As we approached the first corner, we found three or four Irishwomen clustered on the stoop to bid their darling God speed in the battle. "God bless you, my dear boy! May you never be bate!" broke simultaneously from them all, and the check aprons of one or two brushed away tears from their eyes as the gallant fellow, with his heart swelling in his throat, replied, "Thank you, Mary." "Thank you, Ann." "I never will, I never will!" "The women stick by us to the last!" observed one of the party; "Even Tom's mother said that she would sooner have him return dead, than loser. It would be strange indeed if he was not game, coming from such a stock." At this Tom slightly smiled, and remarked that *he went to win or die!*

When casting off from the pier, the awkward clouds which for the last half hour had been sprawling across the sky, streamed off to the East, and with concave unobscured, the surface of the magnificent bay flickering into a myriad of spangles, and the chorus of four rheumatic fiddles giving measure to the "mammy daddy" of as many savages—on the after deck—who might have passed for monsters of the Ind, the steamer pushed off on its bloody errand. As McCoy sat on the binnacle by the dancers, I for some time observed him very closely, and thought that though his countenance was firm and resolute, betraying no sign of timidity, it wore an occasional expression of sadness, which he could not altogether dispel, and which to me appeared as if forced there in prosage of some impending danger. In a few moments he

went into the Captain's cabin and lay down until the arrival of the boat at Hastings (in Westchester county, New York, about 20 miles from this city).

The arena was about half a mile away from the landing, on the top of a mountain some five or six hundred feet high, and had to be attained by a road so tortuous and perplexed, that the progress of the party was necessarily very slow. Through this labyrinth, inches deep in loose sand, along the beach, over rocks, and up an abrupt and difficult acclivity, some two or three hundred feet high, did McCoy have to struggle a few minutes previous to the fight. After achieving this and shaking the mountain cedars with our anathemas, we found ourselves on the ground in the presence of about 1500 people, some pendent on the trees, some couchant on the neighboring elevated ridges, and some considerably rampant on the sod. The spot was admirably selected. It consisted of two or three acres of table land (with but a slight declination) on the top of a mountain hemmed in by cedars and tall forest trees, and afforded a fine view of the panorama of the Hudson, and two or three little villages in far perspective.

THE MEN.

Lilly is said to weigh 140, though many believe him to reach as high as 145 lbs.; he is twenty-three years of age, and an inch taller than his antagonist. On stripping, he presented a fine appearance. His skin was very clear and light in color, but firm in texture and healthy in tone. His form is round almost to perfection; his sides, instead of branching from the waist, gradually outwards to the armpits, circle concavely inwards like reversed crescents; his neck is strong and muscular in a high degree; his head—a fighting one, remarkably well set—small, round, bony, with a small featured dial, and his underworks, though at first somewhat light to the eye, are sufficiently strong for endurance.

If Lilly's appearance was fine, McCoy's was beautiful. His skin had a warmer glow than the former's; his form was more elegantly proportioned, and his air and style more graceful and manlike. His swelling breast curved out like a cuirass; his shoulders were deep, with a bold curved blade, and the muscular development of the arm large and finely brought out. His head was rather large and long, yet it indicated courage and a love for strife, and the manner in which it was set betokened strength. He was but twenty years and two months old, and weighed 137 lbs.

THE FIGHT.

Lilly first entered the ring, attended by FORD and MCCLESTER, the former seconds of Yankee Sullivan in both his battles; and on tossing up his cap, was warmly greeted with cheers from his side of the ring. McCoy soon after followed, with JAMES SANFORD and HENRY SHANFROID, and on following suit with his castor, was greeted in like manner. While they were stripping, the interest was so great, that every man on the ground appeared to have a desire to stake something on the issue, and even bets, to a large amount, were made. Neither man could be said to be the favorite, for of the ten or twelve thousand dollars that were certainly known to be "up," all was evenly wagered. After the men were peeled, the Judges and Referee were selected, the toss was made for the choice of position and won by McCoy, who (injudiciously I thought) took the raising ground, though with it he had the sun directly in his eyes. When all was ready, McCoy went over to Lilly, and pulling out two bank notes of \$100 each, wagered it with the latter; then

both shook hands across with the seconds, retired to their corners, and awaited the cry of "havoc."

Round 1st.—1 o'clock, exactly. At the call of "time," both came directly up, neither offering the customary hypocrisy of a greeting. They sparred with some caution for a time; at length, McCoy slightly advanced across the scratch and watching his chance, let fly with his left, but was stopped. Lilly then shifted his ground, when McCoy closed and during a short struggle, in which each endeavored to fib, the latter was heavily thrown. Lilly rose unhurt and McCoy went smiling to his corner, with blood trickling from his left ear. (Shrieks of "first blood!" "hey, go it my Lilly!" from Sullivan and others in Lilly's corner.) Between this round and the next, a person said to be a magistrate of the county was pointed out to me, who appeared to be remonstrating with Sullivan and others; but on "time" being called I was obliged to withdraw my attention, and saw no more.

Round 2d.—McCoy came up eagerly and with a remark of "You aint got old Murphy to deal with now," struck out, caught Lilly on the breast, but received a tremendous visitation on the mouth, in return; in straining forward to answer it, McCoy slipped and went down.

Round 3d.—Some wary sparring and shifting about; at last Lilly hit out and caught McCoy severely in the neck, from which McCoy slipped down on his knee, Lilly smiling at him.

Round 4th.—Both wary, McCoy giving ground and showing slight fatigue, Lilly made a slight push out on McCoy's breast, and McCoy fell down. (Laughter and cries of "Bah! bah!" from Sullivan and Lilly's friends.)

Round 5th.—Lilly came briskly in and went right to work, caught McCoy again on the mouth; McCoy countered and fell. (Cries of "foul.")

Round 6th.—Both eager, heavy exchanges by both, right and left; McCoy then rushed in, when Lilly chopped him with his right severely on the back; Tom, however, soon stopped this work, and in a short violent struggle both went to the ground, side by side.

Round 7th.—McCoy came up,

"—his lip and neck's pure dyes
—dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,"

showing an eager desire to fight. In return to a pass he made, Lilly struck out with his left, caught his man in the abdomen, from which the latter fell, and rose from the ground pointing at his stomach and complaining of a "foul" blow. An uproar immediately ensued; the two parties violently charging and denying, during which the Judges both agreed that the blow was "foul," and on appealing to the Referee, had their decision affirmed by him. Here the fight should have ended. But the principal backer of McCoy, from excess of generosity, refused what he called "an advantage," and though the decision was worth some thousands to him, demanded that the contest should go on. In the interim, some one had called "time," and the men, by appearing at the scratch, concluded all foregoing exceptions.

Round 8th.—Lilly led off with a sharp cheek blow, followed by a tremendous repeater on McCoy's mouth; McCoy then rushed in, and after a few sharp exchanges, closed, endeavored to throw Lilly, who turned him, however, as he was going down, and fell heavily on him.

Round 9th.—Lilly came up bleeding freely at the nose—they went at it fiercely, and planted a heavy mutual hit; a little sparring and another counter followed, ending in a clinch, each firmly locking the other's hands. A dispute here ensued, both claiming "foul"—considerable time elapsed, at the end of which, in obedience to the numerous series of "fight! fight!" they struggled violently together, and McCoy was again turned under, with Lilly on him.

Round 10th.—McCoy put in a severe body blow, and in following with the other hand over-reached himself and fell.

Round 11th.—Even bets freely offered on McCoy—Lilly looking flimsy and distressed. McCoy came up smiling and confident, received a hit from Lilly on the chin, rallied and closed on him. Lilly caught him well and both fished severely, a struggle ensued, at the end of which Lilly turned McCoy and fell on him, as before.

Round 12th.—McCoy smiling and speaking in an undertone to his antagonist, as he squared up to him. "\$100 to \$50 on McCoy!" Cautious sparring—both struck out, and both stopped the ugly looking threatened visitations. McCoy made another heavy offer, which not getting home, in consequence of a quick aside movement of Lilly's, threw him violently forward, badly off his guard, which Lilly took advantage of by giving him a sharp upper cut as he fell. This was done in a careless and rather contemptuous manner, as if he would say, "There, take that for your stupidity!" (Cheers for Lilly.)

Round 13th.—Tremendous counter—rush by both, and heavy exchanges, clinch, and McCoy down at the ropes.

Round 14th.—" \$100 to \$50, on McCoy!" "This offer, though McCoy had no perceptible advantage of Lilly, was not taken; Lilly's friends fearing, probably, that there was something more in it than met the eye. McCoy came up full of confidence, exclaiming, "Ah, I've got you now, old fellow, sure!" and planted two sounding body blows. "Yes, you have!" answered Lilly scornfully, and following up the remark, made a hit on Mac's mouth which made everything ring again. McCoy, at this, rushed madly in and closed; but after receiving some severe punishment from Lilly's right on the small of the back, he was turned and the latter fell heavily on him.

Round 15th.—Heavy countering. Lilly hit out below the belt, as low as the groin, but was stopped by McCoy. (Cries of "foul.") Lilly hit again, closed, and threw McCoy, and fell heavily upon him. McCoy on getting up, complained of being "hit foul;" the judges saw it, and were again agreed, and loud cries of "foul" were shouted from all parts of the ring. Lilly's seconds defended him by saying that the blow was "thrown off," and McCoy's backers again passed away their right, by declaring they wanted no such advantage.

Round 16th.—Heavy body blow thrown in by McCoy, returned on the mouth by Lilly twice successively. McCoy rallied, rushed in, and sharp fibbing ensued by both—they then broke, exchanged another hit, closed again, and after a brief but fierce struggle, McCoy threw Lilly heavily and fell on him. (Cheers, and "\$100 to \$50 on McCoy!")

Round 17th.—Lilly hit out weak, in answer to a light body blow from McCoy; he made another pass, and McCoy dropped. (Hisses, and cries of "bah! bah!")

Round 18th.—McCoy got in a light body blow, and dropped away from a wicked return.

Round 19th.—Lilly improving—McCoy got in his usual body blow, which was returned by Lilly heavily in the old place on the mouth. Heavy counters—Lilly getting in a terrific lunge on McCoy's left eye; a close by McCoy followed, who, in trying to throw Lilly, was turned himself, and fell heavily, with his antagonist upon him. The fight had now lasted 20 minutes.

Round 20th.—Cautious sparring. In getting away from threatened danger, Lilly slipped on his knee—rose, followed, and delivered a stinging hit on Mac's lip, cutting it badly, and starting the blood out in streams. McCoy returned with a heavy Junge full on Lilly's frontal bone. Lilly then attempted to rush in, but short, quick exchanges followed, ending in a clinch, and McCoy was heavily thrown, with his man on him again.

Round 21st.—Even betting—Lilly freshening—both came up free. McCoy commenced by delivering a tremendous blow on Lilly's mouth, starting the blood as from his own in the round before—clinch, and in falling, McCoy turned under, and Lilly fell in his lap.

Round 22d.—McCoy came up smiling, with the blood streaming over his breast and upper lip, his left cheek and eye showing the effects of their heavy visitations. He caught two sharp ones again on the old places, and in attempting to return, slipped and fell.

Round 23d.—McCoy came up smiling again, on approaching Lilly, he said in an undertone—"I've got you, sure enough!" which Lilly answered instantly, with a sharp cutting blow on the offending organ. McCoy rushed wildly in, when Lilly tapped him again, and in the clinch that followed, after some sharp in-fighting by both, Lilly was thrown.

Round 24th.—Three or four sharp blows by Lilly in McCoy's dial;—all the round his, except the throw, which resulted in his going outside the ropes. Cheers for "Tom!"

Round 25th.—Both cautious and self-possessed. Lilly stopped two mischievous looking offers, and in a clinch, threw his opponent heavily—falling on him.

Round 26th.—McCoy, from the profuse manner in which he perspired—globules of sweat clustering all over the surface of his body—now plainly showed that his condition had been too fine; and to make the matter worse, his second (he could be said to have but one) after dragging him by the armpits to his corner, checked the glow by drenching with cold water. On coming up, he received a head hit which he countered in the breast heavily, then clinched his man, and threw him through the ropes.

Round 27th.—Two sharp ones by Lilly in the old place—close, and both down. Even betting.

Round 28th.—Lilly cool as a cucumber, and wary as an Indian—McCoy, on the contrary, too free, and too ready to fight. (Strange that his seconds could not tell him to restrain his ardor.) Lilly put in three successive terrific neck blows, which had a squelching sound that could be heard all over the crowd. McCoy, game as a pebble, and fearless as a lion, rushed wildly in, caught two or three more before he could clinch, and then was badly thrown.

Round 29th.—McCoy's lip very much swollen, and the blood from his mouth streaming profusely over his breast.

He appeared somewhat confused from the punishment of the former round, and received three successive hits in the face; the last carrying him down straight.

Round 30th.—McCoy plainly showing his punishment, and his right eye also beginning to complain, while Lilly, save by a slight swelling of the upper lip, was scarcely marked. McCoy caught it again twice, and went down with the last blow clean.

Round 31st.—McCoy evidently much fatigued and worried, caught it again severely in the old place—returned with a body blow, and dropped stupidly. Cries of "Go it, flower, you've got him licked, now!"

Round 32d.—Lilly had now proved himself by all odds the best hitter, and was also peculiarly adroit in saving himself from punishment and over-labor;—on the other hand, McCoy was free and unguarded, and continually wasted himself with ineffectual efforts, in his ambition to do too much. Lilly planted one on his nose, at which McCoy clinched, but was pressed to the ropes, and, after a short struggle, was badly thrown, Lilly falling on him bodily as before,—Mac complaining of "foul" as he went to corner.

Round 33d.—McCoy's lip dreadfully swollen, and the whole contour of his face altering its expression. He struck strongly out after stopping a blow, and fell down on his knee.

Round 34th.—Lilly got in another of his cutting blows on the right cheek,—a close, and sharp in-fighting, and a bad fall for McCoy; Lilly on top as usual, and in obedience to Sullivan's cries of "Lie on him, Chris! lie on him!" remained on the breast of his gasping enemy until lifted off. The fight had now lasted forty minutes.

Round 35th.—McCoy came up smiling through all his gore, and renewed the common trick which he had practised in the few first rounds, of pointing in a bantering manner to his own face, as if to say, "Why don't you hit me there?" Lilly obliged him at once by planting a wicked shot on his nose which McCoy answered by a sharp rally and a close, which resulted in Lilly's being thrown, and his head striking smartly against one of the posts.

Round 36th.—Both cautious; heavy body blow for McCoy, and a tremendous counter for Lilly in his neck. McCoy returned, but not getting home, fell.

Round 37th.—McCoy confused, and very much astray. Instead of looking at his man, I saw his eyes glance quite around the ring. However, he righted before his situation was discovered or taken advantage of, and stopped a dangerous approach; he then replied with a good effort, but not getting in, fell back from Lilly's threatened return.

Round 38th.—Lilly got in another in the old place; McCoy slightly answered it in the body, and went down.

Round 39th.—Lilly waited for the assault, and kept well on his guard; McCoy, as usual, led off, was stopped, and received a severe blow on his chin, followed by another on the right cheek; McCoy then rallied, and rushed in, and they both dropped to the ground together;—McCoy's arms being around Lilly's neck.

Round 40th.—McCoy right at it again,—struck a round blow which found its home on Lilly's left shoulder-blade; endeavored to get in a repeater, but Lilly jumped quickly away, and he struck short, and fell—Lilly laughing.

Round 41st.—McCoy stopped a mischievous offer from Lilly's left,—was not so fortunate in regard to his right, which caught him heavily in the breast,—McCoy rallied and was thrown hard—Lilly on top.

Round 42d.—As McCoy came up, some one cried out "He's getting weak!" to which Tom replied as he squared away, "I'm as strong as ever," and striking out as he spoke, caught Lilly with his right upon the breast, who tried to counter on the head, but didn't get in. Lilly then rushed in, and threw him heavily on his face, the blood gushing profusely from his mouth as he got up.

Round 43d.—McCoy, notwithstanding his dreadful punishment, came up laughing, and was the first to begin. Both hit together, after which they clinched, and Lilly fished him severely. A wrestle followed, and McCoy was again badly thrown, with Lilly on him.

Round 44th.—McCoy too ready, and worrying himself with unnecessary effort. He made two or three lunges from which Lilly stepped lightly away. McCoy came up again, and while measuring for another blow, Lilly darted under his arm, rose behind, and let drive a tremendous shot on the left side of his head; McCoy clinched, but was again badly thrown, with Lilly on him, though he managed to roll him over.

Round 45th.—McCoy still bleeding profusely. On going up to the scratch, Sandford said to him, "Go at him now, as I told you Randall did, and you'll have him licked in three rounds!" to which Lilly scornfully replied, "I can lick him, and you after him, on the same afternoon." McCoy tolled him on by pointing at his face, which invita-

tion was accepted by Lilly with two dreadful blows, one on the chin, and another death stroke on the neck. McCoy rushed in, returned it wildly on Lilly's head, and went down.

Round 46th.—Light countering—Lilly cautiously approached, preparing for a fly, when McCoy dropped, and Lilly walked to his corner, laughing carelessly.

Round 47th.—Light countering; another sharp death blow in McCoy's neck; a struggle, and he was heavily thrown.

Round 48th.—Lilly got in four sharp successive hits, which spread the blood all over McCoy's face—he spat part of it back at Lilly, went in, and was again badly thrown. "\$100 to 50 on Lilly"—taken by Sandford.

Round 49th.—Heavy exchanges—rather in McCoy's favor, who drove Lilly to his own (Mac's) corner; where Lilly closed, and dropping his head, butted Mac in the stomach, throwing him back. Cries of "foul!"—(long dispute, and "time" lost.)

Round 50th.—On time being called, the men came up readily again. Counter hitting—close, and McCoy heavily thrown, Lilly on top. (One hour.)

Round 51st.—McCoy bleeding all the while, and his face disgustingly swollen and disfigured. Lilly hit him again on the mouth—closed—fished him severely—threw him, and fell heavily upon him.

Round 52d.—Two sharp hits on the head, and another death blow in the neck for Lilly, the last carrying McCoy down, clean.

Round 53d.—Some cautious sparring—McCoy made a round hit in Lilly's back, and dropped away from the return.

Round 54th.—In reply to some remark of Lilly's on their meeting at the scratch, McCoy replied—"Oh, there's no need of a hurry—we've got a week before us." Lilly waited for him, watched his chance, and dropped one on his old place on the mouth. McCoy quickly countered, and heavy lunges were exchanged, concluding with a splendid hit for McCoy on Lilly's chin; the latter then rushed in, and after a mutual effort to fib, McCoy broke away and gave him the upper cut. Lilly rushed in again, when McCoy, summoning all his energies, made a desperate exertion, cross-buttocked him in fine style, and tossed him fairly on his head. ("Beautiful!" Great cheering for McCoy. "\$100 on McCoy.")

Round 55th.—Beautiful fighting again. McCoy freshening, though his countenance was horribly disfigured, and the blood still flowing quite free. Splendid hits for both—clinch—ierce struggle—Lilly thrown.

Round 56th.—Counter—close—McCoy thrown, but turned Lilly outside the ropes.

Round 57th.—A head hit for Lilly—McCoy returned, felt short, and dropped.

Round 58th.—Wary figuring at the scratch—as McCoy was measuring for a fly, Lilly dropped his head, dodged under his arm, and clashing him about the waist, chopped him severely in the loins. McCoy writhed, however, from his disadvantage, and threw Lilly, who turned him as usual on their way to the ground, and fell on him.

Round 59th.—McCoy's eyes in funeral black, and his mouth and throat full of blood, part of which he spat on Lilly's breast. Three successive equal counter hits; McCoy hit out again, but falling short, dropped.

Round 60th.—Lilly stopped a well meant head blow, and in answer chopped McCoy downwards on his left cheek. Counter hits—close, and McCoy thrown badly.

Round 61st.—Good body hit for McCoy—Lilly closed, caught McCoy by the legs, and threw him badly.

Round 62d.—McCoy too ready, and wasting his strength by ineffectual efforts, while Lilly cautiously saved himself. McCoy stopped two dangerous offers beautifully, and made another powerful lunge, but wide astray again. Lilly remained very cool, got in another stinging death blow on the neck, and followed it by three more in the face—a rush by McCoy, in which he was thrown.

Round 63d.—McCoy's seconds at last directed him not to fight so much. While he was sparring away, Lilly chopped him on the head by a downright blow—McCoy countered well on Lilly's mouth, and after receiving two more of the fatal neck blows, rushed in, and was badly thrown, the blood streaming from his mouth.

Round 64th.—McCoy came up saturated to his very shoes with the cold water with which he was deluged every round, while Lilly was kept nearly dry. Lilly chopped him on the eye again, nearly closing it up—a close, and McCoy badly thrown, the blood gushing from his mouth again.

Round 65th.—Both reeking with sweat. McCoy working too free again, and wasting powder in his heavy, useless lunges. Hit for Lilly on the right cheek, returned with interest by McCoy in a body blow, which carried Lilly down, clean.

Round 66th.—After some figuring, Lilly got behind McCoy, clasped him round the waist, and letting him go, hit him as he fell—McCoy down.

Round 67th.—Lilly caught him a dreadful blow on the cheek, which McCoy wildly returned, and was thrown, with Lilly on him.

Round 68th.—Lilly scarcely hurt—McCoy falling fast. Counter hits—McCoy thrown as before.

Round 69th.—Cries of "Shutters up!—There's a death in the family!" &c. Two or three ineffectual lunges were made by McCoy, which only served to strain and weaken him—rush by Lilly—close, and Lilly thrown head first.

Round 70th.—McCoy was now indeed a most unseemly object: both his eyes were black—the left one nearly closed, and indeed that whole cheek presented a shocking appearance. His very forehead was black and blue; his lips were swollen to an incredible size, and the blood streamed profusely down his chest. My heart sickened at the sorry sight. When he came up he appeared very weak, and almost gasping for breath, and endeavored, while squaring away, to eject the clotting fluid from his throat. Several, who, like myself, compassionated the poor fellow's condition, cried, "Oh, take him away! Take him away!" After getting a severe hit on the mouth, he rushed bravely in, closed, was thrown, but turned his opponent on the ground.

Round 71st.—Rally, close—McCoy thrown, and Lilly down on him, heavy.

Round 72d.—Heavy counter—three more sharp, deadly neck-blows for Lilly, a clinch, and McCoy thrown heavily gasping under Lilly's weight.

Round 73d.—McCoy's left daylight almost closed. Both cautious and fatigued. Hit and hit equal—clinch—McCoy caught Lilly's hair, and after working it backwards and forwards twice or thrice, bent him by main strength to the earth.

Round 74th.—McCoy lunging in the air again—Lilly carefully saving himself—McCoy rushed in, their hands became locked, and both fell side by side, Lilly exclaiming, with a laugh, as he rose—"By — he's as weak as a rat."

Round 75th.—Counter, in favor of McCoy—close, fibbing by both, and McCoy badly thrown.

Round 76th.—The sun appeared now to have a painful effect on McCoy's nearly closed optics. The eyelids were so swollen and stiff, with extravasated blood, that he was obliged to throw his head back, and expose his neck to his enemy, to enable him to look through the slight crevice left; and this too in the *seventy-sixth* round. It was now perfectly apparent to every one present that poor McCoy had not the slightest chance to worst his cunning and active adversary. Blow after blow came raining in upon him, drawing blood, or threatening death at every stroke, and when he would seek to return, his antagonist would step lightly away, and his blow, wasted upon the trenchant air, had no other effect but that of wasting his strength. McCoy commenced again striking at random, received two stinging blows on the lip as admonishers—a close and was heavily thrown, Lilly on him.

Round 77th.—Tom freshening wonderfully, got in a good hit—counter—another good hit for Tom, and Lilly, down on his knees.

Round 78th.—Lilly showing great fatigue—McCoy went right to work, rallied, hit all over, clinched and threw Lilly heavily—cheers. "\$100 even on McCoy."

Round 79th.—McCoy acting well, got in a terrific body blow, and a blow on the cheek—a clinch and Lilly thrown.

Round 80th.—Two heavy body hits for McCoy, rally by Lilly, counter, clinch at the ropes, and McCoy thrown heavily.

Round 81st.—Lilly bettering, went right to work, put it into McCoy right and left, closed, and threw him heavily, falling on him.

Round 82d.—McCoy came up unsteady, clinch, and McCoy thrown in the old way.

Round 83.—Counter, close, McCoy woolled Lilly, but was heavily thrown.

Round 84th.—McCoy quite groggy, but still preserving the dignity of unflinching resolution in his gait. Lilly got in three severe hits, which McCoy returned open handed, a fatal sign—clinch, and McCoy again badly thrown, Lilly falling on him.

Round 85th.—As McCoy came up and made a pass, Lilly threw it aside, exclaiming, "O la!" then after making two splendid hits, rushed in and threw him heavily. On Lilly going to his corner, Sullivan kissed him, in admiration of his prowess.

Round 86th.—McCoy bleeding and sweating profusely. Clinch—McCoy while twisting him to the earth by main strength, got him locked, then suddenly let go, giving him

the upper cut as he sank, and raising a "mouse" on his left cheek with the blow.

Round 87th.—Trifling counters, McCoy then struck out, overreached and weakly fell.

Round 88th.—Though McCoy was now well nigh blinded, he came up well, led off and got in a pretty good body hit. Lilly answered sharp, clinched and threw him heavily and fell upon him, the blood gushing from McCoy's mouth as he lay. Loud cries now broke from the crowd of "Shame, shame! It's a shame to see such a game man beat to death!" The fight had now lasted two hours.

Round 89th.—On bringing McCoy up, Ford and Sullivan cried out, "Oh take that man away. What's the use of beating him to death? He can't win." "Don't fret yourselves," replied Shanford, "he's got three hours fight in him yet. He's only beginning to work." "Finish him, then, Cris," returned Sullivan. Lilly let fly at the word, catching McCoy on the mouth, sending the blood in a fine spray in the sun—a rush by McCoy and Lilly thrown.

Round 90th.—Lilly made two severe hits—close, McCoy pressed to the ropes and severely chopped.

Round 91st.—McCoy very groggy, rushed in wild, striking open handed—Lilly gave him two sharp cuts in the face, closed and threw him dreadfully. Cries of "Take him away! Don't let him fight any more!"

Round 92d.—Blood spouting from McCoy's nose; but he, still, nothing daunted—clinch and both down.

Round 93d.—Rally, close—Lilly chopped him severely in the loins, then threw him heavily and fell on him. As he was lifted up, Lilly looked down at him and exclaimed "Be — he's game!" "2 to 1 on Lilly."

Round 94th.—As McCoy made a pass, Lilly dodged under his arm, caught him round the waist and chopped him badly on the back. While at it, McCoy dropped hopelessly in his arms, Lilly shoving him down and walking away. Cries of "It's a d—d shame to see a brave man used so!" "For God's sake take him away!"

Round 95th.—McCoy came up unsteady, but stern and erect. Counter, close, both locked on the ropes—violent struggle, which ended in McCoy's receiving dreadful punishment, and a terrific fall with Lilly on him.

Round 96th.—After a pass, Cris rushed in and threw McCoy in the old way.

Round 97th.—McCoy staggering and gasping for breath; Lilly hit him full in the mouth, when he turned around crazily and fell.

Round 98th.—Sharp hit for Lilly; McCoy dropped weakly from a repater.

Round 99th.—McCoy ready, though very weak—a clinch and Lilly thrown.

Round 100th.—McCoy came up well, counter, clinch, and they caught each other's hands. While in this position they turned, looked at each other, and exchanged a word; then McCoy changed his hold, and threw him by main strength, nearly on his head. Two hours and 16 minutes.

Round 101st.—Lilly caught McCoy's head under his arm, jobbed him severely, and then threw and fell heavily upon him.

Round 102d.—Close, sharp fibbing by both, struggle and both down; Lilly spoke to McCoy in a low tone, as they lay on the ground together.

Round 103d.—McCoy suffering very much, scarcely able to breathe, and spitting from his mouth solid clots and long strings of coagulated blood. He came up bravely (the noble boy!), without the slightest indication of a desire to shrink, got in a good body blow, but in the close was badly thrown.

Round 104th.—McCoy got up himself at the cry of "time," astonishing every one by his wonderful endurance. Both his eyes were almost closed, and resembled purple cushions with a black cord drawn tightly through the middle, to represent the crevice through which he saw. He might be said to grope his way to the scratch. Lilly got in two light head blows, but in the clinch was thrown by a pure exertion of strength on the part of McCoy.

Round 105th.—Smart counter—a close and both down, Lilly under McCoy still strong.

Round 106th.—McCoy rushed in as Lilly was preparing to strike and threw him.

Round 107th.—McCoy came up slow, sticking his swollen tongue out and opening his mouth to get air, as if laboring under the sense of strangulation—

"And though his manly heart around,
No active currents warmly bound;
Tho' swelled to bursting every vein,
No token gave he yet of pain."

As he stepped slowly up, Lilly cried out to him to come over to his side, upon which, Ford seeing his condition,

exclaimed "Cris, now you've got him, sure!" "Not so sure as you imagine," immediately said the noble fellow, but in a voice so changed, so husky from its passage through the red current that was hemming out his life, that our very flesh crept as we heard it. His enemy could do as he pleased; he hit him with impunity; then rushed in and fell heavily upon him. He was "valiant no longer." The "puniest whipster" might have "bearded" him without dread of harm.

Round 108th.—The same—and McCoy thrown as before. Cries of "Take him out!"

Round 109th.—Lilly put in three more short head blows, and threw him again with the same result. Time 24 hours.

Round 110th.—Cris rushed in—McCoy caught him by the hair and endeavored to fib him—failed, and was thrown hard.

Round 111th.—McCoy very groggy, but still striking out strong. At the mark, while squaring, he exclaimed, "I feel like a book!" As if unconscious where he was, however, he suddenly dropped his arms, and on the instant received a planter on the mouth, and was severely thrown.

Round 112th.—McCoy staggering in, but erect and dignified in his manner. Lilly planted another in the old place, starting the blood afresh—close, and McCoy down again, bad as ever. Ford here demanded that the brave fellow should be taken out, amid numerous cries of "Shame," and remarked that "Their doctor would be hung if they didn't." The latter branch of this remark was applied to a wretch who, from the fact of representing himself as a physician, had been employed by the seconds of McCoy, for the express purpose of watching over the man's life, and of saving him, when his powers had been stretched to their extent of endurance. To him I chiefly lay the blame of Thomas McCoy's death, and as I presume there is a very general desire to bring him to justice, I will describe him at length. He is a tall, meagre, rickety, slabsided personage, with a shock of stiff, dirty hair, of a dusting brush grey, and a head so laterally compressed, as to present but the edge of a shingle for a face. His nose takes a start from a pair of inexpressive milky eyes, that could no more enliven his countenance, than could two brass nails irradiate a sweep's seat, and taking a bold curvilinear compass, juts out to an equal distance with the large knot or apple in his dirty scraggy neck. His shoulders are of an unequal height; the hollow which should adorn his back, is represented by a huge cavity in his belly, and he is altogether so pitiful a fellow, that I would blush at my awkwardness if unable to cut a better "from a cheese paring after dinner."

Round 113th.—Sharp body blow for Lilly—he then rushed in and endeavored to throw his opponent, but fell with the effort.

Round 114th.—McCoy attended by his second up to the scratch. On being left to himself, he received two bad ones in the old places, a clinch, and both fell.

Round 115th.—McCoy completely in the dark. He made three good attempts to get in, and in the last fell with the effort.

Round 116th.—McCoy led up again—caught a severe blow in the mouth, rushed in and was very badly thrown, having pitched head foremost at the ground and scraped his face along it for twelve or eighteen inches, before the impetus of his motion stopped.

Round 117th.—Poor Tom failing fast—Lilly hit him a severe blow in the old place—McCoy obeying his instinct, rushed in, and with an exertion of latent strength that astonished all, threw Lilly and fell upon him. Good for a dying man! As he lay there, he patted his antagonist on his head, and smiled over him, as if this trifling fortune were amends. On being carried to his corner, he

said to his seconds, "Nurse me—nurse me, and I'll whip him yet!"

Round 118th.—McCoy rushed wildly in, received a hit and a fall with Lilly on him that fairly shook the ground. Cries of "Shame! shame!" "For God's sake, save his life!" I did not hear that the Doctor interfered.

Round 119th.—McCoy still indomitably game, came up perfectly blind, and took his position as erect as ever, and put out his arms mechanically. Chanfrold in reply to a rebuke for allowing such a man to fight longer, said "he ain't half licked yet!" Lilly rushed in and threw him, badly, falling on him as always before.

Round 120th.—McCoy was lifted up heavily from his second's knee, and stood on his feet for the last time. He was led slowly to the mark, and took his position—a dying man—but as erect, as dignified, as game as ever. Lilly was also much fatigued, and enduring considerable suffering from the heavy body blows he had received. They both sparred cautiously; McCoy leading off, as ever, and making two or three good efforts to get in without success. Lilly then rushed in, closed and threw him very hard, fell with his whole weight upon him, and remained upon the dying man until lifted off. On approaching him (McCoy) he was found to be perfectly inanimate, and sank lifeless in his second's arms. Time was called, but not, alas! for him. Poor fellow! he was doomed never to hear sound again, till the challenge of the last trumpet shall pierce the portals of his ears, and summon him, with those who did foul murder on him, to a mark from which there can be no dodging—no escape.

He had fought for two hours and forty three minutes, receiving eighty-one heavy falls, with his antagonist of him, and bleeding, certainly, for two and a half hours. He fought with good heart, but not well; showing by his open motions everything that he was about to do, and fighting too much. He had also suffered, no doubt, from over training, having previous to the match been in very ill health.

As soon as he had been declared the victor, Lilly jumped up, slapped his hands with an exclamation of joy, and then amid the cheers of his circle, sprang over the ropes of the ring. He was but little marked, and not severely hurt. Poor McCoy, on being lifted from the ground, sank as limp as a rag in his second's arms. A cry was made for the Doctor, and a movement in the mass took place to give him air. I forced my way in the crowd and took a look at the dying man. God grant that I may never see such another sight! He lay upon his back, his face and neck one bruised, unseemly, bloated mass of incipient corruption; gasping for breath, and sucking by the violence of his respiration, his bloated lips far back in his mouth. In the next moment he ceased to breathe, and the word went in a hoarse whisper round that *he was dead!* Never shall I forget the talismanic horror of that expression. The cheeks of old and young, the fledgling villain, and the ruffian steeped in crime, all blanched to ashes, and exchanged a look of vague and undefined fear, separated silently, and sought their respective boats. I saw but one man unmoved. He knew, with the rest, that another fight had been promised in the same ring, and, unwilling to lose the sport, exclaimed as poor McCoy was borne to the river side, "Come, carry off your dead, and produce your next man!" I should say that that ruffian is doomed to arrive at great eminence in hell. Not a loud sound or rough expression was heard by the vast assemblage that collected at the landing. Solemnly each man embarked, and silently the vessels cast off and bore away. I went in the dead man's boat, and sailed back with him, lying stark, corrupt, and dead, in the same cabin, where he in the morning lay full of life, health, hope, strength, and manhood. I leave the moral with the reader.

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT,

BETWEEN

TOM HYER AND YANKEE SULLIVAN,

FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

WON BY HYER IN SEVENTEEN MINUTES AND EIGHTEEN SECONDS.

As Reported for the National Police Gazette.

The great prize fight, which has been the standard topic of conversation for the last six months in fighting circles, and which, to confess the truth, has occupied a large share of the attention of refined society during the same period of time, came off, according to agreement, on Wednesday, the 7th inst., at Rock Point, mouth of Still Pond Creek, in Kent county, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, about 40 miles from Baltimore.

The location originally intended for the arena, was Pool Island, in the upper part of Chesapeake bay, which had been selected by Sullivan three weeks before as the most eligible spot for the intended meeting, as he had heard that its jurisdiction was disputed, or divided by the State of Maryland and the Government of the United States. Moreover, it was thirty miles away, with but two buildings, except the lighthouse stationed on it, and therefore could not produce much local interference with the proceedings of the invading hordes who would pour upon it on the indicated day, as if from the mouth of the everlasting pit.

But while Pool Island lay perfectly quiet, showing no signs of disgust or opposition, obstacles were breeding in Baltimore, and by-and-by that virtuous city, which usually has a man a week killed in its streets, or two or three riots in the same period of time, became so indignant at the idea of making a hundred thousand dollars or so, by having a match of fisticuffs within electric distance of its borders, that it organized voluntary patrols to frown down the outrage, and stuffed a broken winded steamboat with crowds of infantry armed to the teeth, to rake the Chesapeake up and down, and in default of capturing the combatants, to sing Watts's hymns in honor of Gov. Thomas, the night through.

These preparations on the part of the authorities of the State of Maryland, and of the city of Baltimore, to stop the fight, commenced on Tuesday morning, and both the steamboats which had been chartered by the several crowds, were paralysed by the authorities

with writs against their captains, and one of them, the *Boston*, was chartered by the State for the pursuit. While things were in this condition, Hyer, apprehending, and correctly as it proved, that warrants would be despatched after him and his trainers, slipped away from his training ground and went to Carroll's Island, a little island next to Pool's. Sullivan had anticipated him in this prudent course, having arrived at Carroll's Island on Monday afternoon, and crossed to Pool's before Hyer's arrival. Hyer shortly after crossed to Pool Island also, and put up at the house attached to the light-house, while Sullivan had secured the only other place for human accommodation, at some distance off.

Leaving the principal parties thus bestowed, we will now return to Baltimore, to see how matters progress with those who have charge of the grand preliminaries of the affair, and with those likewise who were endeavoring to get a thimbleful of reputation out of the excitement, by trying to stop it.

Late in the afternoon of Tuesday, the backers, judges, referee, bottle-holders, &c., of both parties, in Baltimore, finding that there was to be no steamboating on the following morning, hired two oyster smacks, and embarked, to the number of one hundred, each side, and at 10 o'clock, put out upon the Chesapeake, in a bright cold night, but so tempestuous with the wind, that the captains of the pungees had some ugly doubts themselves as to the safety of the surface of the bay.

The name of the boat containing Sullivan's party was the "*Whig*," and as she swung from the dock, the *Boston* was "firing up" to carry her military cargo to the same place to intercept them. However, the smacks sailed away unmolested. At the same hour, High Constable Gifford, of Baltimore, left with thirteen men, across the land to the nearest point opposite the designated scene of combat. At a quarter before 12, the *Boston* got off on her errand. We have now three expeditions all directed to one spot, two of which

were in pursuit, and the third dodging the chase.

THE DESCENT OF THE POLICE.

The pungees arrived at the island first; the "Whig" reaching the shore at half-past one, p.m. Joe Beard, of Baltimore, and Country McCleester were then sent ashore to see if Sullivan was on the island, receiving directions, if he were asleep, not to wake him, but to let him have his natural rest till five o'clock. They were then to wake him and tell him the steamboat was coming and to hurry him on board. Following these directions, Joe, finding Sullivan asleep, sat down by the fire as a sentry and went to sleep himself. Hyer's boat had now arrived, when a similar course was pursued in relation to him, the two boats meanwhile swinging to their anchors, and waiting for the daylight and the embarkment of their men.

In the meantime, Captain Gifford and his thirteen arrived upon the western beach of the bay at three o'clock, and seizing a boat in the name of the State, they unmoored, and set out in the biting atmosphere for the island. As they approached it, they perceived the steamer Boston entering on the scene. They passed under her bows and hailed her, but such was the howling of the wind and the coldness of the night, that they were unheard. Gifford then debarked, and with his force, proceeded to Hyer's house.

HYER'S ESCAPE.

The friends of Hyer were not keeping a bright look-out; but one of them, nevertheless, heard the tramp of the police and ran up stairs in time to give Tom notice, whereupon he jumped up instantly and putting Thompson, his trainer, in his bed, ran down stairs, and crept under the cot of a negress on the ground floor.

While thus surrounded, Dutch Charley conveyed him his clothes, and he commenced dressing with the utmost rapidity, to take advantage of the first opportunity of escape. At this moment the officers were being led up stairs by the owner of the house, who knew nothing of the metamorphosis that had taken place. The owner of the house pointed to Thompson in the bed. Seeing that he was a huge man, and taking him for Hyer, the officers soon desisted from their attempts to pull the cover from his face, and leaving a small detachment in charge, set out with the rest for Sullivan's house. As soon as they had gone, Hyer broke through the sash of the room below, and commenced running towards the beach, but he was hailed by Winrow from a tree, who joined him in his flight. Arriving at the beach, they found two men with a boat belonging to the steam propeller "Columbia," from Philadelphia, which had just arrived off the island with about one hundred passengers, to see the fight. They thus reached their schooner, and were safe.

SULLIVAN'S ESCAPE.

When the police arrived at Sullivan's house, after leaving Hyer's, Joe Beard was dozing by the fire, but not so sound as not to hear Gifford ask a question, and the man of the house reply, that Sullivan was up stairs. He gave the alarm in time, and Sullivan sprang out of the window, but being confronted with two men, one of whom levelled a pistol at him, was glad to retire back. He then roused Tom O'Donnell, his second, from his sleep, and with that quickness of thought for which he has always been remarkable, threw a cloak over O'Donnell's shoulders, and clapping his hands, exclaimed, "Run, Sullivan, run, as if hell had kicked you!" The officers, completely deceived at this, seized O'Donnell, while the real Simon Pure slipped away. Sullivan then ran to a tree and climbed it for a few moments in case they should return, but seeing they did not, he slipped down, and crawling low into the advancing dawn, made for the beach like his opponent. Meantime the officers were lugging O'Donnell along, while Gifford would renew his grip on his collar every minute, like a man who doubted he was in a dream of fortune, and exclaim at intervals in half soliloquy, "Ah, Sullivan, you're pretty smart, but you're not smart enough for us!" What he said when he discovered how Sullivan had fooled him, we have not heard. At the beach Sullivan was met by Johnny McGrath, the ex-champion of the English light-weights, who, taking him on his shoulders, marched with him through the surf, and placed him in the propeller's boat, and had him rowed on board.

THE EMBARKATION.

Soon after this the Cumberland moved towards Sullivan's pungee and put him aboard. The propeller then started up the bay, and the Boston, with the military, mistaking her motions, supposed the two men had been taken on board of her and were going off to fight. The latter, therefore, set out in chase, leaving the two pungees, which really contained the objects of their search, behind. Sullivan's boat then hailed Hyer's, and Colton, to guard against surprise in case they should leave the island and Hyer's party remain on the ground, and win by being present merely, called out, "Show us Hyer and we'll show you Sullivan." Hyer and Sullivan were then brought up. As soon as they gazed upon each other, the eyes of the latter flashed like fire, and he shook his fist at his tall opponent with a passionate epithet. "Look here, my little man," said the captain of the "Whig," "if you allow yourself to get in such a passion on the start, you'll get whipped." "Will you follow us?" said Beckett, Sullivan's principal backer, to the opposing judge. "Yes," said Hyer, answering himself, "follow you anywhere." They then bore up the Chesapeake, finishing up the

picture of the chase, the propeller being ahead, in the distance, the Boston next, and the two pungees, which were taken for outsiders going to see the fight, coming last. After Sullivan's schooner had got two or three miles away, those on board of her were surprised to find they were not followed by the other pungee, when, dreading a ruse of Hyer's party again, they returned. But when they got back they found their suspicions were unjust, and that Hyer's pungee was aground. Sullivan took the opportunity to send ashore for his fighting shoes which he had left behind, in his flight.

Time kept running away, and still Hyer's boat stuck fast, and in the chagrin of delay the eager parties were more than once tempted to take advantage of the absence of their pursuers and the readiness of the ring, which stood "all set" before their eyes, to settle the business of the day before they got back. Had they known how little time it was to take they might have done so with ease. Meantime, the Boston had discovered her error, and was returning fast. By good luck for the fighters, however, Hyer's schooner got afloat just as she came up, and by bad luck for the hungry sogers the Boston got aground at the same time, and the two pungees, free at last, sailed off together, with their fingers to their bowsprits, in derision at the ineffectual attempts of all Baltimore and Maryland to interfere with the boys of New York.

It was now settled that Hyer's boat should take the lead, and all hands being rather wolfish by their numerous disappointments, agreed to drop upon the first convenient spot, whether it was in Maryland, or Delaware, or Virginia, or hell. At half-past one o'clock they espied four or five small oyster smacks, and judging it to be a proper place, the crowd, to the number of some two hundred, debarked.

THE DEBARKATION.

The motley crowd, glad to set foot on shore after the lengthened cramp which they had undergone in their close quarters, hastily poured out, and swarmed in little buzzing knots upon the shore. Sullivan was among the first who felt the terra firma which he was to make such familiar acquaintance with before the afternoon was out, and espying a house at the distance of some three quarters of a mile ahead, set out to reach it before the opposing party, in order to secure what advantage there might be in the earliest acquaintance with the inmates. Hyer, more prudent, however, preferred to avoid the trudging through the snow, and laid himself down in the bottom of a cart stuffed half full of straw, and suffered himself to be driven easily to the same place. A mile by a circuit, which might have been shortened by another path, brought them to the dwelling

on the beach, and under its roof both the combatants found equal shelter. Each took up his quarters in large rooms on either side of the main hall, and huge fires of crackling hickory soon streamed up the capacious chimney-pieces, either in honor of the unexpected comers, or in deference to their powers of annoyance, should they be treated with any less deference than was due to the actual lords in fee simple and manorial right, to the estate.

The principals, both in good spirits, took their seats by the cheerful fires, while their satellites in reverential silence, grouped themselves around to listen to the least expression which might fall from those who were to be the heroes of the day.

SETTING THE STAKES.

Meanwhile the more interested of the attachés of the separate sides, occupied themselves in making preparations for the ring. The spot selected for the arena by Sullivan's friends was between the house and the farm, and the location was considered favorable to the former, from the lumpy character of the surface, as it was expected that his wrestling qualities would enable him to throw his heavier antagonist, and punish him the more severely by the sharpness of his falls. The friends of Hyer seemed, however, to have a due appreciation of the policy of this intention, for after the snow was shovelled from the surface they spaded fresh earth and sarinkled the entire platform of the ring, so that it was made as soft and elastic as a carpet. The stakes were then procured from pine billets found in the neighborhood, and for want of better gear, the top gallant halcyards of the "Whig" were taken for the ropes. In the haste of their operations, the ring was not set exactly square, but had an oblique twist towards the sun, while the southern side presented a slight acclivity which promised, when it was caught by interested and observant eyes, to become the bitterest battle ground. At ten minutes past four everything was set, and notice was given to the parties in the house that all was ready.

IN THE RING.

Sullivan, shortly after this summons, emerged from the house, being preceded by one of his seconds who carried a pair of hot bricks, which were intended for his feet while waiting for the signal to begin. As he approached the ring his appearance was hailed with cheers, and when he threw in his cap, which was a velvet one of a rich dark green, the most enthusiastic shouts were heard from his friends. He took his seat upon a chair that was provided for him, and with his feet upon the bricks, waited for the entrance of his foe. In two or three minutes more, Hyer

came forth, borne on the brawny shoulders of his friend Dutch Charley, and as he neared the ropes, he shyed his castor, a foggy looking piece of felt, into the arena before him. Another burst of clamor then rent the sky, and amid increased enthusiasm, each man tied his colors to the stake. That of Hyer was the spangled ensign of his country, while Sullivan's was a green fogle with oval spots of white. Both men sat down on their seconds' knees, and confronted each other while the final preliminaries were arranged.

While thus awaiting the summons to the ordeal, the seconds, Joe Winrow and John Ling, the first for Hyer, and the latter for Sullivan, came forward and made the toss for choice of ground. This was won for Sullivan, who, thereupon, reserved the corner where he already sat, giving to his antagonist the bright and dazzling sun directly in his eyes. The seconds now took their corners, Tom Burns taking the place of the captured Thompson, Hyer's regular trainer, and Country McCleester supplying the absence of Tom O'Donnell, on the part of Sullivan. Outside the ropes, in waiting on the latter, was Stephen Wilson, acting as a bottle-holder, and on the other corner, similarly affixed, was the brother of the lofty champion. At twenty minutes past four exactly, Winrow asked the question, "Are you ready?" "Yes," said Sullivan, rising and beginning to strip off his outer clothes—an operation in which he was immediately followed by Hyer, and which was accomplished by both with the celerity of a stage metamorphosis. In less than a minute they stood stripped to the waist, and attired in their neat fighting clothes. Such was the absorbing interest which held possession of all minds during these proceedings, that but a single bet was offered and made. Indeed, \$35 was the entire amount that was wagered on the ground, and this was bet "even."

THE MEN.

As the antagonists stood up, all ready for the strife, there was a marked disparity in the appearance of the men. Hyer stood six feet two and a half inches, and Sullivan but five feet ten and a half. The weight of the former, moreover, was in the close neighborhood of 185, while the avoirdupois of Sullivan was rated no higher than 155, making a difference of thirty pounds in Hyer's favor. As to condition, both seemed equal. They were as finely developed in every muscle as their physical capacity could reach, and the bounding confidence which sparkled fiercely in their eyes, showed that their spirits and courage were at their highest mark. Sullivan, with his round compact chest, formidable head, shelving flinty brows, fierce glaring eyes, and clean-turned shoulders, looked the very incarnation of the spirit of mischievous genius; while Hyer, with his broad, formidable chest,

and long muscular limbs, seemed as if he could almost trample him out of life, at will.

THE FIGHT.

Before coming to the scratch, the umpire for Sullivan asked the seconds of his side if they intended to examine Hyer's shoes, but they declined the formality as a matter of but little consequence, upon which the word was given, and the men came up. According to rule they were obliged to shake hands before they began, but they performed this ceremony warily and at extreme arms length. It was the business of the seconds next to do the same, but before they could reach the scratch to go through the idle ceremony, the eager crowd shouted them back, and they gave way at once to the gladiatorial show.

Round 1st.—Sullivan with his arms well up and every muscle swelling with its preparation, darted towards Hyer, who stood resolutely waiting for him with his body well forward and in formidable readiness; and coming up to him with a sort of run, let fly with his left at Hyer's head, but did not get it in; he then got away from a short attempt of Hyer to counter with his left, but Hyer followed the effort with an instant discharge of his right in Sullivan's forehead, which made a long abrasion of the scalp, but which, notwithstanding the power of the blow, showed neither blood nor discoloration at the time. Gathering himself for a return, Sullivan then rushed in at the body, and after two or three ineffective exchanges clinched his antagonist with the underhold and struggled for the throw. This was the great point on which was to depend the result of the fight. Sullivan relied mainly for success upon his superior wrestling, and it was calculated by his friends and backers, that a few of his favorite cross-buttocks would break his young antagonist in his litho and graceful waist, and not only render him limpsy with weakness, but stun him with the falls. The most terrible anxiety therefore existed as to the result of this endeavor. In its fierce agitations, the spectators, who stood in an outer ring of plank laid over the snow some feet distance from the ropes of the arena, involuntarily rushed forward and swarmed against the ropes. Two or three times did Sullivan knot his muscles with an almost superhuman effort, but all served only to postpone his overthrow; for when he had spent his power by these terrible impulsions, his iron adversary wrenched him to the ground with the upper hold, and fell heavily, prone upon his body. This decided the largest part of the outside betting in favor of the upper man, and shouts of the most terrific joy went up for Hyer. The depression of Sullivan's friends was equal in degree, and they began to get an inkling that they had underrated their opponent.

Round 2d.—As soon as time was called, both men hurried to the scratch, Hyer working to the upper slope of the ring, where stood the judges and the referee, and thus slanting the sun between his body and that of his opponent, instead of taking its beams directly in his eyes. As Sullivan came up this time, the blood from the scratch upon his forehead made crimson confession of its severity, and elated the friends of the tall one with shrieks of "first blood for Hyer." Sullivan at this hosanna rushed desperately in, and meeting Hyer where he paused to receive his charge, delivered a heavy blow with his right on Hyer's left eye, taking a counter on the opposing ogle in return. Sullivan kept close up, and both kept striking with the rapidity of two cocks as they fly together, rendering it almost impossible to see where, or how, the hits were discharged. It was evident, however, that the rally had not been attended with serious effect to either side. A feint from Sullivan, and a dodge from Hyer, intervened; when another rally followed, Sullivan taking in return for a couple of body blows two severe discharges on the left eye, by a sort of half upper cut with the right hand which brought the blood again. Sullivan then rushed in and clinched; he caught the underhold again, but his efforts were nought, and he was twisted to the ground as if he had been a man of grass, his huge antagonist falling upon him as before with his entire weight. Shouts for Hyer.

Round 3d.—The hopes of Yankee's friends were now fading fast, and indeed he seemed impressed himself with the idea that he was overmatched. He looked at his opponent with a sort of wild astonishment as he came up, but with a desperate courage, as if conscious nothing but the most reckless policy alone could help him, he rushed up to the scratch, and gathering cautiously, after a wicked pause, he softened his apparent intention with a feint, but finding Hyer would not be drawn out, he let fly right and left, and catching Hyer with the latter blow upon the body (some say the neck) staggered him backwards a couple of steps and brought him to a sitting position on the ground. The shouts now went up on Sulli-

van's side, and amidst the uproarious glee he went smiling to his corner.

Round 4th.—Both came up this time with the utmost alacrity, Sullivan encouraged by his success, and Hyer showing the utmost eagerness to get even. Sullivan hurried up, and led off without getting in, and Hyer in his excitement, not only returned short, but open-handed. This excited the attention of the former's backer, who, while on the point of crying out, "Now, you've got him, Jim," discovered that Sullivan was open-handed too. The warning, however, brought both of them to their senses, and made them close their fists. Hyer then hit out left and right, executing with the latter on the old spot and taking a body blow in return. Sullivan then ran in and clinched, but his hold did him no good, for he was thrown in the same manner as before, Hyer falling on him and lying across him for several seconds, until his henchmen could come slowly and take him off. Expressions of dissatisfaction here broke out from Sullivan's friends, and the umpire of that side claimed "foul," on the score that the upper man was not sooner removed. The question was put to the referee, who, however, decided "fair."

Round 5th.—Sullivan, who had suffered considerably in the last round by his eagerness to improve the advantage he had gained in the third, led off with the same reckless spirit and with the same desperate aim. He struck wildly right and left at the head, but getting stopped, next tried the body. His incautiousness, however, received a heavy punishment in the shape of a tremendous right-hand pallex on the left eye, which hit him down upon his hand, with one knee touching the ground. Hyer rushed forward to hit again, but checking himself, he raised his hands as if afraid of being tempted to a foul blow, and moving backwards, turned towards his corner. At this moment, Sullivan's umpire supposing the round at an end, dropped his eye to his watch and started his time. It happened, however, that as Hyer had turned away, Sullivan, apparently wild, had risen and recommenced the round; whereupon Hyer turned upon him and pressed him by main strength to the ground. While this supplementary struggle was going on, the umpire raised his eyes and supposing Hyer had turned to attack Sullivan after the round had finished, as he had marked it, called out "foul." The character of the renewal was explained to him, however, whereupon he withdrew his complaint.

Round 6th.—Sullivan now began to show his punishment and fatigue in a slight nervousness of his legs, but still he ran boldly up for desperate fighting, as game as a pebble, and as resolute as if the battle was still within his reach. Several rapid exchanges were then made, Sullivan catching it on the right eye-brow, in a counter to a body hit. Hyer then fought Sullivan to the ropes, and bent him backwards over them. Some sharp fibbing took place, which, proving rather unpleasant to Hyer, he seized Sullivan and threw him and fell on him, with his arm across his neck. He remained in this position for some moments, without interference by his seconds, who saw that it was to his advantage, whereupon a claim of "foul" was made by Sullivan's judge. The referee, however, decided "fair."

It was likewise claimed that in rising Hyer had pressed improperly on Sullivan's neck, but the claim was not made out.

Round 7th.—Sullivan, breathing short, and exhibiting much fatigue, came up the same as ever, and Hyer, as before, stood on the slope to forbid his passage one inch upon his ground. The little man, as he approached his huge antagonist, seemed as if dispirited by the decision of the referee, while he was nearly spent with the severe exertions that he had made to hit and get away. But he hit with no effect, while the blows of his powerful antagonist made the blood flow profusely down his face, although they had really less effect upon the unfortunate left eye than it seemed. Several exchanges were made, all against Sullivan, when he rushed in again at his wrestling hold, and found the ground, as he had done in these close encounters every time before.

Round 8th.—The hit in the eye which Hyer received in the second round, now showed its colors, and puffed up with dirty pride and vanity over the surrounding flesh. Sullivan's left eye was no better; indeed worse, and bore many testimonials in crimson crevices of Hyer's black and long knuckles. Sullivan again made play from the jump, but got nothing in. As he hit out at the body, Hyer struck short with the left, as was his custom every time, when he meditated mischief with his right hand, and then let go with his dexter mawley, driving the blood out from the left eye in gory spray, but still not knocking his staunch opponent down. Sullivan finding that he could not parry off these terrific hits, ran in again, but was thrown as before, Hyer falling on him, and lying with

his breast against Sullivan's chest, neck, and face. Hyer's seconds were again slow in coming up to take him off, upon which another appeal of "bul" was made to the referee, who, however, decided "fair," though he admitted he could not see at all times, in consequence of the crowd getting between him and the men, and jostling him about since the first round.

Round 9th.—"Time" came round quick at this "call," as much of the thirty seconds was consumed while the men were on the ground. Both men came up bloody to the scratch; Sullivan being literally clothed with gore, while the clear crimson smoked on Hyer's chest, from a lance wound which had been made under his right eye to prevent it from closing out his sight. He was also dabbled with the drains which ran from Sullivan, and which, painted his arms and bosom every time they closed. Sullivan walked up to the scratch this time with a freshened vigor, and showed the same determination as when he commenced the battle. Hyer, who was cool, and apparently unfatigued, at once saw the real condition of his man, and concluding that it was now time to change his tactics, led off for the first time. The Yankee seemed better capable of resisting this mode of warfare than making a successful aggression, and dodged two wicked looking blows; but in endeavoring to return with a rush, he brought Hyer to his usual defensive position. He then took Sullivan's blows without wincing or endeavoring to stop them, being satisfied to take advantage of the right hand counter, which from the first had told with such terrible effect. Sullivan rushed in again to save himself from punishment, and was thrown, with Hyer on him.

Round 10th. Sullivan came up with his hands open and showing distress. He led off with ineffectual passes, which only served to provoke punishment, and gave him the return of a wicked right-handed hit in the old place, which staggered him to the ground.

Round 11th.—Hyer, strong on his pins, respiring regularly, and evidently in possession of all his strength. He waited for Sullivan as before, and though Yankee came up rather slower than before, Hyer was content to await his approach rather than alter a method by which he was getting on so well. On meeting at the scratch, a few rapid hits were made, which ended in a clinch and a wrestle to the ground. Hyer uppermost as before, but with Sullivan's leg locked over his until he was taken off.

Round 12th.—This time both men came up quick, and Sullivan led off, hitting wildly and mostly right and left, while his cool antagonist, watching his chance, took a short hit for the privilege of countering on the old spot. Sullivan then rallying his energies, tried the Secor dodge, and endeavored to slip under Hyer's right arm, to hit him from behind, but he was stopped and caught by Hyer with the left, on the top of the head, with a round blow, which discharged him to the ground.

Round 13th.—Up to this time all the fighting was done in Sullivan's corner, making Hyer's boast good that he should not have an inch more than twelve feet to do his fighting in. This round commenced by sharp exchanges right and left, as if they had come together for the first time. At length Hyer, finding it was all his own way, rallied Sullivan sharply, and driving him to the ropes, backed him over them, and entered into a smart exchange of fibbing. Hyer caught hold of the ropes while thus engaged, when a man from Boston, by the name of Hennessy, seized his thumb, and bent it backwards from its hold, whereupon Hyer let go, and clinching Sullivan, wrenched him to the ground and fell upon him.

Round 14th.—Sullivan giving out fast: Hyer perceiving it entered briskly on the offensive, fought him to the ropes and fibbed him on them as before. After an exchange of this kind of work, Hyer jerked him from the ropes, and clinching, wrestled him to the ground and fell upon him.

Round 15th.—Sullivan shaky on his pins, and Hyer apparently as strong as ever. As Sullivan came up and attempted to hit out, he slipped; Hyer rallied him to the ropes, hitting him right and left in the pursuit, and bending him again over the ropes. During this struggle he caught his arm, and bending it backward in its socket, gave it a wrench that must have caused the most agonizing pain; he then clinched and threw him to the ground and fell upon him as before.

Round 16th.—When time was called, Sullivan was slow in rising from his second's knee, and it was evident that his fighting star had set, for the day at least. He walked in a limpsy manner towards the score, but when he put up his left arm the tremor which shook it showed that he was distressed by pain. Hyer did not wait for him, but advancing beyond the score, let fly both right and left in Sullivan's face, who, though he could not return it, took it without wincing in the least. Hyer then rushed him to the ropes again, and after a short struggle there, threw him and fell heavily upon him, in which position Sul-

He locked his leg over him again, as if he would hold him in his place. When he was taken off, Sullivan was found to be entirely exhausted, and when lifted up reeled half round and staggered backward towards the ropes. The fight was done. He could not come in again, and one of his seconds took him from the ring, without waiting for time to be called. Hyer's second, as soon as this took place, advanced to take Sullivan's colors as their trophy, but being interfered with and denied by Ling, Hyer rushed forward himself, and seizing Ling by the arm, enabled his friend to take the prize. The shouts then went up for the victor, and the party commenced unthreading the stakes of their halyards, for the voyage back.

Thus ended a contest which has excited more interest than any other pugilistic encounter that ever took place in this country; but which, though it engaged thousands of minds for a period of six long months, was done up, when once begun, in seventeen minutes and eighteen seconds.

The boats soon got up sail after the battle was over, and made for Pool Island again on their return. On arriving at that place they found the steamer Boston still aground, and as her warlike freight came crowding to the side, the pungees gave them three times three as a compensation for the disappointment they had received, in neither arresting the principals, nor in getting a peep at the fight.

CERTIFICATE OF THE JUDGES.

We hereby certify, that we have seen the above rounds in manuscript as prepared for publication in the *National Police Gazette*, and believe they present as full, correct, and impartial a report of the fight which they describe, as could be made under the circumstances.

H. COLTON,
J. J. WAY.

REMARKS.

The foregoing contest may be aptly termed a "hurricane fight." From the commencement to the close it was bitter, unremitting, and determined. On the part of Sullivan it consisted of a series of quick and almost superhuman efforts to outfight and stun his antagonist from the start, while Hyer, who seemed to be thoroughly aware of his intent, contented himself with standing at the scratch and forbidding any entrance to his side, by the tremendous counter hits which he delivered in return for Sullivan's rapid visitations. He did not attempt to make parrying a leading feature of his policy, but for the greater portion of the time cheerfully met Sullivan's blows for the chance of countering back. He had evidently settled upon this as his policy for the fight, judging correctly, that if hit and hit was to be the order of the day, the weakest structure must go to pieces in the struggle. In addition to this, Hyer showed excellent skill in fighting, and his method of hitting short with the left, as a preliminary to the paixhan discharge of the right, in the style of a half upper cut, could not have been excelled in the use which he made of it, by the best hitters who have ever shown

themselves in the prize ring. To help him still further, he was cool and self-possessed, with the exception of a moment or two at the opening of the fourth round, when he seemed either shaken by his fall, or stung from his control, by the cheers which greeted Sullivan for the handsome blow. Sullivan on the other hand fought wild and over eager. He did not display that shrewdness and care which has characterized all his previous fights, but seemed to consider himself in the ring, not so much to decide some three hundred thousand dollars, as to revenge upon Hyer, in the bitterest and most sudden manner, the personal hatred that stood between them. He hurried to the scratch at every round, and commenced leading off right and left, and when obliged to take it more severely than he bargained for, invariably rushed in for a clinch, notwithstanding each succeeding round proved more conclusively than those which had gone before, he could not throw his man, and that these reverses invariably brought upon him the severest punishment of all. He was twisted to the ground invariably by the superior strength of his antagonist, and what in view of this, was surprising to his friends, he would resist strongly every time, instead of slipping down as easily as possible to save his strength. As to Hyer's lying on him to the extent he did, there has been much dispute, and while one party claims it to have been "foul," the other insists that it was a pardonable advantage. Between these two opinions the referee decided "fair." He decided so, properly. There is no rule in "Fistiana" which prescribes the length of time which a man may be allowed to lie upon another between the rounds, but the common law of the ring gives to each side the possession of their man, the instant the round is ended. Sullivan was, therefore, the property of his seconds the instant he touched the ground, and they were entitled to him, though obliged to throw twenty men from his body to get at him. It was natural for Hyer's seconds to let him lie when he had the advantage, but it was the duty of Sullivan's seconds to insist upon their rights, and to acquaint the other side that, if they did not take their man off in time, they would throw him off. This they had a right to do, and the result of their not having done it, was, that while Hyer, after the struggle and the throw, would repose at ease on Sullivan's body and draw respirations of fresh atmosphere, Sullivan was crushed with the incumbent weight, and capable of catching only a few muffled breaths. In addition to this, Hyer being lifted first, got to his second's knee in advance, while Sullivan would scarcely reach his corner and have his blanket thrown upon his shoulder, before time would be called, and he would be started to his feet. He would then run at his enemy, and irritated from his balance, would rush upon the punishment

which he received. Had he been well treated, he might have preserved his temper and fought a little longer, but no treatment could have made him win. He was overmatched, and the man whom he was fighting against, exceeded all expectations, both for skill and strength. It is due to Hyer to state at this portion of our remarks, that he is not personally chargeable with any impropriety in lying on Sullivan as he did. It was his duty to lie exactly where he fell, till lifted by his seconds and carried to his corner. The question was between the seconds altogether, and the fault lay heaviest against the seconds of Sullivan himself, for not insisting more promptly and courageously on their rights. Had the other side seen that they were determined to have their man the instant he touched the ground, they would have been glad to have removed Hyer out of their way. The claim of "foul," therefore, for what was the result of their own negligence, could not stand, and Sullivan was the victim of untoward circumstances. From the first to last, however, he had no chance to win. The reception of the first hit staggered him and his friends, while the loss of the fall after the most desperate efforts of his underhold, must have convinced him that he was overmatched. There was then nothing left but desperate fighting and an instalment of revenge upon the mutual quarrel. What share he got of this, the reader has already seen, but it is our business to say, that he might have got more personal satisfaction if he had received proper care, and not been stifled out of a large portion of his time. He fought well under the circumstances, and nothing could have exceeded the courage with which he confronted an assured fate. It was a terrific struggle. The motives which governed were Ambition, Avarice, and Revenge, and the combination of such master passions could not but stimulate a bloody climax.

There never was, perhaps, a battle in which there was so much fighting in so short a space of time; none, certainly, in which more resolute punishment was given and taken, without flinching on either side. The history of the fight consists in the fact that Sullivan was overmatched; and in the further fact that Hyer showed himself capable of matching any man of his size and weight, doubtless, who exists in Britain or the United States. We will conclude, therefore, with our remarks of last week, that he has earned all the laurels which may be gathered from the brutal soil of the arena, and we trust that while he regards himself as the "Champion of America," he will deserve the title in a double sense, by striving henceforth to be the most peaceable and

unoffending man. He has borne that reputation to a large extent heretofore, and he should seek to earn it anew. Under no circumstances, nor on any provocation should he fight again, and to this resolute example, all similar aspirants should conform.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATTERS.

Sullivan returned to New York on Thursday; but Hyer, in passing through Philadelphia for the same purpose, was so intoxicated with the acclamations bestowed upon him for his victory, that he suffered himself to remain over night. The result was, that he was arrested on the following morning, and on Wednesday was delivered up on the requisition of the Governor of Maryland, to receive the penalties of riot with his friend Thompson, and Sullivan's trainer, O'Donnell. What these penalties may be we cannot, under the present state of circumstances, tell.

On Saturday, the following card appeared in the advertising columns of the *New York Herald*:—

SULLIVAN'S NOTICE TO HIS FRIENDS.

I hereby caution my friends throughout the country who have had money staked on my fight with Hyer, not to give up a cent, as I won the fight, according to the rules of the ring, three times, and never lost it once.

JAMES SULLIVAN.

On the following day, however, this was cancelled by the following:—

YANKEE SULLIVAN'S NOTICE TO HIS FRIENDS.

The advertisement in the *Herald*, of yesterday, was not worded as I desired my friend to write it for publication. I did intend to say that, according to the rules of the ring, I had won the fight three times; but the referee thinking otherwise, I had to abide by his decision. I am sorry that my words to the gentleman, who wrote the advertisement for me, were so differently construed from my intent and meaning.

JAMES SULLIVAN.

On Monday, the Referee and Stakeholder appeared in the *N. Y. Sun*, as follows:—

CARD OF THE REFEREE.

At the contest between Thomas Hyer and James Sullivan, at Still Pond Heights, Kent County, Maryland, by the request of both parties, and the unanimous acquiescence of all present, I acted as Referee, and by said authority decided that said contest resulted in favor of Thomas Hyer, according to Articles of Agreement.

S. VAN NOSTRAND.

STAKEHOLDER'S CARD.

Having been selected as Stakeholder in the late contest between Hyer and Sullivan, I have deemed it necessary, to publish the decision of the Referee, which decides all moneys staked upon the result in favor of Thomas Hyer, and I have accordingly given up the main stake of \$10,000 to said Thomas Hyer.

JOHN B. FRINK.

Thus ends the history of the great ten thousand dollar match, between James Sullivan and Thomas Hyer, and, for the time, thus end the records of "American Fistiana."

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PRIZE FIGHTS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

The first public ring fight which ever took place in this country was between

JACOB HYER AND TOM BEASLEY.—This fight took place as early as the year 1816, and proceeded from a personal quarrel between the men, much of the same character as that which produced the present match between Tom Hyer, the son of the first above named party, and Yankee Sullivan. The fight between Hyer and Beasley, both of whom were very large and powerful first class men, lasted through several severe rounds, but was at length decided in favor of the latter by an accident, and Hyer retired from the ring with a broken arm.

JIM SANFORD AND NED HAMMOND.—The next that we find on record is the prize fight between Jim Sanford, the American Phenomenon, and Ned Hammond, an Englishman. This occurred in 1821, near Belville, New Jersey, but after a period of severe fighting, in which Sanford, though the lightest man, had much the best of it, it was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the Sheriff with his posse comitatus, and was never resumed.

JIM SANFORD AND BILL HATFIELD.—This fight took place in 1824, on this island, at "Stuyvesant Point," or "Brandy Muley," as the lonely spot, which is now the location of the Dry Dock, was in those days called. Sanford was the victor in this fight against superior weight, in thirty-seven rounds.

NED HAMMOND AND GEORGE KENSSETT.—A fight took place between these two men in 1826. It was first pitched at Coney Island, but being driven from there by the Sheriff, the parties retreated to the Union Race Course, where they struck their stakes. After some hard fighting Kenssett was declared the winner, though the decision was disputed for a long time.

WILLIAM FULLER AND BILL MADDEN. In 1828, fought a match on Long Island. Fuller was the winner after a long contested struggle.

HAMMOND AND KENSSETT. In 1829, fought their disputed battle over again for a new purse of \$500, but Kenssett lost, on having fallen without a blow. The match was subsequently offered to be renewed by Kenssett for the same amount, but was not taken up by the other parties.

SANFORD AND ANDY McLANE.—Elated with his early successes, Sanford had the audacity to match himself, in 1832, against Andy McLane, a first class man of Philadelphia. They fought on the 1st of March of that year near the Bell Tavern, in the vicinity of that city, and McLane was declared the victor, Sanford having lost the use of his right hand during the latter part of the contest. It lasted one hour and twenty minutes, and fifty-four rounds were fought. Sanford, not satisfied to allow McLane to remain a victor, came to this city and induced a sturdy friend of his, Wm. Harrington, of Washington Market, to make a match with McLane. While preliminaries were being arranged for this affair, a fight was gotten up between

PAT. O'DONNELL AND JIM O'HAGAN, who fought on the 27th of February, 1833, near Newark, N. J., for \$100 a side; but the battle did not come to a definite settlement, as it ended in a general row, in which principals, seconds, spectators all joined.

HARRINGTON AND McLANE.—In the June following the above, the match, for \$500, between Harrington and McLane came off near Baltimore, which was also broken up by a general row. The riot was charged upon the friends of McLane, who were present from Philadelphia in great

numbers, and who were determined not to see their champion whipped. Harrington, therefore, claimed the stakes. This kept up a constant feud till 1838, when

HARRINGTON AND JOHN McLAIN, a drover, fought at Hoboken for the fun of the thing, or rather to settle a banner or a grudge. On this occasion Harrington was winner.

JIM REED AND ANDY McLANE fought near Elizabethtown, in 1834. Reed won by the treachery of McLane to his backers, he having betrayed the fight to one manifestly his inferior, for money. This was the fight at which the Sheriff, who read the riot act, made use of the expression, "Now, gentlemen, I've done my duty, and as you don't seem disposed to go, I'll stay and see it out." Reed is the Lieutenant Reed who recently raised a company in New Orleans for the Mexican war, and deserted with the traitor Riley. He was recaptured and sentenced to be shot, but was suffered to escape.

JIM BEVINS AND TOM HUMPHREYS fought in 1835 at Williamsburg, and Bevins won the battle.

ABE VANDERZEE AND JIM PHELAN (the latter of whom had just previously won a battle at White Plains) fought in Rhode Island, this same year, and Phelan lost.

FEARNON AND SPANISH LEW fought the same year, the former, though but an apprentice fresh from his work, cutting the practised pugilist, as the "fancy" term it, "all to pieces."

REED AND BARRETT.—In the same year, Jem Reed and Tom Barrett, alias Long Tom, of Philadelphia, fought at Hart's Island, but after some hard work, the ring was broken in, and a row ensued, which terminated the fight. There was but little difference between them at the close of the fight.

DEAF BURKE AND O'CONNELL fought at Hart's Island on the 21st August, 1838. The fight was won easily by Burke in nine rounds only.

VANDERZEE AND SPEIGHT.—On the 25th of September, of the same year (1838), Abe Vanderzee and Frank Speight fought at Fort Washington Point, up the North River, and Vanderzee won the fight in 14 rounds. Reed and Owens also fought up the North River, and the latter whipped his man.

DEAF BURKE AND O'ROURKE fought in the winter of the same year, at New Orleans, but owing to the interference of O'Roourke's friends, Burke was forced to fight his way out of the ring with a bowie knife, and escaped on horseback at full gallop.

OWEN AND REYNOLDS.—During this same winter, George Owens, the Manchester Pet, fought Bill Reynolds, near Cincinnati, for \$200, and got whipped in 18 rounds.

O'CONNELL AND O'ROURKE, and **O'ROURKE AND GALLAGHER** fought also near New Orleans, but their contests ended in rows, and are undeserving of record among the operations of the ring.

JACK TEAL AND JIM JEROLOWAN, the "infant," fought a pitched battle, near this city, in 1841, and Teal came off the victor.

JIM WALKER AND JOE LOUND fought at Harrisburg, on the 2d August, 1841, for \$100 a side. Lound victor in 10 rounds, lasting 32 minutes.

FRANK SPEIGHT AND JACK WRIGHT fought for \$50 a side, at McComb's dam, 18th August, 1841. Wright won in 7 rounds.

YANKEE SULLIVAN AND VINCENT HAMMOND fought at League Island, near Philadelphia, on the 2d Sept., 1841. Sullivan victor in 8 rounds, occupying 10 minutes. Hammond cut to pieces.

TOM HYER AND COUNTRY MCCLESTER fought on the

AMERICAN FIJIANA.

9th September, 1841, to settle an old dispute. The battle took place near Caldwell's Landing, near the North River, and lasted *two hours and fifty-five minutes*. One hundred and one rounds were fought by these two unprepared men, under a burning sun, when the battle was given in to Hyer.

YANKEE SULLIVAN AND TOM SECOR, at Staten Island, fought next. They fought on the 22d January, 1842, for \$300. It lasted one hour and 3 minutes, through 67 rounds, Sullivan being victorious, with very little punishment.

DAN KNOX AND SAM BRIGGS, two darkies, fought at Hoboken, on the 1st June, 1842, for \$25 a side. The fight lasted 7 rounds and 18 minutes. Knox winner.

JIM WILLIAMS AND SANDY STEWART fought at Hoboken, June 8th, for \$50 a side. Stewart was the winner, in 8 rounds and 11 minutes.

TOM MCCOY AND CHESHIRE BOB.—The first of these young men whipped the latter, in a pitched fight, at Red Hook, during the ensuing summer.

CHRIS LILLY AND MURPHY.—In July [15th], of the same year, Lilly whipped Tom Murphy, at Kingsbridge, in ten rounds, lasting seventeen minutes.

SULLIVAN AND BELL next fought, on August 29th, same year [1842], at Hart's Island, for \$300 a side, the former winning the fight and a silver prize belt, in 35 minutes, and 23 rounds.

LILLY AND MCCOY fought on the 13th of September, of the same year, on an elevated platform at Hastings, North River. The fight lasted through 130 rounds, and ended by McCoy dropping dead in the ring, by the severe neck blows administered to him by Lilly. Prize fighting, throughout the United States, was brought to a stand still by this horrible catastrophe, and the fighters—those who were not arrested—scattered in all directions. After a while, however, their spirits recovered, and

BILL WILSON AND NED HUGHES fought 15th April, 1843, at Algiers, opposite New Orleans, for \$300 a side. Hughes had for a long time been styled the champion of the light weights of N. O. The fight lasted 1 hour and 15 minutes, during which 41 rounds were fought. Wilson was the winner.

BILL FORD AND TOM O'DONNELL fought a match in New Orleans, in 1843, in which the latter won.

TOM O'DONNELL AND JOE WINROW, the present trainers severally of Sullivan and Hyer, fought in 1845, near Natchez; Winrow winning, after a severe contest.

CHRIS LILLY AND HARRIS BURCHELL the English fighter, fought a battle at the same place, in 1846: Lilly coming off the victor, in 34 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 40 minutes.

BILL WILSON AND JAMES STEWART fought in Connecticut, this same winter, the fight lasting two days, it being undecided on the first. Wilson was declared winner on the second; they fought 83 rounds, and 2 hours and 20 minutes.

SULLIVAN AND ROBERT CAUNT next fought at Harper's Ferry, Va., May, 1847, for \$1000 a side. Sullivan knocked his antagonist out of time in 7 rounds, which lasted only 12 minutes.

WILLIAM EDWARDS AND JAMES JOHNSON fought May 18th, 1847, at the Coal Mines, near St. Louis, for \$10 a side. Edwards was killed.

AWFUL GARDNER AND ALLAN MCFEE next fought, in the summer of 1847, for \$300 a side, at Spuyten Devil Creek, North River, which was won by Gardner, in 33 rounds, lasting 1 hour and 19 minutes.

TOM HYER AND YANKEE SULLIVAN fought at Still Pond, Rock Point, on the eastern shore of Maryland, February 7th, 1849, for \$10,000. Sixty-eight rounds were fought, and Hyer came off winner in 17 minutes and 18 seconds. Hyer drew first blood, Sullivan obtained the first knock down.

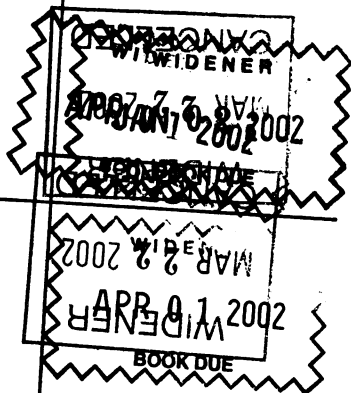
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