

towns to furnish them with an antagonist. In the year 1712, the reigning gladiator of the Bear-garden was one Timothy Buck, and from an account of his combat in July of that year with a gigantic soldier named Miller, in the "Spectator" of that date, it is evident that women attended these brutal contests. The writer in the "Spectator" describing the fight, says: "Miller was six feet eight inches high, of a kind but bold aspect, well fashioned, and ready of his limbs, with a blue ribbon round the sword arm. Buck came on in a plain coat and kept all his air till the instant of engaging; at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribbon. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about and approached each other, Miller with a heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful, untroubled countenance; Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs; but Millers' heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting; while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller, and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded with much patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onset, which ended in a

decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this second strife, covered her face; and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstances, that moment hearing the clash of swords and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage."

In the year 1725, at an amphitheatre in the Oxford Road, Sutton, the champion of Kent, and a female of the same county, fought against a man named Stokes and his wife for forty pounds, to be given to the male or female who gave most cuts with the sword, and twenty pounds for the most blows at quarter-staff, besides the collection in the box. In October, 1730, a famous swordsman named Figg, fought his two-hundred-and-seventy-first battle, his opponent being a man named Holmes, whose wrist was cut to the bone. The chronicles of the period do not state whether any of the women cried in sympathy for the wounded Holmes.

It was not long after this that the authorities began to rigorously enforce the laws against prize fighting with swords, and after a time the cruel practice was completely suppressed. We now look back with horror at these exhibitions, and probably the next generation will be amazed that in the highly civilized American republic a fistic contest of a brutal character was not only tolerated but emphatically endorsed by the governor of one of the States. But if it is remembered that in all that vast country the prize-fighters could only find legal standing room in the little retrograding state of Nevada, with exhausted resources and a declining population, it will be evident that the sentiment of the people at large is not so debased as would appear from the general interest taken in the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight.