

once more the ruby trickled. Slight exchanges followed, and Langham fell evidently weak.

31.—Sayers led off, caught Nat a heavy cross hit with his left over the left peeper, inflicting a deep cut and drawing the curmire; in he returned had his cork drawn by his left. Some exchanges followed, in the course of which Tom again opened the cut over Nat's left eye by a heavy hit from his left, and Nat fell.

32.—Another good round. Nat's left peeper looked the worse for wear, but he came pouncing up, and as Tom led off he countered him on the nose. Some exchanges followed in favor of Sayers, who got well on Nat's left cheek, and received a return on the cheek-bone. They now got to work in earnest, and some ding-dong fighting took place, as if both thought this the turning point of the battle. Each got it heavily on the frontispiece. Sayers re-opening the cut over Nat's left eye, and receiving one or two awkward returns on the cheek and nose. A break away followed, and then Langham again went to his man, who met him on the left eye another heavy snap.

Nat returned on the nose, and delivered an afterthoughted snapper, a reminder on the sinister peeper, and fell.

This was a capital fighting round, exhibiting the determined resolve of both men.

33.—Sayers led off, got home slightly on the throat, and received a heavy one from Nat's left on the right cheek. Excellent counter-hits followed, Tom on the cheek and Nat on the right peeper, and Nat then got down.

34.—Long sparring. Langham evidently wanting wind, and Tom not much better. At last Nat went to work, got well on Tom's damaged nose with his left, and stopped Tom's return. Sayers tried again afterwards in vain to bring Nat's throat, when the latter again fell.

35.—Another fighting round. Good counter-hits, each receiving on the left eye. A break away and more counter-hits. Sayers on the left peeper, and Nat well on the nose. Langham now lunged out his right with great force, but, luckily for Tom, the blow missed its destination, and Nat, over-reaching himself, fell.

36.—Nat, on coming up, showed his left peeper in deep mourning, and nearly closed; he was evidently weak, and the friends of Sayer were up in their stirrups. Sayers feinted, and led off his left, which closed the damaged optic, re-opening the former wound. Langham was short in his return. Sayers twice got home his left on the throat, but was stopped in the third attempt; he afterwards succeeded in re-opening Nat's left cheek, and the latter after an effectual attempt to return got down.

37.—In spite of the punishment he had received in the previous round, Langham rose first up, and he sent out his left, but Tom, springing quickly away, returned heavily on the forehead and ribs, and then fell.

38.—Some ineffectual countering, after which Sayers got nearer, and put in a little more on the left eye. Nat retreated, and on being followed by Tom, who delivered sharp on the mouth, got down weak.

39.—There could be no question as to the gallantry with which both men were fighting, although appearances were in favor of Sayers, there was no wanting those who saw the danger lying before him, and among these most assuredly he numbered Nat's clever seconds, under whose directions and advice Langham was seen to devote himself to one or one blow on Tom's swollen nose, or on one of his putty eyes, and then to get down with as little punishment and as little exertion as possible; for it was impossible to conceal Nat's weakness, and it was decidedly a most point between he

would be able to hold out until Tom could be forced to "put up the shutters." Nat tried to lead off, but was stopped. Sayers attempted to return, but Nat sent out his left very straight on the left eye, and on Sayers again coming on, he delivered the same hand on Tom's damaged sneller, and drew more elaret. Tom made his left slightly on the cheek, and Nat at once went to grass.

40.—Tom led go his left, got slightly home on the chest, and Nat, after returning with his left on the forehead, fell.

41.—Sayers tried to take the lead, but Nat jumped quickly away; Sayers followed him up, when Nat met him with an sharp tap on the left eye, and then an other left-hander on the cheek. Sayers persevered until he got home his right on Nat's ribs, when the latter again got down.

42.—Nat led off, caught Tom heavily on the left cheek and then on the brow. He tried to repeat the visitation, when Tom caught him sharply over the right peeper, drawing blood, and Nat got down.

Nat's leant look and cleverness was conspicuous in his left-hand hand-droveries.

43.—Sayers rushed in, but Nat countered him on the left peeper. Sayers got in his right heavily on the broad-shoulder, and Nat fell.

44.—After a little sparring, the men got close together, and some sharp counter-hits were exchanged, Tom getting well on to Nat's damaged left peeper, and receiving on the right cheek. Nat now attempted another delivery, but over-reached himself and fell.

45.—The temporary revival of Langham's strength seemed at an end. Sayers let go his left, got home on the cheek, and Nat, who was decidedly in "Queer Street," again went down sick weak.

46.—Nothing done. Nat got down as soon and as easily as he could managed to get up.

47.—Sayers led off, and caught Nat under the left eye; this led to some counter-hits, in which Langham got home heavily on Tom's right peeper, which was now pretty nearly closed, and Tom repeatedly hits on the nose and left eye to the bright rays of the sun. Langham received a little one on the left cheek in return, and fell.

48.—Tom led off, but was countered by Nat on the left eye. In a second attempt Nat stopped him, and then popped him heavily on the nose, drawing more of the ruby. Nat succeeded in planting another heavily on the left peeper, and Tom fell for the first time for many rounds.

49.—Things looked by no means so cheerful for Sayers' backers, for although he was by far the stronger man on his pines, he now came up bleeding from both eyes, his seconds having been compelled to lance then while he was in his corner to prevent his going blind. He dashed to prove his goodly blind. He dashed to prove that although much the stronger man on his legs, he must be in total darkness if he did not finish his man soon. Slight exchanges took place, Tom getting on both eyes slightly, and returning, without effect, on Nat's mouth, and in the end Sayers was first down.

50.—Sayers once more dashed in but was met by Nat on the left peeper. Tom returned slightly on the body, and Langham again went to grass, apparently weak.

51.—Tom rushed in, delivered his left heavily on the cheek, and then his right on the ribs without a return, and Nat dropped.

52.—Tom again went to work, caught Langham again on the side of the nut; Nat returned on the left peeper, and then slipped down.

53.—Tom led off, got home on Langham's left eye, but the blow lacked force, and Nat fell, Sayers falling over him.

54.—Sayers stepped in with his left, but was short; he tried it again, catching Nat on the waistband. Langham attempted a return, but Sayers jumped

away. Nat again lunged out, but, over-reaching himself, fell.

55.—Nat seemed to shake himself together, went up to his man, led off with his left on the right cheek, and got away. Sayers followed him up, when some sharp exchanges took place, Nat reaching Tom's damaged snout, and once more turning on the tap. Tom returned the compliment on the left cheek, and Langham fell weak. Tom falling over him, not much better off.

56.—It was now clear that Tom's peepers had not many minutes to remain open, and he therefore at once led off, but was out of distance; in the second attempt he caught Nat over the left peeper, but received another hit on the nose in return. He would not be shaken off, however; he followed Nat and let fly his left on the jaw. Sharp counter-hits followed, Sayers on the mouth and nose, and Nat on the right eye, and Langham fell.

57.—Tom at once rushed in, but was stopped. The next effort reached Nat's mouth, and the latter got down.

58.—Both men were nearly pumped out, and it was evident that a chance hit might finish Langham, while Sayers, if he could not deliver that hit, must soon "cut it." The men let fly simultaneously each getting it on the frontispiece. A breakaway followed, after which Tom reached Nat's left eye, but not effectively. A close, in which Tom caught his man with his right as he went down, and then fell on him.

59.—Langham went to the nose, and received his left heavily on the man, delivered a little one on the jaw. He then rushed at Sayers, who stepped back, and Nat, missing his mark, fell.

60.—Sayer's fate was sealed; like Jack Broughton in the memorable account of Captain Godfrey, he might have exclaimed, "I can't see my man; I'm blind, not beat. Only let me see my man and he shall not gain the day yet!" Tom rushed in open-handed. Nat stepped on one side, met him as he came on the left peeper, and then beside the nose. Tom persevered, but Langham easily avoided him, and then propped him in the month heavily. Tom continued to bore in, and got in a round hit on the side of Nat's head, whereon Nat returned with his left just behind Tom's ear, and both fell. Sayers evidently all abroad.

61 and last.—It was beyond a doubt now that Sayers could not see what he was doing or where he was going, and there were loud cries from his backers of "take him away," which Alec Keene was anxious to do; but Tom, full of pluck as ever, resolutely refused to give in, swinging his arms, walked deliberately to the scratch. He lunged out, but could not judge his distance, and Nat, waiting for him coolly until he came again, hit him heavily on the right eye. Poor Tom struck out wildly and altogether at random, and Nat getting out of his way, delivered a heavy left-hander on the left eye, which put up the other shutter, and he rather fell than was knocked down. On being helped to his corner, despite his entreaties, Alec Keene, seeing there was no hope, threw up the sponge, and Tom was proclaimed the victor in this truly gallant struggle, after a contest that had been protracted for two hours and two minutes. Immediately the fat had been pronounced in his favour, Nat walked across the ring to shake hands with his defeated opponent, who shed bitter tears of disappointment and humiliation, while Nat, seeming to acquire fresh strength from the consciousness of victory, contrived to leap over the ropes hardly five minutes before he could hardly stand on his legs.

REMARKS.—Nothing could possibly be further from our thoughts or wishes than any attempt to detract from the gallant achievements of Nat Langham in thus maintaining his title as middle-weight

champion, and also earning a lasting fame as the only man who ever licked Tom Sayers. Still, in fairness to the beaten man, it must be remembered that Sayers was at that time by no means either as good a boxer or so strong a man as he became a few years later, when he defeated one big man after another. Moreover, his defeat was palpably owing to his want of condition, in consequence of which his face puffed up and his eyes closed with far less punishment than he could by his friends have taken scathless. But when all allowances have been made for the facts remain, that the gallant Nat defeated the otherwise invincible Tom, and thus worthily closed a pugilistic career, which, like Sayers', had only once been clouded by defeat. Nothing could be more deserving of the highest praise and warmest admiration than the cool courage and calculating generalship with which, when he found that the superior strength of his adversary was likely to prove too much for him, he at once adopted a system of tactics likely to serve him, and deliberately set to work to avert defeat by blinding his opponent. How skillfully he carried this plan into effect we have seen, and it is interesting to remember that Sayers never forgot the lesson he had received, but himself put it into practical effect on the occasion of his fight with Heenan.

Sayers' gallant stand was duly appreciated by his friends, and upwards of fifty pounds were collected for him in the train during the homeward journey. Immediately he had recovered his eyesight Tom challenged Langham to another trial of skill, but Nat announced his retirement from the ring; and further in his training of the "Cambrarian Stores," Castle Street, Leicester Square, where he decorated a showy lamp, bearing his name and the inscription, "Champion of the Middle-weights." Sayers' career, and also he, became the landlord of the "Brampton Arms," in his favorite locality of Camden Town, and denominated to Nat's lamp and inscription. "Here am I," said he, "ready for all comers, Nat Langham included. He has been beaten by Harry Orme, who has retired, and I have been beaten by him. As I do not believe myself conquered on my merits, but by inferior conditions, I claim the Championship of the Middle-weights."

The introduction of Harry Orme's name is irrelevant, as Orme, Aaron Jones (168 pounds), Tom Paddock (168 pounds), Harry Brosome (168 pounds), claimed and fought for the actual and unlimited "Championship," during the interregnum, closed by Tom Sayers' successive disposal of Aaron Jones, Bill Perry (the Tipton Slasher), 182 pounds, Bill Benjamin (Beings) 168 pounds, and Tom Paddock. Quitting this point, however, Nat's reply was conclusive. He had exposed the niece of Ben Caunt, had settled down, and did not see why he should risk all these "booby Captain Godfrey" in his sketch of Broughton, "a battle to a waning age." Langham's health, too, never robs, was by no means A 1, and he prudently preferred leaving off a winner, as disposing of such a boxer as Tom Sayers was by no means what betting men would call a "safe thing." He, therefore, in a brief epistle declined Tom's cartel, and told him he might point his lamp at the "Breckley's Arms" in any way he chose; meantime that he, Langham, had won the title of Middle-weight Champion and meant to wear it, and certainly should not transfer it from Castle Street to Camden Town. And there the controversy closed. Langham died in 1874, aged 51.

At the time of this fight Sayers was twenty-five years of age weighed 145 pounds and stood five feet eight and one-half inches, while Langham was thirty-three, weighed 154 pounds and stood five feet ten inches.