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his left and right, stopping the Yankee's rush, and while he was yet on the stagger King closed, and, giving him the crook, pitched him over and fell on him with stunning force.

19.—Heenan came up rather hurriedly when time was called, but it was at once seen that he was almost beaten, and was quite groggy. He tried his rush, but it was no longer dangerous, and King stepped back twice, measuring his distance, planted on him without a return, and, by a second straight hit, sent him down. In the 20th round King managed to back-heel Heenan. The same description applies to the next two rounds, excepting that in each of them Heenan grew shakier and wilder, and King's superiority more marked. At the commencement of the 23rd round it was proposed to throw up the sponge, but Heenan would not hear of it, and staggered at his man with the semblance of his former rush. He staggered after receiving a blow, and was thrown by King without a chance of resisting. His backers, seeing that it was hopeless, and that it was only exposing the sinking boxer to punishment, insisted on his surrender, and the sponge was thrown up in token of defeat, after a desperate, but slashing, hugging, and unscientific battle of thirty-five minutes, and twenty-four rounds.

REMARKS.—We may well spare any lengthened comment upon a contest the leading characteristics of which were "clinchings," rushing, squeezing, and attempt at strangulating hugs on the one side, and wild, desperate, sledge-hammer defensive hitting on the other. Heenan proved beyond doubt or cavil that he did not deserve to rank in the first or even second rank of artistic boxers, and that sheer brute strength, seconded by weight, stature, and a certain amount of mere animal courage were his only qualifications. He seemed to have little idea of

sparring for an opening, or as a means of defence; while the use of the skillful feints, well-timed delivery, or accurate measurement of distance, of getting close and then getting away, as practised by professional boxers, he ignored or despised. It was not the fault of Tom King that the fight was so bad. His form and style were far the better of the two, for he did not trust to mere wrestling and hauling his man about, and would have made a better show of tactics with a better man. Those flatterers who told Heenan that he could stand a comparison with King's former opponent, Jem Mace, must have been grossly ignorant or wilfully deceived themselves. For who saw this contest but felt, that it was solely the accident which so early in the battle disabled the gallant Tom Sayer's right arm, had prevented the signal defeat of Heenan on the memorable day at Farnborough. King showed but few marks of severe hitting after the fight, nor was he so seriously exhausted by the falls as might have been expected, considering the weight and stature of both men. On the other hand, Heenan was seriously disordered, indeed, utterly prostrate, and nearly blinded at the close of the encounter. Altogether, while an honest and game fight, it was an unsatisfactory one: the sole point settled being the entire absence, on the part of Heenan, of those scientific attainments and steady attributes indispensable to the successful practitioner in the prize ring. The stake, £2,000, so glaringly disproportionate to the merits of the battle, was duly paid over to King.

Tom King retired from the ring after this fight, went in for book-making and became a great authority on horticulture, his exhibits at flower shows always coming off with prizes. He died wealthy a few years ago, having earned both wealth and the world's respect.

The kind friends who uncompromisingly stipulated, when Tom Sayer's testimonial fund of £3,000 was invested, that he should "fight no more," did not place any restrictions on the re-appearance in the roped arena. In the King and Heenan fight he conformed to the etiquette of his profession, and seconded "the American." Heenan's party evidently believed that Tom's prestige would scatter dismay in the ranks of King's followers, and help to overwhelm the "jolly young waterman" (King commenced life as a sailor) at the outset. Poor Sayer's descent had, however, commenced, and when he stepped into the ring, in Heenan's corner, it was plain he was there more for dramatic effect than anything else. Attired in a fur cap, a yellow flannel jacket, and jack-boots, he was vociferously applauded when he commenced his duties in attending to Heenan's toilette. Even then people said, "How are the mighty fallen," for poor Tom was no more equal to his onerous task than a child. During the fight at Wadsworth he looked in strange bewilderment at King and Heenan, and when the "Benecia Boy" required assistance, his second was perfectly helpless. Still the gladiator quitted the scene in a graceful and generous manner, in having stood esquire to the opponent who was instrumental in bringing out that steel, courage and pluck, of which the first of English pugilists, was composed. Sayers, it might be mentioned, died in 1865.

THE HOME OF ORMONDE.

W. O'B. Macdonough's Stock Farm, Near Menlo Park, California.

A WELL KNOWN Eastern turfman, now in California, thus describes a recent visit to the Macdonough farm, the home of the great English horse Ormonde: "Leaving San Francisco, by the Southern

Pacific Railway, the ride to Mr. Macdonough's establishment is a glorious one. Our party, including M. J. Burns and T. P. Clark, left the Bay at daybreak, and after a ride of thirty-two miles on the train along the coast we arrived at Menlo Park, where we were met by Mr. Macdonough, who drove us to his ranch, about eight miles away. Five miles of the route being through the lane to the Palo Alto Stock Farm. Immediately upon our arrival at the ranch, we were shown the \$150,000 beauty, the mighty Ormonde. Ormonde is the most perfect specimen of horse flesh that I ever gazed on.

"A rich bay in color, with black points, Ormonde stands over 16 hands high. He is of a kind disposition, 11 years old and looks as though he were fit to race for a man's life right now. After viewing the king of the ranch we were shown the lesser lions. Among the stallions we saw was St. Carlo, by St. Blaise—Casino, by Kingfisher. He is a fine looking sire, resembling not a little Ormonde in his formation.

"There are forty-six choice brood mares on the ranch, many of them having just been imported from England. Among the noted matrons are Maiden Bell, China Rose, Mirage, Windflower, Cottage Girl, Mirandola, and Kissing Crust. The American mares include Cousin Peggy, the dam of Geraldine. Mr. Macdonough has twelve yearling colts and twenty-one yearling fillies, the majority of them the get of St. Carlo. It was 5 o'clock when we had finished looking over all the stock Mr. Macdonough so kindly had brought out for our inspection."

The Canadian mare Moonlight, by Princeton out of Simon, is to be bred to Ormonde, Mr. Macdonough having bought her for \$3,300. Moonlight is the dam of Ajax.