

GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

REPORTED BY MEN WHO WITNESSED THEM.

SAYERS AND THE SLASHER.

The Famous Middleweight Gives Away 48 lbs. and Wins.

Never since the memorable battle between Cant and Bel in Sept., 1845, had there been a match which excited such general interest outside the circle of regular supporters of true British boxing. Here was a man, the acknowledged Champion of the Middleweights, boldly throwing down the gauntlet to the equally acknowledged Champion of England, and daring him to combat for the title and reward to which for so long a time he had laid claim without meeting an adversary of his own weight and inches daring enough to deny his pretensions. Not a semblance of ill feeling was there existing between the men, and we are glad to state that throughout, even in the very contest itself, they maintained towards one another the most kindly sentiments. The only matter at issue between them was whether a man of 5 feet 8½ inches, under 134 lbs. in weight, possessed of whatever science he might be, could contest, with any chance of success, against one topping the 6 feet by half an inch, and weighing not less than 202 lbs. The Slasher (Wm. Perry) himself laid out the idea of defeat, and stated his firm belief that on entering the ring he would, in addition to his other advantages, be found the cleverer man of the two. He said he had made up his mind not to run all over the ring after his younger and more active opponent, but to take his stand at the scratch, and await the onslaughts of the gallant Sayers. This we (who knew the bold Tom's capabilities) considered a sound determination, and the burly Tiptonman adhered to it on entering the ring will appear in the sequel. Sayers also, to some measure, made us his confidant as to his intentions on the day of battle, and intimated that he believed the Slasher was perfectly worn-out and incapable of anything like prolonged exertion. He had fully made up his mind, he said, to keep him on his pins, and lead him about the ring, by forcing the pace, until he should be so exhausted as to be somewhat nearer his own mark. He, like the Slasher, scorned the idea of defeat, and felt such intense confidence from the very day the match was made, that he had almost all ready penny he possessed upon the result of the encounter. The excitement in all quarters increased week by week from the time the match was made, and in every sporting circle the contest was made the of the greatest theme of discussion. The general feeling at first appeared to be that Sayers had by his victory over Aaron Jones got above himself, and that his overweening confidence would lead him into unexpected difficulties. It indeed, as was in many quarters anticipated, the match did not end in a forfeit on his part. As the time approached, however, the doubts as to the match going on vanished, the only point remaining for discussion being the foardness of Sayers, and the overweening confidence of his friends in allowing the match to come to an issue for the full stakes. The Sayers party, however, maintain their own opinion, and from first to last contended that the Slasher was stale and out of practice, that he was destitute of scientific acquirements, and so slow that any want of size and weight on the part

of his adversary was fully compensated for these deficiencies. The day fixed was the 10th of June, 1857. So soon as articles were signed, the Slasher, who was then keeping a school in St. John Lane, Tipton, gave up his business and betook himself to training at Boxmoor, where he got off some superfluous flesh acquired in his calling as a Boniface; indeed when we saw him one evening at Owen Swift's he appeared to have been carefully prepared. He was certainly not so hard and thin as we had seen him some years before; but his complexion was fresh and his muscles well developed, and he told me "I drew the ladder out of 186 lbs. He expressed entire confidence, and grinned good humouredly at the bare mention of defeat by so small an opponent. The Tipton left London overnight to avoid interruption, and was met by us on the downward voyage at Tibury, the fight taking place on the Kentish coast. The ground selected was excellent for mulling purposes, and the inner and outer rings were formed by an expedition as possible, for fear of further interruption. Three thousand people were present. At half past four the men entered the ring ready for business; Sayers attended by N. Langham and Bill Hayes, and the Slasher, under the superintendence of Tass Parker and Jack Macdonald, perhaps the best pair of seconds that could be found. No time was cut to waste in preliminaries; the colours were tied to the stakes—blue and white spot for Sayers, and the old blue birdseye for the Slasher—and at twelve minutes to five they were delivered at the scratch, the betting being 6 to 5 on the inch.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—On toeing the scratch the contrast between the men was, as may be imagined, most extraordinary. The old Tipton topped his adversary at least four inches, and it looked, as he intimated, "a horse to him." His immense frame and ponderous, muscular arms and legs seemed calculated to bear him to victory against four such men as Sayers. He looked all full of confidence, and evidently considered himself a sure winner of the him. He was thinner than we expected to see him, and his condition generally was very fair, but there were the usual indications of age upon certain points where the fullness and roundness of youth had disappeared from his form. He looked all his age (thirty-eight); indeed, by many he was thought to be on the shady side of forty. His attitude was ungainly, but still he was rough and ready, and the question that suggested itself was "how was Sayers to get at him?" Tom Sayers, as he advanced to meet his antagonist, was the perfection of manly strength and athletic development. His legs were as good as iron, his arms and powerful arms and legs were all turned in one of Nature's best lathes, and there was not a fault to find, unless it was found that he had two or three pounds more weight than he needed for his back and ribs. His attitude for attack, or defence was admirable, and however confident the Slasher was, it was perfectly obvious that Sayers was not one whit behind him in that respect. The Slasher had evidently made up his mind to set to work at once and cut his man down in a jiffy. He humbled in like a huge bear, let go both hands with more vigor than judgment, but he did not get home, and Sayers, in stopping him, got his foot at once jumped up to renew the round. The Slasher went at him, put in a little on the skull, and Tom again fell.

2.—The Slasher came up evidently with greater confidence than ever, and lunged out his right, which reached Tom's ribs, with great force, and Tom countered him sharply on the mouth, drawing "first blood." The Slasher looked astonished, stopped to consider a moment, and again

went in, swinging his great arms like the sails of a windmill. Sayers dashed lightly out of harm's way, and then, stepping in, popped a tidy smack on the spectacle-beam, and got away laughing. After dancing round him, and easily avoiding several more lunges, Tom again got home on the suffer-tan, removing a piece of the jaw, and drawing a fresh supply of the ruby. The Tipton, annoyed, rushed in, and, on the right, and also a terrible upper-cut with his left, and Sayers again dropped in upon the nose. After this, slight exchanges took place, the Slasher too slow to be effective. His nose chased Sayers all over the ring, the latter dancing round him like a wild Indian, or feeling like a deer, to draw him after him. The vicious blows aimed by the Slasher all fell upon the air, and his exertions to catch his nimble antagonist caused him to blow off steam to an indefinite extent. Had one of the intended compliments alighted upon Tom, it looked as if it would have been all over with him. After Sayers had completed his dancing he went in, and cleverly avoided a good right-hand, and delivered another very hot one on the proboscis (more "Latite" of the premier cru). The Tipton tried his heavy punches again three times and missed; the fourth attempt was pretty rough, but after a while he hit short. The Tipton next got on Sayers' right cheek with his left, but not heavily, and some pretty stopping followed on both sides, after which the Tipton made another rush like a bull at a gate, and found himself once more battling with vacancy, Tom having slipped under his arm, and danced off laughing. The Slasher looked with astonishment, and shook his head. Sayers again approached, and after one or two feints a good exchange took place, Sayers getting on to the left eye, and the Slasher on the ribs. Sharp counter-hits followed, Slasher on the mouth and nose, and the cheek. Tom now led off with his double, but the Slasher stopped him prettily twice in succession, when he missed his return. The Slasher again pounded away, principally with his right, but without effect. Sayers jumped and stopped every effort. Sayers now planted a stinger with his left on the mark and stopped the return. The next minute he got sharply home on the nasal organ, and jumped quickly away from a well-intended upper-cut, which looked like a baited bull. The Slasher now stopped one or two pretty leads, but his return came so slowly that Sayers was far out of harm's way. This occurred several times, the Slasher behaving about like a baited bull, Sayers skipping and nimbly getting away from every rush. After a little of this entertainment Sayers went in, let go his left, and was stopped neatly, and he, in turn, showed some hits on the nose, and part of Perry. Sayers next feinted, and got home a slashing left-hand on the right cheek, which he cut severely, and drew a plentiful supply of ruby. Another hit fell on the same spot. The Slasher then got a little one on Tom's body, and tried again, but Tom got away. The Slasher then retired to his corner to get his mug wiped, and, on coming out again, Tom let him another dance over the ring, the old One, with more haste than speed, trying to catch him, and repeatedly expending his strength in emptiness. At last Sayers, having given a good turn at this game, stopped to see whether he was pumped, and some good exchanges followed, Sayers again on the damaged cheek, and the Slasher also reaching the cheek. Mutual stopping followed, and Sayers next got home heavily on the osfactory projection. The Slasher now stopped Tom, and returned, but not heavily, on the top of his nut, which led to exchanges, Tom on the left optic, and Bill on the ribs. After one or two more exchanges, another tremendous counter

took place, Tom receiving on the mouth, and the Slasher on the nose, each drawing the carmine. The Slasher having then made several misses went in, and another sharp counter hit was exchanged. Tom receiving on the brain-pan, and the Slasher on the back, from which nose-blow escaped. Each now had a wipe of the sponge, and Tom trusted his opponent to another game of follow-leader all over the ring, in the course of which the Slasher caught him a heavy right-hand on the back. He stopped Tom's left and heavy counter followed Tom on the nose, and Slasher on the nose, and the Slasher (the first "knuck down" for Slasher). The round lasted nearly half an hour.

3.—The Slasher came up laughing, but he was evidently bent on mischief. Sayers smiled, tried his left and was stopped, and the Slasher, as usual, missed two swinging right-handers. Tom dodged, popped his left on the mark, and then on the forehead, got a little one on the right, and exchanges followed. Tom getting some on the nose, and the Slasher on the mouth. Some heavy give and take followed, Tom getting more jam from the Slasher's right cheek, and receiving one or two smart ones on the nose. Tom dodged, and the Slasher, feinting and dodging until Tom got home on the mark, and the Slasher again followed him all over the ring, hitting out of distance, and with no manner of judgment. Finding he could do nothing, the Slasher put down his hands, and retired for another "up" from Jack Macdonald, and then renewed his exertions when some pretty stopping took place on both sides, after which Sayers got home on the left side of the nob, but he stopped in another essay. The Slasher stopped two or more well-intended ones and then got home on the side of Tom's cranium; Sayers returned now heavily on the proboscis, once, and turning on the tag Tom dodged, and the Slasher got home heavily on the damaged side—a tremendous hit, and again did the home-brewed appear. The Slasher returned to be cleaned, and came again viciously on the nose, and the Slasher received a slight return on the top of the nob. More futile efforts on the part of the Slasher, whose friends called on Sayers to stand still and be hit, but Tom wisely declined. He had orders to keep his man on his legs and fight him with his shots, and these orders he carried out most excellently. Again and again the Slasher miss or got stopped, the Slasher did get home a very hard one, which did not leave a mark, and now he rushed at Tom, dashed out his right, very narrowly escaped smashing his eye against the stake—it was within an inch of it—Sayers lifted up his arms with astonishment, and the Slasher, who had the Slasher were round on another tack, came at him again, when Tom got at Sayers' nose and grinning. The Slasher followed, Tom nailed him on the box, and stopped him. The Slasher then planted another on the cheek. Slight exchanges followed, the Slasher got on Tom's right cheek, and just drew the juice, while Tom left a mark on the Slasher's left eye. The Old One, now slow, quickly apparently for wind, was then stopped left and right, and which each hit over the shoulder. Tom afterwards stopped both hands at get easily away from a third attempt. Slight exchanges followed, Tom on the nose, and Slasher on the top of the head. More dancing by Sayers, and exhausted efforts on the part of the Slasher, and then as the Slasher came, Tom cut him a severe straightener on the side of the box, drawing lines of claret. The Slasher, so stung to consider, and then he stood in delivered a little one on the side of Tom's head with his right, and Tom (Time, 52 minutes.)

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