

Seven Great Battles of the World.

TOLD BY MEN WHO WERE THERE AND WITNESSED THEM.

So unsatisfactory was the ending of the battle between Heenan and Sayers, that there was constant commotion in the United States for the former to have a "go" with some other representative Englishman. Sayers had gone all to pieces and was consequently out of the question. Who then was to be the man? In 1862, Heenan having an engagement with a circus visiting England and it was given out that his intention was to meet Mace. The latter, who had just defeated Tom King in 43 rounds, boxing an hour and eight minutes, was more than willing and offered to make the stakes £500 or £1,000. Heenan, however, said he was in Great Britain solely on private business. King did not rest quietly under his defeat, but on Nov. 26th, 1862, again met Mace and succeeded in reversing the former verdict in 21 rounds, fought in 38 minutes. King wished to retire, but Heenan was hungry for a match and on St. Patrick's Day, 1863, they met and signed an agreement to fight on Dec. 8, of the same year for £1,000 a side. The match made, Heenan and King went in at once for starring the provinces and did handsomely. Heenan went into training at Newmarket, and at the second October meeting was made favorite at 6 to 4 on. Heenan at this time was 29 years of age, stood 6 ft. 2 in., and weighed 198 lbs., while King was 28, stood 6 ft. 2 in., and weighed 180 lbs. As in the Heenan-Sayers fight, about 1200 of all classes gathered at the side of the ring, which was pitched at 9 o'clock in a field at Wadhurst, near Frint, below Tunbridge Wells. King first dropped in his castor and amid loud cheers, accompanied by Jerry Noon and Bob Tyler, and was immediately followed by Heenan, who was similarly received, being escorted by Jack Macdonald, and, for the sake of theatrical effect, Tom Sayers. Colours were now unfurled on both sides, and the combatants began to dress. The choice of ground was won by Heenan, and then came the referee. Some wrangling here took place in respect to that functionary, during which the betting went on with offers that 2 to 1, etc., on Heenan, but there did not seem to be any takers. Confusion now became the ruling element, wasting away precious time on the top of a hill that could be seen for twenty miles around. There were the men and their seconds ready, while the referee was expected to come from the clouds. Three quarters of an hour was spent in this way before matters were finally closed, and the referee originally proposed was ultimately agreed to. The men then began the important duty of the toilet, and in the hands of their respective valets that operation was soon completed. The ring was then cleared, and the men showed themselves ready in lattlearray. Heenan was the first to exhibit, amid the loud cheers of his admirers, and was instantly followed by King, for whom another

salvo rose from the throats of his party. Exactly at ten o'clock the men were delivered at the scratch, shook hands, and prepared to commence.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—As the men advanced to wards the centre of the ring, the first glance seemed to show how great were the physical advantages of Heenan, who looked quite the stone heavier man he really was—King being comparatively a fair-skinned striding; but a close inspection revealed a jaded appearance. He looked clumsier altogether than when he fought Sayers. King, on the contrary was as well as ever he could be, and there was a bloom and healthfulness about him, which spoke only of daily training, but of an uninvited constitution. He had not altogether the cut of a professional pugilist, but would rather be described as a fine, fresh, good-looking, young country gentleman, who threw himself into attitude, and opened the round with a little sparring, but there was a hurried, not to say nervous, manner about each of them, which indicated that the scientific display would not be very prolonged. Heenan, after one or two blows, but was not close enough. King was equally out of distance in trying to return. At last they got nearer, and exchanged good counter-hits. A couple more heavy hits were given, and King was drawn back to take up fresh ground, when Heenan plunged desperately at him, and got his left arm around his neck; the impetus of the rush carrying them both to the ropes. Here Heenan sought to fix his man in the dangerous manner he had practised with Sayers, but King's strength enabled him to wrench himself up, and, locked together, they wrestled back to the centre of the ring. Here Heenan hung upon his man squeezing him tightly, and trying to force him down. King, whose arms were at liberty, hit him heavily about the body left and right, until he felt, dragging Heenan with him, but the Yankee was determined. He kept on working the ring and cautioned Heenan as to his "hugging" system, which was certainly an unsightly mode of attack.

2.—Both men were somewhat flushed about the head from the previous round, and King appeared a little distressed from the severe struggle. He was urged to be first with his man, and led off directly he came to the scratch. He got well home on Heenan's head; the latter countered, but without much precision, and some wild but heavy exchanges took place with both hands, King dealing the Yankee a severe blow on the mouth. Tom was pressing his man, when Heenan made a dash at him, and showing great superiority of strength, after a few seconds of squeezing, threw him heavily, a very dangerous fall, coming with all his weight upon him. (First blood was here given to King; Heenan's lips being cut and bleeding.)

3.—King seemed anxious to keep away from his man and spar; there was no doubt that he was already considerably shaken by the severe falls he had received. Heenan appeared more anxious to seize a favorable chance to grasp his man than to hit him. After a moment's pause they got together, and lashed out heavily with the left, each getting home. This led to some more exchanges, desperately heavy, it is true, but made in a wild style, and not like two finished boxers. Heenan again plunged in, King meeting him heavily as he came, but he grappled Tom and again brought him down with shattering force across the lower rope, which was pressed to the ground. Luckily the ground was not hard. (Unpleasant as was Heenan's style of fighting, he was considered to be getting the best of the battle, as King evidently could not resist his rush and clinching throw.)

4.—King's left eye was marked with a

mouse, but otherwise he did not show much signs of punishment. The rounds were all short ones, Heenan forcing his way in upon King, a few slashing exchanges, but King was once more caught in the hug, and thrown a desperate fall. (Great disapprobation of Heenan's fighting—if fighting it could be called. His hugging and squeezing was far worse than even Sayers' fight.)

5.—King was at ready at the call of "time" as his antagonist, yet evidently felt the falls he was receiving, and sparred a bit for him. Heenan was distressed also, and glad of a pause. They worked round a little, but King, by the aid of his King, with the swiftness of lightning, dealt the Yankee a terrific hit in the middle of the head with his right, almost knocking him off his legs, and drawing streams of blood from a cut on his mouth. It was nearly a floorer, and on Heenan trying a return, King cross-countered very heavily on the side of the head. Heenan was for a moment at a standstill, and King led off again, but was out of distance, and the Yankee again "slidging"—"we must borrow an Americanism which expresses more than our word "closing"—succeeded in once more putting on the "hug" and throwing King to the ground, but he got up nearly as far as he could strike the ground with his own head.

6.—The fighting had been wild enough before, but in this round there was to attempt at precision or standstills. The men punched—or punched at—one another wildly. King getting the best of what hitting did tell, till Heenan closed, and getting his regular grip, flung King a buster.

7.—The men went to work directly they faced each other, and in a slashing rally some really terrific hitting was given and taken. They broke away, but only for a few seconds, when they got together with more tremendous exchanges, yet still to the advantage of King, who showed what little science was exhibited, and hit straight. By a desperate snort with his right, during this rally, he drew a fresh burst of crimson. Heenan closed in the hitting, hugged his man viciously, and then threw him over the head with cross-butts so far for many a day. It was a crusher, and King lay for a few seconds until his seconds picked him up and bore him to his corner.

8.—King, to the delight of his friends, came up promptly; although he was wiping a little he seemed marvellously little hurt by these continuous throws. Heenan was ready to fight to improve his supposed advantage, and the men exchanged stinging counters directly they faced each other. Heavy exchanges followed. Heenan dashed in as usual to seize his man, but on this occasion he was foiled, for King caught him in his arms; and, after a moment's struggle, threw the Yankee heavily and to his knees. (This was a fair, unmistakable back fall, and the cheering for King was tremendous.)

9.—Heenan looked vexed as he came up; he had plainly made up his mind to recover his wrestling superiority, and tried for an opening. King was with him, and met him left and right; then getting away again, plucked on him with tremendous effect as he came in, catching his man well in the middle of the head; and now and then, in each of the rounds, giving a home hit on the body. Heenan at last got in, squeezed his man savagely, and again threw him a shattering fall.

10.—The wildest and fastest of fighting still continued, in fact, the rally more resembled a "turn-up" of two angry navvies than a scientific battle. The exchanges were of the severest description, although most of the blows seemed given at random. Heenan was wholly bent on throwing, and once more hugged King and threw him.

11.—Heenan showed that the pace was

telling on him, and it was doubtful whether he was not taking as much out of himself by his desperate struggles to throw King, as he was out of King by the severe falls he persevered in his swinging game, however, for hardly an attempt was made at a blow in this round before he grappled with King, and brought him over.

12.—Tom was a little more on his guard this time, and led off; Heenan returned, and a few seconds of very hard fighting took place, both men being hit severely about the head till they closed, when King again succeeded in turning the tables, and throwing Heenan savagely.

13.—Although this round began with some countering which looked very heavy, yet Heenan's blows did not, as a rule, tell very much; and when his seconds sent him up King looked calm, and comparatively free from punishment. Heenan again gave his man the hug, and threw him. After this round Heenan's left hand became gradually less service to him.

14.—King was frantically with his left and threw in a snapper on the head with his right. King stuck to him, but afterwards stinging exchanges, in which he had the best—he was thrown—one of the most resolute, but not the most powerful, men, and so stunned and shaken was King, that but for the tact and presence of mind of Jerry Noon, it is doubtful if he could have come to time.

15.—The last of the story heavy falls being nearly always in his favor, Heenan was now almost as much distressed as King, and the punishment given was certainly much against him. After a little sparring, heavy counters were exchanged, and then three or four mauling his left and right, without a semblance of stopping or avoiding. Heenan drew back a little, and then lunging tremendously with his right, nailed King with such effect, that he staggered and came down. (This was *first knock-down* in the favor of Heenan, and was one of the few clean hits he delivered or even attempted to deliver during the fight.)

16.—Although slower than before in answering the call of "time," King came resolutely up, and did not seem to be greatly shaken by the knock-down blow. Indeed Heenan appeared worse from the effects of the last round than did his opponent, as King had planted so heavily in his left eye that it bled out and nearly closed. In some more heavy punching—pure slogging give-and-take, without any show of science—Heenan's eye was quite shut up, and he showed some decided signs of weakness. King dashed in, and, after an exhausting struggle, forced him in.

17.—In this round Heenan again fell the fall; but it was for the last time. He was evidently falling off; and when one's superiority in strength or wrestling power was gone he stood no more and at most helped in a boxer. King hit him tremendously about the side of the head and on the eyes, and it appeared as if Heenan would soon be blind. However, as just said, he eluded King desperately, and after a few seconds of the hardest fighting. But it was his last effort, as while he became visibly weaker even minute, King, strange to say, seemed little the worse.

18.—There was at first some fear that the ring would be broken in, for the intense excitement and the out-fall had induced a rush, which broke through the lukewarm resistance of the constables and brought the mass up to the ropes. Luckily, however, nothing came of this. He thought that the out-fall and shake King more than was really the case, as probably feeling that he was growing exhausted himself, rushed furiously at his man to improve his advantage. King, however, who had quickly recovered his self, met him with a couple of smashing