

## GREAT BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

REPORTED BY MEN WHO WITNESSED THEM.

### KING TURNS THE TABLES ON MACE.

LAST WEEK we told how Jen Mace defeated Tom King on January 28, 1862, in a forty-three round "go." This week we tell you how King, who claimed that his defeat was the result of accident, reversed the former verdict in twenty-one rounds, occupying thirty-eight minutes, on Nov. 26th, 1862, for a stake of £200 a side and the championship belt. As soon as the office was given by Fred Oliver, the referee, the men approached the magic circle, Mace being the first to drop his caeter within the ropes. He was attended by his old opponents Bob Brettle and Bob Travers, while King, who was somewhat behindhand, was waited on by Bob Tyler and Macdonald. Both men were welcomed with loud cheers from their partisans, which each acknowledged in a suitable manner. There was a good deal of lively betting at 7 to 4 on Mace, and his backers, we believe, would have gone to any extent at that figure. A brisk business was done by the sale of inner ring tickets, but by no means to the extent we have known on former occasions. The sum received was nearly £37, only £185. Among the spectators were Tom Sayers, Heenan, and many other famous celebrities, who eyed the tussle through with curiosity. And now the men stand up, each with one arm and grasp hands, then separate; the seconds retire to their corners, and all eyes are fixed on them as they upraise their daddies, and square their elbows for

#### THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—The moment so fraught with interest and excitement to the partisans of the belligerents had now arrived; the busy and careful crowd of the seconds was at last compelled to their entire satisfaction, and the men were delivered at the scratch. While their toilettes were being arranged, the "making ready" had been eagerly watched by all with almost breathless silence. As Jen turned to face his opponent, he gave a momentary glance at the sky, whose dull, cheerless aspect was anything but calculated to enliven the combatants. Both advanced to the scratch with that firm, confident step which denotes the action of well-drilled practitioners. Perhaps the first thing that rivetted the attention of the spectators, as the men stood front to front, was the striking difference in height that existed between them. It had been confidently stated Mace had never been in better condition; certainly as he stood thus confronting his antagonist there was nothing in his appearance that even the most fastidious could find fault with. He was fault with, and in all things he looked a far superior man to what he did at their former meeting. In weight Jen, when he last posed the beam, pulled down 11st. 4lb., and with inward confidence heening in his every look, he stated it was impossible for a man to feel better, and this assurance there can be no doubt had great weight with his admirers, many of whom from over-caution had waited for this "opinion" from Mace himself before they had ventured to "put it on." If condition of itself could alone endow a man with the requisite "resin" to tune the first fiddle in such a grand pugilistic overture, Tom might well put the thing down as "certainly," for it was so. Mace, on the other hand, was the most critical could desire, and spoke of the result with a confidence

devoted of anything in the shape of bragadocio. The moment the men had been "set" by their seconds, there was perceptible that twitch and shrug of the shoulders which denote a disapproval of the morning air. Jen having put up the prop in proper order drew from range, and of his position it may be said the skill of the master was at a glance displayed, for he was well covered at all points. Tom also stood suitably well, and although by some good judges he is stated to be a little too fine about the loins, and by no means deep set enough about the jaw and neck, yet we think it was comported by all impartial persons that he looked most formidable opponent. Mace, as he maneuvered, looked at his man with a sharp, penetrating glance, as though he was mentally summing up "the King's affairs." The result seemed satisfactory, for Jen gave one of his well-known jerks of his nob, as much as to say, "Tom, I intend to give you another dressing." King smiled at his man, as to intimate, if he really imagined he was capable of pressing him again, he was obliged to be quick about it, as there needed something in the shape of excitement to warm up the system. After a little sparring, Mace drew from range and dropped his mauls, and then with his right hand held his breast and arms, King imitated his action, as he felt nervous about the arms, and thought it necessary to do the burnishing to promote the circulation. Jen, with a caution, once drew out of range, and then by way of a feeler slightly let go the left, but Tom, who was decidedly quicker on his pins than he had found him in any of his preceding bouts, got well away with the back step, thus showing that these efforts on the part of his opponent to draw out his guard were not likely to be successful. As Mace broke for the purpose of getting from distance, King dashed at him in the most impetuous manner, and with his right hand, entering a time right-handed shot from the fore-arm. Mace, as Tom came on for the purpose of forcing the fighting, retreated, but just opposite the referee and umpire the men closed again, and Jen was likely to get in an awkward position, dashed his head and went down, King looking at him. Both men were loudly cheered, and as there was just a shade of commotion among those who formed the outskirts of the outer circle, Professor Duncan, attended by the "faculty," promptly administered a mild dose of his efficacious remedy for disorder—"the ay-rup of whips"—and the cure was instantaneous.

2.—At the call of "Time," both men, with the eagerness of seamen for the first plunge, rushed simultaneously from the knees of their seconds, and threw up their hands at the scratch. After toeing the mark, each again drew back from range, and then, after a minute or two, leaning unweary at each other like two game-cocks, Mace then led with the left, but did not get it home, as King got well from range. Tom now dashed at his man, and delivered the left on the top of the head, and put in another from the fore-arm on the mouth, which had the effect of producing a slight show of the crimson. ("First blood," as on the former occasion, for Tom.) Jen, after getting himself slightly behindhand, stepped in to the face, closed with his man, when, finding he was likely to get into an awkward position, he slipped from him and got down, there being so far not much harm done on either side. King fought with remarkable fairness; his opponent decidedly more crafty and shifty, though, as Jack Macdonald said, "We'll give him all that in."

3.—Jen was the first from his corner, but no sooner did the busy seconds of King see that his antagonist was on the move than they gave the olive, and with that

impetuosity of action so characteristic of him, he at once advanced to the scratch. After shifting, changing position, and taking fresh ground, King went dashing at his man for the purpose of forcing the fighting, and, shortly after, over Mace's right cross-guard, planted the left on the right cheek, and with a wild, slinging round hit from the right also got home on the side of the knowledge box. Mace, in the counter lunge, administered one with the stinging left on the jaw, when, as Tom was not to be kept out, they closed. In the struggle for the fall, King got his right arm around his man, and they went down in this reference in a curious, awkward way. Mace, who had his head bent down, hitting the top part of it against the ground. It was imagined by many at the moment that Jen might have received some severe harm, but they were soon convinced to the contrary, for when the men had become disengaged, and Jen with his usual agility had righted, he looked up with a broad grin, as much as to say, "Don't be uneasy, I'm all right." Mace was again a slight manifestation of pressure in "Court," the "special jury" being the least bit inconvenienced, but Duncan, as head usher, brought up his efficient corps to point, and the weight of this legal element in the instant sufficient to restore matters to their proper balance, and the business of this admirably kept ring went on as smoothly as ever.

4.—While the combatants were in their corners, the referee and his seconds were watched with the utmost minuteness, and it was a treat to observe in what fine order they sent them up to the mark. Tom was the first to present his towering height at the scratch, but was almost on the instant met by his opponent. Bob Tyler pointed at Mace, in a good-humored manner, as much as to intimate Jen had had had some of the burnishing powder. Mace feinted with the left, but finding he could not win with rustic effort, he did not let it go freely from the shoulder. Tom, for the purpose of taking better range, followed up, and with the left got home on the right cheek, and also delivered one from the right. As Mace broke to get away, Tom hit out with both mauls, but did no execution, as Mace threw the left off well with the right guard. After slight sparring and unconvincing Tom led the left, but it was not sent sufficiently well in to be effective, nor did he meet with any better success in following up a wild hit with the right, for Jen drew well out of range. On again coming to distance, King worked with his right arm backwards and forwards, as though he intended to let it go, but he did not. As Jen shifted Tom followed, when Mace got home a fine left-handed hit on the jaw. The combatants in the struggle were now fought across the ring, Mace administering some of the cayenne with both mauls. In the close both struggled for the fall, when Tom got from his man and went to grass in his own corner.

5.—Mace was the first to come from his corner, but he had not long to wait before Tom faced him. Both men were considerably pinked, and their physiognomies now possessed more touches of beauty than are to be found in their photographs in George Newhall's collection. When the fight was over, as he came from his corner, bent his head forward, as though he was mentally dealing in what new manner he should try to get well at his man, who by the rapid style in which he had been fighting, had given him the idea that he was a dangerous antagonist. King, the instant he had put up his hands, went dashing to force the fighting. With the left he administered a stinger on the right cheek, and followed up with a half round from the right. Mace, as his opponent rushed at him to close, drew out, but Tom, not to be denied, followed up, when

in a rally, Jen pegged away with both mauls, left and right, with astonishing rapidity, doing a great deal of lean execution. In the close they struggled for the fall, when Jen threw his man a clever style, near the ropes. The friends of Mace were in ecstasies and long odes were offered on their pet.)

6.—Tom in the first two or three rounds had unquestionably had a shade the best of the style in which he was fighting, and dashing at his man, and the quickness he had displayed. Mace did not exhibit that steadiness in his practice he afterwards did. Now, however, that death had been the true measure of his man, there was a total change in his tactics, and the manner in which he now fought proved that he was in all respects superior to the "big tin" in science. Both, on pressing themselves at the mark, bore evidence of having been by no means idle, for Jen was swelled about the ivory in a very conspicuous manner, while King, from the appearance of his left pepper, got unmistakable proof of having been wanted up by the referee, who slightly nudged him from the nose. Still there had been a serious damage done on the part of either. After some little maneuvering, the combatants changing and shifting position, King took the initiative in his new style, getting home left and right on the head. Mace met his man as he came with the rush on the milling suit, and, in one of the finest rallies that could be witnessed, which was conducted in the right ring; there was something delightful to the admirers of boxing in Jen's style of fighting his man with both hands, left and right, at the nob. These blows were delivered with a rapidity that was undecipherable, and the style was straight home, so that Jen was all over his man in an instant, the blows making an impression as though Tom had been stung with a couple of bees. Tom was by no means idle, but also kept up with his man with the left on the head and right on the body in merry fashion. In the close they got on the ropes, when Jen's moment touched the top cord with his right hand, but Tom having shifted his position, the top cord was not reached, when Tom, as a termination to what would round, was under.

7.—As the battle progressed, so did the increase in interest, for there was marked speciality about the manner in which it was being fought, that could not possibly fail to enhance its importance among the admirers of bold and genuine boxing. There can be no disputing, but men had been from the commencement fighting remarkably well, and the battle, as we have seen, had already presented striking and prominent features. It was, though, until Jen had thoroughly gotten measure of his man, King had in the opening been considered to have the best of the fight, but as the battle was now performing was sufficient to prove since all that there had not been the slightest mistake made in his merits regards mugging excellence. The combatants came simultaneously to the scratch, when Tom, as he stood at the scratch, opened his mouth and rubbed his hands, and then, on again putting himself in position, drew out and retreated to his own corner. Mace following. Both, as they again drew to range, studied themselves, and in a time counter with the left got well home, Jen doing execution on the mouth, Tom on the top part of the cranium. Mace, on breaking, got to the ropes, when Tom dashed forward, and closed, he slipped from the embrace of his young giant and got down.

8.—From the manner in which the battle had been rubbed in, it was apparent the colors had been well worked up, and this was more noticeable in the fact that than his opponent's, for King's left pepper had a small lump on the side of the nose and mouth looked a good

HEAVY S

In a



THE M  
LONDON,  
J. V

61 and 63

Sole Agents for

SC

HOTEL  
FOR  
SALE

Hotel is fitted up  
with every  
convenience  
and is  
well situated  
for  
business  
and  
pleasure  
to J. G. B. B. C. H. E.

REI BRO  
WILLIAM TAYLOR  
and 106 Adelaide

and Toy

BLACKBURN  
OFFICE  
Wellington  
TORON