

## GREATEST BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

WRITTEN BY MEN WHO WITNESSED THEM.

### MACE AND KING.

How the Former Won After a Battle Comprising Forty-three Rounds.

JEM MACE had just disposed of Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge infant in eight rounds, when the backers of the latter looked about for a body who could get some of their money back for them. Tom King had shaped pretty well and so they hit upon him, and a match was made for £200 a side to be decided on January 28, 1862. King was in his twenty-seventh year, stood six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighed 176 pounds. Mace was in his thirty-third year, stood five feet ten inches, and weighed 138 pounds. It was nearly seven o'clock in the morning when the bell rang for departure, and the train steamed away on its journey. Owing to the excellent arrangements of Nat Langham, who acted for King, and Mr. Moss Phillips, who attended to the interests of Mace, all parties were duly disposed of at their destination at a little after eight o'clock. Mace was attended by Jack Hicks and Bob Taylor the Black, a late opponent, and King by Bos Tyler and Jerry Noon. King, who had trained at Hammersmith, was in first-rate fettle; nor was Mace, who had taken his leave of New York and Norwich, and latterly near Newmarket, one whit behind him in respect of condition; each was "fit to fight for a man's life."

#### THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—Having gone through the customary friendly salutation at the scratch each man drew back and threw himself down. There was at this moment a silence that might be felt, and thence glances directed by all towards the combatants evinced the interest with which every movement was being watched by those surrounding the ring. There was, undoubtedly, much to rivet the attention of the patrons of the art; for though both were unquestionably fine fellows, yet there was that disparity between them which could not fail to impress itself even on the uninitiated. Mark the towering height of King, standing a clear six feet two inches in his stockings, and as he faces his opponent with attentive watchfulness, but without a sign of nervousness or undue concern; and then, as he represents appear the advantages in his favor. Tom, we were informed by Langham, when he last scaled, pulled down 12st. 8lbs., and taken for all in all must be declared a model man, although some judges of athletes declared his limbs too slender for a man of his height. Tom, like Mace, has a bright, keen eye, but he lacks the square-cut jaw bone and hard angular contour which some judges of "points" declare to be always found in the "throughbred" boxer. Be that as it may, King's length of reach, firm round muscle, skin ruddy with the glow of health, and cheerful countenance, gave promise of a formidable opponent, even to the scientific champion, Jem Mace. As to the Champion, who pulled down 11st. 4lbs., on the preceding Monday, he was "all there," and, as he himself said, felt "fit as a fiddle." After keeping on guard a few seconds, during which Mace was keenly scrutinising him, Tom dropped his hands, resting his left upon his left thigh; Jem being out of range, and seeing that Tom had lowered his daddies, Jem stepped out, and, as Tom stepped up at this moment caused some astonish-

ment. Tom rubbed his left forearm with his right hand, and Jem, who also felt the chilly effects of the morning air on coming out of his flannels, rubbed his breast with his right palm. Tom in shifting had got nearer his own corner, when Jem advanced, and from the manner he gathered himself together, Tom had intended to assist; his left was admirably poised, while his right played with firm elasticity, ready as a guard, or, if occasion presented itself, a shove. Tom, however, was on the alert, and Mace, after putting out a feeler or two, spring back to tempt Tom to follow. King, who at first seemed a little puzzled, smiled, and retreated, cool as a cucumber in an ice well. There was a great deal of repetition of this management we have here described, the men shifting, changing position and manoeuvring all over the ring without coming to business. King had heard so much of the ability of Mace that he felt he was standing before the best tactician of the day, and would not lead off. Mace, on the other hand, with the perception of a practised general, found that he had before him a dangerous and determined antagonist, and while waiting for an opportunity to treat in the style he had made an example of big Sam Hurst. At length, after a display of almost every sort of drawing and defensive tactics, Mace got well in, delivering a neat nobble with the left, stopping the return, and getting away. King dashed at him, his height enabling him to hit over Jem's guard, and Tom got in on Mace's head with the right; the men closed and fished, then getting on to the ropes, both went down. The seconds were instant in their attendance, Bos Tyler claiming "first blood" for King, which was admitted, as the cochineal was trickling from a cut on the Champion's forehead. King's partner, who was in ecstasies, and "Who'll lay two to one now!" was not unreasoning.

2.—The cold rain now came on in earnest, and did not much abate throughout the rest of the match. With ready alacrity each did his utmost to get the best of the other, and simultaneously with his opponent. Mace who was still bleeding looked fished. After a little sparring, Mace popped in his left. His second hit was prettily put on the forehead of King, and, as King's length, Jem's blow seemed hardly reaching home a "thought" before his adversary's poke. Another exchange, Tom getting on the side of Mace's head, but not severely, and Jem's snuck in return sounding all round the ring. In the above both were down.

3.—The ball had now been fairly opened, and each both improved the spirit of the performance, on which even the pitiless rain could not throw a damper. Jem, who was in the habit of coming out with a tilting the *clair vite* from the old spot, which as yet seemed the only mark made. King venturing in to force the fighting and the hot haste of the onslaught marred the neatness of Jem's aim, and Tom, who seemed to hit from the forearm rather than the shoulder, got home his left on the jaw, and then, with the right, reached Jem's head; his superiority of length of reach being fully demonstrated. Jem, however, quite balanced accounts by two severe progs in the nob; King closed and Mace got down easy.

4.—The rapidity of King's fighting seemed somewhat to surprise Mace, and he moved right and left in front of his man, his points well covered. Tom dashed in left and right, and went to work, his counsel advising the forcing principle; King in hitting out, had his left hand partially open; Mace counteracted with the left a smash, but a second attempt passed over King's shoulder. Jem broke away, and in retreating got to the centre stake. Tom following dashed out his right, when Mace ducked his head and fell tipped down, thereby occupying a rasper.

5.—On Mace tried to scratch, King promptly facing him. As Tom tried to lead off with the left, Mace shot how well he was fortified by his left hand guard, and then retreating with the right, King in turn retreated. Tom, in shifting, got to the ropes, when Jem veined in, getting both hands on Mace's head. Tom lashed out both hands defensively, but could not keep Jem off until he chose to retire to his own corner, where he got cleverly out of difficulty and was down.

6.—King, who evidently got home at the close of the last round, for Jem came up with his proboscis tinted with the carmine. Tom dashed at his man with more determination than judgment, hit from the forearm, and nearly doing execution. Jem hitting up as he made the backward break, gave Master Tom a straightener, who, persevering, got his man down at the ropes; no larra done.

7.—Jem advanced to the scratch with a firm step and determined bearing, as if the difficulties of his position had only produced a concentration of the resolute "I will." The men stood eyeing each other in the pelling rain; Jem rubbed his chest, which it was evident had got red, though a warm plaster had recently been removed. After manoeuvring round the ring, Mace got to range, delivering a well-aimed shot on King's cranium. As Jem broke ground he nearly lost his equilibrium from the slipperiness of the grass, but quickly steadied himself. After a feint or two, they got well together and countered splendidly. Mace sending home his left on Tom's right cheek, King getting his right on the Champion's left peeper, raising a small bump, and causing him to blink like an owl in sunshine. The men, with mutual action, broke away and closed for the ring. Mace, who was in King, measuring his man accurately, gave him such a left-handed on the snuff-box that *claret du premier* was copiously unworked. As Mace retreated after this smack Tom went in rather wildly, and closing got home a good smacker and threw him. (Cheers for King.)

8.—Tom no sooner faced his man than he made play, and got his right arm round Mace; he then tried to lift him by main strength for a throw, but the Champion put out the hand, and with his hand on Tom's face, and King had to let him go down on an easy fall.

9.—King, by the advice of his seconds, again forced the fighting, swung out both hands, and closed, when Mace cleverly put on the back heel, and down went Tom underneath.

10 to 14.—The ropes had now got slack, and Puggy White busied himself in driving the stakes deeper, and tightening them. In this and the following four rounds, King still led off, and though his hits did not seem severe, he had got so often on Jem's eye and nose, that his friends were confident of his pulling them down.

15.—The odds seemed melting away like butter in the sun, and backers of the Champion were just becoming "knights of the rueful countenance;" while Tom's parties were as merry as chirry as crickets; Jerry Noon, especially, dispensing an unusual and unseemly store of chaff among the despondent patrons of Mace. King once again went at his man and both were down at the ropes. King's second claiming the battle for a "fool," alleging that Mace had tried to force his fingers into King's eye in the struggle at the ropes, the referee crossed the ring to caution Mace, who indignantly denied any intention of so unmanly an action.

16.—King seemed determined to lose no time. He rattled in, and Mace, nothing hot, stood up and hit with him, certainly straight and swift. In the close both were down at the ropes.

17.—Inspiring the combatants changed positions, and pulled to the centre of the ring. King had been fighting very fast,

and wanted a breathing time. On resuming he went in, and after some exchanges Mace got down as well as the ropes.

18.—Sharp exchanges left right, on the cheek, mouth and jaw, when Jem in shifting slipped down. His seconds ran to him but he propped them away, resting his head on his hands, and beckoned Tom with a smile to renew the bout. The challenge was cheerfully accepted, and fighting into a close both were down.

19.—The men were admirably seconded in both corners, and both came up clean and smiling, though each had the contour of his countenance seriously altered by his opponent's handiwork. In a close both fished away merrily and both were down.

20.—There was an objection by Jerry Noon that Mace had some "foreign substance" in his left hand. King opened his hands before the referee, and Mace, following his example, merely showed a small piece of paper in his palm, which, however he threw away. Mace's left hand seemed somewhat puffed, and Tom's leading corner, observing this, told King King had advanced "left was gone," which it was for Mace this time to take the initiative, and landed the left sharply on Tom's cheek. As Mace broke ground Tom followed, and when near the stake he landed a round hit from the right on Mace's jaw that sent him to grass—a clean knock-down blow.

21.—Tom, eager to be at work, went in, but he did not take much by his notice. After several exchanges, Jem retreated. Mace slipped and got down; King's legs in a defenceless position, holding himself up by the handkerchief round Tom's waist. King gallantly withheld his hand, threw up his arms and smiled, walking to his corner amidst general cheering.

22.—King was now the favorite, odds being offered on him of six to four, but no takers. King as before began the business, and Mace was down to close the round.

23.—This was a harmless bout. King bored in, Mace missed as he retreated, backed on to the ropes, and got down.

24.—Both men came up with alacrity, despite the pelling rain, which streamed down their faces and hair. Mace was evidently slower, and Mace tried a lead. He did not, however, get quite near enough, and Tom pursued him round the ring until both were down, Mace underneath.

25.—A curious round. Tom dashed at Mace who stopped him, then twisted round and got away. Tom followed, and Mace propped him at the ropes, who got down twice, each other in a few seconds, and Mace got up.

26.—Mace came up determinedly, he exhibited ugly punishment on the left eye and mouth. Still he was steady, and met Tom's onslaught cleverly. King, who was in Mace's face, and Mace, hit and slipped through his hands.

27.—Tom administered a right hande on the jaw, and down went Mace against his will for the second time.

28.—Mace recovered from the effects of his floger in an amazing manner. He had now a serious bump on his right eye the size of a walnut, and had other hurts to his facial symmetry. His friends were, however, more than sanguine, and urged him to keep his man at it. Tom tried to do so, but got nothing at it, as in the fall hit the stake.

29.—King got a round right hande on Mace's back of his head, and both were down a side fall.

30.—Mace seemed, as before, more steady and in good form. King, as wonderfully plucky; the ground was so soddened, cut up and pasty, that a good foothold was impossible. Tom sent in his right, and Jem with well-judged progs, sent Mace off his feet. King embraced his man, but Mace got on the back-heel and then



Guel

XXV

and An

XXV

and An

XXV

and An

XXV

and An

XXV

and An

XXV

and An

XXV

and An

XXV

and An