

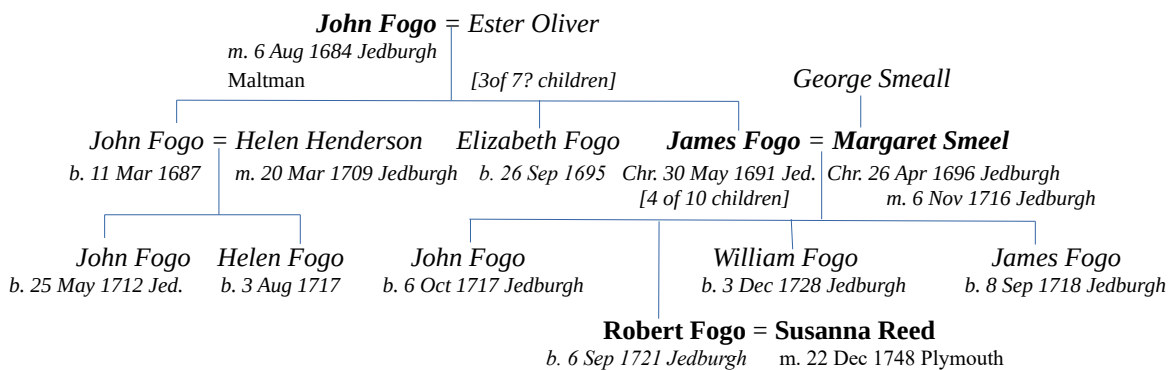
FROSTY-FACED FOGO

The tiny hamlet of Fogo, situated near a crossing of the river Blackadder, takes its name from roots such as the Olde English 'fogga' meaning fog-grass, rank grass left standing through the winter, or foggage pit or hollow [Fog-hou]. It lies in the flat agricultural Merse, an area delineated by the River Tweed to the south (into which the Blackadder runs, after joining the Whiteadder) and the Lammermuir Hills to the north. Fogo's inhabitants were small in number and over the centuries, after the Angles settled in NE England, they probably became closely related. There was little opportunity to thrive in this agricultural setting but the church and land had links to both Melrose Abbey (Cistercian 1136 - 1557) just 21 miles to the SW and Jedburgh Abbey (Augustinian 1118 - 1560) 23 miles south. Jedburgh and Melrose are separated by only 15 miles. People from Fogo could well have migrated to these two thriving places and there is certainly evidence for this.

A Sir Richard of Fogo is mentioned in a document of 1267 giving land to Melrose Abbey and the Abbey had a William Fogo as abbot from 1310 - 1329 and a John Fogo from 1425 - 1434. Fogo used as a hereditary surname probably began for ordinary families around the time of the introduction of Parish Records in 1538 though aristocratic families had been using surnames since the thirteenth century. Jedburgh is a place where the Fogo surname was more common in the 17/18th century than elsewhere.

John Fogo, otherwise Frosty-faced Fogo, was born in London around 1790, based on his estimated age at death, but he was of uncertain parentage. However, after considerable research there is a very strong possibility that he is the grandson of a Robert Fogo, mariner, who arrived from Plymouth but who had sailed there from Scotland. An analysis of all the Robert Fogo's in Scotland who could be this person leaves, to my mind, just one main suspect and he is the son of James Fogo and Margaret Smeel, born on September 6th 1721 in Jedburgh. Below is an extract from his family tree that it has been possible to trace so far.

Robert Fogo's family tree in Jedburgh



Jedburgh Fogos

After the Abbey's dissolution in 1650, Jedburgh had built up a thriving contraband trade based upon the unequal duties levied on certain goods at the customs houses of England and Scotland. This trade would have encouraged growth in the town. The earliest *recorded* Fogos in Jedburgh seems to be **Thomas Fogo**, burgess, who left a will dated 23rd June 1597, and **James Fogo**, [testament of 18 Dec 1601] maltman and burgess, who lived and died while James VI was the King of Scotland, before he became King James I with the union of English and Scottish crowns which took place in 1603. Malted grain [mostly barley] is used to make beer, whisky and malted vinegar, and a burgess is a freeman who is a merchant or craftsman, often also an official in a municipality. Malting was an important occupation in Jedburgh. Another occupation in this market town, situated in a sheep-rearing area, was tanning.

There is a gap between these first Fogos and the next generation of Fogos appearing in Jedburgh so that one cannot say with any certainty that either is a common ancestor to those that follow, though the **John Fogo/Foggo/Feogo**, in the table above, was also a maltman. There are a few John Fogos born elsewhere who might have migrated to Jedburgh; John son of John Fogo Chr. 4 Oct 1646 in Kilmarnock; John son of Andrew Fogo Chr. 28 Aug 1650 Ceres, Fife; John son of David F? Chr. 4 Apr 1660 Lanark.

In the first half of the eighteenth century events took place in Jedburgh that caused many people living there, the Fogo families in particular, to seek work and security elsewhere. Some people think that it was the Darien Scheme, which virtually bankrupt Scotland, which led to the 1707 Act of Union with England, and this in turn saw punitive taxes imposed on traditional Scottish goods resulting in a decline in industries such as tanning and malting, particularly in Jedburgh. In 1716 James Stuart, the Old Pretender passed through Jedburgh and it was

possibly this uncertainty that led a few early Fogos finding their way to London. By 1741 Jedburgh was in a state of poverty, and financial assistance had to be sought. This was followed by the passing through Jedburgh of Bonnie Prince Charlie in November 1745/January 1746. Many Scots from the area migrated south to find better employment opportunities and security. It seems to have been at this time that another group of Jedburgh Fogos left to find some prosperity in London's Docklands. The fact that the Fogos detailed below were in this part of Scotland in some numbers up to this period then largely disappeared; while at the same time a mushrooming of Fogos appears in England, and particularly London, can be no mere coincidence.

In the records listed below I have selected those where there may be some connection to the five **Robert Fogos** in Scotland at this period and show which of them might possibly have migrated south. Besides the **Robert Fogo** who married in Plymouth in 1748 and migrated to London, and who is the possible grandfather of **John 'Frosty' Fogo**, there is also the **Robert Fogo** who married in London in 1744 - a gardener, to consider as a Scottish Fogo.

Going back to Jedburgh's Fogos, the next generation to appear in the Jedburgh records after the first **Thomas** and **James Fogo**, burgesses, above, include a Dandie Fogo, a George Fogo who were both probably born around 1630-40, possibly brothers, and a possible William Fogo;

A) Dandie Fogo

- Married:
- Children:
 - 1) William Chr. 6 May 1660 Jedburgh
 - 2) George Chr. 25 Aug 1664 Jedburgh
 - 3) Isabel Chr. 7 Feb 1667 Jedburgh
 - 4) William Chr. 16 Aug 1668 Jedburgh
 - 5) Dandie Chr. 7 Apr 1672 Jedburgh

B) George Fogo born circa 1633

- Married: [20 Jun 1658 Kelso Jennit Carmichael (?)]
- Children:
 - 1) Marione Chr. 18 Apr 1664 Jedburgh m. 13 Jul 1692 Jedburgh Robert Huntar
 - 2) William Chr. 14 Apr 1667 Jedburgh
 - 3) George Chr. 5 Mar 1669 Jedburgh

C) William Fogo?

- Married: Dec 1669 Jedburgh Agnes Kirkup

The common use of the forenames George and William would seem to indicate that they were from the same family but there is then a gap to the next sequence of Fogos, none of whom can be safely linked to these first two Fogo families. The two females next, presumably sisters, married in Jedburgh while the **John Fogo (1)** next, and in the tree above, who is the first certain founder of the subsequent line, is probably their brother;

D) Margaret Fogo married Jedburgh 14 Jun 1682 Thomas Jerdaine

E) Jonet Fogo married Jedburgh 19 Dec 1683 Adam Rowle

1) John Fogo

- Married: 6 Aug 1684 Jedburgh **Ester Oliver**
- Children:
 - 1) Helen Fogo Chr. 1 Apr 1685 Jedburgh
 - 2) **John Fogo** Chr. 11 Mar 1687 Jedburgh [*twin*] (**1a**)
 - 3) Alisone Fogo Chr. 11 Mar 1687 Jedburgh [m. Cavers, Roxburgh, 6 Jul 1705 James Blythe]
 - 4) **James Foggo** Chr. 30 May 1691 Jedburgh [Foggo] (**1b**)
 - 5) **Thomas Foggo** Chr. 20 Aug 1693 Jedburgh [Foggo] (**1c**)
 - 6) Elizabeth /FogoFeogo Chr. 29 Sep 1695 Jedburgh
 - 7) **William (?) (1d)**

No burial records have survived for this period but John Fogo and his children all seem to have remained in Roxburghshire and the boys all in Jedburgh. William isn't listed amongst the children of John but even though his baptism and birth are absent, it seems likely that he was 'family'.

One possibility is that the father came from elsewhere - A **Johne Fogo** was baptised 28 Aug 1650 at Ceres, Fife s.o. **Andrew Fogo** and **Helene Williamsone**. This would account for the Helen and Andrew forenames in the family? The **Robert Fogo** in London named his sons William and Andrew.

1a) John Fogo Chr. 11 Mar 1687 Jedburgh [*twin*]

- Married: 20 Mar 1709 Jedburgh Helen Henderson
- Children:
 - 1) Isobell Fogo Chr. 18 Dec 1709 Jedburgh m. 15 Nov 1736 Jedburgh Alexander Maddar
 - 2) **John Fogo** Chr. 24 May 1712 Jedburgh (**1a1**)
 - 3) Ester Fogo Chr. 28 Nov 1714 Jedburgh
 - 4) Helen Fogo b. 3 Aug Chr. 7 Aug 1717 Jedburgh m. 1751 Walter Finnie, journeyman mason

The three brothers, John, James and Thomas all had a son called John of similar age but one of these remained in Jedburgh and had children there. Since we know *this* John's daughter Isobell remained in Jedburgh I am allocating *her* brother John to be the next, though he could just as easily be the son of one of the other uncles. The father is called a merchant on son John's birth record and his marriage record.

1a1) John Fogo Chr. 24 May 1712 Jedburgh

- Married:
- Children:
 - 1) Elizabeth b. 10 Jul Chr. 13 Jul 1748 Jedburgh
 - 2) [unknown] Chr. 4 Feb 1750 Jedburgh

A John Fogo married a Jean Smith in Lauder, Berwickshire on 29 Nov 1723 - link to the James Fogo of Lauder (X) below?

1b) James Fogo Chr. 30 May 1691 Jedburgh [Foggo]

- Married: 6 Nov 1716 Jedburgh **Margaret Smeal** d.o. John Smeal [Smeat/Sniat?]
- Children:
 - 1) **John** b. 6 Oct 1717, Chr. 13 Oct 1717 Jedburgh (**1b1**)
 - 2) **James** b. 18 Sep, Chr. 21 Sep 1718 Jedburgh (**1b2**)
 - 3) Jannet b. 23 Feb, Chr. 28 Feb 1720 Jedburgh
 - 4) **Robert** b. 3 Sep, Chr. 6 Sep 1721 Jedburgh (**1b3**)
 - 5) **George** b. 30 Dec 1722 Chr. 27 Jan 1723 Jedburgh [Fogoe] (**1b4**)
 - 6) **Thomas** b. 29 Apr, Chr. 2 May 1725 Jedburgh [**twin**] (**1b5**)
 - 7) Esther Fogo b. 29 Apr, Chr. 2 May 1725 Jedburgh
 - 8) **William** b. 3 Dec 1728 Chr. 4 Dec 1728 Jedburgh married a Jane (**1b6**)
 - 9) Margaret b. 20 Jan 1731 Chr. 25 Jan 1731 Jedburgh
 - 10) Jean b. 27 Dec 1733 Chr. 30 Dec 1733 Jedburgh

James is sometimes called a 'glover' or 'Skinner glover'. It is notable that this family sometimes spelt their name as Foggo besides Fogo. This large family are of the most interest to us since the son **Robert** corresponds in age to the **Robert Foggo**, mariner, who married in Plymouth and then migrated to London. Several of his brothers are also of corresponding ages to other Fogos who also appeared in London around the same time. They all disappeared from Jedburgh. It is worth looking at the males in turn;

1b1) John Fogo [b. 6 Oct 1717, Chr. 13 Oct 1717 Jedburgh]

- Married:
- Child: **Andrew** [son of John] bur. 11 Sep 1757 St. Botolph, Aldgate

No other evidence for this John - though a John Fogo was buried at Minster, Kent on 21 Aug 1785. The child's forename is the same for London **Robert's** son **Andrew** Chr. 10 Feb 1756 and thus suggestive of a link.

1b2) James Fogo [Foggo] b. 18 Sep, Chr. 21 Sep 1718 Jedburgh

- Married I. 29 Aug 1740 St. Katherine by the Tower, **Alice Sheen**
- Child: George?
- Married II: 28 Oct 1754 Middlesex **Margaret Ludgate** St. Mary's, Tower Hamlets]

No proof that this is the Jedburgh James. The first marriage records James as a widower and his wife Alice as a widow. On the marriage certificate 28 Oct 1754, James was a widower, signed the register [his wife made an X] and the witnesses were Christ Briggs and Henry Cooley. A possible child was the **Margaret Fogo** b. 1758 who was in the Workhouse at St. Martin in the fields in 1783.

1b3) Robert Fogo {Foggo/Fogoe} b. 3 Sep, Chr. 6 Sep 1721 Jedburgh

- Married: 22 Dec 1748 Plymouth **Susanna Reed**
- SEE London section BELOW for this family, probable ancestor of **Frosty-faced Fogo**.

To reiterate: This **Robert** disappears from Jedburgh and one of similar age appears in Plymouth. He has twin girls. This Robert had a brother and sister who are twins and an aunt and uncle who are twins. The forenames used by this Scottish line are also used by the Plymouth/London Robert for his family. Men bearing the same forenames as his brothers appear in London around the same time.

1b4) George Fogo [Fogoe, Foggo] b. 30 Dec 1722 Chr. 27 Jan 1723 Jedburgh [Fogoe]

- Married: [4 Oct 1748 St. Benet Pauls Wharf, London, **Judith Guy**]

Judith was a widow when she married **George**, both from St. Mary, Whitechapel. On Jan 12 1749 a Judith Foggo was buried 'at the bottom of the South Isles' in St. Martin Outwich, City of London - maybe the same person. No children recorded. A George Fogo was charged at Middlesex Sessions 1 Sep 1767 with stealing goods worth £1 10s 3d. from Samuel Vaughan. As a lodger at Gloucester Court, Beer Lane Allhallows, Barking a George Fogo acted as a witness to a death.

1b5) Thomas Fogo [Fogg?] b. 29 Apr, Chr. 2 May 1725 Jedburgh [*twin*]

- Married: [a Thomas Fogg m. 17 Mar 1750 St. George, London Mary Nowell]

This is rather less likely. Fogg for Foggo or Fogo would be unusual. No other trace.

1b6) William Fogo mariner [b. 3 Dec 1728 Chr. 4 Dec 1728 Jedburgh married a Jane]

- Married: **Jane** [a **Jane Fogo** of *Match Walk*, buried 16 Aug 1760 at St. Paul, Shadwell - no age given*]
- Children:
 - 1) **Jane Fogue** was Chr. 23 Jan 1750 at St. Paul, Shadwell, Tower Hamlets - of the workhouse
 - 2) **Sarah Foego** Chr. 23 Mar 1743 St. Paul Tower Hamlets - of Spring Street

A **Jane Fogue** was paying rates in Red Lyon Court, Farringdon w/out, London in 1770 - 1774. A child **Robert Fogo** son of **Robert Fogo** of *Match Walk* was buried in 1756 - possibly link of William and Robert through this address - however, the burial * *could* be the **Jane Fogo** twin daughter of **Robert Fogo** born May 3rd 1753 rather than William's wife, and the **Robert Fogo** father of this child **Robert** be the 'Mariner' rather than the 'Gardener'? [See London Fogo section]

1c) Thomas Fogo Chr. 20 Aug 1693 Jedburgh

- Married: Jedburgh 22 Aug 1716 Helen Wilson
- Children:
 - 1) John Fogo b. 17 Aug 1717 Chr. 18 Aug 1717 Jedburgh
 - 2) Esther Fogo b. 26 Nov Chr. 1 Dec 1723 Jedburgh [m. 28 Jun 1739 St. Boswells, Mungo Paton?]
 - 3) Margaret b. 18 Jan Chr. 19 Jan 1729 Jedburgh

There is no further information on this family

1d) William

- Married:
- Children:
 - 1) Elizabeth b. 26 Mar 1716 Chr. 8 Apr 1716 Jedburgh

At Oxnam, Roxburgh a **William Foga** had the following children James Chr. 12 May 1707, Agnes (or Nans) Chr. 27 Mar 1709, Jennet Chr. 1 Jun 1711,

The **John Fogo (1)** who married **Esther Oliver** in Jedburgh in 1684 *may* have been related to the following - based solely upon forename usage. Non-Jedburgh.

X) James Fogo

- Married I: Helen Paterson [m. II 3 Nov 1683 Lauder, Berwick **Margaret** Hoggart?]
- Children:
 - 1) Janet b. 23 Jul Chr. 30 Jul 1682 Lauder, Berwick
 - 2) **Robert Fogo** b. 18 Aug, Chr. 20 Aug 1686 Lauder, Berwick s.o. James and Helen
 - 3) Margaret b. 11 May, Chr. 17 May 1691 Lauder

In Lauder, Berwick a later James Fogo married to an Elspeth Simpson had four daughters, Alison, Bessie, Elspeth and Helen. This Robert not followed because of his age. On the 1841 census in Lauder is a David Fogg (60) with a son Robert (21) - Agricultural labourer.

In Berwick the surname can vary: Fogy, Fogae, Foga, Fogue, Fogah - and includes a **Robert Fogy** Chr. 12 Jan 1724 at Gordon, Berwick, s.o. Peter Fogy. Not followed because of the father's forename. None of the Berwickshire Fogos fit the bill for the Robert Foggo who married in Plymouth.

The Robert Foggo who surfaced in Plymouth doesn't seem to have had any other connection to the town apart from his 'marine' occupation - though there are two people with similar surnames who were buried or born there;

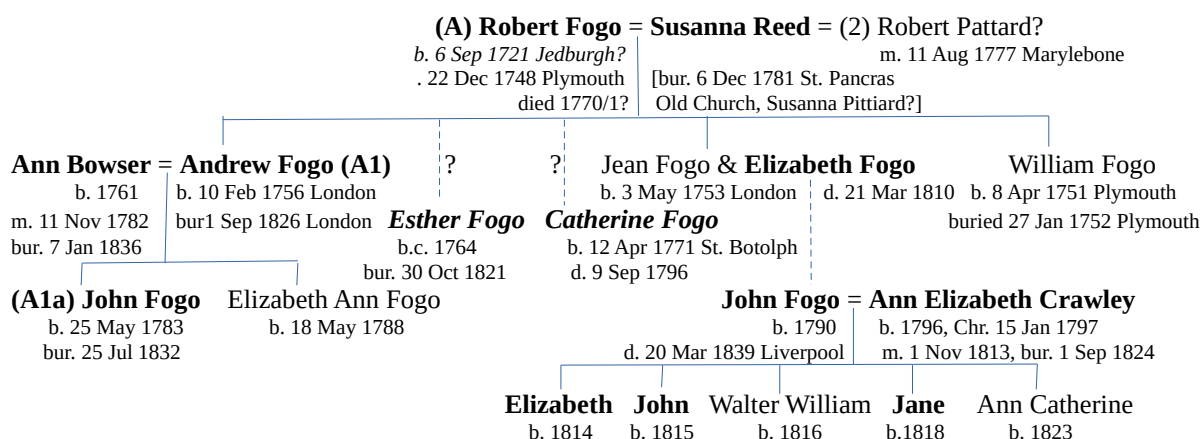
A) Elias Fogue bur. 29 Jun 1742 Charles the Martyr, Plymouth s.o. **Elias**

B) Catherine Bery Feugo Chr. 28 Apr 1765 Plymouth Unitarian Chapel Plymouth d.o. John and Elizabeth Feugo [possibly *not* a Fogo, maybe a Fugo or Foogo?]

Neither family traced anywhere else, before or after these dates.

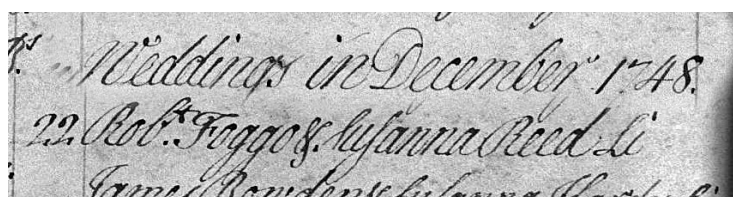
FOGOS IN LONDON

In London, where we first find **John 'Frosty-faced' Fogo**, there were several families bearing the surname, and they mostly lived in East London, often also being 'Dissenters.' One of the literary references describes John as 'being distinguished from the rest of the Fogo family....' suggesting that there were more Fogos around who were related to him (270304B). In a poem describing his early years, John Fogo mentions only his mother and that he was a 'single kid', so these other Fogos must have been cousins, aunts and uncles. Unfortunately John doesn't name his mother but an examination of *all* the potential single Fogo women and widows who could qualify as the mother of a single child circa 1789/90 leaves only one strong candidate - **Elizabeth Fogo** and this proposal is shown in the following suggested tree where she is identified as the daughter of **Robert Fogo**. Only one other John Fogo existed in London who was contemporary with our John, and he would, if the above assumption is correct, turn out to be his first cousin. I propose that this **Robert Fogo** came from Jedburgh and his brothers there; John, James George, Thomas and William *could* be some of these other London Fogos, suggesting the migration of a whole family plus maybe other Scottish Fogos from Fife, Roxburgh and Berwick, principally mariners, to London's eastern docklands area. That is the possible Scottish ancestry as shown above.



A) Robert Foggo [Fogo/Fagoe - born 6 Sep 1721 Jedburgh]

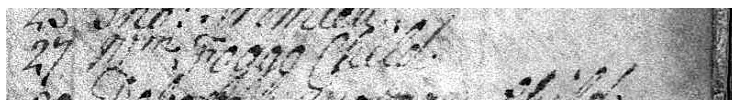
- Married: 22 Dec 1748 St. Andrew, Plymouth [by licence] **Susanna Reed** [Chr. 1 Jun 1718 Topsham, Devon, d.o. James and Susanna Reed?]
- Children:
 - 1) **William Fagoe** Chr. 8 Apr 1751 Norley St., near Bilbury St., Presbyterian, Plymouth, buried 27 Jan 1752 (child, Foggo) St. Andrew's Anglican, Plymouth
 - 2) **Jean & Elizabeth Foggo** twins Chr. 3 May 1753 St. Andrews Scotch Church, Stepney
 - 3) **Andrew Foggo** Chr. 10 Feb 1756 independent piece, Pell, St. George's in the East, late Nightingale lane, united with Old Gavel Lane [address Redmaid Lane in St. Georges in the East.] **(A1)**



Marriage Robert Foggo to Susanna Reed 22 Dec 1748 St. Andrew, Plymouth

April 8th William - son of Robert & Susanna Fagoe - - - - B.

Baptism of William Fagoe, s.o. Robert & Susanna 8 Apr 1751 Norley St. Presbyterian, Plymouth



Burial of William Foggo (child) 27 Jan 1752 St. Andrews, Plymouth

The family must have moved from Plymouth to the docklands area of London circa 1752, probably after the death of William, their first child. The next children born were *twins*, **Jean** and **Elizabeth**.

14 Jean, & Elizabeth, twin Daughters of Robert & Susannah Fogo baptised May. 3. 1753.
 15 John, Son of Joseph Hall & Elizabeth his wife baptised May. 3. 1753.

Baptism of Jean and Elizabeth Fogo 3 May 1753 St. Andrews Scotch church, Stepney

This is of important significance - twins tend to run in families. The **Robert Fogo**/Foggo Chr. 6 Sep 1721 in Jedburgh had a brother and sister, Thomas and **Esther**, who were twins [Chr. 2 May 1725] and his father **James Fogo** [Chr. 30 May 1691 Jedburgh] also had a brother and sister who were twins - John and Alisone] Chr. 11 Mar 1687 Jedburgh]. I feel that the mariner Robert Fogo in Plymouth/London is the same as the Jedburgh man partly for that reason, plus the fact that their families used the same common forenames and that his age fits very well. It isn't know what happened daughter **Jean** but she *could* be the **Jane Fogo** buried 7 Oct 1753 St. George's in the East, Tower Hamlets or even the **Jane Fogo** born circa 1750, buried 27 Apr 1833 St. Anne, Limehouse [Tower Hamlets] [but see also another **Robert Fogo (B)** next for other **Jane Fogo** burials].

Andrew Fogo son of Robert Fogo & Susanna his Wife. Redmild Lane in St Georges in the East Feb^y 10.

Baptism of Andrew Fogo 10 Feb 1756 St. Georges in the East s.o. Robert & Susanna

For **Elizabeth** as possible mother of our **John Fogo**, see below. The next child born to the couple was **Andrew** in 1756 (**A1**) whose family follows, and who lived in the St. Botolph without Aldgate area.

One other record was for an **Esther Fogo** born circa 1764, buried 30 Oct 1821 St. Botolph without, Aldgate - this *may* have been another child of Robert and Susanna, Esther being the name of the sister of the Jedburgh Robert. There is no other trace of her. She is the only other contender for **John Fogo's** mother, but her burial places her further east than the haunts of John Fogo or his mother - however, if it *were she*, it would still seem to lead us back to Robert Fogo.

Esther Fogo Harrow Alley October 30th 1821 aged 57

Burial of Esther Fogo, aged 57, of Harrow Alley on 30 Oct 1821 St. Botolph

There is, as yet, no certain trace of the parents later, but Robert possibly died c. 1770/1 - a **Susanna Fogo** married a Robert Pattard on 11 Aug 1777 at Marylebone, *but* that Susanna stated that she was a spinster?

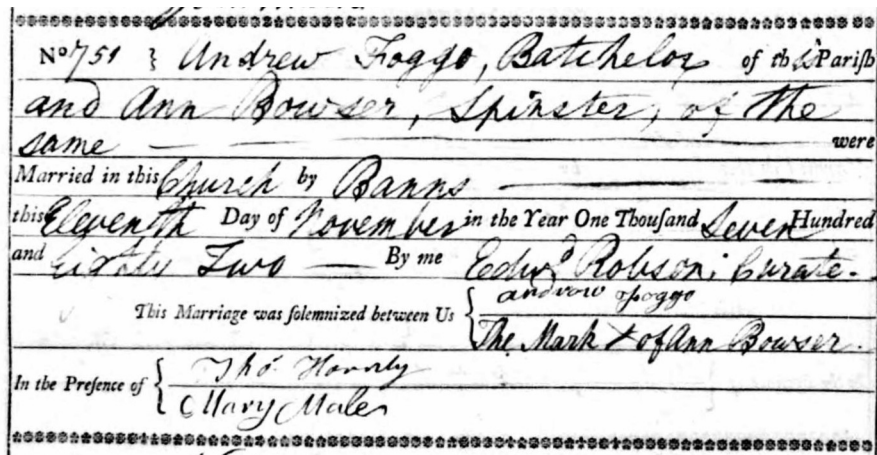
A **Catherine Fogo** was born 12 April, and Chr. 6 Dec 1771 St. Botolph, Aldgate d.o. **Susanna Fogo** from the Workhouse in Nightingale lane [same area Andrew had been Christened]. This child was in the workhouse or apprenticed from 1774-1786. She was tasked with picking oakum. She died in the Workhouse on 9 Sep 1796. Her mother **Susanna Fogo** may well be the now-widowed mother of **Elizabeth**, and explain why Elizabeth was also apprenticed out in 1768 - her mother re-marrying in 1777. This daughter **Catherine** could be the person' after whom Frosty named his youngest daughter in 1823. Finally, could the child **Robert** s.o. Robert [of Match Walk] bur. 2 Jun 1756 St. Paul, Shadwell, Tower Hamlets be *this* Robert's son?

N^o 806
 Banns of Marriage between Robert Pattard of this Parish & Susanna Fogo of the same Parish were published on the three Sundays underwritten:
 That is to say, On Sunday, the 27th July by me B. Beccford
 On Sunday, the 3rd August by me Andrew Philip Cotton
 On Sunday, the 10th August by me the same

Marriage of Susanna Fogo (by Banns) and Robert Pattard 11 August 1777, Marylebone

Dec^r 2 Thomas Dillon.
 2 Edward Edley.
 C Mary Brooks.
 C Susanna Pittiard.
 C Luke Curtis.
 C George Jorderoy.
 C John Pittiard.

Burial of pauper Susanna Pittiard Dec 6th 1781 St. Pancras Old Church.

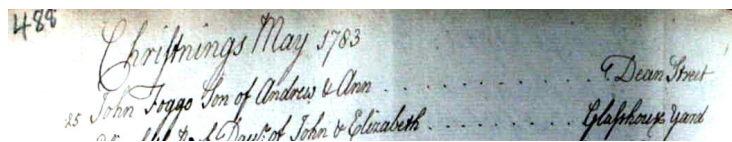


Marriage of Andrew Foggo and Ann Bowser 11 Nov. 1782 St. Mary, Whitechapel

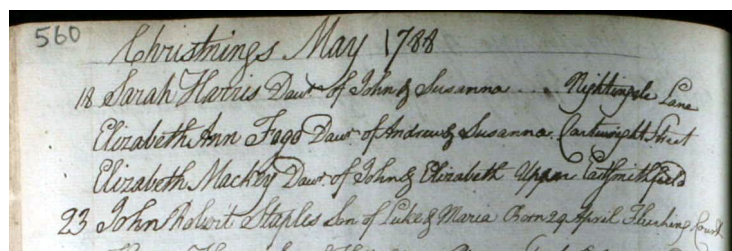
A1) Andrew Fogo [Fage][Andrew Foge/Foggo aged 65 bur. 1 Sep 1826 St. Botolph, Aldgate, Cock & Hoop yd]

- Married: [as Foggo] 11 Nov 1782 St. Mary's Whitechapel **Ann Bowser** [Ann/Susanna at baptisms] the **Ann Fogo** b. 1761 buried 17 Jan 1836 St. Botolph without Aldgate - from the Workhouse, Cock & Hoop Yard.]
- Children:
 - 1) **John Foggo** Chr. 25 May 1783 St. Botolph [Andrew & Ann Foggo of Dean St] [the **John Fogo** [b. 1787] buried 25 Jul 1832 St. Botolph. of Still Alley] (**A1a**)
 - 2) **Elizabeth Ann Fogo** Chr. 18 May 1788 St. Botolph [Andrew & Susanna Fogo of Cartwright St] [the Elizabeth Fogg aged 37 bur. 24 Feb 1830 St. Botolph w/out of 12, Brown's Court? doubtful]

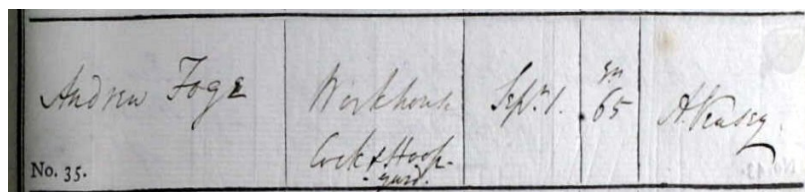
Andrew, the son of Robert & Susanna? The daughter **Elizabeth Ann** was Christened at the same church and in the same year that our John's wife's parents, Thomas Crawley and Elizabeth King, were married - and they called *their* daughter, born 1796, Ann Elizabeth. Baptisms where two forenames were given to a daughter were still scarce at this time. Members of this family are connected by the church in which they were baptised and buried. Andrew's son, **John Fogo**, would have been first cousin to our **John Fogo** if the above table is correct.



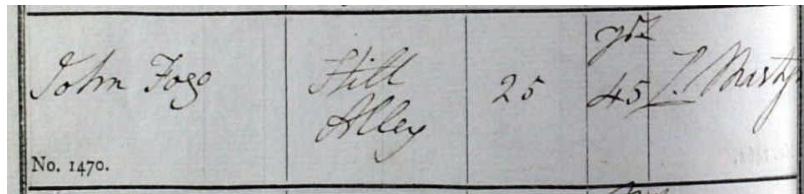
Baptism of John Foggo, of Dean Street, s.o. Andrew & Ann, 25 May 1783 St. Botolph



Baptism of Elizabeth Ann Fogo, of Cartwright St., d.o. Andrew & Susanna, 18 May 1788 St. Botolph



Burial of Andrew Fogo, aged 65, 1 Sep 1826 St. Botolph w/out



Burial of John Fogo 25 Jul 1832 St. Botolph, aged 45

A1a) John Fogo Chr. 25 May 1783 St. Botolph, buried 25 Jul 1832 St. Botolph. of Still Alley

There is no evidence that this contemporary and namesake of our **John** ever married. It is interesting that they both died aged 49. No further trace found of his sister Elizabeth Ann.

The other London Fogos

B) Robert Fogo gardener [literate - he signed his marriage bond 4th Feb 1744]

- Married: **Jane Scudder** Feb 1744 Holy Trinity Minorities
- Children:
 - 1) **John Scudder Fogo** Chr. 19 Jan 1747 St. Geo in East. [Robert & Jane] Sun T Fields, married a Martha?
 - 2) **Jane Fogo** Chr. 15 Aug 1749 St. George Stepney d.o. [Robert & Jane Fogo, Sun Tavr Fields]

The Jane Fogo burial on 12 Jan 1753 St. George in the East, Tower Hamlets, could well be of the mother or daughter above [Interestingly, on 14 Jan 1753 in the same entry, a Mary Scudder of the Blue Anchor was buried] but there is also a burial; **Jane Fogo** b.c. 1750 bur. 27 Apr 1833 St. Anne, Limehouse [Tower Hamlets] which would be more likely to be the daughter. See above **Robert Fogo (A)** for two more **Jane Fogo** burials.

- 3) **Robert Scudder Fogo** Chr. 30 Jan 1756 St. George in the East. [Robert and Ann Fogo] 18 days old at baptism, address The Workhouse. The **Robert Fogo**, s.o. Robert [of *Match Walk*] buried 2 Jun 1756 St. Paul, Shadwell, Tower Hamlets? or **(A)**? - see **William Fogo (D)** for Shadwell link

A different mother's name given for this third child. Could this second **Robert Fogo** in London also be a Scottish migrant? See previous for other Roberts. He may even be related to the Robert **(A)**?

A **Rob. Foggo** s.o. **John** and **Martha Foggo** baptised 1794 Christchurch, Newgate [Pallots record] might refer to a son of the above **John Scudder Fogo**? No marriage traced for a John Fogo to a Martha.

Our John Fogo married in Finsbury where his wife came from, and he lived there for a decade after his marriage. The following are Fogos who were at least buried in the Finsbury district;



C1 Burial of Andrew Fogo s.o. John 11 Sep 1757 St. Botolph, of Long Cellar



C2 Burial of Andrew Foggo 4 Oct 1782 St. Botolph, of Burr Street

C1) Andrew Fogo s.o. **John** bur. 11 Sep 1757 St. Botolph, Aldgate. [A John Fogo was bur. 21 Aug 1785 at Minster, Kent]. No further information.

C2) Andrew Foggo - buried at the same church of St. Botolph, on 4 Oct 1782 [no age given] from Burr Street - It would seem that all these persons could somehow be related. Possibly related to **Andrew Fogo (A1)**?

D) William Fogue/Foego mariner [another possible brother of **Robert**? - see above Scottish Fogos.]

- Married: **Jane** [a **Jane Fogo** of *Match Walk*, buried 16 Aug 1760 at St. Paul, Shadwell - no age given]
- Children:
 - 1) **William Zachariah** Chr. 1738 St. Paul, Shadwell
 - 2) **Sarah Foego** Chr. 23 Mar 1743 St. Paul Tower Hamlets, of Spring Street
 - 3) **Jane Fogue** was Chr. 23 Jan 1750 at St. Paul, Shadwell, Tower Hamlets. In the Workhouse

A **Jane Fogue** was paying rates in Red Lyon Court, Farringdon w/out, London in 1770 - 1774

E) Sarah Fogo Chr. 9 Nov 1729 St. Brides, Fleet Street d.o. **George** and **Sarah Fogo** of Whitefryers.

F) Mr. Henry Fogo b. 1692 bur. 11 Jul 1776 Bunhill Fields, London - Dissenter

- Married: **Mrs Fogo** bur. 18 Nov 1771 Bunhill Fields.
- Children:
 - 1) Margaret b. 1731, bur. 1810 Bunhill Fields [a Miss Margaret was also bur. 22 Feb 1786 Bunhill]

- 2) Elizabeth b. 1732 bur. 27 Feb 1810 Bunhill Fields, Left her possessions in her will to sister Margaret and brother William Fogo.

Land Tax records 1756 - 62 - Cripplegate within - Henry Fogo. The fact that the title Mr. and Mrs. is used suggests that this family were wealthy. Our **John 'Frosty' Fogo** was literate whereas most of the other Fogos were not - signing documents with an X, but I doubt whether John had come from a wealthy background since he spent all his life in poverty. However, this Henry, like John, was a Dissenter. Related to the next, **Henry Fogo**? One other **Henry Fogo** was a merchant from Edinburgh who lived in London but died back in Edinburgh.

G) Henry Fogo

- Married: **Mary**
- Children:
 - 1) **Henry John Fogo** b. 2 Oct, Chr. 31 Oct 1779 St. James, Piccadilly s.o. Henry and Mary Fogo
 - 2) **Frances Fogo** Chr. 4 Sep 1781 Saxham Suffolk? - the Frances Fogo who married 13 Nov 1802 St. Luke, Chelsea, Edward Augustus D'arcy

An **Ann Fogo** b.c. 1744 bur. 3 Jan 1816* St. Luke, Chelsea must also be connected with the last family.

H) James Foggo [b. 18 Sep, Chr. 21 Sep 1718 Jedburgh] married I. 29 Aug 1740 St. Katherine by the Tower, **Alice Sheen**, - had son George? [m. II 28 Oct 1754 Middlesex **Margaret Ludgate**, St. Mary's, Tower Hamlets]

No proof that this is the Jedburgh **James** and since no children traced, lacks further evidence. The first marriage records James as a widower and his wife Alice as a widow. On the marriage certificate 28 Oct 1754, James was a widower, signed the register [his wife made an X] and the witnesses were Christ Briggs and Henry Cooley. Should these prove to be the same James, then he is the brother of the Jedburgh **Robert Foggo**. A possible child was the **Margaret Fogo** b. 1758 who died in the workhouse at St. Martin in the fields 17 Jul 1783.

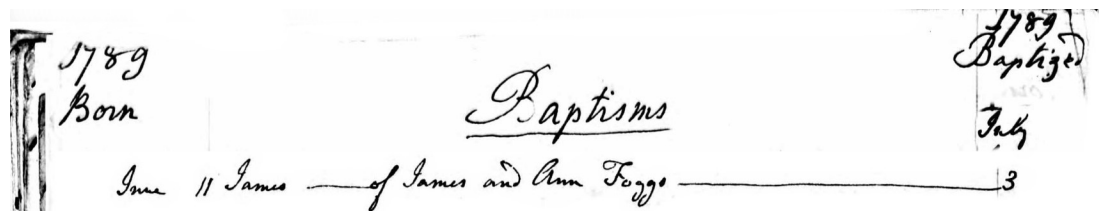
I) James Fogo who married Mary Dobby on 28 May 1798 at St. Giles w/out

J) James Foggo s.o. James and Ann Foggo bapt 3 Jul 1789 at St. James Clerkenwell

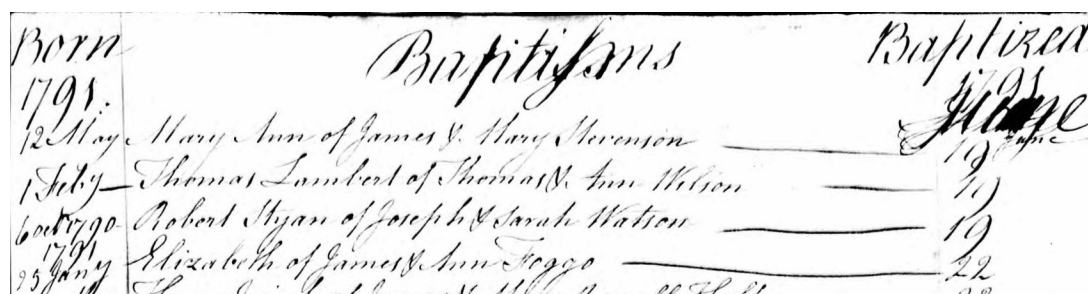
sister **Elizabeth Foggo** bap. 22 Jun 1791 St. James Clerkenwell

Note: A **James Fogo**, watch jeweller of Vineyard Walk, Clerkenwell took an apprentice [Richard Watts] on 26th June 1792 this is probably this James' father, James Fogo.

Though **James** [and sister Elizabeth] is called Foggo in the baptism register he is almost certainly the **James Fogo** aged 21 who was apprehended on 28 Jun 1810 and placed in Newgate Prison charged with assault and highway robbery on Susan Pickering, stealing £1 note from her. The incident was reported in the newspapers; *Daily Advertiser* 16 July 1810 - Pickpockets - W. Harding sentenced for knocking down Sarah Pickering and robbing her of a £1 note about a fortnight since, in company with **J. Fogo** who was committed a few days since [from Bow Street Office]. **James** and Harding were tried at the Old Bailey on 21 Jul 1810 for Highway Robbery but by verdict found not guilty and acquitted.



James Foggo b. 11 Jun Chr. 3 Jul 1789 St. James, Clerkenwell



Elizabeth Foggo b. 23 Jan Chr. 22 Jun 1791 St. James, Clerkenwell

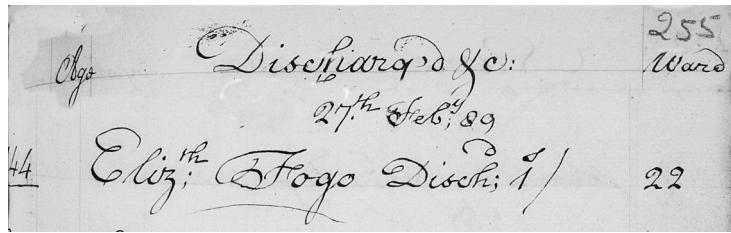
K) George Fogo [Fogoe, Foggo] [b. 30 Dec 1722 Chr. 27 Jan 1723 Jedburgh [Fogoe] - brother of Robert Fogo?]

- Married: [4 Oct 1748 St. Benet Pauls Wharf, London, **Judith Guy**]

Judith was a widow when she married **George**, both from St. Mary, Whitechapel. On Jan 12 1749 a Judith Foggo was buried 'at the bottom of the South Isles' in St. Martin Outwich, City of London - same? No children recorded. A George Fogo charged at Middlesex Sessions 1 Sep 1767 with stealing goods worth £1 10s 3d. from Samuel Vaughan. As a lodger at Gloucester Court, Beer Lane Allhallows, Barking a George Fogo was witness to a death.

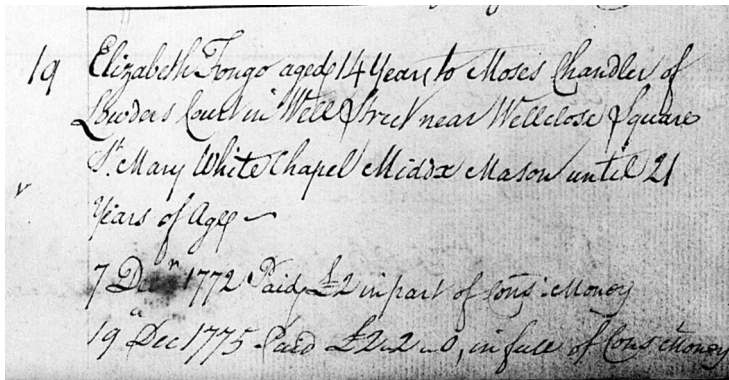
ELIZABETH FOGO

Chr. 3 May 1753 St. Andrews Scotch church, Stepney, d. 21 Mar 1810 St. Martin-in-the-Field workhouse



Elizabeth Fogo discharged from the Workhouse 27 Feb 1789

We saw above that a child **Catherine Fogo** was born 12 April, and Chr. 6 Dec 1771 St. Botolph, Aldgate d.o. **Susanna Fogo** from the Workhouse in Nightingale lane. This seems to be the wife of Robert Fogo and since he isn't mentioned we may assume that he had died and the family entered the workhouse - or at least Susanna did in order to have the child. This child was back in the workhouse from 1774-1786 and died in the Workhouse on 9 Sep 1796. The family's poverty would explain why her other daughter Elizabeth was apprenticed out in 1768. Her mother **Susanna Fogo** then married again in 1777. The first mention of **Elizabeth [Fougo]** seems to be when, aged 14, she is apprenticed out by the Westminster, Poor Law and Parish Administration to a mason, Moses Chandler, until her majority when aged 21. In these records Elizabeth's age varies by up to five years.



Left Westminster St. Margaret, London

1772 Oct 19th **Elizabeth Fougo** aged 14 years to Moses Chandler of Lowders Court in Well Street, near Wellclose Square, St. Mary Whitechapel, Middx. mason until 21 years of age.

7 Dec 1772 Paid £2 in part of Cons. money
19 Dec 1775 Paid £2 2 0 in full of Cons. money

[If aged 21 in 1775 it means she was born circa 1753/4 and first apprenticed in 1768]

1776 sees her released from her time with Chandler and seemingly put out on the street, because it is only a very short time before she seeks assistance from the Workhouse;

Elizabeth Fogo in St. Martin-in-the Field - Workhouse Records

These records show the number of *times* a person was housed by the Workhouse up to a particular record date, and the wards they occupied when staying - on a few occasions she was put up, not in a ward, but in 'the shed' which seems a bit desperate! The surname **Fougo** became **Foggo** initially in these records but **Fogo** thereafter.

1776 Mar 8th 1 time [**Foggo**] - aged 21 - discharged 12 Jun 1776
1776 Oct 24th 2 times [**Foggo**] - aged 21 - ward 8
1777 Mar 5th - discharged ward 8
1777 Oct 30th admitted 3 times - aged 22 - discharged 21 Jan 1778 Ward 30
1778 Feb 2nd 4 times - aged 22 - **in labour** [on 7th?] **child stillborn** discharged 9 Mar 1778 Ward 10
1778 Oct 24th 5 times - aged 23 - discharged 5 Jan 1779 ward 27
1779 Feb 22nd 6 times - aged 23 - discharged 10 Jun 1779 ward 28
1779 Feb 22 - aged 28 - *Pass from St. Giles in y Field to Mr. Beavan*
1779 Dec 18th 7 times - aged 24 - discharged 10 Jan 1780 ward 30
1780 Oct 7th 8 times aged 24 - **she'd lost y^e house** [discharged] 12 March 1781
1783 May 5th 9 times - aged 29 - ward 32 discharged
1783 Oct 30th 10 times - aged 28 - discharged 26 Nov 1783 ward 25
1783 Oct 30th 10 times - aged 28 - absented 25 Dec 1783 ward 35
1784 Oct 6th 11 times - aged 29 **sent to Bridewell for robbing her lodgings** 27 Oct 1784
1784 Dec 18th - 12 times - aged 29 - discharged 17 Mar 1785 ward 10
1785 Oct 3rd - 13 times - aged 29 - discharged 14 Jan 1786 ward 10
1785 Oct 4th - 13 times - aged 29 - discharged ward 10
1786 Jan 14th - aged 29 - discharged ward 12
1786 Apr 1st 14 times - aged 29 - in the 'shed'

1786 Apr 18th - aged 29 - **Absented and stole several things belonging to Susan Richards** - in the 'shed'
 1788 Jan 3rd 15 times - aged 31
 1789 Jan 3 15 times - aged 31 - discharged, ward 22 - discharged **27 Feb 1789** ward 22 [see scan above]
 - **there then follows an important gap of 20 years**
 1809 Nov 15 - 16 times - aged 51 - ward 30
 1810 Mar 21st [**Foggo**] aged 51 **DIED** ward 30

From these records we can see that she had given birth at least once - to a stillborn child. She is never recorded as entering *with* a child from then on so presumably she didn't have another child between 1778 and 1789, at least not one that survived. In 1780 she was made homeless - suggesting that at some times she had been able to fend for herself. The records of 1784 and 1786 indicate that in order to survive she sometimes resorted to theft, and was punished for it - sent to Bridewell Prison, or put in the shed!

Then we come to February 1789 after which she disappears from the Workhouse records for 20 years. Why? Had she found a partner [though no marriage traced] and possibly had a child - our Frosty [also unrecorded]? I think that this is the most likely case, and that the father of her child may have been the owner of a sheeps-head business who subsequently died or left, and Elizabeth continued running it herself, single-handed until her son was able to [unwillingly] assist. Her tale is one of hardship, deprivation and survival. There would have been little room for compassion or affection towards her hard pressed son. Earning a pittance to survive and keep out of the workhouse would have been her only concern. This is entirely speculative but might explain, if true, why she was such a hard mother and why Frosty in his turn was so poor at managing his own family life, and why he also appears, after his wife's death, to have taken one or more partners with whom he, fairly contentedly, lived in the worst living conditions in London! Conditions he was perhaps conditioned to. He neglected his own children much as he had been neglected.

Born in 1790, we have no documentary information concerning Frosty until his marriage in 1813, when he would have been 23. This is where his poem "Jack Fogo to Tom Oliver" published on 14th of February 1830 in 'Bell's Life in London' fills some of the gap. It is his only reference to this period before 1813. The poem has a sub-title reference entitled " see *Douglas to Lord Randolph*". The reference is to the play 'DOUGLAS' written in 1757 by John Home, where Lady Randolph has a child by Douglas, the son of her father's enemy. The child is abandoned and raised by a shepherd who only wants to keep him at home and look after his flock. He eventually saves the life of Lord Randolph and earns his gratitude but the enmity of his heir. I don't think that Frosty was intimating any exact similarity between this plot and his own story, apart from the 'wanting to keep him home to look after his flock' and his feeling of abandonment. The poem begins;

My name is **Fogo**; - long, on **Mutton-hill**,
 My mother sold sheep's heads - a cross-grain'd faggot,*
 Whose only study was to save her blunt,*
 And keep her *only kid*, myself, at home:
 [* *faggot - an unpleasant or contemptible woman, blunt - money*]

This identifies where they lived, his mother's occupation and means of subsistence, and his being an only child, with no father mentioned. It is obvious that his mother was mean with money and a hard woman - not surprising if she is the woman I believe she is - it was a matter of survival. In the poem Frosty goes on to describe his attraction to the world of boxing and an incident in which he helped the police catch some thieves. He goes on;

Returning through *Field Lane*, my spirit spurn'd
 At selling bloody-jemmies* - and, having heard
 You wish'd a pal, at pugilistic matches,
 To aid you in the duties of the Ring,
 I cut the ould un's shop; but first made free
 To empty all the coppers from the till.
 [**Jemmy - a sheep's head*]

The verse bears all the hallmarks of veracity and is not some imagined story. He regards this incident as having been a turning point in his life and as a result, he stole the cash from his mother's till and ran away from home. He was writing this as a reminiscence in 1830 and doesn't indicate how old he had been at the time but the person he was attracted to, Tom Oliver, was at most a year older than himself and already carrying out boxing related duties, probably as assistant to Bill Gibbons, the Commissary of the Ring [he picked the pitch and set up the ropes and stakes for fights]. Oliver, born in 1789, Buckinghamshire, became a 12 stone boxer whose first fight was in 1811. In 1816 he became the Landlord of the Duke's Head, 31, Peter Street, Westminster. He inherited the position of Commissary in November 1821 and Frosty became his assistant. I think that Tom had been Gibbons assistant for a long time, probably since his early teens and it was around then that Frosty must have met and occasionally joined him. This contact must have been quite a while before Frosty's marriage in 1813 - possibly when Frosty

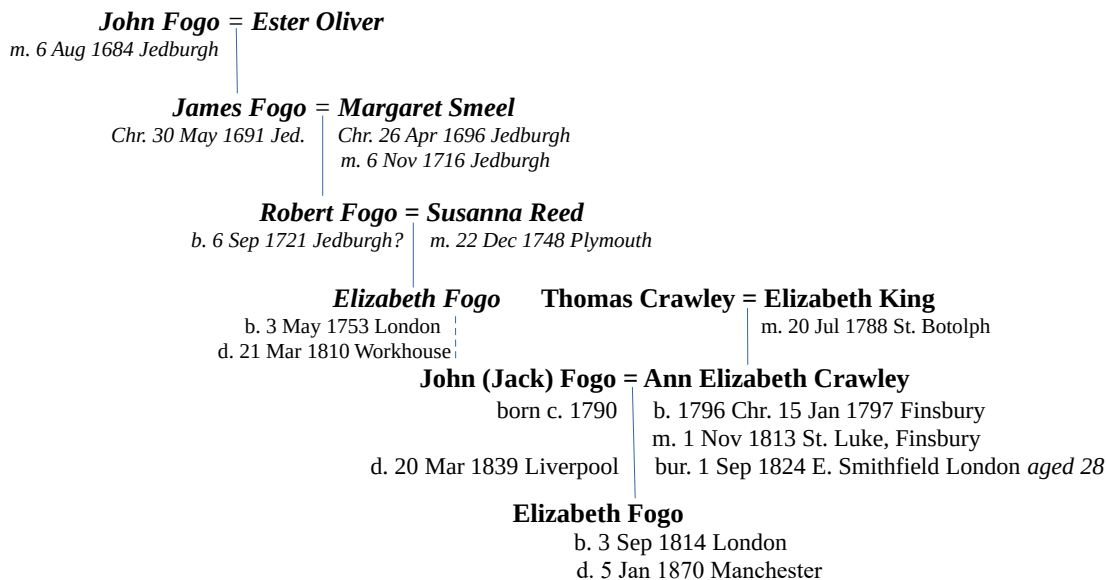
was in his middle to late 'teens, around 1805 - 1808. Frosty's 'mother', Elizabeth Fogo went through hard times and returned to the workhouse in 1809, and died there in 1810.

Frosty is severally recorded as being a shoemaker and listed as such in 1813 when he married. There is no suggestion in the above poem of his having a profession at the time he ran away from home. This profession of shoemaking must have come about *after* he left Mutton Hill for Finsbury [where he married] - he possibly learned the craft at Lambs Chapel Court [a haunt of shoemakers] where he still lived after his marriage. It was a trade that kept him employed until his interest in boxing [milling] was able to earn him an income. He was probably never apprenticed or a member of a guild, those qualified shoemakers often giving themselves the higher title of cordwainer, but he was more a cobbler or shoe repairer - self taught, and specialising in children's shoes. Discovery of guild records mentioning his name might disprove this, but I am very doubtful such a record exists.

I think that this is as close as we are likely to get at the moment to discovering any actual facts concerning Frosty's origin and early years. The obvious solution to Frosty's parentage would be finding a birth or baptismal record but none has surfaced. If his mother had been a widow I think there might have been more chance that one existed, if he had been born while she were still married - but no widows present themselves of an age that fits and we are left thinking that she must have been a single woman. One possibility is that his birth might have been registered at a workhouse and possibly, as is probably the case with the daughters of his own daughter, Elizabeth Fogo in Liverpool, the Workhouse records are lost. Should that be the case then we will never know for certain.

By a process of elimination I calculate that **Elizabeth Fogo** daughter of **Robert** and **Susanna** is the only serious candidate and all the circumstances fit the story well.

Below is the simplified family tree which I propose is the most likely one to be true, and which shows the traceable origin from John Fogo in Jedburgh down to my g-g-g-grandmother Elizabeth Fogo in MANCHESTER.



Frosty's early career and involvement in the pugilistic world from circa 1805 - 1820 is completely unknown, since we have no written records that ever mention his name in this period. From observer to follower and then assistant at ring side must have been a gradual progression and is more surprising when we know that he was facially disfigured, only 5 foot [1.52 metres] tall and probably as thin as a rake in his youth. To survive and become popular amongst boxers who were strong physical specimens he needed a special talent. His voice isn't recorded as anything special, though he could sing, but his attraction came from his wit and humour and his ability, on the spur of the moment, to create a 'chant' or poem [today's equivalent of a Rap] based on the boxing bouts he witnessed, using the slang popular with pugilists [even creating his own phrases or words]. He had a phenomenal memory, was fun to be with, probably playing the part of joker and clown, and was inoffensive to his friends. He was around when pugilism reached its peak and was mostly uncorrupted by criminal gamblers. He would have attended and witnessed some of the great fights during this period and slowly built up a reputation as wit and raconteur - all helped by his alliterative and memorable nickname - **Frosty-face**.

Apart from **Tom Oliver**, Frosty made many friends amongst his contemporary pugilists, and closest of all was **Jack Scroggins** (real name John Palmer), himself only 5' 4" tall but one of the pluckiest fighters of his day. Born December 31st, 1787, he was unbeaten from 1803 to 1816 [during this period he spent 9 years in the Navy]. Like Oliver, the rewards of boxing enabled him to open a public house - The Waterman's Arms at Stangate, Lambeth. In some of his fights at this time, one of his seconds was Tom Oliver and no doubt Frosty assisted. Unfortunately drink led to his downfall and post 1817, ever game, he lost most matches and spent much time sparring and amusing customers with his gurning and play-acting in the ring. He was a stump of a man and a

bosom pal of Frosty. Being illiterate, many of the poems in his name were probably the work of his friend.

Another friend was **Jem Ward** born December 25th, 1800, called the 'Black Diamond' who fought from 1822 - 1831 becoming English Champion and who supported Frosty, particularly in his latter years.

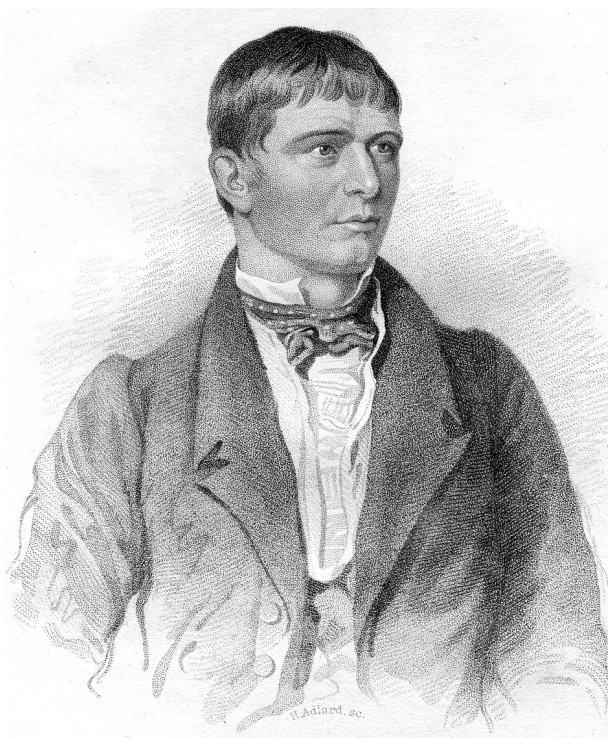
Frosty would seem to have acquired his fame singing his chaunts after the fights, usually in the local hostelry, and possibly many of these chaunts were printed and sold to earn him some extra cash. Unfortunately none seem to have survived from the period before 1820 but, as we will see, when he first surfaces in the press or literature, he was already of some celebrity and well-known in the London area and even further afield. Since he only wrote about fights that he had witnessed, we can be sure of his presence on those occasions, but we have no certain knowledge of which of the great fights he witnessed pre-1820 and I leave the reader to consult the early volumes of Egan's 'Boxiana' to fill the gap for themselves. Frosty was renowned for being able to recall all the details of virtually every fight that had taken place.



Jack Scroggins



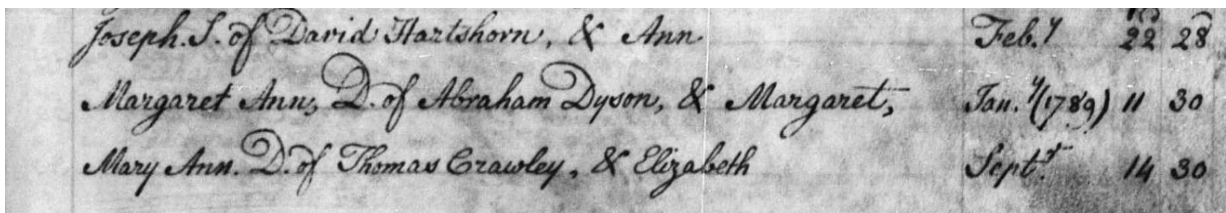
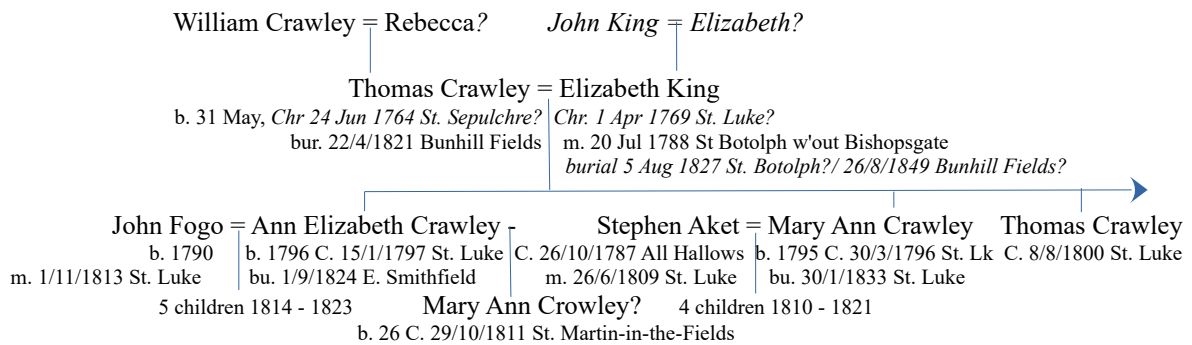
Tom Oliver



Jem Ward

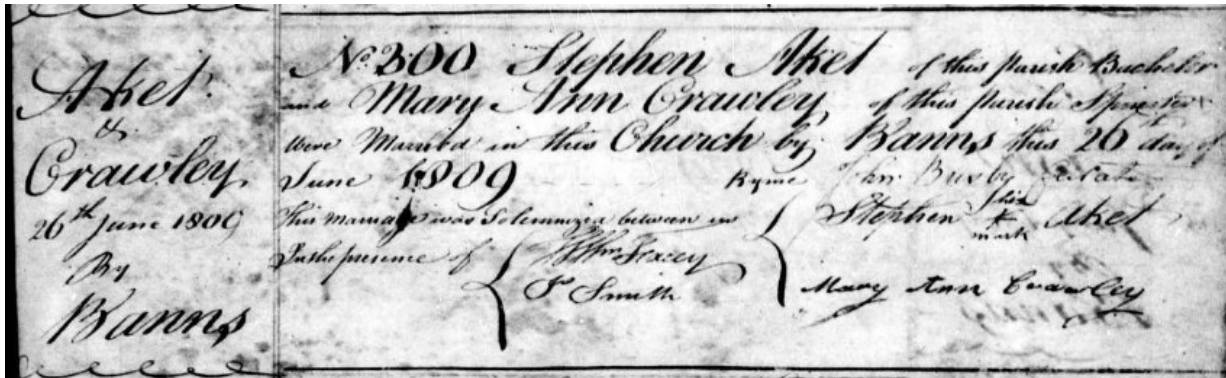
CRAWLEY FAMILY TREE

We have looked at John 'Frosty' Fogo's family tree, as far as we are able and this is a look at the tree of his wife and her connections, working back in time. Below [p. 17] is the marriage certificate of John Fogo and Ann Crawley, they married in St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury on 1st November 1813.



Mary Ann Crawley born 14 Sep 1795 Chr. 30 Jan 1796 St. Luke's Old Street Finsbury

It was slightly questionable whether the Ann Crawley on Frosty's marriage certificate actually *was* the Ann Elizabeth, daughter of Elizabeth and Thomas Crawley born 1796, but now being able to positively identify her sister Mary Ann confirms that they are one and the same. The witnesses to the wedding were Mary Aket and an M. Chacey. Before continuing with the Crawley family I shall identify the second witness, M. Chacey. Mary Chacey (Chasey), a dressmaker, was probably a friend of Ann and she was Christened on 18th November 1799 in Glastonbury, the daughter of William and Betty Chasey. She married carpenter Richard Huxtable [b. 25th August 1793 in Bondleigh, Devon] on 26th July 1824, also in St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury. Neither Frosty nor his wife were witnesses at their wedding.



Marriage of Stephen Aket and Mary Ann Crawley 26 June 1809 St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury

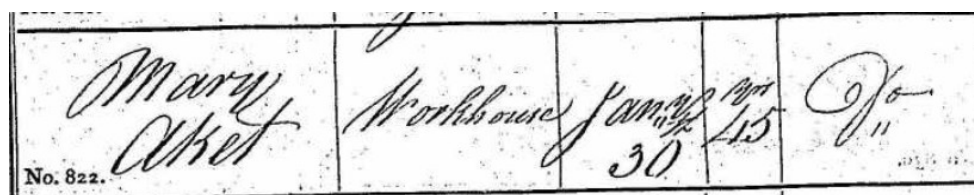
Mary Ann Crawley was born on September 14th 1795. At her death it was recorded that she was 'aged 45' making her birth circa 1788, the same as her husband [he must have given her that 'age']. She married Stephen Aket [son of John and Rebecca Aked] on June 26th 1809 in St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury. She was only 16 at her marriage! The previous year, aged 20, Stephen was in Newgate Prison on 20th January 1808, for stealing boots and shoes from a Benjamin Crockett, but was acquitted the next day. He was in court again [called Aked] on the 14th July 1808, and sentenced to six months in the house of correction, for stealing a watch.

They had four children;

- 1) Stephen John Thomas Chr. 1 Jul 1810 St. Luke Old Street
- 2) Stephen Chr. 22 Oct 1815 St. Luke Old Street.
- 3) Thomas George Chr. 27 Mar 1818 St. Luke Old Street [died 1891]

4) Mary Rebecca Chr. 29 Jul 1821 St. Luke Old Street [name of paternal grandmother *and* mother-in-law?]

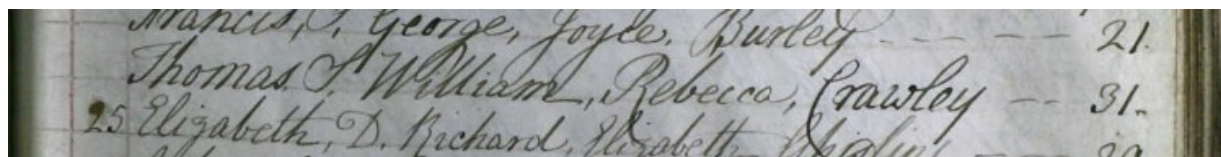
On Feb. 6th their son Stephen was sentenced to 7 days and being whipped for larceny and then on 22nd October 1832 to be transported for 7 years. On October 30th he was sent to the hulks - transported to Tasmania aboard the "Emperor Alexander" on April 6th 1833. This might have had some connection [*stress?*] to his mother Mary's death 'aged 45' (b. 1788) in the Workhouse, buried 30th January 1833 St. Luke Old Street.



Burial of Mary Aket from the Workhouse, 30 January 1833, St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury

An interesting further birth comes to light in 1811 when on October 26th a daughter Mary Ann Crowley [Crowley/Crawley often interchanged] was born to single mother Ann Crowley and baptised on 29th October at St. Martin in the Fields [by the Workhouse where Elizabeth Fogo died]. I think the mother is quite possibly Ann Elizabeth Crowley and I could find no similar candidate. A Mary Ann Crowley aged 19 was buried on 25 Dec. 1831 at Bethnal Green, Gibraltar Row Burial Ground. [Protestant dissenters] If the child had been Frosty's, would she have taken the surname Fogo? This child is not 100% proven to be Ann Elizabeth's but it might explain why, as an unmarried mother aged 16 she was prepared to marry a pockmarked, 5 foot tall Jack-the-Lad like Frosty.

When Ann died in 1824 Frosty would have had serious problems looking after his children alone, and a 13 year old daughter would have made a good temporary substitute-mother for them.

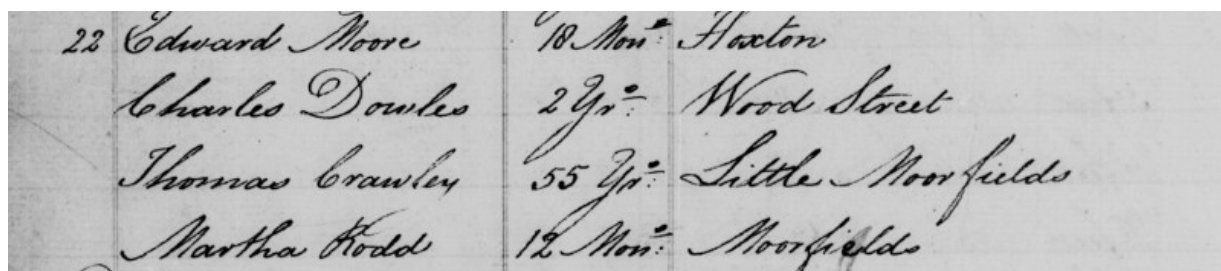


Taking the tree further back becomes more problematic. For Thomas Crawley, father of Ann Elizabeth and Mary Ann there are several possibilities but the most likely is the Thomas Crawley born 31st May, Christened 24th June 1764 at St. Sepulchre, Newgate s.o. William and Rebecca (*above*). This last couple also had a son William Chr. 22nd February 1767 at St. Sepulchre. His wife Elizabeth King is even more problematic since there are even more possible choices. Again, the most likely seems to be the Elizabeth King Chr. 1st April 1769 St. Luke Old Street Church d.o. John King and Elizabeth but there was also an Elizabeth King Chr. 25th April 1764 at St. Sepulchre d.o. Oliver and Elizabeth. There are other Kings and Crawleys recorded at St. Lukes who could be relatives but nothing proves any decisive links so far.

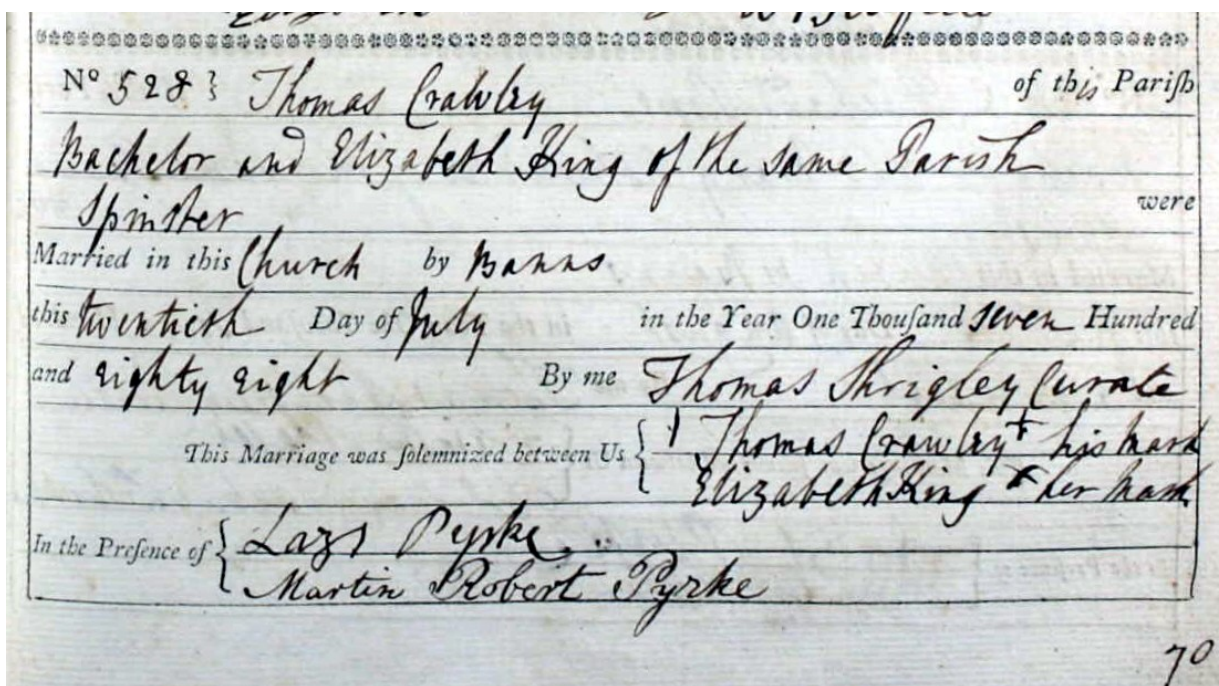
Thomas and Elizabeth Crawley had at least six children;

- 1) Martha Anne Chr. 8 Jun 1794 St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury
- 2) **Mary Ann Crawley** Chr. 30 Mar 1796 St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury m. Stephen Aket
- 3) **Ann Elizabeth** Chr. 15 Jan 1797 St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury m. John Fogo
- 4) Thomas Chr. 8 Aug 1800 St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury
- 5) Thomas George Chr. 11 Oct 1801 St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury
- 6) Robert James Stephen Chr. 1 Jul 1810 St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury

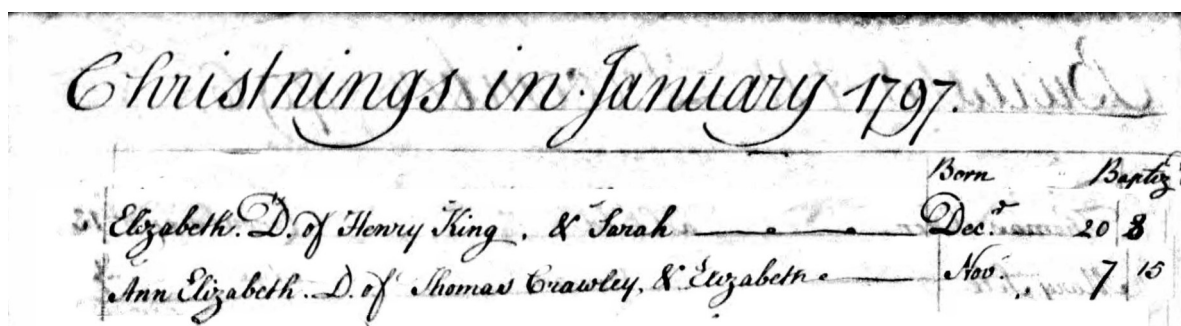
There are two possible candidates for Thomas Crawley's death; **Thomas Crawley** b. 1766, d. 12th August 1814 [Leather Lane] St. Andrew, Holborn, and another **Thomas Crawley** b. 1766 died aged 55 of Little Moorfields, buried 22nd April 1821 at Bunhill Fields, the latter being the most likely. For Elizabeth Crawley there are a few possible candidates and even more possible death dates.



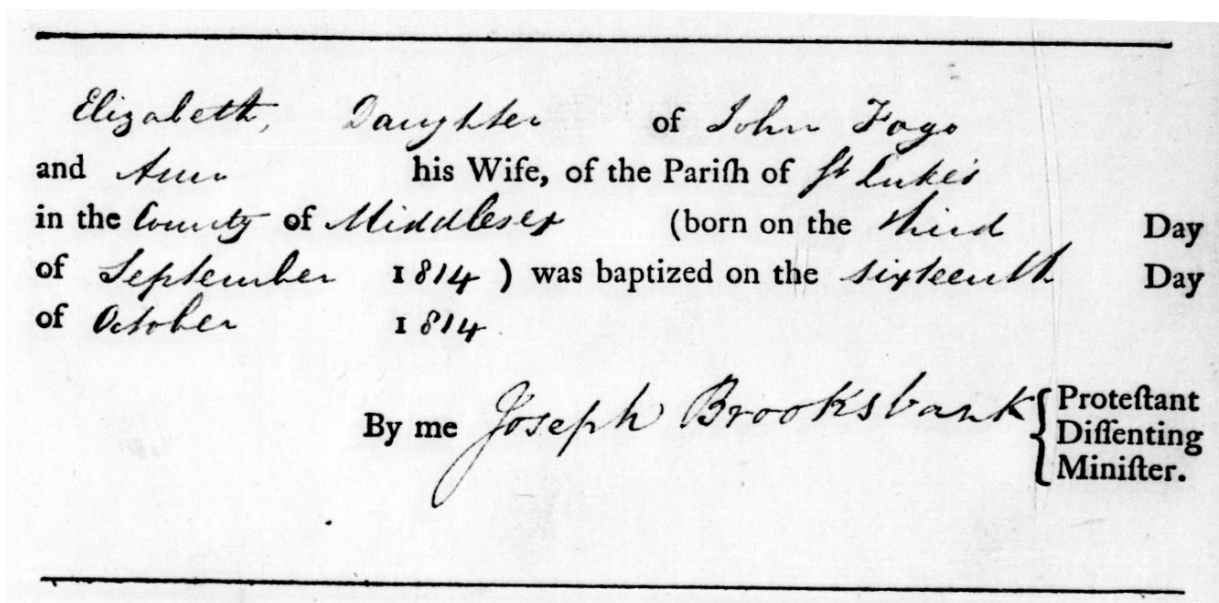
Burial of Thomas Crawley of Little Moorfields, 22nd April 1821 Bunhill Fields



Marriage of Thomas Crawley and Elizabeth King 20th July 1788 St. Botolph without, Bishopsgate

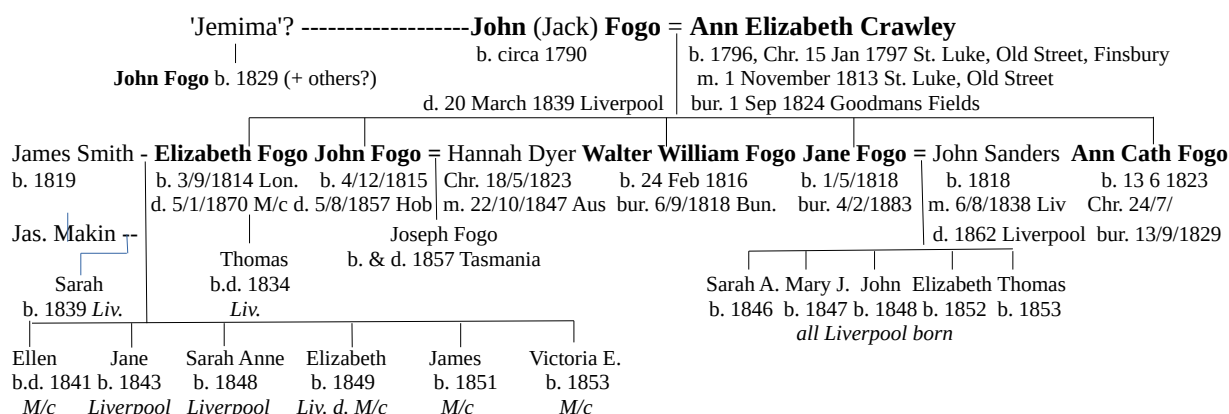


Ann Elizabeth Crawley born 7th November 1796, Chr. 15th Jan 1797 St. Lukes, Old Street, Finsbury



Birth 3rd September, Baptism 16th October of Elizabeth Fogo 1814, St. Luke's Parish, Haberdasher's Hall

JOHN (Jack) FOGO 1790 - 1839 'Frosty-faced Fogo'



No. 152.

John Fogo of *this* Parish
and *Ann Crawley* of *this* Parish
Spinster
were married in this *Church* by *Banns* with Consent of
this *Twist* Day of
remember in the Year One thousand eight hundred and *Thirteen*
By me *Leopoldus Lovell* Rector
This Marriage was solemnized between us { *John Fogo*
Ann Crawley
In the Presence of { *Mary* *Ther* *mark*
W. Bracy
No. 153.

Marriage of John Fogo and Ann (Elizabeth) Crawley 13th November 1813 St. Luke's, Old Street, Finsbury
witnesses Mary Aket and M. Bracey

John 'Jack' alias 'Frosty-Faced' Fogo born circa 1790, probable son of Elizabeth Fogo, died 20th March 1839 (Mar Q 20/392 Liverpool) - buried St. Mary cemetery 25th March 1839.

- Married: 1 Nov 1813 St. Luke, Old St., Finsbury **Ann Elizabeth Crawley** born 1796 Chr. 15 Jan 1797 Finsbury, d.o. Thomas and Elizabeth Crawley. The **Ann Fogo** aged 28, buried 1 Sep 1824 London Somerset Street, Goodmans Field [Presbyterian] burials. [her address on 20 July, Upper E. Smithfield]
- Children:
 - 1) **Elizabeth** born 3 Sep 1814 Chr. 16 Oct 1814 Haberdashers Hall (Independent) London, partner from c. 1840 **James Smith**, d. 5 Jan 1870 Manchester
 - 2) **John** b. 4 Dec 1815 Chr. 31 Mar 1816 Haberdashers Hall, transported to Tasmania 1841, m. 22 Oct 1847 Tasmania **Hannah Dyer**, died 5 Aug 1857 Hobart, Tasmania.
 - 3) **Walter William** b. 24 Feb 1817 Chr. 10 Aug 1817 Haberdashers Hall, buried 6 Sep 1818 aged 18 months at Bunhill Fields burial ground. From Draper's place [name error Fogot!]
 - 4) **Jane** b. 1 May 1818 Chr. 19 Jul 1818 Haberdashers Hall m. Liverpool 6 Aug 1838 **John Sanders**, bur. 4 Feb 1883 Liverpool
 - 5) **Ann Catherine** b. 13 Jun 1823 Chr. 24 Jul 1825 St. Luke, Finsbury [d.o. John and Ann Elizabeth Fogo, abode Lambs Court] bur. 13 Sep 1829 aged '5 years 9' months at Russell Court Grounds - abode 8, Feathers Court.
- Partner (?): '**Jemima Julia**' [see poem Poem 320219B] - died or left before April 1837
- Children: ?
 - A) **John** born circa August/September 1828 (?see 280907B, 281005B, 310522B - two boys, Poem 281012B, and Poem 350426B) + others?

John, Son of *John Fogo*
 and *Ann* his Wife, of the Parish of *S. Leonard & More Editch*
 in the County of *Middlesex* (born on the *Fourth* Day
 of *December* 1815-) was baptized on the *Thirty first* Day
 of *March* 1816.

By me *Joseph Brooksbank* { Protestant
 Diffenting
 Minister.

Birth 4th December 1815, Baptism 31st March 1816 of John Fogo, St. Luke's Parish, Haberdasher's Hall

Walter, William, Son of *John Fogo*,
 and *Ann* his Wife, of the Parish of *Saint Luke's*
 in the County of *Middlesex* (born on the *Twenty fourth* Day
 of *February* 1817-) was baptized on the *Tenth* Day
 of *August* 1817.

By me *Joseph Brooksbank* { Protestant
 Diffenting
 Minister.

Birth 24th February 1817, Bapt. 10th Aug 1817 Walter William Fogo, St. Luke's Parish, Haberdasher's Hall

REGISTER of BIRTHS and BAPTISMS.

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Jane, Daughter of *John Fogo*
 and *Ann* his Wife, of the Parish of *Saint Luke's*
 in the County of *Middlesex* (born on the *First* Day
 of *May* 1818-) was baptized on the *Nineteenth* Day
 of *July* 1818-

By me *Joseph Brooksbank* { Protestant
 Diffenting
 Minister.

Birth 1st May 1818, and Baptism 19th July 1818 of Jane Fogo, St. Luke's Parish, Haberdasher's Hall

Date	Name	Age	Brought from
1818 Sep 2	Sarah Jane Clark	2 Yrs	Blackfriars Road
	Catherine Warren	11 Mon	Little Moorfields
3	Edward Handiside	8 Mon	Hackney
4	William Smith	4 1/2 Yrs	Hennington Surrey
	Sarah Lawson	39 Yrs	Islington
5	Sarah Pott	23 Yrs	Galway Street Bath Street
	James Philpott	32 Yrs	Halfordashers Street Hoxton
6	Elizabeth Brooks	6 1/2 Yrs	Stratford Essex
	Elizabeth Dix	24 Yrs	Noble Street Falcon Square
	Hannah Sears	2 Mon	Featherstone Street
	Edwin Walford	17 Yrs 5 Mon	Castle Street Holborn
	Walter Fogo	18 Mon	Drapers Place

Burial record of Walter Fogo(t) aged 18 months on September 6th 1818 at Bunhill Fields burial ground. Body brought from 'Draper's Place', Old Street [same street where St. Luke's church is situated].

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BAPTISMS solemnized in the Parish of Saint Luke
in the County of Middlesex in the Year 18 25

When Baptized.	Child's Christian Name.	Parents Name.		Abode.	Quality, Trade, or Profession.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
		Christian.	Surname.			
24 th June 1823 No. 2004.	Ann Catherine Daughter of Elizabeth	John	Fogo	Lambeth Chapel Court	Shoe Maker	

Ann Catherine Fogo

Born June 13 1823,
Chr. 24 July 1825
St. Luke's - d.o. John and Ann Elizabeth Fogo [by which time Ann Elizabeth had died!]

LSO	1824	Names	Residences
10			
40		Ann Fogo	Upper E Smithfield 28

Burial Ann Fogo aged 28 of Upper E. Smithfield, 1st September 1824 in Goodman's Fields, Somerset St.

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BURIALS in the Parish of <u>St Mary le Strand</u> in the County of <u>Middlesex</u> in the Year 18 <u>29</u>				
Name.	Abode.	When buried.	Age.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
Ann Catherine Fogo Russell Court Ground No. 1259.	8 Featherstone Street	Sept 13	5 years 9 months	Richard Bridell Officiating Minister

Burial of Ann Catherine Fogo 13th September 1829 in Russell Court Ground, aged 5 years 9 months

We can now look at the places where Frosty grew up and lived in the early years of his marriage. In his poem 'Jack Fogo to Tom Oliver' he mentions that he had lived a long time on Mutton Hill and in the subsequent chase after the thieves, who were stealing watches and handkerchiefs, they had come from Monmouth Street and ran towards Holborn Bars, then Great Turnstile and were caught at Gray's-Inn-Lane. Frosty returned home via Field Lane. The following gives a glimpse of what life there was like;

"The modern condition of **Saffron Hill** [*with its 'squalid misery and crowded courts, the black ditch'*], entitles it to high rank among *The Rookeries of London*; such colonies there are, we need not repeat, in most parishes; **St. Giles's** does not stand alone, and Saffron Hill has strong claims to the second place. Perhaps for this, it is indebted to Mr. Dickens, whose researches have dragged it into light: some of the scenes of his *Oliver Twist* are laid there; there, if we remember, the poor friendless boy is enticed into a den of thieves.* The place is connected in the minds of many with the disappearance of pocket handkerchiefs, and these thefts are with them types of greater iniquities. The far-famed Jack Sheppard had his lair there, and some few years since, a thieves' house in West Street was the popular exhibition of the day. The veritable Saffron Hill is bounded by Ely Place on the west; Clerkenwell and St. Saviour's parishes on the east; on the south by **Holborn Hill**; on the north by Brook(e) Street, generally called **Mutton Hill**. On the east runs a large sewer, commonly termed the Fleet Ditch, once so wide a creek of the Thames, that at high water vessels of small size came up it to a considerable distance, though more than two hundred years since a protest was entered against its filthy condition, or rather its abuse." - *The Rookeries of London*, by Thomas Beames, 1852 - Chapter 4

* Both Frosty's son John and Tom Oliver's son William were transported for stealing handkerchiefs and watches and Mary Ann (nee Crawley) Aket's husband and son were imprisoned, and the latter transported for the same offences!



Field lane [left in 1840] was once a narrow alley that led to Saffron Hill (once fields and gardens belonging to Ely Place and filled with actual saffron), and formed part of a tangle of the narrow lanes and courts that contained some of London's most desperate poverty. [see map over - Saffron Hill is the continuation of Field lane, to the north] Flora Tristan describes it thus in 1842:

"Quite close to Newgate, in a little alley off Holborn Hill called Field Lane, which is too narrow for vehicles to use, there is absolutely nothing to be seen but dealers in second hand silk handkerchiefs.' I am sure I do not need to warn any curious traveller who might be tempted to follow in my footsteps, to leave at home his watch, purse and handkerchief before he ventures into Field Lane, for he may be sure that the gentlemen who frequent the spot are all light-fingered! It is particularly interesting to go there in the evening, as it is then thronged with people – which is easy to understand: buyers and sellers alike are anxious to preserve their anonymity for, after his purse, nothing is more precious to anyone in business than the mask of respectability he has been at such pains to acquire.

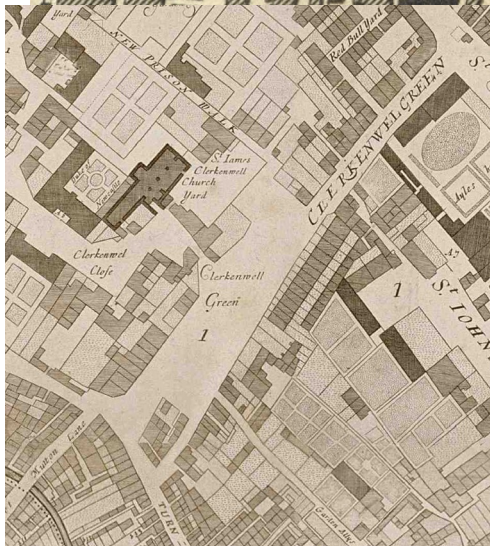
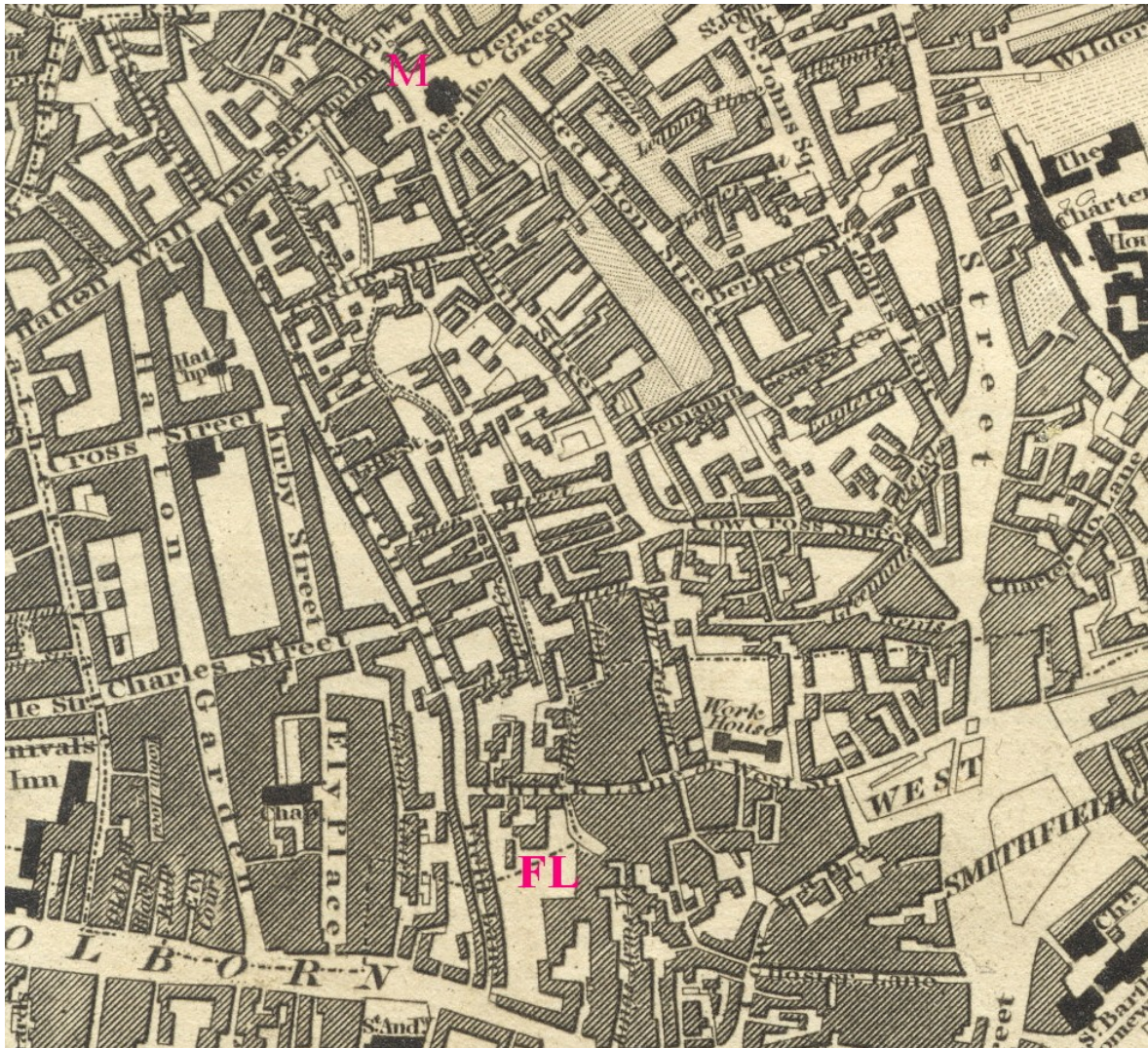
The shops are in fact stalls which project into the street, and this is where the handkerchiefs are displayed: they hang on rails so that intending purchasers can recognise at a glance the property they have had stolen from them! The men and women dealers, whose looks are in perfect harmony with their trade, stand in their doorways and hector the customers who

come under cover of the night to buy dirt cheap the spoils of the day. There is a bustle of activity in the street as prostitutes, children, and rogues of every age and condition come to sell their handkerchiefs."

Monmouth Street is about 100 metres SE of **St. Giles-in-the-Fields Church**. It is one mile North East from there to **Saffron Hill**. **Grays Inn Lane** was about ½ mile west from Saffron Hill and **Holborn Bars** just to the

south of it. **Holborn Hill** and **Field Lane** were just a few hundred yards west of Haberdasher's Hall where Frosty had his children baptised. **Great Turnstile** is a narrow path off High Holborn.

Frosty mentions returning through Field Lane [to Mutton Hill] and it was in this latter place where he lived with his mother, sold sheeps-heads, and probably, if it *could* be traced, had his origins. Unfortunately, he doesn't seem to have been baptised at St. James', Clerkenwell. Coincidentally, there was a public house called the 'Sheep's Head Tavern', at Little St. Andrew's Street, Seven Dials, St. Giles-in-the-Fields. Sheep's-heads were a common food for the poorest people in society, being amongst the cheapest available meat [cheeks being the fleshiest, most fancied part], and they were often sold chopped up into pieces, called 'jemmies'.



This map of 1827 above, shows Field lane [FL] coming off Holborn Hill and continuing north up Saffron Hill to Vine Street with Mutton Lane [M] just to the east of it [known together as Mutton Hill]. Cow Lane at the bottom, King's Arms Yd to its left.

The map *left* shows the proximity of Mutton Lane (bottom left) to St. James' Church, Clerkenwell, where James and Elizabeth Foggo, children of a James and Ann Foggo were Christened in 1789 and 1791 (J on p. 22). This was probably the James Foggo aged 21 who was arrested on 28 Jun 1810 and put in Newgate prison for assault of Sarah Pickering and robbing her of a £1 note. Found not guilty on 21 July at the Old Bailey, with his accomplice W. Harding. Possibly a cousin of John Foggo.

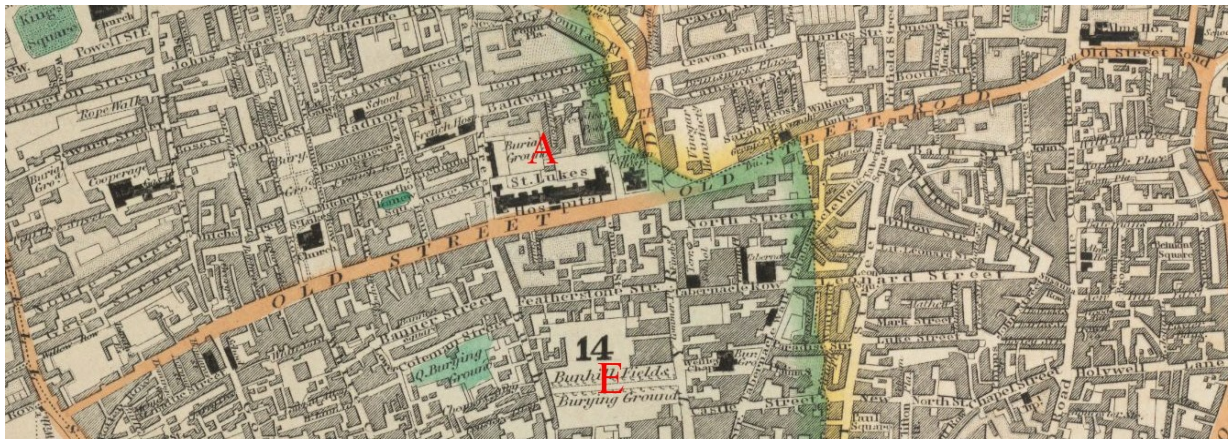
I think that we can safely assume that John 'Frosty-faced' Foggo walked these streets as a child.



The above **Map of 1830** shows;

- A** To the right of - St. Lukes Church, Finsbury where Elizabeth Ann Crawley was baptised in 1797 and then in 1813 married John Fogo. Their daughter Ann Catherine Fogo was baptised there in 1825.
- B** Goodmans Fields burial grounds [S. E. of map] where Ann Fogo was buried in 1824
- C** Lambs Chapel Court where John Fogo lived when Ann Catherine was baptised.
- D** St. Botolphs w/out, where Fogos were baptised and Thomas Crawley married Elizabeth King in 1788
- E** Bunhill Fields burial Ground in Finsbury where several Fogos and Crawleys are buried
- F** Haberdashers Hall where John and Ann Fogo's first four children were baptised
- G** The Queens Head and French Horn tavern, Duke Street run by Peter Crawley from 1829
- H** Upper East Smithfield where Ann Fogo died in 1824
- J** St. James Clerkenwell where a James Fogo/Foggo was baptised 1789 - and near Mutton Street where our John Fogo reported that he had lived with his mother.

We don't have an exact address for Frosty after he left his mother or at his marriage in St. Luke's, Old Street, the parish church for the Crawley family. It does not confirm his abode in the Parish, except that his daughter Elizabeth was born there in 1814. By March 1816 they had moved to St. Leonard's Parish, Shoreditch where son John was born but then returned to St. Luke's parish for the births of Walter and Jane in 1817 and 1818 respectively. The burial record of Walter in September 1818 gives us the first address for the family - Draper's Place - it was in Old Street, 260 metres west of St. Luke's church, on the north side, opposite No. 33 [on Pigot's map]. We have no further indication of where the family lived until 1824, when Ann Elizabeth Fogo died.



Old Street - St. Luke's church is above 'OLD' and Drapers Place on the north side, near the west end of the street. Bunhill burial ground is No. 14 (red E) where several Fogos and Crawleys are buried.



Bunhill Fields.—The great burial ground of Dissenters. Originally a “chapel of ease” for the City charnel-houses, and later a common burial ground for the victims of the Great Plague, Bunhill-fields came into the possession of the Dissenters about two hundred years ago. The prohibition of intramural interments closed Bunhill-fields, as it closed many other places of burial, and the ground is now planted and open to the public as a place of recreation. It is to be feared that, as was the case with a Drury-lane burying ground [*Russell Court ground where Ann Catherine Fogo was buried*], which was similarly devoted to the public use and benefit, the London “rough” has far too much to do in the old Dissenters’ ground. Perhaps the associations of the

place would have but little influence with this class of people, even if they knew whose ghosts might haunt the place. But no student of English literature can forget that Bunhill-fields received the bodies of John Bunyan and of Daniel Defoe.

Charles Dickens (Jr.), Dickens's Dictionary of London, 1879



**St. Luke's
Old Street**



Haberdasher's Hall, Maiden Lane and Staining Lane, where the first four of Frosty's children's births were registered. This seems to have been a repository for Dissenter's records. There was a Meeting House there run by Pastor Joseph Brooksbank and the records only run from 1785 - 1825 whilst he was there. Edward Lear (in January 1815), and his siblings were also baptised there. (left)



Right - The Castle Tavern, (red) venue of the pugilistic community and an important haunt for Frosty. Here he would meet the boxers, sing and sell his chaunts. He was known, admired and much liked by all,



Sparring (and wearing gloves) at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, in 1817



The 'Daffy Club' at the Castle Tavern in 1819 (*above*) and 1824 (*below*)



Below - The 'Fancy' making their way to the fight on Moulsey Hurst, 1819 - by Cruikshank



The Boxing scene

In order to understand contemporary accounts of the boxing world it is essential to be familiar with the particular slang that the boxers and their associates used. The included Glossary [Appendix] covers most of the terms used in this account of Frosty-faced Fogo's world and poetry, and will need to be regularly consulted. Much of the poetry and reports of the fights become meaningless without it.

Bare-knuckle fighting or boxing as a sport had existed from the times of the Greeks and Romans and probably from long before that. In the British Isles the sport became more and more organized during the eighteenth century and rules were applied, particularly the Broughton Rules of 1743 (*p. 243*). It was slowly moving from the no-holds-barred kind of fighting to the gloved boxing practised after 1867 when the Marquess of Queensberry's rules were introduced. Several societies played a part in these changes and Frosty-faced Fogo was a member of several of them.

The **Pugilistic Club** and Benevolent Society (P.C.)

The P.C. was founded by former English Heavyweight Champion 'Gentleman' John Jackson (1769 - 1845) around 1814, who introduced rules such as 'not hitting a man when he was down' and in 1838 these developed the London Prize Ring Rules. The Club collected subscriptions from wealthy patrons and sponsored fights as well as holding the purses and bets laid against the fighters. Jackson set up an academy at 13, New Bond Street to which many gentlemen, including Lord Byron, learnt the art of boxing. Other poets such as Keats and Hazlitt were similarly attracted to the sport, as observers.

While practising the sport or sparring was allowed, actual matches were frowned upon by the magistrates, and they often had to be held out of town, sometimes in open fields. Instead of an elevated ring, an eight-foot square was roped off on the ground with stakes at each corner. Frosty-faced Fogo was renowned for setting up these rings. Each fighter had a 'knee man and a bottle man, who also kept time on the rounds and breaks. The former knelt with one knee up for the boxer to sit on between rounds. The latter provided water for the boxer to drink, a sponge to wipe him down, and an orange to provide a quick burst of energy. Brandy was supposed to be used only for emergencies. A pair of umpires, usually former fighters themselves, kept the two fighters apart and agreed upon how to deal with questionable practices like holding a man's hair to keep in him place to be hit. A referee was only used if the two umpires could not agree.

The bouts consisted of rounds; each round lasted until at least one of the men was knocked or thrown off his feet. A fight could last up to 50 rounds [though a few lasted much longer]. Breaks between these rounds lasted only 30 seconds. In addition, bouts were to be fought with bare knuckles and bared chests.

The **Daffy Club** was founded around 1814, by Jemmy Soares, as a response to the more official **Pugilistic Club** and was named after Daffy, or gin, the meetings taking place at the **Castle Tavern**, Holborn. See the images on page 25 which show Daffy Club members in this boxing headquarters where Frosty-faced Fogo often held ground. He seems to have risen to number three in the organisation until in 1827 there was a great split, dealt with later, that was possibly partly the cause of Frosty later leaving London for Liverpool, along with other members. It is quite possible that Frosty is meant to be depicted in one or other of these illustrations.

The Fair Play Club

The **Castle Tavern** was purchased by Tom Winter 'Spring' on his retirement and, in an attempt to clean up the sport which was sinking into cheating and corruption, he formed the Fair Play Club on 25th September 1828. Tom Spring made a fortune from boxing and wasn't perhaps as clean himself as he purported to be. In 1833 he was 'second' to Simon Byrne when he fought James Burke for the heavyweight title and in the 99th round - the longest fight ever at that time, he carried Byrne to the 'scratch' only to see him knocked unconscious - Byrne died three days later.

John Jackson -



1769 - 1845 of the Pugilistic Club. Champion of England, his Academy was at 13, New Bond-street where he taught gentlemen to fight - including Lord Byron.

Lord Byron

22 January 1788 - 19 April 1824
Had an interest in boxing and boxers from 1809 onwards.
He practised at the 'Academy' in 1813, 1814.





William Hazlitt (1778 - 1830)

Hazlitt attended and described the fight that took place on Hungerford Common between Bill Neate and the "Gaslight" man, Tom Hickman, 11th December 1821.

Frosty would have seen people such as Byron, Keats and Hazlitt at such fights and they would have known of him too. He might not have attended this fight but had promised he had a chaunt ready about it, but no-one saw it - probably because he had supported the 'Gasman'. Hazlitt's essay entitled '**The Fight**' is regarded as one of the best essays ever written about a pugilistic contest and though it was the first fight he ever witnessed, his style matches, or betters, anything that Egan or Badcock wrote. It is given here in full to demonstrate the excitement and passion that Frosty must have also experienced. ¹

I was going down Chancery-lane, thinking to ask at Jack Randall's where the fight was to be, when looking through the glass-door of [his tavern] the "Hole in the Wall," I heard a gentleman asking the same question at Mrs. Randall, as the author of "Waverley" would express it. Now Mrs. Randall stood answering the gentlemen's question, with the authenticity of the lady of the Champion of the Light Weights. Thinks I, I'll wait till this person comes out, and learn from him how it is. For to say a truth, I was not fond of going into this house to call for heroes and philosophers, ever since the owner of it (for Jack is no gentleman) threatened once upon a time to kick me out of doors for wanting a mutton-chop at his hospitable board, when the conqueror in thirteen battles was more full of blue ruin than of good manners. I was the more mortified at this repulse, inasmuch as I had heard Mr. James Simpkin, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the "Hold in the Wall" was brought in question, observe - "The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel: I have been there myself!" Remembering this unkind treatment of mine host, to which mine hostess was also a party, and not wishing to put her in unquiet thoughts at a time jubilant like the present, I waited at the door, when, who should issue forth but my friend Jo. Toms, and turning suddenly up Chancery-lane with that quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguishes a lover of the FANCY, I said, "I'll be hanged if that fellow is not going to the fight, and is on his way to get me to go with him." So it proved in effect, and we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings to discuss measures with that cordiality which makes old friends like new, and new friends like old, on great occasions. We are cold to others only when we are dull in ourselves, and have neither thoughts nor feelings to impart to them. Give a man a topic in his head, a throb of pleasure in his heart, and he will be glad to share it with the first person he meets. Toms and I, though we seldom meet, were an *alter idem* on this memorable occasion, and had not an idea that we did not candidly impart; and "so carelessly did we fleet the time," that I wish no better, when there is another fight, than to have him for a companion on my journey down, and to return with my friend Jack Pigott, talking of what was to happen or of what did happen, with a noble subject always at hand, and liberty to digress to others whenever they offered. Indeed, on my repeating the lines from Spenser in an involuntary fit of enthusiasm,

*What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?*

my last-named ingenious friend stopped me by saying that this, translated into the vulgate, meant "Going to see a fight."

Jo. Toms and I could not settle about the method of going down. He said there was a caravan, he understood, to start from Tom Belcher's [*landlord Castle Tavern 1814 - 28*] at two, which would go there right out and back again the next day. Now I never travel

John Keats (1795 - 1821) On December 5th 1818 he followed the Fancy to the great Prize Fight between Jack Randall and Ned Turner at Crawley Hurst. The fight began at 1pm on a wet Saturday. Randall "peppered the face of his opponent, like a footman's stylish knock at a door - it was ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto, till Turner went down covered with blood'. A 'flush knock-down blow' to the left of Turner's head 'flooded him"

'Ever let the Fancy roam / Pleasure never is at home'.



¹ See 211211Box, 211220EFP

all night, and said I should get a cast to Newbury by one of the mails. Jo. swore the thing was impossible, and I could only answer that I had made up my mind to it. In short, he seemed to me to waver, said he only came to see if I was going, had letters to write, a cause coming on the day after, and faintly said at parting (for I was bent on setting out that moment)—“Well, we meet at Philippi!” I made the best of my way to Piccadilly. The mail coach stand was bare. “They are all gone,” said I—“this is always the way with me—in the instant I lose the future—if I had not stayed to pour out that last cup of tea, I should have been just in time”—and cursing my folly and ill—luck together, without inquiring at the coach-office whether the mails were gone or not, I walked on in despite, and to punish my own dilatoriness and want of determination. At any rate, I would not turn back: I might get to Hounslow, or perhaps farther, to be on my road the next morning. I passed Hyde Park Corner (my Rubicon), and trusted to fortune. Suddenly I heard the clattering of a Brentford stage, and the fight rushed full upon my fancy. I argued (not unwisely) that even a Brentford coachman was better company than my own thoughts (such as they were just then), and at his invitation mounted the box with him. I immediately stated my case to him—namely, my quarrel with myself for missing the Bath or Bristol mail, and my determination to get on in consequence as well as I could, without any disparagement or insulting comparison between longer or shorter stages. It is a maxim with me that stage-coaches, and consequently stage-coachmen, are respectable in proportion to the distance they have to travel: so I said nothing on that subject to my Brentford friend. Any incipient tendency to an abstract proposition, or (as he might have construed it) to a personal reflection of this kind, was however nipped in the bud; for I had no sooner declared indignantly that I had missed the mails, than he flatly denied that they were gone along, and lo! at the instant three of them drove by in rapid, provoking, orderly succession, as if they would devour the ground before them. Here again I seemed in the contradictory situation of the man in Dryden who exclaims,

I follow Fate, which does too hard pursue!

If I had stopped to inquire at the “White Horse Cellar,” which would not have taken me a minute, I should now have been driving down the road in all the dignified unconcern and ideal perfection of mechanical conveyance. The Bath mail I had set my mind upon, and I had missed it, as I missed everything else, by my own absurdity, in putting the will for the deed, and aiming at ends without employing means. “Sir,” said he of the Brentford, “The Bath mail will be up presently, my brother-in-law drives it, and I will engage to stop him if there is a place empty.” I almost doubted my good genius; but, sure enough, up it drove like lightning, and stopped directly at the call of the Brentford Jehu. I would not have believed this possible, but the brother-in-law of a mail-coach driver is himself no mean man. I was transferred without loss of time from the top of one coach to that of the other, desired the guard to pay my fare to the Brentford coachman for me as I had no change, was accommodated with a great coat, put up my umbrella to keep off a drizzling mist, and we began to cut through the air like an arrow. The mile-stones disappeared one after another, the rain kept off; Tom Turtle, the trainer, sat before me on the coach-box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight; the passion that had transported me an hour before was subdued to pensive regret and conjectural musing on the next day’s battle; I was promised a place inside at Reading, and upon the whole, I thought myself a lucky fellow. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach on the 10th of December, with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should have been cold, comfortless, impatient, and, no doubt, wet through; but seated on the Royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading, I found Turtle and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the FANCY, and who had risen from a three months’ sick bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. My friend the trainer was confined in his topics to fighting dogs and men, to bears and badgers; beyond this he was “quite chap-fallen,” had not a word to throw at a dog, or indeed very wisely fell asleep, when any other game was started. The whole art of training (I, however, learnt from him), consists in two things, exercise and abstinence, abstinence and exercise, repeated alternately without end. A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in a morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast. This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beef steaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner-time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry. Martin trains on water, but this increases his infirmity on another very dangerous side. The Gas-man takes now and then a chirping glass (under the rose) to console him, during a six weeks’ probation, for the absence of Mrs. Hickman—an agreeable woman, with (I understand) a pretty fortune of two hundred pounds. How matter presses on me! What stubborn things are facts! How inexhaustible is nature and art! “It is well,” as I once heard Mr. Richmond observe, “to see a variety.” He was speaking of cock-fighting as an edifying spectacle. I cannot deny but that one learns more of what is (I do not say of what ought to be) in this desultory mode of practical study, than from reading the same book twice over, even though it should be a moral treatise. Where was I? I was sitting at dinner with the candidate for the honours of the ring, “where good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both.” Then follows an hour of social chat and native glee; and afterwards, to another breathing over heathy hill or dale. Back to supper, and then to bed, and up by six again—Our hero

*Follows the ever-running sun
With profitable ardour—*

to the day that brings him victory or defeat in the green fairy circle. Is not this life more sweet than mine? I was going to say; but I will not libel any life by comparing it to mine, which is (at the date of these presents) bitter as coloquintida and the dregs of aconitum! The invalid in the Bath mail soared a pitch above the trainer, and did not sleep so sound, because he had “more figures and more fantasies.” We talked the hours away merrily. He had faith in surgery, for he had had three ribs set right, that had been broken in a turn-up at Belcher’s, but thought physicians old women, for they had no antidote in their catalogue for brandy. An indigestion is an excellent commonplace for two people that never met before. By way of ingratiating myself, I told him the story of my doctor, who, on my earnestly representing to him that I thought his regimen had done me harm, assured me that the whole pharmacopeia contained nothing comparable to the prescription he had given me; and, as a proof of his undoubted efficacy, said, that, “he had had one gentleman with my complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years.” This anecdote made my companion shake the rough sides of his three great coats with boisterous laughter; and Turtle, starting out of his sleep, swore he knew how the fight would go, for he had had a dream about it. Sure enough, the rascal told us how the first rounds went off, but “his dream,” like others, “denoted a foregone conclusion.” He knew his men. The moon now rose in silver state, and I ventured, with some hesitation, to point out this object of placid beauty, with the blue serene beyond, to the man of science, to which his ear he “seriously inclined,” the more as it gave promise *d’un beau jour* for the morrow, and showed the ring undrenched by envious showers, arrayed in sunny smiles. Just then, all going on well, I thought on my friend Toms, whom I had left behind, and said innocently, “There was a blockhead of a fellow I left in town, who said there was no possibility of getting down by the mail, and talked of going by a caravan from Belcher’s at two in the morning, after he had written some letters.” “Why,” said he of the lapells, “I should not wonder if that was the very person we saw running about like mad from one coach—door to another, and asking if anyone had seen a friend of his, a gentleman going to the fight, whom he had missed stupidly enough by staying to write a note.” “Pray, Sir,” said my fellow-traveller, “he had a plaid-cloak on?”—“Why, no,” said I, “not at the time I left him, but he very well might afterwards, for he offered to lend me one.” The plain-cloak and the letter decided the thing. Joe, sure enough, was in the Bristol mail, which preceded us by about fifty yards. This was droll enough. We had now but a few miles to our place of destination, and the first thing I did on alighting at Newbury, both coaches stopping at the same time, was to call out, “Pray, is there a gentleman in that mail of the name of Toms?” “No,” said Joe, borrowing something of the vein of Gilpin, “for I have just got out.” “Well!” says he, “this is lucky; but you don’t know how vexed I was to miss

you; for," added he, lowering his voice, "did you know when I left you I went to Belcher's to ask about the caravan, and Mrs. Belcher said very obligingly, she couldn't tell about that, but there were two gentlemen who had taken places by the mail and were gone on in a landau, and she could frank us. It's a pity I didn't meet with you; we could then have got down for nothing. But mum's the word." It's the devil for anyone to tell me a secret, for it's sure to come out in print. I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear to too great a temptation to me.

Our present business was to get beds and a supper at an inn; but this was no easy task. The public-houses were full, and where you saw a light at a private house, and people poking their heads out of the casement to see what was going on, they instantly put them in and shut the window, the moment you seemed advancing with a suspicious overture for accommodation. Our guard and coachman thundered away at the outer gate of the "Crown" for some time without effect—such was the greater noise within;—and when the doors were unbarred, and we got admittance, we found a party assembled in the kitchen round a good hospitable fire, some sleeping, others drinking, others talking on politics and on the fight. A tall English yeoman (something like Matthews in the face, and quite as great a wag)—

A lusty man to ben an abbot able,—

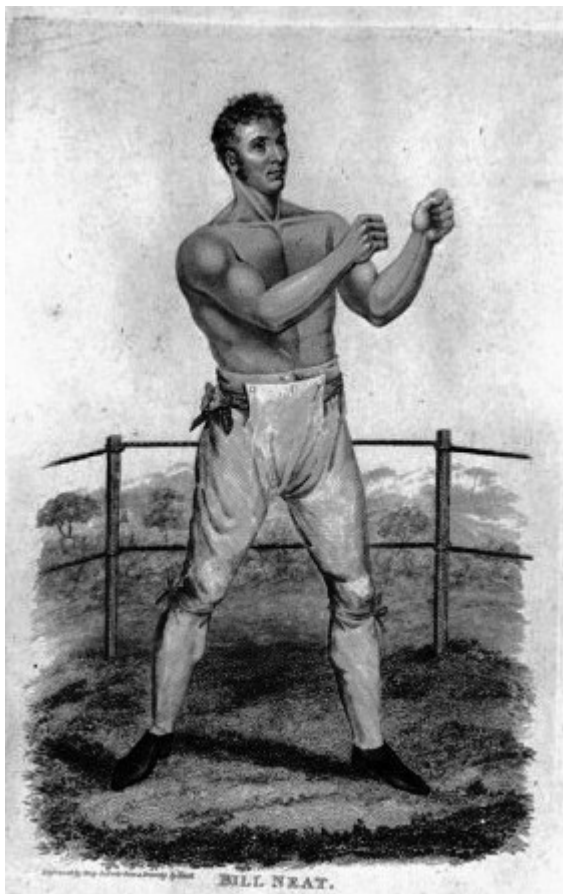
was making such a prodigious noise about rent and taxes, and the price of corn now and formerly, that he had prevented us from being heard at the gate. The first thing I heard him say was to a shuffling fellow who wanted to be off a bet for a shilling glass of brandy and water—"Confound it, man, don't be insipid!" Thinks I, that is a good phrase. It was a good omen. He kept it up so all night, nor flinched with the approach of morning. He was a fine fellow, with sense, wit, and spirit, a hearty body and a joyous mind, free-spoken, frank, convivial—one of that true English breed that went with Harry the Fifth to the siege of Harfleur—"standing like greyhounds in the slips," etc. We ordered tea and eggs (beds were soon found to be out of the question) and this fellow's conversation was *sauce piquante*. It did one's heart good to see him brandish his oaken towel and to hear him talk. He made mince-meat of a drunken, stupid, red-faced, quarrelsome, frowsy farmer, whose nose "he moralised into a thousand similes," making it out a firebrand like Bardolph's. "I'll tell you what my friend," says he, "the landlady has only to keep you here to save fire and candle. If one was to touch your nose, it would go off like a piece of charcoal." At this the other only grinned like an idiot, the sole variety in his purple face being his little peering grey eyes and yellow teeth; called for another glass, swore he would not stand it; and after many attempts to provoke his humorous antagonist to singe combat, which the other turned off (after working him up to a ludicrous pitch of cholera) with great adroitness, he fell quietly asleep with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he could not lift to his head. His laughing persecutor made a speech over him, and turning to the opposite side of the room, where they were all sleeping in the midst of this "loud and furious sun," said, "There's a scene, by G-d, for Hogarth to paint. I think he and Shakespeare were our two best men at copying life." This confirmed me in my good opinion of him. Hogarth, Shakespeare, and Nature, were just enough for him (indeed for any man) to know. I said, "You read Cobbett, don't you? At least," says I, "you talk just as well as he writes." He seemed to doubt this. But I said, "We have an hour to spare; if you'll get pen, ink, and paper, and keep on talking, I'll write down what you say; and if it doesn't make a capital 'Political Register,' I'll forfeit my head. You have kept me alive to-night, however. I don't know what I should have done without you. He did not dislike this view of the thing, nor my asking if he was not about the size of Jem Belcher; and told me soon afterwards, in the confidence of friendship, that "the circumstance which had given him nearly the greatest concern in his life, was Cribb's beating Jem after he had lost his eye by racket-playing."—The morning dawns; that dim but yet clear light appears, which weighs like solid bars of metal on the sleepless eyelids; the guests drop down from their chambers one by one—but it was too late to think of going to bed now (the clock was on the stroke of seven), we had nothing for it but to find a barber's (the pole that glittered in the morning sun lighted us to his shop), and then a nine miles' march to Hungerford. The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists were retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting-up all night had not done us much harm—at least the cause was good; we talked of this and that with amicable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight. At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring surrounded by covered carts, gigs, and carriages, of which hundreds had passed us on the road; Toms gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action.

Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gas-man and Bill Neate. The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot; open carriages were coming up, with streamers flying and music playing, and the country-people were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten. The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four. Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse party. About two hundred thousand pounds were pending. The Gas says, he has lost £3,000 which were promised him by different gentlemen if he had won. He had presumed too much on himself, which had made others presume on him. This spirited and formidable young fellow seems to have taken for his motto the old maxim, that "there are three things necessary to success in life—Impudence! Impudence!" It is so in matters of opinion, but not in the FANCY, which is the most practical of all things, though even here confidence is half the battle, but only half. Our friend had vapoured and swaggered too much, as if he wanted to grin and bully his adversary out of the fight. "Alas! the Bristol man was not so tamed!"—"This is the grave digger" (would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, showing his tremendous right hand), "this will send many of them to their long homes; I haven't done with them yet!" Why should he—though he had licked four of the best men within the hour, yet why should he threaten to inflict dishonourable chastisement on my old master Richmond, a veteran going off the stage, and who has borne his sable honours meekly? Magnanimity, my dear Tom, and bravery, should be inseparable. Or why should he go up to his antagonist, the first time he ever saw him at the Fives Court, and measuring him from head to foot with a glance of contempt, as Achilles surveyed Hector, say to him, "What, are you Bill Neate? I'll knock more blood out of that great carcase of thine, this day fortnight, than you ever knock'd out of a bullock's!" It was not manly, 'twas not fighter-like. If he was sure of the victory (as he was not), the less said about it the better. Modesty should accompany the FANCY as its shadow. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gas-man could not have lived) were civil, silent men. So is Cribb, so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose. I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Turtle was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in every one's face. Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman. A boxer, I would infer, need not be a blackguard or a coxcomb, more than another. Perhaps I press this point too much on a fallen man—Mr. Thomas Hickman has by this time learnt that first of all lessons, "That man was made to mourn." He has lost nothing by the late fight but his presumption; and that every man may do as well without! By an overly-display of this quality, however, the public has been prejudiced against him, and the knowing-ones were taken in. Few but those who had bet on him wished Gas to win. With my own prepossessions on the subject, the result of the 11th of December appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed. The difference of weight between the two combatants (14 stone to 12) was nothing to the sporting men. Great, heavy, clumsy, long-armed Bill Neate kicked the beam in the scale of the Gas-man's vanity. The amateurs were frightened at his big words, and thought that they would make up for the difference of six feet and five feet nine. Truly, the FANCY are not men of imagination. They judge of what has been, and cannot conceive of anything that is to be. The Gas-man had won hitherto; therefore he must beat a man half as big again as himself—and that to a certainty. Besides, there are as many feuds, factions,

prejudices, pedantic notions in the FANCY as in the state or in the schools. Mr. Gully is almost the only cool, sensible man among them, who exercises an unbiased discretion, and is not a slave to his passions in these matters. But enough of reflections, and to our tale. The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet, and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin-green closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun. For it was noon now, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene—but

*Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream*

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon. "So," I thought, "my fairest hopes have faded from my side!—so will the Gas-man's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour." The swells were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the cockneys had been distanced by the sixty- six miles); the time drew near, I had got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd, and from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose great coat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk; and, with a modest cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and began quietly to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gas-man came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear" the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short—did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gas-man won. They were lead up to the scratch—shook hands, and went at it.



In the first round everyone thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gas-man flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a might ruin. There was a shout, and I said, "There is no standing this." Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gas-man's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in the right hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full-length straight before him, like two sledge-hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gas-man could not get over this guard—they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored—the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for, in the next, the Gas-man aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gas-man went down, and there was another shout—a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened,—his blows could not tell at such a distance,—he was obliged to fling himself at his

adversary, and could not strike from his feet; and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-mâitres*hip of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows:—the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand steady to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other, "like two clouds over the Caspian"—this is the most astonishing thing of all:—this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for about a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell.



Tom Hickman 'Gas'

All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's "Inferno." Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over. Ye who despise the FANCY, do something to show as much pluck, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives!—When the Gas-man came to himself, the first words he uttered were, "Where am I? What is the matter?" "Nothing is the matter, Tom—you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive." And Jackson whispered to him, "I am collecting a purse for you, Tom."—Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, "Ah, you always said I couldn't fight—What do you think now?" But all in good humour, and without any appearance of arrogance; only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was all over, I asked Cribb if he did not think it was

a good one? He has, "Pretty well!" The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas, for Mrs. Hickman!

Mais au revoir, as Sir Fopling Flutter says. I went down with Toms; I returned with Jack Pigott, whom I met on the ground. Toms is a rattle-brain; Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now, under favour, I am a sentimentalist too—therefore I say nothing, but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back. Pigott and I marched along the causeway leading from Hungerford to Newbury, now observing the effect of a brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-coloured cottages, now exulting in the fight, now digressing to some topic of general and elegant literature. My friend was dressed in character for the occasion, or like one of the FANCY; that is, with a double portion of great coats, clogs, and overhauls: and just as we had agreed with a couple of country-lads to carry his superfluous wearing-apparel to the next town, we were overtaken by a return post-chaise, into which I got, Pigott preferring a seat on the bar. There were two strangers already in the chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared, however, a little shy and sore on the subject; and it was not till after several hints dropped, and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of these friends had undertaken to drive the other there in his gig: they had set out, to make sure work, the day before at three in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horse vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove right on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow: there they stopped all night, and set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford, just half an hour after the fight was over. This might be safely set down as one of the miseries of human life. We parted with these two gentlemen who had been to see the fight, but had returned as they went, at Wolhampton, where we were promised beds (an irresistible temptation, for Pigott had passed the preceding night at Hungerford, as we had done at Newbury; and we turned into an old bow-windowed parlour with a carpet and a snug fire; and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals—*O procul este profani*—not real flash-men, but interlopers, noisy pretenders, butchers from Tothillfields, brokers from Whitechapel, who called immediately for pipes and tobacco, hoping it would not be disagreeable to the gentlemen, and began to insist that it was a cross. Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours sans intermission by the dial. The next morning we rose refreshed; and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the *New Eloise*. "Ladies, after this, will you contend that a love for the FANCY is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment?"—We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab great coat and green silk handkerchief (which I must say became me exceedingly), and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and Scroggins, pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee. I got inside, and found three other passengers. One of them was an old gentleman with an aquiline nose, powdered hair, and a pigtail, and who looked as if he had played many a rubber at the Bath rooms. I said to myself, he is very like Mr. Windham; I wish he would enter into conversation, that I might hear what fine observations would come from those finely-turned features. However, nothing passed, till, stopping to dine at Reading, some inquiry was made by the company about the fight, and I gave (as the reader may believe) an eloquent and animated description of it. When we got into the coach again, the old gentleman, after a graceful exordium, said, he had, when a boy, been to a fight between the famous Broughton and George Stevenson, who was called the Fighting Coachman, in the year 1770, with the late Mr. Windham. This beginning flattered the spirit of prophecy within me and rivetted my attention. He went on—"George Stevenson was coachman to a friend of my father's. He was an old man when I saw him some years afterwards. He took hold of his own arm and said, 'There was muscle here once, but now it is no more than this young gentleman's.' He added, 'Well, no matter; I have been here long, I am willing to go hence, and I hope I have done no more harm than another man.' Once," said my unknown companion, "I asked him if he had ever beat Broughton? He said Yes; that he had fought with him three times, and the last time he fairly beat him, though the world did not allow it. 'I'll tell you how it was, master. When the seconds lifted us up in the last round, we were so exhausted that neither of us could stand, and we fell upon one another, and as Master Broughton fell uppermost, the mob gave it in his favour, and he was said to have won the battle. But,' says he, 'the fact was, that as his second (John Cuthbert) lifted him up, he said to him, 'I'll fight no more, I've had enough;' 'which,' says Stevenson, 'you know gave me the victory. And to prove to you that this was the case, when John Cuthbert was on his death-bed, and they asked him if there was anything on his mind which he wished to confess, he answered, 'Yes,

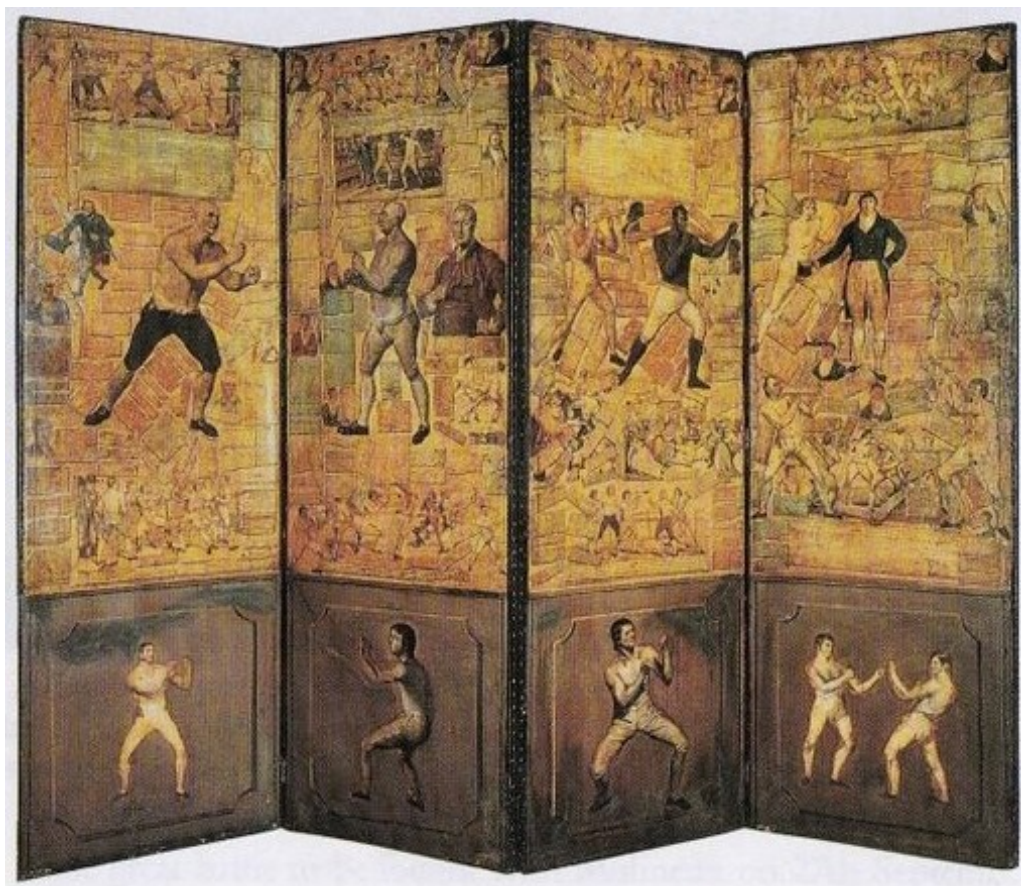
that there was one thing he wished to set right, for that certainly Master Stevenson won that last fight with Master Broughton; for he whispered him as he lifted him up in the last round of all, that he had had enough." "This," said the Bath gentleman, "was a bit of human nature;" and I have written this account of the fight on purpose that it might not be lost to the world. He also stated as a proof of the candour of mind in this class of men, that Stevenson acknowledged that Broughton could have beat him in his best day; but that he (Broughton) was getting old in their last encounter. When we stopped in Piccadilly, I wanted to ask the gentleman some questions about the late Mr. Windham, but had not courage. I got out, resigned my coat and green silk handkerchief to Pigott (loth to part with these ornaments of life), and walked home in high spirits. P.S. Toms called upon me the next day, to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing? I said I thought it was. I hope he will relish my account of it.



Medals commemorating the battle between Neate and 'Gas' in 1821 - Æ left, silver right



Champion Tom Cribb v. Molyneux at Thistleton Gap, 28th September 1811



Lord Byron's 'Boxing' screen with images taken from Pierce Egan's 'Boxiana'.

1820

The earliest traced chaunt or poem written by John 'Frosty-faced' Fogo that has survived was published in *Boxiana* Volume II, written by Pierce Egan and published in 1821 by Sherwood, Neely and Jones.² Egan saw Fogo as a minor rival and when not being disparaging about him often omitted to mention him in his reports of fights, so this inclusion is a little surprising. It is confirmation, however, that Frosty was a recognised 'poet' and celebrity. Since he almost always wrote only about the fights that he had witnessed, we can be fairly sure that he attended the fight about which he composed these verses, which took place on March 28th 1820.

The Gas-light man and Cooper, by J. Fogo

Tune: "The Trotting Horse"

Come all you sporting gentlemen, in country or town,
I'll sing to you a song of pugilistic renown;
Concerning one TOM HICKMAN, who to milling laid a claim,
And the noted George Cooper, you must have heard his fame.
Who could hit away, stop away, mill away,
With my fal de ral &c

Scotland was the place of this hero's abode,
He was the terror of that country, from his scientific mode;
He beat the famous *Molineaux*, by that he raised his name,
Which took the British Champion one hour to do the same.
Who could hit away, &c

A challenge it was sent to the conqueror of Burn,
To fight him for a hundred, and to give the *Gas* a turn;
For a purse of £50 the *Swells* rushed to COOPER like a *flood*,
And when stripped in the ring, the men showed bottom, bone, and blood.
Who could hit away, &c

Now the FANCY on the alert, to view COOPER cut and slash,
Expecting *Gas's* features would soon receive a *smash*!
But the thing it took a turn, COOPER could not him withstand,
For in less than fifteen minutes he beat him out of hand!
Who could hit away, &c

And now to end my song, I have sung all that I know,
May each British boxer true courage always show;
And never sell a fight; nor from honour ever yield,
But act with good behaviour, both at home and in the field.
Then hit away, &c



George Cooper (*left*) was born in Stone, Staffordshire in 1792 and later became the landlord of the Britannia Tavern in Edinburgh. He had some notable victories, beating his friend Molyneux, the 'black', in 1815, and Robinson in 1817 (in Edinburgh) then he beat the 'black' Massa Kendrick in 1819 in Westminster. His opponent in this fight was **Tom Hickman** (*ill. p. 31*) b. 1785 Dudley, nicknamed 'Gas' or the 'Gas-light' man - supposedly because the speed of his punches caused the gaslights to go out [coal-gas was a new introduction to street lighting circa 1810]. He had beaten Peter Crawley, an up and coming future champion, in 1819.

The final stanza in Frosty's poem is notable because it implies that there was already corruption creeping into the pugilistic world - *huge* sums were being bet on the outcomes of some fights, the equivalent of £millions today, and the desire of criminals to fix some fights by bribing boxers to lose was becoming a serious problem.

The Fight took place at Farnham Royal, Dawney Common, near Stowe House in Buckinghamshire, 24 miles from London. Cooper had Tom Oliver (Frosty's friend) and Bill Gibbons (Commissary to the Pugilistic Ring) as seconds and Hickman had Jack Randall (the Nonpareil - unbeaten over 15 fights) and Tom Shelton (landlord of the Bull's Head in Cow's lane, Smithfield) as his seconds.

George Cooper had arrived in London and at the Fives Court on March 7th 1820 he offered to fight Shelton, who immediately accepted and they agreed to fight for £100 a side. The match was to take place on Tuesday June 27th but in the meantime Cooper met Hickman at the Royal Tennis Club at a benefit for Cy Davis, on March 14th and they decided to have a bout in two weeks time for £50 a side, the purse being guaranteed by Mr. Jackson. Shelton offered to second Hickman, probably in order to weigh up how good Cooper was for *their* coming bout. Cooper was the fanciers favourite at 2 to 1. The pundits regarded the coming battle as one between a man of 'science' (Cooper) versus a 'ruffian' who was either just a great boaster or an 'out-and-outer'. The 'Gas' said he would fight Cooper even if it were '*only for a glass of gin!*' Hickman versus Cooper wasn't the only fight on the day, it was preceded by 'Cabbage' (Jack Strong) versus Martin.

Because attending the fight and returning to London was a round trip of about 60 miles, the spectators had to set off around daybreak. The original venue was to be Maidenhead Thicket in Berks. and it was too far for the common crowd of walkers to get there in time, and only those on horseback (*prads*) could make it along with people in coaches. Amongst these latter were more than the usual compliment of the gentry who wanted to see the notorious 'Cabbage' who was "Champion of the Light Weights in Bristol; and also for his being one of the most determined boxers on the list - a complete *finishing* hitter." ³ However, just as the growing company was assembling in Maidenhead, one of the local magistrates (*beaks*) got wind of the event and issued an arrest warrant against Cabbage, but too late - he had bolted! The Commissary headed by Bill Gibbons and his assistant, Tom Oliver, hurriedly made their way to Stowe to set up the posts and ropes, no doubt with Frosty in tow as a helper. They were followed there in haste and confusion by the alarmed *milling coves*, by horse and foot.

The first fight began at 37 minutes past one when Martin threw his hat in the ring followed by Oliver and Randall as his seconds. Cabbage then appeared, tended by Tom Cribb (ex-Champion of England) and Jack Clarke (deputy Commissary of the Ring). Randall tied the blue colours of Martin to the stakes; and Cribb covered them with the *yellow-man* belonging to Cabbage. Cabbage looked supremely fit and as firm as an oak whereas Martin, recovering from a recent attack of rheumatism looked unfit to fight. Frosty was rather fond of a little gamble himself and probably had a little punt on Cabbage along with everyone else at 7 to 4. It turned out that Cabbage was in the mould of Frosty's friend Scroggins, had little technique, but rushed in fearlessly trying to bore his opponent down. Martin showed that he was a better fighter but the odds still grew in Cabbage's favour due to his great strength and resolution. Martin seemed to be getting the worse of it until in the 24th round he gave Cabbage a severe blow in the right eye, which began to bleed. For some forty more rounds it was give and take with Cabbage hardly weakening and Martin not making a great impression, though giving many hits, and after round 70 he took the lead, knocking him down in round 74. In round 75, the last, "in struggling together, Cabbage got a sudden jerk or twist of the neck, that totally disabled him to appear again at the scratch when time was called. A medical man immediately rendered him his assistance, and he was taken from the ring. - The fight lasted one hour eleven minutes and a half." Commentators then regarded Cabbage as possibly the worst pugilist from the 'Bristol nursery' and no threat to London boxers.

[Note: after three more fights, Cabbage drowned himself on 29 Sep 1824 in Bristol. Martin retired in 1828 becoming a Teetotaler, see p. 265]

Hickman and Cooper then entered the ring with their seconds, the Gaslight Man confident and Cooper looking rather pale but elegant. Pierce Egan recorded the fight thus;

First round. —On setting-to, Cooper placed himself in an elegant position, and a few seconds passed away in sparring, and in his getting room to make play. Every eye was on the stretch, watching for the superiority of Cooper; but the rapidity of attack made by the Gas Man was so overwhelming, that he drove Cooper to the ropes, and the exchange of hits was terrific, till Cooper went down like a shot out of the ropes, from a terrible blow on the tip of his nose; and his face was *pinked* all over. The shouting was tremendous: "*Bravo, Gas; it's all up with his science.*"

Second. —The *impetuosity* of the Gas-Light Man positively electrified the spectators; and he went in to *mill* Cooper with all the indifference of being opposed to a complete *novice*. Cooper's face was quite changed; he seemed almost choked with the blood in his throat, and he was compelled to spit some of it out; but, nevertheless, as the Gas was coming in with downright ferocity, Cooper planted a tremendous *facer*, right in the middle of his head. This blow, heavy as it was, only made the Gas Man shake his head a little, as if he wished to throw something off it; but, in renewing the attack, Hickman slipped down from a slight hit. Great shouting, and "The Gas-Light Man is a rum one!" The odds had dropped materially, and Hickman was taken for choice.

Third. —The face of Hickman now showed the talents of Cooper, and he was hit down on one knee; but the former instantly jumped up to renew the attack, when Cooper set himself down on his second's knee, in order to finish the round.

Fourth. — Gas followed Cooper all over the ring, and hit him down. (Tumultuous shouting.) 2 to 1 on Gas.

Fifth. —The fine science of Cooper had its advantages in this round. He planted some desperate *facers* with great success; and the *nob* of his opponent now bled profusely. In struggling for the throw, both down, but Gas undermost. By way of a cordial to Cooper, some of his friends shouted, "Cooper for £100."

Sixth. — This was a truly terrific round; and Cooper showed that he could hit tremendously, as well as bis opponent. *Facer* for *facer* was exchanged without any fear or delay; and Cooper got away from some heavy blows. In closing, both down.

Seventh. — The qualities of the Gas-Light Man were so terrible, that Cooper with all his fine fighting, could not reduce his courage Hickman would not be denied. The latter got *nobbed* prodigiously, and his *face* was covered with claret. In struggling for the throw, Cooper got his adversary down. "*Well done, George.*"

Eighth. —The Gas-Light Man now seemed to commence this round rather cautiously, and began to spar, as if for wind. “*If you spar,*” says Randall, “*you’ll be licked. You must go and fight!*” The hitting on both sides was dreadful; and the Gas Man got Cooper on the ropes, and *punished* him so terribly, that “Foul!” and “Fair!” was loudly vociferated, till Cooper went down quite weak. Ninth. —The Gas-Light Man, from his impetuous mode of attack, appeared as if determined to *finish* Cooper off hand. The latter had scarcely left his second’s knee, when Hickman ran up to him, and planted a severe *facers*. The appearance of Cooper was now piteous; he was quite feeble, nay, dead beat, till he was hit down.

Tenth. — In this round Cooper was hit down, quite exhausted, and picked up nearly senseless. “It’s all up,” was the cry; and, in fact, so much was it felt round the ring, that numbers left their places, thinking it impossible for Cooper again to meet his antagonist. Any odds, but no takers.

Eleventh. —In the anxiety of the moment, several of the spectators thought the *time* rather long before it was called; and, to their great astonishment, Cooper, somehow or other, was again brought to the scratch. He was in a shockingly feeble state, but he nevertheless showed fight, till he was sent down. “*Bravo, Cooper; you are a game fellow indeed!*”.

Twelfth. — This was a most complete *ruffianing* round on both sides. The Gas-Light Man’s *nob* was a picture of *punishment*. Cooper astonished the ring from the *gameness* he displayed, and the manly way in which he stood up to his adversary, giving hit for hit, till both went down.

Thirteenth. —It was evident that Cooper had never recovered from the severity of the blow he had received on the tip of his nose in the first round, and that, at times, he was almost choked with the blood in his throat. “*It’s all up,*” was the cry, but Cooper fought in the most courageous style till he went down.

Fourteenth. —Cooper, although weak, was still a troublesome customer. He fought with his adversary, giving hit for hit, till he was quite exhausted and down.

Fifteenth. —This round was so well contested, as to claim admiration and praise from all parts of the ring, and “*Well done on both sides*” was loudly vociferated. Cooper was at length distressed beyond measure; but he nevertheless opposed Hickman with blow for blow, till Cooper went down.

Sixteenth, and last. —Without something like a miracle taking place, it was impossible for Cooper to win. He, however, manfully contended for victory, making exchanges, till both of the combatants went down. When “Time” was called, Hickman appeared at the scratch, but Cooper was too exhausted to leave his second’s knee; and Hickman was proclaimed the conqueror, amidst the shouts of his friends. The battle was over in the short space of FOURTEEN MINUTES AND A HALF!

Despite the immense bravery shown by Cooper, it was the confident Hickman who won to everyone’s astonishment, though both men were terribly disfigured. As was often the case, the loser had a ‘benefit’ after the fight and Cooper’s took place at the Five’s Court two days later where he took the money at the door, exhibiting the marks of tremendous punishment he had received, with his head bandaged with a handkerchief. It was well attended and many thought that his fight with Shelton, who was now favourite, would be off. However, that fight *did* take place and Cooper went on to beat Shelton on June 27th. He then tried a rematch with Hickman the next year, 1821, but was beaten again by Gas. He died in Laughton Gate, Liverpool in 1834.

[Hickman next fought Frosty’s friend Tom Oliver on June 12th 1821 and beat him in 9 rounds. His final fight was the famous one against Neate (see pp. 27 - 32, **211220EFP** and **2211211Box**) after which, in 1822, he was killed in a tragic accident.]

The ‘Benefits’ system was initiated to help the losing or the poor pugilist or his family who had hit hard times, and boxers took part in exhibition sparring bouts, wearing gloves, to attract an audience and thus raise money. Favoured entertainers like Frosty-faced Fogo would sing their topical chaunts and at the same time earn a penny or two for themselves by selling printed copies of their efforts. The landlords of the taverns where these events took place also benefited from the sale of alcohol and refreshments. Unfortunately, just as dishonesty was creeping into the sport itself, these benefits also became debased when the landlords, themselves ex-pugilists in many cases, held benefits for themselves and their old friends. In May 1820 Bell’s *Life in London* published a letter castigating the system as it operated at the Tennis Court. ⁴ The writer commented:

I lately saw poor Paddington Jones, the caterer, running about the Court *imploing* one and another to fill up the chasm, and presently the scientific Alic Reid was matched with Scroggins, the Buffoon, who is always noisy, and is continually encouraged in the stale trick of being kept half an hour before the audience to pick up a copper, which some bystander withholds until Scroggins is quitting the stage, and then, for the “twentieth told time,” the folly is repeated, for the amusement of a few triflers. But to the point: Men who are so assiduous in the circulation of their tickets should show a little gratitude by proper arrangements, and not think that the whole of their duty consists in pocketing the money.

Lastly, as to the stage itself: Although the proprietor receives 9*l.* for the use of the Court and the stage, the latter is as bad as any ricketty old bedstead, besides being dangerous and insecure. I have seen, more than once, the necessity of tightening the screws during a conflict between two light weights, and even the “caterer” has mounted the steps to hold the rails, in the evident anticipation of an accident. You will, perhaps, think your Correspondent very particular, but in a sparring exhibition, or scientific glove fight, men ought not to be subjected to have their heads cut, and backs lacerated, by the sharpness of the top rail; and I am persuaded that this alone prevents many from joining in a day’s play. A strong round rail, and even that listed, would render the exhibition more agreeable and more secure.

Frosty’s next appearance in print is his poem about Josh Hudson which appeared in *Boxiana III* (**201205Box**) pp. 617/8, concerning the fight which took place on Moulsey Hurst on Tuesday, December 5th 1820.

[see *ill. p. 25 to get an impression of the venue, and how the Fancy arrived there*]

JOSH HUDSON AND THE SWELL BOXER

By J. Fogo

Of all the fighting men,
Down from Johnson and Big Ben,
I'll tell you of a *swell* that was so handy, O!
At once to raise his fame,
He fought on Moulsey plain,
But he proved nothing else but a *Dandy*, O!

Now this hero of the glove,
With fighting fell in love,
Who had knock'd about the fighting men so handy, O!
But boxing in the ring
Is quite another thing,
Not fitting for the *mug* of a *Dandy*, O!

Now they stripped without delay,
To commence the bloody fray,
With their seconds and their bottle-holders, handy, O!
Oh, what a funny sight,
To see JOHN BULL a going to fight,
Instead of a boxer, with a *Dandy*, O!

Now to do away all fun,
And hostilities begun,
Hudson with the pepper-box was handy, O!
Like a British heart of Oak,
He thought it but a joke,
Instead of boxing, to be playing with a *Dandy*, O!

Now to end this bloody battle,
Josh. slaughtered him like cattle,
And his bowels napp'd the *wisty-castors* handy, O!
Like a broken china cup,
His seconds couldn't pick him up,
Which proved him nothing else but a *Dandy*, O!

So you swells of the *Ton*,
That patronize this Don,
I'd have you for the future to look handy, O!
Ne'er again be led astray,
Your *blunt* to throw away,
But back a man of *bottom*, not a *Dandy*, O!

Josh Hudson (1797 - 1834) was known as the 'John Bull' fighter. He was an ex-seaman and the landlord of the Half-Moon Tap in Leadenhall market. A successful boxer, he had taken part in fourteen other contests before this unusual fight. Earlier in the year he had fought Abraham Belasco in Norwich during which fight his shoulder had become dislocated three times. Nothing much is known about his opponent, George Williams, other than his being a waterman and a talented amateur who they called 'the Swell boxer'. Pierce Egan again gives the tale its colour;

Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, Dec. 5 1820, was again the favourite "bit of turf" for a genteel *mill* between a *Swell* of the name of *Williams* and Josh. HUDSON. *Williams* was perfectly unknown to the mass of amateurs; but those persons who knew him, or *pretended* to be acquainted with his prime fighting qualities, *chaffed* all the *ould* ring goers out of conceit of their own judgment, and *Williams* was the favourite, 6 and 5 to 4. This sort of "*whisper*" importance was also kept up at friendly *Bob Lawrence's*, the Red Lion, at Hampton, where the *Fancy* all meet to take a "*bit of a snack*" before they cross the water; shake the *morleys* of *ould Pals*; toss off a *drain* to get the best of rude Boreas; pick up with a *Catolla*, as to a 7 to 4 or 2 to 1 bet; and also to make their *Books* complete. *Richmond*, who is as *downy* as a hammer, spoke of the *Swell* in raptures as to his superior science with the gloves. *Bill Eales*, who had stood before *Williams* many times, nay, and had given him instructions several years back, pronounced him "*a downright slaughterer!*" The *Master of the Rolls* was quite infatuated with this *Pink of the Gloves*. *Martin* had tried him again and again; and not having found *Williams* "*wanting*," it seems, was £50 the worse for his opinion. *Tom Shelton* was also led away by the stream; and *Spring* was mistaken upon the same *suit*. *Oliver*, too, was out of his *know*, *Cocker* had had nothing to do with the fight in question; indeed, who could make any *calculation* about an unknown man? *Randall* and *Belcher*

were, somehow or other, likewise *persuaded* into the good *milling* qualities of their hero; in short, there was a sort of *fashion* attached to the betting.



Josh Hudson the 'John Bull' fighter

The *Swell* was supported and brought forward by the *Swells*. *Judgment* was shoved, as it were, into the back ground; or else a novice in the ring would never have been backed, at high odds, against a well-known high-couraged man, one who had often been put to the test -- and also a boxer of some talent. But then the *shoulder* of Hudson was *rickety*, and no dependence could be placed upon it. This is the only hole to creep out of for the bad judgment that has been displayed. However, it must be admitted, the *excuse* is not without some weight. Things went on in this manner till about a few minutes before one o'clock, when *Williams* appeared, and threw his hat into the ring, followed by *Belcher* and *Randall*, as his seconds. The *look* of *Williams* was *swellish* in the extreme, and he was *tagged* out accordingly. He bowed in the most graceful manner; and there was a superior air about him altogether. He paced the ring up and down for about eight minutes; when Josh. HUDSON, with his white topper on, a prime fancy upper Benjamin, and a blue bird's eye *fogle* round his *squeeze*, came brushing along, and threw his *castor* into the ring. He immediately went up to *Williams*, and shook hands with him in the true open-hearted English style. To have witnessed this manly act — this characteristic trait of Britons — in point of operating

upon the feelings of individuals, is worth more, as to its importance upon society in general, than the perusal of a thousand *canting* essays, tending to *fritter* down the *courage* of Englishmen. Three words decides the point, - WATERLOO to wit. *Williams* observed to HUDSON, "that he hoped there was no animosity between them." "Not in the least," said he; "we are going to fight for a prize, and to see which is the best man." *Tom Owen* and *Ned Turner* were the seconds for JOSH. HUDSON. The latter tied his colours (yellow) to the stakes; and *Randall* covered them with the blue of *Williams*. *Owen*, who had never seen the *Swell* till he entered the ring with "his boy" JOSH, observed to the latter, "Why, my *chaff-cutter*, if you don't go and *lick* this remnant of a Bond Street blade in a *jeffy*, the white topper shall never more be placed on your *nob*. It is the Tower to a cobbler's stall in your favour. My dear boy, the *East* against the *West End* for *milling*."

First Round. On stripping, *Williams* displayed a fine muscular frame, and also good legs; but his face was very pale. His countenance bespoke that of a man. between forty and fifty years of age. Josh. was in high trim, and he seemed confident of winning. Some time elapsed after the combatants had placed themselves in attitudes, when *Williams* let fly; but Hudson got away. Counter hits occurred, when Josh.'s right eye showed blood, and the nose of the *Swell* looked a little red. *Williams* made a right-handed hit, which Hudson stopped prettily, and then went to work, and the exchanges were sharp and hard; but the *wisty-castors* of Josh. were so tremendous, that he spoilt the gentility of the *Swell*, and *milled* him down. Great applause from the plebeians; and *Tom Owen* smilingly said to Josh, "I told you so, my boy. Why, that's the way to clear Regent Street of all the *Swells*, in a brace of shakes." - 7 to 4.

Second. - Josh's eye was bleeding when he came up to the scratch. The *Swell* was rather puzzled; but he touched Hudson's other *peeper* so severely, that his *nob* was *chanciered* for an instant. Hudson made a plunge with his right hand upon his opponent's face, that produced the *claret*; followed him up to the ropes, and punished him down. 3 to 1, and "It's poundable," was the cry. Here the Welchman told Josh. he had "done the trick, and *lots of Daffy* were in store for him."

Third. -- The hitherto genteel appearance of the *Swell* had left him, and his *mug*, it was chaffed, had paid a visit to *Pepper Alley*. *Williams* showed game, but he had no chance to win. He, however, made some sharp hits; but the *pepper box* was again administered, and *Williams* went down quite distressed. - 10 to 1.

Fourth. — This round was the *quietus* as to the side of winning, and the *Swell* was hit out of the ring. It was *Cayenne* at every hit. *Williams* was completely *smashed*, and his seconds dragged him up all but gone!

Fifth. — The *claret* was running down in torrents, and *Williams* was brought up to the scratch in a most distressed state. He, however, showed fight, and with his right hand put in a tremendous body blow; but it was his last effort. Josh. now went in right and left, and punished the *Swell* so terribly, that he staggered and fell against the ropes; but on recovering himself a little, *Tom Owen* said to Josh., "Don't give a chance away; a *finisher* is only wanting." The *finisher* was applied, and *Williams* was down and all abroad. The *Swells* looked *blue*; and Josh. received thunders of applause. "Take him away!" was the general cry. Josh., in this round, did not like to hit the *Swell* when he had "*got him*" at the ropes; something after the manner of the heart of a British sailor, so finely described by the late Charles Dibdin —,

"In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion;
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb!"

It perhaps may not be generally known to the amateurs, that Hudson has been a seaman.

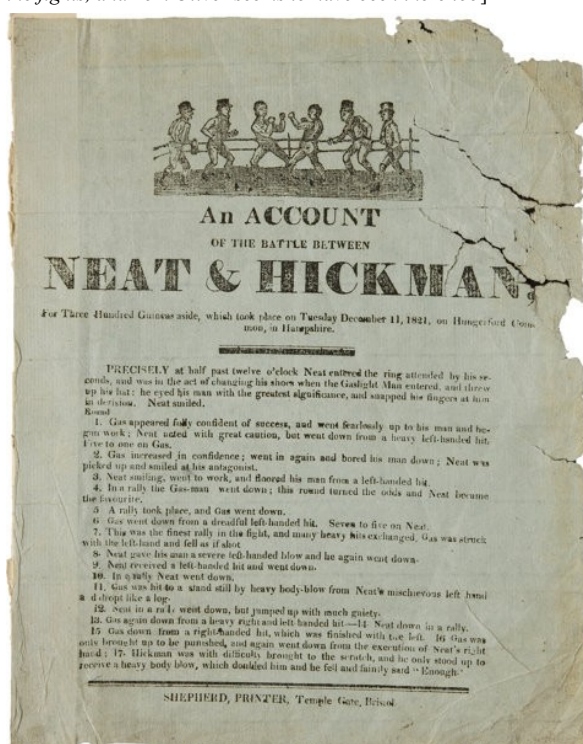
Sixth. — *Williams* came to the scratch in the most piteous state, and he was *floored sans ceremonie*. When time was called, he could not leave his second's knee.

One pill is a dose; and the *Swell* ought not to fight any more. In the short space of nine minutes he was hit all to pieces; and after remaining a short time in a state of stupor, on coming to his recollection, he asked "if he was licked." The flash side have been completely *floored*, in consequence of their calculating upon Josh's shoulder giving way. The latter fought in fine style, and scarcely used his defective shoulder. The *Swell* also showed great steadiness in the first round, which occupied upwards of three minutes; but afterwards he had no chance, and found out the great difference between *sparring* and fighting. Instead of his losing so much time in *sparring* in the first round, and rendering himself *weak*, he ought to have *gone to work*. A different account might then have been given of the battle. He can hit hard; and most certainly does not want for a good knowledge of the science. But he is too *old to take*; his MIND may be *game* enough to endure *punishment*, but his *frame* cannot stand it. At all events, he should have commenced pugilism (if he wished to obtain a high place in the prize ring) some 17 or 18 years ago. Drummers and boxers, to acquire excellence, must begin young. There is a peculiar *nimbleness* of the *wrist* and exercise of the shoulder required, that is only obtained from growth and practice. Lindley, the celebrated violoncello performer, never rehearses less than six hours, sometimes eight, each day, to realize this perfection in the movement of the arm. Youth and strength, however, are ingredients in a pugilist that are great points towards victory. The backers of *Williams*, i.e., those amateurs who made the match for him, have no right to complain of his conduct. There was nothing of the *cur* about him; on the contrary, he fought like a *game* man: he never said NO. He tried to win the battle till he lost sight of his opponent and friends. Indeed, he ought not to have been brought to the scratch in the last round. Williams might have exclaimed —

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none."

SECOND FIGHT. - A Subscription Purse was made up for Joe Spencer, a butcher of Whitechapel-market (called the second *Dutch Sam* from his likeness to that once great pugilistic hero), and Smith, a waterman. The former was seconded by Purcell and Belasco; and Smith, by Scroggins and Dav. Hudson. - This was a most tremendous battle, occupying three quarters of an hour, and 15 rounds. Several changes took place; Spencer proved himself a *game* man, as did Smith. The latter has some terrible *punishing* qualities about him, and was declared the victor. Smith was much beaten about the *face*, and both his *peepers* were nearly closed. Spencer fought until he could not leave the knee of his second.

[Spencer lost all three of his next fights and Smith lost both his - they never boxed again. Frosty probably accompanied his friend Scroggins to the fights, and Tom Oliver seems to have been there too]



1821

We know little about Frosty's life during this year other than Bob Gregson retiring as 'Poet Laureat to the Ring' in October, a position which Frosty then inherited. In November 1821 Gibbons retired as Commissary and Tom Oliver became its chief, with Frosty-faced Fogo as one of *his* assistants.

The year ended with the famous Neate versus Gas fight already described by Hazlitt [pp. 27 - 32]. The fight was also covered by John Badcock in *Boxiana IV* (1824/9) and the non-London Press.⁵ The Bristolians claimed Neate as 'Champion of England' though the Londoners preferred not to recognise it and didn't even report the fight. This might explain why Fogo didn't publish anything despite, as Badcock put it: "**Mr. Fogo** promulgated the chaff that he had a capital song ready, but no one ever heard him utter it, by reason of his friends being mostly Gassites, who might probably *catch fire* at the recital."

As a comparison with Hazlitt's exciting account of the fight, there follows a full report from the Exeter Flying Post which also shows great style.

A flyer printed in Bristol and issued after the fight

GREAT FIGHT between NEAT & HICKMAN. the Gas-Light Man. FOR TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS A-SIDE

This match was for the honorary title of the Championship of England. So much interest did this battle excite in the sporting world, that several persons left London so early as Saturday last for Newbury. The road on Sunday, Monday, and all night, up to Tuesday morning twelve o'clock, from the Metropolis, was thronged with vehicles of every description, to reach the destined spot. The roads leading from Oxford, Gloucester, &c.; and likewise from Bristol, were in the same state, with amateurs, anxious to reach the head quarters, Newbury. All the inns were filled, and the beds were engaged for some days previous. Hungerford Downs (66 miles from London) was the spot selected for this combat; and under the

judicious management of Mr. Jackson, the ring was so well arranged, that 30,000 persons, who were present, had all an excellent sight of the battle! Not the slightest accident occurred, and the whole was conducted with the greatest decorum. Indeed it was nothing else but a *swell fight*, and it required to be *well breeched* to be at it. It was a fine benefit for the Inns; and so much ready *steeven* has not been spent in the neighbourhood of Newbury for many years. At a few minutes after one, Neat, arm-in-arm with his backer and Belcher, threw his hat in the ring; and shortly afterwards the *Gas*, in a white *topper*, supported by his backer and Shelton, repeated the token of defiance, and entered the ring. He immediately shook hands with Neat, saying, "How are you?" Mr. Jackson was the referee; and Belcher and Harmer were the seconds for Neat; and Spring and Shelton for the *Gas*. The odds had completely changed on the preceding evening; and on the ground Neat was backed 5 to 4, besides numerous even bets, and taken for choice. Upwards of 150,000*l.* it is calculated has transferred *clies* on this event. The *Gas* weighed twelve stone, and Neat nearly fourteen.

Round 1. - Both of the combatants appeared in the highest state of condition; In fact the backer of Neat and *Gas* asserted that they were equal to all intents and purposes for *milling*. The *Gas*, on placing himself in attitude, surveyed his opponent from head to foot, and Neat was equally on the alert. Hickman kept *dodging* about in order to get an opening to plant a determined hit; but Neat was too leery to be had upon this suit, and whenever the *Gas* moved, he likewise altered his position. On Neat's preparing himself to give a blow, the *Gas*, smiling drew himself back; but immediately afterwards, as if resolutely making up his mind to do some mischief, he went right bang in, and with his right hand put in a *nobber*, Neat retreating. Hickman planted a second blow on his shoulder; he also put in a third hit upon Neat's left eye; and elated with his success, he was on the rush to place a fourth blow, when Neat not only stopped him with a tremendous hit on his throat, but made the *Gas* stagger a little. Hickman, however, undismay'd, attacked Neat with great activity, and the result was, the Bristol Hero went down between the legs of Hickman - the *Cockneys* shouted for joy, and the regular *Fanciers* declaring "it was all right, and that *Gas* would win easy." - 7 to 4 on the *Gas*.

2. - Hickman came laughing to the scratch, full of confidence; but on his endeavouring to plant his tremendous right-handed hit on the throat of his antagonist, the length of Neat prevented it, and the blow alighted on his shoulder; The *Gas* endeavoured again to make it, when the Bristol Hero gave Hickman so hard a blow on his *box of ivories*, that he retreated, and was also compelled to make a pause before he again commenced the attack. The *Gas* got away, smiling, from a left-handed hit; when he rushed in with uncommon severity, and after an exchange of blows, they both went down, but Neat undermost. Another loud shout for Hickman; the odds rising on him, and "he will win it to a certainty," was the cry.

3. - If the backer of the *Gas* could not see the *improvement* of the Bristol Hero, Hickman was satisfied that he had a dangerous customer before him, and found that the length of arm possessed by his opponent rendered it highly necessary for him to act with great caution; he, therefore, on coming to the scratch made a pause, and did not appear, as heretofore, eager to go to work. Neat was all caution and steadiness, and determined to wait for his opponent; The *Gas* in consequence was compelled to make play, and he planted a sharp hit on Neat's head, and, laughing, nodded at him. Encouraged by this success, he was about furiously to repeat the dose, when Neat caught him with his left hand on his nob, that sent the *Gas* down on his knee; but his courage was so high and good, that he jumped up and renewed the fight like a game cock, till he was hit down by another tremendous blow. The *Bristolians* now took a turn with their *chaffers*; and the shouting was loud in the extreme.

4. - It was now discovered by the *Knowing ones* that they had not consulted *Cocker* upon the subject; it was also evident to them (but rather too late to turn it to advantage) that Neat was as quick as his opponent - good on his legs - a harder hitter than his opponent - a better in-fighter - a tolerable knowledge of the science, and not such a roarer as he had been said to be. The severe *nobbers* the *Gas* had received in the preceding round had *Chanceried* his upper works a little, and on his appearing at the scratch he again made a pause. He saw the length of his opponent was dangerous to attack; and he also saw that if he did not commence fighting, Neat was not to be *gammoned* off his guard for a month. Hickman went in resolutely to smash his opponent, but he was met right in the middle of his head with one of the most tremendous right-handed blows ever witnessed, and he went down like a shot. The *Bristolians* now applauded to the echo; and the London "good judges" as they had previously thought themselves were on the *funk*.

5. - *Gas* came up an altered man; indeed, a bullock must seriously have felt such a blow; he stood still for an instant, but his high courage would not let him flinch; he defied danger, although it stared him in the face; and, regardless of the consequences, he commenced fighting, made some exchanges, till he went down from a terrible hit in the mouth. - (The Bristol boys hoarse with shouting; and the faces of the backers of *Gas* undergoing all manner of sensations and colours, like a rainbow.)

6. - The mouth of *Gas* was full of blood, and he appeared almost choking with it - when time was called. He was getting weak; but he, nevertheless, rushed in and bored Neat to the ropes; when the spectators were satisfied by the superiority displayed by the latter, that he was the best in-fighter. Neat punished *Gas* in all directions, and finished the round by grassing him with a belly puncher that would have floored an ox. (The *long faces* from London were now so numerous, that 100 Artists could not have taken their likenesses: and the Bristolian kids roared with delight.)

7. - Spring and Shelton were very attentive to their man, and led him up to the scratch at the sound of time. The *Gas* was sadly distressed, and compelled to pause before he went to work; but Neat waited for him. The *Gas* was about to make play when Belcher said to Neat, "be ready, my boy, he's coming." The Bristol Hero sent the *Gas* staggering from him by a nobber; but Neat would not follow him. On the *Gas* attempting to make a hit, Neat again put in a tremendous blow on his mouth that *uncorked* the *claret* in profusion. The *Gas* recovered himself to the astonishment of all present, went to work, and, after some desperate exchanges, sent Neat down. This change produced a ray of hope on the part of his backers, and "bravo, *Gas*, you are a game fellow indeed."

8. - The *Gas*, laughing, commenced the attack, but received such a giant-like blow on his right eye, that he went down like a log on his back, and his hands up over his head; he was totally insensible. Shelton and Spring could scarcely get him off the ground. The whole ring seemed panic struck, Spring, vociferating almost with the voice of a Stentor to awake him from his stupor, with the repeated calls of "*Gas, Gas, Gas!*" The spectators left their places and ran towards the ropes, thinking it was all over; indeed the anxiety displayed, and this little confusion which occurred in whipping out the ring, had such an effect that several persons with watches in their hands said a minute had passed away. On time being called, the *Gas* opened one eye wildly, for he had now only one left, the other being swelled up as big as an egg, and bleeding copiously.

9. - On recovering himself, his courage out-heroded Herod. Every person seemed electrified with his manner. He commenced the attack with much activity; and after an exchange of blows, strange to say, he sent Neat down. - *Applause*.

10, 11, 12. - It was all UP. The *Gas* suffered terribly in these rounds, and went down, - 4 to 1.

13. - *Gas* hit down like a shot. - 10 to 1.

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, and last. - To sum up these rounds, it is only common justice to speak of the *Gas* that he *cut up* without disparagement, gamier than any man ever before witnesses. His greatest enemy must join in this remark, indeed, if his countenance bespoke anything like an index of his mind, it should seem that the courage of Hickman was so great as to feel ashamed, and to quarrel with NATURE for deserting him. He did not give in - he was insensible to the call of time, after 23½ minutes fighting. He was carried out of the ring in a state of stupor.

REMARKS. - It was one of the most manly fights ever witnessed. No closing; no pulling and hauling each other at the ropes - but *milling* from the beginning to the end. No pugilist whatever strained every point further to win a battle than the *Gas* did; and although thousands of pounds have been lost upon him, his backers have no right to complain. The courage he displayed is beyond description; but it may serve in future to teach the *Fancy* the great danger in backing a *chicken* against a *cock*. The behaviour of Neat was the admiration of all present; it was unassuming and manly in the extreme. In a word he is a good fighter, and capable of entering the ring with any boxer on the list. He retired from the ring without any *marks*; but nevertheless he received many heavy blows. The *Gas* was over-weighted: but anyone near his weight, we do not know who can beat him.

Immediately after the battle, Gas was bled by Dr. Major, of Hungerford, and vomited a quantity of blood; he still remained totally insensible, and in this state was taken to a carriage, which conveyed him to the Castle at Speen. Dr. Major pronounced him to be in a very dangerous state; he was however so much recovered next morning, as to be able to reach Salt Hill, on his return to town. Hickman was conveyed to the scene of action by his backer, (no less a personage than one of the Rothschilds), in a barouche and four, with two out-riders, and a man in front sounding a bugle. Mr. Rothschild is said to have lost 10,000*l.* by the result. After the fight, Neat gave the usual challenge, "*To all England!*" and Gully, on behalf of some amateurs, offered to back him for 1,200 guineas against 900. Such was the intense feeling excited in the city of Bristol, that the streets on Tuesday evening were crowded as if an election contest was at its height, all eagerly enquiring the result, which was known there about 7 o'clock. Gas and the Bristol Hero met at Jackson's School, in Old-Bond-street, on Friday. It is almost incredible that the vanquished should display so few marks of the blows he received in the late terrific rencontre - one eye was closed and bandaged; he complained of a pain in the head only. Several noblemen and Gentlemen were present. Jackson paid over to Neat four hundred sovereigns, for bets made in his room, and fifty were presented to Gas. The contrast in the size of the two champions struck every one. Another boxing match is expected to be made in a few days between Randall and Martin for 300*l.* a-side; and a bet of 1000 guineas even. It is said that the spring campaign will open with renewed vigour, and that many "tip-top affairs" are in contemplation.

1822 - no references at all yet discovered that mention John Fogo. In this year printer Robert Bell founded his weekly four page broadsheet '*Life in London*' that sold for 7 pence and included sports reports.

It was not until 1824 when the paper was acquired by William Innell Clement, owner of the *Observer*, that details of pugilistic fights were regularly included, under the editorship of Vincent George Dowling. Pierce Egan began his '*Life in London and Sporting guide*' in 1824 and the two papers were rivals until in 1827 Egan sold his paper to 'Bell's'. Egan rarely mentioned Fogo but under Dowling Fogo appears frequently and it is mainly due to '*Bell's Life and London and sporting Chronicle*' that he achieved his nationwide celebrity and popularity.

1823 - In January we get a first-hand account of Frosty 'at work' in the '*Weekly Dispatch*' of January 12th which was repeated verbatim in Badcock's Boxiana Vol. 1*V.* ⁶

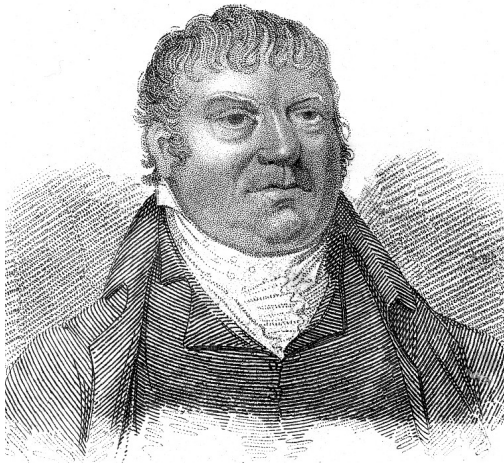
'Regarding the fight between Edward Turner and Cyrus Davis signed at the Castle Tavern November 13th 1822 for £100 a side. Fight to take place on third Tuesday in February 1823.' On page 351 the text begins;

'His (Cy Davis) "benefit was fixed," (as Dick Suet would say), for the 10th day of January, 1823, at Jacob's Well Assembly Room, Barbican; a very *central* commodious place of exhibition, affording the comforts of a *planche flooring*, well adapted to the season. Here was Cy Davis most respectably attended, notwithstanding the remark of a *milling* punter, that some *savages* were present. The set-to nearly were all *mills*; and the attention of seconds and bottle-holders, in a few instances, were absolutely necessary. *Savage*, a Bristol amateur, put on the gloves with *Jack Scroggins*, requesting to have a *bit* of light play; and, in order to *show* off his dexterity on the *ould one*, unexpectedly put in such a severe *throttler*, as not only *floored* the "gentlemanly sort of man," but his "*knowledge-box*," for a few seconds was of no *use* to him. "Holloa! holloa!" cried Jack, on opening his peepers, "very light, indeed; but I'll soon make it *trick and tie* with you, master *Savage*; if not, see how the *game* stands. So come along." Light play was now out of the question; both on the look-out for a *turn*; and hot work became "the order of the day." *Scroggins* had made up his mind to be *busy*; and, something like the severity of hitting which occurred in his tremendous fight with the late *Nosworthy*, he attacked *Savage* with so much impetuosity, that his opponent measured his length on the *floor*. (A *tiny* shout for the *ould one*.) The combat was again renewed with the utmost manliness and severity on both sides, when the "gentlemanly sort of man" opened his *pepper-box*, and gave *Savage* the whole of the contents; drawing his *cork*, adding a sharp cut upon one of his *ogles*, and ultimately winding up the combat with the "best of it," in great style, amidst the applause of the spectators.

Johnson and *Savage* (brother to the above hero, and the same who lately set-to with *Scroggins* at the Fives Court for a belly full) also had a terrible bout. Another Bristol *Savage* (a third brother), and a stranger, likewise, kept the "game alive", like *winking*. These brothers are nothing else but strange good ones, and complete *out-and-outers*, with or without the *gloves*.

Little Gadzee and **Fogo** (the *milling* chaunter) endeavoured to give a little variety to the scene: we believe it was the first *show-off* of the latter with the *muffers*: and if he did not do so much as the sharp experienced *Israelite*, he nevertheless had to boast that his *wind* escaped untouched, as he attended the D.C. afterwards at the Castle Tavern, and threw off several of his own chaunts, to the satisfaction of the Daffyonians. *Harmer* and Cy Davis, in an excellent display of the art of self-defence, finished the sports of the evening; and upon the latter's returning thanks, the amateurs departed, well pleased with their evening's entertainment.'

Fogo was not a boxer but like Gadzee [Godfree Benjamin] he was just under five foot tall and this jovial sparring was between two friends for the amusement of the patrons. **Fogo** years later wrote a poem, published on 3 Sep 1826 [260903*B* below], on the death by suicide of the starving Jewish Gadzee. He was greatly admired by **Fogo**. Boxiana New Series 1 (1828) of Pierce Egan, pp. 167/8 repeats this account.



Apart from the 'benefits' and post-match celebrations, usually held in taverns or sports halls, there were booths at some racecourses which specifically attracted pugilists, if matches had been staged there. Frosty was a frequenter of such booths, and even had his own occasionally [i.e. at Liverpool], where he would sell both his home-made gin and his chaunt flyers. Joe Fishwick, known as 'knowing Joey', fancy goods dealer and assistant Commissary to **Bill Gibbons** (*left*) had such a booth at Epsom races. Pierce Egan gives an account of Fishwick's booth at Epsom Races on June 5th 1823 during "The Oaks".

Fishwick's booth was the attraction for all sporting people - here the Commissary General (Bill Gibbons), and his elegant and eloquent pal, Harry Holt, took their peck and daffy. Spring, in order to give a fashion to the thing, paid an early visit to the veteran Commissary, and took his cyder out of compliment to Herefordshire. The John Bull miller, quite in character, grubbed

and bubbled also at Fishwick's; Randall looked in to have a whiff; Crawley, Ward, Deaf Davis, Neal, Brown, Scroggins, Gadzee and Oliver, like "birds of a feather," also joined the standard...and Cy Davis....

Fogo isn't mentioned but since *all* the other Commissary members were there it is hard to believe that he wasn't amongst them. However, Fogo's daughter **Ann Catherine** was born on June 13th 1823, just a week later and maybe on this occasion he was absent dealing with domestic duties. After Fishwick's dismissal by the Pugilistic Club some years later, 'Lord Merryweather' took over running the booth at Epsom.

1824 - The next dated mention we get of Fogo is courtesy of Pierce Egan in his "*Boxiana*" Second (New) Series Vol. I - not published until 1828.⁷

On p. 444 Egan reports the dinner held at Mr. Tuff's, Blue Anchor, East Smithfield on May 6th 1824 to present a silver cup to Josh Hudson, the John Bull Boxer. The cup is illustrated facing page 448. On p. 446 Egan writes: -

"The following original chant, on the presentation of a silver cup, voted by the Partiality Club, assembled at Mr. Tuff's, Blue Anchor, East Smithfield, in commemoration of the bravery displayed by JOSH HUDSON (ill. p. 37) in his various battles, was sung by an amateur.

TUNE - Paddy my honey:

The land of the East is the land of delight,
Where JOSH HUDSON has had a cup given this night,
He's a heart for the fair, he has arms for his foes,
And both are triumphant, as all the world knows.

CHORUS

Then let us be merry, while drinking of sherry,
For friendship and harmony can't last too long:
No company ever, at milling so clever,
As the lads of the East End, they muster so strong.

If you talk of politeness, JOSH. beats you at that,
For when he sent a challenge to the brave Langan Pat,
Says he Mr. Langan, don't be at a stand,
But just say the word- "I'm at your command."
Then let us be merry, &c.

Folks talk of their living, 'tis blarney and stuff
To the old English fare to be met with at Tuff's;
Is not teaching a Frenchman to live all my eye,
Let them come over here and we'll teach them to die. Then let us be merry, &c.
Their frogs and soup meagres are nothing but froth
To roast beef and plum pudding and plenty of broth:
What part of Old England like the East End can boast,
It's the birthplace of JOSH. and his generous host.
Then let us be merry, &c.

Brummigems and Cannons may boast as they please,
But father Owen cries out, "JOSH. 'tis nothing but cheese."
They talk about *milling*, but it's all they can say,
For when they get pricked they will soon *bolt* away.
Then let us be merry, &c.

Then with his two battles may JOSH. have good luck,
 And return to the scratch to enjoy his own cup,
 That the lads of the East may ever be told,
 Their brave champion JOSH. HUDSON would scorn to be sold.
 Then let us be merry, &c.

Mr. Fogo amused the company with several songs of his own composition; among which, the merits of the *Partiality Club* were duly appreciated."

Egan seems to have always downplayed the role of Fogo until around 1827. This poem sung by an 'Amateur' is definitely in Fogo's style and the fact that Egan refers to him immediately afterwards may also imply it is his work. His attitude to Fogo may also have softened a little after the next episode was reported in his newspaper:

From Draper's Place, St. Luke's parish, Finsbury, in September 1818, the Fogo family seemed to have moved to Clare Market, East Smithfield. Here, in July 1824, an incident took place that would never have been reported in the newspapers if it wasn't for Frosty's celebrity, but let Pierce Egan tell it as he reported it in "*Pierce Egan's Life in London and Sporting Guide*" of July 18th,⁸

The IM-PARTIALITY Club, held at Tuff's, the Blue Anchor, in East Smithfield, with TOM OWEN at their head, behaved like trumps, towards a female in distress a few evenings since. **Fogo**, well known-in the *Fancy* by the numerous *chaunts* he has written out on the battles of the M.C.s, and also for the ready and spirited manner in which he throws them off, came under their prompt attention. **Mrs. Fogo**, the mother of four small children, and advanced seven months in pregnancy with a fifth, had the misfortune to fall off a chair as she was hanging out some clothes, and broke her leg, leaving poor **Fogo** in a situation much better felt than described. **Mrs. Fogo** was immediately conveyed to Bartholomew's Hospital; and who, we hope, will soon be restored to her family. A subscription is open for the benefit of the children. Peace Inglis is the Chairman for Thursday next.

The four children were Elizabeth, John, Jane and Ann, aged 9, 8, 6 and 1 respectively - no mention of the illegitimate and possible daughter Mary Ann Crawley born 1811. This tragedy would have caused a great disturbance to Frosty's personal life as well as his boxing and other interests. There was no-one else to look after the children and paying for a carer would have seriously dented his income.

A fortnight later, the same paper [*PELL*] and also the "*Weekly Dispatch*" [*WD* or *Dispatch*] reported;⁸

PELL: Fogo the milling *chaunter*, - In consequence of the severe accident **Mr. Fogo** met with, and a large family of small children to support, the *Fancy* have determined to give him a *turn* on Wednesday next, at Joe Butler's, the Butcher's Arms, Clare market; at which place Josh Hudson, Dick Curtis, Randall &c. have promised to set-to for **Fogo**. *WD: J. Fogo*, the Milling Chaunter, whose spirited efforts have so often served to enliven the merry-meetings of the *Fancy*, is to have a Benefit on Wednesday evening next [4th], at the Butcher's Arms, Clare-market. The first pugilists of the day have kindly volunteered their services on this occasion; the benefit intended as a relief to poor **Fogo**, who is suffering under the effects of a severe domestic affliction.

Unfortunately, hospitals being rather primitive in those days, Ann Elizabeth Fogo died, aged just 28, with her baby, and was buried on September 1st 1824 in Somerset Street, Goodman's Fields, East Smithfield. This was a Presbyterian cemetery. [*ill. p. 19*] For the family this was a catastrophe and Fogo needed to reduce the time he spent assisting or attending matches in order to look after his children, or find a substitute for his wife. It might be a partial explanation of why there is no further certain mention of his name for the next year or so in the Press.

See page 84 (260805BLLL) for a poem about Neal versus Baldwin, that Fogo probably witnessed on Oct. 19th 1824.

1825 - Newspapers are often full of typesetters or reporters errors in name spellings, and the surname Fogo is often misspelled. The report in the *Globe* of June 1st 1825 of a fight between Jubb and Reid was also much reported in other papers but they *all* spelt the name of Reid's seconds as Randall and **Fogg**. It seems that there actually *was* a 'second' with this surname at the time and this isn't meant to be Fogo, as I had once assumed. There is no reason to think Fogo might not have attended the fight, but then there is no proof or suggestion that he actually *did* and in this account I am omitting practically all fights which cannot be shown to have been connected in some way to or been positively *seen* by John Fogo.

The next possible evidence for Fogo's attendance at a fight is in the "*Bell's Life in London*" [or *Bell's* from now on] report of the Jem Burns versus Phil Sampson fight on Tuesday, June 14th 1825.⁹ This fight was intended to take place on the same ground, Harpenden Common, where the George Cooper versus Hickman (the Gaslight man) fight had occurred. Rumours were circulating that there "was something rotten in the State of Denmark," and that Sampson had been 'fixed' to lose the fight.

If Frosty was there it would have been in his capacity as assistant to Tom Oliver as Commissary of the ring. Unfortunately in many of these bouts, as reported in '*Bell's*' and other papers, the names are not given of the supporters such as the Commissary or assistants, seconds etc. What happened at this fight was as follows;

⁸ 240718PELL, 240801PELL/240801WD

⁹ 250619B

The Commissary was about to pitch his stakes on the usual spot, but it was "**no-go**," for a worthy *gemman*, of the name of Seabrook, a farmer, who has an extraordinary prejudice against fighting, although himself a celebrated cricketer, thought proper to come down from London by the Wonder coach, to purposely stop the *mill*, and, to the wonder of all interested, he laid an information before a Hertfordshire Magistrate, of the terrible doings which were about to take place. The consequence was obvious - a hint was given that the belligerents must go farther a field, and the county of Bedford being close at hand, the *venue* was changed forthwith. Thus *Shear Mear* became the chosen spot, and there, in a snug little corner, on a nice little bit of turf, the ring was formed. Mr. Seabrook carried his malice after the stakes, but the Bedfordshire *beaks* were too *downy* to throw impediments in the way of the amusements of John Bull, and thus Mr. Seabrook was for once foiled, and was obliged to turn to the right about.

It is the use of the expression 'no-go' which implies to me that Fogo was there. He seems to have been the originator of this word which he used to rhyme with his surname in some of his chaunts. It doesn't seem to have been used by anyone else before he introduced it. Jem Burns was seconded by 'Uncle Ben' Burns and Jack Randall while Sampson 'the Birmingham Youth' was seconded by Josh Hudson and Rough Robin. The fight turned out to be a good and honest fight which Sampson won after 23 rounds. The full report can be read in the extra 'References, Volume I' but since Fogo's name doesn't actually appear I haven't included it here.



Tom Shelton

The next fight to have been possibly witnessed by Fogo was one between Tom 'Big' Brown and Tom 'the Navigator' Shelton on July 12th 1825 at Plumb Park, Stoney Stratford.¹⁰ Brown was seconded by Tom Cribb and Spring, while Shelton was seconded by Peter Crawley and Josh Hudson. Again the Commissary are not named but we know that Tom Oliver was there because at the close of round nine of the fight he entered the ring and started a brawl with Josh Hudson, both falling out of the ring. Full report in References.¹⁰

I think Frosty witnessed the fight and wrote the related poem that appeared in the next issue of '*Bell's*' on July 17th. The author is given as 'Philo-Fancy' but the style is that of Fogo and many early published poems about the fights didn't bear the actual name of the author but used a nickname - or none at all.

'Lover of the Fancy' could well indicate Fogo's new role as 'Poet Laureat of the Fancy', inherited from the late Bob Gregson. [*left*]

The fight was won by the much younger and stronger Brown. Shelton never fought again. He was regarded as a brave man but probably was unstable. He had tried to commit suicide in 1812 and just under five years after this last fight he committed suicide by taking Prussic acid at the *Ship* tavern, Montague Court, Bishop-gate St., June 21st 1830, aged 43.

Bob Gregson

Bob Gregson was and born 21st July 1778 at Heskin, near Chorley, Lancs., died in November 1824. He was designated as the 'Poet Laureat of the Ring'. He was the publican of the Castle Tavern, Holborn, at that time called 'Bob's Chop-House'.

As a boxer he was known as the 'Lancashire Giant' - defeated twice by John Gulley in 1807 and 1808 (after which Gulley retired from boxing, later an MP) and then beaten by Cribb. He was plagued by debt and died in poverty in Liverpool.

AN ODE TO BROWN, THE NOVICE

WHO FOUGHT AND BEAT THE CELEBRATED TOM SHELTON

[on July 12 at Plumb Park, Stoney Stratford]

Bravo! Novice Brown; You've begun your career
In a style that has made all the *old-uns* look queer:
Poor Shelton is done, and with all his renown,
We may very well say, you have *done him quite* Brown.

You made a good fight on't, as ever I saw:
They expected to find you a mere *Johnny Raw*,

A chaw-bacon hawbuck, a rough-headed Clown;
But you *open'd their eyes*, and *closed Tom's*, Novice Brown.

You have size on your side, you have science to boot;
You weigh *fourteen stone*, and you measure *six foot*:
On the lads of the Ring you may therefore *look down*,
And *take 'em down, too*, when you like, Novice Brown.

They will not be so *nutty* in future, perhaps,
Or think such *small beer* of you *countryfied chaps*:
You can teach 'em a trick that's *worth two of the Town*,
And have given *one lesson* just now, Novice Brown.

Let 'em talk as they please of their Cannons and Wards,
Two as thorough bred blades as the Prize-Ring affords;
Of their *Pets of the Fancy* who've gain'd laurel crown,
You could pocket a dozen of such, Novice Brown.

There's a namesake of yours the renown'd *Myrtle-Sprig*,
Who's the head of the *little*, as you of the *Big*:
He's a fine gamesome fellow as ever was known:
'Tis strange, too, such worthies should both be nam'd Brown.

Huzza for the *Browns*, then! I *coppers* don't mean,
But true lads of *gold* as were ever yet seen.
Never mind then, brave hero; the whole Ring may frown,
You're a match for the best of 'em all, Novice Brown.

Only keep a straight course, and make *honour pole star*,
To lead you right forward; and still declare war
Against all the *crossers - a trick of the Town*,
Unknown in the country I hope, Novice Brown.

Peter Crawley's a good one as any that goes
For his height and his weight; but if people suppose
He can *lick you*, they make a mistake, and he'll own
The truth, if he's back'd against you, Novice Brown.

The *Championship's* yours, and whenever you please,
For I really believe you can *win it with ease*.
Ward and Cannon may strive for a belt or a crown,
You could take it *from either or both*, Novice Brown

Ye lads of the Ring, do not take an offence
At what I now offer, but shew your good sense;
It is but *an opinion*, so don't *knock me down*:
If *you do*, I must call on my friend, Novice Brown.

PHILO-FANCY.

With his wife dying on September 1st 1824 Fogo hadn't found time to get his youngest daughter **Ann Catherine** baptised. The Haberdasher's Hall registry closed in 1825 and so he took his daughter to St. Luke's where he had married and where his wife had been baptised. She was baptised there on 24th July 1825 (her birth date being given on the same document). [see p. 19] The document also states that Frosty's occupation was still 'shoe maker' and gives their address as 'Lamb's Chapel Court, St. Lukes.' Since we know that Fogo and his wife had been living at Clare-Market, Smithfield, [1½ miles SE of St. Lukes church] I think 'Lamb's Chapel' had been their previous address, when the child was born, given in order to get her baptised at St. Lukes, which is in the same Parish.

Lamb's Chapel Court lies at the north-west corner of Hart Street, London Wall, in Farringdon Ward Within and was previously called just "Lamb's Court". Saint James in the Wall, Monkwell Street, was an ancient hermitage, a cell of Garadon Monastery, Leicestershire. In 1543 William Lambe purchased the chapel and it was bequeathed by him to the Clothworkers' Company in 1577, and the "reader" of the chapel appears to have acted as chaplain to the Company [12th in precedence of the Great Twelve City Livery Companies - Haberdashers was the 8th]. It was therefore also known as Lamb's Chapel. The chapel was rebuilt in 1825, before being pulled down in 1872. The *Morning Advertiser* of the 11th Jan 1825 reported: "To be sold in one lot the remaining Materials of the Chapel, situate in *Lamb's Chapel-court*, Monkwell-street, to be taken down to the level of the paving only. To be

viewed the morning of sale." This latter might account for the Fogo's move to Clare-market - in 1825 the old chapel was demolished and a new one, together with almshouses replaced it. The inhabitants of the Court would all have been expelled during the demolition and subsequent construction, which would have taken much more than a year to complete.

As for the inhabitants of Lambs Chapel Court prior to 1825 - the *Morning Post* 5th Apr 1820 reported: "Trial for High Treason - witnesses - James Harrell, cordwainer, Lambs Chapel Court, Monkswell Street." Amongst the other baptisms at St. Lukes was "1824 Apr 25 born Apr 4 Elizabeth d.o. Richard and Ann Woolcock, Lambs Passage, shoemaker" so we know that before its demolition Lambs Court was occupied by some other shoemakers and even one of them having [like Frosty] 'anti-establishment' sentiments!

The week after the baptism of his daughter saw Frosty attend a couple of fights that took place on 'No-man's land' near St. Albans on August 30th.¹¹ The first and main fight was between Harry Rogers, fighting under the name of 'Bundollock' and Rough Robin of Manchester, for just £25 a side. Both men were large, weighing well over 13 stone. There were probably less than a hundred spectators from London present and the others were mostly local farmers. Bundollock styled himself the 'Cambridge Champion' having won several bouts against local boxers but Robin had mostly only taken part in sparring matches at the Tennis Court, wearing gloves, and had recently been knocked senseless by Golding, the Bristol Youth, who had hit him senseless in the second round. Robin was assisted by George Head and Harry harmer while Robin was waited upon by Josh. Hudson and Harry Holt. The ring was set up by Tom Oliver, assisted by Joey Fishwick and Fogo.

The reporters of the fight indicated why there was a lack of interest in the boxers, 'Bell's' has it;

Rough Robin, of whom the Pugilistic world has heard so much, and who has so long lived a life of promise under the patronage of Josh Hudson and the *Sages* of the East, had on Tuesday an opportunity of giving to a select few of the London Ring, a specimen of his capabilities, and of convincing those who had not had an opportunity of judging his merits by personal observation, that he is altogether below mediocrity, as well as that he has no more pretensions to the character of a scientific boxer, than the *John Bull* fighter himself has to the character of a *finished mathematician* - in fact, a more clumsy *clodpole* we never witnessed within the ropes. It is true that he is a strong, rough game fellow, & that, from the nature of his frame and the goodness of his constitution, he can bear a good deal of *towelling*, but beyond this there is not a word to be said in his favour.

Pierce Egan gives his account of the fight, and pulls no punches - in fact one appreciates that much of the fun of attending such meetings is the audience participation, a matter in which Frosty excelled;

Round. 1 On stripping, *Robin* appeared rough and ready for action; his *mug* was completely red; smiling confidence also sat upon his brow; and, according to the phrase of the P. R. he looked a "precious big one." Bundollock appeared well, and was by no means a "little one!" Robin, contrary to all expectation, was cautious, and Bundollock was equally upon the look out against squalls. "Who would have thought to have seen so much *science*," exclaimed Holt. Some time elapsed before Harry let fly, and the blow alighted on the rough one's nob. Robin, rather at random, returned the compliment. It was now *helter skelter*, any how, like *struggling shots* on both sides; but Bundollock put in the most blows. In closing, Harry got his man down, and Robin was the under-most. "I see *blood* on Robin's nose," said Dav Hudson. "No, you don't," replied Holt, "it only looks *blue*! but what do you know about it; no *blinker* can see strait!"

2. Robin exhibited no *smashing* points, nothing of the slaughterhouse kind: but he was unwieldy and rolling about. "Steady," cries Josh. Robin missed a heavy blow aimed at his opponent's body; another *ramble* come *scrumble* set out: no mischief, till Mr. Bundollock over-reached himself and fell down.

3. The Cambridge man had the best of the hitting; but he would not *look* up at his man, and what little execution he did was all at random. "Blow your dickey," said Tom Belcher; "hold up your head, and look at your man, and you can't go wrong." Exchange of blows, and not light ones neither, when Harry kept administering *pepper* on Robin's *mug* till he went down. The *Bundollockites* were now all happiness, and offered some odds upon their man. The *Half-mooners* looked a little comical, thinking Robin was no so desperate a man as they had previously anticipated. Blood was now seen on Robin's *snout*.

4. Bundollock, rather gay, went into work, and might have done considerable mischief, if he had but have *stared* his man full in the face. He had decidedly the best of it, till rough Robin planted "a pretty particular" stunning sort of a *taste* on the top of Harry's *sconce*, that floored the Cambridge article, and almost put the *dozing* system on his upper works. "Very nasty indeed, Mr. Broad-day. What, you have just got *awake*, have you?" exclaimed the John Bull Fighter - "I suppose you call that, Robin, a *topper* for *luck*?"

5. Harry looked a little *stupid* on coming to the scratch, but he revived and planted several hits, by which Robin seemed none the worse. The Rough one, however, at the ropes, proved the strongest man, till Bundollock slipped down. 6. Neither of the men answered the HIGH characters which had been stated by their backers. Robin was not active enough, and there was no *devil* in the composition of Bundollock? Harry might have done wonders in the country; but neither Harmer, George Head, nor Tom Belcher, could get him to attend to their advice. In closing, Robin fell, not *lightly*, on his opponent. The majority of the spectators were in favour of Bundollock; and two to one was offered.

7. The Cambridge man began to fall off in his wind; symptoms of weakness were visible to all parties; he had, however, the best of the hitting, and Mr. Rough Robin received repeated "smacks of the chops;" but he replied, "Nought is the matter," and was quite cheerful and game. Harry down.

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8. "Come, be alive, Bob," said Josh, "and get through your job." "I will, Master!" answered Robin. The latter showed plenty of resolution, but he threw more of his blows away than *told*. Bundolloch appeared generally to have the best at the first part of the round, but he now went down weak.

9. It was curious to witness the *pepper* Robin's *mug* received in this round. Bundolloch planted one, two, three, four, five hits in succession. "My eye," says a cove, "how he nicks him." But it was of no use: Harry might as well have belaboured a tomb-stone. Robin only laughed. "Holla!" cried Josh, "you'll have your face *spoiled*, if you don't look out." Bundolloch down.

10. Robin endeavoured to plant a *rum one*, but was stopped; and, after an exchange of blows, he napt a *wisty-castor*, the best hit nearly in the battle; in fact, it must have *floored* Robin, if Holt had not caught him on his knee, thereby preventing the fall. Here several murmurs occurred, and "Foul!" "foul!" was the order of the ring; but Holt apologised, and said, "it was unintentional on his part, as he could not get out of the way."

11. Bundolloch again took the lead in hitting, but finished the round badly. The Cambridge man was extremely weak. Two and three to one. 12. Robin was now the hero of the tale; and the *Half-Mooners* booked the event quite safe. "Keep up your head, Harry; look at your man, and you can't miss him." But Harry refused all advice, and went down exhausted.

13. This was the winning round for Robin. In closing accounts he put in another *topper* for luck, and Bundolloch went down very *dickey*. Four to one.

14. Robin was about to display a little science, and retreated from the attacks of his opponent. Bundolloch went down. Here Josh interfered, and went up to the umpires, observing, "that Harry went down; without a blow, and that Robin had a right to the money."

15. Short. Bundolloch the worst of it, and down. Any odds.

16. The Cambridge man was getting the worst of it at every step, and Robin *quilted* him for holding down his head. 17. This was a complete milling round on both sides. Bundolloch kept hitting, and Robin returning, as hard and fast as he could, till both went down, amidst loud cheers from all parts of the ring. Great courage was displayed by both of the combatants.

18. and last. Bundolloch, it is true, appeared at the scratch; but Robin sent him down in a *twinkling*. When time was called, Bundolloch was in a state of stupor. It was over in 25 minutes.

On this fight, Bell's concluded "without exception we think we never witnessed any thing more truly contemptible within the Pugilistic Club stakes than this battle, and we have only to hope that the Prize Ring will not be again prostituted to such an exhibition."

The second fight now took place. It was between Charles Gybletts and Red Robin. It was intended that they were to fight for a paltry £10 a side but even that sum couldn't be raised and so they came in the hope that a purse could be collected at the venue. "With some difficulty, six guineas were obtained, which, with thirty shillings promised to Gybletts if he won, brought the stake to nearly eight pounds. Gybletts declared that he would not have fought for so small a sum, had not his antagonist called him a "coward," and, sooner than pocket such an affront, he would fight for nothing." Gybletts 'the ould one' was seconded by David Hudson, younger brother of Josh, and Scroggins [Frosty's friend]. Robin was assisted by **Fogo** and Joey Fishwick, the Commissary's assistants. Egan's account of the fight says it all;

Round 1. Red Robin *peeled* well, and appeared a gay, strong young fellow, and set-to like a mad bull, head foremost. Gybletts soon put in a tremendous *ogler*, striking a light upon his nob without the aid of a tinder-box. The Red one *napt* at every point - Gybletts milling on the retreat, till he sent poor Robin down on the ground. Three to one, and great applause for Gybletts.

2. The fighting of the ould one was the admiration of all the amateurs. Robin again *bored in* with all his strength, to do execution, but the retreating system pursued by Gybletts made him safe as to *punishment*. Robin *received* so often from his adversary, that he was quite at a stand-still for an instant, and the *claret* running down all over his mug. He revived a little, and again he rushed forward, but it was only to *nap* it again at every *move*, till he went down. Any odds.

3. Robin was of no use; but it is true that he put in, by "*habgrab*," a tremendous blow on the ould one's *gullet* - a sort of *choker* to a cove without *pluck*. The Red blade got a blow on the eye, one on the *conck*, and another on his *chaffing-closet*, and, in fact, he was nothing else but a *chopping-block* for Gybletts to exercise his science upon. In closing, both down.

4. This was a similar round, and the Red one was *cut up* all to pieces. He had not a shadow of a chance. Gybletts also made him a *down-y* cove this time.

5. The strength of Robin still enabled him to *bore in* on his adversary, and, like a regular *glutton*, he appeared determined not to be *satisfied* without a complete *bellyful*.

6. Gybletts might be compared to a grand *carver* at a feast; in truth, he made a *gyblet pie* of RED ROBIN, and served up in prime style as a treat to the amateurs. He spoilt his *walkers*; he damaged his *flyers*; he cut up his *upper crust*; he trimmed his *gizzard*; and, by way of a *finish*, he touched his *heart*. Indeed, RED ROBIN was now reduced to a shadow in the presence of Gybletts - the substance or pith was all taken out of him; it was against "*My Reddy*" one hundred pounds to a farthing. Both down, and Gybletts also falling very heavy on "*poor Cock Robin!*"

7. Very near over, but not quite; the above *cock* proved himself a GAME COCK, nothing like the *dunghill* in his breed. He was one of Tom Owen's sort - "D'ye mind me, fight my boy - if you can't fight, you can't win!" Lots of *pepper* till Cock Robin fell out of the ropes. "Take him away!"

8. and last. The *topper*-ing system was again in full practice, till *poor* COCK ROBIN went down quite exhausted! "He shall not fight any more this time," said one of his friends. It was over in thirteen minutes.

REMARKS.

The above battle was one of the richest displays of *science* over RUFFIANISM ever witnessed: it was regular *polishing* off a fellow with the utmost ease and confidence. Gybletts will prove an *ugly customer* for any one of his weight - to any boxer who can fight well, but to strong *novices*, if as big as a house, "Good night to them; all will be well" to the POLISHER, Mr. Charles Gybletts.



Just over a week later Fogo was involved with another fight of minor importance but in which *The Morning Chronicle* and *Pierce Egan's London Life* [the same article, written by Egan] refer to him in print as "that bright ornament to gymnastics, the **frosty-faced Fogo**." This is the first time the epithet is found in the newspapers applying to Fogo, who was otherwise simply called John or Jack Fogo. The alliterative nick-name stuck and was possibly an additional reason he became a celebrity - it was easy to remember and rolled off the tongue. Possibly this was the opposite of what Egan had intended, since his normal attitude to Fogo was one of denigration or to snub him.

The fight, which took place on September the 8th, was between the 18 year old 'Young Sailor boy' Harry Jones, who, after many minor fights, was about to begin a glittering career, and Tommy O'Lynn (real name Jemmy Wilson) 'the Costermonger champion' whose career began and ended with this bout!¹² Once more, we can let Pierce Egan tell the tale in his own inimitable style;

Harry Jones 'the Young Sailor Boy'

Old Oak Common, situate about six miles from London, on the Harrow road, and formerly the scene of many a sturdy battle between men of high pugilistic character, was yesterday honoured by the presence of a select assemblage of the *Vestminster mobocracy*, to witness a Subscription Mill, between Jones (the sailor boy) and a *Costermonger Champion*, well known by the poetical appellation of "Tommy O'Lynn," but whose name, in the parish books, is Jemmy Wilson. Jemmy, it seems, has long been the *Drake* of the walk in *Duck-lane*, and in the various rencontres in which he happened to be engaged with the heroic youths of that neighbourhood, he invariably came off with *eclat*. This circumstance rendered him a great favourite among the *Donkey Dragoons*, of which he is a member, and they determined, when an opportunity offered, to afford him the means of distinguishing himself in a way which might do honour to the school from which he sprung.

This opportunity happily occurred last week at Cooper's Arms, in Strutton-ground. A large party of *respectables* having been assembled over their "pots of heavy," in that place of social resort, some remarks were made on the want of *diversion* among the *operative* classes of society, while the *nobs* were pickling their carcasses on the sea shore. Various proposals were made for a day's *frisk*. Some were for *grabbing a bull*, and taking him out for an airing; others were for a *dog fight*, and more for a *duck hunt*; but to all these there were objections; and Mr. Martin's Act was mentioned as a bar to any such exhilarating (sic!) amusements. At last a *mill* was suggested, as more congenial to all their feelings, and the Sailor Boy being present, it was resolved that he and Tommy O'Lynn should have a *shy* for a subscription purse. Both men were agreeable, and yesterday was fixed for the *lark*. The hat went round at the moment, and about four pounds were collected, which, with what might be contributed on the ground, was considered a tolerable fair prize.

At an early hour yesterday morning, the lads were on the move, and the avenues leading to the Harrow road presented a lively succession of donkey *equipages*; while the banks of the Paddington Canal, and the fields from the Uxbridge road, were covered with groups of the most motley characters, all directing their steps towards the appointed spot. At one o'clock the assemblage was very numerous, and from a cursory view of the forces, we were inclined to think that, for this day at least, many a pocket west of Temple-bar remained unpicked.

Amongst the throng we noticed many of our old friends, and particularly Bill Gibbons and Caleb Baldwin. The former was present merely as an amateur, while the latter, with a jar of *blue ruin*, copiously diluted from the neighbouring canal, endeavoured to enliven the spirits of his patrons, and to furnish the pockets of his own *inexpressibles*. A long list of the Boxing School were likewise on the ground, and Tom Oliver acted as master of ceremonies, he being the stakeholder, and otherwise the *dictator* of the day.

The Sailor Boy was early on the ground, having been brought in *prime twig* by Tom Callas, and a couple of his friends, in a one *horse shay*. He looked very well, and was evidently confident of winning. Tommy O'Lynn was said to be at a public house on the Harrow road, under the care of a *gemman*, whose delicacy was such, that he did not wish his name to be mentioned: he was therefore described as the "*Great Unknown*." At two o'clock, notice was sent to the "*Great Unknown*" to bring his man, and in a short time he arrived with his shay-cart, drawn by his celebrated trotter, and he was received with as cordial a cheer as if he were Sir Walter Scott, or the Right Honourable George Canning, of which honour he seemed deeply sensible, and blushed like a *bone-boiler*, which, we believe, is the *profession* to which he belongs.

Oliver now made an attempt to increase the amount of the purse, and the respectability of the multitude may be properly estimated, when we state, that with all Tom's eloquence, he was only able to raise *ten shillings and eight pence, three farthing*, of which nearly one-fourth was of the latter coin. There were also three *oysters* put in the hat, but Oliver was not sufficiently *shell-fish*, he said, to deprive a man of his stock in trade.

All being now in readiness the ring was beaten, and a commodious area was formed. There were no ropes and stakes and thus sufficient room was left for the exercise of the scientific tack of "getting away." The men soon made

their appearance on the opposite sides of the ring, throwing in their "casters" with mutual good humour. On stripping, the Sailor Boy was evidently the heavier and stronger of the two, and the odds were announced at 7 to 4 in his favour. Tommy O'Lynn was regularly *togged* for the occasion, and unlike his great ancestor, Brien O'Lynn, who history informs us "had no breeches to wear," he advanced in all the pride of a new pair of flannel drawers, high-low-shoes, and new cotton *trotter cases*. On pulling down his knowledge-box by the forelock of its thatch, he was rapturously welcomed by the cry of "Tommy for ever!" while the "Great Unknown" whispered in his ear the words of the favourite Scotch song -

"Now's the time and now's the hour,
See the front of battle low'r,"

Tommy grinned a grin and prepared for action. He was attended by Charley Brennan and Young Gas, while the Sailor Boy claimed the kind offices of Alec Reid, and that bright ornament to gymnastics, the **frosty-faced Fogo**.

[see also *Boxiana 2nd Series, II pp. 336-40*]

THE FIGHT

Round 1. The position of both men was good, and Tommy threw himself into a studied attitude. The Sailor Boy tried to bring him out, and made two feints with his right. Tommy was steady; but at last Jones let fly with his right, and caught him on the nob. Tommy was awake, and returned on his cheek, when, after a short rally, they both closed, and went down together, Tommy undermost.

2. Jones was again anxious to begin; made faint, and then hit with his left; but was well stopped - Jones, still busy, rattled in, and caught Tommy on the ivories, and a spirited rally followed, in which Jones caught his man round the neck, and pegged at his belly with great effect. He at last closed and threw him. [Vait (cried a costermonger) only let Tommy give him a touch of his own, and you'll see. "Veel vait, (cried another), but I'm blown if I don't think veel vait long enough."]

3. Tommy came up active, but received a *jobber* in the *dexter ogle*, and in getting away dropped. (The *Great Unknown* began to look *rummish*, and was seen to scratch his *block* in a most significant manner).

4. Jones was now perfectly acquainted with his man, and resolved to finish him without delay. He went in boldly with his left, but was stopped by Tommy throwing up his right, and pitching back his head. Jones, however, followed him with his right, and hit him severely over his left guard. A desperate rally followed, in which Jones administered severe punishment, and Tommy went down piping and bleeding. [It was now a Donkey to a Tom-tit in Jones's favour, but nobody would take the odds.]

5th and last. Tommy planted a body blow, but with little force; Jones returned on his smeller, and another desperate rally followed, in which Tommy had it in all directions, and was at last hit down senseless. Jones winning without a scratch in six minutes.

REMARKS

Tommy may do among the street heroes in the back *slums*, but he won't do in the ring. He was too light, and not sufficiently fed for Jones. Gibbons recommended, from his greyhound condition, that he should go into training for a "*Natommy vivante*," and go round the country as own brother to the *living skeleton*.

A fight was expected between two bakers, but they did not put *yeast* enough in their *batch*, and thus their courage did not rise.

Frosty-faced Fogo not only assisted in setting up the ring for fights and occasionally acting as a second, additionally writing and performing his chaunts for the boxing followers in taverns and for benefits but he also took on the role of chairman of such gatherings. The first occasion reported in the press is the following; ¹³

THE KING AND CONSTITUTIONAL SOCIETY commenced on Tuesday last [September 20th], at George Cooper's, the Hercules' Pillars, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, for the season. It was well attended, and lots of good singing and fun occurred throughout the evening. Mr. Willerby will take the chair on Tuesday next. From the great overflow of company on the above evening, it was proposed by the Gentlemen present, that it should be twice a week (Tuesdays and Fridays) during the winter season. Mr. Fogo mounts the perch on Friday next [Sep 30th].

The next pugilistic contest that Fogo attended was on Tuesday 11th October at Stanstead, three miles from Bishop's Stortford in Hertfordshire. Frosty was there with Tom Oliver and Joe Fishwick, i.e. the Commissary to the P. R., but they are only mentioned in the report of the fight as incidental participants or commentators. This is an indication that Fogo probably attended *most* of the important as well as minor fights in his day but without him being actually mentioned in the reports, there is no proof he was physically there - and therefore I have not included them in this work, leaving the reader to read about those other fights in the volumes of *Boxiana* and the contemporary Press.

The fight was between the winners of two of the previous fights which Frosty had witnessed: Rough Robin versus Charles Gyblets - for £50 a side. ¹⁴ I suspect that Pierce Egan was again the reporter, though the editor of the *Weekly Dispatch*, in which the article appears, has eliminated a few of the italics and capitals that normally pepper Egan's dispatches;

Although very considerable sums had been betted on this fight, yet a small portion only of the London Fancy attended it - so great was the distance, that the most determined *bettors* thought they had *better* stay at home. The stage-coaches and a stray gig or two conveyed a few *out-and-outers* to Bishop Stortford. But we must not omit to notice a vehicle that Dickey Martin would have wept to look upon - it was a *light* cart, *heavily* laden, with seven rough and ready *coves* from Blackfriars: the *near* wheel, being loose on the axle-tree, described as many fanciful revolutions as *Monsieur Gouffe* does on the slack rope, and the *drag*, of course, went "all on one side," and that the wrong one - (like the Editor of the *Times*, in one of his mawkish essays against pugilism) - while the poor *nag*, which had apparently obtained a

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respite from some *nacker's yard*, was certainly "a rum one to look at," but not "a good one to go," and by the appearance of his knees seemed much inclined to *religious exercises*!

Tuesday, being the first day of the Michaelmas Fair, at Bishop's Stortford, a considerable number of holiday-folks assembled there, who seemed highly delighted with the chance afforded them of witnessing a prize-fight. Preparations had been made for forming the ring within half a mile of the town, but an interruption occurred, and about noon it was determined to move on to the village of Stanstead, about three miles off, on the Cambridge-road. Word to this effect having been given, a multitude, of "all sorts and sizes," started for the scene of action - the fair was literally deserted - the dealers in gingerbread, and other *sweets*, looked *sour* with disappointment - the wild-beast showmen seemed quite *savage* to see their customers *toddling* and trotting away to the mill; while an oyster-merchant, with a mouth gaping as wide as the stale fish he dealt in, declared it was a shame not to let the men fight close to the town - for the turning of them away was not *fair*, it only spoilt the *fair*, and they would fight somewhere, after all! Meantime, the road exhibited a lively and spirited scene. There were vehicles of all sorts, from the barouche to the mud-cart, in rapid motion; well-mounted farmers, galloping and throwing up the mud to the danger and annoyance of the poor pedestrians, who seemed to "lard the lean earth," as they toiled along, puffing, sweating, and frightened to death, lest they should only arrive "in time to be too late."

The ring was formed on a pleasant eminence, called Castle Hill, where, tradition says, an ancient castle once stood, and where, moreover, the countrymen of the present day are in the habit of settling their disputes; so that many a battle had been fought on this ground, and a more eligible spot could not have been selected. A rising bank, which nearly surrounded the ring, afforded a good station to many persons of both sexes; and the pretty country lasses - long life and a good husband to each of them - viewed the scene with peculiar interest. The experienced Commissary-General, assisted by his pal, *knowing Joey* [*Joe Fishwick*] (under whose care the stakes had been fresh painted, and new ropes procured), soon had all things in readiness; and shortly after one, Gybletts *skied his beaver* into the ring, attended by Dick Curtis and Alec Reed [*Alic Reid, the Chelsea Snob*]. Rough Robin almost immediately repeated the token of defiance, he was waited on by his old opponent, Jack Manning, and Davey Hudson. The colours were - blue for Robin, yellow for Charley. The big one gained the toss, and the fight commenced at half-past one o'clock. Betting 6 and 7 to 4 on Robin, who weighed 15st 3lb; while Gybletts was no more than 11st 2lbs., and was not in such good condition *as he might have been*.

Round 1. - Charley soon commenced practice, by putting in a right-handed ribber, followed by a left-handed facer, which drew blood from the eye; Robin at the same instant put in a slight return blow, and a tinge of claret appeared on the top of Gybletts's *handsome* nose. A little sparring ensued, when Gybletts planted two heavy left-handed blows *bang* on the mouth, avoiding cleverly the awkward attempts of Robin to *counter* with him Charley again let fly at the head, but caught a *teaser* on the ear from the right hand of the rough one: a few exchanges to the advantage of Gybletts occurred at the ropes - Gybletts broke away, and recommenced off-fighting. His left hand was continually busy about the head of Robin, who was prevented by his seconds from going in, and who stood up a complete chopping-block, to be punished by Gybletts at his leisure. Robin succeeded in planting one facer, but received twenty in return, and his mug was soon covered with *claret*. In fact, Charley had nothing else to do but to walk up to Robin's head, and *pink* him with the left hand, while, at the same time, he covered his own *nob* with the right, and thus generally avoided receiving any punishment himself; but in attempting to put in a right-handed hit he caught a jobber or two. At length Robin was knocked down. The country folks, among whom were many well-wishers to the "little one," as they called Gybletts, now cheered him till the hills rang again.

2. Robin had told his *pals*, previous to the fight, that he had learned a new *stop* - he must have meant with his head; for almost all Charley's blows alighted there, yet though the big one had lost so much blood, he was as full of *pluck* as ever. On "time" being called, Gybletts stood at a little distance from the scratch, when Robin called out "come on!" Gybletts went to work again at the head, and the nose and mouth of the rough one streamed with claret, while his right eye was nearly darkened: however, he planted two blows, right and left, which nearly knocked Gybletts completely off his legs. "Well done, Robin," said Josh, "That's the way to *floor* a Charley!"

3. Gybletts put in a tremendous left-handed facer, and Robin's head fell back with the force of the blow, but he only shook it, as if uncertain whether it remained on his shoulders or not. Gybletts sparred for wind, and repeated the dose; Robin offered a bodier, which was stopped, and Gybletts put in no less than ten hits on the head without receiving one in return. In making another attempt Charley received a blow which damaged his right eye, but he planted a home facer and broke away from two hits. Robin ran in, *against* orders, and offered a right-handed blow, but Gybletts sprung back out of harm's way, and laughed - then returned to the charge, and worked away at the head. Robin made a hit, which drew blood from the nose; but in point of generalship, it was the Duke of Wellington to a raw recruit, in favour of Gybletts, whose left hand was hardly ever out of Robin's face. Perhaps there was never seen such a fine fighting on one side, and bad on the other, as was now exhibited - Robin's face was hit dreadfully - his right eye quite closed, and his mouth and nose a mass of blood, which drying, through the great length of the round, presented a dreadful spectacle; The big one's mug looked as red and fiery as the sun when it peeps through the smoke and fog of a November morning in London. Gybletts tried once or twice to get at Robin's left eye with the right hand, but he missed his hits, and caught some dangerous facers in return, upon which he recommenced his left-handed work, and drew fresh blood at every blow. The battle seemed to be going altogether in Charley's favour. "The Half-moon will be eclipsed," cried one; "Leadenhall-market is mourning," rejoined another. The men were wearied out; they walked away from each other, wiped their hands, rinsed their mouths, and re-commenced action. Gybletts gave Robin more *pepper* about the mouth, and it was astonishing to see the indifference with which it was received. Hudson was now running about inquiring for a lancet, in order that it might be applied to Robin's eye at the close of the round, when a *chaffing cove* exclaimed, "get a *pick-axe*, Josh, or borrow the Stortford barber's* long pole!" Charley's left hand was covered with blood, partly from the mug of Robin, and partly from several cuts it had received by coming in contact with the Rough One's teeth. Gybletts at length *napt* a tremendous blow on the breast, fortunately for him it was two inches above the *mark*; had it fallen a little lower, the consequences might have been serious. Charley reeled backwards, and Robin, who was at last permitted to go to work, went in and *downed* him. This round is unprecedented in the annals of pugilism - it lasted forty minutes, and consisted entirely of off-fighting, without a single close or struggle.

4. Gybletts was now weak, and apparently almost worn out with his own exertions: he had received very little punishment, but, in the last round, he had expended nearly all his strength. "Go in and finish him, Robin," cried Davey, and Charley was immediately went down. Still the fight was not safe to either party - a single hit in the left eye might have reduced Robin to a state of darkness; and Gybletts, it was evident, could not last much longer.

5. Robin went to work *instanter*; Gyblett made a fine defence - turned off several hits, and planted three or four on the face; but he could not reach Robin's left eye, as he attempted, with the right hand, and was soon grassed by an awkward, though hard hit on the head.

6. Gyblett, to all appearances, was quite exhausted, and had scarcely made his appearance at the scratch, before he was sent down. Holt now went into the Ring, and declared Charley should fight no more: several others also joined in humanely advising him to *cut it*. The hat was accordingly thrown up, and Rough Robin declared the victor, after a fight of one hour's duration. The Rough one gave a jump, on hearing the welcome news that he had won. "How are you, Robin?" said Josh, shaking him by the hand. "Oh, just as fresh as when I begun!" retorted this *out-and-out* glutton.

REMARKS

The termination of the contest was by no means satisfactory to many persons, and Holt was much blamed for his interference; Curtis, in particular, declared that Gyblett could have fought longer, and, indeed, he might have stood up for another round or two; but it is our firm opinion, and we are confirmed in it by several of the best judges, that *Charley could never have won the fight*. All his attempts to get at Robin's left eye had failed; and even if he could have *reached* it, we question whether, after the last round, he had sufficient strength left to hit hard enough to close it. Tom Oliver, who witnessed Robin's celebrated fight at Manchester, gives his opinion, that all the hitting Gyblett gave him was trifling, compared to what he received from Jack Manning: "So help me G-d," said Tom, at the close of this battle, "The Rough One is NOT HALF BEAT!" Gyblett was certainly wrong in fighting so long in the third round - he ought to have husbanded his strength, and got down much oftener than he did. But we are much more astonished at the policy of keeping Robin back in the three first rounds - all his superior weight and strength were of no service to him - he stood still to be hit at, for he could not stop a blow, and he can hardly be said to have fought at all till the end of the third round. Reports have been circulated, that it was never intended Gyblett should win; it is likewise said, that a lemon was thrown in the Ring, at the close of the third round, as a signal for Robin to *go to work*, and for Gyblett to *cut it*; but this lemon was called for by Dick Curtis, who is so far from having had any thing to do with a X, that he was highly exasperated with the issue of the battle. It is whispered, there are "secrets worth knowing," connected with this fight; but we know nothing of them - we have stated things as they occurred - our readers will draw their own conclusions.

* This aspiring little *chin-mower* has distinguished the front of his little shop by a large pole, which towers above the adjoining houses, like the main-mast of a first rate, and is *hardly* surpassed in altitude by the church steeple itself.

THE SECOND GAME FIGHT

Peter Sweeney, an English-bred Irishman, who had attained some little knowledge of the art of self-defence, under the able tuition of Alec Reed, had a dispute some short time since with Mike Foye, an *Emeralder*, almost raw from the land of bogs, whiskey, and potatoes - love, population and poverty! Mike knew nothing of boxing, as an art; but, "who ever knew an Irishman a coward?" Like Kent in *King Lear*, he had "more man than wit about him;" and, therefore, was eager to decide the controversy by "an appeal to *arms*." The men are both well known over the water, in the purlieus of Blackfriars: they met at a *lush-crib* there, a few days ago, and each deposited a small sum, agreeing to fight on this day, immediately after Robin and Gyblett left the ring; - hoping, also, that the spectators would collect a purse, which, in addition to their little stake, might reward the winner, and comfort the loser. The collection was made accordingly, and at a few minutes before three o'clock the fight began.

Round 1. Peter showed off in a fine attitude, and also looked like a man who knew *summut* about fighting: while the lasses of the hills, viewing his "fair oval face," ornamented with a flaxen *upper thicket*, "hoped the young man would win - it would be a pity to spoil his countenance, or blacken his bright eyes!" Poor Mike, on the other hand, crossed his arms awkwardly, and, by his appearance, seemed to have attained that period of life when courage commonly gives place for prudence. Sweeney put in a hit or two, which did little mischief; the men closed, and went down together. "Well done, Peter, hit him on the *stink-trap*," said Jack Fogo; "Cut away, Mike," cried Joe Fishwicke.

2. Peter came on with a laugh, and planted a bodier, followed by a slight facer. Mike went in with determined courage, hugged his man, not *very* lovingly, and both reeled down together.

3. Sweeney went up to Foye's head and downed him.

4. A little fibbing, a hug, and a tumble.

5. Foye was saluted with a right-hander, which damaged his left eye - he went in; the men reeled against the ropes, and both felt the grass together.

6, 7, 8. The fighting was all in favour of Sweeney, who closed up the left eye of his antagonist, and had altogether the best of the fighting. Peter seemed to depend on his throwing for victory, but, for an Irishman, he was the worst wrestler we ever saw.

9, 10, 11. Foye made good counter hit in the last of these rounds, and both fell under the ropes. Peter's right eye was slightly damaged, and the laugh taken out of him.

12. Sweeney took the lead and kept it: his right hand told heavily about the left side of Foye's head, and he kept him bleeding from the nose. No change took place, and nothing of importance occurred till the twenty-sixth round, when, as poor Mike was going down terribly distressed, Peter, instead of punishing him, clapped him on the shoulder, for which he was loudly applauded. Josh Hudson now went up to Foye, and endeavoured to persuade him to give in, as he had not a chance to win, and besides the damage sustained to his right eye, he had received a dangerous temple hit. Josh's humanity was, however, thrown away; the brave Irishman refused to resign the contest, but fought another round, in which he was hit to a stand still, and was then carried out of the ring quite helpless. Peter behaved very well during the fight, and with a little more practice may become a star among the light weights.

THE LATE FIGHT

Gyblett complains most of the hit on the top of the head, which he received in the sixth round, and declares, most solemnly, that he did his best to win. He has no less than eighteen cuts on his left hand, which were occasioned by its coming so frequently in contact with Rough Robin's teeth. The stakes have been given up to Robin.

Frosty had the opportunity, the following week, to repeat the comical bout that he had performed in January 1823 with his friend Gadzee, but now with his partner, assistant Commissary, Joe Fishwick. It was reported in the same newspaper as the last item;¹⁴

A WORD FOR THE BRAVE. - Tom Shelton, who has fought so many gallant battles, and never *stood nice* about weight or length, is to have a benefit on Wednesday next [19th], at the Royal Tennis Court, Windmill-street, Haymarket. His last opponent, Brown the giant, is certain to be in attendance, and will, perhaps, set-to with Spring. All the combatants in the grand day's play of Tuesday next, who are able, will *show* in the Court. A comical set-to for a sovereign is also to take place between Joe Fishwicke, the fancy caterer, and **Jack Fogo**, the poet. We trust the parties interested in the Trotting Match which now stands fixed for Wednesday next, will postpone it till another day, or poor Tom will be a sufferer.

These performances by Fogo had become an important part of his means of earning a living, additional to any Commissary or shoemaking work he did, and probably by this period were his main source of income. Frosty announced that he would give an entertainment and "a prime bit of sparring" to his friends, on October 31st 1825 at Mr. Butler's, the Butcher's Arms, Clements-lane, Clare-market.¹⁵

"All the first-rate men on the list, on account of **Fogo's** services, are determined to make a *hit* or two on his account." Egan calls Fogo - 'the *Chaunter* and *Song Writer* to the Fancy' whereas *Bell's* calls him 'our friend **Frosty-faced Fogo the poet Laureat** of the Ring.'" And they give a 'specimen of the happy talent of this milling genius:-"

The milling Chaunter of the Ring,
And Poet, **Johnny Fogo**.
His friends together begs to bring,
Without whose aid 'tis **no go**.

To Butler's house, in Clement's-lane,
As good a trump as I know,
Where boxers will, of mighty fame,
Set-to for **Johnny Fogo**.

On Monday evening, seven o'clock,
October, the last night, Sir,
They'll at each other have a knock,
To shew you how they fight, Sir.

The Butcher's Arms, it is the crib,
Where they will doff their beavers,
And gallantly each other fib
With their mawley cleavers.

A host of them have promis'd **John**,
At the *scratch* to be in time, Sir,
In turn to serve the *Chaunting Don*
Of their *gallant deeds* in rhyme, Sir.

Then join, my friends, with me, and stretch
Your hand out for a Ticket,
To keep *Poverty, that meagre wretch*,
From bowling down his wicket.

Jack Fogo means to those who come,
To thank all, that he can say,
And give his *last Poetic slum*,
"A Statement of the fancy."

For a small disfigured man to pull off an entertainment like this required not only talent and an extrovert personality but an energy and enthusiasm that made him popular with the boxers who would spar on his behalf and a joviality that would attract a large audience looking for entertainment. He would have paid Mr. Butler for using his tavern and slipped something to the boxers but all the profit from the event, from the entry fee to, no doubt, some commission on the alcohol and refreshments, went to Frosty himself. In his present family situation this would have been a great relief. The *Morning Herald* of November 1st gave a less than complimentary report of the event the following day;¹⁶

15 251030PELL, 251030B

16 251101MH see also 251031G and 251105LLL

***THE FANCY** - Yesterday was announced as a day that would be interesting to those who are amateurs, or who are in any degree connected with the movements of the degraded Ring.In the evening the attendances at the places of pugilistic resort were crowded, but not with professors and the party; there was, however, a muster of the lower orders of the Fancy, with the addition of a few stars in the vicinity of Clifford's inn, to patronise the efforts of Mr. Fogo, who, since the death of Gregson, has been the Poet Laureat of the Ring.*

Of course Frosty wasn't a stage entertainer. His appeal *was* to his fellow 'lower orders' in Clare Market, where he lived. A much tougher audience and one requiring a knowledge of his compatriots and a fellow feeling for them to make them happy and enjoy a good time - to have fun, and come again!

In Egans paper of October 30th (251030PELL) he wrote an article headed 'Disordered State of the Ring' and reported on a meeting held at the Castle Tavern, Holborn on the previous Wednesday, the 26th, when the match between Young Gas (Jonathan Bissell) and Reuben Martin was discussed. Young Gas said he had been offered £200 to throw the fight. The man who offered the money was Mr. Smith, a **muffin**-baker in Gray's Inn-lane, who said he had been employed by two other men who he refused to name. They were called the *Knights of the Cross* and the fight declared a draw and the stakeholder's money returned to them. A *cross* refers to a fixed fight. The terms *cross* and *muffin-man* appear in Frosty's poems later.

The *Morning Herald* article of November 1st that is headed *The Fancy* above, continues with mention of a benefit for Jem Ward ['The Black Diamond' - later British Champion and friend of Frosty] who had thrown a fight early in his career and at his benefit at the Tennis Court on October 31st, which, unlike Frosty's benefit, was attended by "personages from the Peer to the pickpocket," usually garrulous people kept quiet during discussions of Young Gas's reported *cross*. Shenanigans were implied in the actions of the sparrers as they left the venue to arrange future contests.

The result of all this was the declared:

"MELANCHOLY DEATH of the PUGILISTIC CLUB and CORONER'S INQUEST ON THE BODY" as published in *Bell's* over the next three weeks.¹⁷ Frosty isn't mentioned in the *first* article but is referred to in the *second* and his poem published in the *third*. In full, the article is as follows;

(Week 1) It is with sincere regret we have to state the death of the Pugilistic Club, at the premature age of eleven years. This melancholy event was announced on Monday last, by the Commander-in Chief of the *Milling* Forces, to the Commissary-General Bill Gibbons, whose feelings were so much excited upon the occasion, that for some time he was deprived of the power of utterance, and indeed but for the prompt assistance of his deputy, Joe Fishwick, who rubbed his *nozzle* with *alum*, it was thought he would have "hopped the twig" without further ceremony. Fortunately, however, after a few characteristic kicks, he came to himself, exclaiming as he opened his *ogles* -

"Foul deeds will rise,
Tho'all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes:
And murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ -
'Tis those d----d *crosses* have done it!"

"You're right, Bill," cried the Commander-in-chief, "nothing but *foul play* could have cut short the thread of life in so *fair* a body."

"Then the *crowner* ought to hold his inquest," exclaimed Joe; "the innocent ought not to suffer for the guilty!"

"Joey, thou reasonest well," said the Commander-in-Chief, "a Coroner's inquest we will have, & let the odium rest where it is most deserved. Bill (added he, addressing himself to the Commissary), see that our old friend Stirling be summoned, and that we have a jury of honest men."

"I'm *fly*!" sobbed Bill, and seizing Joey by the *wing*, they *toddled* in *Co*.

We ought here to state, that that most respectable body, the Pugilistic Club, came into existence in May 1814, and that it was composed of men of the first consequence, who, viewing the science of Pugilism, as truly characteristic of Englishmen, sought every means of promoting its extension. They formed themselves into a society, and assumed a uniform, consisting of blue coats, and yellow waistcoats, with gilt buttons, bearing the letters P.C. Stakes and ropes were also obtained at their expense, the former painted blue and bearing a crown, with the initials P.C. These were intrusted to Bill Gibbons, to be used at all prize-fights, and to defray this expense as well as to reward the pugilists who kept the ring, or to assist in making a purse for young aspirants to fistic fame, a liberal fund was collected. The recent abuses among the *milling* corps, however, have tended gradually to diminish the spirit of so creditable an institution. I pined in solitude and disgust, till at last, as was announced to our friend Bill on Monday, it ceased to exist. Its ashes, however, are preserved - and, like the Phoenix, if circumstances should arise which may justify its reanimation, it will no doubt be again drawn into life, and assume that vigour for which it was, in the early days of its existence, so eminently distinguished.

CORONER'S INQUEST

We shall now proceed to detail the evidence given before the Inquest, which was assembled to enquire into the causes that led to the death of the deceased, and which held their enquiry at the Castle Tavern, Holborn.

The Jury having taken a view of the body, which was reduced to a complete skeleton, proceeded to examine the witnesses.

Coroner: "Call Thomas Cribb!" Tom entered in deep mourning - "Is your name Cribb?" - "It is." - "Are you the double X Champion?" "I am." - "Take the pot." Tom took the pot, and having drunk the contents, was examined by the Coroner. "Did you know the deceased?" "I did." - "For how long?" "For upwards of 11 years." - "In what state of health has it been of late?" "D-----d Bad." - "What was its disease?" "A deep decline." - "Do you think its death has been expedited by unfair means?" "I do." - "By what means?" "By the infernal roguery of a parcel of chaps who set up for fighting-men, and who, being the tools of rogues, either won or lost a fight as suited the purposes of their employers." - "Can you name any of those persons?" "I can." (Tom then handed in a list, which it would be imprudent to publish, as, the parties being put on their guard, might escape the hands of justice.) - "Are you of the opinion that the Pugilistic Club was destroyed by these infernal rogueries?" "I am."

Tom Belcher-"You are the proprietor of this house?" "I am." - "Did you know the deceased?" "I did." - "Can you tell us the cause of its death?" "I think it was killed by *crosses*." - "By what sort of crosses?" "By *cross-fights*, which have disgusted the *Fancy*, and rendered all us honest publicans almost paupers. Formerly my parlour was ornamented every night by half a dozen black eyes and scarified *muzzles* - now we scarce see a black eye in a twelve-month."

Coroner: "Heavens! to what a miserable state has society been reduced."

Josh Hudson having taken the pot, was addressed by the Coroner, "Well, Mister Hudson." "My name is not *Mister*, Sir, I'm *plain* Josh Hudson." - "I can believe you, for I never saw a *plainer*, or rather *uglier* looking *cove* in my life." "Thank you, Sir, I owes you one." - "What do you know of the causes which have led to the death of the Pugilistic Club?" "I *nose* nothing at all about it." - "That is to say, what you know you won't tell?" "Just so; I never was a *nose*, and I shan't begin now."

By one of the Jury: Did you ever make a cross yourself?" The Coroner: "He is not bound to criminate himself. Josh Hudson you may *mizzle*," and the witness *mizzled* accordingly.

Ben Burn examined. - "Can you tell us what caused the death of the Pugilistic Club?" "I'll bet a *thoosand* I can if I loike, and I'll stake the mooney noo." "We don't want your money, we only want the fact." "Well, I shan't tell, and there's an end of that - for I don't loike to make mischief." - Then you may retire," and off Ben went.

Pierce Egan, Esq. was next called, and he entered the room supported on crutches, formed of two of the P.C. stakes. - "You seem unwell, Mr. Egan?" "I have not been sworn, Sir," - "I beg your pardon - give Mr. Egan the pot:" and the worthy historian having whetted his whistle, said, "he had been *gallows bad*. In fact, he had slipped through the fingers of old *Boney* with great difficulty." - "Did you know the Pugilistic Club?" "Most assuredly." - "It was a most respectable body?" "A better set of *trumps* never blew a *sneezer*." - "You are aware of the melancholy cause of our assemblage?" "Yes, I'm *down*." - "The Club is dead?" "As dead as a *knit*." - "Can you state to what this lamentable occurrence is attributable?" "I can." (Here the witness seemed very faint, & requested the Coroner would order him a *yard and a half of tape*, which was ordered accordingly, and having swallowed the *flash*, he declared that he was "like a giant refreshed.") - The question was repeated. "I have long watched, with disgust, the unfair tricks of the Ring, and from my intercourse with the different members of the Club who occasionally honoured my *crib* with their presence, I have every reason to believe that their gradual decline is solely attributable to those tricks." - "In truth, you think the Club has been destroyed by foul play?" "I have no doubt of it."

Jem Ward, Alic Reid, Stockman, Jones (the Sailor-boy), Gyblets, Smith (the muffin-baker), Reuben Martin, the *Woolley-faced* Lawyer, and several others, whose names we could not learn, tendered their evidence, but for some reason unexplained the Coroner refused to hear them. Ned O'Neil, Whiteheaded Bob, Paddington Jones, Caleb Baldwin, and a long list of men well acquainted with the "tricks of the times," all corroborated the testimony of Mr. Egan; and the Jury, without hesitation, returned a Verdict of "*Wilful Murder against certain persons to the Jury well known*." And the Coroner said he should immediately issue his warrants for their apprehension. The moment this declaration was made, there was a quick move observable among the rejected witnesses, and the *Wooley-faced* Lawyer, mounted on the back of the Muffin-Baker, was seen on the full trot down Gray's-Inn-lane. Pigeons were also sent off in various directions, to give notice to the interested parties.

As the body is to be honoured with a public funeral, we shall give an account of the procession, and the whole of the ceremony in our next.

(Week 2)

CEREMONIES ATTENDING THE FUNERAL of the PUGILISTIC CLUB

In our last we gave a detailed account of the Coroner's Inquisition on the body of the Pugilistic Club, the death of which had been occasioned by the *foul play* which was then disclosed. Immediately after the enquiry had been brought to a conclusion a meeting of the *Fancy* took place, for the purpose of taking into consideration what means should be adopted for paying those honours to the remains of the deceased, to which they were so justly entitled. The meeting was perfectly private; but the result was, that the matter should be referred to a Committee of *Bakers*, who, independent of their being a very *pugnacious* body, and largely contributing to the amusements of the Ring, were allowed to have more knowledge of the management of *dead men* than any other class of society. The Committee lost no time in performing the task assigned them, and it was resolved first - "That the body should *lie in state*;" secondly, "That it should have a *Public Funeral*, with a becoming Procession;" thirdly, "That the remains should be deposited on Moulsey Hurst, that celebrated arena of pugilistic sports; and lastly, "That a monument to the memory of the Club should be erected in Westminster Abbey, and placed in a conspicuous situation amongst the tombs of those illustrious heroes, the enumeration of whose glorious deeds occupy so distinguished a portion of the history of our country."

The course of proceeding having been thus settled, the next point of consideration was, the place at which the ceremonial of lying in state should be observed. The Fives Court was at first proposed as more appropriate; but this ancient School of British Games being under repair, it was found necessary to seek another edifice; and, after a short deliberation, the Westminster Pit was unanimously appointed, as having been the scene of many of those sports of which the deceased was known to be so ardent a promoter. Immediately notice was sent to Charley Eastup, the respectable manager of that establishment, to make the requisite arrangements, with instructions that he should spare no expense to render the ceremony as imposing as possible.

EMBALMING THE BODY

It was subsequently suggested by the Scotch Champion, who acted as Chairman, that in order "to do the thing with propriety, that the bodie ocht to be disemboeld, and the hert and intesteenes placed in urns, to be prepared for the occasion: after which, he thoctt the bodie itself ote to be embalmed." The Committee at once felt the force of this suggestion, and admitted that it was only by an oversight so necessary an operation had been forgotten. Some objections were made on the ground of expense; but these were met by the chairman, with an undertaking that "it should na cost much ef he were left to take his own way."

Every thing was conceded. and in the course of the evening, the melancholy ceremony was performed. The aid of Jack Ketch, as most acquainted with the art of disembowelling, was obtained by the Chairman, at a moderate charge; and, in order to avoid the additional expense of *urns*, the *forms* of which were considered unimportant, the heart, which was proportioned to the size of the body, was hermetically sealed in a *two-gallon pewter beer measure*, and the other intestines as securely deposited in one of the *Westminster Dairy milk cans*, which, from the falling off of that Company, was brought for a mere trifle. The body was then *stuffed* by the cook from the Freemason's Tavern, with *sage* and *onions*, *thyme*, *marjoram*, and other *savory herbs*, and coffined; and the whole affair being thus satisfactorily accomplished, the *lot* was privately conveyed to the Westminster Pit during the night.

THE LYING IN STATE

The public were not admitted into the Pit until the morning, when every pains were taken to prevent confusion; and persons were appointed, whose duty it was to keep up a continued cry of "Take care of your pockets," a precaution which, even on an occasion so solemn, was not without its advantage.

On entering the gloomy chamber, the spectator was struck by the mournful splendour of the scene. In the centre of the building, where Billy has so often dealt death to hundreds, lay the unconscious remains of the deceased, the best evidence of whose virtues was to be found in the weeping *ogles* of the deeply affected multitude. "Even stones must weep!" pathetically exclaimed Old Caleb, at the moment suiting the action to the word by flinging the briny drop from the tip of his *smeller* into Joe Fishwick's half yawning *Muzzle*. The coffin was elevated on a platform, composed of three beer barrels, and was covered with an *elegant new tarpaulin*, which swept the ground with its luxuriant draperies. The galleries, which surrounded the Pit, were ornamented with festoons composed of *new coal sacks*, tastefully displayed, while the whole of the walls were rendered *en suite* by a liberal application of *Hunt's matchless [Blacking]*. From the tiles hung a chandelier, the sockets of which were filled with *links* manufactured for the occasion, and twelve *sweeps* stood round the platform, each bearing a light of a similar description. At the head of the coffin sat Bill Gibbons, as chief mourner, dressed in deep mourning, & endeavouring to drown his sorrows in repeated draughts of *heavy wet*. At the foot sat Joe Fishwick, also in black, and having before him the *pluck* of the deceased - that is to say, his *heart*, and other internal ornaments, in their respective *urns*. On the breast of the coffin lay a pair of sparring-gloves; a pair of flannel drawers; a pair of high-low shoes; a pair of white cotton-stockings; a black *squeezer*; a piece of sponge and two empty bottles; and at the foot were placed the white *beaver* upper *Poodle Benjamin*, and uniform coat and waistcoat of the deceased, which, from the painful recollections they induced, seemed strongly to excite the feelings of the passing throng, one of whom, from the pure desire of possessing a sacred relic, was detected, like Filch in the Beggar's Opera, in endeavouring, with the aid of a hook-stick, to appropriate the black *squeeze* to his own immediate use. However the motive for this act might have been respected, several persons cried "Shame!" on witnessing so indecorous an attempt. In order to avoid a too near approach to the coffin, an area was preserved round it by means of the P. C. stakes and ropes, and with a view of preventing infection and counteracting the unpleasant effluvia of the body, the Pit was copiously sprinkled with *Segar* and *Evan's* best *Eau di Vie*. Thousands of all ranks flocked to the melancholy scene which closed at four o'clock, to enable the undertakers to make preparations for the -

FUNERAL PROCESSION

As early as six o'clock on the ensuing morning, the different persons chosen to superintend the ceremonies, were on the alert, marshalling the Procession according to the programme issued by the Committee; and previous to this hour, detachments of the *Costermonger Yeomanry* were stationed at each end of Duck-lane, to prevent the passage of Gentlemen's carriages or other vehicles down the avenue, while the Tothill-fields [*Bridewell Prison*] *Black Guards* lined the adjoining streets. The Noblemen and Gentlemen coming to take part in the procession were set down in Stretton Grounds, and from thence had to walk to the Pit.

At ten o'clock, all being in readiness, the Procession moved on in the following order: -

Twelve Sweeps, *in clerical* costume, to clear the way.
Mr. Lee, High Constable of Westminster, on his *mottle-nosed* charger, with a *brass* staff, which he had substituted for his *silver* one, a circumstance not a little offensive to the Committee.
Twelve *Gate-men*, the usual *avant couriers* of the Fancy.
Two and two.
Twelve of the *Waggon train*, Two and Two.
A detachment of the *Jerusalem Dragoons*, mounted on high *spirited donkies*.
A full band of *Marrow Bones and Cleavers*, the instruments *muffled*, and the Band playing "*The Devil's Tattoo*."
Mrs. Fishwick with her Camp Equipage, in her husband's *flash drag*.
Bill Pledger, Caleb Baldwin, Isaac Levi, and four other Purveyors of the Ring, each with a jar of brandy under his arm.
A detachment of the *Costermonger Yeomanry*.
Dusty Bob and *Black Sal*. The former tolling his *tinkler* most woefully.
The *White Beaver* of the Deceased, borne on a mop-stick by Jack Randall, uncovered - his head shaved, and his *extremities* painted *sky blue*.
The *Flannel Drawers* of the Deceased, elevated on a sweeping-brush, and borne by Mrs. Reuben Marten, who, on a recent occasion, gave proof of her ability in wearing such articles.
A Donkey with a pair of panniers containing the high-low shoes, the stockings, the black *squeeze*, and other costume of the Deceased, together with the bottles and sponge.
Colonel Lennox, bearing the *muffles* of the Deceased on his *lap-stone* - his *pate* uncovered, and dressed in nankeen inexpressibles, ornamented with cobbler's wax.
The Ropes and Stakes, wrapped in black serge, and borne on the shoulders of four of the Commissary's Assistants.

THE BODY

In an elegant new Coal Waggon, lent expressly for the occasion by a well known *black-diamond* dealing Patron of the Ring, drawn by eight *jet black* horses, with appropriate housings, each horse led by an *ivory black coal-heaver*. The body was raised on two chaldron and a half of coals, which happened to be going to Hampton, and was covered with the magnificent pall used at the lying in state, on the sides of which were richly emblazoned, in red and yellow ochre, the arms of the deceased, consisting of "*A bunch of Fives rampant, a dexter ogle dormant, a smeller split, four grinders dislocated, with an under jaw oblique, two ears pendant*, and a body corporate floored, on a ground of deep blood colour," with the motto - "*In hoc signo vinces*" - in plain English - "*In this sign thou shalt conquer*." This motto was considered peculiarly applicable. It originated with the Emperor Constantine when he saw a *cross* in the air - and as the deceased was killed by *crosses*, the taste of the Committee was highly approved for the selection.

The Pall was supported by eight distinguished bearers, who volunteered their services for the occasion - namely, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Bexley, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Banks, Richard Martin, Esq., Mr. Justice Burrough, and Mr. Justice Park. (We regret to state, that these gentlemen conducted themselves throughout with a levity very unbecoming their sanctified characters.) - The Urns, containing the heart and *trillibubs* of the deceased, were placed at the head and feet of the body, and had a very picturesque effect.

Immediately after the corpse came the Chief Mourner, Bill Gibbons, in long black robe, cocked hat and weepers, with a double *quid* in his gob, to keep up his spirits, or to keep out the cold.

Second Mourner, Joe Fishwick, also in a black robe, with a *yard of clay* stuck in his countenance.

Then followed the household of the Deceased:

Master of the Horse, Jem Bunn, the *Bow-boy*, on his own three-legged Rozinante,

Comptrollers of the Household, Messrs Vickery and Wontner.

Groom of the *Stole-n* Goods, Moses Levi, the Bags man,

Grooms of the Bed-Chamber, Messrs. Eames, Isaacs, Belasco, Lazarus, and twelve others in the same line.

Grooms of the Larder, Messrs. Goodred, Robottom, and Grub.

Privy Purse, J. Bee, Esq. The Purse containing sundry crumpled leaves of the *Fancy Gazette*.

Gentlemen of the *Privy* Chamber, ten celebrated *Nightmen*.

Two and two. In working costume.

Historian of the Ring, with his nose between his fingers,

His Cloak supported by two Printer's Devils.

The Orator of the Ring, Harry Holt, bearing a funeral Oration, on the back of a lithographic print of himself, just published.

The Poet Laureat of the Ring, Frosty Faced Fogo, with a Copy of Verses suitable for the occasion.

Pugilistic Reporters of the *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Herald*, in a *one horse shay*, with *appetites reversed*.

Physicians to the *Fancy*, Doctors Eady, Leake, Goss, Currie, and Courtney. These gentlemen were honoured with a general *clap* [*cry* in WAW], and the spectators kept *running* after them all the way.

Jemmy Sores, President of the Daffy Club.

The Daffy Club. Two and two.

One Hundred Pugilists. Two and two, Their *mawleys muffled*.

One Hundred *Prigs*. Two and two. Their pickers and stealers in their own pickets instead of their neighbours.

Twelve *Fences*, their bags turned inside out.

Four-and-twenty Pie-men, their baskets empty.

Jack Hatchelor, on the Bull which Mr. Martin said had been devoured alive on Hounslow Heath.

Sam Wedgebury, with twelve Bull Dogs muzzled, and painted black.

Charley Eastup, mounted on Lord Harborough's Great Russian Bear, which was especially lent to take part in the melancholy ceremony.

The Dog Billy, led by his rival, young Wedgebury, with a handsome cloak made of rat-skins.

The King's Rat-catcher. His Cage empty.

Harry Green, leading two badgers.

The Procession was closed by an immense number of drags of all sorts, from the dashing barouche to the costermonger's cart; and we were not displeased to observe a very brilliant display of the fair sex, who so pleasingly contribute to the health and happiness of the Fancy, on all fit occasions.

As this splendid but mournful procession passed through the streets, the most profound silence prevailed, and all seemed to sympathize in the irreparable loss which the Pugilistic Corps had sustained, as well as deeply to deplore the nefarious circumstances by which it had been induced. Emblems of *crosses* were everywhere displayed, and we verily believe, if some of the persons against whom the Coroner's Inquest had returned their verdict could have been found, they would have been *crucified* on the spot, to appease the *manes* of the deceased. We were also pleased to observe that the *dustmen* of the different villages through which the body passed were on the alert, and by mournful peals from their bells, manifested their participation in the general regret.

The Procession reached Hampton-bridge precisely at three o'clock; the cavalcade having stopped at the Widow's, at Brentford-end, to refresh.

On gaining the Surrey side of the river, the *gatesmen* and *waggon-train* brushed on to the Hurst, in double quick time, where they found that Bob Lawrence, our worthy host of the Red Lion, had already prepared the grave. They immediately formed a ring, and thus secured order and regularity during the last offices to the dead.

At the entrance to the Hurst, an agreeable addition was made to the solemnity of the scene by the appearance of a long line of *Knights of the Cross*, who after a penitential journey to the *Holy Land*, had returned in time, at once to manifest their own repentance and their deep regret at the unhappy consequence of their misdeeds. They were all dressed in white robes, having before and behind large *red crosses*. At their head stood a Right Reverend Abbot and a Priestly Confessor, having a large banner on which was inscribed the motto "*Cruci dum spiro fida*," "Whilst I breath I trust in the Cross." On the approach of the body, those repentant sinners chaunted, in admirable style, the appropriate Anthem of;

We're a' *robbing*, rob-rob-robbing,
We're a' robbing! that's the time o' day!"

The fine *base* voice of the *Woolley-faced* Lawyer was heard with peculiar effect among the sonorous tones of his brother choristers.

The whole then moved on, preceded by the *Knights of the Cross*, to the grave, and the ropes of the ring having been placed in such a situation as to facilitate the descent of the coffin, the body was lowered to its last depository, and as it touched the earth the whole procession joined in one long and awful *grunt*.

*The *Reverend Abbott* then read the beautiful funeral service, his *Priestly* confessor giving responses. On coming to that part in which he says "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," Dusty Bob advanced with a bushel basket full of dust, which he threw into the grave, thereby increasing the powerful effects of the ceremony, although at the expence of the white robes of the Rev. Fathers, who were nearly smothered in the rising clouds.

All ***being* completed, the Orator of the Ring advanced to deliver his Funeral Oration, but he was so deeply affected as to be unable to utter a word, a fatality which also attended the *Poet Laureat*. *In fact these gentlemen had made so free with the widow's cruse, at Brentford-end, that it was with some difficulty they were enabled to maintain their places in the procession.*

The grave was then filled in, and on the turf being spread o'er its surface, the Purveyors of the Ring advanced with their brandy, and the whole of the procession swallowed three glasses each, with a hearty prayer for the resurrection of the deceased, in which prayer we most cordially join.

A subscription is immediately to be opened for erecting the monument in Westminster Abbey.

INSCRIPTION ON THE COFFIN

The following simple Inscription was engraven on a plate which was placed on the breast of the Coffin. It is the composition of the erudite and gentlemanly pugilist, *Jack Scroggins* - "*Corpus sed non Anima Illustrissimi Pugillisti Clubbi, qui obiit 10 Novembris, Anno Domini 1825 Ætat 11 An.*" - "The Body, but not the Soul, of the illustrious Pugilistic Club, who died 10th November, 1825 Aged eleven years." We may probably obtain a Copy of the Funeral Oration, and a **Copy of the Poet Laureat's Verses** for our next [issue].

(Week 3) **FUNERAL ORATION,
INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY HARRY HOLT,
OVER THE BODY OF THE PUGILISTIC CLUB**

In our last, we state that in consequence of certain defects in the vision of the Orator of the Ring, he was unable to read the Oration with which he had prepared himself, to be delivered on the occasion of the Funeral of the Pugilistic Club on Moulsey Hurst. We have since been favoured with a literal copy of that short but eloquent composition, which we now have great pleasure in laying before our readers. It is as follows:-

"Pals, Pugilists, and Prigs! Hear me while I *patter*, and be silent that you may hear. Before you lies the body of one, the remembrance of whose virtues must endure to the end of time; and the foul cause of whose death hath reflected an indelible disgrace on some of those whom I now see before me, but of whom I will not more particularly speak, in the fervent hope that, by their late pilgrimage to the *Holy Land*, under the banner of the *Cross*, they may have, in some measure, expiated the crimes of which they may have been guilty. Oh, my Pals! which among ye, who recollects the deeds of noble liberality for which the deceased was distinguished, can do otherwise than pipe his eye? - which among ye, who remembers that to him we owed the patronage of a Prince of the Illustrious House of Brunswick, followed by a long list of foreign and indigenous Nobility, can suppress a feeling of the deepest anguish - an anguish, rendered still more acute from the reflection that with him lie buried all these bright advantages.

Well may you, my brother Pugilists, and you, my brother* *Prigs* - well may you hide your diminished *cannisters* - well may you wring your surcharged *wipes* - but were you to weep "till all was blue," you could not recall those days of brilliant prosperity to which his influence gave birth. No more shall your senses be gladdened by the jocund shout of joy in the parlours of a Cribb, a Belcher, or a Josh, on the completion of a match - no more shall you drink that honest, but standing toast "may the best man win" - no more shall the smiling sun welcome you from your *cribs* on the morn of a *mill* - no more with *ribbons* in hand, mounted in your *swell drag*, shall you furnish scope for the pencil of the immortal Cruikshank - no more shall the tented surface of this delightful plain gladden your peepers, or give note of *frisk* - no more shall the joyous ring resound with the cheerful din of preparation - no ore shall our friend, Bob Lawrence, welcome the *flash* assemblage to his doors - no more shall the proud

"And dauntless man step, full of hopes,

"Up to the P. C. stakes and ropes -

No more shall the upflying *castor* announce the approaching combat - no more shall the *bubbling claret* intoxicate you with delight - no more shall the veteran conveyancer practise his transcendent talent - nor the *Yokel's* noddle resound with the music of his stick - no more shall our worthy Historian find fun for his pen, or food for his bowels - all, all is lost; and to a miracle only can we look for the restoration of times so blessed. The inscription on that splendid coffin, however, tells us, that it is not the soul, but the body only which we inter. Let us, then, join heart and hand, & by prayer and good works, endeavour to deserve of Providence, as in the days of Pythagoras, the transmission of that still living soul into a body which, although not possessed of the vigour, may partake of the virtues of the deceased, and let me, above all, call upon you, the *Knights of the Cross*, to prove the sincerity of your repentance by joining in this most pious effort. My friends, I will detain you no longer; it gets d----d cold, and I get d----d hungry; but, in short, let me advise you all to be as honest as you can afford to be, and I verily think, if I were to preach till Doomsday, you would do more."

The muse of our friend Harry seems to have been stretched to the uttermost; but he observes, if his ideas had not been distracted by the continued jeering of Tom Oliver, Tom Callas, and a long list of other looser *coves*, he would have outshone his namesake, *Cicero*, himself. We would advise him, when he attempts to write again, to mend his pen; for our printer says it was as much as he could do to decypher his *pot-hooks*.

*This must be a mistake.

BY EXPRESS. THE BODY OF THE PUGILISTIC CLUB PRIGGED

Just as we were going to press, we received a letter by express, from Hampton: it conveys to us a piece of intelligence at which, we confess, our very blood runs cold. The excitement of our feelings at the late ceremony of laying the respected remains of the club, in what we were induced to hope was its last melancholy home, had scarcely subsided, when they have been again called into

action by the heart-rending information that the silent grave has been outraged - that the sacred cor[p]se has been torn from the mantle of the earth, and exposed to the vile ribaldry of *Body-snatchers* and *Dissectors*. It is, indeed, horrible that in these times of civilization, such abominations should be committed. Surely, whatever the claims of the promoters of science may have on the bodies of the departed members of society, there are instances in which exemption might be fairly allowed, and especially where the sensibilities of a large and valuable portion of mankind are embarked. It cannot be said that in these times, when our columns are crowded with suicides, and sudden deaths, that such *subjects* are scarce; but even if they were, we are quite satisfied that there are many who would gladly have volunteered their carcasses as *substitutes* for the deceased - and many too, who could well have been well spared to the Ring. We allude particularly to *Reuben Marten*, *Old Caleb*, *Old Mendoza*, or even *Bitton*, whose bodies would have afforded infinitely more scope for the knife than the reduced frame of the Club, which, as we before stated, was entirely *out of condition*, and reduced to the appearance of a mere skeleton. Even our old friend, the *Attorney General of the Fancy*, for whom, whatever he may think, we entertain the highest regard, would have been proud to have placed his well-furnished paunch at the mercy of a whole legion of young surgeons, rather than suffer a single square inch of the Club to be profaned. The following is the letter which has given rise to these observations:-

"Red Lion, Hampton, Saturday morning.

"Honored Sir - It is my painful duty to inform you that the *Body-snatchers* have been on the look-out ever since Saturday last, to *prig* the body of our respected friend, the Pugilistic Club. Bob and I *twigged* the *coves* on the sly on Sunday night, and after watching some time, saw them approach the grave. We immediately called Old Snell, the ferryman, but he being at *snooze* with his old woman, he would not get up. We, however, got a punt, and put off for the Hurst; and as we landed, the ruffians *mizzled*, no doubt suspecting they were watched. Every day since we have seen a suspicious fellow *Crouching* down behind a dung barge; but whether he was there for any legitimate purpose or not, we were not able to discover. Last night, however, having just stepped in to blow a cloud, we were alarmed by the cries of one of my *kids* that I had set to watch, and on rushing to the shore, we saw four fellows rowing down the river as if in a matter of life and death, who had been seen coming from the place where the body had been deposited. Our fears were at once awakened, and indeed poor old Bob was so anxious to ascertain whether the body had really been *prigged*, that he threw himself into the water, *togs* and all, and swam to the other side; and you may well conceive his astonishment and indignation when he found that the tomb had been "robbed of all its treasures," and nothing left but the coffin and the shroud. I soon followed him, and close to the spot we found a *jemmy*, a *darkey*, and a *screw teaser*, which the miscreants left behind. We instantly raised a hue and cry, but without effect, as the villains had escaped with their booty. We lost no time in communicating the event to our worthy Rector, the Rev. Dr. Nibbleguts, who sympathised with us in our distress, and gave orders to our village *traps* to go in pursuit. As yet no tidings of success have reached us; but by giving this publicity in your Paper, in all probability we shall not be long before we get *scent*. The body having been highly seasoned, Bob has been training his dog *Towzer* to the smell of *sage* and *onions* since the moment the discovery was made, and he will no doubt prove a useful coadjutor in our future searches. Be assured of my zeal in this melancholy occasion, and that no stone shall be left unturned to recover the body - Your obedient humble servant, "BILL COMBES."

In another part of our paper it will be seen that several tierces of pickled men, women, and children were seized at Glasgow as contraband. We conjure the Magistracy of that town, should the body of our venerated Club come under their cognizance, that they will not fail to return it to London, as, thanks to the foresight of the Scotch Champion, it is so prepared as to keep for any length of time. We are the more induced to make this appeal, as a whisper has gone abroad that the Scotch Champion himself has been concerned in the unhallowed robbery, for the purpose of submitting the corps to the scientific observations of the *Fancy* on the other side of the Tweed. We give this as a mere rumour, without meaning positively to assert, that even a Scotchman could have lent himself to so flagitious a scheme.

We are in great hopes, from a private hint, that we shall be able to give some tidings of the body in our next. *The Lancet*, a Medical Journal, throws some light on the *subject*.

TO OUR SPORTING READER

We have heard with regret, that some of our Sporting Readers have felt hurt at the introduction of their names in our recent account of the Procession attending the Funeral of the Pugilistic Club. It was far from our intention to give pain, and we are sure the good sense of our friends, as well as that of the public, must teach them to feel that no serious imputation was meant to be cast upon anyone. In seizing events and rumours as they rise, our only object is to excite a good-humoured laugh, without at all meaning to assume that the prattle of the idle is always to be taken as evidence of disgrace. We know of many instances where the reverse ought be the case; & if we thought the occasion required it, we could mention the names of persons against whom the current of prejudice has run strong; but whose characters stand as high, if not much higher, in the Sporting World and in private society, than many who can boast of the title of "*Honorable*" to their names. Our motto is "*Viva la bagatelle*," and while we shoot "Folly as it flies," we wish our shafts to fall lightly, at the same time we hope that where mischief has been done, every pains will be taken to repair it.

ELEGIAIC STANZAS

ON THE

LAMENTED DEATH OF THE PUGILISTIC CLUB

By Frosty-faced Fogo, Poet Laureat of the Ring

To be said or sung to the delightful tune of "Paddy O'Carroll."



[The notes not included but added here for the interest of those with a musical bent - RCS]

The *Club Pugilistic*, which held the *art fistic*
In such estimation, alas! is gone dead.
We cannot prevent it, and Providence meant it,
To make us look after the lives that we led.
I'm sure you'll believe us, the story's too grievous

For me to relate it in verse or in prose;
But they'll say it is *no go*, if **Frosty-faced Fogo**
Don't tip you a sorrowful stave through his nose

Toora lol, loora lol, &c

His limbs (that is, *members*) are ashes (or *embers*
Which is nearly the same you'll be pleas'd to remark),
And all his bright glories are matter for stories,
For now they're shut up in a box in the dark.
Dear heart! what a pity, through country and city,
To see the tears shed, and to hear such a groan.
Ah, Death! only tell us, why right in the *bellows*
You hit him? Why couldn't you let him alone?

Toora lol, loora lol, &c

He's gone to Heaven, aged *only eleven*:
Saint Peter will wonder to see him that day;
And noting the feature of such a young creature,
Will ask if he have not mistaken his way?
But all that he can say is this, that the *Fancy*
Have caus'd his decease long before his due time;
And hundreds of Devils will start on their travels,
To visit the earth but to punish the crimes.

Toora lol, loora lol, &c

They'll seize on that jolly old cove that's so *Woolley*,
And down to black Tartarus hurry him quick;
Where that head of all ruffians, the *baker of muffins*,
Shall be bak'd in *cross-buns* as a taste for Old Nick.
And Stockman and Marten for hell soon departing,
Perhaps by the help of a gallows and cord;
The *Champion self-christened* shall meet just at *this* end
Of hell, for ere long he must have his re-*Ward*.

Toora lol, loora lol, &c

The *Jews* are such *warments*, they're sure of their torments,
And seem to be destin'd to Hell from their birth;
And this is the reason why, under high treason,
They are not afraid to be rogues upon earth.
They're the *patrons of crosses*, sure gains and no losses
Yet I wonder that crosses their principles suit:
By *one cross* they're losers, and therefore are cruisers
All over the world, and are out of repute.

Toora lol, loora lol, &c

But why should I place full in front what's disgraceful,
And leave out of sight what's so worthy renown,
This Corpse's great virtue? for I will assert, you
Can't match it for merit in country or town.
But now all is over; from Land's end to Dover
There will nothing but sorrow and anguish be known;
While tears of emotion shall swell the old ocean,
Who'll wonder at water as salt as his own!

Toora lol, loora lol, &c

While this Club still existed, it always assisted
To raise up the honest, and put down the knave;
But the *knaves* are so many, in *turning a penny*,
That here they have laid him at last in the grave!
It might be expected, there should be erected
A *cross* o'er his dust, just to point out the spot;
But that were too shabby - in Westminster Abbey,
And in the *cross aisle*, they've a monument got.

Toora lol, loora lol, &c

To lessen our sorrow, some comfort let's borrow,
From thinking of times and men that are gone -
When the *Ring* was a credit to all who could tread it,

Toora lol, loora lol, &c

During these three weeks of November we see a turning point as the seriousness of 'crossing' is recognised and the reputation of the Pugilistic Club waned. It is a topic that Frosty repeatedly turns to from now on. As a gambler he could see that placing a bet was futile if the fight was already fixed - how could you bet on the favourite if he could earn much more by losing a fight than winning it? Trust in the pugilists was being lost and the Fancy, rich *and* poor were turning away from the sport, which also reduced attendances and earnings at fights and sparrings. Even the benefits had become corrupted, more so than previously mentioned (see *footnote 4*). The *Weekly Dispatch* carried the following report on November 20th 1825;¹⁸

The deserving and the undeserving are alike sufferers by the decay of pugilism - as the putting down of country fairs injures *prigs* and swindlers, but abolishes many innocent pleasures of the young and happy. Poor old Dan Mendoza's exhibitions, at the Tennis Court, on Tuesday last, was even worse attended than that of Jack Scroggins, on the Tuesday preceding, and the receipts at the door would not cover the expenses of the Court. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? There is nothing doing in the fistic world, and Benefits have lately been too often displays of anything but science. The first-raters will rarely exhibit; we see the same men mount the stage, week after week, occasionally relieved by a ruffian bout or two, between *seedy coves*, who never fight but with the gloves, and had better leave even that alone. Benefits should be "few and far between;" and then they might be of service to the fighting men - "a guinea," as **Jack Fogo** says, "is worth forty-two sixpences."

In December *Bell's* printed some verses entitled "Bellman's Verses for Christmas 1825" ¹⁹with sub-titles: To the King, To Mr. Roastchild [*Rothschild*!], To the Duke of York, To the King's Ministers, To the Lord High Chancellor, and To Dr. Southey, Poet Laureate. Frosty felt that Southey, with his long-winded poems, had deserted his republican friends Wordsworth and Coleridge by taking the King's shilling and changing sides. He often castigated Southey in his own poems and these verses *could* have had some input by him, but I haven't included them here because, despite the anti-Southey comments in the last verses, I think they are not Frosty's work.

1826

Similarly, in January *Bell's* printed a poem 'An Ode for the New Year' written by 'Not the Poet Laureat.'²⁰ It carries on in the same vein as the previous verses and in particular has another go at Southey, especially for his lack of work - but since Fogo's name isn't mentioned [most *unlike* a Fogo poem] I cannot allocate this work to him and though, like the previous verses, have included them in full in the extra '*References, Part I*' have not copied them here. From January we get very regular mentions of Frosty, covering every month, initially almost exclusively in *Bell's* and the *Weekly Dispatch*.

The first mention comes in a *Bell's* humorous article in the issue of January 22nd, page 31, column 3;²¹

GENTILITY IN THE EAST
TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON

Sir, - I think that the fashionables at our end of town have much reason to complain of the want of attention on the part of those reporters who give so much *eclat* to the tip-top jollifications in the west. We, too, Sir, although not breathing the same air with the aristocracy of the land, have our balls and our routs, and our dinner-parties, and our supper parties; and I will venture to say, are no less happy than those whose manners we are accused of aping. I am led to these observations from not having noticed in any of the Journals of the metropolis, whether daily or weekly, an account of the Grand Fancy Ball, which was given a few nights back at Josh Hudson's *crib* in Leadenhall-market. A more *tasteful* thing, whether as to elegance of the company, the variety of the viands, or the excellence of the liquors, has seldom been witnessed. It was, in fact, an "out and out" concern, and all were delighted with the brilliancy of the

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entertainment. Conceiving that such efforts at hospitality should not be hid under a bushel, I venture to send you a short sketch of the occurrences. In the first place it is fit to state that the floor of the ball-room was chalked in the most admirable style by an artist of eminence, whom all your readers must have noticed exhibiting his talents on the pavement of the metropolis in various situations. In the centre was an excellent representation of a *mill* on Moulsey Hurst, accompanied by all the eccentricities of such a scene; and around this were the happiest illustrations of all the cries of London fine "Green Sprats" to Green Hastings." In the four corners were a few spirited sketches of dog-fights, badger-drawing, pony-racing, and bear-baiting, which were considered highly appropriate to the expected guests, and which were drawn so much "to the life," that many of the fair sex who tripped it merrily on the "light fantastic toe," were almost frightened to death, lest the *hanimals* should start from the boards, and destroy the economy of their *trotters*. At the upper end of the saloon a temporary orchestra was raised on the top of half a dozen beer-bats, which were ingeniously hidden from view by a succession of luxuriant draperies, formed of the blankets of the household. The musicians were of the most scientific description, including in their numbers all the itinerant cat-gut scrapers of the East, and the usual *marrow-bone* band from the Whitechapel Assembly. The company began to arrive early, and were received by the worthy host, at the top of the stairs with all that urbanity and politeness for which he is so much distinguished. David Hudson acted as Master of Ceremonies, and was dressed in white satin *inexpressibles*, silk stockings, and pumps, for the occasion. He had an "eye out" for all his friends, and did the duties of the office to admiration. The Ball was opened by Bill Gibbons, Esq., and the amiable Mrs. Caleb Baldwin, who danced a *Pas de deux* in a style that would have surprised even the frequenters of the Opera. It was a finished exhibition, and but for Mrs. Baldwin having lost one of her slippers, which unhappily exhibited her naked toes, would no doubt have ended with credit to the parties. This accident, however, excited the risibility of the company, and Bill led his partner to her seat a good deal mortified. The Master of the Ceremonies now called upon the musicians to "give them a *Cow-drille*," which they immediately struck up, and John *Bull* led out Mrs. Cutlet, the wife of a carcase butcher in the market, while **Frosty-faced Fogo**, Joe Fishwick, Jem Bunn, and Rough Robin, having obtained partners, followed his example, and although in some instances, the set floundered on the *horns* of a dilemma in getting through the figure, still they all danced perfectly to their own satisfaction. Country dancing followed, led off by old Caleb and Mrs. Marten, to the favourite air of "Moll in the Wad."

To diversify the entertainments, a few amateurs afforded a good deal of pleasure by their vocal contributions, and Tom Cribb's "Will Watch," Mr. Nightingale's "Nightingale Club," and Peter Warren's "Storm," excited general approbation. Refreshments were then introduced, and the supply of Seager and Evan's best, *heavy wet*, and negus was of the most liberal description; while, with the consent of the ladies, who were extremely indulgent, every gentleman was permitted the fashionable indulgence of "blowing a cloud." Dancing was then resumed until supper time, and when that happy hour arrived, all were eager for the affray. The cloth was laid in the Ball-room, while the ladies retired to the regions above, and the table was soon covered with a profusion of delicacies. There were three magnificent rounds of beef, hot, and elegantly ornamented with carrots and savoys; four quarters of pork, roasted; ten geese, four dishes of stewed ox tails, and as many ox cheeks; together with a few *kickshaws* for delicate stomachs, consisting of liver and bacon, cow-heels, and tripe. No expence was in fact spared to render the festival suitable to the palates of the company, and from the general good-will with which the several viands were attacked, it was sufficiently apparent that all were satisfied with their fare. After supper the votaries of Terpsichore again took to the graceful maizes of the dance, and the night concluded with a general *reel*, in which the grave and the gay, the young and the old, the fat and the lean, bore prominent parts. Should you give insertion to the above particulars, you will highly delight,

ONE OF THE PARTY.

Red-Lion-street, Whitechapel.

P.S. I forgot to state that the ball-room was decorated with the most delicate exotics, including every variety of ever-green. not forgetting turnip-tops, collards, and elegant stars formed of the best Welsh leeks.

The next entry refers to an incident on February 7th which indicates how Frosty spent his 'free' time networking with his pugilistic friends and being ready to be called upon for his expertise, *gratis*, when needed. The piece appears first in the *Weekly Dispatch* on February 12th but was reprinted in *Bethell's Life in London* on Feb 18th 1826;²²

THE SPREE AT THE SLUICE HOUSE

Ned Savage appeared at the Sluice-house, on Tuesday last, and threw up his hat at the time appointed; but his opponent did not make his appearance. Thus being disappointed of the wrestling match, the fancy *coves* retired to a large room, in the public-house, where Sam Wedgbury and his pals soon formed a temporary pit with forms, tables, &c., a dog-fight and a rat-killing match, (the first for a purse, the second for *nix*.) were then exhibited. There were too many Lads of the Flat present to part without having a *turn-up* of a more *manly* character. A purse was accordingly collected, and Bill Webb, of Newport Market, readily *set-to* with a sailor for the contents. Ned Savage and Gaynor seconded Webb; **Jack Fogo** and another lent a hand to the tar. About twenty rounds were fought - both men received heavy punishment; and both showed fine game qualities. The sailor's courage was particularly admired: but he was ultimately obliged to *strike his colours*, and Bill Ward pocketed the blunt: after which, with the help of *max* and *heavy wet*, the day passed off agreeably enough. Savage has since received forfeit of Pigg (his intended wrestling antagonist), who had sprained his leg; and another match is talked of.

Almost all fights took place outdoors, often in open spaces or fields, and winter was not the most popular time to either travel to a match or to fight. As soon as the weather became more clement the matches would begin

again in earnest. On the 14th March a bout was fixed to take place at Noman's Land, Hertfordshire, for £25 a side between Dan Donovan and Jack Jennings. On the route down to the fight Frosty-faced Fogo had an amusing encounter on his coach with a man from Manchester which was considered worth printing in both *Bell's* and the *Dispatch* and Frosty then followed these articles up with a poem of his own on the subject.²³

Unfortunately, due to the damaged condition of the original papers there are a few omissions in the text. Rather than repeat both articles I have conflated the two;

Our readers (*WD*) will recollect, that Donovan and Jennings - both natives of "Dublin's swate city," - were matched to decide a quarrel which arose at their joint benefit, at the Jacob's Well, Barbican, when each accused the other of taking *too much care of No. 1*. - The fight excited little interest except amongst the Irish part of the Fancy, and few persons left London to witness it. A couple of post-chaises, and a solitary gig or two, were all the vehicles we observed between London and St. Albans, while about a dozen *bog-trotters*, paddling through the mud at the rate of nearly six miles an hour, armed, or rather *loaded*, with huge shillelahs, were the only *toddlers*. These lads were all in favour of Donovan, and some of them were eager to bet a "yellow-boy, or so" upon him; but they could find no takers; for he who had been *unlucky* enough to win their money, might probably have been paid a *la shillelah*.

[*Bell's* - Our old friend, **Frosty Faced Fogo** is known to be a constant attendant upon all gymnastic exhibitions; and being Poet Laureat of the Ring, is, of course, invariably present on every occasion where his genius may be called into action; and whether with his pen, his bottle of blue ruin, or his chaunt, he is sure to keep the game alive. A fine specimen of his ready talent was exhibited on his way to the mill between Donovan and Jennings on Monday night] That distinguished member of the waggon-train, **Jack Fogo**, who is equally a *dab* at pugillism and poetry; - now dealing out *max* at a mill, and anon chaunting a stave of his own in a *fancy crib*, perched himself on one of the north stages, on Monday afternoon. It chanced, that on the same coach was a Manchester gent., - whether he was one of the *delegates* or not we are at a loss to guess, - but, at any rate, his *mug* bore no indications of the distresses of the times; for it sparkled, like the firmament, with a thousand glittering spangles. There was something in his hell-fire countenance that attracted the sympathy of **frosty-faced Fogo!** who having introduced himself as the *poet-laureat* of the Ring, soon informed him of the approaching fight. [*Fogo* found himself comfortably seated by a rosy gilled old cock, who said he was going to Manchester. **Fogo**, conceiving it might be one of the delegates who had come up to have conference with the Bank of England at this "pecuniary crisis" determined to court his acquaintance; and knowing that the Manchester coves were all in the Fancy, he politely asked him if he was going to the fight? "Fight! (said his neighbour) what fight?"] The Manchester man's resolution was taken immediately; - "Coachman," said he, "I feel very ill, and cannot proceed further than St. Alban's to-night - my fare must be transferred to to-morrow's coach!" Coachee agreed, and the *swell* spent his evening vastly comfortable, at the Red Lion, enlivened by the *chaunting* of the **Milling Chaunter**, and entertained by the anecdotes and rich slang of Tom Oliver; while, in return, he *tipped* freely for lots of *grub*, grog, and heavy-wet!

Next morning, in a chaise-and-four, with plenty of exhilarating fluid stowed under the seat, and the remainder of the vehicle occupied *in toto*, inside and outside, with fighting-men - among whom were Donovan, **Fogo** and Oliver, the Manchester *Bardolph* dashed off to Noman's Land, apparently not a little pleased with the opportunity of having such eminent men for his companions!

From St. Alban's to the scene of action - a distance of about three miles - the road presented a pretty cheerful appearance, yet still the number of spectators round the ring was very small. At a quarter past one the fight commenced. Seconds, Holt and an Irish amateur for Donovan - Gas and Robinson for Jennings. Betting 5 to 4 on Donovan.

Round 1. Donovan, to all appearances, was the heaviest man by half a stone, or thereabouts. His frame indicated great strength, and on his broad shoulders he carried one of those hard *bull-heads* that a man may break his fist against without damage to the wearer. - Jennings looked of a more delicate mould. After a few minutes spent in sparring, Donovan made play at the body with the left hand; Jennings *returned* at the head, and rushed in. Some awkward round hitting followed, the men got entangled in the ropes, and both went down together. No mischief done.

2. Donovan put in a bodier. Jennings immediately rushed in, as before; a long, close-fighting bout ensued, wherein Donovan made several hits tell on the face, and drew first blood from the mouth of this antagonist; then finished the round by giving him a clean fall. "Two to one upon Donovan," cried Tom Oliver. "Oh! murder!" roared an Irishman, "isn't it more than *that* now? why, it's all the cloths on your back, Tom, to the rind of a potatoe!"

3, 4, 5. In all these rounds Donovan had decidedly the best of the hitting, and the mug of his antagonist was severely bruised. Jennings could not make his blows tell. Indeed, he seemed to depend more on wrestling than fighting, for winning the battle; and yet, owing to Donovan's superior strength, the chances were much against him at close quarters.

6. Jennings received a heavy facer, and in the struggle which followed, the men came down with the crowns of their heads on the turf, and their heels cutting capers in the air! (Loud laughter.)

7. Jennings drew blood from his adversary's mouth by an up-hit, but it did very little mischief. Donovan was now somewhat winded, and he fought carefully, till the tenth round, when in that and the two following, he brought the fight to a certainty, by going up to his man's head, and punishing it right and left. Jennings was now Receiver-general - his left eye was closed, his right cheek severely cut, and from his mouth and nose the *claret* constantly streamed. - It would be useless to detain the reader by a detail of the remaining rounds, which were uniformly in favour of Donovan, who kept the lead altogether, and punishing his man without getting a hit in return worth mentioning. Jennings maintained the fight, however, with considerable game till twenty-six rounds had occurred, in thirty-nine minutes, when he resigned the contest. [*another version is in Bell's*]

REMARKS. - Donovan won without receiving a hit of any consequence. In fact, he was almost as well when he left the ring as when he entered it. Jennings had scarcely a chance throughout the whole fight: he never changed the odds, and he never gained any advantage, save in now and then bringing his antagonist under in the falls. He was always anxious to get in, which, when he had accomplished, he strove more to get Donovan down, than punish him. Jennings

is a brave man, and perhaps a good wrestler, but he *cannot fight*. We would advise him, ere he enters the ring again, to learn the use of his fists - very few battles are won by throwing.

SECOND FIGHT

Harry Jones, the Sailor-boy, being disappointed in his hopes of fighting Mike Curtain for a purse, by the non-appearance of Mike, now threw his hat up, declaring he was ready to fight any man of his weight for whatever the amateurs could collect - faith! rather than not have a set-to he would *peel for nix*. An Irish lad, denominated Jack Nolan, the *tumbler*, immediately accepted the challenge, about two pounds were collected, and the men set-to. Holt picked up the Patlander, and Robinson lent a hand to the Sailor-boy. Nolan had an old grudge against Jones, and began work with the utmost spirit - apparently eager to settle off old scores, and relieve his heart by knocking his antagonist's head about; but such a wish like many others, was easier formed than effected: Nolan [fought] by coolness and superior science. He was heavier [-] *bed*, and Jones having brought down his man's [- -] by pretty severe hitting, in about eight rounds [-] went in, and finished the fight by giving the [Irishman] a heavy cross-buttock. Harry won without getting a mark on his face, and the only damage he received was a deep scratch across the shoulder from Nolan's [teeth?]. The latter was a good deal punished about the head.

Mention is made in the story that Frosty was now selling his own home-made gin (*max*, *Blue ruin*) at these events. This story gives a god impression of his jovial character but what we cannot know is how he was looking after his children - if he was paying someone to care for and feed them, or if they were let loose to fend for themselves in the streets of London. What is known is that however clever Fogo was, and how learned he himself had become, his children were all illiterate in adulthood, and the oldest two were practically feral.

THE DELEGATE AND THE LAUREAT OF THE RING, BY FROSTY-FACED FOGO* TO THE TUNE OF "EVELEEN'S BOWER"



Oh, laugh for an hour.
'Til you quite lose the power
Of sitting upright for a pain in your side,
And the story I will tell,
Of what then late befel
A *Manchester Delegate*, her glory and pride,
This Delegate had come,
With others upon some
Important transactions with Lord Liverpool
And that famous Board of Trade,
Which so recently has made
Billy Pitt, with his colleagues, to look like a fool.
The [term he] disasters,
'Mong workmen and their masters,
The import of silk and [sm...] sight
W[ere] the causes; and we find
That he, thought the Treas'ry blind.
And were anxious to give it some *Lancashire light*.+
Having travell'd many a mile,
And liv'd in [town] style (?)
For weeks, perhaps months at the public expense,
They thought of going home,
Just as wise as they had come,
And leaving the King's Ministers, as destitute of sense,
All this I can advance,
Because it was my chance,
To travel with one I may name if I will;
Who told to me the whole,
As we journey'd cheek by jowl,
When I was going down to a *bit of a mill*.
On the Manchester Coach
I was making my approach,
And there I met this Delegate, as big as Tom Spring,

And with [guise] of chat
 Of this thing and of that,
 I inform'd him that I was *the Laureat of the Ring*.
 He looked me o'er and o'er,
 For he never, as he swore,
 Such a thing as a *Poet* had had the luck to see,
 "Are they all like you?" he cried,
 "Bob Southey (I replied)
 Is such another blade, and a *Laureat* like me.
 But Laureat Southey writes
 Of *battles* (not of *fight*s),
 Where thousands, tens of thousands, are slain, and his song
 Bepraises King and Prince,
 Who each other thus convince
 That one must alas be right, and the other must be wrong.
 I tipp'd him then a stave,
 And told him what a brave
 Display was expected not far from the road.
 He long'd to go, but still'
 His name was in *the bill*
 For the whole of the way, not a part of the load.
 The what was to be done,
 That he might see the fun
 Of the fight between Jennings and bold Don O'Van #?
 But when we all got down,
 In fair St. Alban's town,
 The Delegate and I [] conceived this plan:-
 He suddenly fell sick;
 L.... did the trick,
 By telling Mr. Coachman could not proceed.
 Wa.. did the, *blow me tight*,
 Gave never*all's right*,
 And I'll call [I am] "agreed."
 The coachman drove on,
 And as soon he was gone
 The Delegate grew [], there's no kind of doubt;
 Since he had to see,
 E there by me.
 And got his.....turn'd inside out
 Forthe delegate.
 All.....relate,
 Watch'd him.....between the Pats so bold,
 Said Country.....who saw
 C.....make a *draw*
 Of his purse, which was ... the journey with gold.
 Had he chosen but to trust
 The Bank without disgust,
 At the system of paper and notes so very light,
 He might have had ('twere Better)
 Ad....money sent by letter,
 Instead of being *drawn to*, and *drawn at* a fight.

* We hinted last week at the..production, having heard that the Poet Laureat of the Ring intended to put the incident into "immortal verse."

+ Lancashire still ... famous for wizards and witches, as in the reign of James the First.

Such is the true mode of spelling this now illustrious name. The owner of it professes to beupon the point. The etymology is Spanish.

In the same March the 26th issue of *Bell's* [260326B] appears a report of the bout between Barney Aaron 'the Star of the East' and Dick Ayres, for £50 a side, which took place on Tuesday, March 21st. We often get two differing reports of the same fight as described by two different reporters in the *Dispatch* and *Bell's* and sometimes their respective bias goes in opposite ways. In such cases I have tried to conflate the reports into a single version, taking the best quotations from each. The *Dispatch* version of this fight, and the second one that followed it, appeared on the same day as *Bell's*'.²⁴ Frosty's part in the affair was to help set up the rings for the two fights and act as a second in the second fight.

Barney Aaron was a popular light-weight boxer amongst his Jewish community and his friends turned out in large numbers to see him fight. The place of fighting, Noman's Land near St. Albans, had become popular for staging such contests since the local magistrates (*beaks*) had proved themselves more indulgent than others, probably because the Fancy or followers brought a great deal of money to the local economy which at that time was under stress due to the 'present pecuniary crisis.'



"The competitors on this occasion are well known to the Boxing amateurs - Barney Aaron for his conquest of Redman, and subsequent slashing but unsuccessful fight with Arthur Mathewson; and Dick Ayres for a series of important battles, in most of which he was successful, and especially in that with Deaf Davis. His last appearance within the ropes, previous to Tuesday, was with Dick Curtis, at Shepperton Range, about two years back, when he was beaten at a canter. From that time he was laid upon the shelf, until the present match, when his old admirers, being willing to give him another trial, agreed to pit him either against Dick Curtis or Barney. Barney was the successful candidate for this favour, and thus Dick's pretensions were brought to the test. He was sent to Whitstable, in Kent, to train; while Barney took his exercise at Ilford. Among the initiated in these matters it was considered that Ayres was too *stale* for any hope of success with the youthful and vigorous Jew; and bets of 6 to 4, and even 2 to 1, were freely offered against him, and as freely taken by some who considered that the chance was still in favour of Dick, though upwards of six-and-thirty years of age, and not a little the worse for his intimacy with Captain *Lushman*." (B)

The *Dispatch* noted that "The fight between these two little men excited a greater degree of interest than usual, and was attended by a stronger muster of the Fancy than we have noticed at any pugilistic contest for a long time past. Considerable sums had been staked on the event, at the high odds of 6 and 7 to 4 on the Jew.

Barney Aaron 'the Star of the East'

(B) The Commissary received his *office* to toddle to the appointed place on Monday, and set off for St. Alban's the same evening. Similar notices were given to the men and their backers; but by some unaccountable blunder, on which the parties acted in opposition to their written instructions, a notion was adopted that the fight was to take place at Colney Heath, on the London side of St. Alban's, and thither a large concourse of persons proceeded, and anxiously and impatiently awaited the arrival of the stakes and ropes. [It appears that, after the determination had been entered into of fighting on Colney Heath, Bill Gibbons and his *pal* received an intimation that the *beaks* and *traps* were on the alert in that vicinity; they therefore moved off to the spot originally appointed (WD)]. In the interim the Commissary formed his ring on Noman's Land, and it was not till the mistake was discovered by the aid of a special messenger, that the men moved on to the real field of battle, where all manner of vague surmises were entertained at their non-appearance. It was nearly two o'clock before clouds of dust in the horizon foretold the approach of the belligerents, and in a few minutes afterwards, a long and motley cavalcade of Jews, Gentiles, and prigs poured down the hill, spreading over the plains in a happy state of breathless confusion, and dispelling the apprehensions which were entertained, that from some sinister reason there was to be "**no go**." [(WD) post-chaises dashed off, fast as the *jaded prads* could drag them; gigs whirled along like *whirley-gigs*, and some of Dr. Brookes's purveyors conveyed at a rapid rate several *living subjects*, as closely packed as ever dead ones were. Through St. Alban's the motley cavalcade proceeded at a rapid rate, to the admiration of the worthy townsmen - part of whom contributed to swell the number of the *toddlers*. A few hair-breadth escapes, owing to the narrowness of the road, were noticed; but we saw but one casualty, and that befell a dashing young *Jehu*, who, having taken great pains to display his *want of skill* in driving, managed at last to overturn his *wehicle*, and *spill* his *pal* and himself gently on the soft turf of Noman's Land.]

No time was lost in preparing for action, and Barney had the pleasure of finding himself surrounded by deputations from the whole of the twelve tribes, who cheered him with their good wishes, and expressed their perfect confidence in his proving himself a good *poy*. Ayres, too, did not want for encouragement, and the promise of a horse and cart, with a cargo of the best *fish* (for he was backed by a fishmonger, not our host of Fishmonger's Hall), independent of the whole of the battle-money, if he won, afforded a sufficient incitement to do his best. In point of *phisog*, however, the Jew evinced most firmness. He seemed to make certain of the result, while Dick betrayed an anxiety in his *frontispiece*, that shewed his reliance on his own powers was not quite so decided as it had been in "days gone by;" but still he appeared bent on mischief, and the result proved, that if he wanted physical qualities, there was no lack of true English courage. On stripping, the condition of Barney proved to be of the first order. He had not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and was as sleek as a greyhound. Ayres, on the contrary, was full of meat, and that not of the best sort. His game leg too, for he is deficient in one of his *pins*, did not tend to increase the good opinion of the spectators, and 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 was offered in all directions. Two umpires and a referee having been appointed, the men were conducted to the *scratch*, under the happy influence of a bright and genial sun beam.

(B) The Heroes of the day soon made their "*obedience*," as Bill Gibbons politely observed. [(WD) At a few minutes after 2 o'clock, the spectators having been *persuaded*, in the *Jarvey* style, to fall into something like a ring; though not such a one as the number present required, Barney *skied* his *castor* inside the ropes] and was attended by Mr. Nathan and Josh Hudson 'the John Bull Fighter,' and Ayres by Paddington Jones and Peter Crawley.

[Bell's];

THE FIGHT

Round 1, Both men threw themselves into a scientific attitude, and looked anxiously for an opening. Barney did not wait long before he got to work; he rushed in, resolved on execution, and making a short hit with his left, caught Dick a heavy slap on the ear with his right. Dick instantly closed, and delivered a couple of high sounding hits on Barney's ribs, but was immediately thrown a heavy fall, Barney upon him [shouts from the St. Michael's boys].

2. Ayres came up smiling, but before he could draw in the running strings of his *gob*, Barney rushed at him right and left, making both blows tell, and drew *claret* from his muzzle. Dick fell on his back, Barney on him.

3. Dick came up cautiously, but Barney, standing upon no ceremony, again bored in with his one-two. Dick, a little confused, left himself open, and the dose was repeated. A close followed, in which Barney got the fall, and shewed superior strength.

4. Barney, busy, lost no time, but let fly, left and right, on Dick's *nob*. Dick closed, and fibbed, but left no impression. Barney threw him a clean cross-buttock. ["Dat's a good poy," cried the Rosemary-lane delegates, "Sarve him in dat vay, and the day's your own."] 5. Barney followed the advice of his friends, went vigorously to business - nobbed his man, and threw him.

6. Barney made his left-handed hit. Dick countered with his left and closed, when he was again down, and Barney had not a mark. 7. A spirited rally, in which compliments were interchanged, to the prejudice of Dick, who was floored in a twinkling ("Didn't I tell you how it'd pee?" cried the Israelites).

8. Barney popped in his right on Dick's *os frontis*. Dick broke away, but the Jew would not be denied' he followed him up, fought to a close, and threw him.

9. Barney at it again; two more favours; when Dick closed, and attempted to fib, but his blows were ineffective, and he was thrown heavily.

10. Dick napped two flush hits on the *nozzle*, and was floored.

11. Dick got up smiling, but bleeding profusely; he came to the scratch with great coolness, and delivered a right-handed hit on Barney's cheek; Barney was with him right and left, closed and threw him.

12. Barney looked firmly at his man, fought at points, made his right and left tell with terrific force, and hit Dick down ("Take him away," roared the *Sheeinies*, "the poy'l murder him.")

13. Ayres, though bleeding at all points, came up with firmness, but it was only to get more *pepper*. Barney threw in a tremendous flush hit on his *sneezer*, and Dick, in breaking away, fell at the ropes.

14. Peter Crawley now carried Dick to the scratch, but had scarcely left him to his fate when he was once more floored by a right-handed muzzler. ("It won't do," exclaimed the fish-mongers, "he's as flat as a flounder.")

15. Barney again rushed to his handy work, made his right and left *mawley* perform their office, and in a close Dick was thrown heavily.

16. Dick fought first; but it would not do; Barney was ready, and catching him round the back of his head with his left, he held him up, while with his right, he hammered his mazzard as if he had mistaken it for a lap-stone. Dick at last got away from this terrific punishment, and fell covered with claret. (All Petticoat-lane was in uproar, and the *poy* was loudly cheered.)

17. More *prima facie* work for poor Dick, who was floored bodily, but was still as game as a pebble.

18. Barney left Dick no time for breathing, bored him, to the ropes, hitting as he retreated, and in a close both down, Dick under. 19. Barney missed his right hand compliment, and Dick caught him on the body. Barney, in getting away, fell, and the Billingsgate boys shouted with exultation; but there was nothing done.

20. Barney came up as fresh as a *prawn*, rushed to his man; but Dick retreated, caught it on the *nob*, and went down by the ropes. 21. A straggling round, in which Dick's head was again in the vice; more *lap-stone work*, and another drop [lots of work for the *sponge*, and the "tribes" in high spirits].

22. More receipts on the part of Dick, who shewed a deep incision between the two *ogles*, and was dropped.

23. Barney's one-two again told, and Dick was thrown; Barney as fresh as a kitten, but not quite so playful as a lamb.

24. Dick put in a facer, but there was no punishment. Barney countered in prime style - followed his man to the stakes, and downed him.

25. Three teasers on the same spot for poor Dick - it was all Dickey - and he went down.

26. Betting a guinea to a shilling on Barney, but Dick would not say "No!" Another mischief round on the part of Barney - Dick reclined at full length.

27. The men had now fought twenty-seven minutes, and Dick had not the shadow of a chance; but still he appeared fresh, and came up with activity. Barney again caught Dick's head, and hammered away till he fell, and then fell upon him. Dick's backer now wished to take him away, but Dick's pluck was too high to think of such kindness, and declared that he was not hurt, and got on his second's knee with apparent vigour.

28. Barney rushed to finish, delivered forcibly, and Dick fell with his head against the stake; but no persuasions of his friends could induce him to leave off.

29. Dick received slightly, and went down to save further trouble, without a blow. (This was foul, but no notice was taken by the umpires.)

30. Dick floored with a left-handed straight-one.

31. It was now the Mines of Peru to a glass of gin that Dick could not win, for Barney had not a scratch nor a mark, while Dick was bleeding at every pore of the face, but he would not be stalled off. (So help me Cot, I know vat you vant," cried a leery one, "You're looking for a foul plow, but it won't do, Parney knows petter as that.") In this round Dick was again floored as if shot.

32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40 - All in favour of Barney, although Dick did his best, and came up with unshaken courage.

41, and last. Barney made his favourite left and right hits on Dick's nob; Dick retreated towards the ropes, Barney following and punishing; Dick fell back, and as he was falling received a heavy body blow. There was an instantaneous cry of "foul, foul!" many persons asserting that Dick's body had reached the ground before the last blow was given, while others denied it as flatly. The seconds each supported his own opinion; Josh Hudson denying that Barney had struck Dick unfairly, and Peter Crawley as boldly asserting that he had.

An appeal was made to the umpires, when one of them, who had been chosen by Dick's friends, declared the blow to be *foul* - *Dick being on the ground before he was hit* - but he admitted that the blow was unintentional. The other umpire said he did not see the blow, or anything unfair. Thus at issue, recourse was had to the referee, who said he had not noticed anything unfair, the seconds standing between him and the man. Great confusion followed - the ring was broken in, and a crowd pressed within the ropes - each delivering his opinion. The friends of Dick claimed the battle, and took possession of the colours; the friends of Barney were as positive that the battle was theirs. The referee was again appealed to, and he said he thought the men should continue to fight; but to this the backer of Dick at once dissented, resting his claims on the positive evidence of an umpire who had seen the foul blow, as opposed to the other umpire and referee who had not seen it. A further consultation took place between the umpires and referee, when the latter said that he thought whoever first left the ring without fighting should lose the battle; but by this time the ropes had been pulled down, and some of the stakes were taken up - while Dick was standing with his friends outside the space where the ropes had been, Barney remained within. It was at last agreed that there should be a further meeting to decide the point on the road home.

REMARKS

In this battle, the superiority of youth over age was displayed in the most decisive manner. Ayres never had a chance, and Barney left off without a token of his engagement; save a black eye. Ayres showed that his day was completely gone by; while Barney, by his manly and fearless attack, as well as by the improvement in his style of hitting and stopping, led by his friends to believe, that he is now only attaining that proficiency which must give him fair grounds for looking to the top of the list of light weights. Dick Curtis was on the ground, and the best judge regard the promised match between the *Pet* of the Fancy and Barney with no small interest. It is pretty evident that Dick, if the match be made, will have enough to do to beat such an antagonist.

The matter of the 'foul' and the parts played by the umpires and referee were called into question. It wasn't simply a question of Aaron being the better boxer and obvious winner, but the interpretation of the rules. The rules of the sport were still evolving and sometimes a case had to be referred to the Pugilistic Club for a decision that would become 'law'. The *Dispatch* commented on the fight thus;

Whether owing to his having been badly trained, or to the stiffness and weakness of age, Ayres had no chance throughout the fight. His blows were ineffective, and slowly delivered: he showed the most determined courage, and nothing more. Aaron is much improved both in strength and science: he hits very hard and very straight - especially with the right hand. Ayres was certainly beaten, and had no chance of winning when the uproar commenced. For the last twelve or more rounds, it is asserted that he had been "*fighting for a foul blow*," and Nathan warned Barney to that effect, and bade him be careful of his fighting at the end of the rounds. It cannot be supposed that the Jew would so far forget himself, as to hit a man intentionally on the ground, whom he was beating so decisively. But that an accidental foul blow was given, is highly probable, especially as Ayres always hit as he fell, and sometimes struck Aaron when he himself was completely down: so that the Jew was very liable, in the hurry of the contest, and of returning the blows, to strike Ayres after the latter had touched the ground. Let the friends of Dick also remember that, in the twentieth round, *he fell without a blow*. - Barney is quite a different fighter to what he once was, and, excepting Dick Curtis, we know of no man among the light weights capable of contending with him. There are many persons indeed who once thought the *Pet* could easily beat him, and who, having witnessed the above fight, have now entirely changed their opinions. Be it remembered, however, that Curtis finished off Dick Ayres, two years ago, in three rounds, occupying 20 minutes; while Barney on the contrary, did not beat Ayres in less than 41 rounds, 37 minutes.

What followed next, after the fight, was covered by *Bell's*;

At six o'clock the two umpires and the referee met at the Green Man, at Barnet; when, after some deliberation, the following documents were signed: -

"My opinion is, that Ayres received a blow from Aaron when on the ground; but the blow was given accidentally, and I may say unavoidably, and therefore I consider Aaron entitled to the stakes.

(Signed) H. W., Umpire for Dick Ayres"

"I witnessed the whole of the last round, and saw no foul blow struck. (Signed) "C. F. B., Umpire for Barney Aaron."

"I did not see the conclusion of the last round. Finding that one of the Umpires declared that there was no foul blow, and that the other said there was, but that it was an accidental one, I desired the men to proceed with the fight. As

Ayres declined to do so, I consider Aaron entitled to the Stakes. "S. S. Referee."

These documents were delivered to the stakeholder on Wednesday morning, and he appointed twelve o'clock on Thursday to give up the money to Barney Aaron, stating his wish that the backers of both men should be present. Subsequent to this he received a letter from one of Ayres backers, demanding the stakes on his behalf. To this he replied, that upon the authority of the umpires and referee he had determined to deliver the stakes to Barney Aaron. He was in consequence served with a notice, by an attorney, not to part with the stakes in the way proposed. To this notice he made no other reply than announcing the appointed meeting for the ensuing day.

On Thursday the meeting took place at "*Bells Life in London Office*," where the backers of both men, with their legal advisers and friends, came to the *scratch*. A good deal of discussion took place on the merits of the case, and various arguments were urged, *pro* and *con*.; but at length the stakeholder, acting upon his own responsibility, delivered his judgment, and acted thereupon. He observed, that the fight had been made upon the principle and subject to all the rules and regulations adopted for the fair guidance of the Ring. The Articles were drawn up subject to the usual condition that umpires and a referee should be chosen upon the ground. This condition was complied with previous to the commencement of the combat. Each party chose his umpire, and the two umpires chose a referee - the object of which was, that if any dispute arose between the umpires, the referee should decide the difference, and that his decision should be binding. The umpires did disagree - the referee was appealed to, and gave his directions as to what was to be done; namely, that the fight should proceed, or that he who refused to continue the battle should be considered as having lost. Ayres refused to comply with these directions, and consequently lost the battle. Under all these circumstances, confirmed as they were by the written opinions of the umpires and referee, the stakeholder said, that he had but one straight course to pursue, and that was to consider Barney Aaron as the winner of the fight; and he immediately delivered into the hands of his backers the fifty sovereigns for which the contest had taken place. Thus putting at rest all questions as to the payment of bets, which invariably follow the battle money.

It is but just to state, that one of the backers of Ayres, who went half of his stakes, at once concurred in the justice of this course: very properly observing, that if sporting men made rules for their own guidance, and then departed from those rules, there must be an end of all confidence.

Upon the question of the foul blow, the Stakeholder had no discretion; nor did he give any opinion, his conduct being solely guided by the written authority of the Umpires and Referee. On the subject of foul blows, the 7th rule of Broughton is clear. It is as follows: -

"That no person is to hit his adversary when down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist; that a man on his knees to be reckoned down."

With regard to the operation of this Rule, a case in point is furnished, by the fight between Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam. In the second battle, which took place between these men on the 28th July 1807, at Moulsey Hurst, Belcher, like Ayres, was losing the fight, and was almost exhausted. In the thirty-fourth round, in making a hit at his opponent, he fell upon his knees, and Sam, in returning, struck him; upon which the cries of "foul" were immediately heard. "It was a sort of straw to catch hold of," says Boxiana, and advantage was taken of the circumstance. The Umpires, in giving their opinion were in opposition to each other; the point for the

time was decided in favour of Sam, subject to future consideration. After considerable arguments at various meetings' and precedents quoted, it was finally decided as a drawn battle; and that a third appeal should be made, which took place on the 21st of August 1807, when Belcher was beaten.

There is this difference, however, between the fights of Belcher and Sam, and Aaron and Ayres - In the former there was no Referee to decide the difference between the Umpires; whereas in the latter, there was a Referee, and his judgment must be considered as decisive. We apprehend that the dissatisfied backer of Ayres will, on reflection, see that the Stake-holder had no option but to act as he did.

The end of the fight and dismantling of the ring was not, however, the end of the boxing for the day;

(WD) Between Noman's Land and St. Alban's, at about half a mile from the latter place, is a nice soft piece of turf, lying waste, and open by the road-side. It has been often pointed at as the Fancy rode by, as a "rare place for a fight:" now, since the battle between Aaron and Ayres had been "*all on one side*," and had ended in a wrangle, some spirited lads determined to make up for their disappointment in the first fight by getting up a *comfortable mill* on the way home. They halted, therefore, on the ground above described, and Harry Jones and Mike Curtain set-to for 5l. aside. **Jack Fogo** and Young Reuben, the Jew, seconded Jones; Jack O'Donnell officiated for Mike Curtain. Our readers will recollect that Jones defeated an Irish lad, denominated *Nolan, the Tumbler*, on the preceding Tuesday. Curtain is also of Irish origin, and is the same man who, under the name of Curtis, recently challenged Jones in the sporting papers. Eighteen rounds occurred in half an hour: - the fight was maintained with considerable game on the part of Curtain, who was heavily punished about the head; but the superior tactics of the sailor-boy, and the determined manner in which he went up to the nob of his adversary, brought him through, and Mike was reluctantly obliged to say "enough." Jones was not much hurt - his face exhibits no marks, excepting a cut between the eyes. When it is considered that Harry had just before partaken of a hearty dinner of beef-steaks, and was sick during the greater part of the fight, this victory does him great credit. *Bell's* added: It was a fine manly fight, in which fortune alternately hovered over the head of each; but at length, after three quarters of an hour downright *milling*, Jones gained the victory, having punished poor Mike to a complete standstill. This was the second meeting between these heroes, and probably Curtain is now perfectly satisfied that he has over-rated his talents.

Fogo's name, as an advisor, next occurs in a *Dispatch* account of a Benefit that took place at the Tennis Court on Monday the 4th April 1826; ²⁵

PHIL. SAMPSON'S BENEFIT.

After the over-flowing bumper enjoyed by the "proud Salopians," on the preceding Tuesday, it might have been reasonably expected that the Birmingham youth's benefit would have proved like the Woolly-headed Lawyer, "anything but a good one." Monday last, however, saw a very numerous and respectable muster at the Tennis Court. We took the logical opinion of **Jack Fogo** in explanation of this; and he averred, that Phil. Sampson's spirited conduct of late had gained him much notice' and, moreover, "Doctor *Killchrist* [Gilchrist of Sol's Arms, Wych-st] had sent several members of the new *Jemnasty* [Gymnastic] society to see whether boxing and single-stick playing could be safely introduced into their *play-grounds*!"

[*Single-sticks were wooden rods just under a metre in length, with hand guards - introduced as a form of practice for self-defence introduced by fencing-master Henry Angelo (see later for his link to Fogo) in 1794*]

The sparring was, generally speaking, of a very superior nature. Harry Jones *served out* Wallace completely. Ingleberry and Johnson (two rough and ready *coves* of the slip-gibbet order) succeeded in raising a hearty laugh by dint of downright hammering. Wynes and Spencer exhibited in a very manly style, but the youth of the Bristol man gave him the advantage. Barney Aaron and Raines then put on the gloves, and, notwithstanding the superior weight and length of the latter, the gay little Hebrew made his *rush*, and his right and left facers *tell* till Raines's mug glowed like a furnace! Yet did not Barney escape without receiving pepper - but he gave cayenne for P. D. The finished science, quickness and elegance of Cooper and Eales were highly admired. Cooper *might* have had the best of it, perhaps, but being on the *lark*, he got a cut lip for his *pains*! Aby Belasco lost none of his sparring credit in a set-to with Gaynor, who was obliged to fill the disagreeable office of Receiver-General.

Two single-stick matches next took place. The first was between Pope, and Blackford the butcher, who, our readers will remember, was defeated by West-country Jack, at Randall's benefit. On this occasion, Blackford was again the loser; for, after a very few minutes, the blood was seen trickling down the back of his head; and, although the sly old one, at the close of the round, kept his face to his adversary in hopes of concealing it, and having another trial, the spectators *gave tongue*, and *his holiness the Pope* was declared the winner. Coxhead and Stone followed next, and several very sharp hits were exchanged, when Stone received a slight cut behind the left ear - the blood followed, and he, of course, lost the match. Both of these bouts were very short - yet they proved satisfactory to all the spectators, except Mr. G. K., who very *soberly* declared that "such things were derogatory to the *dignity* of the Court."

The closing set-to between Sampson and Jem Ward was a high treat. There was no *gammon*, as Scroggins says, about it; Sampson did his best, as a man should do, who is well supported, and Ward was equally on his mettle. The counter-hitting on both sides was uncommonly fine, but the right hand of the Black Diamond did its usual execution, and Sampson left off with a face completely *clarified*.

After returning thanks "to his good friends for all favours," Sampson said, he could be backed to fight Brown for 300l. aside within 100 miles of London, provided Mr. Jackson and Mr. Dowling might name the place. This would give Ward time to recover his health,"and then," added Simpson, "if Brown beats me, Ward will fight him for 500l. aside; but I don't much think he'll have the trouble!"

In the course of the afternoon, Alec Reed challenged Gaynor to fight in a fortnight. The latter said he should not be prepared to enter the ring in less than a month. Reed, therefore, agreed to meet him at Cribb's, on the Friday following, and make a match for 50l. aside, to fight within that period.

Tom Spring made an appeal in behalf of Ned Turner, who is to have a benefit at the Tennis Court on Tuesday, April 18; and who is dreadfully reduced by sickness. Poor Ned has announced this is his farewell benefit, and we fear it is indeed HIS LAST. Let us hope, therefore, he will not be forgotten on that day by all those who respect a brave and civil man.

This last prophetic remark rather sadly came true sooner than expected - Ned Turner died on April 17th the day before his benefit. He had been a tanner by profession and as a pugilist an 'out and outer'. Frosty wrote a memorable epitaph included in the April 30th issue of *Bell's* as follows:

ELEGIAIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF NED TURNER²⁶

by **Frosty-Faced Fogo**, P. L. of the Ring

Alas, poor Ned!--
He's floor'd – he's dead;
His fighting days are ended.
The *Champion* DEATH
Has stopp'd his breath;
His *bellows* can't be *mended*.
Death is a foe,
Who deals a blow,
That cannot well be guarded:
At him to aim
Our fists would lame;
He has a mortal *hard head*.
A blow ne'er miss'd
From his dry fist;
He measures well his distance;
One blow, for all.
Makes strong men sprawl,
And *seconds* no assistance.
If *to he sets*,
And once he gets,
His foeman to advance awry;
He either *fibs*
Him in the ribs,
Or gets his head in *Chancery*.
In this we see.
Grim DEATH agree,
With Eldon; who gets few in
His dreadful Court;
But he, *in sport*,
Is their most *certain ruin*.
Joe Hume, averse,
Call'd him a *curse*,
And Peel objected to it;
We all curse DEATH,
Yet no, Peel saith
We've not a right to do it.
Death cannot die,
And therefore I
Maintain the likeness stronger;
For ancient *Bags*,
The more he fags,
He only *lasts the longer*.
But this, 'tis true,
Has nought to do
With him we've been to bury;
But I'm so sad,
I'm really glad
To say one word that's merry.
Poor Ned is gone;

And now has done
 His *fist-work* and his *mouth-work*;
 The boast of Wales,
 “*Odds splutter a' nails*”
 And glory of all Southwark.
 The *Tanner's* trade
 He always made
 His business, and took pride in
 A desperate fight,
 Because he mighty
 By trade give folks a *hiding*.
 And reader, mark,
 Though with oak *bark*
 He work'd to tan his leather,
 His heart, now broke,
 Was *heart of oak*,
 Yet light as any feather.
 Too light, Alas!
 Since *flesh is grass*,
 Because he was light-hearted;
 The best *blue ruin*
 Was his undoing
 And so he soon *departed*.
 'Twas *Deady's best*
 Laid him to rest;
 He *died*, alas! Thro' *Deady*;
 With *full proof gin*
 He fill'd his skin,
 And soon for Death was ready.
 At thirty-four
 (He was no more)
 This noble-minded Tanner
 Into a *pit*
 Was put, to fit
 His corpse in proper manner.
 Now weep all you,
 Who ought to do,
Well scienc'd man or *learner*;
 And freely join
 Your tears with mine,
 To mourn for poor Ned Turner!
 If honest worth,
 Less priz'd on earth,
 In heavenly choir should seat him;
 To join him there,
 Let all prepare,
 For *I should like to meet him*.

Below the poem is a four-line quotation which isn't identified as being by **John Fogo** but with the subject matter being related to his profession of shoemaking, it could very well be.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

Friendship is like the cobbler's tie,
 That *binds* two souls in unity;
 But Love is like the cobbler's awl,
 That pierces through the *sole* and all.

On the same day that *Bell's* published this obituary by Frosty, the *Dispatch* published a report of the fights that took place in Essex on April 25th between **Young Dutch Sam** (Samuel Evans) and (Gypsy) **Tom Cooper**, for £25 aside and also between **Harry Jones** (Young Sailor Boy) and **Tom Collins**, for a purse.²⁷ Fogo was there to help the Commissary set up the ring but also acted as a second to Harry Jones in the second fight:

"Since the dissolution of the Pugilistic Club, and the *resignation* of the Commander-in-chief, the office of naming the place of fighting has generally been exercised by a *lofty* member of the *Press-gang*: who, on Monday last, in accordance with the wishes of a strong party in the Fancy, named Grays, in Essex, as the scene of action for the next day's play. The Commissary accordingly proceeded in that direction, and making a halt at West Thurrock, between Purfleet and Grays, obtained permission from a worthy farmer or the fight to take place in one of his meadows - *chaw-bacon* requiring no other return for this favour than the pleasure of witnessing the mill.

Pugilistic contests in Essex have never been prolific of good company; and on this occasion very few *swells* indeed, graced the Ring. The barouch and four in which Jack Martin conveyed Young Sam to the ground, was the most stylish equipage we noted; this, and about a couple of dozen single-horsed *drags*, made up the whole cavalcade on the Essex side. A few of the Fancy went "forth to battle" by steam, and a less number still *dropped* down to Greenhithe by the Kent coaches, and then crossed the water per wherry, showering "Damns by the dozen" on that laziest of all animals, a Greenhithe waterman. About one o'clock the fight commenced - betting 2 to 1 on Sam. Seconds, Holt and Dick Curtis, for Sam - Jem Ward and Jack Cooper, for his antagonist.

Round 1. A great deal of sparring was exhibited: Sam followed his man over the ring, but it was long before he could find an opening; at length he let fly - some slight exchanges took place - Cooper received a right-handed bodier, and Sam *napt* it slightly under the ear. Counter hits told on both their faces: a few more exchanges, and Cooper was knocked down by a clean right-hander. Loud cheering for Sam.

2. Another long sparring match. Sam repeatedly made himself up for hitting, but finding Cooper ready to counter with him, he drew back. Cooper retreated to the ropes, whither he was closely followed, and getting the worse of some good close fighting, the Gipsy fell forward to avoid punishment.

3. Sam put in a left-handed facer, and Cooper made a quick return, which cut Sam under the right eye, and produced the claret. Sam went in right and left - Cooper attempted to fight *with* him; he did indeed plant a few bodiers, but his blows were round and awkward - Sam's straight hitting gave him the advantage, and Tom was knocked off his legs.

4. The Gipsy's dun-coloured frame as yet exhibited very slight marks of punishment - a tinge of red was seen on his upper-lip; but he carried so little flesh, and that of so close a texture, that the blows of his adversary, though they sent him off his legs, did not as yet leave visible tokens of their severity. Sam came on with the blood trickling down his cheek, and his bosom was red from several heavy blows. Fortunately for him, they had nearly all alighted harmlessly on the breast-bone - had they been planted a little lower, the issue of the battle might have been different from what it was. Cooper let fly - Sam got away, and returning to the charge, planted a left-handed facer, but not without receiving a return. Cooper was hit down, and Sam reeled against the ropes, as if winded. "Well done on both sides," and "there's no two to one about it now," were vociferated by the Gipsy's friends.

5. In this round Sam took the lead most decidedly: he began by putting in several good hits, and Cooper's *returns* scarcely told. The blood flowed freely from the Gipsy's left eye, and also from his lip. He could no longer *counter* Sam, who now planted six left-handed facers in quick succession, and got away. The Gipsy's *nob* was in Chancery - he lost his temper, went in with his head down, and his arms swinging round in all directions; and was hit off his legs. Windsor Castle to a Gipsy's tent upon Sam.

6. Cooper let fly right and left, but out of distance by a foot, at least. Sam put in two facers; Cooper rushed in, and received heavily in the face till he dropt. The Gipsy's father here approached the ropes, and gave him lots of paternal advice, concluding with "What are you *arter*, my dear boy? Hold up your head, and be d--d to you, and fight like a man!"

7, 8. Tom changed his mode of fighting. He no longer waited for Sam to commence action, but rushed in to mill as soon as he was placed at the scratch. Sam broke away from him, and added considerably to the punishment he had already administered, till Cooper fell.

9. Sharp hitting on both sides - Sam aiming at the head, Cooper at the body. The former received a right-hander on the mark, which seemed to distress him a little; he, however, soon shook it off, and grassed his man.

10. The Gipsy was all abroad, hitting at random. With the desperation of a losing man, he followed Sam round the ring, and received heavily right and left, till he fell distressed. The *Sheenies* were in high glee, and lavish of their praises upon "de poy Sam;" while the Gipsy's party, whose *mugs* were awfully lengthened, kept a solemn silence. Cooper was down in every round throughout the fight, Sam did not once fall on him.

13. Sam planted a right-handed blow on the ribs, and followed it up by four nobbers with the same hand. The fight was now reduced to a certainty. Cooper was beaten, his left eye was closed, his face terribly swollen, and his strength reduced; while Sam was, to all appearance, nearly as strong as ever.

14, 15. Cooper was sent down almost immediately on coming to the scratch; he was unable to appear at the call of "Time!" and Sam won in 38 minutes.

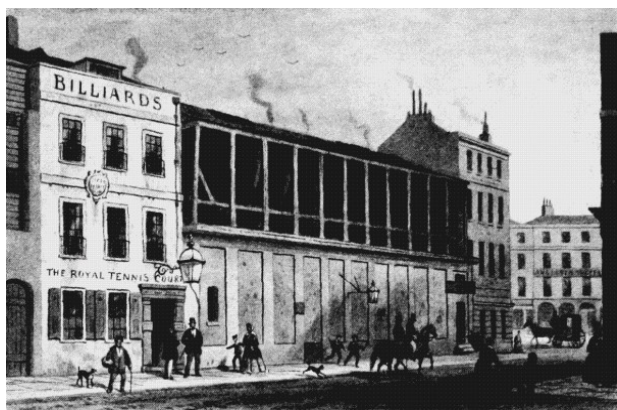
REMARKS. - **Young Dutch Sam** [*left*] has improved amazingly since his last contest. He has been hitherto considered a light hitter; but he now makes his blows tell in fine style - his left-handers were delivered straight quick, and at well-judged distances - consequently they told severely. He also exhibited a good point with the right-hand, catching the Gipsy, as he came in with his head down, by an *up* hit, which sent him off his legs. In our remarks on the fight between Young Dutch Sam and Stockman (see the *Weekly Dispatch* of July 10, 1825,) we observed "His (Sam's) faults are a shyness of going to work, and a want of force in his blows: - the former will probably wear off, as he becomes inured to the ring - the latter will be remedied, as he increases in weight and strength." Both of these predictions were verified in this fight. Sam, it is true, did not go in to wrestle with his man, - as, indeed, a good boxer never will, - but after the first round or two, he went well up to him, and exchanged hits in a very manly



style, every one of which told. In several instances, when driven back towards the ropes, Sam was too much on the *parrying suit* - a man, in such a situation, should let fly right and left. Cooper displayed considerable science during the first three or four rounds - but his guard is too low - by holding his arms almost on a level with his hips, he left his face sadly exposed. He proved himself a game man - nor resign the contest till he had no longer the least chance of winning.

SECOND FIGHT

Jack Martin's tailor did not think proper to accept of Harry Jones's invitation, as given in our last; but Tom Collins, commonly called "Ball-o'-wax," being on the ground, and entertaining an idea that it would be an easy job for him to beat Jones, a purse of 5*l.* was collected, and the Sailor Boy and the Ball-o'-wax immediately prepared for action. Ned Stockman and **Jack Fogo** seconded Jones; Barney Aaron and Dick Curtis officiated for Tom Collins. On throwing off his clothes, Collins exhibited a frame much more fit for an hospital than a boxing-ring - he was emaciated by disease, and his left arm having a large open sore above the elbow, was bound up with a handkerchief previous to his setting-to. He stood not the slightest chance against Jones, who went to work right and left, closed, fibbed, and threw him heavily. In the fifth round, poor Collins received severe punishment, Jones held him up, and put in many hard and rapid right-handers about the face and ribs - then fell with all his weight upon him. This completely *unsensed* him, and it was not till some minutes had elapsed, that he recovered his recollection, when he stared round the ring, as if just awaked from a dream. Jones won without receiving a scratch. He has thus picked up three purses in succession at the three last "days of battle." It is remarked of Jones, that he has lost several fights which he trained for - but no man in the Ring is so well adapted for a casual *turn-up* - he is always "rough and ready, like a rat-catcher's dog." and no commoner must think of meddling with him. Collins was once a pugilist of considerable promise: - in his better days, he twice defeated Barney Aaron. Since that period, Barney has advanced and Tom has retrograded. In a fight between them at the present time, it would be a *mast to a match* upon Barney.



In May, a change in fortune took place when Frosty was invited to take the chair at the prestigious 'Royal Tennis Court', [left] the regular chairman of events, the boxer Paddington Jones having suffered a serious accident. This latter was reported in the *Dispatch* on the 7th May as was the Sparring contest that took place at the Tennis Court on May 2nd. Unfortunately the report of Paddington's accident is transcribed from a damaged copy;²⁸

We are sorry to state that another very d[.... in]cident has befallen that well-behaved veteran, [Padding]ton Jones. He was standing at the door of a[.....] Paddington, when a man was passing with a [.....] boiling lie, - used for scouring pewter pots; [with?]

scarcely room on the pavement for the latter [....] and his load coming in contact with Jones, [spilling?] boiling liquid completely over the poor f[ellow?] which is so severely scalded from the knee up[wards?] that it is feared he must undergo amputation [At any?] rate, it must be long ere he can be able to qu[....] Jack Fogo, who officiated for him as master [of ce]remonies at the Tennis Court, on Tuesday f[....] shillings from Jem Ward, as the fee of his [office. And?.] much to his credit, carried the whole of it to th[e patient?] Thus, notwithstanding his *frosty face*, it is evident he has a *warm heart* for a friend in distress. "[He] that ha'n't pity - why I pities they."

SPARRING AT THE TENNIS COURT.

Jem Ward had almost a *bumper* on Tuesday last. The company was of a very respectable order, and the exhibition, on the whole, "one of the right sort." In the absence of Paddington Jones, who was confined to his bed by illness, the office of Master of Ceremonies fell to the lot of **Jack Fogo**: - Jones having dispatched a special messenger from Paddington, appointing him to the said honourable office! After the customary prologue between Lennox and Gatzee, which is now as stale as *Paul Pry* at the Haymarket, some sharp work commenced between

HARRY JONES AND PICK, FROM BRISTOL. - The latter was *picked* from the celebrated Bristol nursery, and, under the patronage of Harry Harmer, now made his first essay at the Court - it was a sort of trial set-to. - Jones was accordingly advised to play light, that he might get matched with the new one; but, at going off, Pick chanced to put in a hit rather harder than Harry liked, upon which the latter let fly tremendously at the head - right and lefts went home, and out came the *claret* in streams, in proof of their severity. The new one had not a chance - he was almost hit stupid. - Jones came off with a slight facer or two, which did not *tell*.

TOM REEDY AND MURRAY. - This was another *claretty* bout. Reedy's left hand was continually in Murray's face, and Murray, game as a bull-dog, took every hit with a nod and a grin. The system of hitting and getting away brought Reedy through almost untouched.

GOODMAN AND YANDELL. - Some neat points were exhibited by each of these men. Goodman had rather the advantage. Yandell's defence is pretty good, but he keeps his right hand too much in a horizontal position; it would soon be disabled by a heavy hitter. The arm should slope from the fist to the elbow, in order that blows away may rather glance off than fall dead upon it.

HOLT AND REUBEN MARTIN. - Holt's *stops* were uncommonly well made - he *covered* himself so well, that Reuben could scarcely put in a hit, though he received several. It was pronounced, however, a good display on

both sides.

RICHMOND AND BITTON. - "Very well done for old ones," said Caleb Baldwin, as these veterans pulled off the gloves; and we agree with him - merely adding that, though it is doubtful whether Richmond planted many heavy blows, there cannot be a question but Bitton has by far the *greatest bottom*.

M'CARTY AND HARRY GIDGEON. - This was an uphill job for Gidgeon, who was opposed to youth, weight, and length, with no contemptible science to direct them. Of course the old one got peppered and clarified, but he did not take without giving, and deserves credit for his exertions.

TOM CANNON AND SAM TIBBUTT. - The latter had much the best of the hitting, and Cannon bled both at the mouth and nose. Tibbutt, however, could not hit him away, and being overloaded with flesh, and in a bad condition, he was soon winded. Cannon's finer frame, therefore, gave him rather the advantage towards the close.

WARD AND JEM BURNS. - Ward was decidedly the 'hero of the tale' in this bout. He made his right hand tell about the left side of Burn's head, and got away with amazing facility. Burn put in one or two good hits, and stood well up to his work, in a style that showed considerable confidence; but, taking the whole bout, he received a dozen blows for one given. Yet is Jem Burn no contemptible boxer; and from his great improvement in every respect since his last fight, he is now fit to face almost any thing on the list.

Ward, after returning thanks, observed, that he was ready and willing to "fight any man in England, once within four months, for 300*l*."

Holt announced that Young Gas could be backed for a hundred against Cannon, to fight in one or two months, and the deposit could be made either at Holt's, Cribb's, or Belcher's. No answer was given on the part of Cannon.

A small collection was made in the Court for Tom Cooper.

These sparring bouts often led to contracts between the pugilists to have a try at each other in an outdoor setting though perhaps the commonest method to arrange a fight was to advertise in the newspapers for an opponent and to disparage a likely contender in order to provoke him and at the same time whip up some interest in a 'grudge'.

Occasionally a good and honest fight took place between boxers of ability, without any whiff of scandal and such a fight, attended by Fogo took place on Noman's Land on Tuesday, the 16th May, 1826. ²⁹ It was, as the reporter headed his article in the *Dispatch*, 'A lift for the Ring.'

Alec Reid



The fight was for
£50 a side.

The seconds were;

Reid:
Bill Richmond and
Tom Cannon

Gaynor:
Jem Ward and
Ned Baldwin



Tom Gaynor

Very considerable sums were depending on this event, which excited much interest among the Fancy; but the Montem at Eton, and the Fair at Greenwich, divided the holiday-folks, and prevented anything like a numerous assemblage at the mill. It was considered an *uphill* match for Reid, who had to contend against superior height and weight - yet his well-known scientific acquirements, and undoubted courage, operated so far in his favour, that he was, in many instances, backed at odds to win: while, in others, 5 and 6 to 4 were betted against him. Gaynor had hitherto only been distinguished for game of the highest order - a sort of *lubberly luck* attended him, and while his character for honesty stood unimpeached, he was, like Mr. Hume in the House of Commons, only distinguished for being always beaten, when, from the goodness of his efforts, he ought to have won.

Gaynor's head-quarters were at the Red Lion, St. Alban's: Reed rested at the Blue Boar, in the same place. The muster in the town consisted principally of fighting men. There was Harry Holt, studying rules of rhetoric for his next oration; Jem Burn, claiming acquaintance with a chamber-maid; Josh Hudson, sweating in the sun, like a pound of butter before the fire; while Bill Richmond wisely kept in the shade, to preserve his complexion! There, too, was **Jack Fogo**, holding a religious discussion over the gin-bottle with his *pal*, the *Morning Herald* reporter;* and Bill Gibbons and Jack Scroggins conferred together on their forth-coming autobiographical biography; while Tom Cannon *put his oar in* with a bit of advice, that they should mind their grammar, and use *no slang*! The generous farmer, who, living a

few miles from St. Alban's, has given to Jem Ward a hospitable welcome and a home, was there with his *proteges*, relating with high glee, how Jem had glove-milled his labourers by the dozen per day, till swelled faces became quite fashionable among the yokels, and how, by adopting the good old plan, of "early to bed, and early to rise," taking plenty of exercise and little *lush*, Jem was gaining in weight at the rate of half a stone a week!

The Ring was formed on the old spot, on Noman's Land; and, a little before one o'clock, Gaynor threw in his hat: Reed soon followed his example, and the fight commenced. Seconds - Ward and Baldwin for Gaynor - Richmond and Cannon for Reed.

Round 1. Gaynor stood over his antagonist, and his arms were much the longest; but Reed [*Reid*] was in far better condition than Gaynor, whose skin was of a yellow cast. The gaiety of the little Chelsea hero was remarkably conspicuous - he smiled with confidence, as if he thought the battle as good as won already, and his friends thought it necessary to caution him repeatedly, with "Steady, Alec, be steady!" Gaynor appeared cautious and firm. After some little sparring, during which Reed experienced the difficulty of getting at a taller man than himself, Gaynor made an awkward left-handed *poke* at the body, which was stopped: Reed manoeuvred to get in, and, after turning off three or four facers, he planted a blow between the eyes. Gaynor attempted to return the favour, but Reed stopped him cleverly. Sharp counters occurred; but, owing to Gaynor's superior length of reach, Reed had the worst of them, and first blood appeared on his lower lip. [*Cheers for Gaynor*] An exchange of hits now followed to the advantage of Reed, who made his left hand tell well, and Gaynor received a severe cut over the left eye, when he shortly after went in, and the Chelsea lad was thrown.

2. The advantage of long arms was very conspicuous. Reed received two home facers before he could get near enough to make a blow, and in a close Gaynor also brought his weight to bear - Reed was sent down across the ropes. "Its all your own, Gaynor," shouted one of his friends - "its Little Charley's new cab to a *cat's-meat cart*, and no chance to win!"

3. Reed showed fine science in parrying the left and right hits aimed at his head. A long spar ensued, and then two or three light exchanges. Gaynor put in a couple of facers, when Reed, with great skill and celerity, got between his guard, and let fly with both hands at the face, till Gaynor fell. Ned Stockman, who throughout the fight was most *uproarious* in the cause of Reed, now cheered him to the echo.

4. Sharp hitting on both sides - *counters*, and rapid exchanges: Reed delivered with both hands many well-measured hits, and Gaynor's face streamed with blood from half-a-dozen cuts - principally about the mouth, Reed also received heavily in the face. In a close, Gaynor busied himself with wrestling - Reed worked away with his right hand, and the men at length fell together. Even betting. 5. Gaynor had decidedly the best of the commencement of the fight, and his friends had flattered themselves he would *win in a canter*; but a change had since occurred, and Reed took the lead. In fact, the tactics the latter displayed were of a very superior order: had the height of the men been equal, Reed must have won, but owing to his deficiency of length, his blows alighted chiefly too low to injure Gaynor's sight, but the mouth of the latter was dreadfully punished. Some good parries were exhibited on both sides; Reed had the best of the hitting, till Gaynor went in and threw him.

6. Alec busily employed in disfiguring Gaynor's frontispiece. A close, and Gaynor got the best of the fall - he was, indeed, much superior to Reed in the art of wrestling.

7. Tom was like a chopping-block in this round; he received many chattering facers, but he scorned to flinch, and contested every inch of ground, till he fell distressed. Two to 1 upon Reed.

8. Gaynor was sadly winded on coming to the scratch. He seemed very weak, while Reed was still fresh; in fact, throughout nearly all the fight, Alec obeyed the call of time with much more alacrity than his antagonist. Gaynor retreated round the ring, and was grassed by facers.

9. Reed planted a couple of facers, and got away. The men stood countering each other till they were covered with blood, and reeled down like drunken men.

10. The mug of Gaynor, at no time a *very* handsome one, was now almost frightful to look upon. His right eyebrow was cut through, a deep gash appeared under the same ogle, and his upper lip seemed about to claim a close acquaintance with his chin. Still his sight continued good. Reed's face was also somewhat the worse for hitting, and both men bled so freely, that themselves and their seconds were as red as butchers. Both down together.

11. Reed was thrown heavily against one of the stakes.

12, 13. Gaynor had the worst of the fighting, but finished each of these rounds by throwing his man.

14, 15. Gaynor was all abroad, and appeared to be scarce able to lift up his hands. Reed put in several sharp facers. Both down together.

16. Alec let fly with the left hand at the head, and the right at the body - both went home - the latter in particular. Gaynor *returned* by a heavy right-hander in the face. In an exchange of blows, Tom was hit off his legs. Cheers for Reed.

17. Gaynor reeled against the ropes, and as he came forward with his head down, Reed caught him with a sharp right-handed *up* hit in the face. Both down.

18, 19, 20, 21. These rounds were all in favour of the Chelsea lad, and a great many persons thought he was winning. The well-known game of Gaynor, however, - the conviction felt by his party that he would not resign the contest while he could come to the scratch, and the hope that he would tire out Reed, kept the interest alive. Besides, Gaynor, notwithstanding the great quantity of blood he had lost, actually seemed to be recovering his strength, and his wind was at this period decidedly better.

22. Reed received a facer - and in return put in a heavy bodier - exchanges. Gaynor closed, but Reed neatly slipped out of his arms, and instantly made his right and left *tell*. Gaynor, however, closed again - threw Alec, and fell with all his weight upon him.

23. Gaynor fought his way in, and Reed, extricating himself from his grasp, dropped to avoid receiving another such fall as last, which had shattered him severely.

24, 25. Tom's left hand was completely knocked up, and he caught such *pepper* that the claret streamed more than ever from his mouth. But his game was above all praise; he would not be denied, got in, and again threw his man, - Odds upon Gaynor.

26. Reed seemed very weak, and Gaynor was desired to stick to the throwing system. In retreating from a hit, the latter slipped and fell.

27, 28, 29, 30. The men were both so weak that they almost reeled against each other; and many persons observed, that it was "*anybody's battle*." In truth it was a very *near thing*. Two of these rounds ended in Reed being thrown - in the others, the men were both down together.

31, 32, 33. Alec added a little more to the punishment he had so liberally bestowed on poor Tom's face, and managed to get down without having the shattering effects of his antagonist's weight to injure him in the falls. Gaynor took a little brandy, and was the freshest of the two.

34. Gaynor succeeded in giving his gallant antagonist a heavy fall, which shook the little remaining strength out of him. When time was called, poor Alec was unable to leave his second's knee, and Gaynor, on hearing the sound of victory, *attempted* to make a jump for joy. The battle lasted 70 minutes.

REMARKS. - A fairer or a more manly fight was never witnessed. There was no flinching, or falling without a blow - it was contested throughout with the highest possible courage, and both the winner and the loser has undoubtedly raised his fame. It cannot be denied that Reed was over-matched; and it is perhaps equally certain, that had the weight and length of the men been equal, Alec would have won. He displayed remarkably fine science - no man under eleven stone must think of meddling with him. Gaynor evinced considerable improvement since his former fight. His *game* may be equalled, but cannot be surpassed, and he showed some good scientific points - frequently *timing* Reed well with the left hand; but his right hand blow at the head is a *mower* that will seldom *tell*; and much of the punishment he received in the face was owing to his offering a sort of *poking* left-handed blow at the mark, which was always stopped, and which left an opening for a sharp *return*. About the middle of the fight, one of Gaynor's teeth was loosened by a hit; he pulled it out with his fingers with the utmost *nonchalance*, and gave it to Jem Ward - bidding him preserve it for the present - in order that it might hereafter be replaced by a dentist. It is to be hoped that Gaynor will enter the ring in better condition in his next fight - throughout the greater part of this, he was much distressed.

* It is to be regretted that this gentleman profited so little by the hint **Jack** gave him to stick to the truth. True it is that he did not repeat his former ridiculous hyperboles of *pools of blood*, and *Vampire sponges*, but Gayner's loss of a single *ivory*, was magnified in the *Morning Herald* [Wed. 17 May] into a dislocation of ALL HIS FRONT TEETH! Josh Hudson catching a sight of this *swagging* scribe, as he approached the ring on Tuesday, is *said* to have roared out with one of his comical grins. "Stand clear my boys, here comes the *Gulliver of the Ring*!" a title which will probably stick to him like a bad wife."

The *Morning Herald* [founded in 1780 by the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, former editor of *The Morning Post*] excerpt is taken from the *Bristol Mirror* of May 27th 1826 which refers to the article the above reporter wrote about this fight;

'PRIZE FIGHTING. - The *Morning Herald* of last week commenced a narrative of one of these exhibitions as follows: "Steering north of London, about twenty miles, you encounter the city of St. Alban's; and diverging rightwards seven miles, you find yourself near the pastoral village of Puckeridge, where the gentle Elia's relations dwell. Pursuing your way through fragrant lanes, you alight upon the common of *No-man's land*; and looking down the vale, you see a crowd of carriages, carts, *gentlemen*, and *sweeps*, drilled into a circle at the bottom. Within it are two youths glowing with health and *manly daring*, stripped to the drawers, with hands crossed, and waited upon each by two others. - Of these we speak."

From the account to which this swerves as an introduction, we make one extract, not so much for the sake of the incident recorded, as for the very profound *moral reflection* with which it concludes: -

"Round 25. - Both fresher - good stopping, and systematic fighting. Gaynor made play, and Reid fought him to the ropes. - There Gaynor threw him heavily, and lay like a sack across his chest and throat. - Gaynor on the knee, with the utmost coolness, *put his hand into his mouth, and took out all his front teeth, which were unscrewed by a chattering hit in the last round, and gave them to his second in charge*. The composure with which he did so, during the short interval of half a minute allowed for wind, while his face was cut in every part, and streaming with blood, will give strangers an idea of the *patience under suffering* and *mental fortitude* of a fighting man."

The man who writes thus must have a very accommodating conscience. He would no doubt write in the same style about a fight between two bull-dogs.'

Presumably Frosty had acted as Commissary assistant again but he had also adopted another role by this time: reporting on matches for the Press, hence his friendship with the *Herald* reporter. In the next fight that he attended he acted as a second to one of the fighters. This fight took place on Epsom Downs on Friday May 26th and was between Turner 'the fighting butcher' and George Pick 'the new Bristol Youth'. Fogo and his friend Scroggins acted for Pick while Dick Curtis and Young Dutch Sam acted for Turner. It appeared in *Bell's* on May 28th.³⁰

"After the close of the Races at Epsom, on Friday, the *millng* fraternity, who are always on the alert to keep the game alive, and who were unwilling to lose their charter by suffering the sports on the Downs to conclude without the customary display of British Gymnastics, gave notice of an approaching combat. The Commissary being in attendance with the P. C. stakes, the ring was formed in front of the Grand Stand, a *hint* which was sufficient, in a very few minutes, to attract a large concourse. From the hurry in which the arrangements were made great disorder prevailed, and it was soon seen, from the character of the multitude, that a very heavy purse was not to be expected. The *collectors*, however, went to work in all directions, and, after an industrious effort, eight pounds were brought to the *scratch*. This sum was not considered sufficiently tempting for any of the *Aristocracy* of the Pugilistic corps, and it was therefore determined to give a couple of *commoners* the chance. Turner, the fighting Butcher, from the Surrey side, and Pick, the new Bristol Youth, were immediately selected as a good match, but, as not infrequently the case, the *pull* was considered in favour of the *Lunmuner*; so much so, that some of his *pals* backed him at two to one. He could not be declared the winner, however, till he fought, and the result proved that his admirers had opened their mouths too wide. Turner was introduced within the ropes by Dick Curtis and Young Dutch Sam, and Pick was waited upon by Jack Scroggins and **Frosty-faced Fogo**. On stripping the condition of Turner was decidedly the best, and it was pretty clear that he had come prepared for business. Pick, on the contrary, seemed taken by surprise, and his "*toute ensemble*" shewed that he had for some time been "out of commission." Like Jack Scroggins, he looked as if his *appetite* was the most troublesome part of his establishment. Still he shewed no symptoms of *funck*, and prepared for work with all the coolness of the Bristol School. As a stranger, Harry Harmer, Harry Holt, and Sampson did all they could to encourage him; and, in fact, he soon found he did not want for friends.

THE FIGHT. - On coming to the *scratch* both seemed anxious for close quarters, and Pick succeeded in putting in two body blows with his right, while Turner balanced the account by catching him sharply on the *ogle* with his left. A

severe rally followed, in which they fought with great gallantry, exchanging hits in the most determined and slashing style. It was all stand up work and no flinching, till the close, when Pick was thrown. It would be in vain to pursue the description of the fifteen rounds that followed, which were distinguished throughout by the same character of downright *milling*. *Weaving* was the order of the day; but Pick, in the eighth round, caught the Butcher such a tremendous hit in the front of his *mug*, as to reduce the betting to even. It was now seen that the Bristol boy was likely to vindicate the reputation of the school from which he came, and that the *flash* side were in danger. This produced a "*rumpus*" - the outsiders rushed to the ropes, and the greatest confusion prevailed; still comparative order was preserved, and the men were brought to the *scratch* in good time for four more rounds, in which both displayed great courage; but the Bristol boy, who had got his second wind, was taking the lead. The disorder within the ropes now became as great as that without. - the men were shoved about, and every unfair expedient was resorted to, to deprive Pick of his advantage. Against this ungenerous struggle, we were glad to observe Harry Holt, Sampson, and others, exert themselves; and with the utmost personal labour they succeeded in bringing Pick to the *scratch* for four more rounds, in the last of which, Turner, who had been *peppered* with dreadful severity, was hit senseless, and was unable, with all the shouts of his friends, to raise his head from his second's shoulder. Pick was of course declared the winner, and as it was an up-hill affair for him, his victory afforded general satisfaction.

Had it not been for the confusion which prevailed, this fight would have been a first-rate treat for the amateurs; but as it turned out, few had an opportunity of judging of the merits of the men. From our observation, however, we can state, that while both of the competitors fought with great bravery, Pick had the best of it, and promises to be a troublesome customer for some of the light weights. He is a busy, bustling lad, hits well right and left, and has not a shadow of nervousness about him. He goes slap to his opponent's head, and hits with a quickness and precision which few can excel, and which evinces just pretensions to a place among the "good ones" of the P. R.

As mentioned about a previous occasion, the pugilistic fraternity usually met at Fishwick's booth at Epsom and Fogo often supplied the stall with his own home-made gin - but no reporter bothered to mention the fact this time. From time to time the editor of *Bell's* included a comical article to amuse his readership, especially if other events were a bit thin on the ground. They often include information that would otherwise not see the light of day and the following purports to be written by Paul Pry* and appeared in *Bell's* on the 18th of June. The *Dispatch* on the same day included a more serious account of the same event, of which I have included excerpts in italics;³¹

*John Poole's play *Paul Pry* opened at London's Haymarket Theatre on 13 September 1825. Paul Pry was an extremely inquisitive person.

"Hope I don't intrude." Mr. Editor; but I likes to be busy. Passing through Windmill-street, on Wednesday [June 14th], saw a crowd at the door of the Tennis Court. "just dropt in," to see what was going on: found it was Peter Crawley's Benefit. Saw Peter standing at a desk with his right *mawley* open, and a little mahogany box under his left wing. *Tipped* him three *bobs*, and had a sly peep into the aforesaid box - very little *pewter* - no business of mine - know'd Peter 'afore; two yards of good stuff, but I believe he likes peas and bacon better than sparring - don't tell him I told you. Twigg'd George Kent - "Georgy, my boy, how goes it?" George looks *rummish*. He was a good'un once, and still has lots of *fire* about his *nob*. Subscribe for his Sportsman," and passed on. Dropped upon my old friend Scroggins. "How do, Jack?" "Hard up, Master." "Sold your appetite yet?" "No, Master, can't get rid of it as a gift." Was going, when Jack addressed me in the old style - "'Hope I don't intrude.' I've half a pint of *max* in pledge over at the Rising Sun ever since last Court day; I wish you'd lend us a *tanner* to redeem it." "Surely," said I, - dropped the tanner, and toddled. Twigg'd old *Mahogany* muzzle. "How thoo, Master; a foine thay, but a thin Coort. Thake a pinch of snuff?" and up goes his stick under his right arm, while, with his *fives*, he picked out his *sneezing* powder from under his left (high dried, I assure you). Couldn't do less than take a pinch. "Have you hard of my Benefit?" "No, can't say I have." "Only three shillings." "'Tis a long time off?" "Yeah; but the childer must live; they must have bread; and so help me Got, better get it this way than by dishonesty." Liked his logic; took the ticket, and passed on. "Oranges, measter," cried old Caleb, lifting his *feelers* to the fracture rim of what was once a hat. Here were the ruins of a good man; know'd him in his zenith; was Champion of Westminster, and never said "enough" but once, and that was with Dutch Sam; but so little did Sam like his customer, that he wouldn't fight him again. Like many an old soldier, however, his services are forgotten, and he now ekes out a precarious existence in rags and tatters, while men with a *tithe* of his *milling* merits, and perhaps of his honesty (but that's a scarce commodity now-o'days), rollin their carriages, or sport a tidy *prad*. But I mustn't moralise - won't do in these times. "Ah! Richmond, my old boy, how are you? black as ever, I see!" - "Yes, Massa; good lasting colour." "Is that your new black?" - Yes, Massa; chip off the old block - he tam good, if he don't turn out bad." "What! Gibbons! - how goes it, my old *never sweat!*" - "I wish you could make your words come true," cried old Bill, "for I'm sweating all over, like the New River Head." And then I turned round, and grabbed Tom Cribb by the paw: "Honest Tom, how dos't thou?" "Finely!" cried Tom, "only rather the worse for getting blind drunk at Jack Martin's, last night, when Ben Burns was going to well whop me." "Aye! and I'm the man that can do it," cried Ben, who was at our elbows; - "I'll foight you for a theosand" "Wait till your ship comes home," cried Tom; and I left them to settle their differences. "Paddington Jones, I'm glad to see you looking so well." "Yes, master, thank God; I'm purely." This is as honest and good a fellow as ever breathed; he's master of the ceremonies here, and is universally respected; and yet, poor fellow, because he wants it, never has a benefit. Shame on the Fancy! Such is the way of the world - always grease the fat sow, as my mother used to say. Looked round for some of my other sparring friends - "where's Cicero? (you know Harry)" "He's Sea-sick," cried **Frosty-faced Fogo** (by the bye, you're the Poet's god father). - "Sea-sick - how's that?" "Why," continued the **Poet**, "he vent upon a sea woyage with Tom Belcher, and a lot of 'em, a Monday; and ven they got to the Nore, they must needs be a tasting o' the salt vater, to see how it agreed vith their *stummick*, - and it made 'em all sick at both ends, and they a'nt been right since he eat the paunch and his father's inexpressibles."

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Here was a falling off - and, in fact, I missed most of my old *milling Pals*. "But where's the *family* - *Hopping Ned*, and *Tim Diver*, and old *Prig the Wipe*, and them ere folks?" says I. "Oh, don't you talk o' them," cried **Frosty Phiz**; "They'll drop into you some day, and give you *nobbings*." "*Hookey!*" cried I, "they've too much good nature - but where are they? I always likes to see 'em, for the Court looks like a drawing room without furniture, unless they are here." They could not be better employed thought I, if they can but agree with the candidates and their constituents; but I thought of the old adage, "Two of a trade." And now for the sparring. First up gets,

OLD LENNOX AND GADZEE, - Always the first dish, like *soup meagre* at a Frenchman's table, and, like the said soup, not over palatable. Old *waxy*, for Lennox is a *cobler*, had his muzzle hammered as if it had been his own *lapstone*; and, in turn, he did *awl* he could at Gadzee's countenance; but Gad's nose was already so flat, that it was impossible to alter its shape; by the bye, poor Gad once attempted to drown himself; but was saved for a better fate. What a pity! [RCS - *rather cruel* - *Gadzee drowned himself just ten weeks later, on August 25th!*]

TURNER AND M'CARTHY. - An out and out affair. Turner, who is a butcher "by trade," as the sailor's say, dropped into a good thing, and had his nob peppered by M'Carthy, who is the *Hibernian* champion of light weights, in such style, that it looked more like a bullock's heart than a human bust. M'Carthy is a lively *Kid*, a good stopper, straight hitter, and an excellent judge of distance. A shower of *browns* proved the high satisfaction of the Amateurs, who, if they don't like a licking themselves, are delighted to see others get it. How generous!

[TURNER AND M'CARTHY. - *These little ones have recently been engaged in the ring, under very different auspices* - Turner having been defeated by *Pick*, at *Epsom*; M'Carthy having quitted the cow-boy, *Ballard*, at the *Sluice-house*. By straight hitting and determined going-in, the Irish lad also had the best of this set-to. Turner left off with an eye nearly closed, and a nose streaming with claret. WD]

JEM BURNS AND THE NEW BLACK. - This set-to opened all eyes except the Black's, one of which is shut. A good deal has been said of the *Snowball's* prime qualities, and as this was his first trial, the critics were on the alert. On shewing, his frame looked uncommonly well, Lots of bone - good muscle - fine broad shoulders, and taper waist - long arms, and *nob* well screwed on for business. A good deal like *Molyneux* in shape, but not so big. This promised well; and his position being beautiful, something like that of *Richmond* himself - left hand far in advance, right in the rear, ready for action, added to a good-humoured confidence - all anticipated great things; but Lord love us, *my nevy* soon shewed him "the time o' day" - smack went his left on *Sambo's* ogle (claret to sell), and as quickly went his right on his *smeller*; shake went poor blacky's *noddle*, and he bored in with a rush, stretching out his left straight before him, like the bowsprit of a gun brig; but it wouldn't do - Jem got away, hit him right and left, and the round ended by the Black boring into a close, where he had the worst of fibbing, & fell on his marrowbones. The same *sauce* was served out to him every round. Poor *lignum vitae* hadn't a chance; he bled from nose and eye; and, after some untutored efforts to make an impression, by shoving Jem against the rails, he found it was "**no go**," and had good sense enough not to gratify the calls for "another round." He was, however, rewarded for his efforts by a liberal subscription; and left the stage saying he was *groggy*; but hoped to do better another time. Practice, they say, makes perfect; but he must practice a good deal before he can hope for a good place on the *milling* board. At present he is a mere commoner.

[JEM BURN AND MORGAN. - *The latter is the much-talked-of new black, introduced to the sporting world by Richmond. He is a fine athletic fellow, of about 12st. weight - better built than blacks generally are, with wide shoulders, tolerably straight legs, and good arms. This was his first appearance at Court, and a greater novice, as a fighter, we hardly ever saw. He was a complete chopping-block to Burn, who gave him such heavy hits, right and left, that poor massa was groggy in the first round; and, after about half a dozen more, during which he got floored three or four times, was clarified, and had his left eye considerably puffed, he was glad to say enough. Jem did not, however, escape without receiving several smart hits.* - WD]

NED SAVAGE AND JOHNSON. - Ned's style of setting-to is bad, he keeps working his arms as if he were stirring a porridge pot, or *tooling* a fiery *prad* in his *cab*. This would not do with a quick hitter, but in Johnson he had not much to fear, for Johnson is as slow as a top. There were some good interchanges, and Savage brought his left well into play, but if he were to hit straight instead of over handed, as if he were chopping *penny bundles*, he would do better; he is also too fond of *tripping*, this is not fair at sparring. Ned is matched against *Kirkman*, for the second time, and was just bringing his hand in, but he must look to his training if he means to win.

GOODMAN AND WALKER; or the Gentleman *snip* against the baker. - Goodman is a *good* sparrer, a *good* runner, and a *Good-man* in all respects; but he wont give a *good* word to a certain north-country stake-holder, who holds stakes for a running match, in which Goodman was concerned, and which he refuses to give up unless forced by *legal process*. I must give this *cove* a shew up, he must take a *trot* on the *muffin baker's* back, if he doesn't do the thing that's *genteel*. I must have "honour among thieves," I was going to say, but I didn't. Let him look out, or my *prying ogles* may be inconvenient to his reputation. Excuse my bye blow; the set-to between the *Snip* and the *Baker* was a treat; both shewed beautiful science, and stopped and hit, and hit and stopped in the most masterly style. *Snip*, however, *cabbaged* the advantage, and the baker, in *leaven* off, confessed his *batch* was overdone.

[GOODMAN AND WALKER. - *The former had the best of this bout, being much quicker and more active than his opponent. Celerity is the soul of science.* - WD]

ALIC REID AND WYNNES; - Another first rate treat. The *Snob* *welted* the Bristol boy in a tradesman-like manner; he "stuck like *wax* unto him" from first to last, but Wynnes was with him throughout, and in the *end* it was a complete tie as to talents. The *pegging* compliments were equal, and a better *fit* has seldom been seen.

[ALEC REED AND WYNES. - *Both these men understand well the use of their mauleys, and such an exhibition of rapid hitting, and neat stopping as they exhibited is a real treat. It was a light friendly affair altogether, in which neither seemed very eager to obtain the advantage; but we thought Reed was rather superior in using both hands - especially in his returns.* - WD]

YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND WALLACE; - This was as lively a set-to as was witnessed during the day; but Sam's quick straight hitting enabled him to take the lead. Wallace, however, is a credit to his name, and if he had an

opportunity, I have no doubt would prove himself a hero in his way. Sam looked proud after his patronage at Ascot. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Deerhurst, and the ladies - not Harriet and Sophy - but Lady C---, and Lady D----, and the Lady - but mum. Poor Wallace is in the bricklayering line - good *trowels*, but no *mortar* for his foundation. Mem: Empty belly bad for *milling*. - See *Scroggins' Reports*.

[YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND WALLACE. - The Scottish hero is somewhat out of condition, being, in fact, out of employ, and having his "bread room" but scantily provided. He had the advantage in length and science; and the latter accordingly gave him, as **Jack Fogo** said, "over the face and eyes - as the cat paid the owl." Sam's right-handers were finely put in. Wallace stood the poll, and got lots of plumpers, but was obliged to resign the contest.- WD]

CRAWLEY AND WHITEHEADED BOB. - This was the *finale*, and previous to its commencement, Peter returned his respectful thanks for the honour conferred upon him by his friends and the public. It was thought superiority of weight and length would have enabled Peter to take the lead; but "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," as Sir William Curtis says - *metal* I might say; for there are few of the *milling coves* who know better how to get the *pewter*, and who, when they get it, know better how to take care of it. Bobby's "up to snuff," and as good a *gammoner* as ere a lawyer in Christendom - the Bank of England to wit. "Now for it," cried Scroggy, "see if you can keep yourselves warm this cold day," and at it they went, like hammers in a tuck-mill. At out-fighting, Peter's length gave him the advantage; but Bobby felt where the shoe pinched, and soon got to close quarters, delivering on Peter's *snuff box*, till it sparkled again, and shewed the influence of the *rosy God*. Peter was with him, and some excellent rallies took place, in which the interchange of compliments was more severe than pleasant; but still it was all in good humour; and, barring a "gory snout," neither man had to complain. In the last bout, *Bob* caught Peter's nob under his wing, in excellent style, and if punishment was allowable, "good Lord deliver us." It was altogether a tip-top display, and *Bob* never shewed to more advantage.

[CRAWLEY AND BALDWIN. - This was the wind-up, and a fine one it was. Many heavy blows were exchanged - Baldwin manfully supported his claim to the character of a first-rate boxer. Crawley's very superior weight and length, however, brought him through.-WD]

After returning his acknowledgements for the support he had received, Crawley said he was prepared to make a match to fight any man in England, for 200*l.* aside. This challenge was accepted by Mr. N. who attended for Ward, and it was stated that articles should be entered into forthwith. In the course of the afternoon, Harry Jones repeated his challenge to Stockman, but no answer was given, although Jones declared he was willing to fight, either for 25*l.* aside, or for a purse.

BEN WHITEWASH AND HARRY JONES; - Glad to see Ben had finished his studies at *College*. A nice chap - civil and good tempered - and a great favourite with the *Collegians* - prime boys - but *Dr. Brown* says how some o' them are regular rantipoles. A beautiful set-to - go it, Ben - won't do - the sailor Boy has got the weather gage - mind your helm - bump against Harry's *muzzler*. I told you so; wipe his nose; I say, Ben, it war'nt so at *College*. Don't hit so hard, Harry - you'll spoil his "cherry ripe." That's a good return! - Harry, how do you like that? Vastly - but now I owe him nothing. Ben, he's too much for you - he is, so he is. That's right, take off the *muzzler*; you did you[r] best - Wellington could do no more.

[JONES, THE SAILOR BOY, AND BEN WARWICK. - Ben is a game man and a good setter-to; but, as "the saying is," there is no man so good, but he may find a better. So, in this instance, Ben was only second best - he carried away all the pepper - his opponent the applause. It was, however, a very manly trial of strength and skill.- WD]

CRAWLEY AND WARD. - Crawley, at the conclusion of the games, said he was ready to make a match with any man in England for 200*l.* aside; and a friend of Jem Ward's immediately said "done." A meeting was appointed to take place at the Craven Head, Drury-lane, to agree upon preliminaries, the result of which you will probably hear; and having now "spun my yarn" as long perhaps as you and your readers wish, I will no longer intrude, and so no more at present, from yours, till the next time, PAUL PRY

[After returning his acknowledgements for the support he had received, Crawley said he was prepared to make a match to fight any man in England, for 200*l.* aside. This challenge was accepted by Mr. N. who attended for Ward, and it was stated that articles should be entered into forthwith. In the course of the afternoon, Harry Jones repeated his challenge to Stockman, but no answer was given, although Jones declared he was willing to fight, either for 25*l.* aside, or for a purse.- WD]

This is the first time in print that someone suggests that Frosty had a quasi 'Jewish' accent - or maybe it was meant to be Cockney? It occurs several times from now on and even Frosty uses it about himself in some of his chaunts, possibly for comic effect. The racing season was in full swing and we next read of Frosty branching out with his gin-selling enterprise. He must have informed both *Bell's* and *Egan's* of his intention;³²

HAMPTON RACES. - These Races commence on Wednesday next, [July 5th] and will be continued three days. Excellent sport is anticipated; and the arrangements of the Course, as well as for the entertainment of the visitors, will be of the first description. The gold cup will be run for on the second day. The *Poet laureate* of the *Ring* intends opening a booth at the ensuing Hampton Races; for the accommodation of his old friends and patrons, where he hopes to see them in "full feather and fine song." *Bell's*

Fogo intends opening a booth at Hampton Races on Wednesday next, for the accommodation of the Sporting World. "A good many can help one," it is said - therefore, we hope this friendly hint will have the desired effect. *Pierce Egan's*

One gets the feeling that all is not well financially for Fogo at this time. This poverty must have affected his children too, and descriptions of Frosty, when they occur imply he is very poorly dressed and underfed. He has no regular or steady income and is trying his hand at many different things to survive, possibly still shoe-making

[though he seems to be self-taught or unskilled, specialising in children's shoes], assisting the Commissary, writing, selling and performing his chaunts, acting as chair at benefits, doing some reporting, making and selling home made gin - of the cheapest kind, called '*blue ruin*.' None of which is sufficient to get by on, individually or in total. The next 'humorous' sketch under the heading "*Vive La Bagatelle!*" in the *Dispatch* on July 23rd seems to bear this out;³³

WHEREAS, in the evening of Wednesday last, [19th] one *Frosty-faced Fogo*, not having the fear of Mr. Hunt before his eyes, but being moved and instigated by a love for his own *kids*, did villainously and burglariously take with a fork, hide under a *dingy wipe*, and carry away in the crown of his *castor*, from a room adjoining the Tennis Court, Haymarket, two immense lumps of plum-pudding, value one *bob* and a *tanner*, [1/6d. one shilling and sixpence] the property of Messrs. Cribb, Gas, Alec Reed, Reuben Martin, and others; whosoever will apprehend the said Frosty-faced Fogo, and lodge him in any of his Majesty's gaols, so that he may be brought to justice, shall receive one gallon of *max* reward. He was last seen on the North-road, where it is feared he intends committing a breach of the peace, by attending a prize-fight, or by singing one of his own songs.

NOTE: The Great North Road began at Smithfield Market [present St. John Street becoming the A1] and ran all the way to Edinburgh

We next hear about Frosty attending a fight on Litchfield Racecourse on July 25th where he "was busy *distributing* an edition of four songs among the *Fancy*, at a tanner a piece." This precious item has never surfaced but *Bethell's Life in London and Sporting Register*, which refers to it, added 'and as we *tipt*, we shall, in due course, lay these *brilliant productions* before our readers.' *Bethell's* was a small issue local newspaper in Liverpool and he usually cribbed his boxing reports, other than local fights, from the London papers. This Lichfield meeting was covered in several papers, though we have no record from any of them of what the songs were that Fogo issued in his 'edition.'³⁴ The following is *Bethell's* account plus some additional material from the other reports;

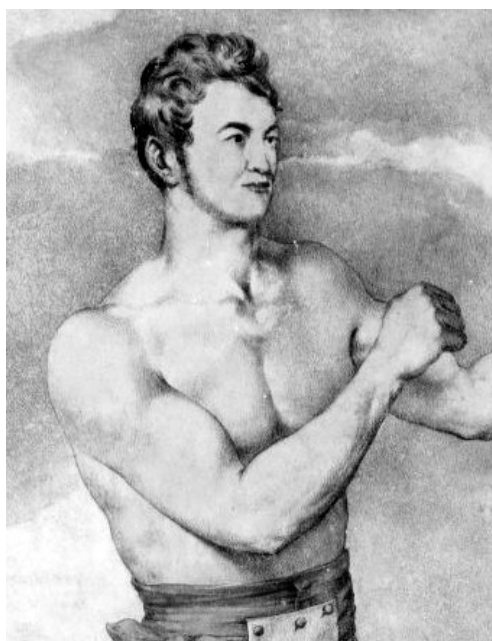
FIGHT BETWEEN JEM BURN AND PAT M'GEE

For One Hundred Sovereigns a-side,
On Lichfield Race Course, Tuesday, July 25, 1826

MONDAY

A great number of the London Fighting Men made their appearance in Litchfield, on Monday morning, and as the Birmingham coaches arrived, fresh cargoes of *Sporting Coves* were added to the list. We observed the following well-known pugilists in the town:-

TOM BELCHER, DICK CURTIS, TOM OLIVER, ARTHUR MATTHEWSON, JACK RANDALL, BIG BROWN, NED NEALE, HARRY HOLT, O'DONNELL, GAYNOR, DONOVAN, YOUNG GAS, UNCLE BEN, BARNEY AARON, **FOGO**, *Poet Laureat, &c. &c.*



Harry Holt

In the afternoon a number of them met at Shrigley's public-house, and *running* became the subject of conversation, when the *capabilities* and *powers* of Harry Holt and Young Gas were entered into the field of competition by a bet of two sovereigns, to run 100 yards, Young Gas giving Holt three yards at coming in - and the money was forthwith deposited in the hands of a Mr. Hanbury, from London. The whole party went out about a mile on the road to Rugely, where the ground was measured. Holt tied a yellow silk handkerchief on his head, and his flannel shirt between his legs - in other respects he was naked. - Young Gas was stripped all but his trowsers, stockings and a light pair of shoes; They were started by Ralph Boscow, and went off at score, Holt taking the lead, and beating his man about half-a-yard. - Gas attributed his losing to running in his shoes, but candidly confessed he had met a *swifter* customer than he expected.

Frosty-faced Fogo, the Poet Laureat of the Ring, was busy *distributing* an edition of four songs among the *Fancy*, at a tanner a piece, and as we *tipt*, we shall, in due course, lay these *brilliant productions* before our readers.

TUESDAY

The "youthful morn" promised a smoking hot meridian, and so it proved, as the heat of the day was intense. Uncle Ben and Jem had fixed their head-quarters at the Swan the principal inn in Litchfield; while M'Gee and Donovan were stationed at the Three Crowns, kept by Mr. Cato, and who was also proprietor of the Grand Stand, on the race-course, the ground fixed on for the fight.

³³ 260723WD

³⁴ 260729BLLL, 260730PELL, 260730B - also can be found in *Boxiana* New Series II, p. 228-235 and *Pugilistica* vol. II, pp.328--32

The race-course is situated about two miles from the city, and the stakes were driven on a fine level piece of turf between the course and the Grand Stand, so as to afford the *nobs* the best possible view of the fight. Waggons were placed at a proper distance round the ring, and a great number of vehicles of every description, and horsemen of every *grade*, fixed themselves in such situations as to enable them to take a peep at the important proceedings of the day. Six shillings was the stipulated price of admission to the stand, and half-a-crown for a place on the waggons. We observed three London Reporters present, - Mr. Pierce Egan; Mr. Dowling, of the *Morning Chronicle*; and Mr. Smith, of the *Weekly Dispatch*. Umpires were chosen, and Mr. Dowling, the Reporter, was appointed Referee. Prior to the fight a good deal of betting took place in the stand, and among the country sporting gentlemen on the ground, Burn the favourite at five and six to four. Uncle Ben, as blustering and noisy as usual, was bawling out, - "I'll bet fifteen *poond* Jem will win in fifteen minutes without either mark or scratch!" As the hour of fighting approached, the number of spectators increased, till perhaps three thousand persons had assembled. A loud shout announced the appearance of one of the combatants, and, at a quarter before one, Jem Burn came forward, and threw his hat in the ring. He was dressed in a green coat, and had a large silk Belcher handkerchief tied loosely about his neck. He was attended by Tom Belcher and Philip Sampson.

In about five minutes M'Gee entered the ring, and threw up his *castor*. He was also dressed in a green coat, with a green silk *wipe* on his neck. Donovan and Ralph Boscaw waited upon him.

The men having peeled, precisely at one o'clock they were brought to the scratch.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. The men came up extremely cautious, and sparred for a considerable time; Jem made a short feint, and M'Gee struck out, lost distance, and hit short; sparring again, till Burn put in the first blow on Pat's face, which was instantly returned by the Irishman planting a heavy hit on the left cheek, the punishing effects of which were immediately visible; they closed, Pat threw his opponent, and fell heavily on him.

2. Jem's *mazzard* was swollen and discoloured, and the *claret* came trickling from his *conck*. They exchanged blows, and Pat followed his man who got away with admirable dexterity, till M'Gee, with a smashing blow, brought him to the ground. As Jem lay upon the grass, M'Gee stood for a moment to survey his fallen foe, when he suddenly made a spring from the ground, and threw himself upon him with great force. This unfortunate act created him a thousand enemies in an instant, loud hisses and execrations followed, and the tide of popularity was completely turned against him.

3. Sparring; Jem struck out, but fell short, and Pat rushed in a close; in the struggle they got to the ropes, and both men leaning over. Pat was held down for some time in such a situation that he could not extricate himself; Jem fibbed away but losing his discretion, and perhaps in revenge for Pat's conduct in the last round, he attempted to *gouge* his opponent like an American savage; at last, after several violent efforts, Pat broke away from his antagonist, and stood out with a face that words are inadequate to describe - his lips protruding, and his features scarcely discernible from the crimson gore, but he again rushed fearlessly on his opponent, threw him heavily, and fell on him with his knees sticking in his stomach.

4. Considering the severity of the last round, M'Gee came up comparatively fresh. Sparring, Burn jobbed the Irishman on the eye, and brought himself up: again he popt a hit into Pat's *phiz*, which was quickly followed on both sides by a severe exchange of body blows, when Burn was grassed upon his back, and lay with his arms extended.

5. This was altogether Pat's round. The Irishman went gallantly up to his man, and put in several blows; Jem, in making a hit, turned and staggered, retreated and showed the excellence of his science by stopping several of M'Gee's blows; Pat still followed, but at last Jem went down, M'Gee falling on him, and his knees sticking into him as before. - Though this round was decidedly in favour of M'Gee, the way in which it terminated again raised the popular voice against him; the Irishman, however, was considered to be winning, and 3 to 1 was offered on him.

6. Burn showed symptoms of weakness; Pat went right at him, planted several bodiers, and Jem fell, M'Gee again on him with his knees.

7. Burn fought shy, and retreated for wind, M'Gee following up with great determination, till at length they fell on the ropes, Pat still persevering in the *knee system*. Nothing could exceed the violence of the clamour which was now raised against him, and the most abusive epithets resounded from all parts of the ring. Several altercations took place among the betters, many insisting upon it as *foul*, while others as strongly asserted it to be according to the usual practice of the ring.

8. Pat put in a tremendous blow on the side of his opponent's head, and followed it up by planting a heavy facer; Jem retreated, and M'Gee gallantly following, went to work right and left, when Sampson took the water-bottle and dashed the contents in M'Gee's face; Pat for a moment drew his head back, and Donovan swore by G-- if Sampson did that again he would throw a bottle at his head. Burn fell across the ropes, Pat on him as before.

9. The Irishman still continued to have something like an ascendancy, put in several blows both on the head and face, and Burn went down. The *claret* streaming from both.

10. A short round, in which Jem put in a good facer, and Pat went down on his knee.

11. A wide gash appeared over Jem's left eye, which must have been given in the ninth round; *claret* in abundance; they went to work and gave blow for blow, but M'Gee was evidently distressed for wind - at length they fell on the ropes, Pat's knees into him as usual.

12. Burn seemed to have got second wind, and to have come round. Sparring for a short time, when Jem attempted to put in a facer, which was handsomely stopped by M'Gee. Burn, however, would not be said nay to, jobbed his man, and sent M'Gee to the ground. This was the Irishman's first fall, and the joy of the Londoners knew no bounds.

13. Hit for hit, a close, when M'Gee threw his opponent on the ropes; Jem's head and neck somehow got entangled, and M'Gee continued to press heavily upon him, till he was dragged off by Holt - Donovan enraged.

14. Sparring; Jem put in a straight-handed hit on the face and brought himself up; sparring, when Jem again made his mark on his opponent's title page, and Pat fell to save himself. - (*Loud shouts from the Londoners.*)

15. Sparring, when Jem popt in another *muzzler*; sparring - ditto repeated on the Irishman's *phiz*; Pat rushed to a close, and they went down.

16. Both weak and tottering; in a close they got to the ropes, when Burn fell over them. - Pat fell on him, brought his back up, and *kneaded the dough* in his *bread-basket* with his knees - (*Loud disapprobation.*)

17. Sparring; Burn put in a right-handed thrust in the face. Pat again received a similar salute; a close, both down, Burn under. 18. The great superiority of Jem's science was evident - M'Gee received a brace of facers in double quick time, when Jem got away to the ropes, and went down, the Irishman on him.

19. Sparring; Jem popt in another hit on the *mazzard*, brought himself into attitude, and stopt M'Gee in an attempt to return the salute; sparring- Pat succeeded in planting some heavy body blows, and Jem went down.

20. Pat seemed worse for wear; both blowing as they stood at the scratch, and M'Gee for a moment dropt his arms. In this period of the fight, though Burn put in his blows, they were by no means effective; the strength of his arms appeared in some measure to be gone, and he frequently hit only breast high, when he evidently intended for the face. Several exchanges took place, and they both went down in a struggle.

21. Jem again succeeded in jobbing his opponent, and fell, Pat on him.

22. and last. Pat came up rather *groggy*, and received another facer from Burn who retreated, and the Irishman following him in a rush, made a *grab* at him about the waistband of his drawers, but did not get a hold; Burn fell backwards, M'Gee on him - Mr. Dowling, the Referee, immediately entered the ring - a cry of *foul* was set up by the London fighting men, the rush became general, and the ring was broken. After some *chaff* upon the subject, it was agreed that the men should again be brought to the *scratch*, and the ring was cleared for that purpose, when Philip Sampson suddenly threw up the hat, claimed the fight, and took his man from the ring, Donovan and Boscow loudly exclaimed against the unfairness of this proceeding, but after waiting for some minutes, and seeing there was no alternative, Donovan threw up his hat, insisted he had won, and he and Boscow took M'Gee to the Stand.

REMARKS

We have been particular in describing each round, as correctly as possible, and whatever colouring the London Reporters may give to the affair, Dowling having been injudiciously selected as Referee, our readers may rely upon it, they have before them "a round unvarnished tale;" we have abstained as much as possible from the introduction of cant terms and flash phrases, that this extraordinary affair might be read in plain English. No man knew the precise nature of the *foul act* - some asserted it was a *blow* - others, that he had made a *grab* below the waist, but we could not meet a single individual *except the Londoners*, who saw it. Mr. Egan himself, who is more closely connected with the London Ring than the Editor of any publication in the kingdom, observed to us, at the moment the ring was broken, that he did not see the alleged foul act. In the course of the afternoon, a meeting of the London pugilists took place at the Swan Inn, and the two ends of the table were occupied by Mr. Dowling and Mr. Egan; M'Gee's Umpire and his Timekeeper attended this meeting, when Mr. Dowling formally declared that Burn had won the fight, and was entitled to the stakes!

However we may disapprove of M'Gee's conduct in the course of this battle, which, if it was not unfair, was anything but manly, it can have no more connection with the sudden and premature termination of the fight, than the savage attempt of Jem Burn to gouge out his opponent's eye. All we have to look at is *the close of the last round*, and we pledge ourselves, whatever may be the report of the London Editors, that our statement contains the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." - We do not by any means intend to mix up the gentlemen of the press in this transaction, but it is our decided opinion, as far as regards the London Ring, that they acted on a pre-concerted plan. The fight lasted thirty-two minutes.

Harry Holt's conduct during the fight was particularly disgusting; his language was that of the vilest blackguard, and his repeated interference with the *business of the ring* proved what a friend *he* was to *fair fighting*. More than once, when the men fell upon the ropes, he jerked them under M'Gee, so as to have him completely over, and if it had not been for the very proper and spirited conduct of Donovan, there is no knowing to what lengths this *Cicero of the Ring*, as he is called, would have carried his zeal. He seemed to have formed, however, a very just estimate of the powers of Donovan, and evidently had no objection to *shy off*. Donovan met him in the evening, and *bearded him* in the streets of Litchfield, but *Cicero* threw a few *scientific manoeuvres*, made an *admirable retreat*, and finally *got away*.

Some transactions connected with this battle, reflect no great honour on the credit of the London Ring. We have stated before that Mr. Cato, the landlord of the Three Crowns at Litchfield, was the proprietor of the Grand Stand. His agreement with the gentlemen who went to Litchfield for the purpose of arranging the matter, was, that one half of the receipts of the Stand should belong to him, and the other half to be equally divided between the two men; and in the event of M'Gee losing the battle, it was understood that Mr. C. was to make him a present of five pounds. When the day of battle, however, arrived, the Londoners objected both to this gentleman and on Cato receiving the money at the door, and Ned O'Neal, the Streatham Youth, was fixed upon for that purpose; the receipts must have been pretty considerable, as the stand consists of two long rooms, with six or seven very large windows along the front of each, and an outside gallery extending the entire length of the building, the whole of which were crammed at six shillings per head. Mr. C. stopt at the door with O'Neal, till after the fight, when the *Streatham Youth* beat a march to Litchfield with the *blunt*, and no sooner had the *darkee* come on, than he set off in a post-chaise with Harry Holt, Jack Randall and Mr. Hanbury, taking the cash along with him by way of a *travelling companion*, observing, that those who wanted it must come to him at the Bull, in Cow-lane, thus leaving poor Mr. Cato and Pat M'Gee in the lurch!

Most of the waggons were taken from the *chaw bacons* who brought them to the ground, by the Londoners, at a guinea each, who would "make a pretty good thing of it," as Paul Pry would say, at half-a-crown a-head; but it was almost laughable to see some of these poor country fellows wandering about the streets of Litchfield in the evening, and searching the different public houses for the *gentlemen* who had hired the waggons from them.

We country *coves* know nothing; London is school for *trickery* - they *know how* to make a match and *win a fight* - to touch the *blunt* for a *waggon train*, - and to *take care* of the receipts of a Grand Stand! "*All right!*" as the Coachmen say.

FURTHER PARTICULARS

On Wednesday, M'Gee and several of his friends went to Birmingham, and made their resting-place at Arthur Matthewson's, in Digbeth. Here the party met the renowned Harry Holt, in whom either *time* or *conscience* seemed to have worked some alteration, as he confessed to Donovan *he had done wrong, but that he was interested, and that he had done no more than others had done*. Here a bit of a skirmish took place between Gaynor and Ralph Boscow; Boscow observed, that M'Gee should fight Jem Burn again for £200 a-side, provided the present stakes were given to him, and if they were not, he was robbed out of them. Gaynor pulled out a *One Hundred Pound Note*, as he said, to make the match, but Ralph, *not to be queered*, made a snatch at the note, *got it*, when it proved to be a *Barber's flash note!* - Gaynor, exasperated at the *loss of his money*, struck Boscow, who was not slow in returning the compliment - a

close, but Gaynor being an expert wrestler, got the fall. Ralph immediately challenged him to *single combat*, but Mr. Gaynor, probably having heard something of Boscow's *right-handers*, thought it more convenient to *toddle*.

Boscow, by way of *curiosity*, has brought Gaynor's Hundred Pound Note to Liverpool with him, and it is said, intends to deposit it in the Museum at the bottom of Church-street, for the inspection of the various members of the London Ring, as they drop down in rotation to take a Benefit in Liverpool.

M'Gee arrived in Liverpool by one of the Birmingham coaches on Thursday afternoon, well and hearty, and with no other marks of punishment, we have been informed, than a brace of black eyes.

We understand that Donovan intends shortly to ask the Liverpool Fancy to support him in a Benefit, and certainly his very spirited and proper conduct during the whole of the late transactions, as far as we have seen, entitle him to their patronage and confidence, and we heartily wish him success.

The account of the battle, given in the *Globe and Traveller*, is as gross a fabrication as the one that was hawked through the streets of Liverpool. [See also the *GLOBE* of Wednesday July 26 1826]

A second fight took place, an account of which we shall give next week, from the London Report.

Egan's account in his paper noted that the Irishman, Magee [M'Gee] was patronized by the Fancy of Liverpool, but known only to them. "It was agreed the *mill* should take place between London and Liverpool; but the backers of *Magee* having won the toss, it gave them the advantage of twenty miles in their favour, and Lichfield Race Course was selected as the place for the above trial of skill. A more delightful situation could not have been chosen in the kingdom; and from the windows of the Race Stand the prospect was truly picturesque and interesting." "--the races at Derby and Knutsford, and the Nottingham Cricket Match might have operated as drawbacks to the spectators at the fight. Nevertheless, it is supposed not less than six thousand persons were present." His account of the fight includes far more comments made by the spectators and assistants. His own summary was;

OBSERVATIONS.

Had not this *wrangle* taken place, we have not the least doubt that Burn would have been proclaimed the victor in less than half-a-dozen more rounds: as, according to the pugilistic phrase, Jem had *got* his man, who only wanted *polishing* off, and which would have done in an artist-Like manner by "my *nevy*," without further hesitation. Magee is a game man, and better acquainted with the science of milling, as far as *stopping* and *hitting* goes, than the Cockneys had anticipated; but as a boxer, as far as our experience tells in these matters, we assert, without the fear of contradiction, Magee is one of the foulest fighters we ever saw in the P. R. If any apology can be offered for his conduct in the above battle with Burn, we hope it will be placed on account of his ignorance with the rules of boxing as established by Broughton, rather than to INTENTION. The Referee not only acted with promptness, but his decision ought to have a good effect, by making some of the boxers more careful in future as to their conduct towards preserving fair play. Facts are stubborn things, and the truth must be told - no honourable man can *wriggle* off paying his bets. The backers of Magee may *bounce* about going before the Big Wigs to recover their *blunt*, but we feel quite assured that the Stakeholders of bets will not be deterred by such a threat, as to withhold them from the supporters of Jack Burn. The fight lasted thirty minutes. Belcher offered at Lichfield to back Burn 200*l.* to 100*l.* against Magee, to fight the latter in an open ring, within a week, so satisfied was Tom of the ability of his man. Jem Burn likewise publicly declared at Lichfield, that he would make a fresh match with Magee, his own money against him, as soon as he pleases after Jem's Benefit on Tuesday next, at the Tennis Court.

Egan's account of the second fight is given here - and the events previous that involved Frosty's participation;

SECOND FIGHT.

Barney Aaron offered to fight any man of his weight in Birmingham for a purse of 20*l.*; but the *blunt* was so scarce, that only a few pounds were collected among the Swells and Commoners present. Pack, [Bell's has Parks] a Birmingham lad, with only one eye, was seconded by Sampson and Aaron; and a chap denominated the Old Soldier, from Darlington, was attended by Young Gas and a novice, entered the ring for the above *trifle*. This battle afforded considerable amusement to the Amateurs for twenty-four rounds; and Pack proved himself a game little fellow. It ended in a dispute, [Bell's - the Old soldier hit Parks while he was on the ground!] but the money was divided between the combatants.

The victorious Jem Burn partook of a hearty dinner at the Swan Inn, in Lichfield, soon after the fight, declaring he was none the worse for the blows he had received in the conflict, but from pulling and hauling which he got from his opponent, when laying upon the ropes; and, in his opinion, should a second contest take place, that he could win the battle in a much shorter time.

Arthur Matthewson's, King's Head, Digbeth, Birmingham - On Monday evening this brave little hero's house was the scene of attraction... **Mr. Fogo**, on the Saturday evening previous, also amused the visitors to the King's head, with numerous sporting songs of his own composition, in praise of the pugilists [Pat McGee and Jem Burn], and relative to the events of the P.R.

Bell's account is similar but adds little details "The aristocracy were accommodated in the grand stand, at the moderate price of six shillings a head, and the remainder of the visitors found ample room in waggons or on *terra firma*. The pugilistic corps mustered a strong force, and great regularity was preserved in the arrangements of the Ring. **Frosty Faced Fogo**, in consequence of the absence of the Commissary-in-Chief, then descended from his dignity as *Poet Laureat* of the *Fancy*, and officiated in pitching the stakes, which were borrowed from

the P. C. of Litchfield, and were in every way suited to the importance of the occasion." He points out a flaw in the operation - "All attention was now directed to the ring, the bustle which had previously existed subsided, and the usual preparatives for action commenced. An umpire on each side was chosen and subsequently, by mutual agreement, a referee appointed to settle any dispute that might arise. It was a little singular, that the person chosen as the umpire of M'Gee, was one of his personal backers; and one, therefore, who was to be seriously affected by the result of the contest. This certainly was injudicious, as such persons ought to be as free from interested bias as possible. Jack Randall had come from Ireland expressly to second M'Gee, but Donovan had been substituted in his place. Jack looked very well, and was in the highest spirits." It is worth, here, giving *Bell's* account of the fight and its aftermath, the latter being of particular interest;

THE FIGHT

Round 1. The positions of the men were good. Pat kept his hands well up, and waited for the attack. Jem worked for an opening, and at last hit out with his left, catching Pat slightly on the nob. Pat countered as slightly with his right. Sparring; when Jem again let go his left, and Pat napped it on the *scent-box*. Pat was alive, hit out well with his right, and caught Jem under the left eye. Donovan exclaimed, "First blood!" pointing to a small spot under Jem's ogle. Jem hit away right and left, and was followed up by Pat to the ropes, on getting near to which, Jem again hit out with his left, and dropped, as if afraid of the effects of a close. Pat looked at him for a moment, and then fell upon him, amidst partial murmurs. During this round Pat's umpire repeatedly cheered him; &, as he was told, improperly interfered with the contest.

2. Both came to the scratch ripe for action; short sparring when Jem planted a severe left hander on Pat's *nozzle*, and drew his *cork*. Pat was not behind, but put in a good counter hit with his right. A good fighting rally followed, in which Jem caught Pat on the left eye. Jem followed the retreating system, and again fell at the ropes. Pat again paused, and in the most deliberate manner dropped with his knees upon him. [loud cries of "coward! coward! foul! foul!! and hisses; but no notice was taken by the umpires, and Pat's friend and umpire was again called to order for cheering his friend].

3. Pat came up a little open-mouthed, shewing some marks of execution. Pat jobbed Jem with his left; but in return Jem caught him right and left - the blows telling on the *peeper* and *potatoe-trap*, from which blood was drawn. Pat fought to a rally, & caught Jem on the left eye, drawing more *claret*; Jem retreated, and fell with his back on the ropes. Pat seized the advantage, dropped upon him, and hung with his whole weight upon him for some time, amidst cries of "shame;" at last Jem extricated himself, turned round, gave Pat *pepper* on the *muzzle*. Pat then closed, both fell, Pat uppermost [loud shouts from both sides of the question].

4. Jem came up steady; while Pat was ready. Jem at last seized his opportunity, and hit right and left, while Pat returned the compliment. Jem put in two body hits and got away, Pat followed him up boldly, hit out with his right and Jem fell upon his back [shouts for Pat].

5. Pat stopped Jem's left very neatly, and countered with his right; a good weaving rally followed, in which the interchanges were heavy. Pat caught Jem right and left, as he was falling on the ropes.

6. Jem came up bleeding freely from a cut under his left eye, and somewhat distressed. Pat again stopped a left handed compliment, and caught Jem in the body with his right; good fighting; Jem succeeded in planting a left-handed nobber, and fell on his hands. 7. Pat came up very game; Jem was evidently weak; still he kept his hands well up, and was ready for action. Jem retreated towards the ropes, and hit out with his left. Pat was with him, and a close followed, in which Jem got his head under the ropes. Pat held him as if in a vice, but at last Jem broke away, and as Pat rushed to meet him, he delivered two teasers, right and left, on his phiz. Pat again rushed at him, bored him against the ropes with great violence, and Jem went down.

8. Jem's left hand was again admirably stopped by Pat, but Jem was more successful in the next attempt, & planted two good blows on Pat's *mazzard*. Pat was not behind, but caught him, in return, heavily on the *dexter squinter*. A spirited rally, which ended by Jem's retreating to the ropes., and going down on the safe suit. He was evidently apprehensive of Pat's throwing him.

9. Pat ready - stopped Jem's left, and countered with his right. Jem broke away, sparring, till at last Jem made his favourite left and right hits. Pat received with courage and rushed to a rally, in which there were good interchanges. Jem at last went down, as usual, by the ropes.

10. Pat came up full of fire, while Jem was *piping*, and looking serious. Pat hit short with the left, and then bored in, while Jem retreated, and fell on the ropes; both weak. Pat here had an opportunity of punishing Jem, but he desisted, and Jem went down [cheers for Pat].

11. Donovan now exclaimed "Don't come any more, Jem, unless you like; don't be persuaded to be killed against your will." But Jem was not half done; he came up steady, and jobbed Pat heavily on the right eye. Pat followed him up with great ferocity, and Jem fell on both ropes, which completely supported his body from the ground. Pat instantly threw himself upon him, drawing his knee up at the same moment in a most dangerous part of Jem's person [loud shouts of cowardly! with hisses]. At last Jem fell on the ground, Pat on him and Jem groaned, as if severely hurt by the last unmanly expedient of his antagonist. On getting on his second's knee, he seemed in great agony, while Pat showed some distress [Tom Belcher here complained loudly of the conduct of the umpires and especially of M'Gee's, as he kept cheering his man].

12. Jem came up with marks of suffering in his countenance, but still steady and on the alert. Pat was also steady, held his hands well up, and stopped Jem's left with great dexterity. Jem would not be denied, but delivered right and left. A spirited rally followed, good counter hitting. Jem down.

13. Jem came up as if recovered from his paroxysm of pain. He went boldly to his man; but Pat was ready, and stopped his left again. Jem planted a right-hander, and retreated. Pat rushed after him with great violence, and Jem fell with the back of his neck upon the upper rope of the ring. In this situation Pat threw himself upon him with all his weight, by pressing his neck against the rope with great violence, and sawing him backwards, and forwards [loud cries of "foul! foul!"]. But Jem had not touched the ground, and the seconds were not entitled to interfere. At last Jem fell to the ground from the stretching of the rope, and Pat was taken away, while all thought [throughout?] Jem was senseless. After a moment, however, Jem recovered, and was lifted on his second's knee much s[.....]d. A good deal of indignation was expressed by the spectators at M'Gee's mode of fighting.

14. Jem came up a little groggy. Pat rushed into him, but Jem got away with an unexpected activity, and met Pat as he came in with his left smash in the *nozzle*. Pat again bored him to the ropes. Jem got his head under the ropes, and Pat was about to renew the squeezing system; but Jem went down to avoid mischief.

15. Jem came up steady, and delivered well with his left. Pat was awake, and a good rally followed. The counter hitting was excellent; but on retreating, Jem fell down and Pat fell upon him [More complaints of the umpires from Belcher, who swore Pat had repeatedly lost the fight by foul play].

16. Jem came up with more activity, and seemed to be getting his second wind, although both men were weak in their knees. Pat rushed to a close, but Jem hit him and got away with great energy. Counter hitting. Pat pursued the boring system, and once more caught Jem across the ropes, where he hung the whole weight of his body, till he fell from Harry Holt's having withdrawn the rope.

Pat took care to fall heavily upon him, and attempted to use his knee as before. It was here observed that a friend of M'Gee's, by direction of his umpire, went to M'Gee, and advised him not to repeat his foul play. This person was cautioned by the referee not to repeat such interference, as he had no right within the ropes; to which he replied, "he had only been speaking about the water."

17. Pat came up the stronger of the two; but Jem was any thing but beaten. Pat stopped his left cleverly, but Jem was quick in his repetition, and delivered right and left, then fell.

18. Jem came up with renewed spirit, and put in three or four admirable blows, right and left, on Pat's frontispiece, and then got away. Pat rushed after him as he retreated, and caught him as previously at the ropes; but Jem succeeded in reaching the ground before the sawing system commenced.

19. Jem put in a body blow, and the compliment was returned with interest. Jem caught him with his left, but was cleverly hit down from a blow of Pat's right. This was the only knock down blow of the fight.

20. Pat still preserved his guard with precision, and stopped Jem's right and left with great neatness. Jem hit short with his left, but succeeded in planting a tremendous right-handed flush hit on Pat's mouth. In getting away from Pat's rush, Jem fell, when Pat again fell with his knees upon him, in a most unfair manner, and shouts of disgust burst from all quarters; but still no notice was taken by the umpires, and Belcher repeated his complaints.

21. Jem's wind improving, while Pat appeared to be getting worse; but still he was ready, and stopped Jem's first effort at hitting. Jem then got away with great alertness, drawing Pat after him, and hitting him with terrific severity, right and left. At last Pat overtook him at the ropes, and again hung heavily on him, amidst hisses, and cries of "unmanly."

22. Jem came up with renewed spirits; and, observing Pat open-mouthed and distressed, he rushed to work, and hit him severely right and left; and then judiciously retreating, repeated the dose. At length Jem went down, Pat on him.

23. Pat came up a good deal distressed by the effects of the last round, when Jem again had recourse to jobbing and getting away, meeting Pat several times as he rushed for the close with great precision. At length, Pat, while staggering from the effects of this punishment, made a rush at Jem, and caught him in the most unfair manner in a certain and most dangerous part of his person with his right while with his left he seized him by the [drawers?] and threw him heavily. The uproar was now tremendous - cries of *foul! foul! brutal!* burst from all quarters; and the referee entreated Donovan not to permit a repetition of such conduct, or his man could lose the fight. The seconds at last appealed to the umpires, one of whom, Burns's nominee, proclaimed that the conduct of Pat was the most foul he had ever witnessed, while the other, "M'Gee's friend, declared he saw nothing unfair. In this situation of things, the referee was appealed to and he at once, declared his opinion that M'Gee's conduct had been unfair, and that he had lost the battle; a judgment in which nineteen-twentieths of the persons present concurred.

M'Gee was ready to go on with the fight, and Burns, who was much the fresher man of the two, was willing, but his seconds took him out of the ring, quietly observing that the fight had been repeatedly lost before, by M'Gee falling on Burns intentionally, and when he was making no resistance, and that they should now be wrong to throw a chance away.

M'Gee, on quitting the ring, was hissed from all quarters, and strong animadversions were made on his conduct.

REMARKS.

Without detracting from M'Gee's gameness, we must say we never witnessed a more foul or unmanly fighter. - His conduct excited general disgust, but still it is but just to say, that where he depended on his fighting alone, he fought well, and with considerable judgment. Jem, however, was too quick for him in hitting and stopping, and thus his punishment was the most severe. Jem's punishment was principally confined to his left eye, which was completely closed and much swollen, while M'Gee had both eyes, nose, and mouth greatly disfigured. It was obvious too, that in the last two rounds Jem was getting fresher and firmer on his legs, while the repetition of his jobbing hits on Pat's muzzle, was bringing the fight to a close. Upon the whole, it might have been more satisfactory had Jem been permitted to finish his man - but after what had occurred, it was impossible, consistently with the rules of boxing, to permit the contest to proceed - if those rules are to have the slightest weight in the ring, they ought to be acted upon most strictly. Had Jem Burns not bothered himself to be alarmed, as he was in the first instance, by the fear of M'Gee's throwing, and commenced (as he did for the last two rounds) to hit and get away, running round his man instead of retreating to the ropes, he would have done much better, and brought the affair to a conclusion much sooner. The fight lasted upwards of thirty minutes; but the precise time was not marked, from the confusion which took place.

The Liverpool people were, of course, very indignant, and found great fault with the Referee but it was impossible for him, appealed to as he was, to come to any other decision; for no rule can be more clear than that it is a foul either to strike or catch hold of an opponent below the waistband. It may be said that M'Gee did this unconsciously, from the state of stupefaction in which he was; but this could not be admitted as a sufficient plea, for any man can assume an appearance of stupefaction in order to commit a foul act which might be fatal to his antagonist.

In the course of the evening, a curious altercation, which did not redound much to the credit of the Liverpool gentlemen, whose names we purposely omit, took place while the referee and a party of sporting men were at dinner at the Swan Inn, in Litchfield. The backer and umpire of M'Gee, accompanied by a little individual, who we have already noticed as having entered the ring to speak to M'Gee during the fight, came in and complained of the decision of the referee, saying, that no appeal had been made to him for his decision by the *umpires*. This was flatly contradicted by all present, when the little gentleman, in question said *he* was the umpire, and *not* the person who acted as such, for that person was only the "time keeper." this led to an instantaneous reply, not very satisfactory to the feelings of the author of such a contemptible subterfuge, who, feeling that he stood on tender ground, changed his position, and said, if he was not umpire, he was referee; and if not referee, *something else*. In the latter declaration, it was admitted he was correct; but what that something else was, we forbear characterizing. Sporting men should not have recourse to such tricks, if they lose, let them submit to the fortune of war with good grace; but on reflection, the Liverpool men must be satisfied they were wrong in their judgment as to the fighting qualities of M'Gee, who, we repeat, however, if he would fight in the manly style of our English boxers, would be a credit to the Ring.

In the course of the discussion, Tom Belcher said, so persuaded was he of Jem Burns's superiority over M'Gee, that he was then willing to make a match for him - two hundred to one hundred - to fight in an open ring; by which he could escape from M'Gee's unfair mode of attack.

Bethell's promised to publish some of Frosty's songs and on August 5th 1826 they printed the first; ³⁵

35 260805BLLL - the fight reported in 241020MH, 241020MA, and others. See 260826BLLL and 261028BLLL for the other songs.

The poem refers to a fight at Virginia Water on October 19th 1824 which Fogo must have witnessed, between Ned Baldwin and Neale;

BOXING SONG BY J. FOGO
NEAL AND WHITEHEADED BOB.
[TUNE - "The Bull-ank on Whitsun Monday."]

You Boxers, and you Bruisers, and men of noted fame.
I'll tell you of a milling match, and which man won the game:
'Twas near Virginia Water, and it was no easy job
For Neal, the Streatham Youth, to beat White-headed Bob.

The Nineteenth of October, the day it being clear,
At one o'clock the men were stript, at the scratch they did appear;
Bob, attended by his seconds, The Champions, Cribb and Spring,
Holt for O'Neal, with gay Jem Ward, saying, "the Battle we shall win."

The men set to with caution, each had victory in view;
The odds were five to four on Bob, and some bet three to two:
For he nobb'd his brave opponent, which made the claret fly,
Ned Neal return'd the compliment, which no one can deny.

Neal's courage never left him, he now took the lead in stile,
Inspired with hopes of victory, it made Erin's sons to smile,
He fearlessly went in to work, and hit both left and right,
"We shall soon want lunch," says Harry Holt, "go on and win the fight."

White-headed Bob grew weak, he could make no stand at all;
Neal took the lead in every round, and likewise gained the fall,
Which reduced it to a certainty which way the thing would go,
When time was call'd for fear of worse, Cribb gave the welcome - no.

So you Boxers all of London, not forgetting those afar,
Uncorrupted go into the ring, and take the chance of war;
And if you should be beaten, you'll meet with due respect,
But should you fight a cross, you'll ne'er again get back'd.

None of the reporting newspapers mention that Fogo attended, though the Commissary of the P. R. did set up the ring. There was also a second fight for £50 between Joe Spencer (a butcher) and Jem Wynnes, the Bristol Youth which the latter won. The *Morning Herald* had reported that Bob was unwell that morning and had taken stomach medicine which had weakened him considerably. *Bethell's* had promised to print Fogo's songs from his booklet and they followed this one up by printing two more - on August 26th and October 28th, [260826/261028BLLL] below. These were hard times for retired boxers who hadn't put enough by and sometimes efforts were made to support them that both provided them with sustenance, their friends with amusement and the newspapers with a good filler article. *Bell's* reported one such effort in their August 6th issue, Frosty playing his usual central rôle;³⁶



CALEB BALDWIN.

LIVER AND BACON MATCH

This match, between Jack Scroggins and **Caleb Baldwin** came off in the large room, at the Half Moon Tap, Leadenhall market, on Friday last, in the presence of a numerous and respectable muster of Ladies and Gentlemen of the *Fancy*, as well as several Aldermen and Civic *Gourmands*. *Josh*, and the *Bow Boy* were the umpires, and **Frosty-faced Fogo** the referee. According to the articles, four pounds of liver and two pounds of bacon, were to be served, in separate dishes, to each man; and it was added, that Scroggins was to give half a pound to Caleb in the first four pounds of liver. The men came to the *scratch* - stripped to their belly bands, and appeared in excellent condition; the skins of their *grubberies* hanging about in most luxuriant festoons. *Scroggy*, from his known capabilities, was the favourite. Great pains had been expended in training; and Jack Clark, who trained Baldwin, said he had expended at least two stone of hog's lard in anointing his *wizen*, and the outside of his *stomach*, so as to stretch their capacities; added to which, he had given him nearly two pails of *brewer's grains* every day, which he swallowed with

36 260806B another eating contest reported in 260820B but Fogo not mentioned.

ease. Scroggy was trained by *Tim Gobblegizzard*, the celebrated Hibernian eater, who confined him to the *Sangrado* regimen, "blowing out his hide" with warm water till it would contain nearly seven gallons. Neither of the men had been allowed to eat for 48 hours, so that they came fresh to the post; and, if a judgment could be formed from their looks, they would have felt no compunction in devouring the two umpires & the referee, stuffing included. All being in readiness, Scroggy desired that half a pound might be weighed off his portion of liver, and this being done, although the object was not at first understood, he threw it into Caleb's plate. "D--n my eyes," cried old Caleb, "What do you mean by that?" "Why, blow me tight," said Master Scroggy, "the articles express that I am to give you half a pound, and there it is." This at once produced a wrangle. It was held on the one hand, that the meaning of the articles was, that Baldwin was to have half a pound less than Scroggins, on the same principle that a man, who in running gives a yard to his opponent, permits him to have so much less to run, or rather to be not so much in advance of him. A long and ingenious argument in the literal construction of the words then took place, which was decided by the referee, in favour of Scroggins. He said he could never conceive that "to give" meant "to take away;" but as the result of the wager depended on the quantity of *grub* to be eaten in a certain time, he thought it was fair that Baldwin should be allowed to eat the half pound, so generously given by his antagonist, before the other was allowed to start. This decision was not considered quite equitable by some; but there was no appeal from the referee, and the men *set-to*.

FIRST HEAT. - Caleb, according to the decision, was commenced, and in two full *gobs* full, the disputed half pound was quietly deposited in his *maw*. Scroggy, who had been stretching his *muzzle* with a *rolling pin*, then let go, and hot work followed on both sides. Scroggy evidently had the advantage of swallow. He never troubled his *masticators*, but pursued the *bolting* system throughout this heat, which he won by nearly three quarters of a pound in fifteen minutes; but Caleb was still fresh, and looked hungry.

SECOND HEAT. - The second course was brought in in similar quantities with the first, and each man having taken three jumps to settle the previous allowance, they proceeded with renewed vigour. Unluckily, however, Caleb, who was gaining fast on his "gentlemanly sort" of an antagonist, changed his system, and attempted to *bolt* a piece of liver, which being rather too large for his throat, stuck midway. Scroggy saw his advantage, and *pegged away* with great spirit; but Caleb having seized the rolling pin, and shoved the offending piece into its proper cavity, he again advanced in double quick time although the odds were 2 to 1 against him. An unlucky, but laughable, accident now "turned the tables." It was seen for some time that the waist band of Scroggins's *unmentionables* were stretched almost to their utmost limit, so as, indeed, to threaten the fracture of the button-holes, while the skin of his paunch became as tense as the top of a big drum. The fears of his friends were excited lest one or other should burst, and these fears were in a moment realized, but not in the way anticipated; for instead of the button-hole giving way, or the paunch splitting, the string behind became fractures, and down dropped poor Scroggy's *decencies* about his heels, exposing at once a *panorama* of so extraordinary a description, that the spectators were thrown into convulsions of laughter, and the ladies could scarcely see for the tears which burst from their *beautiful ogles*. The delicate feelings of Scroggy were shocked beyond measure by this untoward circumstance, and he instantly endeavoured to shroud his natural beauties by replacing the fallen drapery. "The more haste the worse speed" they say. Scroggy found this to be the case - the more he attempted to adjust his *inexpressibles* the more difficult he found it; and whilst he was thus employed in matters of *modesty*, Caleb, with great perseverance, not only brought up his "lost ground," but actually cleared his dish, leaving his opponent at least two pounds behind. Scroggy now found he had no chance, as, while he was completing his second course, he calculated that Caleb would be enabled to get second wind, and beat him at a canter. He, therefore, made a virtue of necessity, and apologising to the Ladies for the *little* entertainment he had afforded them, he resigned the contest. Caleb was declared the victor amidst loud shouts, - We trust that these matches may not be encouraged, especially during these hard times, as no doubt the price of liver and bacon would thereby be considerably enhanced. Josh has a *pig* which he will back to eat *old shoes* against any of the *swinish multitude* in Christendom.

As previously mentioned, fights were often arranged through challenges in the newspapers and then, if agreed, contracts were signed and witnessed with reputable people acting as witnesses and backers. Several newspapers carried the following, which is an example of this kind of agreement - with Frosty being one of the signatories;³⁷

MATCH BETWEEN BISHOP SHARPE AND ALIC REID

After repeated challenges and replies, a match has been made between these men for fifty pounds a-side. The backers on both side are highly respectable, and, we have no doubt, all will be "fair and above board." It will be recollected that in the former match between these men, Reid did not "do his best" for reasons which he has since explained. He was neglected by his backers, and in a moment of irritation, he did that which he has ever since repented. It was thought, and in that opinion we agree, that Sharpe was ill-treated in not receiving the former stakes. This matter is now in such a train, as will place the merits of the combatants on their true basis; and *honour* rather than *profit* seems to be the main inducement to a *mill*. The following is a copy of the articles. - "Articles of agreement entered into this 17th day of August, 1826, between Bishop Sharpe and Alic Reid, at the Duke of Wertemburgh, Hatfield-street, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road: The said Bishop Sharpe agrees to fight the said Alic Reid a fair stand-up fight, half-minute time, in a four and twenty feet roped ring, for fifty pounds a-side. The fight to take place in the same ring with the Gaynor and Gas on Tuesday the 5th of September, or, in the event of that fight not coming off, to take place within five and twenty miles of London. Mr. D----- to name the place of fighting. The men to be in the ring between twelve and one o'clock, and two umpires and a referee to be chosen on the ground: The decision of the referee, in the event of a dispute, to be conclusive. In furtherance of this agreement, 5*l.* a-side are now deposited in the hands of the stakeholder. A further deposit of twenty pounds a-side to be made good at Josh Hudson's, on Thursday, the 24th instant, between eight and ten o'clock, p.m.; and the whole of the stakes to be made good on Thursday, the 31st inst., at the Duke of Wirtemburgh's Hatfield-street, Blackfriars, between eight and ten o'clock, p.m. In the event of a

37 260820B also in *Bethells* 260826BLLL

failure on either part, to comply with the terms thus agreed upon, the money down to be forfeited to the person who shall be in attendance. "For Bishop Sharpe, **JOHN FOGO**, " ALIC REID. "Witness, F. DAVID."

Another kind of filler for the papers was the amusing anecdote, probably meant to keep a person's name in the public eye, give a little support and maybe also resulted in a small gratuity. The *Dispatch* had their column '*Vive La Bagatelle*' which seemed to be designed for such items. Here is one from August 20th,³⁸

It is to be regretted, that a coldness has arisen between those eminent *pals*, the Poet Laureate and the **Poet of the Ring. Frosty-faced Fogo**, it seems, was, a few evenings ago, appointed to *mount the perch* at the Cheshire Cheese, Mount Pleasant, and he, *of course*, forwarded a card of invitation to Southey, requesting him also, per message by Tom Belcher's waiter, to promote the harmony of the evening, by *chaunting* "The Christening of little Joey:" *strange* to say, the Doctor absented himself altogether. "For which," says **Frosty-face**, "see whether I don't *sarve him out*; when he wants my help in his next Ode!"

Further to their promise to publish Fogo's songs from his book, *Bethell's* now included another on the Aug. 26th.³⁹

THE STATE OF THE FANCY

BY J. FOGO.

[TUNE - "Young Ben the Carpenter.]"

Ye Boxers all, I pity you, your case is very bad,
Fighting's brought to such a pitch, I'm sure you will go mad;
Likewise the Judges, they've declar'd, their word they'll not withdraw,
That should you break the peace again, they'll punish you by law.

When the judges thus their minds disclos'd, the Ring stood all aghast,
One turning to the other, said, then Milling all is stach'd.
Then must our courage from us fly, and lose this manly art,
That inspir'd our tars and soldiers brave, to conquer Bonaparte?

The Ring it seem'd as panic-struck, its patrons were withdrawn,
The Ropes and stakes were mouldering, Bill Gibbons all forlorn;
The waggon train were in a funck, Joe Fishwick sullen grown
That always bore a smiling mug, in country or town.

Tom Cribb and Spring have left the Ring, and smoke their easy pipes,
There's Belcher, Randall, and Bill Eales, they've done the thing that's right;
And since the gun has ceas'd to roar, John Bull as well as they
Has ta'en his place behind the bar, and without a fork he's making hay.

Jem Ward he beat the Windsor gun that made such loud report,
And when Phil Sampson he does fight, he shows the Fancy sport:
White-headed Bob well plays his cards, for he's always got a trump,
And he that does Jack Langan beat, he must his hide well thump.

Tom Oliver's fighting days are o'er, Ned Turner's cut the string,
Peter Crawley talks of fight, and says the belt he'll win;
Jem Burn began to fight too young, but his pluck no one can doubt,
Barney Aaron is the Jewish star, - Belasco's got the gout.

Ned Neal's in Cow-lane, at the Bull, a son of Paddy's land,
At the King's Arms, Digbeth, Birmingham, little Arthur took his stand;
On the Surrey side, in Tooley-street, Joe Parish keeps the Ship,
Tom Owen's thrown his crutch aside, and gave Mr. Death the slip.

There's Harry Harmer at the Plough, Holt keeps the Golden Cross,
Ned Painter is a Norwich Cock, for his sign I'm at a loss;
Tom Shelton he at Walton liv'd, and there he kept the Crown,
He's lately fought a Shropshire man, I think his name is Brown.

Ben Burn he keeps the Rising Sun, a rough and hearty soul,
He swears he will be Champion, but it's o'er a flowing bowl;
George Cooper is at Edinbro', as quiet as a mouse,
At the Fox and Anchor Davis lives, near to the Charter-house.

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At the Black Horse and Swan in Blackman-street, Jack Martin does reside,
 Who in a steamer went to France against both wind and tide,
 The Pet to pass dull hours away, oft plays a game of skittles,
 And Scroggins, if he dines with you, will play the devil with your *wittles*.

The only clue as to when Frosty might have written this comes in verse 8: Big Brown beat Tom Shelton on July 12th 1825 - Shelton never fought again. The song is useful for naming all the taverns run by ex-pugilists. The next poem, from *Bell's* of September 3rd, is the obituary for Frosty's friend and sparring partner, little Gadzee;⁴⁰

**ELEGIAIC STANZAS
 ON THE DEATH OF GODFREE BENJAMIN, ALIAS GADZEE**

By Frosty-faced Fogo, P. L. of the Ring.

Lament with me
 For poor Gadzee;
 My grief cannot be stronger,
 Since "flesh is grass,"
 He died, alas!
 'Cause *he could live no longer*.

And yet, indeed,
 Should *all* proceed
 On this plan in our nation,
 In this *hard time*
 Of *want*, and crime,
 'Twould thin the population.

We well may cry
 'Tis time to die,
 When few can get a *living*;
 And all the rich,
 At such a pitch,
 Seem *monstrous shy of giving*.

Since some have made
 Their cash by trade,
 And still go *fat and smart* with it,
 They all agree,
 That they should be,
Confounded fools to part with it.

'Tis true, we know,
 To Church they go,
 And *Chapel* is no rarity;
 And there they each
 Hear Parsons preach
 About that virtue-*charity*.

But since all weavers
 are *unbelievers*,
 And *Deists* cotton spinners
 'Tis only right-handed
 To starve them quite
 By giving them *no dinners* (1)

All this was brought
 Into my thought
 By Gadzee's *want of grub*, Sir,

And for his sake
 I now must make
 Another *Tale of a Tub* (2), Sir,

It is no vain fiction
 That *contradiction*
 Is man's great characteristic;
 Though Gadzee died
 By a *suicide*,
 Yet still in the *Ring Pugilistic*.

The name they best knew
 Was *the laughing Jew*;
 But now he's lost his breath, Sir,
 He'll ne'er laugh again,
 Although 'tis plain,
 He must have *laugh'd at death*, Sir

Alas! His fun
 Is gone, *is* done!
 Lament each son and daughter
 Of *Israel's race*
 At his hard case,
 Drown'd in a *butt of water*!

I do believe,
 I should not grieve
 Much more than the *parish Vicar*
 If he had tried
 Himself to hide
 In any *nobler liquor*

Sure *heavy wet*
 Had been far bet-
 Ter, or best *gin* of Deady;
 By drinking deep
 He went to sleep,
 But Adam's Ale's not heady.

Vile *water*! Oh!
 It sounds so low;
 A *Duke* was drown'd in *Malmsey*
 The very thought
 Of water ought
 To make one's stomach qualmsy.

His days began
 As "*cat's meat man*,"
 A genteel occupation;
 I wish his life
 Were not at strife
 With such a prime vocation (3)

Five feet his height;
 Among the light
 Weights he was reckon'd clever.
 He lost and won
 Till his friends were *done*,
 Then *he was done* for ever!

And so, I trust,
 'Twill be, and must,
 As sure as my name's **Fogo**;
 Thro' such as the Ring,
 Which had the King
 For *patron*, now is **no go**.

Oh! would I might
 Say *all was right*,
 Again, but fear that nun est
 The real fact is,
 That such a practice,
 Confounds with rogues the lamest

Jem Ward, Jem Burn,
 To you I turn
 Stand *upright* I implore it!
 Tom Cannon, too
 And Phil, be true
 And you may soon restore it.

Let paltry rogues
 Who have no *brogues*,
 Cheat, *prig*, and deal in *crosses*;
 They'll find, no doubt,
 They're anon thrust out
 From Belcher's, Crib's and Joss's.

1) One of the last articles in the expired *Representatives* spoke of the starvation of the weavers and cotton spinners as a judgement upon them for reading Carlyle's deistical pamphlets.

(2) There are two *Tales of a Tub* already very famous - Ben Johnson's and Dean Swift's. Mine will make the *third*.

(3) It is not generally known that the song of "Dandy Dog's meat man," introduced by Miss Paton, we believe, in Weber's *Oberon*, was composed upon the unfortunate Gadzee.

On p. 281, column1, of the same *Bell's* issue is a fuller account of the 'death of Gadzee, otherwise Cat's Meat.' It mentions that he was also known as 'The laughing Philosopher'. They noted that he had attempted suicide once before by throwing himself in the Regent's canal but was saved by a stranger – only to drown himself 'in the night of Friday week' in a water butt at the back of his lodgings. At his inquest at the Bull public house on Saturday the verdict was "Insanity". He was "not quite five feet high but fought ten prize battles in the course of his career and amongst the very 'little ones' obtained a large portion of fame."

Further evidence of the hard times comes in the same paper with the following notice of two 'Benefits' plus another amusing article based upon a boat trip, with Scroggins, and his friend Frosty playing a part;

BENEFITS. - Jack Scroggins will take his benefit at the Tennis Court, on Wednesday, when Reid & Sharpe are expected to shew. [see 260820B above]

FROSTY-FACED FOGO will take the chair at Ted O'Neal's, the Bull, Cow-lane, Smithfield, on Wednesday evening; and as it is the last day of Bartholomew Fair, he will, no doubt, be well supported.

SCROGGIN'S TRIP TO THE NORE [took place on Tuesday 29th August] **TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON**

Mr. EDITOR. - I observed in your Paper last Sunday a paragraph announcing that my old *pal*, Jem Ward, was about to take a trip to the Nore. As I thought he'd want "a gentlemanly sort of man," as Master of the Ceremonies, I determined to accompany him in that capacity; and having volunteered my services, I was at once accepted. A right merry day we had; and as I did not see you or any of your Reporters on board, although you were expected, I have ventured to send you a short description of our excursion, thinking that, in these dull times, it may be acceptable. I do not profess to be a literary character; and if my *quill* does not *wag* quite so musically as it ought, you must take the will for the deed, and give me credit for wishing to rival Walter Scott if I could; but I hate all prefaces, and so here goes. Holding an official situation, I felt it my duty to be early on board the Favourite, which was the name of the steamer, and which was conveniently moored off the Tower. I was received by her Captain (Mr. Read), if not with a royal salute, at least with a hearty welcome, and all hands were piped to assist the company as they arrived. I had not long taken my station on the gangway, when my *ogles* were gladdened by the approach of some of my oldest friends, & first came that well known character, "*Mahogany Muzzle*," as you waggishly christened him, Isaac Bittoon. His sneezing box well filled with *muzzle dust*, his pockets crammed with tickets, and a solid supply of *fried fish* under his dexter wind, "So help me cod," cried he, as he mounted the ladder, "I'm glad I'm safe, for I thought I was going to Davy Jones's Take a pinch of snuff, Jack?" said he "To be sure, " said I; "I'll take your snuff but bar the ticket," and off he toddled, mumbling to himself, "the childer must have *grub*." Next came Jem Ward himself, the hero of the day, and he was closely followed by Ben Turner, Billy Battle, the *crack fiddler* of Ratcliffe Highway, Perring the waterman, and *flash dancer* of the East; Ben Whiffen, the publican, of Mile End, who came very opportunely, as the Captain said, to be placed as figure head to the vessel, and he was forthwith stretched across the bowsprit, in the character of Bacchus, of which jolly god he was the perfect prototype, making the very fishes drunk with the sight of his rubicund nozzle; **Frosty Faced Fogo**, the amiable Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Baldwin, Charley Eastup and Co., Bill Hemmings, the celebrated canine fancier; Sir John and Lady Cockburn, and their three *kids* from Leadenhall, and a long list of other distinguished characters too numerous to detail, but all brim-full of good humour, and all determined to keep the *game alive* to the utmost extent of their *fancy*.

Upon a rough calculation, there were two hundred *human souls* on board. As all the other animals and animalculae are acknowledged to be without souls, it is unnecessary to enumerate them, even if my powers of calculation were sufficient for the purpose. Having shipped the whole of our cargo, the captain prepared to weigh anchor, and in a few seconds off we were in fine style, the band of music accidentally striking up 'The Rogues march.' but on discovering their mistake, they changed the tune, and substituted 'See the conquering Hero comes,' which, although perhaps not more appropriate, was more pleasing to the majority of the company.

For the occurrences of the day, I must now refer you to a copy of my log, which I faithfully kept as long as I could see. 9 a.m. Wind S.W. All hands on deck on the look-out for fun; some of the ladies very inquisitive about the steam. "Laud! Mr. Scroggins," says Miss Julia Chucksteak, "What makes them ere veels turn round just like the veels of a po-chay?" "Why, the steam, to be sure," says I. "But how does that do it?" "Why, you know," says I, "to speak trigonometrically, the steam that is in that ere boiler is the smoke of that ere water; & that ere water-smoke operates on them ere wheels, like the smoke in a chimney on a smoke Jack, and that's the mechanism of the whole." "Only think!" exclaimed Julia, "well, I thought it was summat of that ere sort," and she was quite satisfied; and I was glad she was, for I knew nothing about the matter.

9 ½ a.m. - Going along at a slapping rate, and all as "jolly as sand boys." Entered the Pool; where all the coal-whippers, with one accord, stopped their work, manned the sides of the vessels, and gave Jem Ward, as the Champion of the *black diamonds*, three hearty cheers. Jem was overpowered, and we all returned the compliment with equal energy. Mrs. Baldwin was shocked at seeing so many men in their *buffs*, and wondered Mr. Martin did not bring in an Act to prevent such indecency. Passed Execution Dock which proved to be anything but an object of curiosity; observed most of our party turn their *nobs* in an opposite direction.

TEN a.m. - Reached "Cuckold's Point;" Mrs. Henpeck wished her husband to see it to advantage, but he was otherwise engaged, and exclaimed "its all my eye and *Betty Martin*." Young Dutch Sam grinned a grin, and the ladies looked wicked. Passed Greenwich in splendid style, and came in sight of the *Hanging Wood*, as George Robins would call a gibbet. Saw the fragments of six unhappy mortals; but there was little more than their *cerags* left. Charley much offended at his rib for telling he would look well in such a "situation." She might consider it a *choking* matter, he said, but he didn't like such *chokes*.

TEN AND A HALF a.m. - Spied Mahogany Phiz on the mizzle towards the fore-cabin, with his fried fish under his wing; was close to his heels; hoped I didn't intrude, and grabbed one-half of it. Bolted on deck in time to see the hulks at Woolwich, and many of our old friends, who saluted us with great enthusiasm. Dropped down a little further and went alongside the female convict ship on the start for Botany Bay. Saw Blear-eyed Sall, Moll Wilkins, and some more of our fair acquaintance; looked "a thousand unutterable things" and wished them a pleasant voyage.

ELEVEN a.m. - Wind due South., smart showers. - Ran below, and, to keep ourselves dry, took copious libations of *heavy wet*. All complained of being *peckish* - a lunch voted unanimously, and the *pick-nickery* brought out. Lady Cockburn missed a roast fowl from her basket - suspicion rested upon Billy Battle - made search, and found the aforesaid in what he called his *fiddle case*, but what the ladies called his *inexpressibles*. It was only a *lark*, he said; but Lady C. swore it was a *capon*, and he was rated a sly *cove*. More *prigging* - Ben Whiffen missed a bottle of brandy, but as he understood that the Miss Chucksteaks had nibbled it, he had too much gallantry to complain, although he observed that in common politeness they might have given him a toothful. Billy Battle struck up "Drops of Brandy O!" and all was merriment.

HALF-PAST ELEVEN, A.M. - Storm blown over - all sunshine and frolic, and the deck again crowded - when a sudden alarm was felt for Mrs. Baldwin, who had been missed for nearly half an hour. Caleb was in greatest agony, and, after a diligent search, she was found with cunning Isaac in the fore-cabin, who said he was giving her a lesson in legerdemain. Caleb d----d such lessons, and said his wife knew more tricks than ever he could teach her.

TWELVE. - Arrived safe off Gravesend, where I got half seas over, and dropped into a comfortable snooze.

TWO, P.M. - Found myself at the Nore, and the company busily engaged in demolishing divers legs of mutton and joints of boiled beef, which had been liberally provided by the Steward; on the cloth being removed, the bottle was circulated with such rapidity, that it completely set my head in a doldrum. I was forced to give up my log, and must, therefore, cut my story short, by informing you that, having gone round the Nore light, the Favourite measured her way back to London in the most magnificent style, and again reached the Tower Stair at eight o'clock in the evening; the company, in their way up the river, amusing themselves on "the light fantastic toe," listening to some excellent "chaunts,"* and wetting their whistles from the ample stores which they had provided, or which were at their command, through the medium of that never failing *talisman* - a *silver key*. And now, Sir, having given up my office of Master of Ceremonies, I shall, without ceremony, bid you farewell.

JACK SCROGGINS

Toad in the Hole, Blowbladder-street in the East.

N.B. My benefit at the Tennis Court is on Wednesday next. I hope my friends won't forget me.

Notes

* The chaunts were the work of **Frosty-faced Fogo**, best friend of Jack Scroggins (Egan's report next).

The Nore is the point where the Thames becomes the North Sea and there is a dangerous sand spit there with the UK's first lighthouse.

Isaac Bitton (Bittoon) - Jewish boxer fl. 1801-04, became a practising conjurer, died February 1839

Po-chay = Post chaise

William Hemmings of Commercial Road - a famous dog breeder and fancier

George Robins - called 'Prince of Orators and Auctioneers'

Benjamin Whiffen publican - the Quaker poet (wrote 'Elegaic Lines with his brother Jeremiah in 1818) and, friend of Robert Southey - same?

Charley Eastup - author writing in humorous slang on sporting and other subjects e.g. 'On Inhumanity' (1825) Eccentric owner of a dog-pit

Pierce Egan in his paper added a little more to the above;⁴¹

JEM WARD'S TRIP TO THE NORE. On Tuesday last, this distinguished Hero of the Fist, was well supported by his friends, and a pleasant day was the result, on board of the *Favorite*. Mr. Scroggins, in the most gentlemanly manner," endeavoured to keep the *game alive*. **Fogo** was always ready with a *chaunt* to amuse the company, and Jem Ward most attentive to his visitors. The dancing was kept up with much spirit, and the company returned to London highly delighted with their aquatic excursion.

On September 5th three fights took place on Noman's Land in Hertfordshire, the Commissary are not mentioned in the reports of the fights and, but for a chance remark allocated to Fogo in one report, we wouldn't have known he had actually attended.

The fights are covered in both *Pierce Egan's* paper and the *Dispatch* of September 10th, with the former giving the fuller account of the fights but the latter is the account that mentions Frosty, and so is included here;⁴²

LAST TUESDAYS MILLING

The Fights on No-Man's-Land, Hertfordshire; between BISHOP SHARPE and ALEXANDER REED for 50l.aside: YOUNG and WAPSHOTT, for 10l.; and HARRY JONES and PICK, for a Purse of 5l.

Ever since the former match between Sharpe and Reed [*Alec Reid*] which our readers will recollect ended in a squabble, the men have been most anxious *to come to the scratch*, for a regular trial of their skill and courage. Challenges, replies and rejoinders, statements and counter-statements have appeared from them in the Sporting Papers till the Fancy, in general, applying the old proverb of, "Much cry and little wool," to the matter, thought the fight would never take place. At length Reed was taken by the hand, by a young swell of the right sort; and as the Bishop, under the

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patronage of some Kentish *nobs* (the *regular clergy* not included), had long been prepared with "the one thing needful," the match was made; the men went into active training - the Bishop, at Highgate - the Snob, at Putney Heath; and lots of betting commenced in the sporting circles. Bishop Sharpe is a native of Woolwich, in Kent, a county, according to the high authority of Tom Cribb, much more celebrated for good runners, than boxers. Sharpe had, however, proved himself a customer, that would require a first-rate artist to *serve out* - he had three times defeated Gipsy Cooper in the prize-ring; and, in the course of his private practice, had taken the conceit out of something less than a score of yokels. But then it was urged against him, that he had no science, (his Reverence, it seems, does not shine with the gloves,) - he can, however, hit hard, quick, straight; and these fine points, though they may be unaccompanied by elegant attitudes, and studied manœuvres, will contribute more towards victory, than all that can be learned in the schools. Reed is well known to the Fancy, as a scientific fighter, possessing a complete knowledge of the art of boxing, and able to use both hands with equal facility. On the Saturday afternoon previous to the fight, his right hand was unfortunately stung by a wasp, is swelled very considerably, and although every attention was paid to it, considerable inflammation remained on Tuesday morning. Its soreness must have been a drawback for Reed - for it is by right-handed blows that such boxers as Sharpe can best be got at - yet Reed in this fight seldom used his right hand. - But we will not anticipate. A few days before the fight, betting had been 5 to 4 on Reed: but, on Monday night, and the next morning, the same odds were freely laid on Sharpe.

The road, on Tuesday morning, was actually thronged with vehicles of almost every description, and presented a scene of animation, reminding the old ring-goer of former days. Several swell equipages might be seen, filled with those whose countenances and support once upheld the respectability of the Ring, and who might, doubtless, be again induced to patronise it, would the pugilists invariably do their best, and avoid foul play. Reed, who on Monday night slept at the White Swan, at Colney, was taken on the ground in *slap-up* style, by a barouch-and-four. Sharpe came in a post-chaise from the Bull, at Harpenden, where he had passed the night. Reed first entered the ring, attended by Tom Cribb and Ben Burn, as his seconds: Sharpe soon followed, accompanied by Peter Crawley and Josh Hudson. On stripping, the men appeared pretty equal, in point of weight - Sharpe, perhaps, had the advantage by a few pounds. Neither of them weighed quite eleven stone. Colours, yellow for Sharpe, and red for Reed.

Round 1. Reed's attitude was elegant, and he had much more the appearance of a boxer than his antagonist. Sharpe presented his right foot in advance, and seemed anxious to start operations; Reed broke away from his first attempts; but the Bishop presently after made his left, which is his best hitting hand, *tell* on the mouth of the *snob*, and the claret followed instantly. Sharpe's mode of fighting is very peculiar, and difficult to be guarded against; he makes a sort of *chop* with his right hand, then shifts his leg; hits out at the same moment with the left hand, sometimes at the head, and sometimes at the body, and gives the whole weight of his frame with the blow. A sharp rally ensued, in which the Bishop had the best of the hitting, but Reed succeeded in knocking him off his legs. Reed's face showed marks of punishment about the mouth and eyes. The Bishop also had caught a teaser on his left *peeper*.

2. Sharpe lost no time in sparring; but almost immediately, on coming to the scratch, let fly right and left; his distances were incorrect, and the blows fell short. Reed did not, however, take advantage of this error; the Bishop soon returned to the charge, and went in, hitting away: the superior force of his own blows told - Reed was bored against the ropes, and thrown, after a short struggle. "Well done, Bishop," said Josh Hudson; "Why, its Woolwich Warren to a Cobbler's-stall, and you must win!"

3. On coming to the scratch, Reed was bleeding freely from the mouth and nose; the Bishop also showed the liquor of life on his *ivories*. Sharpe resorted to his usual quick style of fighting, and went in, aiming right and left facers. Reed parried a great many of these very cleverly, and retreated; jobbing Sharpe on the head as he advanced. The Woolwich hero planted a bodier, and got into close quarters, when Reed was thrown. Two to one upon Sharpe.

4. The Bishop hit out tremendously at the body with his left hand; the blow fell short of its aim, and he dropped on his knee. He was on his legs again, however, in an instant, to renew the contest, when Reed met him bang on the head, with a left-hander, which as Tom Cribb said, might have knocked down a Church, much more a Bishop; but Sharpe kept his *perpendicular*, and still advanced. Reed retreated, fighting, and planted several good facers, one of which cut the left cheek of Sharpe pretty severely. Reed was under in the fall.

5. The slaughtering left hand of the Bishop, which had hitherto done much mischief about the head of Reed, was now neatly parried. In fact, the Snob appeared to be just getting awake to his antagonists style of fighting, and he took such liberties with Sharpe's face in this round, that the Woolwich lads looked as melancholy as the *rabbits* in the celebrated *Warren* of that place. The Bishop fell with the claret streaming from his *reverend mug*.

6. Sharpe planted a couple of bodiers with his left hand; but Reed returned the compliment by a left-handed facer. Both down together.

7. The Chelsea lad was now the hero of the tale: he kept the lead; and administered more punishment about the head. Sharpe's right eye was nearly closed; he was also apparently winded, and Reed's friends offered considerable odds - but there were few or no takers. A close ensued, when Reed, who wished to avoid wasting his strength in wrestling, went down, and Sharpe dropped upon him.

8. A short round, in which a quick hitting rally was finished by Reed being thrown.

9. Reed fell in avoiding a left-handed blow, aimed at his body.

10, 11. Nothing worth notice occurred in the first of these rounds. In the second, Reed went boldly up to Sharpe's head, and planted a dozen facers in quick succession. The Bishop was completely hit off his legs. All odds upon Reed, and no takers.

12. The equanimity of the Bishop's temper seemed to be considerably disturbed. He rushed wildly at his man, but missed his blows and fell; when Reed good-naturedly patted him on the shoulder. No notes but plenty of long faces among the Woolwich coves. Peter Crawley in the dumps, and Josh Hudson silent and glum as Magog in Guildhall.

13. Sharpe's right eye was almost closed. Still the *bustle* was, by no means, taken out of him, but he was as eager to do mischief as ever: he accordingly advanced, hitting away principally at the body with the left hand. Reed parried his blows with admirable dexterity, and put in two or three good *returns*. Sharpe was under in the fall.

14. Reed's left hand told both in the face and body. Sharpe also did some execution in this round, and several heavy blows were exchanged. Reed had decidedly the best of the fighting - many persons offered 3 and 4 to one upon him.

15. The Bishop paid a *visitation* with his left hand to the Snob's right eye-brow, which was severely cut, and the claret flowed pretty freely. In attempting to get into close quarters, however, Sharpe was grassed.

16. Sharpe, after making a feint at the face with his right hand, planted his left with tremendous force, full in the pit of Reed's stomach; the poor Chelsea Snob dropped all on a heap, and, from the expression of his countenance, he was evidently suffering great agony. By the able seconding of Cribb, however, he was sufficiently recovered to obey the call of time; though none but a game man

would have come on again, after receiving such a punishing blow. Another change in the betting now took place, and Sharpe was taken for choice.

17, 18, 19. "Hit him in the same place again, Bishop," cried Tom Owen, as soon as Reed appeared at the scratch; and, during these rounds, Sharpe tried it on repeatedly. The Chelsea hero, however, parried, or broke away from the blows, very cleverly, and actually succeeded in recovering his wind and strength, so as to make it again doubtful which would win.

20. This round decided the battle in favour of Sharpe, who succeeded, after some little manœuvring, in planting another swinging left-hander in the body, nearly on the same spot, so heavily hit before, and Reed fell as if shot. When time was called, he was unable to obey; and Sharpe was declared the winner - in twenty-four minutes.

REMARKS. - Sharpe proved himself a much better man than expected; his left hand is heavy and dangerous, and Reed found it impossible to parry it always. Throughout nearly all the fight, Sharpe proved himself the strongest man, and he evinced considerable tact in putting in his favourite left-handed bodier; for having been repeatedly parried in this attempt, he made several feints at the head, and when Reed's attention was entirely directed to the preservation of that part, and his arms were thrown up to parry facers, Sharpe collected his whole strength, and threw in those desperate lunges in the *wind*, by which he won the battle. Reed showed a great deal of science, he stopped an amazing number of blows, and gave much more punishment than he received about the head - for the Bishop's face was terribly disfigured, while Alec had only a few cuts and a black eye. In fact, the Chelsea lad was so little hurt, that, after the effects of the bodier were gone off, he walked about the ring to view the other fights. Sharpe was certainly very near being *licked*; and, it is said, never met with so troublesome a customer as Reed before. The losers on this fight were far from satisfied - a great many of them declared it was a *X*; but we could not find that they had any grounds for such an assertion. Reed's backer repeatedly said he was satisfied, and would put down part of Alec's money towards another fight between the same men.

See below (261001WD) for evidence that Fogo lost all his money betting on the Chelsea Snob - Alec Reid, causing him great distress.

Soon after Sharpe and Reed had left the ring, a couple of East-enders entered it, to contend for 10*l.* aside. - The first was plump, neatly built *cove*, named Young, a *Sun-yard swell*; the other, a long, wiry *animal*, denominated Wapshott. Sixteen very manly rounds were fought, to the advantage of Young, who possessed more science than his antagonist. Wapshott, however, proved himself a very game man, and maintained the fight in a manly way, till his right eye was completely closed, his face altogether dreadfully disfigured, and his strength completely exhausted. The immediate cause of his defeat was described by Tom Owen, as a "*snorter*, fit to finish a horse!" Wapshott was going in, when Young let fly with the left hand, and caught him bang on the nose: down he went, bleeding freely, and completely unsensed. When time was called he was as deaf as a dead man, and almost as helpless.

The third fight, and which ended the sports of the day, was between Harry Jones, and Pick, from Bristol, for a purse of 5*l.*, collected on the ground. Jones was seconded by Dick Curtis and Young Dutch Sam, Pick, by Gipsy Cooper and a stranger. The Bristol lad was sadly deficient in strength; in fact, he was out of condition altogether, and stood little or no chance against Jones, who went in, *bustled* him, and threw him in every round. Pick, however, maintained the contest with great game for twenty-six rounds, when Cooper took him away, declaring he should fight no more. Poor Pick was by no means fit for fighting - he had been kept on *short commons* for some time, and was actually obliged to *tramp it* from London to the scene of action on Tuesday morning; so that after walking twenty-five miles through the rain, a good dinner and a warm bed, as **Jack Fogo** remarked, would have done him more good than a mill. Some part of Harry Jones's conduct in this fight, met with considerable disapprobation.

The battle money for the above fight, between Bishop Sharpe and Alec Reed, was paid into the hands of the former boxer, by the stakeholder, on Wednesday morning. This is the first time that Sharpe has received any thing for his ring-fights: for though he won all the others, he was, by some trickery, *done* out of the battle-money in each instance.

BISHOP SHARPE'S BODIERS. - "Concerning the power of the *Right Reverend* to punish a man, I have this to remark," said a friend of ours the other day, "that Gipsy Cooper, who had the best opportunity of judging, told me he would rather receive all the heavy hitting about the head which he took from the iron-armed Cabbage, than catch one of Bishop's left-handers on the *mark*."

Both newspapers also carried notices of a forthcoming Benefit on behalf of the financially struggling Fogo.

On Tuesday next, **Jack Fogo**, the Laureat of the Ring, [The *milling chaunter* according to Egan!] is to have a Benefit at the Butcher's Arms, Clement's Lane, Clare-market. Young Scroggins, from Hertfordshire, will make his first appearance, and Tom Belcher has given his word to attend. **Jack** is an old favourite among the Fancy, and has contributed much to support its credit. To quote his own language: -

"To the glory of England ever let it be said,
That we're men of true courage and honour;
So to walk in the dark, strangers, be not afraid,
Or an assassin to meet in a corner."

On Tuesday the 12th the *Morning Chronicle* noted that "**Frosty Faced Fogo** will take his benefit this evening at the Butcher's Arms, Clare-market, and Jack Scroggins takes the lead at the Tennis Court at two this day." ⁴³
However, on the 17th Egan reported; ⁴⁴

"**SCROGGIN'S** Benefit on Tuesday last, we are sorry to say, was not so well attended as we could have wished for the brave fellow. We regret to state, that **Fogo's** Benefit on Wednesday evening last, was also a failure."

43 260912MC

44 260917PELL

With little or no income, Fogo turned to his pen, and his friends even noted in the papers his poor situation. In October he undertook to venture north to Manchester with two accomplices to see if funds could be generated there. We have no information about his family circumstances but they must have been dire. He was still living at Clare-Market and *possibly* had acquired a female companion to look after his children - necessary during his absence. Elizabeth was now 12, John almost 11, Jane 8, but Ann Catherine still only 3 years old. After the failure of his Benefit, a long poem appeared in *Bell's* on October 1st; ⁴⁵

THE DAFFY CLUB

AN ODE INSCRIBED TO MR. THOMAS BELCHER.*

BY FROSTY-FAC'D FOGO P.L. OF THE RING

"The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece" &c

Lord Byron's Don Juan, Canto III

The Daffy Club, the Daffy Club,
Where brave Tom Belcher now presides,
A band of brothers we may dub,
Where *love* and *daffy* flow in tides.
Eternal pleasure marks it still,
And **Fogo** hopes it always will.

Bob Southey's and Fitzgerald's Muse
Those "two Arcadians," now are mute;
But mine, tho' humble, won't refuse
To mount her Pegasus – a brute,
That cannot go on high or far.
Would 'twere the Leger-horse, Tarrare!

The green hills look on Moulsey-hurst,
And Moulsey-hurst looks on the Thames;
And musing there, may I be curst,
If it is not a thousand shames,
That *crosses* upon *such a place*
Should bring the RING into disgrace.

How many there have fought and bled,
And made it glory's chosen field,
Till *honour* from the PRIZE-RING fled,
And men were *bought* to win or yield.
See Caleb Baldwin blushing, too!
His nose being *red*, it blushes *blue*.

Oh, learned Caleb, *deeply red*,
As prov'd by thy *carbuncled face*,
Recall the heroes gone and dead,
Who fought and conquer'd on that place!
Thou know'st the *Sporting Annals* well,
Unless thou art too drunk to tell.

'Tis something in this dearth of fame,
Where *honest men* are mix'd with *rogues*,
To feel at least a generous shame,
And hope the *last* will want their *brogues*;
For honesty in time must win.-
Give me another *glass of gin*!

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? Oh, Caleb, no!
Tears are *my eye*, and I request
That none to-night will let them flow.
Of all our heroes, grant but one
To make a British Champion!

You have the *gin* and *bitters* yet;
Where is the *manly spirit* gone,
That us'd to make your backers bet,

Quite certain they would not be *done!*
You have the ropes the P. C. gave;
They only meant them for the brave!

Alas! The times are alter'd quite,
And all who bet must bet in fear,
Lest one *on purpose* lose the fight
Who *ought to win*.- 'tis very queer,
When a good boxer, quite defenceless,
Without a blow falls backward *senseless*.

Fill high the glass with *cordial gin!*
We must not dwell on this - My eyes!
Gin made Lord Byron first begin
Don Juan, unless Medwin *lies*.
I say not so - he knew Lord Byron,
And wears, besides, a *bit of iron*.

He is a *captain*, and we know
The "*greatest Captain of the age*"
Is *patron of the Ring*, and so
We'll drop the subject, and be sage.
The KING himself, too, is our head,
And ancient worth not yet is dead!

Oh, yes, I see it still survive,
In *older worthies* not a few;
We've Cribb and Belcher still alive,
And, thanks to heav'n, they're jovial, too.
Gully, the tip-top of the Ring,
And our own brave ex-champion, Spring.

Among the men who still will fight
Are some *untainted by a hint*;
Perhaps to name them were not right,
Lest some should put my lines in *print*;
And 'twere invidious to the rest
To point out who is worst or best.

Trust not your money to *a few*
And *but a few*, who *buy* and *sell*.
'Tis time to mark them when they do;
At least I'll do my best to tell.
Now's not the moment, I'll be found
Fill high! Here, *double goes* all round!

Now, here's a health to George, our King;
A health to all his Royal Brothers.
Health to the *patrons of the King!*
And I might name a thousand others.
Long life to all, and lengthen'd joys!
No *heel-taps* lads - Huzza, my boys!

JACK FOGO

*It may be necessary to inform the reader that the Daffy Club is established at the house of Mr. Thomas Belcher, the Castle Tavern, Holborn. It assembles every Friday evening during the season and consists of some of the leading patrons, as well as members of the Ring. [see pp. 24, 25] Throughout this Ode **the Poet Laureat** seems to have had Lord Byron's celebrated Greek Ode, inserted in Canto III of Don Juan, in his eye, in some points it certainly surpasses the original – Editor.

On same date, October 1st, the *Dispatch* included another of their '*Vive La Bagatelle*' articles concerning Frosty and it also quoted one of his poems. More interesting is the asterisked note after the article! Two extra items were also included, which have been added here at the end.⁴⁶

"VIVE LA BAGATELLE!"

Passing through Long Acre, the other day, a sudden shower impelled me to seek refuge in Harry Holt's parlour, where we perceived **Jack Fogo**, with a pipe in his mouth, and a pen in his fist, seated in front of an inkstand and a half sheet of foolscap; while, at his right hand, stood a quart mug, out of which he frequently took a solemn pull. Knowing that the **Laureat of the Ring** is in the habit of assisting the inspirations of his muse with a cool tankard, we occupied a seat in quiet, to avoid interrupting him. Nor did the perspiration, that stood in large beads on his forehead, excite much surprise - for drinking, smoking, and making verses, must be hard work. But at length he broke out in an exclamation, denoting that state to which wicked souls, and senseless writings, are alike condemned. Something more than usual, we then felt assured, had disturbed the serenity of the poet's mind - a glance over his *left* shoulder explained the matter; and so intent was he upon his work, that we copied off the following from the paper before him, without his being aware of the piracy: -

" A dolorous epistle from Frosty-faced Fogo, addressed to his pal,
Jonathan Bissell, commonly called Young Gas:" -

"What! my once brilliant Gas, here's rare news for the foe,
Your match has gone off, and the lads all conspire
To *chaff* ME, your old pal, wheresoever I go,
Till my frosty-face glows like a clear-burning fire.

"By the right hand of Ward, and the left of Dick Curtis,
By your own *whisker-hit* - that's a *closer*, indeed!
This bit of bad luck to **Jack Fogo** the worst is,
Since the Bishop's home-hit took the fight out of **Reed**. *

"Had they told me Magog left his perch in Guildhall,
To fight naked *A-killus*, the shame of Hyde-park;
That the Great Swell had caper'd at Josh Hudson's ball,
Or civil Tom Belcher got drunk for a lark.

"I'd have swallow'd it all - like a pot of good beer,
Which glides so bewilderingly smooth down the throat;
Yet never expected till doomsday to hear
That Gas to raw Yorkey would forfeit a groat.

"Then, Gas, come to London, and make a new match,
For fame, and for *poesy's* sake, hasten back;
Let me see thee again, like a trump, at the *scratch*,
And from cutting-up Brookes preserve,

FROSTY-FACED JACK!"

* The Poet, it is said, lost his *gilt* on the Chelsea lad, even including the proceeds of his day's exertions as an itinerant *gin-spinner*. Adversity cannot crush a great mind: - **Jack** bore his losses with a philosophy worthy of Zeus himself.

Additional

1) There was a strong muster of the Fancy at our old friend Mallet's, the Magpie and Stump, Fetter-lane, on Friday [Sep 29]. A tempting dinner was served up by mine host, and the sparkling glass went merrily round. Jem Ward was in the chair, supported by Jem Burns. Mine host of the Castle Tavern dropped in with the Pet of the Fancy, and **Frosty-faced Fogo**. The chaunting was pronounced excellent, especially "Cherry Ripe," by the chairman. Good harmony prevailed throughout the whole evening, and the company departed in full spirits.

2) Jem Ward mounts the perch at Frank Redman's, Marquis of Granby, Lomon's-pond, on Saturday evening next. [7th] He will be assisted by the **Poet Laureat**, as Vice. Also reported in **261001PELL** October 1 1826

In response to this article in the *Dispatch* Jonathan Bissell wrote to the editor the following week thus; ⁴⁷

SIR. - I have sufficient friendship for **Frosty-faced Fogo** to feel considerable regret at his dolorous situation; and, in order to preserve him from "Cutting-up Brookes" a little longer, I hasten to make known that the "once brilliant Gas" hopes yet to take the *shine* out of "raw Yorkey," whose *bouncing brag* sounds vastly like the crackle of a turkey cock. My friends will be at Belcher's, Castle Tavern, Holborn, to-morrow evening, ready to make a match between me and Robinson, to fight for 50*l.* aside, within fifty miles of London, in a month; and I will bet him 100*l.* even, that I win.
YOUNG GAS.

Both *Bell's* ⁴⁷ and the *Dispatch* noted on the 8th that Jem Ward accompanied by Reuben Marten, and by **Frosty-faced Fogo**, as his secretary, started on Friday afternoon (7th) for Manchester on a sparring tour/expedition.

⁴⁷ 261008WD, 261008B

An odd item appeared in the *Brighton Gazette* on October 5th which indicates how Frosty's name was bandied about other journalists who knew his celebrity and link with amusement was recognised by their readers.⁴⁸

Ben Burn and Charley Aistrop were disputing the other evening, on *Scientific* subjects, when Charley who belongs to the Mechanic's Institution, quoted Dr. Gilchrist "Don't tell me about Dr. *Killchrist*," said Ben, "he knows nothing of Copernicus - he doesn't understand the Pythagorean system." "What the devil is the Pythagorean system?" enquired Young Gas of his *pal* **Jack Fogo** who sat by his side. "Oh, it alludes to the *transportation* of souls!" replied **Frosty-face**.

Perhaps there was a series of jokes doing the rounds, connected with Frosty's previous occupation as a shoemaker - Egan stated that Fogo had started life as a *translator of soles* which he repeated in his '*Book of Sports and Mirror of Life*' published in 1832.

The *Dispatch* of the 15th October reported that the trio had now reached Manchester and were regarded as eminent celebrities;⁴⁹

JEM WARD, REUBEN MARTIN, AND JACK FOGO, AT MANCHESTER.
(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT)

Monday afternoon, [9th] these three great men made their appearance in this town, and their arrival being anticipated, an eminent sporting Solicitor, with a few friends, and lots of commoners, were anxiously waiting the coming-in of the London stages; at length the Telegraph arrived with the above freight - they were immediately handed into Sam Richard's boozing crib, top of Market Street; and after Jem and his friends had done a *little* in the *lush* and *victualling* line, they set off to the New Pavilion Theatre, where they made an engagement with the Proprietors to spar for three nights, and share the profits with them after twelve pounds. At the conclusion of the play, Mr. Corri announced the engagement, amidst tumults of applause, at the same time producing the champion's belt, tied up in Jem's favourite *wipe*. This being done, they returned to Sam's, where every sporting swell was anxious to have a shake hands with the man at the top of the tree, and to take a drop of Charles Wright's best - in fact, Jem might have had as much wine as he could swim in. On his health being drank, he rose and made his bow, saying he was no spokesman, thanked them, and said he had a friend with him who would make up the matter with a bit of a ditty, when **Frosty-faced Fogo** bowled off one of his best; and the hilarity of the *evening* was kept up until four o'clock in the *morning*.

On Tuesday morning, **Frosty-face** (being a Newton-laner)* volunteered to show his pals the beauties of the town, and they steered off to the factory of a well-known sporting character, who had made more *brick* by mules than he has horses, when, after being shown the different stages of cotton-mule-spinning, Jem expressed his high opinion of the progressive improvement in machinery - at the same time regretting the bad tendency which it had led to: *ergo*, by superseding manual labour. Jem had promised his *support* to Mr. Wrigby, of the Farrier's Arms, whilst he remained in the town, by the way of taking dinner with him; he certainly fulfilled his promise, and down the trio sat to as prime a repast as ever (as **Jack Fogo** said) Billy Curtis wagged his knife over at a civic dinner; but Jem and Reuben complained of loss of appetite, in consequence of change of air, and sure enough neither of them ate more than a duck each, and about half of a little pig, besides two or three slices of plum-pudding and apple-pie. The Theatre was not so well attended as might have been anticipated, there was not more than about 20*l.* in the house. The sparring went off pretty well; and, although Jem did his best to show Reuben off a little, it was quite evident, that the latter had not the least chance. It was finished by Reuben being hit clean off his legs, by a blow under the chin. -

On Wednesday night the theatre was a little better attended, there being about 30*l.* in the house; but, on coming to a division of the *ready*, the *enormous sum of four pounds* was handed over to them. We fear that it will turn out to be a bad *spec*. They leave town on Saturday, (yesterday - 14th), for Liverpool - Jem sports a white *shallow*.

* This implies that Fogo had been in Manchester before, possibly even lived there for a short while? Nothing is recorded of such an event. Tom Oliver had been there previously and possibly Frosty had accompanied him - pre-1813? To give a guided tour of the area [Newton Lane/Oldham Road] suggests that he knew his way around. Obviously the 'tour' was off to a bad start, despite being well-feted to begin with. The New Pavilion Theatre [in Spring Gardens] may have been a very small enterprise since few records of it seems to have survived - just from July 1825 - December 1826!

Bethell's of October 21st reported the arrival of the trio in Liverpool and at the same time copied a report from London that the fight for the English Championship had been arranged, by their friends at the Castle Tavern Holborn, to take place on Tuesday, the 2nd January, 1827, between Jem Ward and Peter Crawley.⁵⁰

Jem Ward, Reuben Martin, and the celebrated Poet Laureat of the Ring, **Frost-face Fogo**, have arrived in Liverpool from Manchester, and have fixed their head-quarters at the Albion Hotel, Ranelagh-street. We hear they will display their fistic powers next week, a treat to the Fancy which seldom occurs in Liverpool. Ward has brought with him the insignia of his *honours* - the CHAMPION'S BELT.

The issue of *Bethell's* from the following week - October 28th, gives a glowing report of Frosty's reception and activities and, after further details, prints a poem by Fogo on the defeat of Tom Cannon by Jem Ward on July 19th 1825 at Warwick. There is no other evidence that Frosty attended that fight, but he may well have, since he

48 261005BG

49 261015WD

50 261021BLLL

wrote about it, but I haven't included a report of it. The poem celebrated Ward becoming Champion in 1825.⁵¹

JEM WARD, REUBEN MARTIN, AND JACK FOGO

We stated last week that these celebrated characters had arrived in Liverpool, and fixed their head quarters at the Albion, in Ranelagh-street. The Fancy have mustered pretty strongly every evening, and have been highly amused at the humorous flash songs and milling chaunts of the celebrated Poet Laureat' indeed the readiness and good humour with which he obliges his friends, can only be exceeded by the excellent and happy manner in which he *blows out* his original rhymes.

On Wednesday evening there was a meeting of the *Singing Birds*, at the Rotundo, on the North Shore; Jem Ward took the *perch*, and **Frosty-face** filled the important office of *Mister Vice*. Although the rain came down like a second deluge, and was in reality what the *flash lads* would call *heavy wet*, - and although though the wind howled, the sea roared great guns, yet there was a tolerable sprinkling of the Fancy, about forty being present, who kept the evening alive with the utmost pleasantry and conviviality, notwithstanding the boisterous chorus of the element without. Mr. Ward was requested to take the chair again on Tuesday evening, with which request he immediately complied; and on **Fogo** being asked would he vice him, - "I will *face him*," says Jack, "and will *stop with him* longer than Peter Crawley will!" When the party separated, they went to Liverpool *by water*.

On Thursday evening Ward took a benefit at the Great Ball Room, Lawton-street, which was extremely well attended by a highly respectable company.

The first who presented themselves were HITCHCOCK and another, whose name we did not learn. Hitchcock improves greatly with his science, stops well, and was too much for his man. ROBINSON and HITCHCOCK made their appearance, and a very spirited bout ensued, in which they deservedly received peals of applause.

HARRY WOODS and HORNE. - Woods found in his new opponent quite enough to do, and we observed he had not so much spare time on his hands for a display of his usual gambols - Horne proved himself a scientific man, and his coolness, and beautiful manner of stopping the most determined hits of Harry, was greatly admired. Woods showed great expertness in getting away, when followed too *hard up* by Horne. Woods had several times decidedly the best of it; in one instance, after Horne had stopped several blows, he went in - Harry retreated, Horne following him admirably up to a corner of the room, where he planted a good hit or two, but Woods, *shaking himself up*, put two blows in right and left, and bored Horne across the room, till he went down among the company. It was altogether an excellent set-to.



Reuben Martin

At length the great man appeared. There is an unassuming modesty about WARD that greatly prepossess an audience in his favour, and proves the truth of the remark, that great speed is generally diffident and unobtrusive. He came forward in his Champion's Belt, followed by REUBEN MARTIN. Ward is very deceptive in his clothes, as he by no means looks the man he does when stript; - he then forms a complete model of muscular strength. His rolling manner of sparring seems peculiar to himself, and it is really curious to see what a distance he can throw his head back, and with what apparent ease, when a blow is aimed at his *noddle*. Ward appears a *defensive fighter*, and no doubt in

his battles, waits for a favourable moment to change his mode of operation - when that moment arrives, he must be "*a good one, and nothing but a good one*," who is enabled to outlive the terrific effects of his powerful arm. Reuben Martin behaved with great gallantry, and was much applauded for the scientific manner in which he stood before the Champion.

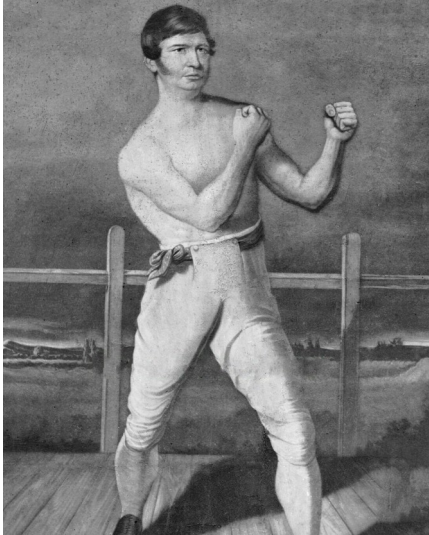
At the close of the round, **Fogo** came forward, and said that several of the Liverpool Pugilists had promised to come forward and spar with Ward and Martin, but they had not appeared; he then thanked the company for their attendance, and announced that on Monday evening there would be a repetition of these manly sports, for the Benefit of Mr. Martin. - The company then separated highly satisfied with the evening's amusement.

PUGILISTIC SONG - WARD AND CANNON BY J. FOGO

You sportsmen all I pray attend to what I have been writing,
I'll tell you of some boxers bold, that lately have been fighting;
Near Warwick town upon a stage, the first was Ward and Cannon,
The stake was for 1000 pounds, believe me, without gammon.

July the Nineteenth, Twenty-five, the Sun its rays was pouring,
The men appeared on the stage, each other to be flooring;
They quickly stript, went to the scratch, their hands were scarce asunder,

When Cannon he went in to mill, and let loose his roaring thunder.



Jem Ward

Ward stopt with skill and quick return'd, made Cannon's nob to rattle,
Ditto, repeated o'er again, to secure to him the battle;
Such mawleys sure were never seen, his legs with magic going,
And when he grappled with his man, ten to one but he did throw him.

Six rounds or more there had been fought, when the Cannon ceas'd its
firing,
The fancy lads all round the ring, Ward's Science were admiring;
For when he did get in to fib, he always would be ready,
Saying, "Jemmy, go along my boy, I'll bet a hundred to a tizzy."

The Windsorites were in a funck, they could not edge a shilling,
The Sporting blades they did declare, they never saw such milling;
The small shot flew so very hot, about the head of Cannon,
That floor'd him dead to call of time, tho' some folk say 'twere gammon.

The Wardites were uproarious, and split the air asunder,
The Windsor boys were motionless, as if struck with wonder;
To think that Cannon he should be in eleven minutes beaten,
It shook Windsor Castle to its base, and the College too of Eton.

Now Ward's the British Champion, all you that would dispute it,
Come to the scratch and bring your blunt, for a Thousand you'll be suited;
Upon a stage or on the turf he has not the least objection,
But mind your stops, or you'll get lick'd upon the day of action.

Frosty, together with Jem Ward and Reuben Martin, returned to London before the 12th November but not before he had penned another poem for *Bell's*. This was the beginning of a very productive period of poetry writing for Fogo, possibly his principal 'earner' for some time - and the poems were not *chaunts* but long epistles meant to be read. The first appeared in *Bell's* on November 5th 1826; ⁵²

POETRY AND PUGILISM; OR, SPARRING EXTRAORDINARY AT THE TENNIS COURT.

The now living Poets assembled one day
At the Tennis Court, Windmill-street, for a display
Of their science and strength; and most truly we can say
That they, most of all, have to do with the *Fancy*.

Besides, they well knew, since to every attack
A Poet is open, he should not be slack
In learning *defence*; and Lord Byron, the poet,
Shew's Jeffrey how well he could *come it* and *go it*.

The assembly, to be sure, was exceedingly numerous;
The *sets-to* were in turn scientific and humorous:
Some were well match'd in sizes, and those that were ill
Made up for their weakness by double the skill.

'Mong the company present, 'tis said, but now truly
I cannot decide, that Apollo came, duly
Disguis'd like Jack Scroggins, to witness how *all* his
Dependants and votaries handled their *mawleys*.
Apollo Jack's *togs* did not seem to like well
At first: they appear'd only *strong* - in the *smell*,
And to know, from their state, what a wound and a scar meant;
But his Godship defied both the holes and the *varment*.

Though Jack, we must own's not Apollo in figure,
His clothes, *years ago*, had belong'd to a bigger;
And as he's a *gentleman*, every inch,
The God thought they'd do for this day at a pinch.

All the poets of note, and some more *little noted*,
But whose lines by *fool-friends* are bepraised and bequoted,
Were there at this moment, prepar'd to engage -
ScoTT, Southey, Moore, Campbell, the boasts of the age.

There was Millman of Reading, the Oxford Professor,
Who would fain be consider'd *Lord Byron's successor*;
Hogg the Shepherd, and Rogers, most palid of men,
Who look'd as tho' eaten and brought up again.

The names I omit of a *sensitive* crowd,
Who thought their vast merits not fairly allow'd,
At the head of them Wordsworth, whose spirit is towering;
Hunt, Proctor, Nile, Coleridge, Clare, Cr-ly, and Bowring.

Some verse-making ladies had wish'd to be present,
But the *sight of the buff* might be rather unpleasant;
Though H-m-n-s and M-tf-f, and Op-e and Landon,
On the *score of their sex* had but little to stand on.

The Ball was begun (to say *open'd* is right)
By two *hackney scribblers*, well match'd for a fight,
The one was a *parson*, but not over *holy*,
Black face, and black coat, and black --- Mr. Cr-----

His antagonist lately had grown very sleek
By a *slice of the horn* that was rais'd for the Greek:
Like Cr---, he thought himself *first of the age*,
So B--wr-g with confidence mounted the *stage*.

They had neither much science, but both in their line
Made wonderful efforts, though clumsy, to shine;
But nature in little but strength had been kind,
And they thump'd and belabour'd until they were blind.

Five rounds being ended, the *browns* flew about,
But B--wr-g, *too proud for them*, coolly walk'd out;
While Cr---, observing him, only ran faster
To gather the *tanners* all into his *caster*.

H-gg, the Shepherd of Ettrick, and Cl--e, the lime -burner,
Like *yokels* contended, for each was a learner
But the Scot was too rough, and before they were parted
From the nose of his foeman the *claret* was started.

Next Pr-ct-r stepped forth, and because he was born well,
Had gone by an *alias*, that is, Barry Cornwall,
He had married of late to a *stocking of blue*;
Her mother was so, I am sure - for I knew.

His look was unpromising, heavy and slow,
While N-le, who had *seiz'd on the stage*, as his foe,
Was lively and brisk as a bird on a sprig,
And thought himself clearly in a very *prime twig*.

But Pr-ct-r let loose, and soon shew'd he could beat
Such a customer easily out of *conceit*;
He went right and left, with all speed to his work,
And, binging N--le's eye, in a trice drew his cork.

Tom C-mpb-ll and M--re were the next on the list,
Competitors often, but not of the *fist*;
They were very well match'd, tho' some *punies* made sure
They were better than C-mpb-ll, and equal to M--re.

Tom M--re was exceedingly finish'd in style,

And came *to the scratch* with a good humour'd smile,
While C-mpb-ll, more slow, but as finish'd as he,
Seem'd to fear lest he fall from his lofty degree.

He therefore was cautious - too much so they thought,
And *thro' his defence* he was frequently caught;
M--re push'd on with vigour, and oft at the rope
Left his foe but to dwell on the *pleasures of Hope*.

Leigh Hunt made a spring on the stage when they'd done
and *challenged all comers* to fight one by one;
But N--le, who'd been punish'd by Pr-ct-r before,
Soon laid this antagonist flat on the floor.

Sam R-g-rs, who'd written a poem called "Italy",
And sparr'd, as was said by his *pals*, very prettily,
Was match'd 'gainst a *lumbering fellow* and fat,
Nam'd M-llm-n, who threw up a *shovel-pan hat*.

Now R-g-rs, tho' little, and more *like a ghost*
Than a man, who of vigour and muscle could boast,
Did just what he pleas'd, and not keeping his hand still,
Fought his dull piping enemy quite to a stand still.

The next who ascended the boards was a *large*
Square-built man, like Tom Cannon, who work'd in a barge:
He limp'd on one foot, which had awkwardly grown;
Some said he was Sc--tt, and some call'd him *Unknown*.

None ventured to meet him - they all seem'd at fault,
When who should step forward but one Mister G--lt;
But Sc--tt, when he saw, only gave him a *frown*.
And G---tt made his way very prudently down.

Horace Sm-- not a few had persuaded to try,
But he said *he knew better*, and shew'd himself shy.
Tho' certainly clever, he never pretended
To match with the Champion; who therefore descended.

Two worthies from Bristol, an excellent school,
Took his place; one as heavy and dull as a mule,
While the other, more quick, had successfully tried
To *cross* to advantage, by *changing his side*.

The first was nam'd Coleridge, of voluble speech,
Who lately began to write *sermons* and *preach*;
The second (I scarcely need mention his name),
Was *my rival* in *laurels*, as well as in *fame*.

He was never consider'd a *fair, open fighter*,
Would *call names*, and revenge him by turning *back-biter*:
It was said he had shewn more than once the *white feather*,
When he and a foe, *whom he fear'd*, were together.

After these came some couples of very "small deer,"
Whose names *fill the pocket-books* year after year;
Whom Ackermann pays, but I know not for what,
And through his "Forget me Not" are not *forgot*.

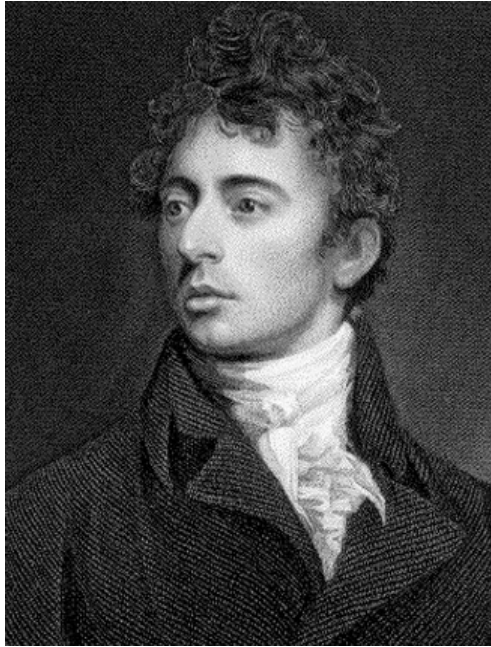
Then to wind up the whole, as I was a *smart'un*,
I set to with the Quaker, who signs B-rn-d B-rt-on;
That sagacious rhyme-spinner, who teaches no more
In his verses - than two and two added, make four.

I had wish'd with *my rival* in fame to engage,
But S--th-y, the *Laureat*, had quitted the stage.

With "a fair pair of heels he shew'd what the word *trudge* meant,
And then had, I've no doubt, a fresh "Vision of Judgement."

I have filled in some of the abbreviated names to show who was 'intended' at the time, the rest I leave to you. RCS

Fogo is toying with the world of poets here, through comparing them to pugilists and himself. The following week in *Bell's* he tackles the 'other' Poet Laureate, his rival - Robert Southey, who he regards with some contempt, especially when compared to Byron.⁵³



Robert Southey

THE KING'S LAUREAT AND THE RING'S LAUREAT

An address from John (alias Frosty-faced) Fogo to Doctor Southey, on dedicating to him the Collection of his various Poems, under the title of "Rhymes of the Ring: or, Flights of the Fancy."

WITH NOTES BY AN AMATEUR

Whom, Doctor Southey, can I fix on better
Than you to be the patron of my Song; (1)
Already at the head of the *Bell-letter*,
(Excuse me, Doctor, if I spell it wrong)
And who have made the universe your debtor
For many an Epic Work, remember'd *long*.
I do not mean that they are recollected
For *being long*; that could not be suspected;
But that they'll live admir'd through all posterity,
Light and delight of all succeeding ages;
Their *length of fame*, I say it with sincerity,
Being rival'd only by their *length of pages*.
If modern critics treat them with severity;
Or modern wits, to earn some *hireling wages*,
Ridicule labours (*works*) so hugely siz'd
Like Mawworm, cry, "*I likes to be despis'd*." (2)

'Tis said that Hercules perform'd twelve labours,
(I am not sure if he were Greek or Roman,)
But the strong man who figures on my neighbour's
Sign; but in fighting I should think a *slow* man,
He is so big, and so your Muse, some say, bores
The town with *twelve laborious works*; which *no* man
Can read without a task more hard than those
Queen Juno or Jove's bastard could impose. (3)

I go not o'er their titles - I'm unequal
To such a labour even; but I know
They will be highly valued in the sequel,
Altho' that sequel seem to come but slow.
I've heard from those who read the heathen *Greek* well,
With Homer, Prince of Poets, it was so;
And though seven cities warr'd for him when dead,
He had not, living, where to hide his head.

But, wherefore, Southey, are you silent now?
What! Have you "hung your harp upon the willow"?
As well go *hang yourself* upon the bough,
If it be *strong enough* - mind that my fellow. (4)
Never despond, but leave sloth's dreary slough;
O'ercome your listlessness - forsake your pillow!
Resume your ink—dry pen, that "*branding iron*"
Which was to stamp eternally Lord Byron. (5)

It cannot be that he, "*the wicked wight*",
the "lawless Lord", the author of *Don Juan*,

While he was living kept you in such a fright
 You dar'd not print the poems you'd been doing;
 Or were it so, you now may freely write,
 And dread no lash, and no impending ruin;
 For *he is dead!* - then like the truly *brave*,
 Come forth *again* and *trample on his grave!*
 They say you can write *epics by the yard*;
 If I could write my poems by the *quarter*,
 I might, indeed, set up to be a *bard*,
 The *nat'ral son* of Jove's own *nat'ral daughter*;
 But what I write I sweat and groan for hard;
 Some lines are oft too long, and some too *short* are,
 And when I've done a poem, it runs drollish
 And wants correcting, and a deal of polish.
 They say that every day, before you break-
 Fast, you can pen at least a hundred lines.
 They say you end an epic in a week,
 Full of the noblest flights and vast designs; (6)
 They say in poetry you almost *speak*;
 Alas! For him, I say, who with you dines;
 They say it is astonishing to hear you!
 Perhaps it is - I'm glad I don't live *near you*.
 They say, you have six epics now on hand;
 They say they are quite ready for the printer;
 They say, what I would really countermand,
 You'll bring them out in *one portentous winter!*
 They say you mean to inundate the land; (7)
 They say (it comes from some conceal'd fault-hinter)
 That you intend at least some years to tarry
 And give one to each daughter, as they marry.
 Ah! who would not for such a prize contend,
 And take a daughter, even though *like you*.
 Ah! would I were a bachelor, to end
 That state with blessing granted but to few.
 Hear it, ye single bards - attention lend;
 See the rare portion offer'd to your view!
 L----H----, if your *stay-making wife* should die,
 Keep such a *second* ever in your eye. (8)
 But why among your works do none appear
 To grace the birth-day of our lawful King,
 On the arrival of another year?
 Such were the themes which *Laureats* wont to sing
 Before you were appointed, as is clear
 From all we hear and read of such a *thing*;
 Even from the merry days of Master Skelton, (9)
 Who in Eighth Harry's reign first put the belt on.
 Daniel, Ben Jonson, Davenant and Dryden,
 Shadwell, Num Tate, Tom Warton, Lauret Pye, (10)
 Such *loyal course* most properly took pride in;
 Why do you vary, Doctor? - Tell me why?
 Your office from its duties you're dividing,
 And making it a *sinecure* - My eye!
 You've little chance to keep it should Hume hear of it,
 And if were I you, *I should be much in fear of it*;
 You are the Poet-Laureat of the King,
 But are you therefore quite exempt from duty?
 I'm but the Poet-Laureat if the *Ring*,
 Compar'd with *yours*, an office low and *footy*;

But then I chant like any bird in Spring,
And for it gain, alas, but little booty;
But should gain *nothing*, if my willing pen
Upheld not fighting, and the fighting men.

Therefore my place is no such *sinecure*;
It often gives me lots of work to do,
As by this volume you may see, I'm sure,
Whose various parts I have inscrib'd to you.
Some may be thought too long, and others poor;
But this I swear, "upon my soul 'tis true,"
In one respect there are few poems better;-
My Muse scorns bribes, and need not dread a fetter.

Once more I call thee, Southey, to come forth.
Pause not to publish now, altho' Sir Walter
Be truly call'd *Collosus of the North*,
We pigmies 'neath his legs, till taste shall alter,
Shew that "the servant now *his hire is worth*,"
And not, as your foes say, but *worth a halter*.
Imitate me – Print! Print! Your claim advance,
But as for *being read*—why *take your chance*.

- (1) In "the Clouds" of Aristophanes Phidippides is made to talk bad Greek for greater consistency of character as a horse-jockey and patron of the then Ring.
- (2) In the Comedy of the Hypocrite, no doubt Dr. S. is well acquainted with the characters of *Dr. Cantwell* and *Mawworm*.
- (3) Either the Mechanics' Institution or Dr. Lempriere's Classical Dictionary have made our friend **Fogo** appear learned in this and other places
- (4) The author does not use the term *fellow* out of vulgar familiarity merely, but to indicate the fellowship between him and Dr. Southey as co-bards and co-laureats.
- (5) See Dr. Southey's letter to the editor of the *Courier* just after the news of Lord Byron's death had reached this country. The terms quoted in the next stanza are the Doctor's.
- (6) See the Life of Dr. Southey, published some time since, as *from authority*, in the New Monthly Magazine, where he seems *laudatus a laudato* – i.e. by himself.
- (7) "Just *hint a fault* and hesitate dislike." - Pope.
- (8) This is a piece of private scandal within the knowledge of the author, which, we could have wished omitted.
- (9) **Fogo** appears by a *lapsus pennae*, or perhaps for the sake of the rhyme, to have made some confusion here between "the laurel crown the poet's meed," and the belt which ought to be in the possession of the *fighting Champion* of England.
- (10) This series of names most likely was derived from the newspapers, which published a list of Laureats at the time Dr. Southey was appointed.

In the same issue *Bell's* reported:

Jem Ward, with his aid-de-campe, **Frosty-faced Fogo** and Reuben Marten, have returned to London, from their trip to Liverpool, where they were hospitably received. They all speak in the highest terms of the generous and liberal manner in which the Liverpool *Fancy* conducted themselves.

Frosty points out that his earnings from chaunting 'gain, [him] alas, but little booty.' He slates Southey's output for being slow in coming, and extremely long and boring when it comes. He resents the regular sinecure Southey receives as the official Laureate, whereas he, Frosty, has none.

The following week saw another poem published in *Bell's* on the 19th, but this was aimed at publicising the inns and taverns run by pugilists that Frosty frequented.⁵⁴ It is a companion to his piece in *Bethell's* [260826BLLL]

THE SPORTING HOUSES; OR FOGO'S ROUND (a)

A new song, to the tune of "Over the water to Charley."
WITH NOTES BY AN AMATEUR



From Liverpool coming, a few days ago,
Where Ward and I shewed off our science (b)

To the Lancashire laddies, who once, as we know,
To the London Ring sent a defiance,
I resolv'd I would visit my *pals* (c) out-and-out,
And drink a few jolly carouses;
So in Savage's *Cab* I was driven about
To most of the known SPORTING HOUSES.

First I went to Ben Burn's, at the sign of the *Sun*,
And found him just holding a levy
Of *covies*, who, if they can't *fight*, they can *run*;
I don't here allude to "My Nevy."
There was Jackson, and Wantling, and Metcalf, and more
Who serve Sporting men to amuse, and
"My Uncle" 'gainst *sycophants* bl—d and swore.
And wanted to bet 'em "a *thoosand*."

To get out of the row I set off to Tom Cribb's;
Panton-street is the place for the *rhino*;
They christen'd one day a fine *kid* of his *rib's*,
And of *his* too, for anything I know,
Whatso'er was its *daddy*, yet this I declare,
And I'll swear it too, if you had rather,
The *dwarf* who attends on the company thereabout
Was properly chosen *God-father*.

When some *Nobs of the Ring* when I'd tipp'd off a glass,
I started away for Jack Randall's,
Since the *Hole-in-the-Wall* I could never yet pass,
Without shaking him by the *dandles*.
Poor Jack I found baddish, not *up to the mark*,
In Chancery-lane 'mong the Lawyers;
His windows were dirty, his tap-room was dark, (d)
But his parlour was full of *top sawyers*.

To the *Bull* in *Cow-cross* then we merrily drive,
O'Neal had it 'till he went training;
The hot *Irish Millers* here keep it alive,
In a way that can scarce need explaining.
A beating among them is had *very cheap*,
They *fight* and they *make it up* daily;
A *grudge* is a thing that they seldom can keep,
But they always can keep a *shillaly*.

The *Plough* in *West Smithfield* is very close by,
So I stepped in to see Harry Harmer;
He was *right* glad to see me (he's lost his *left eye*),
His reception had never been warmer.
Some *Baker's pugnacious* frequenting his shop,
Most civilly ask'd if I'd din'd yet.
And repeatedly press'd me politely to stop,
But I, as politely, declin'd it.

To the *Horns*, *Gutter-lane*, I repair'd for a while,
A *new house*, and also a smart '*un*;
The *Horns*, I observ'd to myself with a smile,
Should in fact have been kept by Jack Martin;
But the Black Bull and Swan is his present abode,
Which you'll find that I visited duly,
But before I got thither I took in a load
Of *blue ruin*, which made things look *blue*ly!

In *Leadenhall Market* all know the *Half Moon*,
Or if they do not, they *must see it*:
There I saw brave Josh Hudson, "companion so boon,"
And there how they *catch* it and *glee* it!

'Tis called the *Harmonics* of sweet Leadenhall,
Whence Members are never ejected;
And once Mrs. Josh gave an *out and out ball*,
Which for years will be well recollected.

I din'd with Josh. Hudson, and after some fun
His presence our party increases;
So we went to *Whitechapel*, the sign of the *Sun*,
So famous for prigs and for pieces.
To the *Three Cranes*, *Mile-end*, was our next merry start,
That's us'd by each *tramper* and *gypsey*,
Where Cooper is punctual, performing his part,
Which is commonly getting quite tipsy.

Tom Tuff in East Smithfield has excellent sport;
I speak of my own certain knowledge,
A youth may acquire *true reek* there, in short,
Much better than Trinity College. (e)
His prints are delectable, *turn them but round*;
"Partiality Club" men all meet there,
At the head of them honest Tom Owen is found,
And we'd a most delicate treat there.

O'er the Bridge in the Borough's the *Black Bull and Swan*,
With Martin we're all well acquainted,
And *out of his sign*, like a true *jealous man*,
I found the *bull's horns* had been painted.
They told us, however, they'd soon be *put back*,
The story is now grown an old '*un*,
That Dutch Sam had consented to satisfy Jack,
And hereafter his *horns should be golden.*

It now was grown late and Josh wanted more *grub*,
So we drove to the *Castle* in Holborn,
Where Belcher was plac'd at the head of the Club
Of heroes who never had *coal borne*. (f)
"Blow my Dickey!" cried Tom, the first moment we met,
"It does one's heart good to behold you! -
What afterwards happen'd I really *forget*,
If I knew, I had willingly told you.

I suppose, but believe me I only *suppose*,
I ate and I drank and got jolly;
Next morn I discover'd I'd *broken my nose*,
And felt myself quite melancholy:
One eye, too, was *blacken'd*, and as I don't use
To shew to the public my scratches,
I have sent you this letter, to print if you chuse,
And thus I now close my dispatches.

JOHN FOGO

(a) There is an old song and dance, called "*Sellinger's Round*" (for an explanation of which, see the Index to Dodsley's Old Plays); and in imitation of it, this production of our friend **Fogo's** muse seems to be written.

(b) It was announced in last Sunday's Paper, that Ward and **Fogo** had returned to London, after a sporting jaunt to Liverpool.

(c) The etymology of the word *pal* has "puzzled the wisest philosophers of all ages," from sixteen to sixty: it is from the Greek pallax, which means young companion. A vast deal of what is called *slang*, has as ancient and as classic an origin, as we may have occasion to prove at some future time.

(d) It is a great pity that **Jack** does not bestow a little soap and water on his outside, and a little whitening on his *glaziers*, to make his house look decently. I protest I am almost ashamed to go into it to ask after *Nonpareil's* health, as I generally do twice or three times a week. *****

(e) If **Fogo** here alludes to *Trinity College, Dublin*, what he says is true to the letter: *experto crede Roberto*.

(f) To carry coals is a term of degradation, and those who will carry coals are cowards. **Fogo** found this explained in the notes and text of the first scene of *Romeo and Juliet* which of course, as a poet, he had read.

The *Dispatch* on the same day, the 19th of November, printed another jocular, nonsensical 'filler';⁵⁵

A fight is on the *tapis* between **Frosty-faced Fogo** and Sam Wedgbury, which excites great interest, as a *turn up* between a Poet and a Rat-catcher is a novelty. Odds are offered on **Frosty-face**, who is in active training at every Fancy lush-crib in town.

Sam Wedgbury [see 260212WD], the proprietor of the Subscription Rat Pit, Green Dragon Yard, High Holborn, was a dog-fancier and also had once boxed - he won his one and only fight, against someone called Northover, at Chalk Farm on March 9 1826.

The last fights that Frosty had witnessed or had anything to do with were on September 5th but now a couple more took place at Figett Hall, Newmarket on November 27th, between Sam Larkin and Bill Abbott, followed by Harry Jones versus Reuben Howe. Frosty was responsible for setting up the ring and then acting as second to Harry Jones. The fights were reported in many papers, but with differing accounts and details, and among them were *The Globe*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Bell's Life in London*, and *Weekly Dispatch*.⁵⁶ Here is a smorgasbord account taking bits from each;

This fight took place on Monday last, at Figett Hall, one mile and a half from Newmarket, in an enclosed field. At an early hour in the morning the Commissary department, under the able guidance of **Frosty-faced Fogo**, [WD has: In the absence of Bill Gibbons, the preparations for the contest were entrusted to **Frosty-faced Fogo**] were on the alert, and the stakes were pitched in due form, under circumstances, however, of rather a *cheerless* character; for the ground was covered with snow, and the nipping blast was so much in unison with the *frosty mug* of **Fogo**, as to endanger the well-being of the only pleasing feature of his *frontispiece* - we allude to his *nozzle*. The friendly aid of an abundant supply of *blue ruin*, however, enabled him to resist the *icy* embrace of the passing breeze, and he performed his duty in the most workmanlike style. The waggon train were not less active in preparing for the convenient reception of the numerous body of amateurs who assembled; and by the appointed time all was arranged, as the Cambridge lads would say, *secundem artem*.

Larkins is a provincial miller of some celebrity, having acquire for himself the title of "the Cambridge Champion," by conquering all his competitors in fair combat. He also distinguished himself in a pitched battle within the P.C. stakes, at Royston, some years back, with a man of the name of Shadbolt, when the *Fancy* were disappointed in a certain affair between Josh Hudson and Phil Sampson, which was off by consent.

Abbott is well known in the London ring, and because particularly conspicuous in the battle which was lost to him by Jem Ward. In point of weight, the men were nearly on a par; but in condition, Larkins had the advantage. he was, in fact, as fresh as "a two-year old," and made nothing of running seven miles at a stretch alongside of the Telegraph Coach. His habits were active, and his general mode of life calculated to increase his stamina; while the "free and easy" associations of Abbott were calculated rather to impair than strengthen his constitution.

Larkins came to the ground in *slap-up* style, in a *swell drag*, drawn by four *prads*; while Abbott appeared more modestly in "a *shay* and pair." No time was lost in preliminaries - each man threw in his *castor*, and the *fogles* were forthwith tied to the stakes. *Peeling* followed, and in a few minutes the men came to the *scratch* - Larkins was attended by Peter Crawley and Whiteheaded Bob; and Abbott, by Tom Oliver and Jack Clark. Betting was 5 to 4 on Abbott, which was freely taken.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. The weather was too cold to warrant much delay in going to work. Abbott seemed anxious to commence, and let fly with his left at Larkin's *cannister*, but was stopped in very neat style, and Larkins went in to close fighting; a desperate, but scrambling rally followed, in which Abbott was thrown.

2. Some good exchanges, right and left, and some scientific stops. Abbott rushed in, and in the trial for the fall was successful - Larkins was thrown.

3. More hitting; but the distances were ill-judged, and little mischief was done. In the close, both down.

4. A bustling round, in which hitting and getting away was the order of proceeding. Abbott showed himself the worse for exertion, and became *puffey*. He fought wild, and was thrown.

5. In this round Larkin had all the best of the *milling*; but Abbott closed, and threw him a tremendous cross-buttock, which shook all the bones in his *flesh bag*.

6. Larkins evinced considerable science, and stopped with great precision a left-handed visitation intended for his nob. He then returned with quickness, and caught Abbott on the muzzle [shouts from the *Alma Mater* boys.] A close followed, and Abbott was thrown. On rising on his second's knee, Abbott shewed *first blood* from the *grinder casket*.

7, 8, 9. In all these rounds Larkins had the best of the hitting and throwing. The *Lunnon coves* looked *stone blue*, while the Cambridge youths offered any odds, but it was **no-go**.

10. Abbott screwed his energies to the "sticking-place," and doubled himself for mischief. After a short spar, Larkins came in, when Abbott caught him such a teaser with his right *mawley*, that he hit him clear off his *pins* (shouts from the boys of the village.) This was the first knock down blow, and decided the bets on that event.

11 and 12. Larkins came up nothing loth, and as fresh and playful as a kitten. In both these rounds he had a decided advantage, and proved himself the stronger man.

13. A sharp rally, which ended in a close. In going down Larkins was under, but Abbott appeared to be getting very weak.

14. Abbott adopted the shy system, and retreated to the ropes. Larkins followed him vigorously and hit him down.

From this round to the conclusion of the fight in the 30th round, Abbott was hit down in almost every round the moment he was led to the scratch. When placed before his antagonist in the last round he could not stand, and his seconds gave in for him.

REMARKS. - Larkins has proved himself a good scientific fighter, and a game man, He had for some time been availing himself of the instructive talents of Crawley and White-headed Bob. Abbott was certainly not "himself," and fought open handed. Old Judges say they never saw him display less tact or was more abroad. The punishment was not

55 261119WD

56 261129G, 261129MC, 261203B, 261203WD,

very severe on either side. The fight lasted thirty-three minutes, and the result of course produced great dissatisfaction in the minds of the staunch admirers of the London ring, who dropped their blunt pretty freely on the occasion. The usual whispers were in circulation; while the winners declared, that no fight could have been more fairly fought and won.

JONES THE SAILOR BOY AND REUBEN HOWE. - A second fight took place for a purse of 5*l.* between these two little ones. The former is well known in the London circles, the latter a bustling boasting yokel, weighing about a stone and a half more than Jones, commonly called the 'Bully of Barnewall.' Howe was seconded by two of his own Pals, and Jones by Oliver and **Fogo**. Thirty-one rounds were fought in thirty four minutes, during the whole of which Jones took the lead, both in hitting and throwing, and won the fight almost without a scratch.

No man could have *polished* off a customer in a more workmanlike manner. The defeat of Howe was much relished by the *chaw-bacons*, as he was a complete bully among his companions; and being thus "taken down a peg" in consequence, it will probably tend to refine his manners. As a proof of the high estimation to which Jones had raised himself amongst the *gownsmen*, who were often annoyed in their amorous trips to Barnewall by Howe, he was *tagged* with a complete new suit, and on reaching town was scarcely known by his *rib*, who took him for a *gemman*.

Several of the London fry who went down to pick up *flats* were rather *sharp-set*, and confess that there may be two modes of being "put in the *lucky bag*."

FURTHER PARTICULARS. - The losers on the fight between Larkins and Abbott are by no means satisfied with the conduct of the latter pugilist, and several openly declare it to have been a *cross*. That had Abbott done his best he could have won it in a *canter*. Great indignation was expressed towards the close of the fight, and a *Star* of the London Ring, in plain terms, and in the most public manner, proclaimed his suspicions. Snow-balls and lumps of ice were hurled from all quarters, and but for the brave and manly conduct of the Sailor Boy, during his battle with Howe, who is called "the Bully of Barnwell," and was the terror of the Gownsmen in their nightly freaks - the credit of the Londoners

would have been altogether lost. The joy of the Gownsmen on Howe being defeated, was uproarious. Harry came to London on Wednesday, dressed out in a new suit, which they had presented to him - his appearance was *swellish* in the extreme; and we understand he was obliged to announce his name in many quarters, where he was previously well known, so great was the alteration to his genteel *toggery* had made in his appearance. His antagonist's *mauleys* seem to have affected nothing towards this disguise. For a bit of good luck at a second fight, Harry Jones is the man.

The *Weekly Dispatch* of the 3rd of December also carried the following, which indicates that Frosty was the 'man in the know' as well as correspondent for the *Dispatch*:

ORATOR HOLT AND WHITEHEADED BOB. - The paper war between these pugilists, has, doubtless amused our readers; and, perhaps, surprised some of those sapient beings who imagined that the term knowledge-box, as applied to the nob of a fighting man, was a misnomer. Faith! we can assure them, that a boxer really does carry brains in his head: - aye, and many more than some of those who manage to live by their wits! God help them! But to the point. Since the receipt of Harry Holt's epistle at this Office, yesterday morning, our worthy auxiliary, **Frosty-faced Fogo**, has informed us, that Baldwin (Whiteheaded Bob), has somewhat outmanœuvred Holt, by a stroke of policy *quite as keen* as my Lord Castlereagh's celebrated plan for setting the poor of England to *dig* holes one day, and fill them up the next. Harry, as our readers already know had fixed his benefit for the 4th of

January, at the Tennis Court, two days after Ward and Crawley's fight, on which day, Baldwin, equally anxious to take advantage of the public curiosity attending that great battle, also wished to have a benefit at the same place. Holt having secured the Tennis Court for his display, Bobby (as he calls Baldwin), was apparently *floored* but, yesterday, he posted off to Mr. Hunt, and bespoke the Court for Wednesday, the 3rd of January; thus stepping in a day before the Orator; and, in order to secure the attendance of Ward and Crawley, we understand he means to offer them 50*l.* to fight within fifty miles of London. Of course, this may be expected to "skim the cream" with a vengeance.

The reportage work that Frosty carried out for the *Dispatch* resulted in them sometimes printing his quotes or advice about matches, pugilists or occasions. The following come from the *Dispatch* of December 10th, 1826⁵⁷ but otherwise there is no *printed* proof that Fogo attended either fight, though he probably did, both in setting up the ring and reporting - plus, for the scandalous O'Neale versus Sampson fight, he wrote a sketch.

1) **LAST TUESDAY'S MILLING.**

*The Fight at Shear-mere, in Bedfordshire, between **BISHOP SHARPE** and **TOM GAYNOR**, for 50*l.* aside.*

Among the various parties who were dissatisfied with the issue of the fight between Sharpe and Reed, which

took place on the 5th September, Tom Gaynor was not the least forward. It will be recollected that he had, a short time previous, with great difficulty, succeeded in conquering Reed, and, as that clever pugilist was so soon disposed of by Sharpe, Gaynor felt robbed of half his laurels, by the issue of the latter contest, and was naturally inclined to question the fairness of a fight which tended to lower him so much in the estimation of the fistic world. Tom invariably declared that Reed had sold the fight to the Bishop, and this led to the contest we are about to describe: for Gaynor being at the Castle one evening, soon after the fight which he thus stigmatized as a cross, was, as usual, speaking his mind very freely, and declaring, that Sharpe would be a mere plaything to Reed, if the latter chose to do his best. "I'll tell you what, Master Gaynor," said the worthy host, "I should like to see a fight between you and the Bishop - that we might know how *you* would *stomach* his left handers!" Gaynor declared, that he should "relish the match" uncommonly well. Belcher took him at his word - a deposit was put down *instantly*; and, a few evenings after, one of the scribes of the ring bound the men by articles, to forfeit or fight.

Tuesday morning saw but a slender cavalcade on the road to St. Albans - the rallying point; the morning was cold and gloomy - the long distance from town was bitterly complained of - and many persons reserved themselves for next Tuesday's fight between O'Neale and Sampson. Bill Gibbons had already prepared the ring on No-Man's-land, when, in consequence of an intimation that the fight would not be allowed to take place on that favourite spot, he was desired to move to Shear-mere, in the adjoining county of Bedfordshire. This occasioned a considerable delay beyond the appointed hour of fighting; and occasioned, also, no small consumption of all kinds of *lush* in the village of Harpendon, through which lies the road to the Mere. The cavalcade was now swelled by a strong detachment of *chaw-bacons*, and the assemblage on the ground was very numerous. Here the aspect of affairs was cheerless to all, except the retailers of *blue ruin*; the snow fell thick - the ground was marshy - and the air biting cold; while many a cockney, encased in a load of clothing, and fortified by brandy within, stood, trembling like a cat in a quinsy, and presented a polar aspect of countenance, that **Frosty-faced Fogo** himself might have shivered to look upon. At two o'clock, all things being in readiness, the bold Kentish Smuggler threw his hat into the air, and entered the ring, followed by Josh Hudson and Tom Owen, as his seconds; Gaynor, about eight minutes afterwards, made his appearance, attended by Harry Holt and Tom Oliver. Betting in favour of Sharpe, at 5 and 6 to 4. *Then follows an account of the 78 rounds, which Sharpe easily won, followed by 'Remarks'. But since there is no proof that Jack Fogo attended the fight, these are omitted. However, it is likely that he did attend since he was assistant to Gibbons and Oliver.*

2) **GREAT FIGHT FOR NEXT TUESDAY.** - The match for 400l., between Ned O'Neale and Phil Sampson, is to be brought to issue on Tuesday next. Those who intent "going forth to battle," must, as **Jack Fogo's** song says, "rise early in the morning," as the scene of action will, in all probability, be between thirty and forty miles from London. The *nag's* heads must point in a northern direction. O'Neale is in most excellent condition: Sampson also looks well; and nothing short of a most determined fight may be expected. *No Fogo song has survived containing the phrase 'rise early in the morning'.*

This much anticipated fight between O'Neale and Sampson turned out to be the scandal of the time and was much reported and excoriated in all the press reports.⁵⁸ The *Morning Chronicle* article on the 13th was entitled and began;

RETROGRADE MOVEMENTS OF THE FANCY. - A LONG TROT AND A BAD FIGHT, BETWEEN O'NEAL AND SAMPSON, FOR FOUR HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS.

The much talked about fight between Ned O'Neal and Phil Sampson, "the Brummagen Youth as was," as **Frosty Faced Fogo** would say, took place yesterday [12th], after divers "hair breadth escapes," in a field forming part of South Mimms Common, in the County of Middlesex. There then follows a description of the fight.

Bell's on the 17th called it '**THE HUMBUG FIGHT BETWEEN O'NEAL AND SAMPSON**' and added;

We regret to say, that a more decided disappointment was never experienced by the lovers of the pugilistic art.

They gave a full report of the fight and then included, as next, Frosty's poem on the subject.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS

BEING AN INTRODUCTION TO A NEW PIECE, UNDER THAT TITLE PLAYED AND CONDEMNED ON TUESDAY LAST, NEAR SOUTH MIMMS WASH, AND IN IMITATION OF "THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS," NOW PERFORMING AT DRURY LANE.*

*Mentioned in William Godwin's Diary, May 29 1826 at Drury Lane, also Literary Gazette, Vol. 10 (Dec 16 1826), p. 800. [see image below]

BY JOHN FOGO, POET LAUREAT OF THE RING.

[Scene – The Training House]

SAMPSON (*solus*)

O'Neal, thy hour is come! Thy boasted fame
Shall now be cover'd with eternal shame.
This dread right hand, with many a vigorous blow,
Upon the bloody turf shall lay thee low.
What! Tho' Josh Hudson and Jem Ward have beat me,
Shall such "*a wooden thing*" as thou defeat me?
No; blow me tight! - for Ted O'Neal, in turn,
Shall share your fates, Belasco and Jem Burn!

Enter Jem Ward

Sampson the *first*, as once it came to pass,
Slaughter'd his foes with *jaw-bone of an Ass*;
And you, *the second*, without fear of law,
Could kill your enemies, like him, with *jaw*.
But drop your *chaff*, which I have overheard,
For *boasting* is as unmanly as absurd.

I own it, Jem; but Ned O'Neal, 'tis said,
Has told some covies that his skill I dread.
I fear him not – nor never did, nor will,
If he had twice his strength, and thrice his skill.

You have no need. In six days' time you'll meet him,
And I have stak'd my blunt that you will beat him.
No doubt, he is a lad of strength and mettle;
But your account you shall not fail to settle.

'Tis of long standing, Jem: he oft has chaff'd,
And I, as often, at his chaffing laugh'd;
But this I know, if I can't pay my score
Off now with him, I never will fight more.

Talk less. And you'll do more. Here comes Jem Burn:
What brings him in such haste?

We soon shall learn.
Enter Jem Burn.

Blow me, if I can tell.

One of your backers, Phil, who hopes to touch,
And wants to see your training, how to lay.

Whate'er he wants, he's coming up this way.

I've seen his face before, and can't help thinking
It has been with O'Neal's chief backers drinking.
I'm almost *duberous* – I don't comprehend it -
It don't *look well*, however they intend it.

[illegible]

BURN (*aside to Ward*)
You ought to know, Jem, if it don't look *square* -
You once had some experience in *that ere*.

WARD (*to Burn*)
"No more of that, an' if you love me, Coz,"
You should forget what everybody does.
But mark him - here he is.
Enter the Great Unknown, in a white hat and upper-Benjamin

UNKNOWN
Good morrow, Phil,
How goes your training on? Hard at it, still?
(*Aside*) Can't you contrive to send your friends away?
I've something that in private I would say.
You understand? -

SAMPSON
I do; but they'll suspect me.
Here is a room close by, I recollect me,
To which we can withdraw, and speak with freedom,
And call them in, if we should chance to need 'em.

WARD (*aside to Burn*)
All is not right, Jem, that I'm pretty certain;
There is some dealing here behind the curtain -
Or wherefore do they whisper so?

BURN (*aside*)
And see, To sneak out of the room they both agree,
[*Sampson and the Great Unknown go out*]

WARD
There's something they are anxious to conceal.
I'm sure that *Cove* is heavy on O'Neal,
And wants to make a certainty of winning.

BURN
It looks like, I'm afraid, a bad beginning.
And yet, it cannot be! Although they try,
Honest Phil Sampson they can never buy!
If any man but hinted it before him,
I do believe, that instantly he'd *floor him*.
Shall brave Phil Sampson, who so oft has fought,
And all his well-earned laurels fairly bought -
Who took his punishment from Josh and you
So manfully – consent to such a *do*?

WARD
The day is close at hand for them to fight:
If anything I know, *all is not right!*
What secret could they have from me or you,
Who second him, if there were not a *screw*
Loose somewhere? Howsome'er, I like it not.

BURN
You *ought to know* – beg pardon – I forgot.
Here comes our man: but where's the London blade?
He's not with him.

WARD
That makes me more afraid.
Re-enter Sampson
Where is your friend, Phil, whom we saw before?

SAMPSON
He's left the house.

WARD

What! Gone by the *back door*?

BURN

Was he ashamed again to shew his face.
As if he had no business at this place?

SAMPSON

He was not bound to come, I should presume,
And had some *business* –

WARD

In the other room!

SAMPSON

He's off to London, and he says, O'Neal
Is in prime order – muscles firm as steel -
That in the *village* he is back'd to win
At *six to four* – which makes me now begin
To feel some doubt about our battle's issue.
Hedge all your bets – I warn you and wish you*
O'Neal, remember, always beat his men,
And may, but I say *may*, - may do't again.

WARD

It is too plain, Jem; we had cause to fear.
Sampson, your conduct looks much worse than *queer*.

SAMPSON

What do you mean? I'll win it if I can;
But if O'Neal should prove the better man? -

WARD

Your change is sudden, and, I have no doubt,
You've had *good reasons* for this turn-about.

BURN

Already, Sampson, is the London Ring
(Which once could boast a patron in the King)
Too much disgraced by tricks of every sort,
And few, but shun to give it their support.
I had hoped better things by far of you,
And, of all men, had sworn that you were true.
How chang'd the time since brave Jem Belcher's day,
When Pearse, Dutch Sam, and Gully, bore the sway!
The *last*, asham'd of what he was before
(Because bright honour leads the way no more)
Forsakes, the Ring, and its degenerate crew.
Faithful to all who back'd him, all he knew,
He reaps a harvest of the *golden ear*, **
And saves, yet spends, his thousands every year.
Companion to the Gentry of the Land,
Aye, of the Nobles, too, behold him stand -
Competing with them for a fine estate,
Which many could not buy, tho' called the great -
And, living free from all reproach and blame,
Both builds, and boasts, a family and a name!
Farewell - I leave you - think on what I've said.

WARD

And conquer him who you would call "*wooden Ned*."

[Exeunt Ward and Burn leaving Sampson at a non-plus; consoling himself, with his hands, like a crocodile, in breeches pockets]

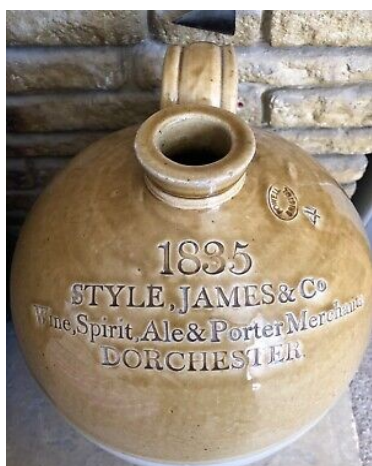
* In this, the renowned poet is wrong - for, so far from Sampson advising his friends to hedge, he put them further in the ditch, by boldly asserting, not only that he would, but that he could win.

The comments on the fight in the *Globe* and *Bethell's* sum up what happened, the details of the 'fight' being unnecessary.

It is not a little curious that this battle, which has been looked forward to with the greatest anxiety by the Sporting World, both in the Metropolis and in the country, should have been one of the worst fights, - nay, one of the vilest and most palpable crosses that ever disgraced the ring. - What! that distinguished hero, the "Streatham Youth," - the conqueror in eight prize fights, - a man who never was beaten, to caper about the ring like a posture-master - to cut, and shift, and shuffle like a poltroon! - To close upon his opponent, and both to fall without attempting to strike a blow, - both as fresh, too, as when they sat at dinner the day before! Pshaw! the imposture was too glaring and bungling to escape detection, Look at the conduct too, of that redoubted hero, Mr. Sampson - his blows passed by O'Neal like the "idle wind," and when he had received less punishment than a school boy could have stood, he lay upon the grass, turning up the whites of his eyes like a "*dying cuckoo*;" even Jem Ward, his Second, exclaimed that nothing was the matter with him! - On the whole, it appears to us to have been one of the vilest and most bare-faced robberies that has disgraced the ring for many years. We shall hear what the weekly sporting papers say of the affair; we shall hear if they make any observations on the *quarrel*, as it has been called, which took place a few days before the fight, between O'Neal and Sampson; we shall see what sort of colouring *they* give the thing, but if they can make it any thing better than a downright swindle, we must confess we have lost the powers of discrimination.

After such a disgrace it was a little unfortunate that on the coming January 2nd the great battle for the Championship of England was to take place between James Ward and Peter Crawley. Many followers of pugilism placed their last hopes on this coming fight restoring their belief in the integrity of the sport and reporters were sent down to cover it in full. The *Weekly Dispatch* recorded Frosty going down (probably as their own reporter) and in their usual amusing '*Vive La Bagatelle*' column for December 31st included;⁵⁹

FASHIONABLE DEPARTURES. - This day, **Frosty-faced Fogo**, with four gallons of gin, and two dozen books of his own songs, towards the spot appointed for the great fight. Bill Gibbons and Jack Scroggins (both sober), in a similar direction.



Frosty's gin or *blue-ruin* selling enterprise sold the liquor by the cup, to be drunk on the spot by the punters, rather than in individual bottles. A 4 gallon bottle or flagon would weigh around 40 lb [18kg] or more. As the gin in the flagon depleted he would add water to make it go further.

Four-gallon flagon



Daffy's Elixir

Frosty's 'books' would have consisted of just a few pages, but since none have survived, as far as we know, we cannot be sure, though his punters would have been the kind of people who could only afford a few pence for such items rather than what it would cost for a hardback book.

Despite the Sampson versus O'Neale fight bringing the sport to an all time low, Frosty's position sees the start of a period of growth and success. He appears in several newspapers, his poetic output increases and gets printed, and this increases, no doubt, the private sales of his work plus his demand as a chairman at events.

His blue-ruin sales being on the wax and prospects looking good for his poetic output, 1827 would start well with *Bell's* first issue of the year even dedicating a few columns to his '*life story*'.



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1827

The first important fight of the year is well covered in the *Dispatch* of January 7th: ⁶⁰

GALLANT FIGHT
FOR THE
CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND

*Pugilism, on Royston Heath, on the borders of Cambridgeshire and Hertfordshire, 39 miles from London, between
PETER CRAWLEY and JAMES WARD*

The predictions we ventured to make last week, and the hopes of the Fancy, of witnessing as "gallant a contest as ever took place within the P.C. stakes and ropes" have been completely verified. The fight of Tuesday last, in point of science, courage, and determined game, may have been equalled, but certainly was never excelled - and, though its issue has wrested from the loser's brow the honourable and chivalrous title of Champion of England, yet so gallantly has he maintained his claim, that in losing his title, he has actually added to his fame. It is an old fistic adage, that "No man is so good, but another may be better:" the friends of Ward, however, seemed to have forgotten this altogether. They backed their favourite at such high odds as to induce a belief, in many quarters, that the battle was *made sure* before hand. For some days previous to the contest, the current betting was 7 to 4, and 2 to 1, on the Champion, and when the men entered the ring, the odds had actually risen to 11 to 5. But there is a sort of infatuation in these matters - a large class of sporting men will lay their money, not according to their own judgment, but to that of others, and in this instance, many were induced to follow the stream, because they saw, at the head of the current, a certain party, who scarcely ever sport their money freely on a *fair suit*, and whose predilection for ready-made luck is as notorious as the decay of pugilism; - in fact, the said decay *may* be chiefly owing to the aforesaid predilection. A comparison of the battles severally fought by Ward and Crawley, will, indeed, show the former to great advantage; but then it must be remembered, that Peter is an acknowledged game and scientific man, and is two inches taller, and nearly a stone heavier than Ward: -

WARD BEAT

Dick Acton
Burke, of Woolwich
Ned Baldwin
The Bath Champion
Phill Sampson, twice
and Cannon, once
He was beaten by Josh Hudson
and gave in to Bill Abbott

CRAWLEY BEAT

Sutcliffe, a butcher
Southern, a yokel
and Dick Acton
He was beaten by Tom Hickman



Peter Crawley

Most of the Fancy progressed towards the scene of action on Monday [*Jan 1st*] evening, and every *lush crib* at Royston and the adjacent villages, had a good muster of this spirited class. Crawley reposed at the Red Lion, on Reed's Mill Hill, two miles from Royston; Ward slept at an inn, bearing the same pugnacious sign, in Royston. Preparations had been made for the fight, in a meadow at Haydon Grange, on the estate of a Sporting baronet, - the scene of the *no-fight* between Hudson and Sampson, in the summer of 1824, - and here, that speculating, peculating corps, the Pugilistic *Waggon Train*, had arranged a variety of machines, for affording to the curious a view of the fight, at half-a-sovereign, or half-a-crown a head, according as flats might be plentiful or scarce. Here was Harry Holt, brimful of eloquence, and **Frosty-faced Fogo**, with a bottle almost as big as himself, brimful of gin, Field-marshal Oliver and Serjeant Callas, and engineer Thomas Cannon, and Surveyor-General Dick Coomes, all and every of them, with numerous yokel auxiliaries, busy as a set of cooks on the Lord Mayor's Day, in making preparations for the approaching feast. Indeed, it must be admitted, that excellent arrangements had been made on this spot, for a comfortable fight - alas! that

such talent, and such *disinterested* energies, should be of no avail, through the perseverance of one individual; but Bill Gibbons, who seems to entertain as little regard for the *Waggon Train*, as does my Lord Chief Justice Best for the *London Press Gang*, in direct contradiction to the orders he had received from the Gentleman whose office it was to name the place of fighting, built his 24-feet edifice on Royston Heath, five miles from the above-mentioned spot - a piece of disobedience for which Bill certainly deserves to be brought to court-martial and punished. On the ground, we observed Sir P. S., Messrs. Gulley and Jackson, with a strong muster of Londoners, and no inconsiderable sprinkling of Cambridge swells. The outer ring, we regret to say, was miserably kept - during the greater part of the fight, it was a chaos of quarrelling and confusion - the spectators were crowding against the ropes, and the reporters, umpires, and

referee, were obliged to take shelter in the ring, which should be exclusively devoted to the combatants and their seconds. Until some means are adopted to remedy this evil, it is vain to expect the presence of gentlemen at a prize-fight. Not one-half of the persons present could obtain a peep at the most interesting part of the contest, although the whole muster of spectators did not comprise a fourth of the number that usually attend a fight for the Championship.

At ten minutes before one o'clock, Jem Ward, in high spirits, threw his hat into the ring; he was attended by Josh Hudson and Reuben Martin, as his seconds. Peter Crawley soon followed, accompanied by Tom Belcher and Harry Harmer. The colours (yellow for Crawley, and a blue bird's eye for Ward), were tied to the stakes. Peter won the toss for sides, and the men were brought to the scratch at a few minutes after one - much time having been lost in procuring umpires and a referee.

Round 1. No men ever appeared in the Prize Ring in finer condition than Ward and Crawley; the former weighed 12st 7lbs. - the latter 13st. On putting themselves in attitude, the eyes of the spectators were riveted on the men, whose positions were picturesque in the extreme. Ward's face wore a smile of confidence, as if he felt assured of winning, and his fine eye measured the points of his antagonist, to ascertain the "work he had to do," and prepared to take advantage of any fault. Peter looked calm and steady; on his open brow was depicted that fixed determination and fortitude so peculiar to English physiognomy in the hour of danger. After about two minutes spent in sparring, Crawley made play with the left hand at the face - Ward parried the effort with much precision; some little manœuvring for the first blow again occurred; Crawley seemed resolutely bent on mischief - Ward made himself well up for hitting, and when Peter let fly a second time with the left, Jem countered with the same hand, which, alighting full on Peter's eye, sent him clean off his legs, and produced a slight tinge of claret. A tremendous cheer arose from the friends of the Champion, who were delighted at his success in winning the important events of first blood and first knock-down blow with one hit; many of them roared out 3 to 1 on Ward.

2. Crawley smiled as he left his second's knee, as if he made *light* of a blow that had, for a time, completely *darkened* his eye. This round commenced, like the former, with fine tactics. "This is very different from sparring, my boy Peter," said Ward. "It is, indeed," replied Crawley. "Hold your tongue, and use your hands, Jem," cried Josh. Crawley tried to get in, but Ward broke ground, and parried right and left with admirable skill - then returned in the same style, and was stopped with equal precision. The spectators were delighted with the science displayed. Ward attempted to put in a left-hander that would have done mischief with a vengeance, but Crawley again turned off the blow. Several more fine stops were exhibited on both sides, till the men came to an exchange of hits, when Crawley planted a right-handed blow with sledge-hammer force, just below the left temple: Ward fell as if shot, and his head rebounded from the earth like a tennis-ball. The blow would have finished a cur, and sent one of those sentimental old women in breeches, who cannot endure the *barbarous* sight of a boxing-match, and wish to render all Englishmen cowards like themselves, to sleep forever.

3. The Champion showed his generalship by sparring, to recover from the stunning effects of the blow he had just received, and he avoided with great skill the eagerness of Crawley to follow up his advantage. Peter hit at the face with the left hand, but Ward sprung back. More dexterous parries were exhibited on both sides. The men at length came to a rally; but before any mischief was done, Jem slipped down, and Peter, much to his credit, threw up his hands, and avoided hitting him as he fell. Ward jumped up to renew the contest, when the seconds, considering the round ended by Ward's fall, drew the men back for the usual half-minute's respite. Thus far, Jem had taken nothing like the lead that was expected; Crawley had dismayed science very nearly equal to that of his antagonist; and, considering the advantages he had over Jem in height, length, and weight, it might have been reasonably expected that the Champion's friends would endeavour to edge their bets: on the contrary, they seemed anxious to *lay it on* thicker still, and 2 to 1 *went a begging* round the ring.

4. Crawley had now regained the sight of his right eye, and Ward had nearly recovered from his stunning temple-hit. After some slight sparring, a desperate rally commenced - the men hit away at each other's nobbs, regardless of consequences, till their faces were covered with blood, and they came to a close at the ropes. Ward, perhaps, gave about five blows for three taken, but Crawley's were delivered with the greater force. Both at length fell, side-by-side, covered with blood.

5. This was, necessarily, a short round; the exertions of both men in the fourth, had somewhat exhausted them; after a few exchanges, Crawley's superior strength prevailed, Jem was sent down, bleeding freely at the mouth and nose, and Crawley tumbled over him. "Here's a fight," cried Josh Hudson; "it's nothing else but yard-arm and yard-arm." "Aye, aye," said leary Tom Belcher, "It's just what we wanted!" Truth to tell, Jem was committing an error in what is called *fighting with* Crawley - *i.e.*; exchanging hit for hit, without availing himself of his generally allowed superior science.

6. The punishment was now mutual - though Crawley's face being more fleshy than Ward's, seemed, like Charley Wright, of Champagne celebrity, most on the *puffing* suit. Crawley went to work *instantly*, and Jem met him fearlessly - the exchange of blows was really terrific - till Ward threw his left hand behind Peter's head, and, stepping back, drew Crawley after him and administered heavy punishment with his right. Crawley extricated himself from this dangerous position, and returned the favours he had received with interest; both felt the grass together, and when Crawley was lifted up by his seconds, his face presented a woful aspect, being encased with blood. This round was decidedly in favour of Ward, and many persons roared out 3 to 1 upon him.

7. Caution on both sides. Peter, caring nothing about *taking*, so he could but *give* in return, seemed anxious to recommence the yard-arm and yard-arm work; but Jem wanted wind and strength, and broke ground to recover them. He parried several well-aimed blows, and planted a bodier, but was too far off to make it tell, and Peter laughed at the effort. At length Crawley rushed in, and the men came to a close: both worked away on the weaving system, and, in struggling for the fall, Jem availed himself of his superior wrestling accomplishments, and gave his antagonist a cross-buttock of the most severe and dangerous description. The friends of Peter, and his seconds in particular, were alarmed for the consequences, while the bettors of the long odds brightened up at the chance of success, and offered heavy bets at still higher odds on their man; but there were non takers.

8. Crawley's game was the admiration of the ring - all the hitting he had received was trifling in its effects compared with the last tremendous fall; yet he came on cheerfully at the call of time, though puffing like a broken-winded horse, and open mouthed, with knees that shook under him, like those of poor White, on the scaffold. Yet the cause of Peter's trembling was very different from that which shook the frame of the wretched criminal - for Peter had not a shade of fear about him. Good generalship would have taught Ward to go in and repeat the dose - he was, however, himself much distressed, and a short respite from active hostilities was almost as welcome to him as to his antagonist. Crawley first commenced fighting, by planting a left-hander, which told on the face - Jem then went to work rather intemperately, and another tremendous rally ensued - it was hit for hit and no flinching. Ward stood to his work till he had no longer strength to make a peck, and fell forward on his face. He was evidently fighting an up-hill battle, for Crawley's weight and strength were too much for him. Still he was the favourite at considerable odds.

9. The commencement of this round was in favour of Ward, and his friends flattered themselves that he was winning fast - for, after a few exchanges at long bowls, which did no mischief, Crawley went in to fight, and Jem meeting him as he came, gave him several rattling facers. Still Peter would not be denied, and a rally, even more terrific than the last, was the result. After following each other round the ring, the men reeled against the ropes, and both seemed completely exhausted. Ward's right hand, which at the

commencement of the rally had done considerable execution about the mouth of his antagonist, was now powerless, and as he attempted in vain to raise it to Peter's face, it swung backwards and forwards by his side, like the pendulum of a clock. Peter was equally worn out - for a short time the combatants were reeling against each other like drunken men, till they recovered strength enough to make a sort of struggle, when Ward fell, and Crawley dropped by his side. The fight was evidently approaching its close, and stamina, not science, must now determine it.

10. Peter, on coming to the scratch, seemed rather fresher than his gallant antagonist. Sparring was absolutely necessary for a short time, when Ward put in a left-handed body blow, and got away. "Give it him there again, Jem," roared Josh Hudson. Before Jem had the opportunity, however, Crawley recommenced rallying - Ward's right-handed up-hit was particularly in use, but his blows were insufficient to finish off Peter, who was too game to go down, while he had strength to keep his legs. They came to off-fighting again; Ward's right hand appeared actually too weak to be useful in parrying, and Crawley planted three left-handers, which almost spoiled poor Jem. The men went down together at the ropes.

11. This was the last round, and it was very short. The combatants were both ALL BUT exhausted; but Ward was nearer gone than Crawley - still it was a VERY NEAR THING, and one good hit from either man must win the fight - the chance was Crawley's - Jem went in for a last effort, and was met by a left-hander, such a one as, in the earlier part of the fight, would scarcely have incommoded him; but now, weak as he was, it was sufficient to send him off his legs, and completely to *unsense* him. Jem fell senseless as a log, and Peter stood tottering and looking on his fallen antagonist with an anxious eye. Time was called - Ward heard not a sound, and Crawley was declared the winner.

The fight lasted 26 minutes. Jem was borne out of the Ring totally insensible. Crawley, after resting awhile on his second's knee, was able to walk to his vehicle. Ward was taken to his quarters at the Red Lion, in Royston, where every attention was paid to him, and a long period elapsed before he recovered his recollection. Considerable apprehensions were at first entertained for his safety, but he gradually recovered, and was brought to town next day. He was bled soon after the fight was over, and so completely was his stupor, that he was totally unconscious of the operation. Peter, after passing a few hours in bed at his inn, was able to return to town the same night. Both were heavily punished.

THE RING.



REMARKS. - It has been our lot frequently, in accordance with the duty we owe to the public, to speak of certain pugilistic contests in terms of reprobation, and even of contempt. In this case, ours is a more pleasing task: - for the above fight deserves the highest possible encomiums from every admirer of true courage and manhood. The most determined enemy to prize-fighting cannot say that *this* was a cross. The science displayed on both sides was first-rate, and, during the whole contest, not the slightest wrangling occurred between the men. There was no foul blow given or attempted - nor the slightest unfair, or unmanly advantage taken. It was a most gallant contest throughout, and there is not the slightest doubt that THE BEST MAN WON! Ward, though defeated has really raised his character; for his game was previously doubted by many persons, who perhaps had no other grounds

for their suspicion, than the circumstance that, owing to the superiority of his science, he had seldom received such punishment. He has now convinced the fistic circles that he possesses game of the most unflinching description. In fact, had he shown less *determination* in this fight, it might have had a different issue; for if, instead of standing up and exchanging hit for hit with a man whose blows were too heavy, and whose strength was too great to be successfully contended against in close quarters, Ward had gone down, husbanded his strength, and fought more at points, he would certainly have done better. It has been remarked, that, on seeing the effect produced on Crawley by the dreadful fall he gave him in the seventh round, Ward should have gone in and endeavoured to throw him again in the same manner; but the difficulty in coming to a grapple with a man who hits so straight and hard as Crawley does, must be taken into consideration; besides, the heavy blows Ward had received about the head, had already robbed him of more than half his usual good judgment: indeed, Josh Hudson has since declared that the stunning hit Crawley planted in the second round, won the fight; and it was noticed by many that Jem, during all the after part of the contest, fought rather in a style of desperate wildness, than with the calm judgment that had marked all his previous efforts in the Ring, and had gained him the reputation of being the best tactician of his day. Crawley's style of fighting was admirable - he has been underrated most surprisingly. To a knowledge of science, little inferior to that of Ward, he adds a much superior power of hitting, and his cool intrepidity and fortitude are equal to those of the best boxers of "the olden time." He did not lose his self-possession for a moment; and his steady judgment was always conspicuous. Crawley was well aware that he had much of the advantage in strength and hard hitting; he felt confident in his own game, and he wisely, therefore, seized every opportunity of adopting the "yard-arm and yard-arm work," as Josh calls it. The writer of this article remarked to Peter, as he lay in bed at Reed's Mill-hill, after the fight, that it was strange that Ward had not adopted the getting-away system more. "Ah!" said Peter, "I was glad to see him come in and fight *with* me - for I was sure to beat him at that fun!" The prize-ring will move up considerably owing to this FAIR and MANLY battle - a few more such trials of skill and courage, and we shall again see pugilism what it has been, and what we wish it ever to remain, honoured by the brave, hated by cowards and hypocrites, and the mainspring of a FAIR PLAY and true ENGLISH COURAGE!

At the conclusion of the above fight, a small purse having been collected, after a great part of the London Fancy had left the ground, Charley Gyblets and Harry Jones peeled and set-to. Gipsy Cooper attended on Gyblets, and Ned Stockman on Jones. Ten rounds were fought, and both men showed fine tactics; but the advantage of hitting was rather on the side of Jones. In the last round, however, he received a blow under the left listener that sent him out of time. No great mischief was done on either side, and, we believe, the contest was by no means decisive - no bets depended on the issue - good workmen must be well paid! Two men cannot be expected to *spoil* themselves for forty shillings.

On the same day, January 7th, that the *Dispatch* issued their report of the Championship fight, *Bell's* issued;

No. V 'Gallery of Living Portraits'.



PORTRAIT OF FROSTY-FACED FOGO

The bard of the prize-ring is seen as a bard should be - in the elevation of his attic regions, attuning the praises of heroes to the classic lyre. There is not, however, that glowing rapture about his eye which we should have expected in the Pindar of the modern "Olympic Games." He seems rather disconcerted and drooping. We might suppose the ecstasy of the poet was quenched by some vulgar anxiety about his tailor's or milk-woman's bill, if we did not see upon the walls some caricatures from a pencil as clever as that of Cruikshank's, which explain the mystery. One of these represents two pugilists stripped and prepared for combat; but a Jew approaches and places a sovereign on each of the eyes of one of them, and his *day-lights* are instantly closed. In another, a scene of expected battle is also exhibited, in which we see an experienced Christian amateur extending a long golden rod, with which he touches one of the candidates for fistic glory over the region of the heart, and he becomes instantly benumbed and stupefied, like one who has been suddenly electrified by the touch of a torpedo-eel - his limbs are relaxed, and all his muscular energy departs him - he drops completely paralyzed, while the crowd are scuffling around him about stakes and bets, which some claim and others dispute. What wonder is it, then that when pugilism surrenders its manliness to a paltry bribe, the Pinder of the Ring should be sorrowful, and a blush deeper than the scarlet of a life-guard'sman's jacket cover the well-carved countenance of **Frosty-faced Fogo**? Near the disconsolate bard lie the works of "Peter Corcoran," "# "Boxiana," and other specimens of "Select Literature," among which we recognize the renowned history of "The Seven Champions of Christendom" a copy ragged and antique enough to delight the eyes of the most inveterate bibliomaniac. On the floor, under his spider-legged table, which appears not in the most athletic condition, are the scattered fragments of an unfinished poem - *The Disjecti Membra Poetae*: it is headed "The Adventures of Philosopher Thwackum, or University Rows." We also observe, in the same dishevelled state, "The Muse of Moulsey," and a Rhyming Treatise on Fistology. There is also a "History of celebrated Female Boxers," written in pure *sapphics*, and the portrait of Lady Barrymore appears as the frontispiece. Not far from this appears a manuscript, entitled "A Plan to Replenish the Exchequer of the Fancy," and on it lies an old hat filled with pawnbrokers' duplicates. While the poet allows the fire of his imagination to kindle, there is no other fire in his room, yet we see, by the icicles on the window, that the season is any thing but that of sunshine and flowers. A lank and hungry cat is making a sly and desperate attack upon two smoked herrings that are hung up in the chimney-corner; but the bard, absorbed in profound reverie, is unconscious of the clandestine demolition of his dinner. In an old cupboard, which stands open for want of a door, we observe some picturesque specimens of earthenware. The furniture of the room consists of a chair without a back, and another on three legs - a bellows to which a nose would be a luxury - a candlestick made of a quart bottle - a large nail for a poker - a turn-up bed, which, like the one that Goldsmith has immortalized, serves also as a chest of drawers; and the door is secured, not by a lock, but a tough branch of oak through an iron hold-fast that would defy the sudden onset of any evil-minded bailiff.

On looking closely at the poet's face, we observe that it is not without proof of his being a practical recommender of the profession which his muse celebrates, for he has got a very respectable black-eye, and the tip of his nose seems a little peeled. If we may judge by a scrap of paper that is placed before him, he has been penning a dedication of some "gymnastic poem" to Dr. Gilchrist. It is, indeed impossible to look at the evidences of his multifarious labours and not be struck with the contrast between his gigantic genius and the ghostly attenuation of his bodily frame. We have never seen individual character better expressed than in this picture. In that point of view it equals the best productions of Wilkie or Mulready, while in depth and clearness of colouring it can vie with any thing that we have ever seen from the felicitous pencils of Teniers or Ostade. The light which falls upon the poet from the skylight is remarkably pure and aetherial, by which we ascertain that he is an inhabitant of the attic regions, an

elevation at which poets, in all ages, have been rather successful in reaching. The dress of the bard is in keeping with the whole arrangements of "his mansion," and equally agreeable to those eyes which admire the remnants of a venerable antiquity. This picture with a companion, one of Peter Corcoran,[#] ought to grace the walls of the apartment, or gymnasium, in which the members of the P. C. may hereafter hold their sittings. The fathers of epic and lyric poetry have had due honours paid to them, and why not those of the Fistic Muse, the youngest, but not least original of the Heliconian choir.

[#] Actually **John Hamilton Reynolds** 1796 – 15 Nov.1852, an English poet, satirist, critic, and playwright. He was a close friend and correspondent of poet John Keats.

The article is meant to be humorous but there is obviously some grain of truth buried in it. Frosty probably did live in the cheapest attic room, with broken furniture, a plank to secure the door against the bailiff, a cold fire and with just a couple of herrings to eat, and maybe he had a cat too - one features in his later poems! He was obviously thin, scruffy and depressed - not just at the state of the Fancy and boxing, but often at his finances - and pawn tickets were a part of his life. A sad way to live for a 'genius'. There is no mention of any family, so this skit is just that, not an accurate depiction of his life - that will be printed at a later date.

Before moving on, we can look at a book that was published in 1827, probably early in the year since it mentions 'Peter Crawley, who lately whopped the phenomenon Ward.' The book is the **"Every Night Book: or Life after Dark,"** by T. Richardson, which mentions **Fogo** on pages 39 & 41. In it is a description of the Castle Tavern;

BELCHER'S.

Give him blows,
And take his bottle from him.

CALIBAN,



HERE we are at the Castle Tavern, Holborn. That slim, asthmatic, small-featured, respectable-looking man in the blue coat, drab breeches, and jockey boots, is the celebrated master of muffles - the brave, though beaten antagonist of Dutch Sam — the brother of Jem, the great **Tom Belcher!** (*left*) There he sits, husky as an old apple-woman, cursing the tobacco smoke, and looking as if you or we could lick him in half-a-dozen rounds. That thick-set swarthy man, in a similar dress by his side, was one of the first patrons and backers of the most slashing fighter of his day - Hickman, commonly called Gas. Look at old Bitton, yonder — the stout-bodied fellow with marvellous lean hams - endeavouring to insinuate a benefit ticket into the young gentleman in black, a palpable stranger at the Castle. Hark! didn't you hear a laugh — a singular, wild, joyous chuckle - an unearthly ha! ha? Cast your eye towards Richmond, with his black bald scone and bandy leg; his thick lips are yet unclosed: 'twas he who laughed at one of the dry jokes of Sewers. Sewers is the dark man at the corner of the table, who looks like a thick fellow of five feet ten squeezed down to four feet eight. The small-headed, broad-shouldered young giant by your side is Peter Crawley, who lately whopped the phenomenon Ward.

Yonder is poor Kenrick the black, whom Dick Acton served out so saucily at Moulsey: the lad on his left is little Stockman; and that broad framed, washy-faced, squeny-eyed, poor-looking devil, at his dexter elbow, is Jack Scroggins — the once terrific, slaughtering Jack Scroggins — now a mere mountebank with the muffles. Tom Belcher had a turn up with Jack not many years ago, in which the tremendous Scroggins was tidily tied up by the tactics of Tom. There was a song written on the subject, of which we only remember the following lines:

Tommy's yet in prime, and even when half groggy,
Did, in fairish time, snuff out the lights of Scroggy.

In sober truth, Jack's daylight was most dismally darkened by Tom — but of this, enough. Do you know that gentleman with the large leg and brown wig, who has just entered, and to whom such respect is paid? That is Jackson, the head of the pugilists — the commander-in-chief. The elegant young fellow opposite, who is poring over Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, is the gentleman who wrote, 'The Remains of Peter Corcoran, Late of Gray's Inn, Student at Law.' He has dropped the paper; hand it this way; look — here is a piece of rhyme scribbled in the margin; by the inky state of his digits, we suspect that our dear soi-disant Corcoran is the author of it. Yea! by the blue bird's eye of Belcher, these are the characters of the pugilistic young poet. Let us read.

An Invocatory Sonnet.

TO A SHEEP'S HEAD.(*)

Hear us, great James - thou poetry of mutton!
Delicious profile of the beast that bleats—
Rich excellence of culinary treats—
Thou Autocrat of eatables! Oh, put on
Thy most alluring sav'ry form and grace!

To-night—ambrosia of the gentle glutton—
 Even now, let us behold thy demi-face—
 Or rather, thy whole glowing caput on
 Our festive board; and, by blue max! we 'll robe us
 In the bright garb of joy. Hear us, Jacobus!
 Where thou art hissing in some crock! Hear us—
 For thou hast ears, and eke an ogle too;
 Lo! we have heavy wet in pewter near us,
 And, meet companion for thee, ruin blue!
 [(*) *Incidentally, Fogo's mother dealt in sheep-heads - RCS*]

Vivat Jacobus.— We perceive you are earnestly looking at that pug-nosed, flat-faced, thick-lipped white negro in the corner: in him you behold Ned Baldwin, alias white-headed Bob - out of whom Ned O'Neal took the shine heretofore at the Hurst He has since beaten the elegant sparrer, but rather poor fighter, George Cooper; and very lately succumbed to the prowess of the promising Jem Burns.

Here comes **Frosty-faced Fogo**. Behind him trips that elegant boxer, Bill Eales, one of the neatest sparrers in England. The man to whom he first nodded is George Head, in the opinion of many persons the best muffle-master, or teacher of pugilistic tactics, in town. George has the air of a man who has been a prodigal of life; he looks as though he had been in the habit of spending two years of nature's allowance in one. He is indeed no hoarder of health; but his spirits are as good as those of the youth opposite him, on whose lip the young dawn of juvenitude has just dawned: what does *he* do here?—The hum increases; it is nearly ten o'clock; and the backers for the next fight are putting the bustle in Belcher's hands. This is the night for the second deposit. A smile sits upon every one's cheek, that no default has been made. The toast is given out—the toast that all will drink - "May the best man win!" - Bumpers are tossed off, and betting begins. While all around are busy in their vocation, let us take a glance at the walls of the room.

We have laughed with the living — it is time we should pay due notice to the dead. On the right hand as you enter from the passage is the picture of Jem Belcher a name most dear to pugilists. Liverpool prides herself on Roscoe; Bristol rejoiced in her Belcher, and garlanded the dun turrets of her head with wreaths of deeper vapour when he died. As a fighting city, Bristol has lately "fallen from her high estate." Bill Neate planted no additional laurel on her brow by overpowering — yes, that's the word — by overpowering Hickman. The body of Gas was no match for that of the butcher; but his heart was as big as three of Bill's; and when Spring beat the hero of the yellow Avon, the chaplets of victory, which Hen Pearce, and Gully, and Cribb, and JEM THE GREAT, had thrown around Bristolia, were withered and forgotten.

For that sketch on the opposite wall, round which three or four persons are laughing so heartily, we are indebted to the burin of our young Hogarth—George Cruikshank, the matchless, delightful Cruikshank. We have laughed, until laughter hath become a pain to us, at his productions; and in gratitude for the jocund moments his pencil bath afforded us, we would, an' we could, even take a wrinkle from his brow, and place it on our own. This is saying much; for we profess to "prize black eyes" as much as ever Sir John Suckling did, and are still somewhat anxious of being looked lovingly upon by the women — What a din! And listen - amid the clanging of empty pewters, the jingling of spoons and glasses, the chorus of betters, the clamour of score-payers, and the bustle of the departing - listen to the unheeded song which ever and anon gushes up above the din. Do you not catch the words occasionally? Tom Belcher is the hero of the rhyme. Now we hear them plainer.

Many milling coves, when they've shipped their bingo,
 Gab of flooring Tom, and tip him bouncing lingo!

It is part of the triumphal hymn on the larrupping of Scroggins, of which we gave you a verse, on pointing out that worthy to your notice half an hour ago. It floats above the current again. Hark!

Tom's the Castle knight; though his pipes are panky,
 He can drub a dab, and tip him "Massa tankee."
 Heigh! for slashing Tom! all join in the chorus,
 If you're Bristol blades, —we wop the world before us.

Let us return to the walls, for the smoke will soon be too thick to allow us more than a dim and hazy view of their sporting embellishments. "Aha! Mynheer Von Shrimptz—a word or two about you though first." This quiet-looking old gentleman, with brown wig, little basket, and white apron, picks up the pence necessary for his maintenance by selling pennyworths of shrimps to the guests at the different sporting houses. Mynheer Von Shrimptz is not a foreigner, nor is that his name, but merely a title which our brain conferred upon him, in one of its baptismal vagaries, on account of his calling. One digression more, and then—

A benefit bill is stuck up above the mantel-shelf. Let us have a look at it. Lo! it bears the name of the before-mentioned **Frosty-faced Fogo**, who here styles himself successor to the big Bob Gregson - the Doctor Southey of the prize ring (the champion, as king of pugilists, ought to allow his laureate an annual butt of Meux's); and in support of his claim to the title, exhibits four lines of poetry at the foot of his bill, We will deal with them anon. The benefit, it seems, is to be taken at Howard's Coffee-house, St. James's Place, Aldgate; Peter Crawley has promised to bed his mawley in a muffle, for the **hoary-visag'd bard**; and the black diamond, Jem Ward, though recently defeated, [*January 2 1827*] will be cheerful, and set-to on the occasion with any man in the world. Could Achilles, Ajax, or "the King of men" himself, have done

more for Homer, had the great father of epics been breathing in their day? We think not. The rhymes of the laureate run thus:

Oh! Voelker! pride of Germany, and you, Professor Hamon,
Your ladders, horses, leaping-bars, to me are merely gammon;
The tight-roped ring, the high-low shoes, the bird's-eye, and elastics,—
Oh! one moment's gaze at these is worth an age of your gymnastics.

I'faith, **Fogo**, we agree with thee.

[*This Benefit bill was duplicated in Bell's on January 21st* ⁶¹ The Benefit took place on the 30th January, see p. 122]

Note to Fogo's verse: Mr. Voelker, a native of Germany, opened a gymnasium at No. 1, Union-place, in the New-road, near the Regent's-park. His method appeared in "The Every-Day Book," William Hone, pub. 1825. An illustration appears in The Examiner of December 11 1825.

M. Hamon was Professor of fencing and Director of the School for Gymnastic exercises 26, St. James' Street from 1824 onwards to 1840's.

Other books were published in 1827 that mention Fogo, but needn't tarry us here for long. "**Whitehall, or The days of George IV**," Ed. William Maginn, London W. Marsh, 1827, p. 180 has part of a poem attributed to Fogo, yet in 1823 it had appeared, in full, in **Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine** V. 14 July - Dec. where Maginn claims it as his *own* - which it most likely was! Also in 1827 was published the **Edinburgh Medical & Surgical Journal** vol. 23, p. 84-94, 1827 [reprinted in **Anti-Nemo** 1832] which has several references to **Frosty Faced Fogo (Johnny)**. Frosty never went to Scotland, as far as we know, but his name is used to denigrate or belittle opponents in academic rivalry - the expression '**Frosty-faced Fogo**, Poland, and Lunacy,' seem to have particular significance. The point of mentioning the reference is that Frosty's name, fame and 'comical' reputation had spread as far as Scotland to be understood without any further explanation. [*transcriptions included in the expanded references*]

The next fight to take place was the much reported battle between Young Gas (Jonathan Bissell) and Yorkshire Robinson on the 23rd January near Monmouth Cap, for £200. There are good but varying reports in the *Morning Chronicle*, *The Sun*, *The Globe*, *Bell's Life in London*, *Weekly Dispatch* and *Pierce Egan's Life in London* among others. ⁶² Pierce Egan's account [which he largely repeated in *Boxiana*, 2nd Series Vol. 2, p. 505] gives the most colour and is repeated here with, where appropriate, some additions from the other reports;

THE LONDON RING OUT OF TOWN

CAPITAL PRIZE BATTLE

BETWEEN

"THE GAS" AND ROBINSON,
FOR 200 SOVEREIGNS,

At Monmouth Cap, 13 miles from the City of Hereford, and 146 from London.

Independent of two Reporters, and the Backer of "the Gas," not a single *Cockney* left his *tinney*, to witness the Mill between the above boxers: excepting those Lads of the Fancy, who always keep their "*weather eye*" up towards business, i.e. looking after the *blunt*. Therefore, in order to *accommodate* the spectators with comfortable standing places in waggons, Tom Oliver, Harry Holt, White-headed Bob, Stockmen, and **Rhyming Fogo**, arrived at Hereford a day or two before the battle. The distance of ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX MILES, must prove a subject worthy of consideration in the *dog-days*; but in the month of January, particularly at the present period, when the ground is covered with ice, and the snow and sleet *punishing* the out-door customers with a severity scarcely to be

withstood, the *gamest* of the *game*, with mugs of iron on the tops of their bodies, pronounced it "**NO GO!**" In fact, the London Fancy were completely shut out from witnessing the fight between Robinson and "The Gas" at Hereford.

[The *Dispatch* has it: A very few indeed of the London Fancy were game enough to brave the biting frosts and cutting winds of the present season, to take the live-long journey to Hereford for a second-rate fight; and those who did, had cause to repent their temerity. Across the wide open heaths of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, and over the hills of Herefordshire, the wintry blast driving clouds of snow before it, was almost unsupportably severe. Bandy within, and thick toggery without, were scarcely sufficient to support the citadel of life against General Frost's reiterated attacks. At length the city of Hereford was gained, and, by the fireside of **Tom Spring**, (*left*) at the sign of the Boothall, animation and cheerfulness again returned.

On Monday evening, the Ex-champion's house was crowded to an overflow; the *commoners* filled the lower rooms, while, above stairs, two of the scribes of the Ring presided over a large party of Hereford *swells*. Milling songs were sung, and milling toasts were given, and kind greetings were exchanged, till Tom's



61 270121B

62 270125MC, 270125S, 270125G, 270128B, 270128WD and 270128PELL

good wine, and the prospect of a busy day on the morrow, sent the party to repose. At this meeting, in consequence of an offer made by Ben Burn to back "*his Jem*" for 500*l.*, Brown, of Bridgenorth, came forward, and said that he wished for no noise or newspaper chaffing, but he would make a match for that sum, or for a thousand, to fight any man in England. This silenced Uncle Ben, upon *that visit*.]

The battle originally intended, (indeed according to the Articles) was fixed to take place between Halifax and the Metropolis. But in consequence of Tom Spring's letter from Hereford, on the 31st of December, to Pierce Egan, wherein he says, "I beg to state for your information, as well as for the interest of the men, that I will guarantee them 100*l.* if they will fight in this neighbourhood" - Also in a letter from Robinson, of the same date, who likewise states, "that if Gas does not accept the offer of 50*l.*, he shall expect to receive 50*l.* let the fight take place where it may" - And lastly, in another letter from Spring, on the 4th of January, he states, "that the Committee have agreed to place 50*l.* in the hands of Pierce Egan, on the morning of the day of fighting." In consequence of this *guarantee*, the Gas left London, accompanied by his second Dick Curtis, and took up their residence four miles beyond Hereford. The much lamented death of the late Duke of York occurring three days before the time fixed for the battle; of course it was postponed by mutual agreement, till the Tuesday after the funeral of his Royal Highness. On the arrival of Pierce Egan at Hereford, instead of his receiving the 50*l.* as a compensation for the expenses incurred by "the Gas," Spring urged, that owing to the interference of the magistrates, he was unable to fulfil his agreement; and that most of the subscribers had "*declared off*," as the day of fighting had been altered. This might be true; but, nevertheless, it did not reduce the expenses of Gas, (which amounted to upwards of 50*l.*) After considerable argument on the subject, the friends of "the Gas," thinking he had not been fairly dealt with, he was compelled to accept 25*l.* with a *promise* to DIVIDE, between the men, any subscriptions that might afterwards be collected. We have stated thus much, to shew how the London Fancy were "thrown out" of the above fight; likewise, to bear in mind, in future, "that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Owing to to the fight being postponed, a few of the *canters* ear-wigged the *beaks*, respecting the impropriety of suffering a prize battle to take place in the neighbourhood of Hereford, and *slangs* were issued for the capture of "the Gas" and the Pet of the Fancy. The latter heroes, with the utmost deference, bowed to the law, and accompanied the *traps* in a post chaise; but during their journey "the Pet," with the keenness of an Old Bailey solicitor, requested a sight of the *slang*, and perceiving they were not properly designated, he said, "My yokel, you are in the basket - we are not the *chaps* you want. If you detain us, I will bring an action for damages; however, to make you 'all right' to your masters, me and my friend, Mr. *broad-day*, will give you *leg bail*." - Then, opening the door of the chaise, out jumped Dick, followed by "the Gas." The astonished *yokels* were quite *abroad*, but attempted to pursue them. The Gas and the Pet, with the fleetness of grey-hounds, brushed over the fields, and jumped over the hedges with the agility of hunters. The *traps* were soon distanced, and out of *wind*; and the Pet and the Gas reached the *domus* in safety; laughing at the event, with an increased appetite to *punish* some roasted chickens.

[*Bell's* put this incident thus: The novelty of the *mill* among the "*pippins*" of Herefordshire excited a good deal of interest, and no small conversation; and as "secrets will out in the best of families," it so happened that one of those *beaks* who think fighting a deadly sin - and fighting men not far removed from a race of barbarians - felt it incumbent on him, lest the nerves of some of the fat *tabbies* in the vicinity of the Cathedral should be shocked by such a horrible "goings-on" within their atmosphere, to give notice that he would not suffer the peace to be broken in his bailiwick. In order to secure with more certainty the observance of his fiat, he issued a warrant for the apprehension of Young Gas, and his brother knight of the fist, the invincible *Pet*. This writ was duly executed, on Friday week, as the men were taking their customary walk, and they were very politely handed into a post-chaise in company with a constable. Dick, who has an eye to business, now thought it wise to see the instrument upon the authority of which the capture had been made. A peep was sufficient - and seeing that neither his own name or that of Gas (Jonathan Bissell) had been properly inserted, he declared that there was a "flaw in the indictment," and instantly opening the chaise door, he made a clean *bolt*, and followed by Gas, they both shewed a clean pair of heels, giving a "leg bail" for their future appearance. The provincial *trap* looked amazed, but the *birds* had flown, and he returned to town with the empty *cage* - probably more pleased than disappointed at being unable to execute an ungracious duty, although under the command of a *Military* Commander.]

Moreton, three miles from Hereford, was the place appointed by Spring; and it would have been "all right," if two or three busy people had not interfered, and injured the tradesmen of the City of Hereford. The magistrates, with the utmost politeness, sent a letter to Spring on the Monday preceding the fight - stating, the battle must not take place in Hereford. The admirers of the Art of Self-Defence in this city, were extremely angry at the above *baulk* being put upon their amusement; and several written placards were stuck up in the different parts of the town; the following one we have selected:-

"Ten commandments came from Heaven.
We always thought them right;
But Major Fop, to make eleven.
Exclaims, "Thou shalt not fight."

The City of Hereford did not exhibit anything like that *bustle* on the Monday preceding the fight which might have been anticipated: but during the whole of the day, Booth Hall, (Spring's House) was like a fair; and in the evening, every room in the tavern was crowded to an overflow. Two Gents from London filled the chairs for the select part of the company, and the night was dedicated to harmony. Several excellent songs were given by the Herefordshire boys; and the whole passed off with the utmost good humour. During the evening several bets were made in favour of the Gas - at TWO to one. Upon Uncle Ben's offering to back "*his Jem*" (by the bye, a kind of *ruse de guerre*, not meaning his nephew) against any man in England, Brown, who was present, immediately threw up his hat, and said, "he would fight any man in the world for 500*l.* aside. He did not consider himself a pretender; but he would not suffer

a challenge to be given in his presence without offering an answer to it." *Immense applause*. The *darkey* was finished in a spirited style, and the lads retired to their *dabs*, anticipating a good fight on the next day, between the Gas and Robinson, at *Monmouth Cap*, the place appointed, being one mile beyond the bounds of Herefordshire.

Long before day-light on the Tuesday morning the waggon train was in motion, and Oliver, Holt, **Fogo**, and white-head Bob, had by 11 o'clock, formed a most capacious ring, calculated to please everybody.

[More fully detailed in *Bell's*: We now proceed to more important details. As early as four o'clock on Tuesday morning, the Acting Commissary, **Frosty-Faced Fogo**, (called 'Rhyming' Fogo by Egan in *Boxiana* 2nd series II, p. 505) in the absence of Old Bill Gibbons, whose age forbade so long a journey, and a long list of the waggon train, including Tom Oliver, Bob Baldwin, Stockman, and others proceeded to Monmouth Cap, the new ground named, and there in a field, capacious and admirably adapted for the purpose, formed the outer ring of two and thirty waggons, within which the stakes were pitched. This was close to a beautiful little inn, y'clept "The Monmouth Cap," where drops of comfort were freely bestowed to all customers. The distance from Hereford was about thirteen miles - an easy stage; and as the morning advanced, the inhabitants of that town and the surrounding country, "gentle and simple," were seen on the *toddle* for the scene of action. Vehicles of every description were called into requisition; and, in defiance of a nipping frost, sufficient to cool the courage of the verriest *fire-eater* that ever fought a duel in Cunamarra - upwards of 4000 persons were in due time assembled.]

The streets in Hereford, soon after nine o'clock in the morning, was all life and bustle: the inhabitants, both male and female, were at their doors, and looking out of their windows, bowing and cheering the Fancy on the road to the Fight. The morning was delightful, the sun giving animation to the scene - the prospect interesting - the Black mountains in Wales covered with snow; in fact, every part of the surrounding country was highly attractive to the stranger. The appearance of the road was extremely gay, lively, and stylish; although no fours-in-hand displayed the high-bred *Corinthians* yet post-chaises, gigs, waggons, carts, in fact, every vehicle that could be had for miles round the scene of action, were rattling along to be in time at Monmouth Cap. The *toddlers*, (in this instance, the old phrase does not apply, and) *gallopers* would be far more correct. - Thousands of fine healthy looking young men, strange to say, yet true, kept up by the side of the carriages a distance of thirteen miles with tolerable ease, never *flagging* at all; nay, getting before the vehicles: forcibly shewing the superiority of pure air, exercise, and the advantages resulting from a country life over the confined *smokey* situation of the Metropolis. The men, under the care of their seconds, arrived in post-chaises at the sign of the Cap, (a small public house) between eleven and twelve o'clock.

"The Gas," as game as a pebble, and as lively as a game cock, refused to go to bed, (the usual practice) but remained conversing with his friends, until the time arrived to enter the ring. Robinson, on the contrary, tried the effects of a *dab* - he said "he was cold, and wished to get himself *warm*; but was perfectly ready to appear at the *scratch* when ordered by Spring." The appearance of the ring was truly interesting, - to behold waggons full of jolly-faced farmers, and thousand of pedestrians, with *mugs* of the most healthful hue; indeed, a finer race of men we never witnessed; also, lots of the *fair sex* anxious to get a *peep* at the "good ones," or, in a more intelligible phrase, "none but the brave deserve the fair!" Several *swells*, of the first water, were permitted to take their seats near the ring; and, during the course of our long attendance upon the P. R. we never beheld a motley group so *polite* and *attentive* to orders; not a man left his place; in fact, it was equal to a gentleman sitting in his parlour by his fire-side, and looking out of a window at any passing object. Such was the correctness of the state of the ring at Monmouth Cap. At a few minutes past one o'clock, Robinson, in a poodle coat and mother of pearl buttons, attended by Spring and Harry Holt, threw his topper into the ring. He was received with loud shouts of applause. Immediately afterwards, "the Gas" appeared, and repeated the token of defiance; he was attended by the Pet of the Fancy (in a Welch caxon *i.e.* wig) and Uncle Ben. The Gas was not much noticed by the spectators. Spring tied up the colours, *red* for the Gas, over it - saying, we shall win it." "Stop a bit," replied Spring, "we'll have a try for it."

ROUND 1. On *peeling* the Gas appeared in tip-top condition - gay as a lark, confident as a Cribb, a smiling countenance, and eager to "go to work." Robinson, on the contrary, looked pale and *chilly*; and to our *ogles* as if to be then rather *over-trained*. The ceremony of shaking hands had scarcely been performed, when "the Gas" made an offer or two, but Robinson was *down*. "The Gas" hit out with his left hand, but the Yorkshire lad was again *leary*, and seemed quite satisfied that he had a "good one" before him. "The Gas" made play right and left, but nothing was the matter: in fact, he was too eager to do *mischief*. Robinson was cautious, and acted upon the defensive; and some little sparring occurred between them. "The Gas" again made play, and planted one or two clumsy thumps - Robinson retreated; "the Gas," however, followed his adversary, anxious to administer *pepper*: a left-handed blow of the latter told on the side of the Yorkshire lad's neck. "The Gas," full of vigour, determined to punish his opponent, but Robinson got away, and went down. "It is all your own, Gas, he don't like it," observed a London backer. "He went down unhandsonely."

2. The attitude of Robinson was pretty - he held up his hands well; and the science he displayed convinced the spectators he was not ignorant of the art of boxing. Robinson, with much dexterity, planted a facer with his right hand (bravo! from his friends). Some little sparring. Counter hits, and Jack as good as his master. Robinson again nobbed his opponent. An exchange of blows. The Gas, with out-and-out courage, went boldly up to his man - Robinson retreated, and fell down upon his hands. The London people again exclaimed, "it's all up. He has gone down unhandsonely - without a blow!" "He could not help it," said Spring, "he slipped down owing to the state of the ground: but he shall soon shew you some play!" "First blood," cried Curtis and Burns, "see the *claret* in Robinson's mouth?" "It is not so," replied Spring, applying his handkerchief to the face of Robinson.

3. The qualities displayed by the "Yorkshire lad" in this round electrified the ring; more especially the backers of Gas. "Do as I told you," said Spring. Robinson planted a severe *fibber*; and "the Gas," like a hero, went and fought gaily with his adversary, but had the worst of the punishment. The ground was slippery, and the Gas in turning round, received such a tremendous blow on his left *peeper* from the right hand of Robinson that put him all *abroad* in an instant. He fought or rather scrambled to get at his antagonist like a man in the dark. Robinson *nobbing* him with the utmost certainty, the *claret* streaming down the cheeks of the Gas, when Robinson finished the round by hitting the "brave Gas off his legs." *The shouts and huzzas from the country folks operated like a roar of artillery, with "Robinson for ever."* "I say," cried a Yokel to his friend, "The *Lununer* has napt it - the Gas is almost out - he'll soon be in the dark." This round decided the first blood and the first knock down blow.

4. "The Gas," on being brought to the *scratch* appeared quite stupid; his left eye was swelled up, and his cheek exhibited severe marks of *punishment*. In fact, he did not know whether he was *in* or *out* of the ring. Robinson in this round did almost as he *liked* with his opponent - the Gas merely put up his hands. The *pepper* he received was truly severe until he went down. Another

tremendous shout from the Yokels, clapping of hands, and other demonstrations of joy. In fact, the country folks appeared wild at the success obtained by Robinson. The backers of Gas, although they valued his *game qualities*, began to look *blue*; and their countenances manifested great doubts upon the subject. Tom Oliver, however, to keep up the spirits of the friends of Gas, loudly vociferated, "four to one on Gas!" "That won't do here, Tommy!" replied Spring.

5. "Why the Gas can't fight at all!" said his backers, "what is he about?" The Gas endeavoured to make a hit but Robinson stopped him, in the most scientific style. Some exchanges of blows, when the men fought into a close; but the Gas by superior strength broke away. Robinson with considerable judgment waited for his man, administered a lot of pepper, until he went down, his face covered with *claret*. "Well done, York!" but the country people did not appear inclined to sport any money; and felt quite satisfied with the two to one, in several instances, which they had obtained on the preceding evening.

6. Robinson now, was decidedly the hero of the tale. The Gas resolutely endeavoured to go in; but Robinson *jobbed* his nob with the utmost ease. In closing, a most desperate struggle occurred to obtain the throw, when both went down, Robinson undermost. "Bravo, Gas!" but his backers were positively down upon their luck.

7. Robinson waited for his man, and got away from a heavy right-handed hit of the Gas. "He's coming to plant upon you," said Curtis, "be awake." Some blows were exchanged; but Robinson had the best of them. Sparring for wind on the part of the Gas: the latter hit short, Robinson again used the *pepper-box*; and in struggling for the throw, the Gas went down undermost.

8. The Gas came smiling to the scratch, and appeared a "tiny bit" better. He let fly and planted a teaser on the body of Robinson; this brought on a severe rally, and both men did their duty like "good ones." Hit for hit, till the Gas was again down, and undermost.

9. The Gas was terribly *distressed*: all his wind was gone; but his *pluck* never deserted him. He was now cautious against his will; and sparred for a little time. Gas got away from *pepper* well; but at length he made himself up for *mischief*: Severe counter hits. "Go it," said Dick, "he cannot hurt you!" The Gas, like a lion, rushed in, when Robinson retreated from the fury of his opponent, and fell with his belly upon the ropes.

10. Gas's left eye was almost in darkness, and the side of his face terribly bruised. A Pause. Gas missed with his left hand; but, nevertheless, he bored in to *mill*. Robinson got away. Caution on both sides. A short rally, but some heavy blows were exchanged between them. The claret was trickling down the cheeks of Gas, and also from his nose. In closing, a most desperate struggle ensued; when, with great difficulty, Gas got Robinson down. "Well done, Gas!" Fifteen minutes had elapsed.

11. Curtis whispered to Gas, when the latter rushed in furiously, but Robinson apprehensive of the consequences, endeavoured to get away, and slipped down.

12. This was a most capital round on both sides. Robinson very steadily viewed his opponent. Neither of the combatants in a hurry to commence offensive operations. A severe rally commenced, in which the superior fighting of Robinson told to great advantage. Hit for hit, and no flinching, until the Gas was punished to a complete *stand-still*, when he fell down quite exhausted. The Yokels all alive; and "Robinson forever" was the cry; but yet they did not like to sport their *blunt*.

13. It appeared now to be the general opinion, that Robinson must win the battle; in fact, in the phrase of the Ring, "he has got his opponent," and the fight was in his own hands. The fine science of Robinson was admired by every spectator; and the backers of Gas exclaimed, "this man has been underrated!" Robinson stopped the Gas at every attempt - and the *claret* was all over his face. In closing, Robinson tried all his strength to obtain the throw, but the Gas by a desperate effort, gave the Yorkshire lad an ugly cross-buttock. "Well done, Gas, you have shook him."

14. Robinson planted a *jobber* that almost sent the nob of his opponent off his shoulders. He followed up his success, and hit Gas down on his knees, but he jumped up like "one of the bravest of the brave" to renew the battle. Burns made the Gas sit down upon his knee.

15. This was a good milling round, on both sides. The Gas desperate, quite wild, hit almost any how to do mischief. Robinson here delighted us with the knowledge he displayed of fighting - he retreated in a gentle manner from the fury of his adversary, and kept *nobbing* him as he advanced. The Gas distressed beyond description, went down. "O the poor *Lunnuner*," from the Country-folks, "to come all this way to be *licked*!"

16. The Gas could not turn the battle in his favor; and had he not have proved himself a very game man, he must have surrendered the battle long before this period of the fight to Robinson. The Yorkshire lad stopped several blows in beautiful style; the Gas, ultimately, planted a heavy body hit. In closing, at the Ropes, Robinson fibbed the Gas down.

17. Curtis now became vociferous in the extreme; he foresaw the danger of the Gas, and endeavoured to rouse him from his stupor. Robinson again *jobbed* his opponent with the utmost ease; in fact, the Gas was almost at his service, and he was driven to a corner of the ring against the stakes. In struggling for the throw, the Gas was down and undermost. Indeed it was 20 to 1, in favour of Robinson.

18. Notwithstanding the fight was going against the Gas, he always came up to the scratch as *game* as a *pebble*; but it was evident to every judge of boxing, that he had never recovered the stupifying effects of the third round. Robinson again stopped and hit well in this round; but in closing, Robinson went down and was undermost.

19. The Yorkshire lad appeared a little fatigued from his exertions; but he was steady, and looked well to do his work. Robinson made play and did some execution: the Gas, however, felt for his body once or twice, rather heavily. In closing, at the ropes, Robinson held his opponent as tight in his arms as if the Gas had been screwed up in a vice, not a Cornish hug, but what is termed in Yorkshire *screw*. Curtis, seeing his danger, called out to him to "go to down." the Gas after suffering severely fell upon the grass. 20. This round was short but decidedly in favour of Robinson. The Yorkshire lad went to work, and Gas could not stop him. Hit for hit, until the game, brave man of Gas, went down, and Robinson also fell upon his opponent.

21. The Gas was rather better, in consequence of Curtis pulling him by his ears during the short time that he sat upon Dick's knee. Until this period, (he has since declared), he was in a sort of *doldrum*. The voice of Dick appeared like new life to him: and he went up to the *scratch* with something like recollection that he was fighting in the Prize Ring. Robinson began to show symptoms of *distress*. On setting-to, Robinson planted another *jobber*, this hit made the Gas more *awake*: he returned the compliment with interest, also followed up his opponent with severity. Robinson turned round to avoid the *punishment*, and fell down. In this round the right hand told heavily under the right *peeper* of Robinson - and the *claret* ran down profusely. "The Gas for 100l." says Curtis.

22. The Gas pushed his success, and immediately went to *work*. Robinson had now done his best, and the fight was leaving of him. The Gas planted left and right cleverly, and in struggling for the throw, Robinson went down flat on his back - the Gas slap upon him, and the *abdomen* of Robinson suffered severely. Gas 3 to 1 - his friends all happiness, and once more in the stirrups. The Yokels were all placed on the list of *dummies*!

23. Robinson appeared at the scratch quite an *altered* man; his eyes had lost their animation - his knees trembled, and it was evident he could not last long. The Gas now took the lead and planted a *bodier*. Robinson closed, and obtained the throw, The Gas was undermost. Ben Burns offered 200 to 100l. and stake - "We shall win in two minutes," observed Uncle Ben.

24. Short, but sweet to The Gas, victory appeared in view. The Gas was coming round, but most certainly, he was not in his perfect senses; he hit quite at random, but Robinson was of no use. The Gas was undermost in going down.

25 and last. The left-hand of The Gas felt for his opponent's *nob*; and Robinson, although quite feeble, returned a facer. But the scene had changed so much in the favour of Gas, that it was a "GUINEA to a *shilling*," and no chance to lose. Robinson made a last effort to obtain the throw, but he went down like a log of wood, and the Gas upon him. Spring lifted Robinson up, and placed him upon the knee of Holt, but he was quite insensible. When time was called, which in the bustle and confusion of the scene, was nearly a minute, Robinson could not rise, and The Gas was declared the victor, amidst loud shouts of the spectators.

The battle was over in thirty-five minutes.

REMARKS.

THE old adage in the above fight was completely verified, that a "*battle is not lost until it is WON!*" The qualities of the Gas were *blazing* in the extreme, as one of the *gamest* men that ever appeared in the P. R.; but as a scientific boxer, his talents were not *brilliant*. The greatest admirers of the Gas, all unite, that he did not fight with *judgment*; and this, most certainly, did appear to be the fact, to all the spectators on the ground. However, in the scale of merit, some allowance ought to be made for the *stunning* hit he received on his head in the third round. He never recovered from the severity of its effects during the fight; nay, more, for some hours after the battle was at an end. The GAS had not the slightest recollection of his being quite *abroad* during the fight: and when in the post-chaise, in company with his seconds, on his return to Hereford, he would not admit that he had any of the *worst* of it. Both Ben Burns and Dick Curtis asserted, that the senses of the GAS were completely hit out of him; and all their efforts to awake him from his state of stupor, were useless. At one time of the fight, it was 100 to one against his *winning*; and nothing else but *game* of the richest quality could have enabled the GAS to have withstood so much *punishment*. Curtis exerted himself till he was *hoarse*; and the victory of the Gas, may, in a great measure, be attributed to the exertion of his seconds. The battle was won out of the fire. Robinson is not only an elegant boxer, but a most effective fighter. He stops with great precision: he hits well with both hands: and views the movements of his adversary with the coolness of an experienced general. There is no comparison between the *stamina* of the combatants. The GAS is of a hardy nature, and capable of undergoing great bodily fatigue: he does not *flinch* from *punishment*: and to use his own words, he would sooner have parted with his life than have lost the battle. He thinks it quite impossible that any man of his weight can obtain a conquest over him. The frame of Robinson is of a more *delicate* quality - he can *give* tremendously, but he cannot *take* in the same degree. If report speaks true, Robinson has also been a *gay liver*; and as the hero of a travelling company of horsemen, in the various *lively scenes* in which the Yorkshire Lad has played his part in different towns in England, *training*, it is urged, has not always been his *forte*. Robinson did not appear to us to be in good health; and a few of the spectators wished to infer that he went down *twice*, not in the *gamest* style of fighting. It might be termed Robinson's *first* appearance in the Prize Ring; and we have no doubt, fight who he may of his weight, he will prove a very troublesome, if not a dangerous customer, in his SECOND appearance before the patrons of boxing. [*Bell's* stated that Robinson 'was beaten rather by exhaustion than by punishment']

We recollect a few years since, witnessing a boxer *go down* almost every round in a fight; but in all of his succeeding battles, he was proclaimed throughout the Fancy, as the greatest *glutton*, and out-and-out *game* pugilist that ever *peeled*. We therefore do not like to condemn *rashly*; or to form *hasty* judgments. The *punishment* which the GAS received upon his head was terrific; but his body has scarcely a *mark* upon it. Robinson was carried out of the ring in a state of *stupor*; and upon a medical man being called in to bleed the Yorkshire lad, the blood refused to follow the incision made by the lancet. Robinson returned in the course of the afternoon to Spring's house, and complained of great pain in his abdomen; and difficulty in breathing. The Gas was in Hereford within an hour after the battle, but requested to be put to bed. Robinson was *underrated* by his opponents - he was looked upon merely as a *sparrer*; and in opposition to the Gas, it was said, he would not have the slightest chance to win the battle. The contrary, however, has proved the fact. - Robinson is a capital artist; he is well versed in the science; can also *stop* well, and hit hard, and with a little more experience, (if he intends to follow Pugilism as a pursuit) he is calculated to rise higher in the Prize Ring.

[*Bell's* added: It is expected that both men will shew at Holt and Baldwin's Benefit, to-morrow, at the Tennis Court, when all the "nobs" will set-to.

There was a second fight, between Bill Smith [the Herefordshire Youth], who fought the Bristol Pieman, and a *pal* of Stockman's, for a purse of 10*l*. The latter won, after a contest of ten rounds. [*Bell's*- The Pie Boy was seconded by Stockman and **Fogo**, [*Dispatch* calls him Bill the Painter] Good and the Running Footman waited upon Smith]

[*note: FISTIANA officially recorded that Ben Smith of Hereford beat Bill Painter, at Monmouth Cap on Jan 23rd 1827 for 5*l*!.*] During the contests the greatest regularity prevailed among the assembled multitude; and, upon the whole, great satisfaction was afforded - with the usual exceptions.]

The *Dispatch* also appends an amusing 'Anecdote of the Fight':-

A PICTURE NO LIKENESS. - An artist at Hereford has perpetrated a libel on the countenance of Tom Spring, in the shape of a huge portrait. With all the pride of his profession, he was asking **Frosty-faced Fogo** for an opinion on its merits (for **Jack** is a connoisseur in his way). "It is very well done," said **Frosty** "but one thing is wanting." "And what is that?" eagerly demanded the artist. "I'll tell you," answered **Jack**, with a comical grin, "You should have put Tom's name underneath it - because then, don't you see, we should have known whose portrait it was without inquiring".

The *Globe* and *Star* reported on the 30th the aforementioned Benefit at Howard's Coffee House; ⁶³

The renowned **Frosty-faced Fogo**, to whom the Herefordshire *Fancy* think more honour is due, as a poet, than to many of those whose fame is handed down to posterity in Westminster Hall, will take a benefit this evening at Howard's Coffee-house, Aldgate, where the new roped ring affords every facility to the heroes of the fist. Jem Ward, Young Gas, and a long list of *nobs*, have promised their *fives* on the occasion.

We have to be thankful that both the *Dispatch* and *Bell's* included notices of coming small events and added comical sketches to their output, otherwise we wouldn't be able to fill in the gaps in Frosty's life. Both papers recorded in their Saturday, February 11th issues that: ⁶⁴

Young Gas will mount a perch at Jack Martin's, Black Horse and Swan, Blackman-street, Borough, to-morrow evening, [12th] faced by **Frosty-faced Fogo**.

The same issue of *Bell's* also continued with their 'Portraits' series;

PORTRAIT OF JACK SCROGGINS

Though Jack Scroggins has not been altogether so fortunate in his fighting career as Jack the giant-queller, yet everybody will allow, that if *game* could always ensure victory, Jack's brows would have been as thickly covered with laurels as if he were heir apparent to the "original green man." He is well known as one of the best fighters of his day; but the scene of his warfare has not been confined within the limits of the *ropes* and *stakes*. It is to his credit that he has grappled with the enemies of his country on that element over which the flag of England now floats without a rival, since Nelson led the "lions of the deep" to consummate the work of glory which a race of heroes had begun. Under the fostering shade of that flag, Jack always displayed the inherent qualities of an English boxer, manly opposition to the enemy, and a generous forbearance to the vanquished.

But we believe that he never was so fond of *water* as his old father Neptune, but relished his grog whether at sea or on shore, all the better for its having like himself, a *sufficiency of spirit*. This true "bit of oak" is not only a hard hitter, but a *war* in his way, and full of fun and anecdote. His *masticators* are strong enough to crack either a biscuit or a joke, and though his *bons mots* are not of the most elegant order, they interest as the honest flashes of a temper naturally good-humoured and jovial. The artist has chosen a happy moment for his sketch: Jack is in the centre of the parlour of the Castle Tavern, Holborn, recounting, with a sailor's satisfaction, some of his early adventures. His swivel eyes glisten with delight while he recalls to mind the days of his youth. His (b)road face, that has borne the sun and storm of fair and foul weather for many years, seems kindling with the glow of proud recollections. His short, but hardy person, is all energy, & as he saws the air with his well-tried fists, he looks with confidence for the applause of his hearers. But with all his enthusiasm, Jack is not forgetful of the main chance, while he gives the history of the past, he *reconnoitres* in a way that shews he is far from being unmindful of the interests of the future. He never patronized the *Abernathy* system, and was always in his days of sea-faring, fonder of Spanish dollars than Spanish fasts. However, his knuckles may rest from the work of demolition - he has no desire to place his *ivories* on the peace-establishment; and whether on a cruise, or layed up in ordinary, has a natural capacity for giving a good account of the contents of the provision-room. On the present occasion, Jack indicates this habit of his pretty strongly, for while one *ogle* is fixed on the group that surrounds him, the other, by a happy obliquity of vision, is directed towards the larder, in which a plentiful store of *vittals* excites the sympathies of his stomach, the tone of which does not require a tincture of bark and port wine to digest the wing of an ostrich. In the back ground, we observe Tom Belcher good-naturedly smiling at his old friend and companion in arms, while he is prepared to reward his humorous narrative with a huge slice of roast beef, which he slyly holds on a fork behind his back. Some of the company, who see this action of Tom's, are grinning with the idea of the effect which the disclosure will make on Jack's nerves. Dick Curtis is pushing over to the honest tar a pot of heavy wet, to enable him to "moisten his whistle," and get with vigour to the end of his journey; while **Frosty-faced Fogo**, the Bard of the Prize Ring, seems attentively taking notes of the nautical exploits of *Scroggiana*. The costume of Jack is in perfect keeping - a black coat, which has its fellow in Monmouth-street; a pair of inexpressibles, lately dyed black in honour of the Duke of York; and a pair of boots, with patent tops, capacious enough for the paunch of an Alderman, on Lord Mayor's day. There is so much character in the figures, and the colouring is so natural and mellow, that if we did not know the subject, we might have mistaken it for a work of Hemskirk or Oxade [?]. The light which falls from the window of the apartment on Jack's face and person, is managed with skill; the little dog springing at the slice of beef, which Tom Belcher holds on the fork behind him, is a natural incident, and such, as we suppose, really occurred. Altogether, the design is capital, and the portraits of several of the Daffy Club give animation and identity to the piece.

The following week, on the 18th, *Bell's* reported the death of Rough Robin, aged 26 - showing the dangers that came with taking part in pugilism that happened *outside* the ring!

DEATH OF ROUGH ROBIN

We have this week to add the name of Rough Robin, of Manchester, to the list of the "departed" heroes of the Ring. Robin, it will be recollected, fought and beat Manning at Manchester, and was subsequently introduced to the London Fancy through the instrumentality of Josh Hudson. He fought two battles within the Metropolitan P.C. ropes and stakes, the one with Bundollock at Noman's-land, Hertfordshire, and the other with Gyblets at Bishop's Stortford, in both of which he was declared the winner. He then set out for Dublin in company with his old opponent, Manning, and, on the 21st of February last he fought a big Hibernian, named Jack Doyle, at Montpellier Hill near to that city. The *Pats*, finding that their hero in the high road to defeat, broke in the ring, and with their *shillelas* played "Hell and Jemmy," as the Lord Chancellor has it, with poor Robin's *nob*. The fight was, of course, at an end, but, to the credit of the *Milesian Fancy*, Robin got the stake money, from a clear conviction that he must have won. He subsequently returned to Manchester; but he often said he never got the better of the effects of the Irish *blackthorn*, which was always a *thorn* in his side. He was, however, open to another *match*, and actually ventured on a *wife*. Whether this event contributed to expedite his passage into the other world or not, the medical men have not pronounced; but it is clear he was not able to "come again;" and that hardy frame, which has so often tumbled *on the turf*, has now been decently laid *beneath* it. He was a harmless inoffensive fellow, and was much respected in his calling, which, we believe, was that of porter, in the Manchester market, - His age was 26.

That issue of *Bell's* and the issue of the *Dispatch* on the same date gave notice of another coming Fogo venue.⁶⁵

Jem Ward was well supported on Thursday evening at little Charley's, the Bull's-head, Hungerford-market: upwards of a hundred respectable persons dropped in to take a glass and hear a song with the Black Diamond. - **Frosty-faced Fogo**, the poet, mounts the perch at the same house, Thursday next.

Pierce Egan's also gave notice, but included a disparaging sentiment, as usual, about the coming Fogo event:⁶⁶

Jem Ward was well supported on Thursday last, at Charley Aistrop's Free and Easy; and **Fogo**, the Rhymer, flatters himself he can bring a greater number of persons on Thursday next, at the Bull's Head, Hungerford Market, than his predecessor.

These Benefits and gatherings didn't always go to plan, possibly there were too many of them, the *Dispatch* also on the 18th covered one that had taken place on the 13th at the Tennis Court - just one day *after* Young Gas and Fogo had appeared at Jack Martin's Black Horse and Swan!

YOUNG GAS'S BENEFIT

The interior of the Tennis Court [*right*] presented but a meagre aspect on Tuesday last - the muster was not great, and *Gas*, we fear, did not *gain* much by his *benefit*. No man on the list is more worthy of support than he - none deserves better of the public and of the pugilists. A variety of causes might be mentioned for the thinness of the audience on this occasion; but we are at a loss to account for the conduct of the best professors of the fistic art, in neglecting to exhibit their talents for the support of a *fellow-tradesman*, and the amusement of his friends. This is an old complaint, and it was never made on stronger grounds than the present: - for, of all the bouts exhibited on Tuesday, scarcely one could be called a display of science - they were, almost from beginning to end, a series of *attempts* by fifth-raters and novices. Even when a good man did mount the stage, he was opposed to some untaught and unknown pretender, and therefore, having it all his own way, - like a Methodist parson in his *tub*, - the set-to was nothing like equal, and was not otherwise interesting, than as showing the immense advantages of science - which, bye-the-bye, is as well known already, and has been as fully proved as the stupendous learning of Dr. Johnson and **Frosty-faced Fogo!**



Another Benefit took place at the Tennis Court on Monday, the 19th February, for Ned O'Neal, 'the Streatham Youth' and a decision had to be taken as to where his coming battle with Tom Cannon, 'the Great Gun of Windsor' would take place. What happened was reported in the *Morning Advertiser* as follows;⁶⁷

While the congregation assembled in the Court were edified by the display of the performers, the knowing ones were in difficulty as to the place where the battle was to be fought. Mr. Jackson had been chosen to determine this point, but that gentleman finding the friends of each man wished a particular spot to be appointed, prudently declined to interfere. Until four o'clock the knotty point was not settled. About that hour, the friends of O'Neal and the backers of Cannon met in a private room adjoining the Tennis Court, attended by Mr. Thomas Belcher, Mr. Harry Harmer, Mr. Harry Holt, and some other gentlemen of the P. R. The point then came under discussion in the presence of O'Neal. The friends of O'Neal stated that they wished the fight to take place on Lowfield Common, about three miles from Ryegate, in Sussex, and suggested, as a very substantial reason for the selection of this spot, that if they were interrupted by the "beaks" of one county, an "oak tree" only divided them from Kent, and the length of a "wipe" only partitioned them from another county. O'Neal said he had a pointed objection to fighting in Surrey, because his honour was pledged to the Magistrates that he would not do so; but he liked Sussex, as it would not interfere with his pledge.

A friend of Cannon's, who had come to town from Windsor, expressly for the purpose of ascertaining the spot, said that Cannon authorised him to toss on his account, provided he selected "Penly, or Penton Hook, in the county of Middlesex, as the "arena." An objection being taken as to the spot, Cannon's friend agreed to the appointment of Wingfield-plain, in Berks, if he won.

Cannon's friend cried "heads," and "heads" it "were." Everybody then cleared out, and the "knowing-ones" took to the road; "albeit," as **Frosty-face-Fogo** says, "the wind was enough to freeze the buttons off your coat."

Unfortunately no reporter gave details of the Commissary and there is no evidence that Fogo actually witnessed the fight. *The Oxford University and City Herald* recorded that "The fight was lost by Cannon in the 19th round. O'Neal struck him a tremendous straight-forward hit right on the face, which knocked him a distance of at least fifteen feet backwards, from the centre to the corner of the ring - This grogged Cannon and O'Neal then went in and finished that round. In all the three last rounds Cannon had no effective use of his left hand; and his friends asserted, after the fight, that both shoulders were dislocated. The contest lasted thirty-three minutes."

The Advertiser considered that "Cannon came in the ring after having lost the battle, and appeared not so much punished as O'Neal."

⁶⁵ 270218B, 270218WD

⁶⁶ 270218PELL

⁶⁷ 270221MA, fight also covered in 270223SNL, 270224OU, 270224WW, 270225B

The next fight that we know Frosty *did* attend took place on February 27th at Andover and was between Dick Curtis and Barney Aaron with a second fight, between Young Dutch Sam and Gypsy Cooper. These fights were also reported in the *Morning Chronicle*, *Sun*, *Globe* and *Hereford Journal* on the 28th Feb. and many other newspapers in the following days, none of which mention **Fogo**, nor is he mentioned in the weekly *Bell's* or *Dispatch* on the 4th March, but for once we have to be grateful to *Egan's* for proving his presence. This is surely evidence that he attended many more fights than we know but that his presence wasn't noted in the Press! ⁶⁸

AN OUT AND OUT DAY'S PLAY AT ANDOVER
BETWEEN
DICK CURTIS AND BARNEY AARON
FOR 200 SOVEREIGNS.

The above mill had excited considerable interest for the last two years throughout the Sporting World; and, as Barney observed to his friends, it was "long looked for come at last; and it was also a day he had long wished for to arrive, in order to decide who was the best man." ANDOVER, in the county of Hants, was the spot selected for the scene of action; and behind the Queen Charlotte public house, the stage was erected; directly opposite the field in which Spring defeated Neate in 1825, one mile from the Town. In consequence of the numerous friends of Curtis, it was deemed necessary by the partisans of Aaron, that the men should fight upon a stage, to prevent any thing like foul play. The inhabitants of Andover behaved like *trumps* towards the fancy; and their conduct was so truly liberal that it would be a shame to withhold the information from the sporting circles. The stage was erected free of expense; and also upwards of forty waggons were sent to form the ring, gratuitously, by the jolly farmers contiguous to the neighbourhood of Andover. Good luck to them! in fact, the inhabitants were liberal to the *milling coves* to the end of



Dick Curtis

Round 1. The PET, on *peeling*, gave great delight and satisfaction to his numerous friends in the *Fancy*; the effects of a *cold* were out of the question, and his *condition* was acknowledged to be quite *tip-top*! He might have been compared to the finest race-horse for *blood*, *game*, and *bone*: in fact, the *tout-ensemble* of the PET was the picture of a fine framed man, in *miniature*: and the advantages of *training* were never seen to greater advantage. His arms were beautiful. The *Star of the East* was equally *slap-up* - he had done everything to improve his strength during his days of trial; and he appeared at the scratch, a robust, vigorous, athletic young man. In point of elegance, ease, and grace, ANGELO, O'SHAUGNESSY, or ROLAND, with the *foils*, could not have exhibited a more corresponding degree of taste with the polite accomplishments of fencing, than did the attitudes and arms of CURTIS and AARON exhibit in the ruder Art of Self-Defence. Both of the combatants were armed *cap-à-pè*: it was an eye against an *ogle* - TOE for *toe* - arm opposed to arm - *leariness* against caution - if one was *down* the other was *up* - it was, "I won't have it!" on both sides; in short, it was diamond *cut* diamond; or perhaps, more properly speaking, when "GREEK meets GREEK, then comes the tug of war!" Such were the boxers opposed to each other in this great trial of *skill*. Barney, unlike the characters of his *milling* in his previous battles, preferred the "*look-out*," to the RUSH; he being well aware of the great talents, judgment, and finishing qualities of his opponent, and was determined not to give the slightest *chance* away. The PET, like an accomplished general in the art of war, soon perceived that his adversary was nothing else but a *rum one*; also, he was not to be *gammoned* upon old suits; and that nothing but the utmost skill was necessary to be with him up on any point. For several minutes the spectators were delighted with the extreme caution displayed on both sides; and at the same time, the *readiness* with which Curtis and Aaron displayed, should any *opening* offer for the exercise of their fists. Curtis looked almost, as it were, into the "very soul" of his adversary; and the *richness* of the Jew's eye, was equally of a penetrating description. In the phraseology of the ring, Barney *waited* for the PET to commence offensive operations; but Curtis finding that nothing could be done without great danger to himself, retreated slowly towards the corner of the stage, the *Star of the East* following him, yet acting with the greatest caution. The interest of the scene was now immense; and every *peeper* upon the stretch to witness *mischiefe*. The anxiety displayed by the combatants was interesting in the extreme, to obtain the advantage. Barney

the chapter. The unsettled state of the weather prevented many of the old Ring Goers leaving their *tinies*; and the dangers of damp *dabs* also rendered the road extremely quiet. Scarcely a London *swell* was seen upon the ground. Salisbury and other towns within a few miles of the place of fighting, produced lots of customers on the evening previous to the battle, and likewise upon the morning dedicated to *milling*. These arrivals occasioned a trifling *stir* in the town of Andover, but it was nothing like the bustle compared to the day when Spring and Neate fought.

Curtis and Sam took up their quarters at the White Hart Inn; and Barney Aaron and Gypsey Cooper at the Catherine Wheel, exactly opposite their opponents. Some trifling betting occurred at the above houses; but Curtis and Sam were decidedly the favourites, at 6 and 5 to 4. The boxers mustered strongly upon this occasion at Andover, headed by Jem Ward, O'Neale, Tom Oliver, Ben Burns, Young Gas, Harry Holt, Redman, &c., with **Fogo** and Fishwick as make-weights to the Waggon Train. At one o'clock, Barney arm-in-arm with Mr. Nathan and Jem Ward, ascended the stage, amidst loud cheers. Curtis attended by his backer, Hudson, and Ben Burns, soon put in their appearance, and was also well received. Barney and Curtis shook hands together with the utmost good humour. Jem Ward won the toss. The handkerchiefs, a kind of straw colour for Curtis (English manufacture), and a deep red with a yellow spot for Barney, were tied up to the stakes. The Umpires and Referee were appointed; 6 to 4 on Curtis when the mill commenced:-

[the ring erected by Tom Oliver and his assistants - *Bell's*].

68 270304PELL but see also 270304B and 270304WD [plus *Boxiana* Ser. 2, II p. 277 & *Pugilistica* Vol. II p. 492]

with great spirit and *tact* went into work, and gave Dick *pepper* with his right and left hand on his face, (*Beautiful! from the Sheenies!*) The PET countered slightly. Barney in closing endeavoured to *fib* his opponent, but Dick *bolted*, (*Hallo! what's the matter?*) and cleverly got out of *trouble*. The PET soon again met his man, an exchange of blows followed, and in closing, they tried the strength of each other severely, when both went down, Curtis undermost. Loud shouting for Barney, and "*where's your two to one?*" The *claret* was also seen on Dick's mouth. "First blood," was then declared in favour of Aaron.

2. Curtis had always entertained a good opinion respecting the milling qualities of his opponent, but he was now completely satisfied that he was not only a troublesome customer, and a much better man than any who had previously stood before him. *Slow* and *Sure* appeared the Order of the day on both sides. Aaron was not to be had by any stratagem practised by Curtis. The latter, however, gradually retired to the end of the stage, Barney in attendance upon his adversary. Counter hits were given, and both *told*. The Jew went into *work* in the most manly style; and the counter-hits were admired by all of the spectators. In closing, Barney endeavoured to fib his opponent, but the *pet* also returned *hard* and fast, and it was difficult to say which had the best of it. Barney was ultimately thrown, but Dick also went down. The PET-ites now began to let loose their *red rags*, and Curtis received shouts of applause.

3. This round was as long as Paterson's Road Book. Both of their *mugs* exhibited the *handy* works of each other; and Barney's *peepers* had been measured for a "*suit of mourning!*" The PET was cautious, and his face bespoke that he had all his work to do to change the battle decidedly in his favour. Barney was equally shy and kept a good *look out*. Curtis finding that he could not successfully make an impression, tried once more the *retreating* system, but Barney was after him, and his blows were skilfully stopped by the PET. Counter hitting and Jack as good as his master. Curtis's right eye received a sharp *taste*; and the Jew had the favour returned with interest. A pause and nothing like *mischief* for a short period. Barney at length let fly on the PET's *chaffing-box*, and the *claret* followed, which appeared rather troublesome to Curtis. The admirers of scientific fighting had a perfect treat - both of the men being prepared at every point. Curtis seemed rather fatigued, put down his hands for an instant, and the Jew followed his example. The truth is - the conduct of Barney not only surprised all his friends, but astonished the backers of Curtis; and the *disinterested* part of the audience viewed it as a doubtful thing. Barney again went to work and planted two successful hits. Some sharp exchanges occurred between them; in closing *fibbing* was the order of the day on both sides; and the *pepper* box changed hands in the most rapid succession. The men broke ground, and Dick adopted his skilful mode of retreating. The *Star of the East* went after him, and in the corner of the stage planted a severe blow on his throat, which made Dick *gulp* again, as if he was compelled to swallow blood from the effects of the blow. In closing, after a severe struggle, Curtis went down undermost, and Barney upon one knee, "Vell done, Barney," from the *Sheenies*. The backers of Curtis, although not positively *afraid* as to winning, yet they candidly acknowledged they had hitherto thought too little of Barney Aaron.

4. The face of Dick did not exhibit his usual *gaiety* of expression; and his *mind* was deeply at *work* to attack his opponent upon a new system. In short, we never saw him half so *puzzled* before, in any of his contests, to *reduce* his man to a *certainty*. The pause was long, and nothing was done. Jem Ward who had hitherto been quite silent, now exclaimed "it will be, who'd a thought it. We shall win!" "Yes," answered *Mynheer Vondonder Donck*, better known as the *John Bull Fighter*, but dressed like a Dutchman, "*over the left.*" Barney cleverly hit the PET away; and some little workmanship took place between them: when the left *mauley* of Dick caught Barney's nob, and he went down partly on his knees. It could scarcely be considered a knock-down blow. The PET-ites, were again liberal with their applause; and 7 to 4 offered.

5. Those persons who had witnessed the severity of execution done by Dick in his fight with gloves, expected that he would have *nobbed* the Jew almost off-hand. But the science and caution of Barney astonished the Ring-goers in general. Curtis and Aaron countered sharply; the fight was good on both sides, and both of their *nobs* were *damaged*. The right cheek of the *Star of the East* napt a severe cut, and the *claret* ran down profusely. In closing, the struggle was great on both sides to obtain the throw; and the PET, by a sudden impulse, gave Barney a hoist between the ropes, and he would have fallen at least six feet from the ground, which in all probability might not only have put an end to the contest, but might have cost the Jew his life. Fortunately, for the *Star of the East*, a waggon had been placed near to the stage, for the accommodation of the Reporters, and the Umpires, and Referee; when two of the *Scribblers* caught [h]old of him by the arm and his leg, and rescued the Jew from his perilous situation. Like one of the gamest men of the game, he jumped up, and exclaimed, "I am not hurt, it's all right," and ascended the stage amidst thunders of applause.

6. Of course, the agitation of his mind, and the shock his feelings must have sustained by the above accident, added to the shortness of the time, only *half-a-minute* to return to the scratch, was considerably against him. Yet he set-to with the most man-like conduct, and gave Dick not a very light one on his *pimple*; but the latter countered as quick as lightning. *Milling* on both sides, for a short period, until they separated. Both careful, and upon the look out for an opening - in truth, the *science* displayed by both Curtis and Aaron was the admiration of the ring. A rally occurred, in which Dick rather took the lead; and Barney's head received severe *punishment*. The Jew, at length, bleeding profusely, went down upon his hands. "You have got him now, Curtis - only go to work!" said the boys of the Borough. "He knows better," answered a *Sheeny*; "Curtis will be in *trouble* if he does!"

7. The countenance of Curtis now became quite cheerful, and he gave "*the office*" to his friends, that the fight was his own. Dick was evidently improved, but Barney, as *game* as a pebble, commenced *milling*. The PET retreated with great advantage, and as Barney followed him he planted one, two, and a third *facers* in succession. The Jew, as good as gold, would not be denied, went to work, and caught hold of Dick, and *fibbed* with all his strength; Curtis went down very easy, and was undermost. Two and three to one on Curtis; and lots of shouting.

8. The PET was, decidedly, getting the best of it at this period, yet the *strength* of Barney was by no means so reduced, as to calculate the fight would soon be over. Barney soon went to work, and a sharp rally was the result of their exertions - some hard hits passed between them, and Curtis received a teaser on his jaw. In closing, both went down. The *Sheenies* did not desert their man, and cheered him up with applause.

9. and last. Dick, although quite satisfied in his own mind he was now *winning* the fight, was in reality equally cautious as if he had had all his *work* to do. The head of Barney was rather out of shape; and the nob of Curtis was likewise a little *changed*. Sparring for a short time, when Dick made himself up for *mischief*, and MISCHIEVOUS he certainly was - and with his left hand, he put in so tremendous a blow upon his opponent's throat, strong enough to have *floored* a Crib, Neat, or Spring. Barney went down like a shot - flat upon his back - his heels up, and he was quite insensible when time was called. Dick so well knew that he had settled the *business*, that he went up immediately to the time keepers to wait for their decision. The PET now jumped for joy; and he was proclaimed the victor amidst the loud shouts of the surrounding populace. *Mynheer Vondonder Donck*, [Josh Hudson] hoisted the PET upon his shoulders, and carried him to his Post-chaise. The fight lasted 50 minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

Such a real *scientific* battle on both sides has not been seen for many a long day; indeed, no lover of the Fancy would have thought two hundred miles any distance to have witnessed the superior tactics displayed by CURTIS and AARON. The PET, high as he stood before in the History of Pugilism, has raised himself to the top of the tree by the above Victory; his first appearance in the Prize Ring was at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday, June 27, 1820, (after George

Cooper had defeated Tom Shelton), with a Westminster lad of the name of *Watson*. Curtis won the battle without a scratch on his face in 25 minutes. Since which period Curtis has proved the conqueror in ELEVEN Prize battles. We never saw Dick any thing like so *puzzled* before; and until he had reduced the Jew to his weight, the first four rounds were more of a doubtful nature than any thing else.

Without exception, at the present moment, the PET of the Fancy must be pronounced the most efficient boxer in the Pugilistic hemisphere. We cannot say more in his praise. At the same time, it is equally true, BARNEY AARON, if not exactly at the *top of the tree*, he is very near to it, that is to say, if CURTIS ranks as No. 1, No. 2, of the *light weights*, belongs to the brave little *Sheeny*. we consider him still the *Star of the East*, and instead of having fallen in the estimation of his friends by the above *defeat*, his fine fighting, manly conduct, and fair play throughout the above mill, must raise him in the eyes of the Sporting World, One Hundred per Cent. The attitudes of CURTIS and AARON were perfect studies for the STATUARY, the ANATOMIST, and the PAINTER; and those Fanciers who remained at home, have lost a *milling* treat, not likely to be seen again for a long time. CURTIS did not weigh nine stone; and BARNEY was under ten. The severity of the blow which AARON received on his throat, operated so strongly upon his feelings, that he did not come to himself for upwards of an hour. To use BARNEY's own words, he said, "I do not know that I might have won the battle; but had I not have received the blow on my throat, which *hit* me out of time, I am certain I could have fought for half an hour longer."

CURTIS before he left Andover called upon his fallen and brave opponent, and presented him with a Guinea; and acknowledged that he was the best man he had ever fought with. A subscription of Six Pounds was made on the ground collected by one of the backers of CURTIS; but we hope, for the great treat that Barney afforded the Sporting World, both the *Christians* and *Jews* will unite to make him a good Benefit. He is not only a brave man, but a worthy, civil little fellow, and highly entitled to the patronage of the amateurs.

BETWEEN
YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND GYPSEY JACK COOPER,
FOR 50*l.* ASIDE.



Cooper, once denominated the terrific, slashing Gypsey, attended by Jem Ward and **Mr. Nathan**, ascended the stage; and Dutch Sam was waited upon by Josh Hudson and Dick Curtis. The appearance of the latter hero excited general surprise; when Curtis said, "Gentlemen, a bet was laid me 10*l.* to 1 that I did not win the fight and second Young Dutch Sam. I believe." said he, laughing, "I shall win them both now." Both of the combatants appeared in excellent condition; Sam seemed as lively as a dancing master, and confident to the echo as to the event. SAM is a pupil of Curtis; and the latter boxer appeared very anxious for his success. After shaking hands the men set-to.

Isaac Nathan *Composer, musicologist and journalist. Friend of Lord Byron. Jewish backer. Gambling on prize-fights caused him financial distress and he spent some time in debtors prison.*

Round 1. The appearance of Sam does not exhibit anything like the *determined* character of his late sire; who was considered one of the hardest hitters of his time. Young Sam *steps* in and *out* exactly after the manner of Curtis, and he also holds up his hands like that great master of the art of self-defence; but his blows are not so well directed, neither do they do half the execution. The PET is a model for all of the boxers; and Uncle Ben publicly

expressed his regret, that his *nevy* Jem was not at Andover to have taken a lesson from the battle between Curtis and Aaron. Sam endeavoured to make a hit after long sparring; but the Gypsey got away from mischief. A precious long pause, and both upon the *watching* system; at length the Gypsey went in hand over head, *harum scarum*, and planted a heavy blow on the left arm of Sam, which left its *mark* behind. "I say, Governor," observed an Old Ring Goer, "if that *there* HIT had have had knocked at the door of Sam's Victualling Office, *summat* would have been the matter." Sam on the alert got away from another random shot. The Gypsey followed Sam all over the stage, but he gained nothing by his bustling system. The young one planted a *facier*; some exchanges of blows were made, and Sam had the best of them. In closing the strength of the Gypsey prevailed, and Sam went down upon his knees.

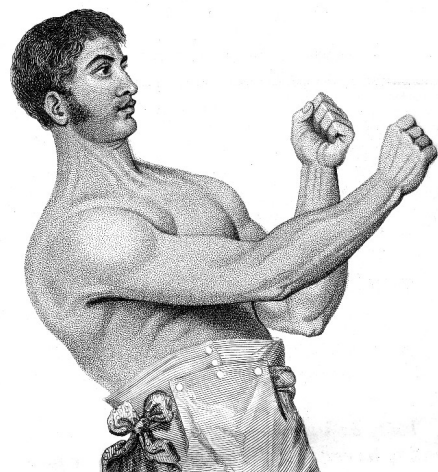
2. This was a long round. Sam taking his time to *punish* his opponent. After several pauses, feints, and other kind of manoeuvres, Sam gave a *facier* which produced "first blood!" The Gypsey rather wild, rushed in and planted a body blow; but it was a *chance* hit. Sam, upon the whole, was too *leary* for his opponent, and having Curtis at his elbow, might be considered three points out of four in his favour. He nobbed the Gypsey frequently without meeting with any return. The long space of twenty-five minutes had elapsed before this round was finished. In struggling for the throw, both down, but the Gypsey undermost. Sam for 100*l.*

3. The Gypsey, at times, stopped well; but in general he had no discretion at all about his *hitting*: he, however, planted a body blow. Sam kept out of *mischief* with considerable skill, and every now and then planted *facers* which put the Gypsey out of temper, nay, made him so wild that he rushed in like a bull, and by a sort of scrambling pull he got the Young One down; 5 and 6 to 4 on Sam.

4. Had SAM been a *punishing* hitter, the numerous blows which the Gypsey had received upon his *mug*, must have reduced the fight at this period to a complete *certainty*, and also of short duration. Cooper is always a dangerous customer - and his scrambling hits are likely to win a fight. Sam aware of this feature belonging to the Gypsey kept out of *harm's way*, with considerable talent, *nobbing* the *Bush Cove* at his leisure. The Gypsey's mug was bleeding profusely, and in rushing in to do *mischief* he run himself down quite weak.

5. This was a long round, but the Gypsey although quite *desperate* at times could not turn the fight in his favour. The face of Sam did not exhibit the slightest marks of *punishment*. It is nothing else but right to observe, that Cooper stopped several well-meant blows: but he fought open-handed, and also missed numerous hits. There is no *certainty* about his fighting; and if he had have

measured his distance properly, another account might, perhaps, have been given of the battle. The face of the Gypsy was bleeding in every direction, and he did his utmost to win. In struggling for the throw, Sam went down undermost.



6. "You need not be in a hurry, Sam," said Dick, "you are sure to win it; he's about *cutting* it now. It is 100*l.* to a kick of the *rump*." Sam planted a *facers* that sent the Gypsy staggering, but he returned to the charge and fought desperately. In closing, Sam *fibbed* Cooper down: 6 to 1 upon Sam, and "take him away. He's of no use, he will not come again."

7. The Gypsy was quite *abroad*, and ran at his opponent like a mad man, receiving *facers* at every step, but nevertheless, he hustled Sam about, who appeared a little distressed. In closing, the Gypsy again *napt* it severely, and went down, covered with *claret*. "Take him away, do not let him come again."

Gypsy Jack Cooper

8. Strange to say, the Gypsy answered the call of time. He also made two good stops! (*Bravo! Gypsy! you behave like a brave fellow.*) Sam now had nothing to do but wait for the rush of his opponent, and *nob* him with the utmost ease and certainty. The Gypsy was again *punished* severely till he went down. "*It is all up now! - Ten Pounds to a Crown he does not appear at the Scratch again. Take him away!*"

9. and last. The Gypsy, however, *showed* fight, and proved himself a much *gamer* man than his friends had anticipated he would have done. But

he only stood up to receive *punishment* - he was completely at the mercy of his opponent. Sam *milled* him down without ceremony. The Gypsy would have answered the call of time, he was *game* enough to have had another round, but his backer humanely interfered, and said "he should fight no more!" The battle continued for *One Hour Three Minutes and a Half*. It is impossible to describe the joy felt by Sam, he was like a chap out of his senses, on being declared the winner.

REMARKS.

Sam is an improving fighter; and if he can but add force to his blows, he bids likely to become a great favourite in the P. R. He left the Ring without a mark upon his face; and no person could have told from his appearance that he had been engaged in a battle. The *face* of the Gypsy exhibited severe *punishment*. The latter never took anything like such a *licking* before - he did his best to win! and the *bravest* could not have done more. SAM it appears, is anxious to get a step higher on the Pugilistic List; and if he can find friends to back him, he expresses no hesitation to fight *Bishop Sharpe*, - we should say upon this point to him - "*be bold, but not too bold!*" But the Young One, perhaps, knows best what he is about; and he asserts, that he *fancies* Sharpe as a Customer in preference to any other Boxer in the Ring. Sam has won all of his battles.

RETURN FROM THE FIGHT.

The sudden alteration in the weather, and the overwhelming showers of rain, rendered the roads almost impassable between Andover and Basingstoke - the men and the *prads* were nearly beaten to a *Stand Still!* But "it is an ill wind that blows no one any good!" and the Wheatsheaf Inn, at Virginia Water, was not neglected, either in the journey from and return to London. The worthy host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. Baker) are distinguished for their kindness and civility upon all occasions. A good larder, excellent tipple, and prime beds, with moderate charges, are sure recommendation to the members comprising the Sporting World. The situation of the Wheatsheaf is delightfully pleasant, the gardens attached to the above Inn, are capacious and picturesque; and in summer time, a day or two may be spent at Virginia Water, with pleasure and interest to the traveller. The above Inn is truly convenient at Ascot Races. Curtis and Sam arrived in town about six o'clock on Wednesday night, with pockets full of *blunt*, and covered with glory. Sam and the Gypsy met together at Andover, on the day previous to the battle, when the latter bet a sovereign with Sam he should win the fight. Sam before he left Andover for London, called upon the Gypsy, and made him a present of Two Sovereigns.

MAURICE POPE AND A GYPSEY

Maurice Pope, the Hampshire Champion, an excellent provincial boxer, who, it will be recollected, fought and beat Santy Parsons, on the same day on which Spring and Neat fought, and who was recently beaten by Gas, after the great fights were over, mounted the stage to fight for a purse. A sizeable Gypsy rose determined to enter the arena with him, and a purse of 5*l.* having been collected, the *fun* commenced. Maurice, however, proved himself too much for his ambitious antagonist, and in three *lengthy* rounds sent him home to his native wilds, perfectly satisfied that he had not a chance.[this account taken from *Bell's*]

TENNIS COURT

On Thursday last, Young Dutch Sam took his benefit at the above place, and was well supported by the amateurs. [*Fogo almost certainly attended too, as his all friends did*] The sets-to generally were good between Ryan and Murphy, the Bristol Baker, Johnstone and McCarty, Tom Oliver and Bitton, Young and J. Belasco, Robinson and Castles, Murphy and the Sprig of Shillelah, Evans and Turner, the once two wonders of the world, Jack Scroggins and Jack Randal; and the wind-up by Young Dutch Sam and Ned Stockman. SAM was as gay as a lark, as fresh as a four year old, and quite ready for another *mill*. Stockman stood up well against his adversary; but Sam had decidedly the best of the bout.

Curtis appeared at the Court; he was congratulated by his numerous friends upon his recent conquest; but his face was considerably swollen, and the handy-*work* of Barney prominent. The Star of the east also *showed* himself to the amateurs. Barney's *peepers* were completely in mourning. his mouth is also damaged, and he complains of the soreness of his throat. He was quite cheerful, consoling himself that he had done his duty like a brave, honest man. He

also received the praises from those persons who admire true courage, and fine fighting. The Gypsy did not exhibit much *punishment*, his head was rather out of shape; a proof that Sam is nothing like so hard a hitter as his tutor the Pet.

Young SAM had not any visible signs of fighting about his *nob* - his face was as free of marks, as if the "Hero over the Water" had only been *parrying* with the *Foils* behind the scenes; or in complimenting the *actresses* with his usual gallantry on the merits of their performances.

SAM returned thanks for the support he had received; and also hoped that he had given his friends satisfaction.

The *Dispatch* of the 4th commented on the ring itself - unusually built on a stage, and had the following introduction;

The men of Andover, for the sake of having the fights on Tuesday in their vicinity, had agreed to construct the stage at their own expense, and it was accordingly erected in a field at the back of the Queen Charlotte public-house, opposite the spot on which Spring and Neat contended in 1823, and within about a mile of Andover. A circle of waggons was also provided, and a roped ring was constructed, on the inner side of this circle, to prevent those of the spectators who preferred standing on the turf, to paying for an elevation in a vehicle, from crowding forward and creating confusion during the fights. The stage itself was not well constructed - the coping round the floor, which, to prevent the feet of the combatants from slipping off, should have been at least six inches wide, was not more than two, and a couple of rails only were provided above, with a rope between them, not half drawn tight - these deficiencies very nearly cost one of the pugilists his life. The flooring of the stage was six feet from the ground, and it was of the usual size - 24 feet square. From a subscription raised in Andover, all the expenses of the field and the stage were defrayed - the residue, which, including the gate money, and a small contribution paid by the waggon train, amounted to nearly 20*l.*, was to be divided among the combatants.

Barney Aaron and the Gypsy arrived at Andover on Sunday evening - they reposed at the Catherine Wheel; on Monday, Curtis and Sam also reached the town, and took up their quarters at the White Hart. The men were severally accompanied by a knot of friends. The two latter pugilists had, a few evenings previous, in one of their training walks at Hartley-row, been attacked by Jack Martin with a bludgeon, but they fortunately escaped unhurt. We notice this circumstance with regret: - our readers are aware that Martin charges Sam with having been the means of alienating from him the affections of his wife; but Jack should not have sought revenge in such a manner, and at such a time. On Tuesday morning, a fresh detachment of amateurs - though not a numerous one - arrived from London; and, spite of the keen wind and pelting rain, whole troops of pedestrians came trudging through the mud from the adjacent villages - while the constant arrival of equipages from Winchester, Salisbury, Marlborough, &c., &c., gave a spirit to the dull town of Andover, set all eyes on the stretch, and inspired energy and curiosity in many a bosom that had slumbered for years before in the cold torpidity of country life.

Towards noon, at least 6,000 spectators were collected on the ground - had the weather been favourable, there would doubtless have been many more, and of a superior order, in which case the waggon train must have reaped a fine harvest. At five minutes before one o'clock, Barney Aaron, attended by Mr. Nathan and Jem Ward as his seconds, mounted the stage. Curtis almost immediately afterwards followed the example: he was waited upon by Ben Burn and Josh Hudson - Josh's *understandings* were cased in a pair of huge worsted galligaskins - that gave him (as he himself expressed it) the appearance of a big Dutch skipper. - Bets were now freely offered at 6 to 4 on Curtis - with 7 to 4 asked, but not given. The toss for sides was won by Barney. The colours - a bright yellow for Curtis and red and yellow for Aaron - were affixed to one of the posts; and, exactly at one o'clock, the fight commenced. Barney weighed about 9st. 10lb. - Dick 9st.

Bell's also introduced a new topic in their 4th March issue, and added a bit of Frosty 'history';

TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE PRIZE POETIC CONTEST between *Uncle Ben* and **Frosty Faced Fogo**, the Poet Laureat of the Ring, will be acceptable. [*This 'contest' took place over the next few weeks*]

In answer to a "CONSTANT READER," we have to state, that the real name of "**Frosty Faced Fogo**" is **JOHN FOGO**; the epithet "**Frosty Faced**" has been added to distinguish him from the rest of the **Fogo Family**, and is founded on the fact of his *mazzard* being a little *frost-nipped*. Some say the inequalities in his *parchment phiz* arose from its having been pecked by the chickens, when asleep under a hedge, while his mamma was employed in the rural occupation of "making hay."

The following week, *Bell's* issued another of their 'Portraits' articles - this time of Jack Randall, the 'Nonpareil', landlord of the Hole in the Wall, Chancery Lane, Fleet Street [*See page 142*]. The essay included the following; ⁶⁹

We know not whether it is Homer or **Frosty-faced Fogo**, or some other great bard who bore the name Pope, and lived somewhere near Twickenham, and *chaunted* a great deal about prize battles, and *milling* glory in the olden times who says; -

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part - there all the honour lies."

We acknowledge the truth of the sentiment, and see in this picture of the hero before us.....*continues*.

Tuesday the 13th March was the date set aside for several fights to take place; Sam Larkins versus Bill Abbott, Jones the Sailor Boy versus Jem Raines, plus a few smaller fights - but the event was largely a 'No-go'.

It was well reported in *Bell's*, *Egan's*, the *Morning Advertiser* and a local newspaper - *The Huntingdon, Bedford, and Peterborough Gazette, and Cambridge Independent Press*. They gave different, but entertaining, versions though the following is mostly from *Egan's* account which he used as a basis for his recounting of the story in 'Boxiana' Second Series vol. II pp. 344-50;⁷⁰

THE FANCY PUT TO THE ROUT!

FORFEITURE: THE COCKNIES ADRIFT - THE CANTABS DISAPPOINTED - THE YOKELS HAVING A LONG TODDLE FOR NOTHING - A VISIT FROM THE BEAKS - LOTS OF JUSTICE - ABUNDANCE OF LEARNING - BUT THE MILL SPOILT!!!

The second battle between *Larkins* and *Abbott* for 50*l.* aside, according to the Articles, was to have been decided on Tuesday last, within 60 miles of London; but as many things happen between "Cup and the Lip,"

[The *Advertiser* has: The scene of action was understood to be between Newmarket and Cambridge. At the former place Abbott had gone into training, and would have preferred its vicinity to fight at; but the choice lay with Larkins, who having been labouring under a severe cold, had last week got a blister applied to him, and complaining of bad health, his backers requested one week's grace to give him a chance of recovery.

With this request the backers of Abbott refused to comply, and by way of retaliation Larkin's friends asserted their prerogative; and removed the field of battle further from the Newmarket worthies. It was Newmarket against Cambridge, and the latter was the rallying point for such of the London Fancy who intended to favour with their presence the quadruple mill; and a bang-up conveyance was afforded some of them on the Monday afternoon from the George and Blue Boar, Holborn. - The Times Coach driven by Batton, a prime whip, who might well grace any such coach box - an affable fellow who chaunts a good love ditty, and is "down like a hammer" upon Fancy affairs; spanked across the road with his bits of blood, making the journey of 58 miles in 6 hours, including stoppage for tea.]

Mr. Larkins retired in a whole skin, when the *darkey* arrived, without the expense of *Claret* to his *dab*; and Bill Abbott pocketed the *blunt* without receiving a blow, to the mortification of the latter boxer, and the great disappointment of the Lovers of Milling. The seat of Learning was not in the least disturbed on the preceding day by the arrival of any of the Boxing fraternity; and the *Gownsmen* and *Townsmen* of Cambridge, were left as usual, to decide their own *Rows* in the evening; according to the *slang* of the Sprigs of Literature, a *finish* to their EXERCISES for the day. *Larkins* was a *kid* of their own rearing; he had *thumped* his way into *notoriety*; he had also made some *lucky HITS* upon the *nobs* of his fallen opponents.; and was *dubbed* the *Cambridge Champion*. He was the favourite upon the match being made, but it having been *buzzed* about he was under the doctor's hands for a cold, the odds turned against him, and Abbott was named for Choice.

[*Bell's* has: The Nine Bells at Fullbourne, where Larkins was sojourning, was the rallying point for his friends, and here he was joined by his intended second and bottle-holder - Peter Crawley and Whiteheaded Bob. He was in bed, and looked but *so so*; but still no idea existed of his declining to combat; in fact his shoes were sent to be "nailed," and there was every appearance of his intending to proceed to the *scratch*. From subsequent occurrences, however, it turned out that, whatever might be his own feelings, his friends thought he was not sufficiently in *trim* to take the field.]

Larkins won the toss, and he decided for Eight Mile Valley, within Eight miles of Newmarket. The Ring was made, Abbott was upon the ground, and every thing gave "note of preparation," when a *Beak* showed unlucky his *nose*, and he would not be "*stalled off*" by the most knowing of the knowing; in fact, nothing could *sweeten* his *sour* looks. Brush the Fancy *must!* and according to the *Scholastic Mob*, this was the FIRST DEGREE the Milling *Squad* took on their contiguity to the Classic ground, pronounced to be *hard!!*

After some little *murmurings* by the disappointed crowd "that there is no certainty in this *here* life!" Peter Crawley arrived and added to their discomfiture, by avowing it was the intention of Larkins to forfeit, on account of illness; but he was ready to stake Ten Pounds as a deposit towards another match for 50*l.* aside. This offer was treated with the greatest contempt by the friends of Abbott; who observed, it would *not* cover the expenses of two months' *training*; and nothing less than 100*l.* aside would be accepted.

The little fight, as it was termed, now became the interesting topic of the day; and JONES and RAINES started for a new Piece of Ground, followed by a string of vehicles of every description, hundreds of horsemen; and *toddlers* out of number.

[*Bell's* has: This fight, which was to take place in the same ring with Larkins and Abbott, was still to be decided; and as the men were in readiness, & a "prime treat" expected, it was proposed that an immediate movement should take place into Essex. The proposition was instantly adopted, and the Acting-Commissary, *Frosty-faced Fogo*, having packed up his traps, and placed them on the top of the *po-shay*, led the way towards the "Land of Promise." He was followed by the "high-mettled" cavalcade, at a quick pace; and in due time reached Chesterford, about seven miles on the road towards London, but still in Cambridgeshire. Here a Council of War was held; and, as it was mentioned that there was a convenient meadow on the other side of the bridge, where the stakes might be pitched in safety, no time was lost in forming the ring. A considerable period elapsed, however, before the men were brought to the spot, and during that time, it would seem, that some "good Christian" had sent off to apprise a neighbouring Magistrate of the intended sports.]

The road had a pleasing appearance by the bustle, life, and activity it occasioned for several miles: the turnpikes napt lots of *blunt* by the change; and the Pot-houses met with a variety of unexpected customers: such are the advantages derived from a Prize Fight. But the principal part of the *Puffing* and *Blowing Chaps*, who were compelled to ride on *Shank's Mare*, were beaten to a *Stand-still* long before the grand halt took place at Chesterford. During the

70 270318PELL - also 270314MA, 270317HBP, 270318B [this latter also has the first round of the Burns v. Fogo poetry bout]

rapid motion of the "gay throng" several *upsets* occurred; but the *Fancy* were too *game* to complain of broken pannels; *floored* prads; or being canted over the necks of their horses, contenting themselves with the old saying, "that worse accidents occur at sea!" At Chesterford a small parley ensued about making of the ring; when it was considered rather *dangerous*; and "Haydon Grange" named as a place beyond the possibility of an interruption. But the *Fancy*, who had already been over upwards of Twenty Miles of Ground, were much too fatigued to undertake another of *Ten*, preferred of *Chancing* of it; and accordingly the stakes were knocked into the ground without delay, in the Parish of Chesterford.

An outer-ring was immediately formed by the Carriages; and the Combatants called for to exhibit their *professional* abilities. Raines appeared first, and threw up his *pimple coverer*, waited upon by Stockman and a flash hackney dragsman of the name of Wooley [called him *Whipaway* in Boxiana], and Peter Crawley and the **Poet Laureate** officiated as *Seconds* for the Sailor Boy. It is true **Fogo** did not *show* himself habited as a Collegian, although his *toggery* bespoke the outline of a "*Fellow Commoner*," who had not decidedly taken his *terms*, yet he was upon *Terms* with the ancient Tribe of Costermongers. He wore his "beaver up" when he was recognized by the M.A.'s, [Milling Artists] and received the nod from them as a Student of *Brazen Nose*. During the short time Peter was *sponging* the *Canvas* of his man; he observed to him "Harry, remember what I told you about the *Centre of Gravity*; mind your *angles*; and *solve* the problem of our HEART, *cut up* your opponent, like Pork, Mutton, or Beef, which ever you prefer best, only put a good *finish* to your *work*!" "Do so" urged the *Brazen Nose cove*, "and I will *chaunt* your victory in a new stave, which ought to be sung, in all lush Cribs, Slap-up Coffee Houses, and first rate Taverns. Now mill away, and you can't lose it!" The colours were tied to the stakes, blue for Jones, and yellow for Raines. The Sailor Boy the favourite.

Round. 1 The Sailor Boy was in *prime twig*; in fact, he never was in any of his preceding *mills* anything like in such good *condition*; his arms were peculiarly fine, and attracted the general notice of the spectators. Raines did not appear so muscular a man as his opponent.; but, nevertheless, his frame was manly, and he exhibited great strength. The Sailor Boy was in no hurry to commence the attack; and some minutes elapsed before any attempt at *hitting* was made between them. Jones made play, but Raines stopped well. Pause. The sailor Boy rather furious was going to *work*, but was again well *parried* by Raines. It was observed by the London Amateurs that Raines had evidently improved in his knowledge of the *science*. In *setting-to* with the *gloves*, the Sailor Boy had always the best of it. Several minutes occurred, and the *stopping* system was adopted by Raines, until the Sailor Boy went in, and slashed away like a new one. In closing, *fibbing* was attempted on both sides. Jones broke away cleverly, and *milled* his opponent down. "First Blood!" from the friends of Jones. Raines was *pipin* a little; and the Sailor Boy received shouts of applause from his *larned* friends belonging to the *Univarsity*.

2. The *claret* appeared slightly on Jones's *chaffing box* when he arrived at the *Scratch*. The Sailor Boy fought well, that is to say, *cautious* - Raines he looked upon as an *ugly* customer; although a tolerably *tidy* fellow in person. The latter made several good parries; but did not try to plant any *hits*. Jones put in a heavy *bodier* with his left hand. Pause. "*Go to work*," was the cry: and why don't you, Mr. **Poet Laureate** (**Fogo**) put them together. Jones planted a *facier*! (Bravo!) Raines made a blow, but the Sailor Boy was on the alert, and nothing was the matter. Exchange of blows passed between, and the fighting was rather sharp, until they closed. In struggling for the throw, Jones got his man down; but Raines threw him over, and the Sailor Boy rolled out of the Ring. The Sailor Boy was decidedly the favourite with the *Euclids*, the *Virgils*, and the *Homers*! but the *drag* and *tumbler* sort of folks, rather fancied *Raines*; and the odds were offered upon him by a few of them.

3. The lads were just now upon their *mettle*; and the fight had become interesting to the whole assembly of the *Greeks*, the *Latins*, and the *Yokels*: in fact, all the above *Classes* of society, were in high glee. The Sailor Boy made a *slash*, and Raines cut a *dash*! "Go it, my dear little coves! cut away, Mike!" Raines got away from *mischiefe*, but not out of *trouble*.

At this instant, a *Gent*, [Mr. Clarkson according to *Bell's*] stepped into the ring and made his way up to *Peter*, saying, "If you are the director of this sort of thing, I must *insist* that you *desist*. It is a breach of the peace!" Peter, as mild as a *lamb*, and as polite as a *Chesterfield*; observed, touching his *tile* to the man in authority, "I hope, Sir, you do not mean to stop the *sport*! You do not intend to be so *cruel*. But if it is your wish, why, why, -. The second *degree* is now made out," said Peter, "this interruption after the fight has commenced is **HARDER** than the first *baulk*!" Such an occurrence has not happened for the last twenty years.



Lord Richard Braybrooke elder brother of George Neville-Grenville of Butleigh Court.

A noble Lord, upon a fine *prad*, in the shape of a *Beak*, in an agitated tone of voice said, "do not come into Essex! I will not permit it. You will therefore do it at your peril!" In this dilemma the *Greeks*, the *Roman-y's* the *Mathematical* admirers of the *angle* hitting of Harry, put forth all their DEGREES of *Gammon* to the unrelenting *Beaks*, not to make three or four thousand *gentlemen* look like fools; but it was all U. P. "The *Fancy*," exclaimed the Hero of *Brazen Nose*, [**Fogo**] "have now acquired the THIRD DEGREE," on hearing the member of the Upper House, say, 'beware of pitching your tents in Essex.' "It is the **HARDEST** thing I ever heard in my whole history of prose and poetry, not to let the mill be *finished* any where to day." "I shall remember him in my next *Epic*." Singing of Psalms to a dead *Neddy* would have been of the same Service! The *Gents* belonging to the bench retired outside of the crowd, when a Ring Court Martial was held for 12 minutes upon the propriety of

"TO MILL, OR NOT TO MILL?"

When it was unanimously determined to *cheese* it! That is to say, my kind masters, "*to cut it*!" Or in more plain terms, "that the fight between Harry Jones and Raines was **NO GO**!" Thus, after all the *bubble* and *trouble*, in the words of Shakespeare, (sic!) it proved to be "*Much ado about Nothing*!" The spectators all out of humour and ill-natured, the *Prads* tired - "Sweet Home," a long way off, and the rain coming down *nicely*!

Note: The expressions 'No-go' and 'Cheese-it' are strongly connected to Fogo and were possibly his own creation.

The ground was cleared in a few minutes, as it was decided by the *Motley Group*, that the fight could not be finished on that day. The stakes were drawn on the part of Raines, but whose *backer* offered to increase the sum for *Twenty-five* pounds aside, so satisfied was he that Raines would have proved the Conqueror. It is expected a new match will be made, in the course of a few days, to be decided upon the 10th April, as the second battle, after Reuben Marten and Gyblets have settled their differences of opinion. The John Bull fighter, Ned O'Neale, Fishwick, &c. finding nothing else was to be done, *toddled* off for the *Long Town*; while Peter Crawley, Whiteheaded Bob, Jones, and the **Poet-Laureate** retired to the *Classic Spot*, to receive a few lessons on *Patience*; and likewise to make their *bows*, and to take leave of the *Gownsmen*, and *Townsmen*, like the *gentlemanly* sort of fellows. *O Tempora! O Mores!*

The *Dispatch* has a more personal introduction to the fights and it is worth repeating here;⁷¹

A SAD BAULK FOR THE FANCY.

The expected fights between Larkins and Abbott, for 50*l.* aside, and Jones and Raines, for 10*l.* aside, drew but a small portion of the London Fancy from their homes. None of the men were considered first-rate fighters; the place appointed for action was a long way from town, and, more than all, very few bets, in which the cockneys were concerned, depended on the contests. A few out-and-outers, however, proceeded on Monday to Cambridge, per stage-coach, where they learnt that Larkins and Jones had been training in that vicinity; Abbott was at Newmarket, and Raines, with one or two of his pals in a gig, had started from London on Sunday, to proceed by easy journeys to the scene of action. On Tuesday morning, under the cheering influence of a warm sun, clear sky, and refreshing breezes, the sporting blades of Newmarket, the collegians of Cambridge, together with every mechanic, and almost every farmer and farmer's servant in the country round, were in motion towards Eight-mile Valley, a commodious spot, equidistant (about eight miles) from Cambridge and Newmarket. Here preparations were made for the battle - the waggon train were actively employed at the gate - the stakes and ropes were at hand - several thousand spectators were on the ground, amongst them a numerous muster of country damsels were loitering in groups, surveying, with apparently intense interest, the preparations in progress. At about half-past twelve o'clock, however, one of the County Magistrates made his appearance, and at once forbade the *mills*. A meeting of the *ring-leaders* was immediately called in the house of the gentleman to whom the enclosure belonged, in order to determine on a *move* into an adjoining county. Abbott, Jones, and Raines, with their several friends, were present. But, at this moment, Peter Crawley arrived with a message from the backers of Larkins, to the effect that, that boxer had lately caught a severe cold, and was so much debilitated, as to be incapable of meeting his antagonist with a fair chance of success - he must, therefore, declare the match off, and forfeit the stake.

The lateness of the hour at which this announcement was made, occasioned considerable murmuring, so it was argued, that the friends of the Cambridge Champion ought to have signified their intention on the previous evening, which would have saved so many persons from the vexation of a fruitless journey. Albeit, there are weighty reasons, well known to old fanciers, for keeping silent on such matters, till the last moment. That Larkins had been really ill, there is not the slightest doubt: the writer of this article saw him in bed at Fulbourne on Tuesday morning, and can avouch that he was by no means sufficiently recovered to enter the ring as a combatant. Moreover, so generally known was this fact, that the odds, even in Cambridge itself, had risen to 3 to 1 on Abbott.

Abbott expressed considerable regret at learning that he was not to meet his old antagonist that day, and hoped that another match would be made. He would fight Larkins for 100*l.* aside, in one, or two months' time. Crawley said he had no doubt that Abbott's wishes would be complied with; but, at present, he had no authority to enter on fresh articles, on the part of Larkins. The main object of the day - the chief feature in the expected sports being thus disposed of, it became necessary to seek another spot for the fight between Jones and Raines. This selection was left to Oliver, **Frosty-faced Fogo**, and one or two others; who, in a post-chaise, with the stakes and ropes tied on the roof, moved rapidly off the ground, reached the Newmarket road, and proceeded towards London. A considerable portion of the spectators now returned gloomily homewards, chewing the bitter cud of disappointment. A good number, however, both mounted and on foot, still followed the *commissariat*. A halt was again made at the village of Chesterford, on the borders of Essex and Cambridgeshire, forty-five miles from London. - The jaded *nags* were here baited, while their harassed riders and drivers, and the still more exhausted pedestrians, seized the opportunity of procuring some refreshment. The Crown Inn was soon filled with hungry *coves*, who speedily emptied it of almost all the food and liquor it contained - nor did boniface forget to charge: he seemed resolved to make the most of the chance, as a windfall that might never happen again.

At last a field was chosen in the parish of Ickleton, in Cambridgeshire, within a short distance of Chesterford - the stakes and ropes were adjusted, and Abbott, *pro forma*, threw in his hat, in order that he might *legally* claim the forfeit of Larkins. The *Reverend gentleman* then retired, and, at a quarter before three, Raines made his appearance within the ropes, attended by Ned Stockman and a *cad*, named Woolley; Jones soon afterwards followed the example - he was waited on by Peter Crawley and the thrice renowned **poet-laureate** of the Fancy - **Jack Fogo**. While the lads were preparing for action, a collection was made among the spectators, of 6*l.*, to be equally divided between the combatants, as they had travelled an immense distance to fight for so small a stake. The preliminaries were somewhat hastened by the arrival of White-headed Bob, with the disagreeable announcement that some busy fool had started to the house of a Magistrate, who lived in the vicinity, to convey information of the intended fight. The colours, blue for Jones, and yellow for Raines, were affixed to one of the stakes by the combatants themselves. Betting even.

[then follows the details of the fight and its interruption - a postscript has:]

"The Chelmsford paper says: - "The name of the *beak* who first interrupted the amusements of the Fancy, on Tuesday, was the Rev. J. Barker. At Chesterford, the interruption proceeded from the Rev. Townley Clarkson, a Cambridge Magistrate; and Lord Braybrooke, for Essex. See *Nottingham & Newark Mercury* 24 March for another version.

⁷¹ 270318WD

Both *Bell's* and the *Dispatch* have additional items in their papers of the 18th which are relevant to Fogo:

On page 129 above, there was mention of the poetic contest between Ben Burns and Frosty and the opening salvo was announced in *Bell's*;



Ben Burns

THE CHALLENGE
BY BEN BURNS, TO FROSTY FAC'D FOGO
POET LAUREATE OF THE RING

To the tune of Dryden's Alexander's Feast

[note: Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music (1697) is an ode by John Dryden. It was written to celebrate Saint Cecilia's Day and set to music by Handel.- RCS]

'Twas at the *bang-up* feast for victory won
By Dutch Sam's warlike son,
Aloft in jovial state
Ben Burns, "my Uncle," sate,
Enjoying gin and fun.
The *Fancy* all were rang'd around,
Some with their brows in 'kerchiefs bound;
Such as had fought - as yet were hardly sound.
His lady was not by his side,
For in the bar she drew a tide
Of beer and spirits, and the guests supplied.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair!

Brave **Fogo** on his right,
Amid the list'ning crowd,
The while with glee he blew his cloud,
Sang what he wrote the other night,
And of it justly proud.

The song began from Cribb,
When first he taught his foes to *fib*,
Until one day he took a *rib*.
A *Nob's* disguise belied the *cove*;
Sublime in a *one-horse gig* he drove
To court the not unwilling dame;
And as she felt as warm as flame,
He clasp'd her in his arms, and thus embrac'd,
He stamp'd an image of himself - some two yards round the waist.
The laughing crowd admire the lofty sound,

"Tom Cribb for ever!" shouting, round on round,
"Tom Cribb for ever !" but "my Uncle" frown'd.
With eyes a-blaze
He heard the praise,
And with a nod
Cried out "By G---,
My Jem could beat him in his best of days!"

The praise of Gully then the sweet musician drew;
Of Gully always *fair* and always *true*.
In triumph in his chariot now he rides,
And with the Nobles of the land resides,
Who think it no disgrace
That he among them shews his honest face.
Now rings the bell upon Newmarket Course!
See Gully 'mid the betting throng;
And knowing every rider, every horse,
Makes bets of thousands, and is seldom wrong!
"I'll bet a *thoosand* too," Cried Uncle Ben,
Jem could have lick'd Jack Gully any when!"



John Gully MP

Here, Reader, I my *parody* must stop,
For Uncle Ben, who'd had a little drop
Too much, perhaps (or rather not enough,
Unless the saying of the Poet's stuff,
That "drinking deeply sobers us again,")
Broke out, and *Laureate Fogo* ceas'd his strain.

"Hold your d - -d jaw" (cried Ben, in gentle tone
And mildest manner, that's so much his own;
For which he stands unrivall'd in the Ring,
From poor Jack Scroggins up to rich Tom Spring)
"Hold your d - - d jaw! What, *you* pretend to write!
I could do better - aye - a precious sight;
And as for singing, you ay'nt got no voice.
Now, I *can* sing - you only make a noise.
Hold your d - -d jaw, I say -- yours is but a fudge;
Listen to me a bit, for I'm a *judge*."

"Indeed!" cried Holt - "Then we've not far to seek
If you're a Judge, you'll make a pretty *Beak*;
A thing for which I feel a hatred thorough,
From Justice Barker, up to Justice B -- -- --."

"I'm not that sort," Ben added, looking big:
"No, not so bad a Judge, or, burn my wig,
I'd hang myself instead of hanging rogues
And kissing the Lord Ch----r's old *brogues*
In hopes of getting into more *prefarment*;
We've quite enough of such informing *varmant*.

I mean a judge of poetry and stile."
Fogo here took a whiff and gave a smile;
Merit is always modest, and his claim
To be the Poet Laureate none can blame;
Then thus replied, "That's nothing but his fun;
Enough for him to keep the Rising Sun.
He's such a one for *chaff*, and though he be
A great *philosopher*, as all agree,
Philosophy's not poetry - 'tis true
As that a pudding's not a glass of *blue*.
I own him in philosophy my master;
I never studied Locke nor Zoroaster,
Horne Tooke, Copernicus, Lavater, Bacon,
Voltaire, Confucius -- but he's much mistaken."

"In what (exclaim'd Ben Burn)? in all my life
I never was mistaken - in any strife.
I'll bet a *thoosand* I was never out,
And never shall be - who now dares to doubt?
I prophesy my *Nevy Jem* will thrash
White-headed Bob, and win for me my cash.
I prophesy he next O'Neal shall leather,
And after him Jem Ward - for, altogether,
He has not got his fellow on the list
Of all who gain their laurels by the fist."

"With all my heart (said **Fogo**), I'm content
Whoever's *Champion*: 'tis an honour lent
Until a better claimant takes the field
And makes the former Champion cry 'I yield.'
I'm but the Poet Laureate of the Ring,
Whoe'er is Champion or whoe'er is King."
Cried Ben, "You Poet! - Poetry's all lies:

I can write better - if not, d - - n my -----."
"As far as lying goes, and all men know it,"
Jack Randall said, "You'd make a first-rate poet."

Now Uncle Ben did not approve this jest,
When follow'd by a laugh from all the rest
Who sat at table: - 'twas a full flush hit
And had, what's worse, as much of *truth* as wit.
He flew into a passion - never greater;
But what he said requir'd a good translator.
However in the end, when he was cool
And had restrain'd his tongue within some rule,
He challenged **Fogo** that, ere Wednesday night.
That each a specimen or prize should write
For just a dozen of good bottled ale.
The articles were drawn - should either fail,
The other was to pay, and they might chuse
The subject they thought was fittest for their Muse.
They both are at it now: in next week's paper
We'll publish these effusions of their vapour.
Each man is confident that he shall win;
And Ben Burn, to avoid domestic din,
Has shut himself within a garret high,
For poets love the first floor from the sky:
At least 'tis that they chiefly occupy.

The *Dispatch* on the same day, the 18th March, published the following;

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. - Whereas it hath been duly represented unto us, as well upon the affirmation of our truly and well-beloved Joshua Hudson, alderman and bag-destroyer, as upon the complaint of Caleb Baldwin, of red-nosed notoriety, that our most devoted and assiduous servant, **Frosty-faced Fogo**, has been lost, stolen, or mislaid, since the magisterial interference at Chesterford prevented the termination of one of those glorious mills, to which our lush-consuming subjects are so much addicted; this our royal proclamation is issued, willing and commanding all those numerous pimple-faced round-bellied mortals, who own our intoxicating sway, to make diligent search for the said **Frosty-faced Fogo**, and him safely convey to his *gentle creature*, in Clare-Market, who now mourneth his loss, even as her *pal*, George Canning, grieveth for the mighty Liverpool. Here followeth a description of the above *lost mutton*: - He is five feet nothing in length; short in the fork and long in the arms - has an upper thicket of the colour of March dust, and the consistence of hog's bristles - a *holy* face and a pair of bullet eyes. When last seen, he was disguised in a clean shirt, but had much the appearance of a travelling cow-doctor. His being discovered is of great importance to all those who love a good song and a milling tale. But his loss will diminish the trade, by sixteen butts a year, of his legitimate sovereigns - BARCLAY & PERKINS

Presumably Frosty had gone AWOL after the big fight but this amusing article contains some interesting titbits. The first mention is made that Frosty had a female partner - his *gentle creature*. George Canning succeeded Lord Liverpool as PM in 1827, from April to August - so perhaps he didn't mourn him too much since he was shortly to take his job? A fair description is given here of the rather unglamorous Frosty and possibly his drinking habits - a Butt equals around 108 gallons - around 864 pints or just over 16½ pints per week for a year. 16 butts = getting on for 38 pints a day!

The following week, the 25th March, saw three items appear in the Press. The *Dispatch* had; ⁷²

We are happy to announce the safe arrival in town of **Frosty-faced Fogo**. He was discovered, on Monday morning [19th], at his residence in Clare Market, by a couple of Officers, who, on the strength of the Proclamation from Messrs. Barclay & Perkins, which appeared in our last, *grabbed Jack* in the Butcher's Arms, and telling him he was "wanted," and walked him off towards Bow-street; but instead of taking him into the office, they brought him to the *bar* of the Grapes Tavern, close by; where the culprit was allowed to depart in peace, after swallowing something less than a quart of gin. **Jack** has commenced business as a potato-dealer and greengrocer in general, in Clare Market, opposite Houghton-street.

This is another twist in Frosty's story - an attempt to turn his hand at another source of income - as a greengrocer. His mother had sold sheep's heads and so this kind of commerce wasn't that unfamiliar to him, but it showed he was still struggling to make a living. Perhaps his *gentle creature* was in the business and he had joined her - and he needed someone to help look after his children, now aged 13 to 3. It also fixes his abode in Clare-market, Smithfield, in close proximity to two taverns.

Pierce Egan's Life in London and Sporting Guide of March 25th carried something similar;⁷³

FOGO, (the Poet Laureate to the P. R., and who lately entered himself upon his recent expedition to Cambridge as a "*Fellow Commoner*;) anxious to *arn* an honest penny, has opened a small crib in Clare Market for the disposal of *potatoes* and *greens*, We wish him success in his new *line*.

In the same column of *Egan's* is:

The *eloquent Pal* of the Commissary-general, [this *could only refer to Fogo*] was quite the thing, in his capacity of chairman, at Ben Chesterman's Opening Dinner, at the *Fountain* in Clare Market, on Monday last. Forty-one prime fellows were *accommodated*; and the chaunting of Joe Butler was highly praised.

The final item on the 25th which appeared in *Bell's* is Fogo's poem for the contest with Burn;⁷⁴

**THE FEAST OF THE FANCY - A PRIZE POEM *
BY FROSTY-FAC'D FOGO "POET LAUREATE IF THE RING"**

-----Pugnatur cominus armis
Quae fors prima dedit, sanguis novus imbuit arms
VIRG. ÆNEID VII.

Hand to hand, and eye to eye, opposed,
In friendly strife the heroes closed. SCOTT

As *boxing* has gone out of fashion of late
With *a few* of its patrons - the would be-thought great -
Old Jupiter found that to cherish the breed
Of Britons, and keep it from *running to seed*,
And becoming a *weakly degenerate race*,
It was fit to take steps for supplying their place.
It was always his pride to see man at his best,
Square shoulders, well set on his pins, and wide chest;
And he knew very well that the pugilists art
T'ward improving the species at least did its part;
And since *Beaks* were determin'd on putting it down -
If they *could*, I should say - both in country and town,

It was high time for him to come forward with aid
Lest he soon be *ashamed of the race he had made*:
Or to put his whole object in one or two words, -
Lest his race of fine men should be shrunk into *Lords*;
Such things as we see ride about in their carriages,
Grown *smaller and smaller* by long *intermarriages*,
If at present a Lord have by chance got a son,
Who measures some inches above *five feet one*,
My Lady, be sure, has been *crossing the breed*
With some strapping Life-Guard, call'd in at her need,
Or with *one of the Fancy*, and ere he's aware,
Presents my Lord *Weak-back* with horns and an heir.

Jove, having determin'd to patronise *milling*,
Thought how to act in it; for he was unwilling
To visit the earth - 'twere *descending too low*,
And Juno, besides, did not like him to go.
Apollo was busy just then with the Muses,
And himself from the duty old Neptune excuses;
He was *half o'er the seas* between Calais and Dover,
And Bacchus was also, they say, *half seas over*:
Old Vulcan declar'd he was *lame* as Dick Ayres,
And could not get down such a number of stairs.
There was Mercury ready, but full of his gigs,
And too *much concern'd*, as 'twas fear'd, with the *prigs*,

To be sent down to patronises brave honest men;
So he was rejected. The War God just then,

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Because he was wanted, was taking a nap
In these dull peaceful times, in fair Venus's lap.
Jove scratched his dark forehead and ponder'd a space,
And then a good thought, as they saw by his face,
Came into his noddle, without more delay
He sent for a *Demigod*, who in his day
Had been a great *miller* himself, and created
A god for his boxing. No long time he waited
Ere Hercules came and receiv'd his commission,
To descend to the earth to cheer up the condition

Of those in whose praises my verses I string,
The Pride of their Country - the brave London Ring!
How he got to earth I pretend not to state,
But I know he came down with a deuce of a weight.
It shook London City - the Lord Mayor should know
It loosen'd the stones from the turret of Bow.
He went to the *Hercules' Pillars*, but found
George Cooper to Scotland had shifted his ground;
So he started from thence, and just close to Long Acre
He met with Tom Belcher, as *smooth as a Quaker*.
Of Course the God knew him, and what may seem odd,
Tom fancied he knew, in a moment, the God.

After *Tennis-court bows* they both shook hands together
And having talk'd over the news and the weather,
Great Hercules told him for what he descended: -
That a dinner next day at his house he intended
To give *the Fancy*, that they might all know,
They were not deserted *above and below*.
Tom smil'd, well content, and his hands 'gan to rub,
Resolv'd he'd provide 'em the very best *grub*;
And Hercules charg'd him - Be sure to have plenty
Of victuals and drink for at least four and twenty."
The dinner was order'd for three the next day,
And as it was publish'd that *none were to pay*,

The crowding was terrible - *riff-raff and rabble*
Rush'd in, as if *they* had a right to the table;
All *pretenders to boxing*, but *prigs* in reality,
Who thought with the *brave* they were on an equality:
But Hercules stopp'd 'em, and thrusting them back,
Postpon'd for the present their eager attack.
"All those, who are *honest as brave*, I invited,
(He said) and to see them am always delighted;
The rest may depart - they have no dinner here!"
This made not a few of them look rather queer,
Who doubled their fists when the God's back was turn'd
Wherein a true sign of true worth is discern'd,

They knew 'twas in vain to persist, and withdrew,
And the crowd in a scod was lessen'd to *two*.
One of these was Tom Cannon, who not over proud,
But *true as bright steel*, had come in with the crowd;

For since his *defeat* by O'Neal (not *disgrace*),
He has lost 'mong the crowd his distinguishing place.
When Hercules saw, he said, "Welcome, brave Tom!
You're right to be here, and I'm glad you are come, -
Ah! Shelton, old boy! you're a good *bit of stuff*;
I suppose by this time you've had fighting enough;
I am happy to see you." -These words were scarce spoken
When wide flew the door, with its hinges nigh broken,

And in roll'd a *paunch*, and behind it a man,
 Who dripp'd like a sirloin of beef in a pan:
 It was jolly Josh Hudson, a brave worthy fellow,
 But his hand had not yet lost a *tinge of the yellow*
 It met with in nursing his come-to-town *kid*,
 As the newspapers lately have told us he did.
 Dick Curtis behind him, could hardly be seen;
 But the God shook his hand, for he knew it was *clean* -
 "Dick, you've always been reckon'd *clean handed* as yet,
 And I hope 'tis a course you will never forget."
 With Him came in Harry - the eloquent Holt;
 And Scroggins *peep'd* in, but thought better to *bolt*.

To *the Kitchen* by Belcher's kind leave he was taken,
 And there swallow'd down *three calves' livers and bacon*.
 Jack Martin was ent'ring, but caught the God's eye,
 And retreated to wait for Dutch Sam *on the sly*;
 But Sam *for some cause* did not make his appearance;
 Mrs. M. could perhaps give the mystery a clearance.
 Tom Spring walk'd in next, like Apollo disguis'd:
 Big Brown follow'd closely, *well scienc'd and siz'd*;
 And his Godship remark'd, he was glad he was come,
 Though he wished he would fight for a rather less sum
 Than five hundred pounds, if he wanted to show
 That he had more fear of a *word* than a *blow*.

Jem Burn came alone, for his old uncle Ben
 Was still in the garret *tormenting a pen*:
 His Muse had *deserted him* - was it not *cross* of her?
 So he beat his dry brains for a rhyme to *philosopher*.
 Barney Aaron came next: gallant Dick gave a nod
 And then introduced his brave foe to the God;
 While Crawley and Ward, coming in arm in arm,
 From Hercules met a reception so warm,
 That it seem'd the *new Patron* to mind would not call
 Ward's fight with Bill Abbot: let *us* let it fall!
 Bill Abbot was tipsey, but Baldwin was there
 And display'd his *top boots* and his white head of hair.

There was Donovan, also - the champion of Erin
 At present - as better are shy of appearing.
 Reuben Marten, too, came, for *his* wife (she's not *mine*),
 Though she won't let him *fight*, will allow him to *dine*.
 Him Alic Reid follow'd - the *swell Chelsea Snob* -
 Who *waits* for his glory *too long for a job*.
 David Hudson and Wallace were both dress'd in drab,
 But Savage was busy in *driving his Cab*.
 There were several more, but of rhyme 'tis the curse,
 I can't bring their names partly into the verse:
 But should I omit the *Old School* twere a scandal,
 Cribb, Harmer, Tom Owen (the wit), and Jack Randal.

The company met, with a hand true and steady
 Tom brought the top dish, and said "Dinner is ready."
 I cannot pretend to describe the *sets to*;
 Suffice that each man had his *work* then *to do*;
 It was all on one side - you might see at a glance
 That no single dish of the whole had a chance.
 The Demigod fast push'd the bottle about,
 And *that* prov'd alone for the champions *too stout* -
 Some early were floor'd. When the Godhead withdrew
 The number remaining at table were few;

But such pleasure did Hercules find with the men, }
 He swore he'd come down to enjoy it again, }
 And **Frosty-fac'd Fogo** should let 'em know when, }

* This is one of the Poems written to decide the wager be[tween] **Fogo** and "My Uncle" Ben Burns. We have not yet been able to prevail upon the latter to allow us to print his effusion; he modestly does not like it to be read in contrast with his skilful rival's production, but he has promised it us for next Sunday.

Sure enough, the following week *Bell's* printed Ben Burn's poem - on April 1st: ⁷⁵

BEN BURN'S PRIZE POEM; (1)

OR,

THE UNCLE AND THE NEVY,
To the Tune of "Sally in our Alley."

Of all the boxers so complete
 There's none can match my *Nevy*;
 All London Bruisers he can beat,
 I'll bet a *pot of heavy*!
 I long have kept the Rising Sun (2)
 And it keeps me - you know it:
 It is a *bang-up* shop for fun.
 And I'm a *bang up Poet*!

We had some fun the other day,
 Which look'd a little *serous*,
 When Nelson made a proud display
 Of *flimsies*, but to *queer* us.
 Alas! his money soon began
 To leave its lawful master;
 He came to back a *running* man,
 But found his cash *run faster*.

They thought I knew *the rights* of that,
 As skilful in *Astrology*;
 And took me to a Magistrate,
 Then made me an apology.
 I'm famous for a civil tongue, (3)
 And so I will continue:
 My *Nevy Jem* is strong and young,
 And money's sure to win you.

My *Nevy Jem* is young and strong,
 Tho' not six foot and half, Sir:
 His legs some think a little long,
 And wants a little *calf*, Sir:
 But those who think he cannot fight
 Are fools, I've already said so;
 Their *calf* I'm sure, is not *all right*,
 They've got it *in the head so*.

My *Nevy Jem* is broad and square,
 Four feet across the shoulders;
 A *prodigy* (4) they all declare,
 A wonder to beholders.
 Besides his fists he handles well,
 For *I have been his master*.
 I've studied, as my friends cam tell,
 Both Locke and Zoroaster.

Jem soon will be, if now he's not
 So skill'd none can resist him.
 I've taught him (I know *what is what*)
Copernicus's system!
 An ancient teacher of our *Art*,
 Before old Slack or Broughton;
 Before Horne Tooke first took start,
 Sir Isaac Newton thought on.

I've back'd my *Nevy* Jem to fight
 Ned Baldwin, who's so frightened,
 His face will be, I'm sure, as white
 As ever was his *white head*.
 And *any sum* with *any man*
 I'll lay that Jem won't lose, and
 My word's my bond, for that's my plan;
 So now who'll bet a *thoosand*?

When Baldwin's *done*, he'll try, of course,
 O'Neal, the Streatham Boxer;
 For Jem's a stomach for a horse,
 And *pluck* for any ox, Sir.
 Of course *he'll lick him*, tho' O'Neal
 Has never yet been beaten;
 And then he'll only have to deal
 With Ward - but he's a *sweet 'un*!

No matter: when my *Nevy* Jem
 Has lick'd that "*wooden, slow thing*" (5)
 Like Crawley he shall tacke *him*,
 My Jem's afraid of *nothing*.
 "Enough! Enough!" Jem Ward shall cry,
 While I my pockets stuff, Sir;
 For sure I am, nor Jem nor I
 Will ever say "enough," Sir.

That this is good philosophy.
 No man will give denial.
 Jem Burn shall all the world defy,
 That chuse to make the trial!
 Lavater shews, Voltaire beside,
 And what is more, John Buncle,
 That he shall be *Old England's pride*,
 And I shall be *his Uncle*!

Huzza! then, for my *Nevy* Jem!
 Huzza! too for his Uncle!
 If you should drink 'till you can swim
 In liquor, you've not drunk ill.
 We are the most surprising pair
 You'll find in all the bevy;
 I, *Poet* and *Philosopher*,
 And he *his Uncle's Nevvy*!

(1) "The wager between "My Uncle Ben" and **Frosty-faced Fogo**, was for a dozen of bottled ale: the Poem which won we inserted last week: and Ben Burn's effusion, though it *lost*, does him infinite credit as a *Poet* and *Philosopher*. We have great pleasure in introducing him to our readers in both characters at once.

(2) It will be observed throughout, that "My Uncle" is not famous for the coherence of his thoughts. This defect arises from ant of practice, and from the abstraction to which a mind so philosophical, is naturally subject.

(3) Another remarkable instance of mental aberrations
 , well deserving the attention of any man about to publish a new edition of the work of Professor Reid.

(4) The authentic word *prodigy*!, being only a corruption "When Molyneus *peeled* to fight Cribb, the crowd exclaimed with one voice - what a *prodigy*!" - *Boxiana*, II. 337.

(5) Phil. Sampson, before he retired from the Ring so honourably, and was beaten by O'Neal so easily, used these terms regarding the qualifications and skill of his adversary.

Pierce Egan's London Life and the *Weekly Dispatch* of April 1st both carried notice that;⁷⁶

Peter Crawley, whose recent gallant fight with the Champion, Ward, has raised him so high in the sporting circles, has taken the house known as the sign of the *Queen's Head and French Horn*, in Duke-street, West Smithfield. Our old friend, **Jack Fogo**, will mount the perch here on Tuesday evening next, when a strong muster and prime chaunting may be expected.

With Frosty's late wife being a Crawley I looked to see if a possible link existed between her and Peter Crawley but found none. Peter Crawley was born 5 Dec. 1799 s.o. John and Henrietta. John was born 20 Sep 1773 son of William and Mary Crawley. John was the twin of a Thomas Crawley but Frosty's father-in-law Thomas Crawley was born circa 1766, so, if there *is* a family link it must be with the previous generation or even before.

Egan gave an account of the *Free and Easy* that took place on that Tuesday in his April 8th issue; ⁷⁷

Peter Crawley's *Free and Easy* on last Tuesday night, overflowed at an early hour. Upwards of 200 persons were present at one time. The veteran *Sire* of Peter, but still as gay as a lark in manner, and as green as spring in age, *chaunted* the death of Nelson, in a style of excellence that would have produced an encore upon the boards of a Theatre. He also sang several other songs with equal attraction and effect. **Fogo** likewise kept the *game* alive for some time. The Queen's Head & French Horn on Tuesday next will be all the "go," as Peter's *dad* will officiate as the president.

The April 8th issues of *Bell's* and the *Dispatch* covered a minor 'Mill' that occurred on April 2nd the *Dispatch* has; ⁷⁸

MINOR MILLING

On Monday last, the fight between Jack Warner, a plasterer, and Bill Mason, a print colourer, [*painter of watercolours - Bell's*] took place in a meadow adjoining the Ferryhouse. in the Isle of Dogs, immediately opposite Greenwich. At least 2,000 spectators attended the display, and the Boniface of the Ferryhouse had a prime benefit in getting rid of an immense quantity of very *innocent gin* and brandy, together with an *ocean of heavy-wet*, which the lads poured down as if determined to set gripes at defiance! Thus the Fancy had bowels of compassion for the landlord, but he had no compassion for their bowels!

The spectators were principally composed of artisans from the contiguous docks, east-end operatives, Greenwich watermen, and a few Bermondsey boys, who, headed by Deaf Davis and Lenney, progressed to Greenwich in go-carts, and were ferried over old Father Thames to the scene of action. We noticed scarcely a *swell* on the ground - save and except a name-sake of a certain fight-hating Judge, and an old pal or two of **Frosty-faced Fogo**, from Clare-market. But there was Dan M'Kenzie, with an elegant black-eye in his head - the effect of a recent row in a Castle. Harris, the *waterman*, dealing out *gin* - his face puffed up on *one side*, like an ill-shaped pudding, owing to its having lately come in contact with a leg of mutton fist, carried by a big Irishman. There too, was Harry Jones, rough and ready as a butcher's dog, and **John Fogo**, Esq., P.L.R., with a pocket pistol well loaded with brandy, and a cat's-meat pasty, prepared by his lady,* that he might not faint beneath the toils of the day!

A spacious ring having been formed by the inner circle of the spectators locking arms together, the fight commenced at a quarter before two o'clock - seconds, Harry Jones and **Fogo** for Mason; M'Kenzie and Saunders for Warner. The latter *pretender* (we had almost written *pugilist*), had the advantage in height, length, and weight, being about 9st. 6lb., while Mason was a very little over 9st. Warner laughed at setting-to, and put himself into a pretty good attitude, indeed, he might have been easily *mistaken* for a fighting man at the first glance. Mason was steady, but leaned too far back, and twisted his mauleys round each other, something after the manner of Young Gas. He made play - but Warner retreated all over the ring, and would not stay to fight. When the little one did succeed in bringing him to action, he (Mason) had almost all the best of the hitting, though he was generally under in the falls. In this way the contest was protracted for TWO HOURS, during which 15 rounds occurred, and but for the great pains taken by the seconds to keep the spectators awake by chaffing, we question whether some of them would not have fallen asleep. Warner was continually called on to "stand his ground and fight," but still he kept retreating and grinning, and showing off his fine sparring; or now and then hitting out of all distance, when he stood no more chance of reaching his man, than Little Charley, of the Westminster Pit, would of knocking off the *castor* of Big Brown. At length, in a rally, Mason planted about half a dozen good right-handers on the head - Warner went down on his face, and as he fell, the little one kept hitting him, till, when he was flat on the ground, Mason, in the hurry of following up his success, struck him on the back. The blow was certainly a foul one, according to the strict rules of the Ring; but it was purely accidental, and could hardly have been felt by Warner. His seconds, however, immediately took him away, and claimed the battle. But for this unlucky event, Mason would have probably won the fight; indeed, we believe, that the punishment he administered in the last round, had reduced it to a certainty, especially as Warner did not appear to possess first-rate courage. Neither of the men received much injury. Warner bled very freely from the nose, and the left side of his face was considerably swollen; Mason's eyes were somewhat damaged, and his back was scratched by the nails of Warner. Mason is not deficient in courage, and can hit pretty well with his right hand; *he* may become a pugilist; Warner would make an excellent *man-milliner*! We understand that the friends of Mason will back him against Warner, 20l. to 15l. for a second fight. [*Bell's* stated that 'Nearly two thousand persons were on the ground'] * *mention of Fogo's partner again.*

In the same issue of *Bell's* was a poem by Jack Randall which referred to the Burn versus Fogo contest:

EPISTLE FROM JACK RANDALL

DEAR SIR, - If you've room, only give me a turn,
And I'll rhyme for a month with that rhymer, Ben Burn;
And wager a pot, should I not, be it **no go**,
To bother this hero and **Frosty-faced Fogo**.
I can write a good fist, many connoisseurs know it,
On paper and *peepers*, a two-handed poet.
At least, 'tis allowed, I can scribble my mark
On the title-page beauties of many a spark.
My colour is nature - an emerald green,
Which has been laid by, - still the satyr is keen.
Tho' *snuggery's* down, and suspended my trade is,

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Jack Randall

Yet busied, I'm often, 'twixt gin and the ladies.#
 My last *spree*, no doubt, was a blundering job:
 My *tatler* escaped, b' th' Powers! from my fob.
 This may prove a lesson - a future direction -
 A landmark - a guidance to sober reflection;
 'Twill teach me to shun those inordinate pleasures -
 When the *crib* is rebuilt, to keep *stout* & clean measures -
 To stick to the tap, to my home, and my Nancy,
 Draw Calvert's Entire for my Friends and the Fancy.
 With Hodge's Elixir for all but myself,
 And store, if I can, a small portion of pelf,
 For support in old age; and enroll a good name,
 Which still, in the P.R., is free from all shame.
 To *crosses*, a foe - and to fair play, a friend:
 With *Bell's Life in London* I'll stick to the end.
 So, placing in you, Sir, the strictest reliance,
 To Burn, and to **Fogo**, I offer defiance.
 I claim to be Laureat, and build not on fudgement,
 At the same time submit to your honour and judgment,
 That, when you peruse the effusions, you'll tell
 The laurel to him you oft call *Nonpareil*,
 No matter the subject you give us to handle,
 I'll be cock of the walk, and your friend,

Hole-in-the-Wall, or the scite
 thereof, April 6, 1827

JACKEY RANDALL.

The next fight that Fogo attended was the much reported Reuben Martin versus Charles Gybletts match on April 10th. The following compilation covers the events, mainly taken from *Bell's*, but also the *Dispatch*, *Pierce Egan's Life in London* [source for his Boxiana, 2nd Series vol. II p. 312 - 319], and *Morning Advertiser*; ⁷⁹

BATTLE BETWEEN MARTEN AND GYBLETT'S, FOR ONE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS A-SIDE

This fight, as we stated in our last (issue), was appointed to take place on Tuesday. By the articles, it was stipulated, that it should come off within 100 miles of London, and under this authority Marlborough Downs was named as the place of the meeting, a distance of nearly 80 [74 *WD*] miles from London. Some surprise was expressed that in an affair of such minor importance, and concocted in London, so long a trot should have been selected. The only explanation we can give on this head is, that certain rumours were in circulation of an intention, on the part of persons to whom Marten had rendered himself obnoxious, by *winning* his fight with January, which, it was considered in "honour," he ought to have *lost*, to be on the spot, and if he was likely to get the better of Gybletts. to break in the Ring, and bring the issue to a *wrangle*. By choosing a long distance, it was considered that this unfair manoeuvre would be frustrated, and, in consequence, by a little management, the appointment in question was secured. Both men had been extremely attentive to their training, and were allowed to be in tip-top condition; but from the first, the betting, which, we believe, was not to any great amount, was even. On the night before the fight, however, Gybletts was a decided favourite at the East End of the Town, probably arising from a belief, that his backers were better judges than to lay out money without something like a certainty as to the result. How far this dependence was well founded, we do not presume to say, but the extraordinary conclusion of the meeting may, perhaps, lead *long-headed ones* to indulge in curious speculations.

The men, with their backers, reached Marlborough on Saturday and Sunday nights; and on Monday, a few, but very few, of the London Fancy also made their appearance. [*The idiosyncratic Egan states*: Not so many as twenty persons, including *scribblers* (I beg pardon, Reporters) fighting men, (and the **Poet-Laureate** into the bargain) **Fogo**, left London to be present at the fight.]

[*WD* - Reuben moved off on the Saturday preceding, and took up his quarters at the Angel Inn, at Marlborough, kept by a civil *cove*, named William Belcher, - no relation to our worthy friend of the Castle, in Holborn. On the same afternoon he was joined by his *pal*, Jem Ward; a small knot of his friends, among whom were his two backers, also arrived on Sunday and Monday. Gybletts, accompanied by Ned O'Neale, and Jackson, the swell pedestrian, arrived in Marlborough on Sunday, and rested at the Bear and Castle. Marlborough is a little dull, agricultural town, where scarcely any trade is carried on, and the only curiosity pointed out to the notice of the stranger, is a rude representation of a gigantic white horse, of marvellously ill proportions, effected by removing the green turf from the side of a chalky hill.]

Bill Gibbons being on the wane, and, indeed, almost entitled to a retiring pension, was not present, but under the able auspices of Tom Oliver and **Frosty-faced Fogo**, [and Harry Holt - *WD*] an excellent set of stakes and ropes were procured." The *Morning Advertiser*, who always called Fogo - Foggo (!) has it: "Early in the morning **Jack Foggo**, who had been nominated to superintend the preparations, was on the alert, strutting towards the Downs, dressed in his professional jacket, tastefully decorated with blue-binding. He was followed by his pioneers who quickly fitted-up an excellent ring about ten minutes' walk from the town; but about twelve o'clock a message from the Sheriff made it necessary at once to undo all that had been done, and cancel the display of honest **Jack's** good taste."

79 270412MA, 270415PELL, 270415B, 270415WD

The good people of Marlborough were, of course, on the *qui vive*, and all seemed pleased at the honour which had been conferred upon their town, as well as at the exhibition of fistic heroes who were on the promenade, among whom Bill Neat, Tom Cannon, Ned O'Neal, Harry Holt, and others, were conspicuous. Everything wore a smooth aspect till the Tuesday morning, by which time the Ring was formed in a convenient enclosure, about a mile from the town. Shortly after 11 o'clock, however, a polite message was delivered at the Angel Inn, the head-quarters of Marten, stating that the High Sheriff of the County, as well as the Magistrates of the District, had resolved not to permit the peace to be broken within their jurisdiction, which it was kindly hinted, however, did not extend to the Borough itself, within which there was a convenient arena for the sports. Obedience to "the powers that be" is a fixed maxim with the patrons of the P. R., and notice having been given to the Commissary, the ropes and stakes were removed from their original site to the Borough, but here again disappointment was experienced - the worthy Mayor felt himself called upon to follow the example of the High Sheriff, and he also issued his *veto* against the proposed games. A mutual consultation followed, and it was agreed to retrograde towards London, and Hungerford Downs, the scene of the celebrated battle between Gas and Neat, [on 11th December 1821 - *WD*] was named as the next place of meeting. [*WD* - Here, every thing bid fair for a comfortable fight; and after a short *fracas*, in which Harry Holt was under the necessity of thrashing a big farmer, who first refused to keep his waggon in the proper line, and, on being remonstrated with by the civil orator, presumed to strike him.] Thither the belligerents, their friends and backers, forthwith proceeded - a distance of about eleven miles - followed by a motley assemblage of persons of all degrees, who in due time reached the scene of action.

A new ring was formed with uncommon celerity, and at a quarter to three o'clock the men threw in their *castors*. Marten attended by Jem Ward and Tom Oliver; Gybletts by Ned O'Neal and Jackson, the runner. And here again the betting demonstrated, that all was upon the *square*, for neither party would advance a fraction beyond even betting, while the seconds and bottle-holders each betted their *fogles* on the result, and no less than six handkerchiefs were thus tied to the stakes. [*WD* - Each man fought under a spotted blue colour; and the four seconds betted their silk handkerchiefs on the event, and *staked* them - there were, therefore, six *wipes*, instead of two, attached to the stake.]

At this time, there were not more than a thousand persons present, and but one waggon on the ground, of the profits of which Harry Holt and his partner, **Frosty Faced Fogo**, were *choused*, by the superior cunning of a *yokel*. They met the driver on the road, and promised him 5s. or 6s. for the use of his vehicle - a temptation not to be resisted; and he, accordingly, proceeded to the centre of attraction, where he soon found ready customers for the welcome accommodation. His eyes were at once opened to his own interest, and he wisely drew the *blunt*, as his tenants took possession, and fobbed the amount. Harry, of course, went to demand a performance of the contract, and a restitution of the receipts, from his supposed agent; but it was "**no go**." The *chaw-bacon* thought things were better as they were; and poor Harry and **Frosty** were left to their penniless fate grumbling like bears with sore ears.

THE FIGHT

The men, on coming to the *scratch*, were clearly in the very best condition, and the appearance of Gybletts, who was backed as an *old one*, astonished the Judges, who had no idea that he could be trained so completely "up to the mark." It was impossible for him, in fact, to have been better in the best of his days. In weight, it struck us, he was nearly equal to Marten, about eleven stone, although in height and length the latter had the advantage. He was older, certainly, but he is still in the prime of life, being but thirty-four years of age. Marten is about twenty-five.

Round 1. The position of both men was fine; and Marten stood well over his opponent. Gybletts, evidently anxious to go to work, got his toe well beyond the heel of Marten, and was ready for a spring; Marten covered his points, and got back a little. Gybletts made play with his right, and caught Marten on the shoulder. Marten smiled; but in another effort Gybletts hit him sharply on the left breast, leaving the impression of his knuckles. Marten hit out with his left, but was cleverly stopped. Sparring and good stops on both sides. Marten popped in a slight facer, which was returned by another sharp visitation to his breast, which was still further discoloured; but these blows could make no serious impression. Marten put in a body blow with his right, but not within distance. Marten evidently endeavouring to draw his man, but without success; he was active on his legs, and kept well from mischief. Excellent stopping. At length, counter hits with the left were exchanged, and Marten *napped* it cleverly on the left *ogle*, which twinkled again [shouts from Ned O'Neal & the *runner*]. Gybletts put in another breast blow on the old spot, with his right ["hit higher," cried Ned, but his arm seemed too short, from the position in which he stood]. Counter hits, which told slightly on Gybletts' eye and Marten's body. Gybletts threw in another tidy one on Marten's *ogle*, which increased in *puff*, and became a little blood shot [more chaffing from O'Neal and Jackson]. Marten hit at Gybletts' body, but was admirably stopped. A short rally, in which there were slight interchanges, and Marten went down from a trifling blow on the neck. The round lasted ten minutes.

Round 2. Both men came up cautious and steady, Marten's eye swollen. Beautiful stopping - Gybletts tried at Marten's right eye, but it would not do. Gybletts put in a left-handed hit on Marten's neck; the latter, in returning; hit over Gybletts' head as he bobbed. Marten threw in his right, and tapped Gybletts severely on the left ear, which became black and puffed. Gybletts returned on his breast. Again did the mutual science of the men, in stopping right and left handed hits, produce a general feeling of admiration. Counter hits - Marten had it on his left cheek, and Gybletts again on the left lug. Marten threw in a smart facer. Gybletts, ready, returned on his shoulder. Marten paused, and drew his man. Gybletts let fly with his left, but was stopped, and Marten countered on the centre of his *smeller*, drawing a copious stream of claret [shouts for Marten]. This was the first decided shew of blood. Both cautious, and good stopping. Marten hit short at the body, but in the next effort had his man on the ear. Good counter-hits, when Gybletts put in another cross-hit on Marten's left eye, and received on the cheek in return. A short rally, good stopping and getting away. Gybletts put in a smack on Marten's mouth [cheers from his friends]. Counter hits; Gybletts had another *topper* on the *snout*, and the purple stream was increased. More stopping and getting away. Counter-hits with the left hand, Gybletts cutting Marten under the left eye, and drawing lots of blood. Marten, no flincher, closed his man, and good facers were exchanged. More good fighting, when Gybletts rushed to rally, hit for hit, and Marten was hit down from a blow on the neck. This was a more decided knock-down blow than the first, and the Gyblett boys were in high spirits, but still no betting was offered, and Marten seemed as fresh as ever, although his left eye was nearly closed. The round lasted 18 minutes.

3rd and last. Gybletts lost no time in going to work, and again popped in his left on Marten's sore spot; Marten's return went over his head. Caution on both sides; but Marten succeeded in planting a *nobber*. Gybletts hit short with his left but, in the next effort, caught Marten on the mouth. Marten still on the alert, and cautious. Gybletts, the first to fight, went in to place his favourite blow; but, in delivering he was met by a terrific counter over his right eye, close to the nose, a small artery was cut through, and the

immediate discharge of blood was awful. The stream perfectly spurted from his mouth, and flowed in torrents down his breast [loud cheers from Marten's friends, and perfect silence on the part of O'Neal and Jackson]. Gyblets was evidently abroad for a few moments, but still kept steady on his guard, and stood away. Marten followed him up, and again caught him with his left without a return. Gyblets rushed to a rally with great spirit; Marten was ready again, caught him on the face, and as he was getting away, hit up with great dexterity. Gyblets broke away, and returned to his guard, still bleeding profusely, and presenting an unseemly spectacle. Sparring and stopping - Gyblets uncommonly steady. Marten went in to fight, but was met once more by Gyblets' left on his eye, which was greatly swollen and completely dark. Another spirited rally, in which the returns on both sides were loudly applauded. The men again broke away - no closing or hugging, but thorough game on both sides. Marten put down his hands to wipe them from the blood with which they were covered. More sparring - and a lengthened stop, without mischief. Marten closed in with the view of delivering another snorter, but was himself caught on the mouth. Counter-hitting, in which some of Marten's blows went over Gyblets' head, from his being shorter. Marten received three times on the cheek, and bled freely. Another pause, both men wiped the blood from their hands; Marten threw in a right-handed hit on Gyblets' shoulder, but without making much impression; the blood from Gyblets began to cease flowing. Sparring and mutual stops - Marten invariably stopping Gyblets' efforts at his right eye; that side of his mug was in fact untouched. Nothing could equal the cool and determined bravery of both men; Marten was still in good spirits, but of Gyblets' countenance it was impossible to "catch the idea", although his eyes were both good. He was, however, evidently in a ticklish state.

Because of his inimical style, it is worth giving Egan's account of these three rounds, for comparison;

Round 1. On peeling, Reuben appeared as fine as a star: he was bang-up to the mark; as well as his backers wished him to be. He was not like the same man when he entered the ring with Defoe: at that tie period he looked a wiry, skeleton-sort of personage, something after the make of the "knight of the woeful countenance;" but in the present instance his pins were round, his frame manly and athletic, his mug exhibited cheerfulness, and the hue of health had banished the hitherto look of Don Quixote from his person. Reuben convinced his backers of the good effects which result from training; and it is but justice to state, that while at Hampstead. he did everything in his power to be prepared for his enemy, The Ould One, (as he is termed) Gyblets, is, nevertheless, a young man in regard to age, topping 30, only by two or three years: also astonished all his acquaintance on the spot, when he threw off his togs. Charley appeared like "one risen from the dead," in fact, he was altogether a new man. His legs were something like legs, (what no man need have been ashamed to stand upon,) nothing of the "lean and slippered Pantaloon" attached to them; his body round and plump, with not a superfluous ounce of flesh about it, hard and tough to all intents and purposes; his arms were beautiful according to the notions of medical men; his frontispiece, most certainly, had nothing to do with the line of beauty, and his conk having been broken in some of his former contests, tends to give his index rather a cut of the antique. Yet still his little laughing peepers, like the sun breaking through a dark cloud, illuminated his nob, as much as to say, "I am ready to do my work, and I am confident that victory is within my grasp." Great credit must be given to Jackson, for his exertions and attention towards Gyblets, while under his training; and also in bringing his man up to the scratch, in such a complete state of condition. On setting to, Gyblets soon let fly, which slightly touched the body of his opponent, and he also seemed anxious to do mischief without delay. Reuben was equally active, with an intention to "tip it" to his opponent, and likewise keep out of trouble. A pause, Gyblets, the shortest man of the two, found it rather difficult to reach his opponent without a severe return, showed himself a complete master of the science, and his attitude was not only commanding but beautiful. Reuben was cautious, and soon found out that the "OULD ONE" was not so stale as he had anticipated, and he was now equally aware, that a much better man, and a more skilful boxer stood before him, than he had calculated upon. An exchange of blows passed between them, rather of the pepper kind: which convinced Reuben that Gyblets was a hard hitter; and the latter was perfectly satisfied, that Reuben was a rum one, and a dangerous customer. Gyblets planted a body hit with much dexterity; he endeavoured to repeat the dose, but Marten retreated from danger. Reuben made good use of his right hand on the body of his opponent. Both on the look out for an opening; and the stops were good. Gyblets planted two heavy hits on the breast, which appeared to the spectators like the cuts of a knife. Reuben got away from a heavy left hander. Gyblets made a most excellent stop. (Beautiful! well done, Charley) Gyblets put in a jobber with his left hand, which swelled Marten's cheek, and also put his left ogle on the blinking system. Both of them now went to work, and some very hard blows were exchanged between them, and in the rally, Reuben went down from a slight hit. Bravo, that's your sort, Charley.

2. Gyblet's left hand again felt for Martin's already damaged ogle; R[e]uben returned, but his blow fell short. It was now evident, notwithstanding the success of Gyblet in planting his left hand jobbers, that he was not tall enough to do mischief which his intentions warranted him to accomplish if possible. Gyblets stopped a heavy right hander; the latter again tried for the blinking ogle, but his blow alighted upon Marten's shoulder. Gyblets not dismayed tried it on again, and was more successful; The peeper of Reuben being nearly closed. A pause. Reuben planted a severe blow on Charley's listener, enough to bother the brains of a judge. He also gave the Gyblet pie a conker that produced the claret, and decided the first blood. Sharp work was now the feature; and some tremendous blows were exchanged on both sides. The parries between them were equally excellent; and the spectators, one and all, pronounced it a most capital fight. Reuben's right hand again told, and was mischievous to his opponent; and Gyblet's turned round from the severity of the blows. The latter, however, had the lead of the fighting; and in countering his blow alighted severely on the swelled up sparkler of Reuben, which produced lots of claret. [You have got him now, Charley; and Jackson offered to bet 10l. on Gyblets.] This round was finished by a severe rally; in which Reuben went down from the receipt of a heavy blow. Thunders of applause for the Gyblet Pye.

3. and last. - Marten came up to the scratch as game as a pebble, smiling; although he looked rather kevere owing to the left side of his mug being quite black, and his ogle completely in the dark. Gyblets again planted a rum one on the damaged side of his opponent's face; R[e]uben returned as quick as lightning, and punishment was napt on both sides in a severe manner. The men were now both on their mettle; and anxious to give it to each other without any loss of time. In countering, although Reuben came in for a sharp taste of his antagonist's quality, yet he planted such a teaser between the eyes of Gyblets, as to cut a piece of the flesh; and the blood flowed in torrents. His body was covered; his drawers were filled; and in fact he was a Man of Claret almost from the top of his nob to the sole of his foot. Gyblets was nearly choked likewise; and he vomited copious draughts of the precious liquid continually. Gyblets was a little wild in consequence; but it was extraordinary to see him keep his legs; and if he had not proved himself one of the gamest men of the GAME, the above terrific blow must have won the fight. It was severe enough to have floored an Ox!!! Gyblets still tried to face his opponent; but Reuben got away. Gyblets made another heavy attempt; but Reuben parried the blow skilfully. A manly rally occurred, and both of the combatants proved themselves out-and-outers, and Gyblets received pepper. Marten thought he had got his opponent safe, and kept out, thinking that the great loss of blood would not only render Gyblets weak but he would ultimately prove an easy conquest. This idea however was fallacious - while Gyblets was stopping with dexterity, and endeavouring now and then to plant a hit, the blood ceased to flow; and he recovered astonishingly from the stupefying effects of the almost killing hit. Gyblets tried once more for the already closed eye, but his blow was short and alighted on the shoulder of Marten. Reuben put in a heavy body blow. Gyblets did all he could to darken the right eye of Marten; but the latter stopped his efforts like a most able tactician. The fight had now become extremely interesting: and just as the FANCY were

about to let loose their Chaffers as to betting and taking the odds - Four men dressed up with "brief authority," showed their staves of Office, and put an end to the Mill.

At this interesting moment, when all was anxious to see the end of the round, in order that the state of Gybletts' phiz might be ascertained by the application of the sponge, and when Marten's friends thought he was in a fair way to justify their confidence, a person was seen to quit the side of the ropes with a paper in his hand, as if he had been making memorandums, and almost immediately afterwards, four constables entered the outer circle, and drawing their staves from their breasts, approached the ropes, as if intending to take the men into custody. The belligerents and their seconds instantly retreated to their post-chaises, and all was at an end, to the complete disappointment of the spectators. many were of opinion that this interruption was a preconcerted matter, & all agreed that it was without any sanction on the part of the Magistrate. Some said it was at the suggestion of a Hungerford Methodist, & some said other things, but, whatever the cause, the result was fatal to the decision of the match; and, as we said before, we must leave the curious to indulge in such speculations as their fancies may suggest. Gybletts was reconducted to Marlborough, and Marten went on to Newbury. Both were fresh at leaving off, and quitted the Ring with great activity; but it was considered that Marten had the pull in his favour, and he certainly made sure of winning - as he said himself, "a guinea to a shilling."

REMARKS

A more manly or scientific fight has, perhaps, never been witnessed. Both men throughout shewed unshrinking courage and determined spirit. There was no closing nor hugging - nothing unfair - nothing which indicated a disposition to escape from the consequence of an open, manly, and stand-up fight. As far as the men were concerned, they were entitled to the highest praise; but we think the ridiculous chaffing in which some of the seconds indulged was quite absurd. It was thought that if Marten had gone in with more resolution when he gave Gybletts the first dreadful blow on the nose, the event would have been soon decided; but we think Gybletts was not quite so bad as his appearance indicated; and, indeed, after he had been washed, he declared that there was nothing the matter, and that he was as good as when he commenced. Marten, too, was uninjured, except from the derangement of his left eye; so that, in fact, it might have been still the battle of either man. So satisfied were Marten's friends that he was winning, that on the same night they stated, they were willing to let the battle-money remain, and renew the fight on a future day; but at the same time, they expressed their suspicions that there was something mysterious in the unseasonable appearance of the constables.

THE BATTLE-MONEY CLAIMED BY MARTEN

Since writing the above, we have heard that Marten claims the whole of the battle-money, upon the broad principle that he was prevented from winning the fight by the machinations of the parties who backed Gybletts - in other words, that they employed the constables to be in readiness at a moment's call to enter the ring and stop the battle, in the event of Gybletts being likely to lose. This conclusion, it is urged, is confirmed by various circumstances. First, it is said that many bets were laid in London before the fight, either that Gybletts would win, or that the fight would not be brought to a conclusion. Next, it is reported that the person to whom we have alluded as having left the ring, and who was watching intensely the progress of the battle, remarked, previous to his departure, to one of Marten's backers, that "he shouldn't wonder if the constables were coming;" from whence it is inferred that he was in truth fully aware that they were coming, as they were under his guidance; and, lastly, it is asserted, that repeated declarations had been made by the friends of Gybletts, that if he could not win, he, at least, should not lose. Upon these matters we have only to observe, that as umpires and a referee were chosen upon the ground, all highly respectable men, the proper course must be to refer to them any question which may have arisen; and the only question which strikes us as giving rise to doubt, is, whether, in point of fact, the constables were employed by either, and which, of the parties interested? We have the best authority for stating that they were not acting under the sanction of a Magistrate; and it may, perhaps, be no very different matter to ascertain the true motives of their interference. If it should be discovered that the constables were, in point of fact, called into requisition, for the mere purpose of preventing the fair decision of the match, then comes the point which must be left to the discretion of the umpires or referee, whether in common honesty, the party attempting so gross a fraud ought not to suffer the same penalty which it might have been inferred would have followed, had the battle been permitted to take the customary course. Upon this subject we must remark, that if the employment of constables, for the purpose of preventing an unfavourable issue to a fight, be once successfully established as the precedent, there must be an end to fighting altogether; for no one can either bet on or back a man with anything like a fair chance of winning - as the parties on either side may, by such a stratagem, prevent the decision of the event, if it shall be going against them. That which we would recommend in this instance, is an appeal first to the umpires; and if they shall disagree, then to the referee, whose judgment, according to the articles, must be binding. It will, of course, behove the referee to act with strict impartiality, and to be fully satisfied of the justness of the claims made by Marten before he gives his decision. The Gentleman who was referee on the present occasion holds a high and honourable station in society, and as he lives near the scene of action, will perhaps be able to unravel the mystery without much trouble.

In the interim we have heard that many persons have drawn their bets, while others have, with proper caution, refused to take their money until the fate of the battle-money shall be decided - as, by all Ring laws, bets are invariably decided by that event.

On Thursday night the backers of Gybletts attended at Cribb's, to say they are willing to renew the battle for the stakes down; but this has been refused, until the points mooted shall be decided. Marten proclaims, however, he is ready to make a fresh match for any sum which shall be named.

We shall watch the progress of this affair, which we think is of no small importance to the Ring, and shall be glad to see it decided with a proper regard to the interests of those concerned; as well as to the interests of the Sporting World in general.

The *Dispatch* added to their account the following;

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS. - We regret to announce, that there are strong grounds for believing, that the interruption to the above fight originated in the determination of certain parties to save their money at the expense of their honour, and at the sacrifice of that fair play, without which the practice of pugilism will never be defended in our columns. Our readers are already aware, that Martin offended what is called the *flash side*, by beating (*Jack*) January, on the 27th June, 1826, after having received a bribe to *lose*. Since that period, repeated threats have been uttered, that "Martin should never win another fight;" and some persons, speaking of his match with Gybletts, were heard to say, that if Charley *could not win*, he *should not* lose! It is said, that arrangements had been made at Marlborough for securing the attendance of peace-officers, who, in the event of the fight taking place there, might have been called in, to put an end to the contest, if Martin appeared to be winning. From all the enquiries which have been made, we cannot learn that *any Magistrate* employed, or authorised the constables to interfere on Hungerford Downs. It is said that a person, whose name bears an affinity to a late celebrated naval hero, and who had backed Gybletts pretty heavily, was heard to "call out a certain something," after his man had received the blow that changed the odds, and which *outcry* has been interpreted as *the office* for the peace-officers to be summoned. About this time, also, a person with a paper in his hand, whom the writer of this article mistook for a reporter, asked one of Martin's backers what he thought of the fight? "I think it is a guinea to a shilling upon Reuben," was the reply. The inquirer rejoined, "I should not wonder if the constables were to come." He then proceeded to the outside of the ring, and spoke to some person on horseback, who started off *instantly*, and in a few minutes afterwards the peace officers appeared. There are other suspicious circumstances connected with the affair, relative to bets which had been made among the East-enders, and the noted, knowing lads of St. Giles's that either Gybletts would win, or the *battle would not be brought to a conclusion*. The matter will be, however, thoroughly investigated, and we shall do our duty in fearlessly laying before the public the whole particulars of the affair. Prize-fighting must be at an end, if persons are to be allowed to avail themselves of magisterial or constabulary interference, to save their bets. Indeed, it will be next to impossible that a battle can be brought to a termination - under such a system, since both sides will probably secure the means of stopping it, and thus whichever party is losing will call in their auxiliaries. Some persons have already drawn their bets, considering the match undecided; we recommend those, who have not yet done so, to await the issue of the investigations now going on. The umpires and referee are most respectable men: - if it shall be proved that the constables, in stopping the fight, were employed by Gyblett's friends, the battle-money may be given up to Martin, on the principle that he was only prevented from winning the fight by unfair play. Fortunately, Mr. T. Cribb is stakeholder: *he* will never countenance any thing wrong, and has already declared, that he will give up the battle-money according to the decision of the umpires and referee. It ought to be mentioned, that as Gybletts was driven off the ground, a gentleman inquired of one of his (Gyblett's) backers, whether they meant to proceed to another county, and fight the battle out. "No!" he replied, evidently alluding to the interference of the constables, "I think this is a d--d good job."

Bell's also reported in their issue of the 15th, the Jones versus Simmonds fight on Saturday the 14th April [also covered in *Boxiana 2nd Ser. II p. 350*, and *Pugilistica II, p. 525*] but the *Morning Advertiser* of 16th April [and other papers such *Sun, Star*] gives a fuller account;

HARRY JONES AND BOB SIMMONDS, THE SWEEP.

The fight between these men, for 25*l.* a side, took place on Saturday, on Bulham Fen, Essex, about 22 miles from London. About 1,000 spectators attended and the battle took place in a regular 24-feet roped ring. The men entered the ring at five minutes past one o'clock. The gay little Sailor Boy was seconded by Peter Crawley and **Jack Fogo**; Simmons was attended to by Davey Hudson and Gybletts. At starting, the yokel seemed all fire and fury - he was in a great hurry to go to work; but Harry waited with caution to find out what sort of *cove* he had before him.

Simmonds soon gave an opening, when Harry put in a left-hander, which floored the clergyman, [anglicè - a sweep] and produced first blood. [*Egan* calls him the *Flue Faker* or *Man of Soot*] After this the latter never showed any thing like pluck; he was either hit down, or fell without a blow, in every round, with the exception of the sixth, when Jones gave him a complete cross-buttock that shook the wind out of him. After fighting seventeen rounds, in thirty-five minutes, Simmonds gave in, declaring to his seconds, that it was no use for him to contend against such a man as Jones - for he could not get at him! Thus has the gay little Sailor Boy met with another batch of good luck, in cutting up a commoner - and the bounce of the Essex flue-fakers ended in smoke!

Egan ended his account: Crawley and **Fogo** was extremely attentive to Jones. It was so *hollow* a thing on the side of Jones that not a single *mag* was sported upon the event. Upwards of one thousand persons were present. It was an easy 10*l.* for Jones.

This was proving a busy period for Fogo and may, perhaps, have something to do with his having a new partner who could look after his children as well as the greengrocery stall in Clare-market. He had more time to follow his interests and earn a little on the side. Another fight was on the cards for the 17th April; ⁸⁰

THE LONG-WINDED FIGHT; OR, NOTHING THE MATTER, BETWEEN M^cCARTHY AND MURPHY

The *Sluice House* on Tuesday last, proved the scene of attraction for the *Milling Coves* to witness "a gay little fight," which had been previously anticipated, and so termed, would take place between *M^cCarthy* and *Murphy*, for 10*l.* both

known as good *sparrrers* at the Tennis Court. The *toddlers* were on the jog trot soon after breakfast: mobs of *Patlanders* were also recognized upon the road; shoals of boxers were on the alert; several crowded *tumblers*, two or three gigs, and a few *rattlers* brought up the rear. Tom Oliver, Jack Randall, Josh. Hudson, Ned O'Neal, Reuben Marten, Raines, Sam. Tibbutt, Savage, Wallace, **Poet Fogo**, &c were in the ring to support fair play. The combatants were not confined to space, no ropes nor stakes being sent by the Commissary General. The boxers *peeled* at one o'clock; M'Carthy was waited upon by Harry Jones and Duke Hurley, and Murphy was seconded by Stockman and Reidie. The first round occupied ONLY *half an hour*, to the great surprise of the spectators; the description of which will be quite sufficient, as to the *character* of the fight. The men did not want for *science*; but Murphy being the *lightest* man, by the advice of his seconds, refrained from "*going in*," and M'Carthy, in opposition to his advisers, "*kept out*," by which means the battle was protracted to the unusual length of FOUR HOURS AND FIVE MINUTES, occupying fifty-five rounds, when both of the combatants left off more *tired* than *punished*; and M'Carthy was declared the victor. It is impossible to convey anything like a description of the scene which took place in keeping the ring; as the men at different times retreated from each other the spectators followed, and all was one general glorious confusion. Here were to be seen the O'CALLAGHANS with *tooth-picks* in the *mauleys* like the branches of Old Irish Oak Trees; the O'SHAUGHNESSY'S likewise with *dusters of China* in their bunches of *Fives* as big as door posts; and the O'GRADY'S also with *bits of Shilalees!* (O Murder!) in their fists thick enough to *floor* a Mad Bull. These *Jontlemen* from the *Island of Saints*, in the most liberal style, but, nevertheless, with a great deal of *nateness* and *gentility* into the bargain, cracked each others *sconces* without charging the Commander-in-chief one fathering for their exertions: observing at the same time, "Ye blackguards, if ye break in the ring, you must be paid for it!" *Crack* went one fellow's *head*; slap bang went a *toothpick* upon another's *canister*; then alighted a *duster of China* upon the nob of a third. "By Jasus! that was an elegant *hit*, my Jewel!" exclaimed a Connaught boy, laughing heartily at the fun, to an *apology* for a SWELL who was in *trouble* in the crowd. "None of your *prate* and *impertinence*" replied the shabby-genteel hero from the SWEET County of *Tip*. "I hope they'll mistake your *hollow* head for a *drum* before you get out of the ring." These words were scarcely out of his *chaffing box*, when Pat *Clontarf's* shillalee came in contact with the Connaught man's *index*, that almost gave his brains a *holiday* for the day: also put his *peepers* on the winking system; and the tears rolled down his dirty mug which had not been opposed to the *Soap Company* for a long time: "Never mind, Pat" said a *Swell Sticker* from the Leadenhall Market, "You are only *weeping* for joy, by way of making a *bull*!" Down went one *chap*; a second showed *fight*; a third flourished with his *toothpick*; a fourth joined in the bustle; a fifth could not help himself; a sixth, an Irish *physicianer*, who attended with his *lancets* as a professional man, was so roughly handled for his "being in the way," as nearly to be in want of a *poticary* to compose his *agitated* frame. In fact, the *patience* of the spectators was worn out; and lots of *chaps* retired from the ring to swallow *heavy wet*; sport a *cigar*, bolt down an *eel-pie*; tip off a *flash of lightning* with *Mine Host*, who had not had anything like such a turn for many a day. In the front of the *domus*, a travelling band of musicians, set all the Mechanics' *ribs* a jiggling like old Orpheus, to the no small amusement of the holiday folks. A dustman, (not exactly as elegant in his movements as Oscar Byrne) but, nevertheless, whose *pins* were well calculated for motion, sported a toe with two nymphs, whose steps would have puzzled Ronzi Vestris, or Madame Noblet, to have imitated; and, in truth, put all the rules of art at defiance; yet all-bountiful Nature had been kind to their faces, and the boys were applauding their *in* and *out*, and round about tactics to the very echo, on the ladies finishing the *reel*. The dustman was so pleased with his success, that he said with a grin, "I'll back my *Fan* and *Peg*, against any female vomen they have got, or can show at the *Uproar*! In short, it might be termed "Life OUT of London; or, a day's fun, frolic, and adventures, at the Sluice-House. The *Fancy* in general were much *disappointed*; not to say *disgusted* at the above protracted battle. A wet evening gave a finish to the thing altogether; and a very few of the amateurs arrived home in a dry skin. Also in *Bethell's Life in London* issue 127, April 28.

A new venue opened up for sparring in Catherine Street called the small or Minor Theatre and Frosty played a part there from the beginning. His health may have started to suffer from his alcoholic imbibing at this time and mention is made of his *gout* - a problem which returns occasionally. He was 37 years old. The sparring took place on Tuesday, May 1st and accounts of it were given in the *Morning Advertiser* and *Weekly Dispatch*; ⁸¹

SPARRING AT THE MINOR THEATRE, CATHERINE STREET

Yesterday evening Jem Gaynor tried the experiment of novelty, by taking his benefit at this little theatre, and it seemed to have the effect, for the "pit, boxes, and gallery," were well filled.

[WD has extra: The boxes and pit were nearly filled with well-dressed persons; but, in the gallery, three or four benches only were occupied. There are many advantages in this mode of exhibiting glove-bouts at the Tennis-Court there is but one price for admission, and one place of accommodation for every description of visitors; many persons in the humbler walks of life are unable to afford to pay 3s at the Court, who may be accommodated, to their satisfaction, for one shilling in the gallery of the theatre. But there is an objection, of a more serious nature, to the Tennis-Court, and that is, the exorbitant sum charged for its use by the proprietor. It is not occupied at a benefit for more than three hours, at farthest - there is not a bench or a chair, on which the spectators can rest themselves; and, with the exception of a very few indeed, who are able to obtain a comfortable seat, by perching themselves in niches in the walls, the company are obliged to stand during the whole of the exhibition; and yet the sum demanded of a pugilist for this place is no less than eleven pounds - which, coupled with other expenses, too often swallows all the receipts.]

Another novelty was our old friend **Jack Foggo**, in the character of Master of the Ceremonies; [WD has **Frosty-faced Fogo** stage-manager] and he looked and performed the part excellently, only now and then he wanted the prompt - forgetting to announce the men by name; but the gentlemen of the gallery soon set him right.

We were sorry to observe that the bustling **Poet Laureat** laboured under a slight fit of the gout, and was consequently necessitated to appear in his new public capacity with one of his morning slippers on his right foot. He

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has, perhaps, lately been too much confined to his study, and so we may expect shortly a few more "poetry books".

The following is the order of the sets-to:-

Lennox and Clarke; [*WD* - who, after a short performance, retired, and were rewarded with a shower of coppers.]

Young Spring [also called 'Harry Woods - the conjuror' - *WD*] set-to with Harry Jones, and consequently Jones was lost in the awkwardness of Spring, who ought never to attempt sparring in public until he has really learnt to spar.

Young Richmond the Black and Alec Reid. - Reid appeared still rather weak, but massa had no chance with him. [*WD* - Mungo, having no fear of *black eyes*, went in and hustled the Chelsea Lad; of course, Alec gave him pepper, but he is wretchedly out of condition, and his hits did not tell.]

Scroggins and M^cArthy.- M^cArthy acquitted himself wonderfully. [*WD* - Old Scroggy was as lively as ever, and more successful than usual, in a bout with M^cCarthy; at the end of his set-to, lots of coppers and some silver sent him off to a *victualling office* in high glee.]

Spring exhibited his feats of balancing, which are really very clever, and were highly applauded - he talked of fighting, but many thought he was not in earnest. [*WD* - Woods now exhibited his feats of balancing and sleight of hand - gaining great applause.]

Gas and Oliver set-to, in which the veteran showed he could keep the young one to his work.

Bill Savage and Fisher - Burt, the Bath champion, and Bole, Cassells and Jack Martin's Tailor: the set-to was only queer. Ned Stockman and Raines made a spirited set-to.

The wind-up was a good one, between Gaynor and Reuben Martin: both did their best, and they were loudly applauded.

Gaynor, when returning thanks, stated that he had expected to meet Bishop Sharp there to-night, to make a match, but the Bishop was not forthcoming. He, however, further announced that his money was ready, from 50*l.* to 100*l.*, to fight Gyblets, and to give him time to consult his friends - he (Gaynor) would meet him on Tuesday next.

Several calls were made on the charitable feelings of the audience, and amongst the rest was poor Anderson, who fought on Monday morning; his shoulder is in a bad situation, and his eyes terribly out of repair; he was successful in obtaining some assistance in the shape of currency, amongst which were some sprinkling of silver.

[*WD* ended its piece with the comments: The amusements of the evening seemed very gratifying to the spectators - especially to a party of ladies who occupied a box over one of the stage doors. Andrew Anderson, who lost the little fight at Battle Bridge on the previous morning, *showed* on the stage, and was rewarded for his bravery by a subscription. His face was much damaged, and his right arm was in a sling, the shoulder being seriously injured. We are decidedly of the opinion, that this little theatre may be used with profit to the pugilists, and convenience to the admirers of sparring; but a rope or two should be drawn across the front of the stage to prevent accidents, or some of the combatants will, we fear, be *capsized* into the orchestra.]

Frosty was obviously an enterprising person, necessity being his motivation, but others followed him. His poetic contest with Burn spurred Jack Randall, after his last poem, to have a turn, and earn a few shillings likewise. *Bell's* of May 13th promoted the contest and said the 'challenge' and Fogo's 'answer' would appear in their next issue. On the 18th the *Morning Advertiser* reported that at a meeting at Tom Cribb's [The Union Arms, Panton Street, Haymarket] 'bills were handed about the room, announcing the benefit of Tom Oliver, the veteran, at the Catherine Street Theatre, which, among other things, contain the novelties of a song by Tom Cribb, and one by **Jack Fogg.**'

These were exciting times - *Bell's* true to their word published the rival poems in their issue of May 20th - immediately next to a column reporting the collapse of Brunel's Thames Tunnel!

CHALLENGE, BY JACK RANDALL, TO FROSTY-FAC'D FOGO, P. L. OF THE RING

Sir, - I've thrown down the gauntlet to **Fogo** and Burn,
I'll take them together, or either in turn.
This Challenge, please publish, no malice nor fighting,
But sound erudition and poetic writing,
Not the belt of the Champion, which Crawley refuses,
But the fame of the *Laureat*, *Graces*, and *Muses*.
The subject to you, Sir, I leave with submission,
You've known me the dandy in every condition:
In the field, in the cabinet, Hole in the Wall,
Where the swells of the Fancy oft give me a call;
And again, when *rebuilt*, they'll take place by the fire -
Quaff *Hodges* Elixir, and *Culvert's* Entire.
But first to Parnassus I'm ready to climb,
In tragic, in comic, or ethics sublime.
Not for lucre, but honour, my muses shall ring.
I'll stick to George Canning, my country, and King;
My aid they shall have, not like soul-saving *rates*,
Who plunder'd and punish'd, and tortur'd the *Pats*,
And with hypocrite cant, every mischief designing,

They thought to enforce their foul deeds by resigning,
 Forgetting who rais'd them from nothing. To frighten
 And banish their *master* from *London* to *Brighton*
 These ignoble upstarts - this cringing brigade
 Found falsehood, not freedom, their profit in trade;
 They've worked in the dark, on the back stairs 'tis known,
 Kept place by dividing the people and Throne;
 The Green Isle distracted caused feuds and starvation}
 Those spared from the gallows met extermination }
 Or milder decree, for their life transportation }
 The sighs of the widow, and tears of the child,
 Close follow'd their footsteps in attitudes wild.
 Their barks in an ocean of sorrow they moor'd -
 No matter if profit and place was secur'd.
 They ground Erin's sons too - Lord what do they care;
 And for victuals now substitute forms of prayer:
 A Christianlike food - they could find out no other,
 As if God order'd men to destroy one another.
 The King told the junta, he's open'd his eyes
 On the past. on the present, and future, likewise -
 You think my ship's sinking, like rats swim away;
 The people's my friends, with the people I'll stay;
 You've feathered your nests by foul deeds, speculation,
 You've humbugg'd your King, and insulted his station;
 You're bad ones, enrich'd at the public expence,
 You ruled without equity, virtue or sense;
 Retire now despis'd, not to hope further cling,
 My subjects in Erin now cheerfully sing: -
 "Many years ago, black and white tell us so,
 Our tillage alone was on Highland,
 Till our angelic daddy, the famous old Paddy
 Drove reptiles away from old Ireland.
 Tho' his history paints ours an Island of Saints,
 Yet we've devils by dozens in Ireland."
 You see, Sir, my lyric and epic's the same,
 In field or in closet the truth I'll proclaim,
 Tho' *Dad* and my *Mam* came from Cork and Killarney,
 We're Britons beside without bother or blarney.
 The laurels I've won, still untarnish'd I wear,
 Not like others, ungrateful to those in whose care
 Their honour was placed, mine's the work of my hands;
 Pure friendship my gratitude ever commands -
 Let the rats, in despair, to the left wheel about,
 Unpitied, neglected, so kick the rogues out!!!
 Having made this appeal, as my feelings dictate,
 I pray your reply, sir as *Burns* elate
 With victory lately his *nephy* obtained,
 Over Whiteheaded Bob, as the gentleman's nam'd,
 And **Fogo**, who claims himself scribe of the Ring,
 Once honour'd, still sanctioned, by people and king:
 Therefore, my good sir, 'tis at once my intention,
 To bother these braggarts from further pretension.
 With fancy and freedom my banner's unfurl'd,
 For rat-killing science I challenge the world.
 The thistle and leek with the rose are combin'd,
 The wreath is complete when the shamrock's entwined;
 Like the bundle of stick, or the badge of the Roman,
 Oh! let them be parted or injured by no man:
 But Britons, like brothers, their liberties handle,
 And fight for fair play, like your servant,
Chancery-lane, 7th May 1827 JACK RANDALL

FOGO'S REPLY
TO THE SUPPOSED CHALLENGE FROM JACK RANDALL*

DEAR JACK,
There's a shallow-brain'd upstart *pretender*,
With plenty of impudence - wit rather slender -
Who takes up your name, and if any thing worse is,
Would palm on the world as *your* rhymes *his own* verses.
Like a story I'll tell of a *Crow* in a fable,
Who thought she'd voice, and would fain have been able
To make folks believe 'twas the *blackbird's* sweet note,
When only *caw! caw!* was the fruit of her throat.
A countryman finding out what she was after,
Concealing awhile his contempt and his laughter,
Pretended delight at the song that was taught her,
And so by a few crumbs of flattery caught her:
Then popp'd her in cage, and there told her to sing
As blackbirds will do in the middle of Spring.
The Crow now began to discover her error,
And look'd on a life of confinement with terror;
Regretting that she had the art to impose
On one who should know real *blackbirds* from *crows*,
She petition'd the countryman then to permit her,
To go, as the cage could in no respect fit her,
One blackbird was not just the same as another,
They were only a-kin on the side of the mother.
"Thou fool!" cried the countryman, "none of your jaw!
With your wearisome, harsh, everlasting *caw, caw!*
Do you fancy, forsooth, you impos'd upon me,
With my hearing to listen, my eyesight to see?
Stay there as a punishment due to conceit.
And think you're in luck to get something to eat;
For oft the *pretenders to singing*, we know
(And many a *blackbird* is only a *crow*)
Are kept on short commons, complaining 'tis hard
That *genius poetic* don't meet its reward.
You shall have *your reward* - never fear it nor doubt it,
A genius like yours should be never without it."
So saying, he *toddled*, and stay'd not to listen
What the crow had to say, who remained in her prison
Some months, 'till one morning the countryman's cat,
Being hungry, no doubt, gave the cage such a pat,
It fell from its nail and was broken - and so
The cat in a trice *kill'd* and *swallow'd* the crow.
And surely a lot such as that was far better
Than pining in prison and dragging a fetter.
Now such is the lesson I offer, dear Jack,
To him who, on you, has just made this attack.
I have seen his effusion, and swear on my Bible,
I ne'er in my life read a worse kind of *libel*;
For it makes you appear to have slander'd yourself,
By writing such nonsense for fancy or pelf:-
If for fancy, your fancy is much to be pitied -
If for money, the purchaser must be outwitted,
Or he never would buy such poor *Skim scramble* stuff -
Where the rhyme is so faulty, the metre so rough.
The meaning is only so hard to be found -
Not because 'tis recondite, but words full of sound.
Wrap it up like a mummy from Egypt in rags,
Although the vain author is full of his brags
Of what he can do both in *epic* and *lyric*,

Like some fair-haunting Mountebank, *alias* empyric,
 Who pretends there is nothing to which he's not equal.
 This gentleman might, perchance, write heathen Greek well,
 But in English, I'm sure, he is sadly deficient,
 As his poem will shew, for he makes a nice dish on't;
 A *hash*, or more like the soup cook'd by the French,
 Where the garlick's enough to knock em down with its stench;
 But as for the meat - why the *Mounseers* deny
 That 'tis wanted - for my part, *I'd rather not try*:
 They have cabbage and celery, turnip, and carrot,
 But not enough *meat* for a marmot or parrot.
 Now, this is the case with the poem assign'd
 To you, my friend Jack, or I've grown very blind,
 And lost in these matters my critical skill -
 If you wrote you'd take care not to write quite so ill:
 No substance, no brains, all mere *blarney* and *chaff*,
 And the worst of it is that it don't make one laugh.
 I'd forgive him the trick if there were but some fun in it,
 But you're only *shewn up*, and most wretchedly *done* in it.
 And as to his impudence, challenging me,
 I'm not bound to stoop to so low a degree.
 I don't think that I have so long worn the laurel,
 To take up the cudgels in such a base quarrel.
 Shall I, that have *silenc'd* Bob Southey and Scott!
 Contend with such foes? I should rather think not.
 Ben Burn may, of course decide, just as he pleases:
 His Pegasus late *broke its wind*: as it *weezes*
 He may like such to breathe him against such a foe.
 My only definitive answer is - No.
 If Lenney should challenge Jem Ward, would he fight?
 Most assuredly not, and Jem Ward would be right.
 I, therefore, inform this *pretender* 'tis **no go**,
 And remain your true friend, **POET LAUREAT FOGO**

In this same May 20th issue, *Bell's* reported, tongue in cheek, a great falling out in the Pugilistic Club as the old guard needed replacing and moves were afoot to reorganise the sport in a better and more honest setup. It paralleled the changing Government administration of the day - out with the old, in with the new.

THE FANCY IN AN UPROAR! EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION

There has been "a precious row" during the whole of the last week in the pugilistic circles, in consequence of a sudden, and almost a total change in the Administration of the affairs of the King. This unexpected, and it would seem gratifying, event is attributed to various causes, but principally to the circumstances of the Lord Commissary, Bill Gibbons, having refused to take the official ropes and stakes of the P.R. to Bulwener Fenn, in Essex, on Tuesday week, for the fight between Irish Larkins and Davy Hudson. Old Bill, it is well known, is a staunch Aristocrat, of the High Church party, and of late has, upon more occasions than one, shewn himself hostile to that liberal policy so warmly supported by the *Prigs*. The *Prigs*, as a body, determined to resent this selfish feeling; and finding, notwithstanding all their efforts, that they were kept out of a fair chance of participating in the ordinary supply of "*Wipes*" and "*Thimbles*," as well as deprived of the hope of the *emancipation* of a large portion of their *pals* in *quod*, they resolved, without hesitation, by intrigue or otherwise, to shave *Old Bill* and his coadjutors of their *perches*, and to substitute men whose habits and inclinations were more congenial to the feelings of the *milling* multitude. Overtures were in consequence made to *Jack Scroggins*, the Secretary for *Foraging* Affairs, with a tender of the support of the whole fraternity of *Prigs*, if he could force Old Bill and his squad to *mizzle* from office. Jack was "as down as a hammer," and having his *ogle* always out for his own advantage, sought an early opportunity of ear-wiggling the Commander-in-Chief. For this purpose he proceeded to the *crib* of that illustrious individual, at Pimlico, and in strong and eloquent terms, represented the obstinacy of the Commissary, in refusing to go all lengths for the good of the *Fancy*. The Commander-in-Chief listened to these complaints with great complacency, and, as in fact they had reached his *lug* through other and more influential channels, he determined to give *Bill the bag*. By some chance the intrigues of the *Prigs* reached the knowledge of Bill and six of his Co-Councillors, and they determined, in order to avoid being turned out, to send in their resignations. Bill took the lead, and sent in a polite intimation of his desire to lay the *ropes and stakes* at the feet of the Commander-in-Chief. The Commander-in-Chief, incensed at this conduct, and at once discovering that a *cabal* had been formed to dictate to him the course he should pursue, lost not a moment in commanding *Jack Scroggins* to form an administration of his own; thus constituting him *Premier*, and as a mark of his favour, permitting him to kiss his *inexpressibles*. Jack, highly elated at this honour, and at the success of his plans, made to bow and "his lucky" at the

same time; and proceeding to the sign of "the Bunch of Fives and Breeches pocket," in Downing Street, there met the leaders of the *Prigs*, and made it *all right* over a couple of gallons of *heavy wet*, and a hearty meal of "*two-penny bustards, bees vax, and ingins*;" for, in modern times, there is nothing done in Church or State unless accompanied by a *tuck out* of the most approved *grub*.

In effecting this important change, there was, of course, a good deal of warm discussion, and some of the *immortal seven*, finding that they had "thrown out the dirty water before the clean came in," prudently recalled their resignations, and joined giblets with the *Prig* party. How long this coalition may last, it is impossible to say; but, at present, the odds are in favour of Scroggins being able to maintain his ground. As far as we have been able to collect, the old and new arrangements are thus contrasted.

OLD ADMINISTRATION

IN THE CABINET

Lord Commissary, Bill Gibbons; Lord President of the Daffy Club, Jemmy Soares; Lord *Privy Seat*, **Frosty-faced Fogo**; Chancellor of Duke's Place, Ikey Solomon; Secretary of State for Foraging affairs, Jack Scroggins; Secretary of State for Colonial Milling, Jack Carter; Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Right Honourable John Vickery;

President of the Board of Traffic, the Right Honourable Ben Burns; President of the Board of Crosses, Viscount Muffins;

Secretary of Prize Fights, Right Honourable Pearce Egan; Chancellor of the *Rag*, Tom Cribb.

NOT IN THE CABINET

Master General of the Waggon Train, Tom Callas; Lord Chamberlain of Blue Ruin, Jem Hood, the Fighting Tailor; Master of the Donkeys, Caleb Baldwin; Chief Secretary for the Irish Ring, Ned O'Neal.

LAW APPOINTMENTS

Master of the Rolls, Jack Martin; Vice-Commissary, Bill Gibbons, jun.

NEW ADMINISTRATION

IN THE CABINET

Lord Commissary, Tom Oliver, now Lord Moulseyhurst; Lord President of the Daffy Club, Sam Tebutt, now the Marquess of Saffron Hill; Secretary for Foraging affairs, Harry Harmer, now Earl of Noman's Land; Chancellor of Duke's Place, Isaac Nathan, now Earl of Houndsditch; Lord *Privy Seat*, Dusty Bob, now Baron of Battle-bridge; Secretary of State for Colonial Milling, West Country Dick, now Earl of Sydney, New South Wales; Secretary of State for the Home Department, Bill Nightingale, now Earl of Newgate; President of the Board of Traffic, the Right Hon. Ben Burns, now Lord Copernicus; President of the Board of Crosses (this office is vacant - there are several candidates - and it is expected some of the leading *Prigs* will be appointed); Secretary of Prize Fights, Pearce Egan, now Lord Boxiana; First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the *Rag*, Jack Scroggins.

NOT IN THE CABINET

Lord Chamberlain of Blue-ruin, Josh Hudson; Master of the Donkies, Caleb Baldwin, created Baron Duck-lane; Chief Secretary of the Irish Ring, Jack Langan.

LAW APPOINTMENTS

Master of the Rolls, Sir John Lawson, the Milling Baker; Vice-Commissary, Sir Joseph Fishwick, of Alum-hall.

The other appointments have not yet been filled up, but every pains will be taken to strengthen the hands of the Premier.

These arrangements, as might have been expected, on the meeting of the Pugilistic Parliament, excited some stormy discussions in both houses (the Union Arms, in Panton Street, and the Castle Tavern, in Holborn). It was contended, that the present state of things was merely *provisional*, which was not denied by Jack Scroggins, who admitted that *wittals* were the grand object of all place-holders, and such was his attachment to *provisions* of all sorts, that no "factious opposition" should induce him to give a chance away.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S COURT

The Commander-in-chief held a Court at Pimlico, on Friday, which was very numerously attended. The state-band of marrow-bones and cleavers attended in the Court-yard, in full dress, and played, "The Rogue's March" in a very pathetic style.

The Lord Commissary (Bill Gibbons) had an audience, and resigned the ropes and stakes.

Jack Carter, who came up from Chatham, on leave, had an audience, and resigned the Seal of the Colonial Department. **Frosty-faced Fogo** had an audience, and laid the *Privy Seat* at the Commander-in-chief's feet. All the other Ex-Ministers were also in attendance; and, having resigned the insignia of office, they were transferred to the New Ministers, who had the honour of kissing *unmentionables* on the occasion.

The Commander-in-Chief, on receiving the intimation of Bill Gibbon's intention to resign the ropes and stakes, sent for him; and, after taking a glass of *max* together, Bill was most graciously presented with a massive pewter pot and cover. The principal subject round the pot, was the triumph of Peter Crawley over Jem Ward, at Royston, taken from an animated sketch in "the Gallery of Living Portraits." There was a rich twisting of ropes round the edges (the ends of which, like the proceedings in a Chancery suit, were not discoverable), of exquisite workmanship. At the top was a bust of the Commander-in-Chief, guarded by a bull dog, in the act of wagging its tail, the handle being formed by his dexter hind leg. Underneath the cover is the following inscription:- "The Gift of the Commander-in-Chief to his highly valued friend, Bill Gibbons, Lord High Commissary of the Prize Ring of England, upon his retiring from his official duties in 1827." It is with pain we add, that on the very same evening, after considerable *doubts*, and under the influence of his better half, Bill shoved this splendid token of favour "up the spout". [*i.e. he pawned it*]

The *Dispatch*, *Egan's* and *Bell's* amongst others gave more notice in their May 20th and 27th editions of the forthcoming and much anticipated Tom Oliver benefit at the minor theatre to take place on Monday the 28th (see below for report of what happened) placing emphasis on the attraction of having Fogo's presence. The *Dispatch* of the 20th also noted:



"On Tuesday, the veteran Dan Mendoza, who, after reviving pugilism, and supporting it in 30 gallant fights, is now half blind, and in great distress, takes a Benefit at the Tennis Court. He has been promised the aid of the first-rates of the present day, and will himself exhibit the attitudes and modes of fighting of all the celebrated hands of the old school."

Dan Mendoza (left) was now aged 64, a good age for a boxer, but he hadn't fought since 1806 and was now living in abject poverty. Without an income, starvation or suicide were common ends for pugilists, and even for a 'Great man' like Mendoza, he could only count upon so much charity and, as his fame and time passed, interest in him declined too. His benefit in November 1825, as noted previously, was a failure. He died on September 3rd 1836 in Horseshoe Alley, Petticoat lane.

The *Dispatch* of the 27th May carried a notice about the forthcoming Epsom races;

My Lord Merryweather, one of the most comical little blades, with the strangest build of any two-legged animal in England, will be found at home on the race-course, at Epsom, during the races, in the well-known old Fancy booth, distinguished by the sign of "The Pugilistic Heroes." Jack Scroggins has promised to see that the *viatualling office* is all right - and **Frosty-faced Fogo**, of unequalled experience in the merits of all sorts of drinkables - water excepted - will superintend the lush department.

Frosty's name is often linked with that of Tom Oliver (as Commissary) and Scroggins from this period (see p. 3) as well as with active pugilists such as young Harry Jones, who he often 'seconded' and Jem Ward. 'There is no show without Punch' and Frosty was undoubtedly the Punch in the Pugilistic show. In this vein, the *Dispatch* of the 27th May also carried the following humorous article;

A RELIGIOUS SET-TO!

At a Methodist Meeting, recently held at the London Tavern, the Rev. Mr. Burnett, of Cork, complained of the conduct of the Catholic Priesthood in refusing to permit the general circulation of the Scriptures. Mr. O'Leary, a Catholic, replied to the arguments of Mr. Burnett, but that being considered an improper time to discuss the question, a meeting for the purpose was appointed at the Argyll Rooms, to be held at twelve o'clock, on Thursday. Now, it happens that our old friend Jack Scroggins, has lately been much edified in matters of religion, by the theatrical eloquence of parsons Irvine, Fletcher, and others: in fact, we are credibly informed, that Jack entertains serious thoughts of setting up in the trade of a field-preacher. He thought, with reason, that some good hints might be gathered at this meeting; he, therefore, called on Ikey Bitton, whose knowledge of the Hebrew language Jack considered as essential to his coming to a proper understanding of the disputed points, and pressed him into the service on this important occasion. The *learned* and *pious* pair first laid in a large store of belly-timber at a knacker's yard, belonging to Sir Thomas *Leatherhead*, the opposition orator, and, having taken a lesson in impudence from Billy, the bone-grubber, polished their kicksees with Hunt's "matchless," and swilled something less than four gallons of heavy wet, and one of *max*, at the Crown and Anchor, they presented their battered frontispieces at the scene of action. Here they procured a good *perch* for witnessing all the manœuvres of the men, when Jack unpocketed his *reader*, trimmed his black lead, and making use of the ample stern of Ikey for a writing desk, booked the rounds in a style that would have done credit to the oldest member of the *London Press-gang*. They then adjourned to the Sol's Arms, in Wych-street, and here, assisted by **Frosty-faced Fogo**, Bill Gibbons, and Dr. Gillchrist, concocted the following characteristic report, which we hasten to lay before our readers.

MILLING EXTRAORDINARY.

On Thursday last, a grand match took place at the Argyll-rooms, between a couple of Irish orators. Five shillings from every spectator were demanded at the *gate*; which amounted, exclusive of *welling*, to the sum of 150*l*. We regret that the regular pugilists are not so well remunerated - 75*l*. apiece is a pretty round sum, for a mere *chaffing-match* that hurts nobody but the *flats* who have been *gammoned* to stand the *tippery*!

At twelve o'clock, the time appointed, Mr. B., the Protestant champion, entered the room, and *hung* up his castor in high spirits, amidst the loud cheers of his friends. A considerable delay ensued; during which it was whispered that O'Leary dared not come to the scratch, and that he would forfeit; he, however, made his appearance in about half-an-hour; and the umpires having been chosen, captain Vernon was appointed referee. - The men immediately prepared for action.

The Catholic champion was a long, spikey fellow, looking like a half-split hop-pole, painted black, with a turnip stuck on its top. Burnett was rather shorter, and seemed to have been well-fed - he had a fighting nob, and, perhaps, a good pair of pins; but as he set-to in boots, we were unable to ascertain the *build* of his *calves*!

The referee read the articles aloud; after which the parties took their sides, and eyed each other with cat-like caution.

Round 1. Burnett commenced sparring, anxious to learn the intended arguments of his adversary; the latter, however, fought shy for several minutes; at length he watched his opportunity, and threw the five *books of Moses* slap in O'Leary's face, who staggered, and fell against the ropes. Burnett folded his arms, and stood over his adversary in an attitude of triumph.

2. O'Leary came on, nothing daunted, and commenced action by attempting to plant a *poser* to the effect, that there was no necessity for parsons, which made Burnett quake in the bread-basket; that there was no *science* among the people, and, therefore, *teachers* were absolutely necessary. Down went O'Leary again, and high odds were offered on Burnett; in fact, Ben Burn roared out - three to one.

3. O'Leary fought shy, sparred for wind, and hit out of distance, in a long story about a beak's Bible. Burnett indulged in a little chaffing; he remarked, that O'Leary was beating about the bush, knowing, that if he came nearer he would be "caught in a thicket," like Abraham's *ram*. This was a long round - the lads at length closed, and went down winded.

4. O'Leary took a swig of Tom Paine, and came up with fresh courage; but the dose was too strong for him - it produced a temporary exhilaration of spirits, which rendered him wild as a bull in Bethnall-green, of which his opponent took advantage, and sent him down.

Several other rounds were fought, to the advantage of the Protestant Champion, till, at length, the Catholic hero received a finisher, respecting the barbarities committed by the untaught bog-trotters, who, it was alleged, do not understand the principles of fair play. Victory was, thereupon, decided in favour of Burnett.

REMARKS. - It was considered by the best judges, that O'Leary did not do his best, and had too much confidence in his own powers, although, from the superiority of his antagonist, he had but little chance of gaining the victory. The losing party broadly insinuated that it was a X, and demanded their 5s. back again. After some warm discussion, it was agreed to refer their disputes to J. Wilks, Jun., the M.P. for Sudbury.

We understand that Burnett will take a benefit at the Tabernacle, in the neighbourhood of Moorfields, on Sunday next, when both men will *show*. The contest afforded much amusement to the spectators; but they complained that the gate-money was too high.

The *Morning Advertiser* of the 28th May carried a note about the Oliver benefit (1) and followed it on the 29th with a full report of the event (2). *Bell's*, the *Dispatch* and *Pierce Egan's* also carried accounts of it;

(1) Bob Cassels not having had any communication from McKenzie, he is determined to attend to-night at the Catherine-street Theatre (which is to be opened for Tom Oliver's benefit). to make a bold effort for a match, if possible, on one of the Epsom Race-days. The sporting business, which was appointed for tonight, must be deferred on account of Tom Cribb being engaged to chaunt "Will Watch, the Smuggler," for his old Pal, Oliver's benefit. Poor Josh. **Fogo** is quite in the horrors, as he fears that his musical science will be lost in the strength of lungs which the Ex-Champion Cribb possesses; besides, Tom has had the advantage of rehearsals with the assistance of the little German's (his waiter) *cremona*.

(2) **SPARRING AT THE LITTLE THEATRE, CATHERINE STREET, - YESTERDAY**

The Theatre was filled a bumper, for the veteran Tom Oliver's Benefit, and as usual, there was copious scope for complaint on the part of the public, for breach of contract - as all the men named in the bill were not produced, in particular Jem Ward was absent - and Tom Cribb, was not forthcoming, with his chaunt of "Will Watch." - The audience were assured by stage-manager **Foggo** that no blame was attachable to Oliver; he had been promised the assistance of these individuals when he announced it in the bills, but he could now only regret that they had not been able to attend. This was all very well - but such disappointments will ever be a barrier in the way of the public's hearty patronage.

Much of the sparring was of the most ordinary description. The Old Colonel and his pupil led off; next Donovan and Latham. Young Oliver and Stockman had a fight with the gloves. Barney Aaron set-to with Arthur Mathieson, of Birmingham. It was a spirited thing, in which Mathieson had the best of it, but Aaron was not easily got about, Sprig of Shillellah and Crayford had a kind of random go, in which Crayford acted more like a fighting man; but there was not much to boast of on either side. Tom Oliver and Tom Belcher had a civil bout.

Jack Scroggins made his appearance, with Barney Aaron's Russian Jew. Jack began to boast what he would do with the young one, but when they came to play, Jack was by no means so clever as he had promised., the Russian threw him several times and had a fair share of the hitting. Jack apologised, and said he had drank too much, but he evinced considerable irritation of temper. - The Russian incurred much disapprobation by hitting Jack when he had turned his back - but Barney Aaron explained that the youth was a stranger in England, and unacquainted with the English laws of battle; the Russian had the best of the bout, but Jack was very well contented with what followed, in the shape of coin, that was hurled on the stage to him.

Tom Reddie and young Spring set-to, in which Spring again did far more with Tom than was expected, and ousted him most effectually in all his attempts to throw. Reddie under these circumstances, offered to conclude with one round without gloves, the proposal was properly rejected by the audience with suitable disapprobation, but much clamour and confusion ensued. Reddie said he was ready to fight Spring for 50l., or he would fight him for 5l. immediately on "this here stage." Reddie was scouted off, and Spring said he was willing to make a match, if he could get the money.

A Gentleman who said he was as "independent as any man, although only the guard of a coach," was ready to put down 10l. for Spring; but the whole affair ended in confusion. Bob Cassels set-to with Reuben Martin, in which Bob displayed far more tact than we expected from him. The wind-up was an interesting set-to with Dick Curtis and

Arthur Mathieson: it was a very equal match, and was much applauded.

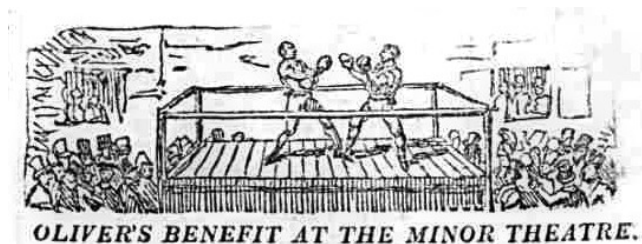
Jack Fogo sung his song, as he said, "as well as he was able," and acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the people - the House echoed with applause, and a strong effort was made at an "encore."

Tom returned thanks, "a thousand thanks," and concluded with the emphatic sentence - "God bless you all, Gentlemen!"

Bell's added: '**Frosty-faced Fogo**, the Poet Laureat, closed the sports with a song of his own composing. It was clear, from the tones of the Poet's voice, that he had not studied under Velluti; but whatever he might want in sweetness, was amply compensated for by the hearty goodwill with which he met the wishes of the audience. There was a loud cry for his favourite hornpipe on one leg; but he candidly confessed, he had lent his pumps to his **wife** to go to a Methodist Meeting-House [Loud applause] [*Fogo's wife Ann had died in 1824 so this must be his partner 'Jemima' - the term Methodist also implied a teetotaler*]

Tom Oliver returned thanks in terms of sincere gratitude, and invited his friends to a supper at Ben Lewis's, The Sol's Arms, in Wych-street, where good cheer and good fellowship assisted in keeping the game alive till "all was blue."

Egan's account is so different that it is worth including in full, especially as it has an image attached;



On Monday [28th] evening last, the boxes, pit, and gallery were filled to an overflow, and the sets-to were not only numerous, but generally proved attractive. Scroggins, always full of fun, and ready to raise a *laugh* amongst the spectators, set-to with a Prussian Jew, recently arrived in London, and introduced to the Gentlemen of the Fist by Barney Aaron. Scroggins, who had been dining with Mr. *Lushington*, was rather too *fresh* for long bowls; and

the Prussian Jew, hardly as a lion in point of frame, stuck to the "gentlemanly sort of man" in the most bold and vigorous manner. The efforts of the Jew were too strong for Mr. Scroggins, and he threw him rather unhandsomely. This circumstance was noticed by the audience, when Barney Aaron came forward, and apologized for the Prussian, observing, he did not exactly understand the mode of the London Prize Ring. However, it answered Scroggin's purpose, for *lots of pewter* and *browns* were thrown to him upon the stage, which Jack pocketed with a grin, stating, it would be the means of conveying him down to Epsom Races.

Reuben Marten and Castles [Bob Cassels] made a capital set-to. The latter is a strong young man, and evidently improved. He had the best of the bout.

Arthur Matthewson, recently arrived from Birmingham, made his bow to the London Amateurs, in company with his old opponent, Barney Aaron. He was loudly applauded upon his entrance. This was an interesting set-to; it was light, but full of science. Arthur appeared armed at all points, and the Jew tried all he could to turn the scale in his favour, but the skill of Arthur was too eminent; and the bout ended, in the opinion of the judges, that the "little Hero of Birmingham" was decidedly the best tactician.

Tom Belcher and Oliver received the applause and attention of the audience, as two old favourites. Oliver appeared more active than usual; and the set-to between them was generally admired.

The bout between Young Spring and Reidie produced lots of fun and roars of laughter. The attitudes of Spring were almost those of a *posture-master*; he shook his head, and danced about like a man hung upon wires. Some sharp hits passed between them, and Reidie tried once or twice to *spoil* the conjuror. In closing, Reidie endeavoured to throw Mr. *Hocus Pocus*; but the latter, by a sudden twist, threw Reidie with great force right upon his nose and chin upon the boards, the effects of which *groggified* him, that on getting upon his pins, he appeared as *stupid* as an owl, quite *abroad*, and *reeling* like a sailor three sheets to the wind. In truth, he did not recover it during the evening. He was so angry at last, that he took off the gloves, and offered to fight Young Spring for 10*l.*; but the Master of the Ceremonies, **Frosty-face Fogo**, said, "it could not be, the exhibition was intended only for sparring, and not for fighting!" (Applause.)

Several minor sets-to occurred as "*make weights*," between young aspiring Heroes, anxious to procure a title in the *milling* list of Fame.

But the great treat of the evening was the trial of skill between the Pet of the Fancy [Dick Curtis] and Arthur Matthewson. On the appearance of the above "light weights" upon the stage, thunders of applause crowned their entrance. Arthur Matthewson is an improved man altogether; his frame is more round and firm, his arm and shoulder, for muscular beauty, claimed the attention of every one present. The Pet, every lover of the Art of Self-Defence knows the *excellence* of the Pet, either *with* or *without* the gloves, and as a *milling* Cove for *time-ing* his men, and decidedly *knocking* them down, he stands unrivalled. Upon Curtis and Arthur placing themselves in attitude, every eye was upon the *stretch*; and you might have heard a pin fall, so extremely silent and anxious were all the spectators. The PET viewed his opponent in the most artist-like manner, prepared to give him a *taste* of his superior quality, should the least *mistake* or opening occur, whereby his *hits* might have told to advantage; but Arthur, also a great Master in the Art of War, seemed equally confident in himself, and perfectly prepared to dispute the palm of honour with his highly gifted rival. If Curtis was ready to make a hit, Arthur put on the *stopper*; and in turn, the Pet was also upon the alert. Since the two famous sets-to between Tom Belcher and Jack Randall, we have seen nothing like. Arthur stood firm as a rock, and his guard seemed impregnable; and with all the well-known talents and experience of Curtis, as a pugilist, he could not take the lead - it was a sort of *dead-heat* for the first round. It is true, the Boxers were divided in opinion as to the merits of the thing before them; but in the general estimation of the spectators, the verdict was in favour of Matthewson, as the most "palpable hits" were given on the side of Arthur. The above *set-to* was pronounced to be

delightful by every Amateur present; it was conducted throughout both by Curtis and Matthewson with the most perfect good-humour and coolness. It was remarked that Curtis made the first bow, i.e. took the gloves off *first*. How it might be in the Prize Ring between the them - a battle only can decide. Arthur Matthewson has proved triumphant in twelve battles at least; and Curtis has also been pronounced the conqueror in twelve battles. But Arthur has left the Ring altogether, and to use his own words, "Neither the love of fame, nor the love of Money, shall ever induce him to leave his business as a tavern-keeper." He is a truly brave little man, of a most inoffensive disposition, and highly respected by the inhabitants, as well as the Fancy of Birmingham.

Fogo, according to the Bill of fare, sang a new *Chant*, of his own composition, in praise of *milling*; and taking into consideration it was his first appearance as a singer upon the stage, he got through it above *par*.

Tom Oliver returned thanks for the liberal encouragement he had received from the Amateurs, when the company left the Theatre highly delighted with their evening's amusement.

Egan's remark about Frosty singing first-time on a stage was a joke, since the 'Little Theatre' was an unusual venue, *with* a stage, and different than Frosty's usual 'stage' of chaunting in a pub or tavern. After this evening entertainment the Fancy set off the next morning to attend the Epsom Races on Tuesday the 29th, where, as related above in the *Dispatch*, Fogo and Scroggins would assist Mr. Merryweather in his booth. Their issue of June 3rd detailed the fights that took place;⁸²

LAST WEEK'S PUGILISM

Milling on Tuesday, on Benstead Downs, near Epsom race-course, between JEM WALLACE and NED SAVAGE, for 50l. aside; also between McCARTHY and CRICK, for 25l. aside.

The gentleman to whom the authority was delegated of naming the scene of action for these fights appointed Epsom race-course. In this choice he was actuated as well by a laudable desire of affording to as many sporting gentlemen as possible, an opportunity of witnessing the fistic display, without interfering with their racing engagements, as by the hope of obtaining from the concourse of gentlemen assembled, a handsome subscription for the losing men. He was also assured by letter from a gentleman of authority at Epsom, that no interruption would be given to the sport, provided it were delayed till the racing of the day was over; and his experienced memory recalled the numerous instances in which fights had occurred at Epsom races, undisturbed by that jealous magisterial authority, which too often is only extended to the prevention of all the manly sports in which the "lower orders" are engaged, while it protects, with cautious vigilance, the far more vicious pleasures of the *great*. On Tuesday morning, however, it was ascertained that the *Robin-redbreasts* of Bow-street, who were engaged to preserve order, and prevent the operations of the *prigs* at the races, had received instructions to allow no fight to take place on the course. It was, therefore, determined by the *ring-leaders* to await the conclusion of the horse-racing, and then move off to Benstead Downs, a convenient arena for ring-sports, on the way home, by the back road.

A large assemblage of ring-goers reached Epsom race-course at an early hour on Tuesday morning; but the day was unpropitious for field-sports; ere noon the rain began to descend in torrents, and continued its pitiless pelting till the early part of the evening. The Fancy in general, therefore, took shelter in my **Lord Merryweather's** booth, and amused the tedious interval in devout libations at the shrine of Bacchus. (supplied by **Fogo**)

A "fight for love" also occurred in the course of the afternoon, between a couple of yokels, at the back of the booths, in a capacious ring formed by the spectators; but the rain soon cooled their courage, and at the end of a couple of old-womanish rounds, one of them gave in without a mark on his face, and retired to drown his disgrace in heavy wet, amidst the laughter and hisses of the bye-standers.

Soon after four o'clock, the racing concluded, and Bill Gibbons was dispatched to make the necessary preparations for the pugilistic display. The course was now deserted, and away went the cavalcade of Fancy *drags*, followed by a host of toddlers to Banstead Downs. At twenty minutes before five, Savage, attended by his brother and Ned O'Neale, threw his hat into the ring; Wallace appeared soon after - he was waited on by Tom Oliver and Young Gas. The men were both in excellent condition; but Savage had the advantage in weight, by above a stone, Wallace weighing 10st. 6lbs., while his antagonist, to all appearances, was little short of 12 st. Jem was, however, the favourite at slight odds, it being considered that his defeat by Savage on the former occasion was owing to the bad state of the ground, and that, as the turf was now firm, he would be able to stand well on his legs, and make his blows tell.

Round 1. Savage made play in his usual awkward style, *pawing* at his man's arms with the left hand, and *chopping* at his face with the right; Wallace got away, and when Savage repeated the effort, the former jobbed him on the nose with the left hand, but received a slight hit on the ear. Savage again went in to plant his chopping right hander, when Wallace once more *met him* in the face with the left, and then, following up the blow, drove him against the ropes; but Savage fought his way out, and some slight exchanges took place in the middle of the ring. The blows of Wallace being delivered straight at the head, had more effect than the round hits of Savage, and the latter was sent reeling through the ropes; but he recovered his perpendicular outside of the ring, without going down. Wallace, however, did not follow him, but seated himself on his second's knee, and the round ended without a fall.

2. "Now Wallace," cried Dick Curtis, "don't pretend to *stop* his blows, but *meet* him with your left hand in the middle of the head - that's the way to stop his *rush*!" Wallace took the advice, and planted a home blow in the right eye. Savage lost his temper for the moment, and went in wildly, when Wallace hit him off his legs. "Two to one on Jem," was the cry.

3. Savage was rushing forward, bent on mischief, when Wallace let fly a well-aimed left-hander, which alighted full in the middle of Ned's head, and stopped him as completely as if he had run against a brick wall. The *elegant* frontispiece of the Savage was *flushed* in an instant - his eyes were full of water, from the force of the hit. He did not, however, go down, but rallied with spirit, and after receiving three more slight facers, got into close quarters, when Wallace was grassed. High odds on the latter.

4. Wallace commenced action with the left hand at the face, but Savage got away, and then returning to the charge, drove his man to the extremity of the ring. Wallace took an easy fall, having no taste for the *sawing* operations or the rope across his back.

5. The blow planted by Wallace, in the third round, had damaged his left hand, and he seemed to use it with reluctance. Savage still pursued his system of going in, swinging his right arm in the air - like one of the sweeps of a wind-mill, but Wallace seldom received any injury from such ill-directed blows. In this round Savage overbalanced himself, and his head fell forward, when Wallace caught him a hard up-hit with the right hand on the nose, and knocked him off his legs. Down came poor Ned, and out rushed the claret in stream from his *smeller*. The applause was tremendous, and many persons roared out 10 to 1 on Wallace.

6, 7, 8, 9. The hardy Welchman came on with undiminished courage - though almost smothered with blood. Throughout these rounds, Wallace kept the lead - adding more punishment to the damaged mug of his antagonist; but Jem's left hand was getting worse and worse at every blow delivered by it.

10. Savage rushed forward and sent Wallace down, by a couple of random blows. Jem, in his fall, also knocked down Oliver, who was standing behind him.

In the ten following rounds, nothing of importance occurred; Wallace still kept the lead, but the bad state of his left hand operated much to his prejudice - that being the best *mauley* for meeting the *rush* of his antagonist.

In the 20th round, after a long struggle, the men came both together head foremost to the ground, and threw a sort of double somerset (somersault) - with their heels flying in the air, and their *nobs* on the turf.

21. Hitherto Wallace had received very little punishment - his face was without a scratch, but he had napped a blow or two on the side of the head. The countenance of savage was terribly disfigured, and he had lost a great quantity of blood from the mouth and nose; still he was strong, and showed the most unflinching game. A change now took place - the hardy Welchman planted one of his choppers, which cut the head of Wallace just behind his left ear, and the blood flowed down his neck and over his bosom in one continued stream. The friends of Savage gave a loud cheer - Ned O'Neale capered like a drunken Dutchman, and Bill Savage, whose countenance had long worn the rueful aspect of a "whited wall," now brightened up, with hope for his game brother's success. In a struggle for the fall, however, Ned went under.

22. Savage had the best of this round, and Wallace was quickly grassed.

23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28. Wallace had rather the worst of these rounds; he was weak, and distressed for wind; his hands were also in a bad state - especially the left; but Savage was too much reduced, by the heavy hitting he had previously received, to take any great advantage of the turn in the state of affairs. In the whole, it was now about level fighting. Wallace fought on the defensive, and made short rounds to recover himself.

29. Wallace planted three right-handed blows on the left ear, which did considerable execution, and both men came down together.

A further detail of the rounds is unnecessary: Wallace again took the lead, and administered severe punishment with his right hand, chiefly about the side of the head, and Ned's left ear was dreadfully swollen. He would not give in, however, but contested every inch of ground till his strength entirely deserted him. Once more, before the fight was finally taken out of him, he obtained a slight turn in his favour, but it was but short; and towards the close of the contest, he reeled about the ring like a drunken man. Wallace was also in a very weak state, but not having received much punishment, he was enabled to finish the fight in his favour, although for the last few rounds, the power of hitting had almost left him. At the end of 61 rounds, therefore, which occupied one hour and 21 minutes, victory was decided in favour of Wallace.

REMARKS. - Ned Savage has certainly no other claim to the character of a pugilist than that he possesses game of the highest order. He is the most awkward hitter we ever saw, and of stopping (except with his head) he knows nothing. Wallace has raised himself considerably in the estimation of the Fancy; he showed good science in avoiding punishment, and many of his blows were delivered with great force. Those persons who may be inclined to blame him for not having finished off Savage in less time, should remember that Ned will not go away with punishment that would satisfy a common pugilist - the very power to lift up his arms, or stand on his legs, must be hit out of him, before he can be persuaded to leave off. Nor must it be forgotten, that Wallace was opposed to very superior weight and strength - hence a blow that would have knocked a man of his own weight clean off his legs, did but stagger Savage. In fact, Wallace is much improved; he frequently made his blows tell well - the want of which was so conspicuous in his former fight. Notwithstanding this, Wallace cannot be called a decisive *hard hitter*. Perhaps, however, his light hitting on that occasion was chiefly owing to the bad state of the ground. The above was a very game, square fight, and both the men were remarkably well seconded.

M^CCARTHY AND CRICK

These lads entered the ring immediately after Wallace and Savage had left it. M^CCarthy is well known to our readers by his previous exertions at the Tennis Court and in the Ring, which have been duly recorded in our pages. Crick is a butcher, residing in Somers Town, where he had done so much business among the commoners, that he acquired the title of the Somers Town Champion. On stripping, there appeared no great difference in the weight of the lads; Crick was rather taller than M^CCarthy, but the latter had the advantage in thickness of limb, and his superior strength was manifest throughout all the fight. In fact, excepting that his arms are rather short, there is not a better built light weight on the list, than this "tight Irish boy." He was seconded, on this occasion, by Ned O'Neale and Jack O'Donnell. Crick was looked after by Dick Curtis and Ned Stockman. Eighteen rounds were fought. At going off, Crick fought well, and in counter-hitting, had very little the worst of it; but at close quarters the heavier hitting and superior strength of M^CCarthy told - the latter also finished every round by giving the Somers Town Champion a shattering fall. Crick was severely punished in the face, his left eye was completely closed, and the other also was much damaged; while M^CCarthy, excepting that he lost a little claret from the nose, was unhurt. In this state of affairs, Crick wished to decline any further proceedings, in the 15th round, but his seconds persuaded him to try his luck a little longer; he accordingly fought three more rounds to oblige them, when they were compelled to take him away - he was in fact dead beaten.

It has been observed, that the combatants engaged in the above day's play, were natives of four different countries - once forming separate kingdoms, but now united under the British Government: - Crick, being an Englishman; M^CCarthy, an Irishman, (or at least an English-bred Irishman), Savage, a Welchman; and Wallace (as his name would import) a Scotchman, except the latter pugilist - Wallace is a native of Northumberland.

IKE DODD AND DUKE HURLEY

The good intention of the Fancy were balked on Friday, [1st June] in their arrangements to wind up the sports of Epsom with a mill in front of the Grand Stand, and Bill Gibbons was compelled once more to move off and pitch the stakes on Banstead Downs, as the match between Dodd and Hurley was definitely fixed for decision on that day. Immediately on the conclusion of the races, a number of carriages and conveyances of all sorts - and a fair number of toddlers assembled on the same spot chosen for the fights on Tuesday; but there was a scarcity of cash, or a lack of liberality - for when the hat went round for a purse, to augment the stakes of 10*l.*, according to the articles, very little could be obtained. At a quarter to seven, Dodd threw in his castor, attended by Tom Oliver and Fishwicke. Ike looked in good condition when he peeled - was full of confidence - and rated his weight at within two pounds of 11 st. Shortly after, Hurley was conducted in by Jem Ward and Young Gas. His *Grace* was in high condition - on excellent terms with himself - and estimated his weight at 10st. 6 lbs. About ten minutes to seven, they shook hands and set-to. Not much betting had taken place on the event, but the odds, up to the time of fighting, were 6 and 5 to 4 upon Dodd.

At the commencement, Dodd looked grave and knowing, but his knees, for a second or two, seemed as if their master had seen a ghost; but he soon overcame the first impression of his situation, and became firm and steady, awaiting the pleasure of the *Duke*. His grace was quite on the bustle, and moved in rapid evolution round Ike, beating and sawing the air in fine style with his bunches of fives. Dodd first tried for business with a feint, which led to harmless countering. A short rally, equally gentle, followed. Dodd planted his right hand in Hurley's face, and the round concluded with both feeling the grass together. In the second round, Hurley was hit down by a right-hander; and, in the third, his ancle (sic!) was severely sprained. In the fourth round, after long sparring, Hurley made up to go to work, but Dodd was awake, and kept out, repeatedly jobbing at the Duke's frontispiece; but no great impression seemed to be made from his blows. In the succeeding three rounds, the same irregular plan of fighting was pursued; but, except a slight scratch on Hurley's lip, there were no signs of punishment. In the seventh round, Hurley was under the necessity of having his ancle bound up; and, in the ninth, Dodd began to make his blows tell, for Hurley seemed as if groggy, and was getting all abroad. In the seventeenth round, which was by far the most determined one of the whole contest, or, rather, the only good round fought, Dodd showed claret on the right eye, from a left-hander. Hurley had been previously touched on each ogle, and was puffed. In a rigorous rally, both bled freely from their left ears, and were down together. The eighteenth round was short and sharp, in Dodd's favour, when Hurley gave in, after a contest of 46 minutes.

REMARKS. - This was a very bad fight. Hurley exhibited scarcely any scientific points, and Dodd, perhaps from want of experience, did not show off so well as had been expected from his previous glove exploits at the court. Ike was particularly at fault in not going in to fight after the accident which happened to Hurley's ancle, when he (Ike) might have finished him off in a few minutes. Hurley's left jaw bone was severely injured in the 17th round, and we have since learnt that it was dislocated: he received, on the whole, considerable punishment. Dodd was very little hurt. In explaining the reason of the fight being protracted beyond the time that his friends expected, (after the third round) Ike exhibited the maimed state of his *mauleys*, and declared that they were so much injured - the right in particular - in the early part of the fight, that he was hardly able to make a hit. But for this, he could have won in half the time.

Young Gas, on entering the ring to second Hurley, left a new coat and a silk waistcoat, together worth 6*l.* at least, in charge of a gentleman in a *cruelty van*. But the *swell* perceived that a great coat which he had lent to Hurley, had been left on the ropes, from whence it found its way to the shoulders of a stranger. He, therefore, quitted the vehicle in chace of his Benjamin, and in the mean time "some adept at irregular appropriation," walked off with poor Jonathan's coat and waistcoat, which he will probably recover when St. Paul's Cathedral takes a walk over Blackfriar's Bridge.

After Epsom the next fight to be witnessed by Fogo took place on June 4th at Watford, Hertfordshire. The *Sun*, the *Star*, the *Globe* and *Bells* reported the fight on the 5th, plus the *Nottingham & Newark Mercury* on the 9th and *Weekly Dispatch* and *Egan's* on the 10th. This is the account given by *Egan*, plus extras;



THE FIGHT

BETWEEN JONES, (the Sailor Boy), AND RAINES FOR TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS ASIDE.

Monday last, being a holiday, the road was extremely *thin* as to *sporting folks*; and Watford, the rallying-point, was gained, without meeting with any particular objects worthy of note. At the above

place, the *office* was given for *Chipperfield Common*: a distance of twenty-two miles from London; thither the disappointed Fancy repaired, but not without "lots of grumbling" at the *long trot*, to witness a little *mill*. However, the ride was delightful; upon the whole, it was pronounced a pleasant journey, and a tidy day's sport. [WD adds: On this spot, the festivities of a country fair were celebrating - the Whitsuntide holiday folks were strolling about in their Sunday suits, and the lads and lasses, highly delighted at the novel and unexpected addition to their amusements, promised by the arrival of a party of the fistic belligerents, were soon in groups about the extensive common, watching with eager interest, the preparations for the approaching contest. ...Raines was prepared to throw up his hat and claim the stake, when a post-chaise appeared on the edge of the common; on the bar was perched the renowned **Jack Fogo**, and inside were Jones and his backer. Bill Gibbons soon afterwards made his appearance and the regular ring was formed.]

At ten minutes to two o'clock, the Sailor Boy, habited like one of the True Blue fraternity, threw his hat into the ring, accompanied by the poet-laureate, **Fogo**, and Jack Clarke; and Raines (*a coachman*) was not long behind him, attended by his seconds, Ned Stockman, and a flash dragsman (*coachman*) of the name of Tom Wooley.

Round 1. The Sailor Boy could not be better as to *condition*; and Raines was also in good *trim* as to his *training*. It should seem as if the combatants were perfectly aware they had a *long day* before them, as neither Jones nor Raines were in a hurry to go to *work*. Ten minutes had elapsed in looking and dodging each other about, when Jones let fly with his left hand, whilst Raines cleverly put on the *stopper*. The latter boxer never commenced offensive operations, but always waited for the attack. Jones also knew that great danger was to be apprehended by the *countering* of Raines, and therefore he was extremely *cautious*, and thus are we enabled to account for this precious *long round*. The seconds were at the four corners of the ring, like hackney-coachmen upon a stand waiting for a fare, totally out of employ. Several of the spectators proposed to them to accept of a *cigar*, *smoke a pipe*, take a *hand of cards*, &c At length a slight rally, or rather *exchanges*, occurred between them; when stopping, dodging, offering, again took place. Jones let fly, but Raines would not have it at any price. Good stopping on both sides. "*Go to work*" from all parts of the ring had not the slightest effect. The Sailor Boy made a hit with his left hand, which was sharply returned by Raines; a little *milling* took place, and both of them cried out "*first blood*," but it was like a dead heat in this respect, a slight tinge of the claret appearing on both of their *mugs* at the same instant. It would be a waste of time to repeat all the *stops*, &c. The Sailor Boy, at length, went in like a jolly fellow, and the fibbing system was resorted to, hard and fast, on both sides, until they both went down, Raines undermost. FORTY MINUTES had now passed away in the above *sparring-like* manner.

2. This round was altogether as short. Some little stopping occurred, until Jones went in, as before, and finished the round by tipping it to Raines, and placing him undermost. *Fifteen Guineas* to Fifteen Pounds were offered upon Raines.

3. Little *bumps* were observed upon the foreheads of both Combatants; but nothing like *mischief* had passed between them. The *listener* of Raines had *napt* a little *pepper*. The latter endeavoured to put in a right-handed blow, which, if it had have told, *summat* might have been the matter. Raines stopped well; but he did not *fight* until he was compelled to defend himself. In closing, *Pepper* on both sides was administered; and the Sailor-boy was thrown out of the ropes. Well done *Jem*; and lots of applause.

4. The *snorter* of Raines looked red! For why? Jones *mauley* had given it a rum tap! and he was a little on the *piping* suit. At the ropes, Raines was fibbed by his opponent, and ultimately thrown.

5. This was a *tidy* round; but the *wind* of Raines was rather troubled; and both cautious in the extreme. Jones planted cleverly a *conker*, without any return, and the *claret* also began to trickle down his face. Jones repeated the dose. Parrying on both sides; until Raines received a slight hit in the body, when he staggered backwards and fell out of the ropes. Two to one on Jones.

6. The Sailor Boy always commenced *milling* although cautious; he gave Raines another *snorter* which sent him rather backwards; Jones then went in, and had the best of it until Raines was thrown.

7. It was clear to the spectators that Jones was now taking the lead, he cleverly put in a *jobber* that made the nose of Raines not only to swell, but *spoilt* the shape of it. In closing Raines endeavoured to be busy, but the Sailor Boy was the quickest with his *mauleys* - Raines received the most punishment; and in going down was undermost. Jones for a *trifle*; in fact the friends of Raines began to perceive something the matter.

8. Raines put in a sharp blow on the *listener* of Jones. "Well done, *Jem*!" The Sailor Boy however returned the favour with interest - he *nosed* his opponent, ditto, and ditto. (Laughing by the crowd, and "*it is not fair to hit a man twice in a place*.") Raines in the struggle was again down.

9. This round was decidedly in the favour of Jones. All of his blows told. The nose of Raines again *napt* it, and he was ultimately hit down. The *Jones*-ites had now *booked* it; and that the Sailor Boy could *win* it without a *scratch* upon his face.

10. Not last, but *interrupted*. *Jem* made play and slightly touched the cheek of Jones; but the Sailor Boy returned another *noser*. They closed, when some blows were exchanged; and the Sailor Boy broke away. A long pause - both on the look-out. Counter hits. Jones was going to repeat the dose when a gentleman on horseback rode up to the ropes, followed by a constable with a staff in his hand, proclaimed, "*In the name of the King I command you to desist*."

The fancy immediately bowed submission; and the combatants instantly made "*their lucky*." [WD adds "*Jack Clarke [fled]* disguised in a Scotchman's cloak, and looking mightily like a "guide wife.""] The fight had lasted one hour and a quarter, but the *yokels* were sadly disappointed, and expressed their anger by loud hisses and groans. The *tender sex* (lots of whom surrounded the ring,) and who were decorated in their best *bibs* and *tuckers*, it being holiday time, feeling the good old notion that "none but the brave deserve the fair;" were sadly out of temper at the above interruption. The motley group were soon in motion, and in less than ten minutes the ground was *summut* like the "baseless fabric of a vision;" not a *cove* was left behind. The *Prads* soon felt the *persuaders* - and the *toddlers*, puffing and blowing, were compelled to put their best foot foremost in order to keep up with the *drags*. Watford was once more the *rallying point*; and after a few minutes conversation as to *finishing the thing*, a gentleman offered his meadow, near Bushey Lodge, within a mile and a half of the town, which was gladly accepted; and the Commissary General and his *Pal* knocked up the ring almost before you could say, "*Jack Robinson*." At a quarter to six the men were again in attitude.

Round 1. The sailor Boy looked as fresh as a daisy; while Raines appeared none the better for the delay. He was rather stiff, and his right hand was a little swelled. Raines made some good *stops*; but Jones now seemed determined to *finish* the thing well, and went up to his man, fought with Raines, had the best of it, and *downed* him.

2. The left eye of Raines had *napt* pepper in the last round; and Jones lost no time to *polish* off his opponent. He closed, and fibbed [Jones] severely until he got him down; but the Sailor Boy held up his hand to show he would not do anything wrong. "Bravo," and Jones 3 to 1.

3. Short; but all in favour of Jones - Raines down.

4. The *mug* of Raines was covered with *claret*, and Jones again *fibbed* him off his pins.

5. *Jem* was getting *abroad*, and he hit at random; however, it was a milling round on both sides, and Jones did not get off without some clumsy thumps. Both down, and Raines undermost.

6. Sharp work at the ropes, the Sailor Boy held his antagonist, and "*tipt* it to him" until he went down.

7. This round decided the fight. Raines was punished all over the ring, until he went down.

8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. It was as nice as *nine-pence* to Jones: in the ninth round Raines was done, and time was called three times before he was brought to the scratch, and then he was quite stupid: he however recovered and fought the remaining rounds, or rather stood up to be punished, until Jones was declared the conqueror in 20 minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

Raines never attempted to *fight*, that is to say, he always waited for the attack: he *countered* at times well; he shewed himself more of a *sparrer* than a *milling cove*. The Sailor Boy did everything in his power to win: he fought with capital science; and likewise bravely. By the above battle he has risen in the estimation of his friends. Jones will not stand still for backers: and, no doubt but the Sailor Boy will soon throw up his hat in the P. R.

[The *Star* gave a better account of the second part: **REMARKS.** - This was one of the best fights which has been witnessed for some time. Both shewed good game, while Jones gave a decided negative to the charge of being a *cur*. In

fact, it was impossible for a man to have fought with more resolution, coolness, or judgment. In science he was equal, and in fighting and strength, decidedly superior to his antagonist. His quickness, added to the severity of his deliveries, did not leave him a chance - while Raines himself was unable to make any important impression. Jones's mode of catching his man round the neck with one hand, while he fibbed and hit with the other, was never exercised with more effect, and opposed as he was to a man of undoubted merits, he never appeared to more advantage. Raines throughout appeared to be fearful of coming to close quarters, and hence so much time was wasted in stopping. It was also clear that by neglecting to counter with his left when he stopped with his right, he threw away the only chance he had; for, with such a customer as Jones, his only hope was going to fight with him, and not waiting till he was bored down by the terrific rush with which Jones closed every round. Jones may now be considered one of the best of his weight of the present day, and will no doubt be matched against some star of the first brilliancy.]

[*WD* add: Jones was conveyed home to London the same evening by his spirited backer. Raines was taken to his old training quarters, the Welsh Harp, on the Edgeware-road, where he slept, and returned to town next morning.]

The Star included a notice in their issue of the 10th that;

Big Brown's benefit is fixed for Thursday the 21st inst. at the Tennis Court. The management of the whole concern is left, in the absence of the Bridgnorth Hero, to the experienced **Frosty-faced Fogo**, and Brown is expected to arrive at Tom Cribb's by the latter end of next week.

In Pierce Egan's issue of the same date is an account of Josh Hudson's Benefit at the Tennis Court, on June 4th;

TENNIS COURT.

The John Bull fighter took his benefit on Monday last, at the above place of *milling* amusement; and taking into consideration the numerous attractions against him at different parts of the metropolis, more especially the settling day at Tattershall's, it was a capital assemblage of the amateurs. The sets-to, generally, were above par. Uncle Ben and Tom Oliver exerted themselves to give satisfaction; as did Bitton and Acton. Clark and Lennox afforded amusement to the company; and Burgundy and Harry Jones added variety to the scene. The latter hero did not appear in the slightest degree the worse for his battle with Raines on the preceding day, and administered *pepper* to Mr. Burgundy in the most gratuitous manner. Curtis and Scroggins ascended the stage together; but the "gentlemanly sort of man" was too *gentlemanly* in his conduct towards the Pet of the Fancy to play any tricks. Scroggins was more decorous than heretofore; but when the shower of *browns*, intermixed with a few *drops of pewter*, rewarded his exertions, he let loose his *rag*, opened his *clie*, and stowed away the *blunt* in his usual comic manner. Curtis on the retirement of Scroggins took a turn with Deaf Davis, and both of them were loudly applauded. But the great object of attraction was the introduction of the new *Man of Colour*, introduced to the P. R. by Josh. Hudson. The *Black* was designated as "Young Molineaux." Most certainly he is not so fine a formed man as the late opponent of Cribb, but nevertheless he "*will do*;" and is quite big enough to prove a *teazer* and an *ugly* customer. He put on the gloves with Oliver Burn; and, as might be expected from a *novice*, he was not quite so expert as an experienced performer with the *mufflers* at the T. C. Oliver had the best of him in numerous points; but now and then he "let out a tiny bit" as Bob Gregson would have observed, that gave proof, he has not every thing to learn in the *milling* way. He planted one or two *facers* cleverly. Ben Burn mounted the stage, and challenged the *Black* on the part of Oliver Burn's brother for 50*l.* or 100*l.* aside. "No, no," replied Josh, "Avast! We don't know what he can do yet. He shall fight for a subscription purse any body in the kingdom at Ascot Races; and no questions asked nor and objections made. However, it is not very clear to me, but the Man of Colour may fight too soon for *sum*-body yet. I have introduced him, Gentlemen, to your notice; and you may make the most of him. All we want is fair play!" "Bravo, Josh."

Paddington Jones announced to those *Milling Coves* who had *sparred* for Josh on Tuesday, and also had fought for 50*l.* stakes, to ascend the stage and draw lots for the medal. This was soon decided in favour of Deaf Davis, who proved the lucky man. The John Bull Fighter returned thanks for the patronage he received; and the Amateurs dispersed well pleased with the amusement of the day.

Previous to which **Fogo** addressed the audience in favour of Raines, who had not received any thing on the preceding day as the losing man, and in the course of a few minutes Four Pounds were collected for him. His face and nose prominently exhibited the *handy* work of Jones. Raines, it is said, is anxious for another trial with the Sailor Boy.

Bell's printed a comical 'Portrait of Lord Maryborough, with a view of Ascot Heath races' in their 17th June 1827 issue and as part of the jollity included the following;

A lyrical poet, who very much reminds us of the distinguished Mr. **Frosty-faced Fogo**, is sitting on the top of a Windsor stage, admiring this interesting group. He is evidently inspired by the charms of the young ladies, aided by the no less enlivening draughts of Deady's best cordial, as we can see the neck of a gin bottle sticking out of his pocket. He is evidently in the "poetic vein." He has a pencil and a note-book in his hands - his eyes are in a "fine frenzy rolling;" and he is, in all probability, composing a sonnet, with a view to the unfolding of his passion in the Poet's Corner of *Bell's Life in London*. One may almost think he hears him comparing the fascinating group to

Mother Circe, and the Sirens three,
Amid the flowery-kirtled Naaides,
---- Who took the prison'd soul,
And lapp'd it in Elysium.

While **Fogo** is thus engaged, Jack Randall, Tom Oliver, Dick Curtis, Barney Aaron, and one or two more of the Fancy passing by below, catch a view of him, and are apparently concerting some scheme to disturb his reverie, and bring him down from the lofty regions of imagination to the plain realities of earth. Jack is just drawing the cork from

a bottle of porter, to let fly a shot at him by way of a signal gun, for he is at no times insensible to the charms of the heavy wet, either in its dullest or most effervescent state.'

On the same date, the 17th, the *Dispatch* printed the following filler in their paper;

Frosty-faced Fogo has been engaged to write an Epithalmium on the marriage of the Duke of St. Alban's and Mrs. Coutts - Bob Southey having declared himself incompetent to the job.

On the 19th June Fogo and Tom Oliver set up a ring at Haversham, Bucks. It was reported in several papers; *Bell's* gave the most complete account: ⁸³

FIGHT BETWEEN YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND DICK DAVIS, FOR 100/. A-SIDE MANCHESTER IN MOURNING

This fight, in which two stars of the London and Provincial Rings were opposed to each other, took place on Tuesday, in a meadow, belonging to a Mr. Greaves, adjoining the village of Haversham, Bucks, within five miles of Stoney Stratford. The liberality & kindness exhibited by Mr. Greaves on this occasion, entitles him to the gratitude of the *Fancy*. Davis has long taken the lead among the light weights at Manchester, & was considered by good judges in that quarter as superior to any man of his "specific gravity" and inches in the kingdom.

He is thirty years of age, of a hardy *clinker* sort of frame, bony, muscular, and armed with a pair of *mawleys* not unlike a couple of *infant sledge hammers*, and his weight is ten stone twelve pounds. [*WD* adds - Davies, who is a hard working moulder in the iron-foundry of Mr. Price, at Manchester, had been successful in seven regular contests in the vicinity of that place, besides having had the best of a drawn battle with Tom Reynolds.] In addition to this, he was known to be "thorough game," possessed of good science and great activity; all of which qualities had been exhibited by him in sundry prize battles in which he had been successfully engaged. Among others with Roger Hall, John Wilson, Whitham (twice), Tom Reynolds and George Hall. In his fight with Reynolds it was a *draw* but no doubt was entertained that "had the Devil had his due" he would have obtained the stakes. A character thus established justified great confidence in his friends; and, in consequence, a challenge appeared in our paper from him to Young Dutch Sam, by whom it was readily accepted, although he had never seen his antagonist. Sam is well known in the London Ring as a worthy descendant of his father; he has studied industriously under the *Pet*, whose style he has adopted, and has hitherto been conqueror in all his battles, including those with Ned Stockman, Harry Jones, and Gypsy Cooper.

[*WD* adds that Sam, who was originally a news-boy, and was considered the cleverest lad at that trade in London, made his *debut* in the prize-ring on the 5th of July 1825, when he beat Ned Stockman very cleverly.]

The deposits were duly made in London, but Davis remained in the neighbourhood of Manchester, so that he was little known in the metropolis, save to a chosen few, who described him as "a strange good man," and such as Sam would find no trifler. A good deal of betting was effected at the outset at 5 to 4 on Sam, but there was a sudden pause, as the Londoners refused to continue the odds, and thus matters rested till the arrival of both parties at Stoney Stratford - the place named by the Manchester folks, who were the winners of the toss, for the decision of the affair. Davis arrived at the Cross Keys in that ancient town on Saturday, under the auspices of his backers, his trainer, Johnny Cheatam (Cheetham), and Phil Sampson; and Young Dutch Sam reached the rendezvous on Monday, supported by Dick Curtis and Joe Fishwick. They took up their quarters at the George. The Cock, which is the head Inn, and one of the best on the road, was the centre of attraction for the aristocracy, and as the day advanced, there was a tolerable muster of respectable supporters of the fistic art. In the course of the evening Sam and Davis met for the first time, and squinted at each other with no small curiosity; they shook hands, and it would seem each regarded the other as an easy customer; for both laughed at their respective antagonists - Sam pronouncing Davis an awkward yokel, and Davis laughing at the vanity of such a slip of a boy as Sam, who is but 20 years of age, tall and thin, and weighing but 10st. 10lbs., hoping to conquer him. Betting was at a stand-still that night, the Londoners, from good points exhibited by Davis, still refusing to give odds; and the Manchester lads declining even betting. Thus things remained until the next morning, when at last Sam's friends came out at 6 to 5, and something was done; but still there was a good deal of caution till the men got into the ring.

The selection of the place of fighting was left to Tom Oliver, who, in conjunction with *Frosty-faced Fogo*, formed an excellent ring at the spot we have mentioned. Thither, soon after eleven o'clock, the men and their seconds proceeded; and, to save time, it was agreed to set-to as soon after twelve o'clock as possible. At twelve, Davis threw in his *castor*, and was soon followed by Sam; both looked confident, and the metropolitans at length evinced their good opinion of Sam, by backing him at six to four - odds which were freely taken.

It was known that Sam's left hand was a little out of order, from an accident in sparring a fortnight back, and this was the only tender point in the estimate of his qualities; for it was considered, from length to science, he was more than a match for any countryman of his weight. The ring was soon beaten out, and the colours of the men, which by a curious coincidence were similar, were tied to the stakes. All was now anxious attention; and on stripping, the condition of the men was regarded with some interest. Davis certainly looked well, and the smile which decked his *phiz*, shewed that he anticipated a favourable result to the struggle. He is a well shapen strong fellow, not unlike Bishop Sharpe, with good loose shoulders, and seemed to stand well on his pins. Sam also looked well' but upon regarding him closely; we were led to believe that he might have been in better condition.

THE FIGHT

Round 1.- On coming to the scratch and shaking hands, each man threw himself into position, Davis covering himself well, and smiling with a sort of self-satisfied confidence. Sam kept out, and measured him well with his eye, working with his left and

right, as if anxious to draw his man; but Davis kept his guard steady, and stood as stiff as a post. Sam made two or three feints, but Davis was awake, and indulged in one or two yokel manoeuvres, throwing out his left short and quick. He then grinned a grin, and shook his nob, and seemed to insinuate "it wouldn't do." Sam remained true to his tactics, and continued to work for 3 or 4 min., walking round his man; at last, he saw his opening, jumped in with his left foot forward, delivered one of his left-handed jobbers on Davis's *conk*, and then jumping back, resumed his position [loud shouts from the Londoners, and Davis putting up his finger and thumb, blew his nose, thereby shewing that his cork had been drawn already. Sam noticed the fact, and proclaimed "first blood"]. More sparring for some time, when Sam made another successful job on the same spot, and again jumped back, while Davis hit short. [The uproar in favour of Sam was now great, and cries of "It's all your own!" burst from all quarters, while 2 to 1 were freely offered.] Davis again blew his nose. More working on the part of Sam, Davis keeping as steady as the figure of Achilles. Sam let fly right and left, but was well stopped. Davis, after a short pause, put in a body blow. Another pause - Sam planted his right and left, but received slightly in the mouth from Davis's right. Another left-handed job for Davis ["That's the way!" cried Dick Curtis, "nob his conk"]. During these operations, Davis continued to stand on the defensive, but scarce attempted a return. Davis made another severe hit on Sam's ribs with his right, while Sam countered him severely with his left, and dropped him. On getting up Sam's body shewed the impression of Davis's body deliveries, which, had they been in the right place, must have told tales.

2. Davis, still on the defensive, stopped Sam's left, but shortly after received a visitation in his bread-basket from Sam's right. Davis popped in his left with great quickness on Sam's bread-basket. Sam jumped away, and tried to draw his opponent to follow him; but he was screwed to his spot. Sam kept working to his man ready with both hands, and at last, after a long pause, popped in his right and left with great effect - the former on the conk, the latter on the ear ["Never mind," cried one of the Lancashire amateurs, "he's got a leather snout, and can stand that for a month"- laughter]. Another long spar in which Sam was evidently on the watch for his favourite job; but on attempting it, he was cleverly stopped. Davis shortly after succeeded in putting his left at Sam's body, in the Bishop Sharpe style. Another long pause, when Sam delivered a severe right handed muzzler, cutting his own knuckles with Davis's remaining grinders; for he had lost his front teeth in some former contest. At last, the men rushed to a rally, and Davis succeeded in catching Sam in his arms; he then tried with all his might for the fib, and to hit Sam up; but Sam, with great dexterity, slipped through his hands, and got down. (Forty minutes had now elapsed).

3. Long sparring; Davis steady but inactive; Sam all on the work; at length, Sam made his left-handed job, and had no return. Having repeated the dose, one of Davis's friends exclaimed, "*Domn thee, why doent thee coonter!*" Another spar, Davis steady; at length, Davis let fly with his right, and caught Sam a nasty one on the jaw [shouts from the Clinker boys, which were renewed on Davis's throwing in a severe body blow with his right]. Sam kept out cautious, and it was felt that it was not so safe as some thought, for Davis did not, as yet, shew much punishment. Sam, at the proper period, let go his left with good effect, and a spirited rally followed - Sam drawing his man, and jobbing, while Davis hit away with great force, but missing most of his blows. He, however, planted home some compliments, and at last floored Sam with a flush, though a wild hit in the mouth. (The Manchester boys now had the pull, and they shouted in turn, "It's thine own, Dick Davis," they cried, and nothing else - "thoul't win as sure as thy name's Dick"). The odds too, were reduced, and nothing but betting could be heard - while some of the Londoners began the hedging system, and took the Countryman for choice.

4. The opinion of the knowing ones was a little altered in favour of Davis; but still we could observe he did not fight well at points; his execution was principally effected by random blows. Sam came up steadily, but evidently flushed, & renewed his manoeuvring. Davis gain had him in the body with the left. Some good stops on both sides. Sam waited with patience for his time; it came at last, and smash went his left into Davis's mazzard. Again did he deliver a similar compliment, both given with beautiful effect, and Davis bled profusely from the nose. Davis stopped some good blows, but did not attempt to hit with Sam. At last, Davis having received another flush hit on the nozzle, rushed to a rally; a slashing hit away sort of bustle followed, Sam retreating and jobbing, Davis following, and hitting wildly, but sometimes with effect; he at last, closed upon Sam, and was screwing him up under his arm for fibbing, but Sam again got down cunningly, or it might have been seriously the worse for him.

5. Davis, on the defensive, made some good stops, but no return; after a pause, Davis made play, and caught Sam, right and left, on the cannister, but did not make much impression [shouts in favour of Davis, answered by chaffing on the other side]. Some good fighting followed on both sides, in which Davis received a tremendous hit on the left cheek bone, from Sam's right, and fell.

6. On coming to the scratch, the effects of the blow on Davis's cheek were pretty obvious from the increased swelling. A long pause; Sam hit out well with his left, but was stopped; he was more successful in the second attempt, & jobbed right & left with powerful precision. Good counter-hitting - Sam again delivered a few severe facers, catching Davis on the nose and right eye. A rally followed, in which Sam had decidedly the best of the hitting, and Davis looked for a *soft* place, and fell. Sam was again a decided favourite.

7. Davis came up piping but game. There was an universal cry for Sam to go in and polish him off, but Sam wanted a little wind himself, and he stood out for a long time, both gradually recovering the way of their bellows. Sam, at last, jobbed with his left, and Davis kept spitting out the blood, with which his mouth was filled. Up to this time Sam had not shewn a drop of claret, but his left hand was greatly puffed. Sam again planted his left on Davis's mouth; but the latter countered with him. A short rally followed, and a struggle for the fib. Davis shewed most strength but Sam was *leary* and dropped on his knees.

8. Sam stood to his guard to recover his wind, while Davis continued to bleed at every pore. "Go in," cried Tom Oliver, "he can't see, and he's stone dead!" More of the jobbing system by Sam, and Davis repeatedly blew his nose to free it from the blood. A spirited rally, in which Sam got well away, and hit as he retreated. Davis followed him, hitting wildly, and caught him right and left. In a close, Sam pulled Davis down.

9. It was now pretty obvious, from Sam's good generalship, that he must win, although it was admitted, Davis might yet turn the scale by a good hit on the right place. Davis came up a painful spectacle, his face dreadfully swollen, and his mouth severely cut - still he shewed great game, and undiminished strength. He rushed to in-fighting but Sam stopped, and hit well; at last, Davis, in the close, caught Sam round the neck with his right, and was proceeding to fib with his left, when Sam went down on the safe system. The fight had now lasted one hour and a half, with every prospect of continuance.

10. Long sparring for wind on both sides, and nothing done. At last Sam caught Davis on the old sore spot - the nose. Davis shook his gory snout, and putting out his right, held Sam's left while he hit him on the body pretty smartly. Good counter-hitting, and Sam received a heavy hit in the mouth, which drew first blood from him. (This revived the spirits of Davis's friends, and he was now to win in a canter.) Good stopping on both sides - counter-hitting. A dashing rally, in which fine fighting was displayed on both sides. The returns were good; but decidedly in favour of Sam, who retreated with great coolness before his man, drew him, and jobbed him with cleverness. It was decidedly the most busy round which had been fought, and execution was done on both sides; at last, after a fine display of science and game, the men closed at the ropes. Davis again made an attempt to crook Sam, but it would not do. Sam now showed most strength, and getting Davis in a good position against the ropes, he hit him two tremendous flush hits in the front of the head with the right, and dropped him as if he were shot.

11. From this round to the 14th Sam kept the lead, although much time was allowed on both sides for the recovery of wind. The repeated jobbing of Sam produced a woeful change on Davis's face; but still he never flinched, and in the 15th round contrived to give Sam a cross-buttock. From this forth, it would be tedious to continue the description of the battle, participating as it did to its

conclusion in the same character - long waiting, jobbing by Sam, and occasional returns by Davis, until at last the latter was so completely exhausted and punished, as not to have the shadow of chance, while Sam was in fact getting better. At last, in the thirtieth round, Davis's backers saw it was all over, and Sampson threw up his hat in token of defeat.

The Manchester men, while they submitted to their fate with no small mortification, were forced to confess that a gamer man never pulled off a shirt than Davis, who could not himself be induced to say enough, so long as he had the shadow of a chance; and even within a short time of the close of the contest, said he was good for two hours. - The fight lasted three hours and thirty-four minutes, for the last hour of which, Davis merely stood up to be punished; for although he stopped well, and was good upon his legs, the state of his eyes, added to the cool precision of Sam's hitting, left him no hope of success.

REMARKS

Although the long continuance of this battle, in great measure, detracted from its merits, and produced fatigue and distaste among the spectators, judging impartially upon the whole, we must pronounce it a good fight. neither of the men knew the particular style of the other, and each had to feel his way, as it were, towards victory. Sam went in with a determination to fight upon the *safe* system, and he persevered in this to the last. He soon found that in the close Davis was the strongest man; and we cannot sufficiently applaud the coolness and judgment with which, no doubt, Davis would have favoured him, had he succeeded in fibbing him when he got him into his grasp. He also felt, that although Davis, when he got to a rally, did not hit with the precision of a scientific man, yet when he did hit, his deliveries were fearfully effective. This was decidedly the case in the third round, and Sam did not very soon recover from the home delivery with which he was then floored. Had Davis then seen his advantage, and gone in, so as to improve his good fortune, the result might have been different; but instead of that, the pause which followed after Sam had been brought to the *scratch*, enabled the latter to recover and to avail himself of that superior knowledge which contact with such men as Dick Curtis must give. Sam likewise felt the effects of Davis's repeated body blows, which, like those of Bishop Sharpe, if not so powerful, were dangerous. One of these in the mark, although not quite home, made Sam wince; and, therefore, under all the circumstances, he acted prudently for the interests of his backers, in not throwing a chance away. It is true, that he saw Davis pipe, and some thought he ought to have gone in to finish him; but Sam was not free from distress himself; and we all know that a kick even from a dying horse may break a leg; it was wise, therefore, where danger lurked, & the stake at hazard great, not to run any risk whatever. It was this policy that made victory certain, and ultimately crowned Sam with laurels. In speaking of Davis, it is but just to state, that a gamer fellow never pulled off a shirt. He, however, wants that tact of science which would enable him to stop and hit at the same time. It is true that he made some good counters, but looking at the battle as a whole, his greatest punishment was received from Sam's jobbing hits, when no returns were made. He is evidently a good thrower, and a hard hitter, but Sam's cunning enabled him to avoid the effects of the former's advantage. Sam's left hand went in the fifth round, but, notwithstanding, he used it with judgment, and seldom threw away a blow. He never had so good a man as Davis before him; and, in proportion to the real merits of his opponent, his fame has been increased; he has, in fact, shewn by this battle not only that he is a good fighter, but endued with sound bottom, and that, even in distress, his presence of mind and judgment does not desert him. We pronounce him superior to any man of his weight in the London Ring.

There are those who think, however, that Bishop Sharpe can find his *soft place*, and, in all probability, this will be the next match made. Davis is equal to any of our ordinary ten and a half stone men, and deserves the support of his countrymen. Both men were extremely well seconded, but there was a good deal too much *chaffing* on all sides, of which Phil Sampson had his share; but he bore it with good humour, and frequently returned "A Roland for an Oliver." By the bye, Phil was loud in his threats at Stoney Stratford of what he intended to do to us, both before and after the fight, for "taking away his character;" and we expected, at least, to have had to bring home our *nob* in our breeches pocket. These threats *alarmed* us very much; but we confess we are unconscious as yet of having done Phil the favour of "taking away his character." If we had, we are sure he ought rather to be obliged than displeased with us. We are quite convinced, however, that Phil will neither commit himself, nor place himself in the way of being *committed* by others. There is an old saying which all good judges perfectly understand, "a burnt child dreads the fire."

There was no collection made for Davis, but we hope his friends have done the thing that is right. Should he come to London, we will do all we can to secure him a good benefit.

Times might have become a bit harder for Frosty again, judging by the notice of a benefit for him given in the same *Bell's* issue - which also emphasises his friendship with Harry Jones;

Our old friend **Fogo** - champion of the *Ugly Mugs* - Poet by nature - dealer in *blue ruin, green hastings*, and *tators*, from necessity - and *chaunter general* to the Milling Corps, by *taste* - will take his benefit, in conjunction with Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, to-morrow evening, [25th] at the Minor Theatre, Catherine-street, when the *Fancy* will have an "out and out" treat, consisting of the finest specimens of the pugilistic art, combined with a musical *melange*, which will be aided by the performance of a full band of marrow-bones and cleavers. Two *professionals* will also dance the celebrated *pas-de-deux* called Dusty Bob and Black Sal; and other varieties will be introduced of the most attractive, as well as the most classic character.- *Vive la bagatelle*.

[The *WD* added - The bill of fare is an out-and-outer: - sparring, dancing, and singing, together with a full band of music, cannot fail to keep the visitors alive. And *Egan's* stated it thus: All that can be done to amuse the amateurs, will be done by **Fogo** and his *Pal*, to keep the *game alive*. In truth, the *Fancy* will not regret their visit to the Minor Theatre, according to the Bill of Fare.]

The *Dispatch* of the 24th carried a poem by Frosty, expressly written for Brown, the Bridgnorth Hero, and to be sung at Tom Belcher's Castle Tavern on Tuesday 26th June;

THE BRIDGENORTH HERO'S SONG

(Composed expressly for him by **Frosty-faced Fogo**, and intended to be sung by him (**Brown**) at Tom Belcher's Sporting Dinner, on Tuesday next;)

Tune: "Dear Creatures, we can't live without them."

Oh! nothing in life can sadden us,
While the *long village* has *green ones* in store,
These, and a benefit yearly, to gladden us,
What *milling yokel* can ask any more?
At the *Cock and the Bottle* their *blunt* fills the bowl for me,
Then fill up your bumpers, and drink as I call,
The Tennis-Court gazers are body and soul to me,
So, on my soul, let us drink to them all.

Chorus - Dear Cockneys! We can't live without them,
Bless the poor *flats*, and their yearly gratuity,
The *gammon* I'll tip, and for benefits *tout* them,
Eighty per annum's a tidy annuity

Why should I put on the *mufflers* with fellows
Whom science makes awkward, or game renders tough?
Give me a *cove* that will ne'er try my bellows,
Or damage my features with compliments rough.
Some light *setter-to*, that has nothing of *devil*,
But will take *polite* care that no *mischief* is done,
And allow me, with feelings quite friendly and civil,
To do what I please with him - all out of fun!
Chorus - Dear Cockneys! &c.

Do you think that I'd stand up to Ben Burn or Martin,
Or tackle Jos. Hudson's new *lily white* stranger.
Whose *ebony* paws, if exerted, for certain,
Might put my poor *iv'ries* in marvellous danger.
Here's a health to Jem Ward! I can ne'er wish to slight him,
On terms he won't come to, I'll make the match good,
Perhaps you ask why on the turf I won't fight him.
Why - *only for something*, I certainly would.
Chorus - Dear Cockneys! &c.

Long life to each *spoony*, who'll drop his *three bob*,
When I next come to London, the Fancy to hum;
I could not spar this time, for really my fob,
Was so stocked, that my feelings were quite overcome.
You must all be convinced that I never mean fighting,
I'm too gentle a creature to wish for a scar;
But if you'll attend at my next year's inviting,
And fork out your pewter, *perhaps*, I may spar
Chorus - Dear Cockneys! &c. D.

The *Dispatch* reported on the 1st July the events that took place at the Fogo and Jones joint benefit;⁸⁴

MINOR SPARRING AT THE MINOR THEATRE.

Monday evening, Harry Jones and **Frosty-faced Fogo**, the one "famed for deeds of *arms*." and the other for poetry, took a joint Benefit at the little Theatre, in Catherine-street. The house was remarkably well attended - almost overflowing with company, and the setting-to was of a very spirited character, although none of the first-raters exhibited. The acts were conducted in the following order: - Lennox and Clarke - nothing new and little to praise, Andrew Anderson and Sam Foote - a good and equal set-to. Ike Dodd and Charley B...den [Brennan?] - a ruffianing bout, of which Ike had rather the advantage. The Sprig of Shamrock and a Novice. - three hits to one in favour of the Sprig. The highly comical dance of *Dusty Bob* and *African Sal* (from the Farce: *Tom and Jerry*), was here introduced, and was applauded to the echo. More than usual interest was excited by this display of the graces of low life, and to a report, that the Commander-in-Chief personated *Dusty Bob*, and **Mrs. Frosty-faced Fogo**, *African Sal*, but, we have every reason to believe, that there was no foundation in such a report. The **poet** himself was very anxious to contradict

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it; and he assures us, that his lady never "trips it on the light fantastic toe," at a less dignified place of resort than the "Sheep's Head and Pluck," in Clare-market, where the evolutions of the dancers are enlivened by a full band of marrow-bone and cleavers, a couple of bullock's horns, and a salt-b--.

The next set-to was an excellent display of the fistic art, by Jones and Ash. Young-Sprig, the conjurer then exhibited his *glove antics* with Tom Gaynor, when Tom, being afflicted with rheumatism, was unable to correct his ridiculous flourishes, by hitting him into caution.. Oliver Burn and Bill Savage planted many heavy blows, and Oliver also dealt out the pepper with liberal a left hand. Paddy Flint had the best of Tom Tough; and Harry Jones had equally the advantage of Fred Edwards. Young Stockman and McCarthy wound up the sports: the up-hits of the former were remarkably conspicuous, but McCarthy did not receive without returning, and on the whole, this was an excellent show off, for a couple of little ones. Josh Hudson's Black was in attendance, and Gas was requested to have a turn with him; Jonathan declined, on a plea of bad condition. Dick Abbinett, a very fine young man, who is desirous of distinguishing himself in the Ring, and only wants a backer, offered to take a turn with the Black, but *Massa* then excused himself. In the course of the evening, Harry Jones announced, that his fight with Ned Stockman was off, the latter having paid forfeit; whereupon Ned came on stage, and challenged Harry to a fight for 10*l.* aside *instantly*. The Sailor Boy said he was quite willing and the lads proceeded to strip, when **Frosty-faced Fogo** as stage-manager, interposed his authority, assisted by several of the spectators, to restore order. Stockman then said, he would fight Jones on the following day for the above sum; but the backer of the latter pugilist forbade his accepting the challenge, alleging, that Harry could be backed for 50*l.*, or 100*l.*, and it was not therefore worth his while to fight for 10*l.*

The *Dispatch* in the same issue gave notice of another benefit and mentioned Frosty's name in passing;

The renowned "Uncle Ben," so famous for his profound knowledge of the works of Confucius, Pythagoras, Cicero, Sir Isaac Newton, and **Jack Fogo** - in fact of all the great men of ancient and modern times - takes a benefit on Thursday next, at the Tennis Court.

Bell's Life in London of the same date, July 1st, gave notice of what had happened at the Castle Tavern on the 26th - for which Frosty had written his poem for Big Brown (above) plus a notice of another benefit to come; ⁸⁵

SPORTING DINNER AT TOM BELCHER'S JEM BURNS AND BALDWIN

A highly respectable muster of Amateurs sat down to an excellent dinner at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Tuesday last, to celebrate the completion of the stakes for the fight between Jem Burns and White-headed Bob, which will take place on Tuesday next. Jem was not present, but Bob just came "in pudding time," and looked well.

On the cloth being removed, "The King," and other loyal toasts, were drunk, followed by sentiments appropriate to the object of the Meeting. The *chaunting*, too, was of the first order. At eight o'clock, Bob, who was anxious to get back to the country, expressed a wish to toss for the nomination of the place of fighting, pursuant to the terms of the Articles. Tom Belcher, as representative for Jem, immediately *skied* a sovereign. Bob called - "What we love in our hearts;" it was her ladyship, and he thus entitled himself to say "where." Those who wish to take a trip towards Somersetshire may not be on the wrong road. The fight is to be within sixty miles of London. The *blunt* was shortly after posted, and the health of both men, and "that the best may win," was drank with enthusiasm. Jem Ward and his backer came in with the dessert.

BIG BROWN AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing "The Ring, and may those who disgrace it never want a rope," took the occasion to allude to the absence of Big Brown, of Bridgenorth. He was present, he said, in the Tennis Court on the previous Thursday, when Brown publicly pledged himself to attend the dinner on that day, to make a match with Jem Ward, if the backers of Ward were so disposed. This pledge had not been redeemed, and not only were persons disappointed who had come to meet him, but he had been guilty of a breach of faith to the Fancy and to the worthy host, which was highly discreditable, and fully confirmed the impression which had gone abroad - that he was unworthy of the favour with which he had been heretofore regarded. He (the Chairman) was not disposed to blame Brown for not making a match in any other way than his backers might dictate; and those gentlemen might conscientiously feel, that the stage was preferable to the turf; but that which he felt himself called upon to censure was the fact of his having invited his opponent, Ward, to meet him, and the altogether absenting himself. There surely could be no danger of the Ring being broken in on such an occasion. Brown would, no doubt, have been heard in a fair and candid manner; and if the terms he proposed were not acceded to, no harm would have been done. His absence would certainly lead to very unfavourable opinions of his personal confidence, and was anything but consistent with that manly spirit by which a Candidate for the Championship of England ought to be distinguished.

Mr. N-- , Ward's backer, immediately rose, and placing 300*l.* in the Chairman's hand, said he was ready to back Ward for 100*l.*, to fight on or off a stage, and for the whole 300*l.*, or up to 1000*l.*, on the turf.

A gentleman, who attended, we presume, on the part of Brown, said that Brown would only fight on a stage, and not for a less sum than 300*l.*

A good deal of discussion followed, during which it was understood that Ward's backer was agreeable to make the match with Brown for 300*l.* to fight on a stage, when the gentleman above alluded to, after some hesitation, put down 20*l.*, which he called upon Ward's backer to cover, and meet at Cribb's on Thursday evening, to make a further deposit, and sign articles. To this Ward's backer did not accede, and Ward himself subsequently declared that he would fight Brown in no other way than on the turf.

Some observations were then made by Brown's friend on the unhandsome manner in which Brown had been treated at his benefit, in being called upon to set-to with a fellow upon whom he would scarcely condescend to wipe his shoes (Hudson's black). In defence of Brown, he drew largely upon Æsop's fables; but his quotations were not very highly relished, although he brought in all the animal creation, from a mouse to an elephant, and paid some handsome compliments to their wisdom.

The CHAIRMAN, with considerable warmth, expressed his surprise and regret, that any gentleman could have so far forgotten his respect for himself and his auditors as to have drawn so wide a distinction between Brown and the black. He was not prepared to justify the manner in which Brown had been treated, in being prevented from setting-to with Bill Eales at the Tennis Court. On taking his benefit, he had a right, of course, like any other actor, to choose the character in which he was likely to appear to the best advantage; and, probably, the spectators were as little justified in interrupting that course, as they would have been in calling upon a *buskined* here to substitute one farce for another. How far his refusal to set-to with the persons who threw down their gauntlets might redound to his credit, as a pretender to the Championship, was another question, which he would not venture to discuss; but he could not help feeling indignant at so extraordinary and uncalled-for a declaration, as that he had been challenged to set-to with a man "upon whom he would scarcely condescend to wipe his shoes."

In what way such language could be palliated he knew not, nor could he discover upon what principle it had been applied. 'Twas true the man was *poor* and was *black*; but were these *crimes* to reduce him to so low a scale? Who was there among them who might not have felt the want of a friend; and how many thousands, who now moved in elevated spheres, were there, to whom, at some period or other, a shilling would not have been a boon (hear). The Ring furnished numerous examples of this sort, and he was proud to say, that this was the first time he had ever heard such a cause assigned for excluding a man from that rank to which true courage must always entitle him. If poverty were not the objection, then *colour* only remained - he was black! and this misfortune, if it were one, must reduce him to the level of a door-mat! Such a sentiment was unworthy of an Englishman - was at variance with every notion of liberality, and discreditable to him by whom it had been uttered. Among the patrons of Pugilism, and he hoped in every other class of society, integrity and true courage would always find their supporters; and whether the man were white, black, blue, or green, he was sure no honourable or liberal mind would draw an inference to his prejudice (applause).

After this, there was little regularity in the proceedings; the bottle produced its usual influence, and jollification continued to a late hour. - There was not much betting on the fight between Burns and Baldwin; but the odds continued at seven to four on the former; and some, as we stated in our last, went as far as two to one. Since then, the proposers of long odds have "drawn in their horns," and 6 to 4 may be quoted as the current betting.

Fogo not mentioned in this account but in view of his poem, and the 'chaunting' I feel he must have attended and played a part.

Jem Ward will take the chair on Thursday next, [5th] at the King's Head, Sweeton-street, Gray's Inn-road, and **Frosty-faced Fogo** will face him.

Before this second benefit was to take place, some fighting took place at Ruscombe Lake near Reading on the 3rd July. The fights were reported in *Bell's*, the *Dispatch*, *Egan's*, the *Cheltenham Journal* as well as later in *Boxiana*, 2nd Series, vol. II and *Pugilistica* Vol. II, p. 345,⁸⁶ but here is the account from the *Berkshire Chronicle* of July 7th written by their own reporter;

**GRAND FIGHT AT RUSCOMBE LAKE,
NEAR TWYFORD BERKS.
(Furnished by our own reporter)
JEM BURN v. EDW. BALDWIN, alias WHITEHEADED BOB**

This fight, for a stake of 200 sovereigns a-side, took place on Tuesday last [Jul 3], at Ruscombe Lake, a beautiful meadow, about six miles east of Reading, bordering upon a portion of the county of Wilts, which juts out there into Berkshire. It was rumoured in the morning, that the scene of action would be in the neighbourhood of Binfield, on the Forest-road, and no small disappointment was experienced by several wiseacres, not in the secret, budging in that direction, and who had to make a land-traverse of some five or six miles, in order to gain the *locus in quo* of this delightful scene of blackguardism.

[Here *Egan* indulges in a little advertising - probably for free board - he described the scene thus: The lads who had plenty of time on their hands, and like-wise to make the journey easy to their *prads*, started from London on Monday afternoon, and the road exhibited a trifling picture of gaiety of a few of the old ring goers *toddling* along towards the scene of action. "I will meet you at the *widow's*," (the phrase used to be) at Brentford End; and as the Fancy are well known to be fond and kind to the fair sex, they never passed the Coach and Horses without taking a *drap of summut* to encourage trade: and although the lady has changed her name to CROFT, and appears in a new character, as the wife of a good fellow, the Coach and Horses at Brentford End still remains to the Amateurs as the finger-post for a good tipple, no *nailing*, and civility. The landlords also at Maidenhead were not neglected; and upon the whole, things went on well at the different houses, except *tipping* for wax lights in summer time: this circumstance the *blades* did not *see* in its proper light, but the majority exclaimed "it made the *cigars* come *werry* expensive!"]

Bob had for some time been in training in the neighbourhood, and appeared to be in good fettle; Burn, also, had been taking his degrees - and both seemed confident of success - "*Hot for the fray, and eager for the fight.*" [*Bell's* Both men quitted their training ground on Monday, and proceeded to Twyford; Burns taking up his quarters at the Bell, and Baldwin at the King's Arms Inn.]

It was nearly 11 o'clock, before a definitive arrangement of the precise spot for the ring, was made; and this was determined upon a conclave of swells, held at Twyford. About twelve o'clock, **Frosty-faced Fogo** and Co.,

carrying with them the *materiel* for forming the arena, such as stakes, ropes, and so forth, proceeded to the meadow, and there pitched the standard of battle. From this time to one o'clock, the roads, for many miles round, were covered with vehicles of every description - from the barouche to the tumbril, - hurrying with their bipedical lumber to the *gymnasium*!

The wonder at this time was, that the magistrates of the county, some of whom, we are informed, were holding a meeting at Oakingham, about two miles from the Lake, did not send down a division of the *posse comitatus*, and compel the belligerents to decide the dispute on neutral territory. The probability, however, is - that they had not heard of the fight - and so the preparations went on. - About ten minutes before one o'clock, the outer ring was formed, the front ranks of the inner circle kneeling - and behind them were ranges of waggons, tilburies, donkey-carts, and post-chaises, in most "admirable disorder." The price of admission to a waggon was *only* half-a-crown-" Little enough, quoth Josh Hudson, "and d--n the expense." The inner *ring* (24 feet) or rather *square*, was now completed, and all was anxiety for the appearance of the two *second-rate* heroes of the fistic art - and a most imposing moment it is, sure enough - in the *interior* are seen seconds, bottle-holders, and amateur milling coves, arranging their brandy-bottles and *aqua pura*, - whilst, *exteriorly*, the diving kiddies, vulgo pickpockets, are sounding the quantum of their neighbour's *blunt*. It is at this moment, that every *classical* mind must have in view the applicable ideas of the Mantuan bard - and why may not Latin be quoted in reference to a boxing-match, with as much propriety as Lord Nugent uses it to his rabble constituents? Thus says Virgil:-

Multa viri nequiequam inter se vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et *pectore* vastos
Dant sonitus, erratque aures et *tempora* circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.

Now how admirably descriptive is all this, of what we, in these "enlightened days," would designate blows in the *bread-basket*, or '*tato trap*, - a hit on the *knowledge-box*, - and a variety of other expletives equally elegant and expressive! - "But to proceed," as the Scotch preacher, Irving, hath it: -

A few minutes before one o'clock, Jem Burn made his appearance, and with the solemnities used on such *striking* occasions, threw his *castor* into the ring; Bob immediately afterwards made his *entre* with the like formality, and both were greeted by their backers and friends with loud cheering. - The men then peeled, Bob divesting himself of a white smock-frock, which formed a very pretty contrast to the face of Josh's Man Friday, who stood near to him. - Burn is much the taller man, but Bob the best put together, - the upper part of his arm that of an Hercules, - always providing, that such an Hercules be not more than 5 feet 8 inches high. Jem Ward and Dick Curtis seconded Baldwin, and Tom Belcher and Harry Harmer, Burn. Jem got the toss, and now were their colours - *not*, however, after the manner of the chivalric Knights of old, presented by ladies, - tied to the lists, - Bob's a *blue*, Jem's a *yellow* wiper. -

THE SET-TO

commenced precisely at one o'clock, and after some cautious sparring, in which Bob seemed to be trying the length of his sinister feeler, he put in a blow right and left; Jem rallied, threw Bob on the ropes, and after delicately fibbing him, both men went down, Bob under. (5 to 3)

Round 2. Bob had again the first blow, which Jem returned, and drew first blood; both hit together, and went down. Bob under. 3. Bob put in a facer, and Jem already appeared to be rather queer; but he caught Bob a heavy hit on his frontispiece, and both went down. This was a fair give and take round.

4. A famous hitting bout, which terminated in Burn being floored. - Even betting.

5. Baldwin hit out right and left, but missed his distance. Jem made several desperate blows, which Bob stopped admirably; foot to foot fighting; Jem put in a heavy body blow; a close, both down.

6. A manly set-to; some hard hitting, and Baldwin thrown on the ropes, a long struggle, and both down.

7. The millers came to the scratch piping; Jem hit a heavy facer with his right mauley; hard blows on both sides; Baldwin bled beautifully, and seemed very weak; a close, pully-haully on the ropes, and Bob down, sadly distressed.

8. Burn again put in a heavy blow on Bob's cannister, a return from Bob on his antagonists head; both badly punished, and both down.

9. Much round but ineffectual hitting from Bob; a close, and Burn thrown with a heavy fall.

10. Both shy to time, and piping; *eau de vie* in request; a rush-in from Burn. who threw Bob violently.

11. The men trying to get wind; cries of "Give it to him Bob;" a hit from Burn, and Bob went in and got punished, and floored.

12. Bob stopped some fearful hits, but could not prevent receiving two facers, right and left, and was thrown.

13. Bob rallied, went in, and threw Jem; both short of gas, and distilling claret galore.

14. A tremendous round; Jem thrown on the ropes, both down, but Bob under.

15. A pully-haully round; Bob grappled Jem, and threw him. (Bravo, Bob.)

16. Jem looked much distressed, but mustered a hit at Bob's abdominal vincera, which was finely stopped; Jem retreating round the ring, followed by Bob; a close, both down, Jem in the basement story. (Well done, Bob!)

17) Bob first on his pins, jumping about like quicksilver in a pudding, and commenced operations by putting in four facers successively and successfully, literally knocking himself down by the force of his own blows. Burn looked as if he was done up, and betting subsided. "Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ," exclaimed the **Poet-Laureate** to the P. R. [*to tell at once what is pleasant and proper in life - Horace*]

18. Burn a little refreshed, and hit rather ferociously at Bob, who stopped in style; Bob was thrown on the rope, and here Jem might have punished him *ad lib.*, but he generously gave up the advantage. (Well done, Jem.)

19. Time a great object to both parties. Jem made play, but Bob stopt two heavy blows, and went down to avoid punishment.

20. Both heartily tired of their job; a close; and Bob again went down without a blow.

21. A fine manly round, and heavy hits on both sides, but Bob again tried for time by falling.

22. Jem appeared to be much marked in the body, but showed good game, and in a rally Baldwin again went down.

23. Jem much distressed, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile" at his antagonist. Bob made some beautiful stops, and put in a round hit in Jem's pectoral department, but both went down, Bob under.

24. Bob again showed his skill in stopping; a close, and struggling on the rope for at least a minute; Bob looked like the laocoon, as if he was writhing in great pain, and Jem was as ferocious as a hyæna. All the amateurs within the outer ring rose to witness the struggle. Cries of "Bite his ear off Bob," and "Down, down," from the swabs outside. Half of Jem's body was outside the ropes, but ultimately Bob was thrown. This was a round which both of the men fell heavily.

25. Bob again made some fine stops; a close, both down, Jem under.

26. Bob went in head first, and threw Jem on the ropes; a grand scuffle, terminating in Jem being earthed.

27. Heavy hitting on both sides, Bob putting in a facer, which told; they seemed to have regained their wind and strength, and were again on the ropes, where Jem was thrown.

28. and 29. Fine rounds, and hard blows; Bob was shoved against the post, and after a close, Jem was thrown. (Cheering and hissing.)

30. Jem appeared quite in the dark, and was followed by Bob round the ring; a close, both down, Bob under.

31. Neither inclined to come to "time." Jem received a heavy blow in the face, which produced a fine flow of claret; blood on both sides galore. A fair slashing round, and a knock down from Jem. (Cheers.)

32. Both bleeding abundantly; a sort of scrambling round, in which Bob went down with a push.

33. and 34. Jem's back appeared to be sadly cut by the ropes; Bob very weak, and almost blind; scrambling fighting; Bob's legs lost their use, and he fell. (High odds, as much as 10 to 1 on Burn.)

35. Bob again down; he appeared to be all but senseless, and bled profusely. Cries of "Take him away."

36. Bob rallied, and put in a heavy body blow; Jem on the ropes, where Bob might have hit him, but did not. "A chance yet for Bob."

37. A rush in by Burn, who hit his man right and left, but was at last knocked down.

38. and 39. After some lying by, a close; Baldwin fell like a log; some re-action, but Bob fell from a heavy blow by Jem.

40. "Resurgam" Bob's motto, and he showed wonderful pluck, planting a smart facer on Jem, and then flooring him in style. Loud shouts for Bob.

41 and 42. Baldwin down in both rounds, and could scarcely be brought up to time.

43. Burn put a tremendous hit on Bob's left temple, which posed him completely for a few seconds' Bob recovered, followed Jem round the ring, and in a close, both went down. "All over with Bob."

44. Poor Ned had again a large payment from Burn, receiving at least four or five heavy checks on his cranium, and went down.

45 and 46. Cries of "time, gentlemen, time," but it was an unwelcome summons to both sides. Very little fighting, and what there was altogether against Bob, who was down both times.

47 and 48. The same remarks may apply to these, excepting only the close of 48, in which Burn was heavily thrown.

49. Burn got up, and appeared determined to settle the battle by a desperate effort, but was met boldly by Bob, who closed with him, and both went down, as bloody as two butchers after a hard day's killing.

50. Bob very weak, and got terribly punished; both eyes seemed to be dark and in deep mourning, and his face one mass of cat's meat; he fell with a slight blow.

51. and 52. Baldwin hit against one of the stakes, and went down. Ned then rushed in, and in a spirited rally, Jem went down.

53. Baldwin floored by one blow.

54. Some show of fighting and occasional hits; both down.

55. Bob put in a heavy blow in his adversary's magazine of provender; and then went down.

56. A scuffling round, hard struggling against the ropes, both down, Bob under.

57. Bob badly off for a supply of wind; Jem little better; repeated calls of "time, time," but no inclination to move from their seconds' knees. At last Bob was lifted up, and by a sudden effort hit Jem with his left mauley on his right temple; a rally, in which Bob went down, and Jem fell on him with his knees on his chest. Hissing, cries of "shame."

58. This rough treatment aroused Bob, and he let fly a heavy hit on Jem's throat. then threw him on his belly on the ropes, where there was a long struggle, which completely winded Jem, and both went down, although he had much the worst of it. "Huzza for Bob."

59. Again cries of "Time, time," but the parties could not find "time" to move. At last they were placed on their pins, and Baldwin put in a few body blows, forcing Jem against the ropes, and then Bob went down.

60. Bob received a heavy facer; some sound fighting; Bob down.

61 and 62. Bob up first, and planted a "palpable hit" on Jem's chin. Bob's mug at this period was really hideous, streaming with blood from all quarters, and swelled to an enormous size. A close, in which Jem had a poser on his left side; both down, Jem under.

63. Bob's pluck again befriended him, and he chaffed with his seconds whilst they were mopping his face! Some sharp fighting. Bob fell on his knee, and got peppered going down.

64. Bob made a grand charge on Jem, and threw him against the ropes; (cheers) they fell, Jem under.

65. Bob again went in like a hero, and knocked Jem down with great case. (Loud cries of "Huzza; well done Bob.")

66. Similar to the last, again on the rope; a fall; Jem under.

67. In a scramble on the ropes, Bob went down.

68. The men were much blown; they could scarcely stand or speak, Ned run in at last, and hit Jem under the right ear; a close, when Ned fell.

69. Ned planted another blow on Jem's cannister, and threw him. - Betting getting round in favour of Ned.

70. A scuffling round; Ned down, and apparently all over with him.

71. Jem nothing to do but knock Bob down! The battle seemed ended, and Randal untied the colours from the stakes.

72. Whitehead again knocked down; his face frightfully mauled. Cries from all parts of "Take him away."

73. A rallying round; Ned went in, threw Jem violently on the ropes, and he fell on his head. Again shouts for Ned.

74 and 75. Ned could scarcely stand, and his head hung on his shoulder. Again knocked down. "Shame, shame; take him away." (10 to 1 on Jem.)

76. Ned bleeding from his eyes, mouth, and both temples; he seemed quite blind, but refreshed from the blood he had lost. A few ineffective hits on both sides; a struggle against the ropes, and both down, Ned under.

77. Ned put in a facer, but his weakness rendered it almost harmless and he went down with a mere push.

78. Ned made an astonishing effort, again threw Jem against the ropes and both fell. His colours were tied up again.

79. "Time" repeatedly called; Ned up first, again renewed his vigour. Jem could scarcely stand upright; Ned run into him, and threw him violently on his back on the ropes; a struggle, in which Jem was severely punished, and he went down without an effort.

80. Again Ned up first, again he had the assault, hit Jem right and left, and floored him over the ropes. (Loud cheering.)

81, 82, 83, 84 and 85. The same. Ned again up to time; Jem was lifted up, and immediately knocked down.

86 and last. Time called, but Jem apparently insensible; he was lifted up, but fell immediately motionless into his second's arms. Cries of "Victory, victory," from all parts. Ned made an effort to show off by jumping about the ring, but it was a vain one, for he could scarcely stand. The battle lasted exactly an hour and a half.

[*Bell's* has: Belcher tried to bring his man to the scratch, but he could not stand, and time being called, Bob was proclaimed the conqueror, in exactly one hour and a half, amidst the warm congratulations of his friends. Jem remained for some time senseless; while Bob stood up, shaking hands with his admirers, and was carried off in triumph. Belcher was, of course, dreadfully mortified: he accused Jem of laziness, for not going in to finish before, and charged the time-keeper with calling "time" too quick at last, when Jem was distressed, while he gave additional time to Bob when he most wanted it. This was denied; and, in fact, the irregularities in time-calling, as we have already stated, was not attributable to the time-keeper, but to those who assumed his prerogative, and thereby created much confusion. Some time elapsed before Jem could be moved from the ring; but, on comparing punishment, the odds were fearfully against Bob, who, we think, was more punished than in his last battle. His wirey frame, however, added to the uncommon pains taken by Curtis and Ward, brought him through; and, in fact, as it were, he performed a *miracle*.]

REMARKS

Immediately on the termination of the contest, carrier pigeons were let off, which after ascending to a considerable altitude, went away with the news in a direction straight a-head for London. A more manly battle has not taken place for many years; it was all fair fighting, and nothing like a X from beginning to end. Bob is 28 years old, five years the senior of Jem, and his stamina gained him the day, for personal advantage would seem to be altogether in favour of Burn. Both the parties were taken from the Lake, in carriages, to the inns at Twyford, and put in bed, and bled. The face of Bob was actually hideous; and Jem complained much of a blow which he had received on his right side; he breathed with great difficulty. Bob's friends were desirous of taking him off to town that evening, but Mr. Sowden, surgeon, of Reading, who happened to be in the house, declared it would be unsafe to remove him in his then dubious state. Burn's friends lost much money, for he seemed to have won the battle thrice over, and they backed him heavily. In the last contest between the parties, Burn was the victor - they have now had "turn about," and it is thought very probable that there will be *another* battle to decide which is the best man. They were most ably seconded. It would be well on future occasions if the fighting coves within the ring were to recollect that there are others besides themselves who wish to see a fight - and the least they can do is to show an example of propriety by sitting down. No one paid less attention to repeated calls from the circle to sit down than Josh Hudson. Peter Crawley was a passive looker-on the whole of the time.

[*Egan* adds: The *astonishment* (at the result) was so great to several of the spectators who had sported a little *blunt* upon the occasion, that their *faces* did not assume their original *aspect* for some minutes. We regret to state, that only 1l. 15s. was collected round the ring for the losing man.]

For the second fight a better report is that in *Bell's*;

HUDSON'S BLACK AND AB BENETT

A purse of Ten pounds was now collected for these men with great difficulty and labour, for such was the *liberality* of the Berkshire Fancy, that the *tizzies* dropped from them like so many drops of their hearts' blood. A sovereign a side had been put down for Gaynor to fight Abbenett: but Gaynor was ill and forfeited. [*WD* adds: it was agreed that the winner should have 6l., the loser 3l., and their seconds share the remainder, which ultimately amounted to 7s. each.]

On stripping, the disparity in the muscular strength and weight of the men was obvious. Abbenett was seconded by Tom Oliver and **Fogo**, and *Lilly-White* by Josh Hudson and Young Dutch Sam.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. Blacky threw himself into position, and showed an immense pair of shoulders and arms. Abbenett popped in a facer with his right, but was met heavily with the black's left in the jaw. Blacky then seized him in both arms, and laid him as gently on the ground as the most gallant Lothario would a damsel. [*Egan* adds. In doing which, his *trowsers* burst behind; the spectators were convulsed with roars of laughter at the accident, and even *Blackee* blushed *blue* at the circumstance. "Never mind," says Josh.; "worse things happen at sea; and as there are no *petticoats* about the ring, it is nothing to the *coveys*."]

2. Blacky hit Abbenett right and left, making a fearful incision on his left eye brow, and then threw him. [*WD* - as the Black sat on his second's knee, he said to Josh, "I say, master, *poke* some water in *mine eye*!"]

3. Abbenett hit away right and left, caught the Black on the nose and cheek and drew blood. Blacky was with him, and threw him with ease.

Eight more rounds were fought, all in *favour* of *colour*, who hit tremendously hard, and, in the last round, delivered such a left-handed job on Abbenett's head, that he became stupified; and when time was called, could not rise from his second's knee. [*Egan*: He was picked up by Oliver and **Fogo**; but quite insensible, in which state he remained some minutes, owing to the want of a medical man upon the ground.]

All were glad when the contest was over, as apprehensions were entertained that something fatal would occur from the immense force of the Black's blows. Black put in one body blow, with such force, that it subsequently became *necessary* to apply a blister to the spot. With proper care, the Black might be made a fit successor to the celebrated Molyneux; and in all probability he will be matched against a good man.

During the fight, *Snow Ball* wore his *inexpressibles* Spanish fashion, that is to say, *slashed*, only he inverted the order of things, by having the slash behind, to the gratification of the spectators, who thus had an opportunity of seeing his cabinet of curiosities for nothing.

Note: Abbenett never boxed again, his left eye was badly damaged. Hudson's 'Black' was really called William Morgan, but otherwise known as 'Massa' or the Young Molyneaux, and it seems to have had one other fight, when he beat Fleming on March 24th 1829 in front of 6,000 spectators. He was a seaman who survived the wreck of the Carn Brae Castle, an East Indiaman, off the coast of the Isle of Wight on May 5th 1829.

He gave sparring exhibitions but appears to have been too much of a threat to most other boxers for them to take him on, and so he returned to sea.

Bell's in the same issue printed a letter from Fogo complaining about the competition for getting his poetry printed, (repeated in several papers) - maybe Frosty had also lost some *blunt* on the fight and needed money;

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON

SIR. - The market for Poetry being overstocked, and having lived too long upon a vegetable diet, I find I must descend from Mount Parnassus, and seek fame and food upon a more solid foundation. From imaginary fancies I must come to the real *Fancy*, and as a first step I beg to announce to that renowned Conjuror, Young Spring, whose antics have amused so many *flats*, that I am ready to fight him for 50*l.* within a month; and if he will come to the scratch, at the Castle Tavern, on Monday evening, a friend will there post the poney.

Your humble servant. **JACK FOGO**, Poet Laureat.

Whereas the *Dispatch* of the same date had a note on Ben Burn's benefit after the fight on Thursday 5th July;

UNCLE BEN'S BENEFIT

The Tennis Court was well attended on Thursday last (*5th July*), for Ben Burn's benefit, and the business of the day was of an interesting nature, and the sparring was conducted as follows; - Lennox and Clarke and Pick and Charley Jones. These men received quite as much applause as they deserved. The Bristol Baker next turned to for a hammering bout with Young Stockman, and soon gave him a severe cut across the left eyebrow, which bled like a gash in a pig's throat; but Doughey did not come off without getting his crust cracked in several places - it was a hard glove fight. Another slaughtering match followed, in which Murphey and Donovan clarified each other. Oliver Burn and Bill Savage came next. Here was sharp work again: Oliver had the best of the off-play, but when the Savage came to the bear-hugging system, he did some execution, which Oliver liked well enough to be glad to leave off. Ned Stockman was sent up to take the conceit out of a Bermondsey lad, named Fitz; but the job was no easy one, and Ned found that Bermondsey was taking the conceit out of *him* - *for* left and right facers came rattling into his face, thick as hail, and swift as pistol shots. Stockman, therefore, closed, and gave the stranger a couple of heavy cross buttocks, which finished him off, but the spectators testified their disapprobation by loud hisses - it not being considered "quite correct" to give falls in sparring.

Tom Belcher and Jem Ward now mounted the stage, amidst loud applauses; the latter accomplished pugilist was rather more on his mettle than usual, and seemed to do his very best; but Tom was with him, and had none the worst of it - the hitting and parrying was uncommonly fine, and afforded a high treat. Belcher is a most extraordinary performer with the gloves - he is 45 years of age - yet no man on the list, big or little, young or old, can get the advantage of him, and there is hardly an amateur in the Fancy, who would not freely *tip* his three shillings to see Tom exhibit with a good one - in fact, to a gentleman learning to spar, it is worth double the money. Scroggins and Randall had a short friendly, set-to - both being stale, and "touched in the wind." Randall, in particular, seems sadly out of condition; he is no more like the once tremendous Nonpareil, "than I to Hercules!" A spirited set-to between Robinson, the Scot, and Fisher, excited much attention, owing to the determined perseverance of the men - each was anxious for victory, and careless of punishment - each hit away at the head with great force - each, by turns, had the advantage, and each deserved a sprig of laurel; but, on the whole, we believe that Robinson might claim a leaf or two more than his opponent.

For a wind-up, and to settle an old jealousy, as to glove merits, and other private differences, Uncle Ben and Sam Tebbutt went to work in downright earnest. The past week has been an unlucky one for the Burn family. In the very first round, Ben received a heavy blow, which cut his left cheek, just under the eye, and the blood streamed from it as instantaneously, though, perhaps *not quite* so freely. "as the water when Moses of old struck the rock!" - The following rounds were also entirely in favour of Sam, whose left hand went into the middle of Ben's head with the force of a sledge-hammer, till his lips swelled, and his nose bleeding freely on his cheek, he was half covered with claret. Burn threw off the gloves - another round was called for, and he, "having more man than wit about him," complied with the call. He then closed, to avoid hitting, and hustled Sam about the boards, but did little mischief; and, on quitting the stage, Sam was allowed, on all sides, to be the conqueror. We think, however, that he was rather too hard upon Ben, who, not being in training, was spoilt by the first hit. Ben is rather hasty, and careless in his language, but there are few better supporters of the Ring than he.

In the course of the afternoon, Jem Burn mounted the stage, and said his money was ready, to fight Baldwin again, for 100*l.* aside. Ned, in reply, said, that he had fought twice in eleven weeks - he now required a little rest, and would not, therefore, fight again in less than six months time. Burn urged that he had fought the last time to accommodate Baldwin, and Baldwin ought now to fight to accommodate him. "Oh! you must wait!" retorted Whitehead. Burn subsequently said, it was strange that Baldwin should require six months rest. "He says he has fought twice within eleven weeks," said Jem; "now I am the man he fought with, and why should he want rest more than myself." "Because he has been more punished," said one of the spectators. "Well," resumed Jem, "if he won't fight before, I'll make a match with him, at once, to be decided in six months' time." No answer was, however, made to this proposal.

Josh Hudson said that his "lilly white,"* should fight any man in the world for 100*l.* (barring Jem Ward). Gas instantly ran up the steps of the stage and said, "Gentlemen, I have no particular wish to fight at present, but I *will* accommodate the Black." This spirited conduct of Gas was loudly applauded - it being recollected that he will have to contend against very superior weight and strength. Pick, the Bristol lad, said his money was ready at Harry Harmer's, the Plough, West Smithfield, for a second fight with Mike Curtin, for 25*l.* aside.

The combatants of the preceding Tuesday were all in Court. Baldwin's face was terribly disfigured - it was cut and bruised in all directions. He wore a green shade over the left eye, and the right was black and swollen. Jem Burn did not exhibit near so many external marks of punishment, but his left eye and ear were puffy, and of sable hue; and his hands are much injured: the right hand is particularly bad: he also complains of body-blows. Young Molineux

appeared to have escaped unhurt but, on looking closely at his ebony countenance, a blueish streak was seen round either eye; these marks were, however, very slight, and Massa, on receiving his battle-money, which was paid to him in Court, remarked, that "he did never earn 6*l.* so easily." Abbinett looked exceedingly dejected: he had an enormous patch over his left eye, and that side of his face was much out of shape. **Frosty-faced Fogo** made a short speech, and gathered a small subscription for him.

*Alluding to the new Black, commonly called Young Molyneux, but whose real name, it appears, is Morgan.

The *Weekly Dispatch* of the 15th of July carried two amusing items that mentioned Fogo, plus an account of another Benefit, this time for Ned Baldwin;

1)

Frosty-faced Fogo attended at Belcher's on Monday evening last [*July 9th*], in hopes of making a match with Spring, the conjurer, whom he challenged in our last; but the latter was unable to "raise the wind." and no match was made - much to the regret of the Poet, and the joy of his wife and kids. (again, mention of Frosty's '*wife*')

2)

The late fight between Baldwin and Burn has elicited some of the strangest specimens of composition (especially among country scribes) ever printed in any language. We have seen in a Berkshire paper a tedious account, combining a most ridiculous jumble of affected learning and real ignorance. We extract from it the following description of the 17th round, which cannot fail to amuse our readers: - "Bob first on his pins, jumping about like quicksilver in a pudding, and commenced operations by putting in four facers successively and successfully, literally *knocking himself down by the force of his blows!* Burn looked as if he *was* done up, and betting subsided. 'Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitae,' exclaimed the **Poet Laureat to the P.R.**" (As if Frosty would quote *Latin!*)

3)

FIRST-RATE SPARRING AT THE MINOR THEATRE.

The Little Theatre in Catherine-street, was nearly filled on Thursday evening [*July 12th*], when the glove performance, under the direction of **Jack Fogo**, as stage-manager, and for the benefit of Ned Baldwin, were of a very superior order. The spectators (with the exception of a small party in one of the boxes), were alike respectable in conduct and appearance. It is to be regretted that persons wearing the dress of gentlemen, should frequent any public place of amusement, for the selfish and childish purpose of "kicking up a row:" should indulge in language that would disgrace the fags of Billingsgate, and then plead intoxication as an excuse for their disgusting blackguardism. We would remind such persons that the contemptible Tom and Jerry sprees are worn out; and that those who call themselves the friends of a brave and honest man, as Ned Baldwin has always proved himself in his pugilistic contests, would best consult his interests, by absenting themselves from his benefit altogether, if they could not attend it without annoying all the rest of the spectators during the whole of the evening.

The first act was the threadbare bout between Colonel Lennox and his pupil, Clarke, in which it was evident, from the repeated facers received by the old one, that Jack was getting better than his master. A very spirited set-to followed, in which Donovan and Murphy displayed equal knowledge of science and carelessness of punishment - at off-play and *countering*, Murphy had the advantage; but in close-fighting, the superior weight and strength of Donovan told effectively. - It was altogether an excellent display, and was rewarded by a liberal shower of half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, and coppers. The two antiques, Scroggins and Dick Ayres came next - here was little to admire; however, the spectators remembering that Jack is generally but scantily supplied with the means of filling his ravenous Victualling-office, again sent lots of *white* and *browns* rattling on the stage. Reuben Martin and Dick Acton then appeared, and we have seldom witnessed a more manly bout than that they exhibited - the hitting was decidedly in favour of Reuben, who, towards the close, planted three right-handers on the nob in rapid succession. - Another round was called for, but Dick declined. Reuben is certainly a very superior pugilist; if he takes care of himself, and is *properly backed*, there will not, ere long, be many branches between him and the top of the tree. A novice, entitled Evans, whose position was like a crab's, and whose limbs resembled those of a spider, was well licked by Latham; and another stranger, named Brown (not related, as far as we could learn, to the *gentleman* of Bridgenorth), got served out with amazing celerity, by Charley Jones. Jem Ward and Ned Baldwin next drew on the muffers, when the Whiteheaded hero met with considerable applause at going off, for planting one or two effective *counters*; but the *black diamond* then roused himself, and showed what he can do when put to his best: Bob received nobber after nobber, from Jem's right hand, till we wondered how even poor Bob's head, that seems to possess a happy insensibility to punishment, could maintain its perch upon his shoulders. Jem Stockman and Nash, the living skeleton, then commenced operations, when Jem, getting the worst of the hitting, threw the skeleton three tremendous falls, whereupon **Mr. Manager Fogo** interfered, and, by forcibly separating the men, preserved Nash from the danger of having his almost fleshless bundle of bones smashed like an egg-shell: Stockman was deservedly hissed for his conduct - throwing ought not to be adopted in sparring matches. An equal and tolerably good bout next ensued between Raines and Young Josh; after which Dick Curtis and Frank Redman delighted the audience with a fine display of science. Frank evinced a thorough knowledge of the art, and made several good hits with both hands, but the Pet's peculiar point of drawing his man on, and milling on the retreat was as successful as usual, and elicited thunders of applause. On pulling off the gloves, Dick was pronounced the best of the twain - a guinea to a shilling.

The wind-up of the sports was given by Young Dutch Sam and Tom Gaynor, when the latter - notwithstanding his superior weight - had the worst of the hitting, and was slightly clarified. It should be mentioned, however, that Tom is in very bad condition - being afflicted with rheumatism.

Jem Burn appeared on the stage, and challenged Baldwin to fight for 100*l.* aside, "within six months, nine months, or as many months as he pleased:" but one of Ned's backers exclaimed from the boxes, "Baldwin shall not fight any more - he has done very well - let him leave off while his shoes are good!" Baldwin then came forward and

said, "As to Jem Burn's challenge, gentlemen, I can lick him at any time; but my friends will not let me fight any more. If ever I do enter the ring again, Jem shall be my man!" Tom Belcher now leaped from one of the boxes to the stage, and proceeded to censure Baldwin's conduct in very strong terms. Tom said that after the first fight between Burn and Baldwin, the latter came to the Castle, and *begged* for another trial - it was granted to him on the same terms as the first, and *he* was bound in honour, therefore, to meet Jem again - it was trick and tye between them - let them have a third trial. If Baldwin left off fighting in the manner he proposed, he would not quit the Ring in a manly way! Baldwin, however, persisted in his determination, and the company departed. [Another version appeared in the *Morning Advertiser* of July 16th]

*Note: Baldwin **did** fight again, his last time - against Ned Neale on May 28 1828 (see below). He died in 1831, at the Coach & Horses, St. Martin's Lane.*

Bell's issue of July 15th also refers to the Fogo v. Spring 'match' and describes Frosty's abode (see p. 115 above);

THE POET AND THE CONJUROR

These coves met at the Castle Tavern on Monday night, and **Fogo's** dust was ready; but Spring was minus in the essential, and lamented that his Liverpool friends, who had promised so much, had not come forward to help him in the hour of need. **Fogo**, in consequence, mounted his Pegasus, and fled with flying colours to Poet's Corner, Clare-market, where, in his study, "the first floor, down the chimney," he lamented alike the disappointments of his Muse and his Fives. [*Spring is Harry Woods, or Young Spring, the Conjuror, - a sparrer rather than a fighter*]

We can only surmise how Frosty was faring financially at this time, but he was hardly keeping his greengrocery business alive, presumably leaving that to his 'wife' and his shoe making skills were hardly called upon. Writing chaunts and performing or acting as master of ceremonies were irregular and not very lucrative, nor his selling of *Blue ruin* or printed books making a good income. Setting up rings and acting as a second were infrequent and no doubt his attending fights, networking in pubs and gambling on his friends were all draining his takings. He was a 'Jack of all trades' living on his wits but with a family to support he needed a bigger or steady income. His next venture was to travel on a speculative journey to the North, as he had in October 1826 (see p. 95), with three friends to try to earn sufficient for his needs, though it meant abandoning his children and partner for a while. The events are covered in the *Dispatch* and *Bell's* on the 29th July.⁸⁷

WD - Young Gas, Tom Gaynor, and Edward Stockman, with **Frosty-faced Fogo** as their *Chaunter* and Master of Ceremonies, started on Sunday morning, from the Magpie and Stump, Fetter-lane, for Manchester, on a sparring tour in that part of England.

We have received communication from our friend **Frosty-faced Fogo**, stating, that himself, Robinson, Donovan, Paul Spencer, Davis, of Manchester, and Ned Stockman, have taken a booth for the exhibition of sparring, on Liverpool race-course. The poet adds, that Paul Spencer, can be backed to fight Phil. Sampson for 50*l.*, and as soon as the match is made, Paul will come to London.

Bell's Yorkshire Robinson, Donovan, Paul Spencer, Dick Davis, Ned Stockman & **Frosty-faced Fogo** had a sparring booth on **Liverpool** racecourse, and did well.

Young Gas, Tom Gaynor and Ned Stockman, attended by **Frosty-faced Fogo** have started upon a sparring expedition to **Manchester**.

The local paper *Bethell's Life in London, and Liverpool Sporting Register* of Saturday August 4th 1827, Issue 141, next gives information on Frosty's activities:⁸⁸

Jack Fogo, the Poet Laureat of the London Ring, and Ned Stockman, took a benefit on Monday evening last, [*July 30th*] at the large Room in Brooke's Alley. The company was thin, and the glove-bouts but few. Stockman, Paul Spencer, Thompson, and a few others were among the number who took a turn.

The paper then gives the report of a fight between Johnny Cheetham of Manchester and Denis Donovan of Liverpool for £50 a side which took place the following day, Tuesday July 31st at Sankey Common [*BLLL*]. However, a better report of the fight is given in the *Dispatch* of the 5th August - possibly written by Fogo himself as 'Our Manchester Correspondent' showing the important part he played in it.⁸⁹

*Slashing Fight between DAN DONOVAN and JOHNNY CHEETHAM, for 50*l.* aside. [FROM OUR MANCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.]*

This fight being fixed for Tuesday [*July 31st*], and the first day of Knutsford Races, a more than usual number of rough and smooth coves from this neighbourhood attended it. Craston Heath, just twenty miles from Manchester, was the place appointed. About twelve o'clock, **Jack Fogo**, who acted as Commissary-General, attended by Dick Davis, proceeded to the spot with the stakes and ropes - and had gone so far as knocking the stakes into the ground, when **Jack** declined further proceeding unless he received a *tip* for his trouble. However, a subscription being promised for him when the ring was formed, the *rival of Southey* completed the job; he then went round and collected about 25 *peg*. If the scene had been pitched in the centre of Connaught, there could scarcely have been more of its

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natives assembled; at least 1,500 of them were present - by the express desire of the *Mud Island Devil* - each having a stout shillelah in his hand.

Donovan arrived in Warrington on Monday evening; Cheetham took up his quarters at Hollin's Green, nine miles from the spot. The ring being cleared - Cheetham hove his *topper* into it, accompanied by Dick Davies and Bill Granger [from Warrington - BLLL]- that of Donovan immediately followed. He was waited upon by Ned Stockman and Paul Spencer, the *Mud Island Devil*. Betting up to the day of fighting was 5 and 6 to 4 on Pat, but Cheetham was the favourite on the ground. Umpires having been chosen, the **Poet Laureat** was appointed referee. The interesting moment had now arrived - the handkerchiefs were tied to one of the posts - blue, with white spots, for Cheetham - green and red for Donovan. The men shook hands, and commenced action. [BLLL has: They soon peeled, when Davis, alluding to the fine form and condition of Cheetham, exclaimed, 'There stands the glory of the world!' At a quarter past one, the men stood at the scratch and shook hands.]

Round 1. The fine, manly frame of Cheetham gave to his friends the utmost confidence of victory - he was the taller man, and had the advantage of a pound or two in weight; but some thought he was too fat, and puffed up - indeed, it proved so, Donovan seemed to have taken great care of himself; but his body appeared like a little house thatched over with cockle-shells - such were the blotches which had broken out all over him. After about five minutes in sparring, Johnny tried a down right-handed chopper at the head, which was stopped; he got away from a hit intended for his upper works, but was not so successful in the next, as he received a slight right-handed hit on the side of the nose, which produced first blood. Cheetham touched Donovan' on the head, followed up his luck, and floored Pat by a little *nice* one in the throat. "Two to 1 on Platting," roared out Bill Eastwood.

2. "Go to work, Johnny," said Dick Davies, "knock his teeth down his throat, and make a bone-house of his belly." Donovan touched on the body, which was well countered by Cheetham on the head; a close, in which Johnny had him right for the throw, but the Emerald soon changed positions, and threw Cheetham rather an awkward sort of a cross-buttock.

3. This was a pretty hard fought round. Cheetham paid a right-handed visit to the *attic* of Donovan, who returned a severe body blow, and another on the head; he followed up his success, and caught Johnny bang on the mouth, which made his teeth chatter again. In the close, Cheetham caught him round the neck, by *found his way* to the ground.

4. Johnny came up rather winded. He, however, went in, caught Donovan's head, fibbed him pretty smartly, and threw him completely out of the ring. Even betting. [BLLL has: Cautious as before, but Donovan quicker in getting to work, when he delivered one of the most tremendous blows ever given in the P. R. on Johnny's ribs, Cheetham for a moment stood aghast, and then went in only to receive a facer from Donovan's left. A close, when Donovan floored the Manchester man.!]]

5. No mischief done on either side. [BLLL Donovan's head in chancery; a long struggle at the ropes, when Denis extricated himself, and jobbed his opponent with his left round the ring - a close, and both down.]

6. This was a most tremendous hitting round - nothing but hit for hit, and no flinching - until neither of them could lift up an arm to strike; they were completely covered with blood.

7. The men came up piping, but Johnny was considerably the worst, and now found his want of condition. Donovan took the advantage, went in, when Cheetham got his head on the swing, but his blows were ineffectual - they did not tell. Both went down weak. 8. Cheetham's left eye, nose, and lip were cut, whilst Donovan exhibited a pair of black eyes, with a nose twice its ordinary size. Cheetham had no chance - he received several blows about the head without hitting in return, and went down - 5 to 1 on Pat.

9. Johnny came up again with as much "speculation in his eye," as a cod-fish - put out his arm to hit, but was so weak that he could not have smashed a fly. Donovan did almost what he wished with him, and any odds were offered on Pat. [BLLL Cheetham received a smasher, and fell like a bullock in a slaughter-house.]

10 and last. Cheetham, contrary to expectation, came up to time, once more - when Donovan, who had recovered his strength and wind, immediately went to work, jobbed him all round the ring, touched him under the *listener*, and floored him by a right-handed hit on the chest. Cheetham was completely exhausted, and Dick Davies gave in for him, after a heavy milling fight of 21½ minutes duration. Cheetham was put to bed near the spot, and bled; but he so far recovered as to be able to proceed to Manchester that evening. His day is gone by for fighting - he is about thirty-five years of age. Donovan was put to bed at Warrington, where he remained until Wednesday evening.

Pat Magee and George Parkinson took great pains in preserving order. Lawson was not present. Donovan said he should very much like to fight Dick Davies, for 100/. aside, the same day. We have authority from Dick to inform him, if he will come to the scratch 10½ stone, he will accommodate him, for 100/. aside, but would not take the cowardly advantage that he spoke of.

REMARKS [BLLL]

Though Cheetham was a fine well looking young man, and appeared to be in excellent condition, yet he could not withstand the science and experience of Donovan; and though he is a good man *anywhere*, and no doubt an excellent one in Manchester, yet he will not do to contend with a tried hand like Donovan. The bets were altogether in favour of Donovan in the ring, though we hear on the Manchester side of the country, Cheetham was backed at long odds. - The battle lasted twenty-one minutes.

A Correspondent in the Liverpool Mercury gives the following description of Cheetham, after the fight: - The writer of this had a sight of Cheetham on his way home. His face appeared more like a crushed dumpling than any thing human; one eye entirely concealed, and the other black, swollen, and barely visible. His right hand was literally skinned on the back, and so benumbed that he seemed unable to bend a finger. He was incapable of swallowing any thing offered to him, and could not bear the gig in which he was conveyed to go at a speed quicker than a slow walk."

The interesting point in the *Dispatch* report is that Frosty was the Commissary General, assisted by Dick Davies and that he stopped work until he had collected his *tip*! He was then chosen as Umpire for the fight. The referees and Umpire are not usually identified, and this was a position he may have taken in many other fights since he was a respected authority. Calling him 'the rival of Southey (The National Poet laureate) is very strong evidence that Fogo wrote or assisted in writing this account.

Of some interest to me is that the boxer Johnny Cheetham seems to be the John Cheetham, baptized 18th November 1795 St. Annes Manchester, s.o. Adam Cheetham and Sarah Matthews who appears on the Electoral Register at Smedley Rd., Cheetham, in 1836. Dick Davies and Cheetham were friends and the former was a moulder in an Iron-Foundry, and possibly Johnny too. My great-grandfather was a John Cheetham (born 1872, Manchester, an iron foundry worker - with two sons John and Tom who were amateur boxers!), son of John Artridge Cheetham born 1845, Manchester (also an iron foundry worker) whose mother was Mary Ann Cheetham

[partner John Attridge] and I suspect that *she* was the daughter of this pugilist Johnny Cheetham - but that elusive proof in documentary form still eludes me!

Shortly after this fight Frosty returned to London and on 15th of August appeared at Ben Lewis' Sol's Arms, Wych Street, where the *Morning Advertiser* reported: ⁹⁰

Bishop Sharpe and Young Dutch Sam. - On Wednesday night there was a strong muster of the Fancy at the Sol's Arms, to see the match renewed between Sam and the Bishop. Sharp was not present, but a gentleman appeared for him, and the arrangements were most amicably completed, and 25/. a-side put down for 100/. a-side match - to be fought within 60 miles of London on the 23rd of October, being the Tuesday after Gas and Martin fight. A number of songs were chaunted, and Young Sam gave his famed imitation of the lark. **Fogo** was at his post, and gave a stave of his own. Gaynor and Gas were of the company having returned from a sparring tour; the latter is going into training for his fight with Martin. Some betting was done at 6 to 4 on the Bishop. Two succeeding deposits are to be made, one at Belcher's and one at Hudson's, and the final deposit will be made good at a sporting dinner at the Sol's Arms.

Two days later the *Dispatch* carried a new poem by Frosty which gave some current news to his friend James Ward, the Champion, who was visiting Dublin. He tells him that he has bet all his money on Barney Aaron to win the coming fight against Frank Redman - to the extent that he has pawned his wife's gown, straw bonnet (Leghorn), his watch and Sunday coat - not just a little flutter but a dangerous wager! Fortunately, as the next item will demonstrate - he was a lucky man as the fight was, to use his own expression, a No-go! The rest of his poem details the other fights to come; ⁹¹

The Fancy Scrap-book, No. 2.

*An Epistle Extraordinary from Frosty-faced Fogo, Esq.,
in London, to his trusty and well-beloved pal,
James Ward, in Dublin.*

Oh! thou, my worthy beauty-spoiling pal,
Who liv'st by closing eyes and battering faces,
Whether, e'en now, you swig a whisky gill,
Or gaze some "gentle creature's" witching graces,
Lend me thy list'ner: - while I briefly say,
(Or rather like a laureate gently sing).
The betting on the matches of the day,
And fistic chaffing of the London ring.

Big Brown, you know, as soon as you departed,
"Gave tongue" that in the *ring* he would you meet,
But if the belt to one so chicken-hearted
Should fall, I'll let them boil me for cat's meat.
He's but a wordy warrior at the best,
A thing of niceties - and if he's any wit,
Safe in his Bridgenorth lush-crib let him rest.
Nor gull John Bull again to raise a benefit.

Turn we to better men, On Tuesday next,
Neat little Frank and bustling Barney fight.
Barney, in my opinion, is the best,
And cannot choose but win, if all is right.
So my old *ticker* and my Sunday coat,
With **Mrs. Fogo's** gown and Leghorn new,
I've, for a quid or two, sent up the spout,
And sported five to four upon the Jew.

Teasdale, they say, will stand a chance with Dick,
Who *lushes* deeply, and a two inch gash
Has sliced into his finger - a mere trick,
A piece of odds-reducing, Neddy Baldwin-flash.
We know the Pet is always wide awake,
And though the butcher is a very glutton,
He'll now, I'd bet a bullock to a stake,
Be cut up like a "poor unhappy mutton."

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However, other judges, of the men
 Think differently, and the odds *are* taken.
 High odds, *you* know, Jem, have been floor'd, as when
 Right handed Crawley tann'd your mug to bacon;
I am not always right, like lucky Bob,
 (Bad judgment often is my purse-invader),
 I wish he'd lend to me his *knowing nob*,
 Or take me for a partner and cut S-----r.

On those two *muffs*, Ned Savage and Jem Kirkman,
 No bets are laid - 'twill be a tedious thing:
 Three long hours at a stretch they'll keep at work, man,
 And put to sleep the gazers of the ring.
 "O! for one hour of thee," to mill the pair,
 Though game they be, and not "for trifles starting,"
 You'd do it Jem - a cable to a hair:
 But what d'ye think of Gas and Reuben Martin?

Gas, we all know's a lion-hearted lad,
 Straight-forward, strong, and honest as a child
 Train'd in a cot, but then his fighting's bad.
 And going in to close, he's somewhat wild.
 Reuben's a cool dog - has a *wiry* frame,
 Hits hard and stops with admirable skill;
 But there's a certain something 'bout his name, -
 In short they say he can win, *if he will*.

Then 'twixt Young Sam and hardy Bishop Sharpe,
 We'll have, no doubt, a "rare" and "sporting" fight:
 Sam on his cautious science seems to harp -
 His nobbing, stopping, and superior height.
 But Bishop's head is hard as any brick,
 And 'tis no boyish *Tapping* there can "diddle him:"
 Lord help Young Sam, with all his knowing trick,
 If once the Bishop's left hand chance to "middle" him.

I should have mentioned that the Woolwich blade
 Is backed at six to four. *I* will not take it.
 So much for fights to come, and fistic trade.
 Now fare thee well, Jem - mind and do not "rake it."
 Meantime, if Dublin spree, and Irish friends,
 Keep thee awhile from merry England's shore,
 Anon I'll forward thee more "odds and ends,"
 And mount my halting Pegasus once more,
 S.

The *Sun* article below carries the account of the Aaron v. Redman no-go, but other papers reported it too, such as the *Public Leger* and *Morning Post*. Fogo set up the ring, *but was probably unremunerated for his efforts*; ⁹²

NO FIGHT BETWEEN BARNEY AARON AND FRANK REDMAN

A second trial of pugilistic skill was to have taken place to-day [*yesterday* - *MP, PL*], in a field near Fordwater Bridge, within a mile of Chertsey. The known celebrity of the Jew, as well as his superior experience, rendered him a strong favourite, and he was backed freely at five and six to four. Redman had been in the ring before with Barney, and was beaten easily, since which period he has kept a public house, at Loman's Pond, in the Borough, a species of occupation not deemed the most favourable for fistic pursuits, still his condition being considered sound, and having gained considerable fame sparring, added to his being under the direction of the celebrated Dick Curtis, made his chances appear by no means bad. It will be remembered that Dick beat Barney, and from this circumstance it was reasonably conjectured by some knowing ones, that he would be able to put his pupil up to Barney's mode of fighting. Redman took his training at Hentley Row, on the Western road, where, by hard exercise, and scientific sweating he contrived to divest himself of that superfluous fat which sedentary life usually engenders.

Barney trained at his old ground, the Coach and Horses, at Ilford, within an easy distance of his friends, who did not fail to give him the cheering comfort of their presence. The place of combat having, after coming deliberation, been named on Saturday, by the competent authorities. Barney was removed with all due caution to Chertsey, where he

92 270821S, 270822MP, 270822PL

remained until the important hour of battle. The sporting houses in London were thronged last evening by the votaries of the Ring, who shewed the *blunt* freely, and this morning the road to the chosen arena, was blocked up by a pretty considerable cavalcade of toddlers, equestrians, and charioteers amongst which the *Shenies* cut a conspicuous figure. The first resting-place was Hampton, and here, both at the Red Lion and Bell, the motley assemblage congregated in great force. Redman arrived at Staines yesterday evening, attended by some friends. It was the intention of the parties to have the battle fought at Molesey [*Moulsey PL*] Hurst, but on arriving at Hampton, it was ascertained that a party of gentlemen were to dine to-day at the Red Lion, the majority of whom, from the circumstance of being magistrates, would be likely not to look with a forbearing eye on the exhibition of manly courage.

The dinner is to take place in commemoration of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence's Birthday, and the Chair is to be filled by C. N. Pallmer, Esq., M.P.

The cavalcade then proceeded to Chertsey, and at twelve o'clock that little town presented a bustling scene. About half-past twelve, there was a general move for the field of action, and notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the day, every individual was hanging on. On arriving at the ground, we found that Fishwick, the Deputy-Commissary-General, had not neglected his part of the important business of the day. He, and that nondescript, **Fogo**, were on the field at an early hour, and as commodious a ring as a man need wish to set-to in was the fruit of their exertions. Josh Hudson was also at his post - his eye twinkled with joy, as he surveyed the preparations. At twenty minutes to one o'clock we had a desperate shower of rain, accompanied with a thunder storm. "My eyes," said Josh, "what a noise there is about this here fight!" The shower certainly was a soaker; the fancy got a most complete drenching but their wet jackets did not seem to annoy them half so much as the injury likely to be done to the ring by the rain.

At one o'clock precisely Barney entered the ring and threw up his hat. He was attended by Josh Hudson and Isaac Nathan. Enquiries were now made for Redman, and after a lapse of about five minutes, Dick Curtis rode into field and announced that a warrant had been issued by the Surrey Magistrates against Redman, and that, therefore, he could not fight. Dick Curtis went on to say that an officer was at the time in the field prepared to *grab* him if he made his appearance. It is utterly impossible to give an adequate idea of the confusion that prevailed upon this announcement. Carrier pigeons were instantly dispatched to town to convey the intelligence to the many who were anxious to know the result.

20 minutes past 1 o'clock, - Something like order is beginning to be restored, and the fancy are about preparing for the fight between Ikey Dodd and Jones the Sailor Boy; but there was difficulty in raising a subscription. Half-past one o'clock - No second fight - the subscription can't be collected.

At this time, the end of summer, the pugilists seem to have taken their annual boat trip to the Nore (see p. 88) and *Bell's* liked to describe the event in their usual humorous style under the authorship of 'Paul Pry'. It is the incidental inclusion that fills out a little more in Fogo's life that we would otherwise be unaware of. Frosty is noted as taking his daughters Elizabeth, Jane and Ann on the trip though his abode in the Clare-Market attic room is elevated to being called the Mews! Frosty is the butt of fun and humour in the recounted tale, in line with his status in actual life - a character and celebrity.⁹³

SPORTING A TOE IN THE WATER

"How we Pippins swim."

TO THE EDITOR OF *BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON*

Really, Mr. EDITOR, I was not a little surprised that you did not accompany your "old friend" Commodore EGAN, his *pal* JOSH HUDSON, and the worthy and facetious TOM OWEN, in their trip to the salt Sea, on Thursday; [*Aug 30th*] and the more especially after the flattering manner in which you recommended it to your readers in your last week's Paper. I don't know whether you had a prostitute - (substitute our Correspondent must mean) - on board or not, but lest you should not, I think that such jolly occurrences should not be passed *sub silentio*, and I have, therefore, ventured to try my hand as a Reporter. In the first place, Sir, you are aware that the Royal Sovereign had the honour of bearing this "out and out" party in her bosom - I must not use a more familiar phrase - and I venture to say, that on no former occasion did she carry a more heterogeneous assemblage, or one which, had her stomach been weak, was more likely to produce the most serious consequences. But, to my purpose. I was at the Custom-house Stairs precisely at eight o'clock, and immediately proceeded to the vessel, on the gangway of which I was received by TOM OWEN, as Master of the Ceremonies, and was by him introduced to the Commodore and his *pal*, who were on the quarter-deck in all the majesty of good humour, although not exhibiting much of majesty in their appearance. "Morrow," cried Josh; "Welcome, my cove," exclaimed the Commodore; and I took my station to watch the arrival of the company, who now approached in quick succession; and King George himself, on a drawing-room-day, could scarce have gone through his arduous duties of receiving and complimenting, with a better grace than the Commodore. "My kind mistresses (an odd address to honest women) and masters, I am glad to see you: Mrs. Fubbs, your most obedient - you're looking charmingly - how are Kitty and Julia, and all your fair daughters? Ah! Mrs. Baldwin, who'd a'thought o' seeing you here? - how's Caleb?, and all friends in Duck-lane?

What! **Frosty-faced Fogo** - not alone, I see! The daughters of the Mews always under your protection - happy to see them; Ladies, your humble - What! Bill Moss, my kiddy, I booked you for certain. Dick Davie, my Manchester Trump, how are you? and you, Dick Curtis, mind what you're a'ter; take care of the petticoats, and remember Jack Tisdale. Ben, my boy, welcome from Sol's arms - hope you'll impart a little warmth to our excursion. What! Fat Dan, all the way from Clapham - hope Mrs. Dan and all the little Dans are well. Whiffen, my harty, tip us your daddle; what news from Bethnal-green? The top of the morning to you, Mr. Nash; I hope you've brought your *awl* with you; there will be no *end* to the fun to-day; we shall beat the East-Enders hollow. Joe Mason, just in time - always at the scratch -

all trumps in Clare Market. Barney, better late than never, and that's *Frank*, brought any of the little black eyed 'uns with you? Oh! you rogue! and so he went on, having a good word or a joke for all. The guests were attired in their very best *togs*, and looked as blooming as so many roses, although in many instances the *damask* superseded the rose of York.

At nine o'clock, about three hundred "ladies and gentlemen" having arrived, the Commodore, casting many "a longing, lingering look" on shore, gave the word to "let go," and the band immediately struck up "Off she goes," filling all hearts with harmony, and setting the game alive in good style. The Master of Ceremonies now gave notice that breakfast was ready, and all those who had not already taken off the edge of their appetites, descended to the enjoyment of tea, coffee, eggs, ham, and hot rolls. The greatest decorum prevailed, and the rust of a first introduction not having been worn off, all were on their P's and Q's, till Mrs. Fubbs gently whispered to the Commodore that a drop of *max* would be desirable to settle their internalities before they encountered the vicissitudes of the "tossing wave." No sooner said than done, & each in turn tossed off a flash of the "neat thing." The party then returned to the deck, to view the splendid scenery, through which they ploughed their way, and enjoy the pleasures of conversation. Many good things were said, and many strange things done, while piquant observations on the occasional discoveries which were made "kept the deck in a roar." The cheering notes of the fiddle as the Sovereign passed Execution Dock, set the votaries of Terpsichore "a kicking," and to gratify their propensities to the mazy dance, the Commodore proposed that they should realize the intention of the excursion, and "sport a toe on the water."

No sooner said than done: The Commodore led out Mrs. Fubbs; his *pal*, Mrs. Caleb Baldwin; **Frosty-faced Fogo**, Miss Letitia Sprouts; and Fat Dan, the amiable Mrs. Cut-and-come-again. The ladies clapped, and the gentlemen followed their example, while the Band struck up a quadrille, and away went the Commodore and his partner "grace in all their movements, and heaven in their eyes;" but, my eyes! before the figure was half accomplished, '**Frosty-faced Fogo** trod upon Mrs. Fubbs's new muslin gown, and deranged the economy of her costume so abominably that she very properly gave him "a douse on the lug," thereby completely destroying his ear for music, and rendering him incapable of keeping time. Country dances were then substituted, and in a very short time it was perfectly clear to the olfactories of the delicate part of the guests, that "toes had been sported" to some purpose. Poor **Fogo** was blamed, but perhaps it was only his unfortunate name that led to the accusation. In the midst of the frolic Sir Thomas Griskin, who was astride the bowsprit, cried out "a porpoise!" and sure enough there was a noble fish of that species endeavouring to imitate the light fantastic graces of Mrs. Fubbs, but a purple-phizzed publican having popped his fiery snorter over the side of the vessel to have a squint at the *curiosity*, the finny monster took alarm, lest he might be scorched to death, & dived deep onto his native element. The next subject of attention was a jolly Clapham Jarvey, seated by the side of an amiable landlady in his neighbourhood. George Smith, of Old Deary, tipping the wink to the company, went up and jocosely condoled with him upon the loss of his *whip hand*, which was invisible, when by a miracle the hand was produced, but how he had concealed it, did not come under my observation, although his ingenuity excited a universal laugh. Thus we went full of fun and whim, although a slight shower, and a good cap of wind threw a little damp on our spirits, which, however, was happily dissipated by repeated applications to Josh's *Elixir of Life*. At two o'clock we passed up the Medway, went round the ships in ordinary, singing 'God save the King,' and shortly after sat down to the *ordinary*, which Josh, who was the general caterer, had prepared for our entertainment; although many were shabby enough to bring their own *grub*, and thereby bilk the Steward. The feast was substantial, consisting of boiled beef and mutton, with lost of *wegetables*. There was no *roasting* by steam, which accounts for the absence of roast joints, but what was found wanting in this way in the bill of fare, was amply supplied by the boys & girls who *roasted* each other to some purpose.

During the dinner the gale increased, and the rolling of the vessel produced some awkward mischances; to which I cannot more particularly allude, than by stating that **Frosty-faced Fogo**, who was discussing the merits of a large slice of edge-bone of beef, all of a sudden exclaimed "D - - n my eyes, I can do without *mutton sauce*!" to which a lady on the opposite side of the table, had very unceremoniously helped him. Such, however, are the joys of a marine excursion, and with this small specimen of what followed, I shall proceed to state, that on the cloth being removed, Josh, with his customary liberality, produced a Silver Cup which had been presented to him by his admirers, and into which he decanted five bottles of *black strap*: this was handed round, as in the festivals of old, as a "cup of friendship," each in turn having a suck at its contents. The Commodore, who took the first swig, then rose, & made a very "illigant speech," as his father's countryman, Sir Boyle Roche [*Irish*] would say - in praise of the John Bull fighter, whom he characterised as the bravest, the fattest, the most beautiful, and the most generous man alive - he always acted upon the square like, man to man and woman to woman [stash that, roared Josh]. His hand was always open to a friend, but shut to an enemy. He was the warm admirer of the fair sex, and would always lend his *fives* to assist them in distress [here a lady either overpowered by the moving tone of the Commodore, or the unusual motion of the vessel, fell upon her beam-end, and Josh immediately demonstrated the justice of the compliment which had been paid him, by taking her in his arms & placing her safely in a birth.] The Commodore then complimented himself upon his talent, claimed the sole right to describe the humours of "Life in London," and denounced "battle, murder, and sudden death," on all those who presumed to soar beyond the level of his understanding. In conclusion, he drank the healths of all present, and then proposed the health of his *pal* Josh. Hudson, which was drank with enthusiasm.

The remainder of the evening was spent in perfect harmony and good humour. As the cool breezes of the night approached natural instinct drew the fair sex and their hardy protectors closer together - and on reaching the Custom-house shortly before nine o'clock, the most affectionate sympathy prevailed throughout. I was one of the first to land, and therefore cannot describe what followed, and have only to hope this hasty sketch may prove agreeable to your readers.

I forgot to state that Parson Smith of Penzance, was expected, but he got *fuzzy* the night before while attempting to reform *black Sal*, and was left asleep in Angel-alley, Bishopsgate-street. Yours, &c. PAUL PRY

For Parson Smith, see Frosty's poem in 'Bell's Life in London' of 18th October 1829.

On September the 15th *Pierce Egan's Life in London* included in its issue an 'Alphabet for the Fancy' by Charles Sloman and three letters have a link particularly to Frosty;⁹⁴

- F** is for **Fogo** the Ring's natty poet.
O is for Oliver, once of the Ring; [Frosty's partner in the Commissary]
X stands for *Cross*, which the *Fancy* decry, "**No go**!" was the *chaunt* - and now it's gone by.

On the 23rd September both the *Dispatch* and *Egan's* printed versions of a meeting at the Minor Theatre in Catherine Street where Fogo was the master of ceremonies, the *Dispatch* version is mainly given here;⁹⁵

SPARRING. - The little Theatre in Catherine-street, was crowded by the swells and commoners of the Fancy, on Thursday evening, when a very spirited series of glove bouts was exhibited, for the benefit of Dick Davies, the Manchester Pet, who lately arrived in the metropolis to push his fortune in the London ring. **Frosty-faced Fogo** officiated as stage manager. He first introduced to the notice of the audience, old Col. Lennox and his pupil Clarke, whose efforts are already too well known, and too little admired, to require detailing. Young Spring, the conjurer, and Robinson, the Scot, came next. The latter planted many heavy nobbers, and the eyes of the conjurer gave *tearful* evidence of their severity; but Spring has improved in science - towards the close of the bout he made several good hits, and drew the claret of his opponent: it was a regular glove-fight, and on the whole the superior strength of Robinson gave him the advantage. In a sharp set-to between Lew Lathan and one Evans, the latter was floored, and had altogether the worst of it. Donovan and Sam Foote now made their bows, when the Patlander having longer arms, and perhaps better science than Sam, *jobbed* him with great severity in the face, and almost closed his right eye. Sam rallied with spirit, but it was only "running his nose in the hedge!" Donovan met him with repeated facers, and Sam could not get a turn in his favour. Ned O'Neale and Sam Tebbutt next made their entrance, when the celerity of attack and retreat exhibited by Ned, astonished the spectators - many of whom had been led to consider him a slow fighter. He frequently planted left and right facers, and got away in the style of Tom Belcher. Sam, though nothing else but a good one, was out-generated, and could hardly plant a hit; but O'Neale sometimes turned away his nob in a manner that was much censured.

When these men retired, Jack Scroggins (drunk as usual) advanced upon the stage, and challenged any man in the house to set to with him. An Irishman, nearly 6 feet high, stepped forward, and threw off his clothes; when, after some delay, owing to the *mufflers* being torn, Paddy was announced as Finney, the wrestler, and the combat commenced - Finney knew literally nothing of the art of boxing; Jack was too top-heavy to keep his feet, and thus the bout was ludicrous in the extreme. The Irishman poked out his long arms, like a man groping his way in the dark, and Jack tumbled and rolled about the stage, like a tub in a storm. This burlesque upon sparring was stopped by loud hisses, and cries of "off, Scroggins." To make amends for Scroggins folly and Paddy's awkwardness, Harry Jones gave a finished illustration of science with Young Josh - the rapid execution of the sailor boy at close-fighting was much admired, and he planted several home hits, and made many successful parries at off-play: Young Josh had hardly a chance. A sharp bout between Harley and Crayfer was much admired. After which, Young Dutch Sam and Dick Davis set-to for the wind-up. In every round, except the last, Sam had decidedly the advantage. His left hand was continually in Dick's face: blow after blow alighted about the eyes and nose of the Manchester Pet, till his countenance shone like a copper tea-kettle. However, he planted two or three bodiers in return, and at last, one of his swinging right-handed hits told heavily just under the left eye of Sam, cutting the cheek, and producing a rill of claret. This ended the amusements of the evening, and the company departed, apparently well pleased with the sport.

In his own inimitable style *Egan* describes the Scroggins performance thus;

Mr. Scroggins, the gentlemanly sort of man, nearly "three sheets in the wind," in the most polite and interesting manner addressed the Spectators, and offered to set-to with any body, big, little, or tall; fat, lean; black or white; he did not care where the devil they came from, and country or colour no objection. *Bravo* Jack. This harangue brought forward Paddy Finn, introduced by **Mr. Fogo**, as a *wrestler*, who stated, he should unite his qualities, and make use of his fists upon this occasion as well as his legs. And sure that's the right thing, observed one of his countrymen. Now be it known that Paddy Finn, had been in company with *Mr. Lushington*, and although he did not attempt to dance, he made several *reels* before the *mufflers* were fastened to his *bunches of fives*. "You are a precious long one," said Jack, "but I'll soon pitch into you, *and no mistake*." Scroggins attacked his opponent in the Grimaldi style, producing roars of laughter, and the attitudes of *Paddy Finn* beggared all description. This ludicrous scene was kept up for about four rounds, until Scroggy was quite exhausted, and the audience equally tired, by the exclamation of "Off, off!" "Oh very well," said Jack, "if you have had enough, gentlemen, so have I, I am satisfied; but I should have *liked* another round."

Egan was quite complimentary to Frosty on this occasion and commented "**Mr. Fogo** the M.C. did his duty in a *cut-above* kind of manner, to the entire satisfaction of the visitors.

Bell's seem to have taken a fancy again to including a poem or two from Frosty which probably became an important source of income for him during slack periods, and some of his works were even recognized as worthwhile by Egan. This next one appeared in *Bell's* of October 2nd 1827 and was then reproduced by Egan in his *Boxiana* series 2/II p. 773 of 1829.⁹⁶

I have added the music (not included in either *Bell's* or *Egan's*) for this, as for some other pieces, should anyone wish to try their hand at '*chaunting*' them.

94 270915PELL Repeated in *Boxiana*, 2nd Series, vol. 1 Pub. 1828 p. 637

95 270923WD, 270923PELL

96 271002B

THE FIGHTS TO COME

A NEW SONG BY FROSTY-FACED FOGO

AND SUNG BY HIM WITH GREAT APPLAUSE, AT JACK RANDAL'S NEW CRIB, IN CHANCERY LANE

TUNE - "Sally in our Alley."



Of all the months that's in the year,
I dearly love October,
But not because they brew such beer
That people can't keep sober;
But 'cause it is the time we know
For many a famous battle,
When in a prime roped ring they shew
The thorough-bred *prize cattle*.

Five fights, five gallant fights, are fix'd
For that same month I speak of,
And one comes off on *Tuesday next*,
Two others but a *week off*.
Two more fall on the *twenty-third*,
A day all will remember,
And Neal and Burn will fight, we've heard,
On *thirteenth* of November.

On each of these I'll sing a rhyme
Tho' I'm a little hoarsish;
I've silent been so long a time
My voice is grown quite coarsish:
And if you do not like my song,
I'll be no grumbling fretter,
But I'll challenge him who thinks me wrong,
To What? - to *sing a better*.

Dutch Sam once dealt in *flying news*,
Tho' now and then 'twas *old*, Sirs;
And Bishop Sharpe, his foe, some chuse
To call the *Smuggler bold*, Sirs.
A bolder never *spirits ran*,
High spirited, for *sartin*;
And Sam has shewn himself a *man*; -
Who doubts, ask Mr. Martin.

What a pity 'tis so brave a Jew
As little Barney Aaron
Can not be call'd a Christian, too,
Where Jews go we're aware on.
He's match'd with Redmond once again,
Who bids a bold defiance
To all the *Sheenies*, who maintain
He wants a *Poy Parney's* science.

Dick Curtis is a lad as tight
As ever *groom'd a bay*, Sirs;
And Tisdale knows as well to fight
As *carry out a tray*, Sirs.
Dick ne'er was match'd so - all agree -
For Jack is such a *sweet-un*,
That Dick must *mind his eye*, or he
For once will sure get beaten.

Bold Reuben Martin and Young Gas
Come next upon the lists, Sirs;
Though Reuben's wife oft cries alas!
'Cause he will use the fist, Sirs.
He'll have quite work enough to do,
Tho' Gas *goes out at nights*, Sirs;
His wind is good, his pluck is true,
Gas always had good lights, Sirs.

Then Ikey Dodd, the waterman,
and Harry Jones, the sailor,
Will give us all the sport they can,
And there are twenty staler.
If all's *not right*, it must be odd
A sailor's honour's brother;
And *while on land* no fear lest Dodd
Look one way - row another.

And *last* of all - but not the *least*,
Ned Neal and Uncle's *Nevy*.
Of fighting we expect a feast
From men so skill'd and heavy.
Neal's dropt the *big O* from his name,
But Burn, if he should *win*, Sirs,
Will make his foeman *Oh!* exclaim,
And once more *put it in*, Sirs.

And now I've but one word to say,
Then come to my conclusion. -
I hope each man intends *fair play*,
And scorns all *base collusion*;
If not, I trust the public sense
Will drive him from our quarter,
And he'll be forc'd - for some offence -
To *cross* - I mean *the water*.

The next report of a fight was one that took place on October 9th near Egham racecourse and the only Commissary members mentioned were Tom Oliver and Joe Fishwick though I think Fogo probably assisted - he *is* mentioned at the end of the *Bell's* article of the 14th. The following article after this regarding another fight on the 16th, in the *Morning Chronicle* on the 17th, reports *all* the members of the Commissary being together in preparation - Tom Oliver, Harry Holt, Joe Fishwick, **Frosty-faced Fogo**, and Jack Clarke. They were probably *all* together on the 9th.

FIGHT BETWEEN DICK CURTIS AND JACK TISDALE, ONE HUNDRED & TWENTY POUNDS to a HUNDRED

This interesting match took place on Tuesday last, in a meadow on the banks of the Thames, nearly opposite to Egham Race-course, and within a mile and a half of Staines. We have already so repeatedly adverted to the pretensions of the combatants, that it is unnecessary to again enlarge upon them. - Curtis having for the sum of ten pounds purchased the right of naming the place of meeting, it was at his suggestion the ground we have mentioned became the scene of action. On Monday, Tisdale took up his headquarters at the Swan, at Staines Bridge, while Curtis remained at Mr. Shirley's, the New Inn.

The eventful morning was anything but propitious; the rain fell in torrents till twelve o'clock, and many of the motley multitude which was assembled, got completely drenched before the sport commenced. The attendance of *Corinthian* amateurs on this occasion was more numerous than has been witnessed for several months; and the turn out of *flash drags* gave a consequence to the scene, which reminded us of olden times. Dick, in fact, is so general a favourite, and so finished an artist in his profession, that few who had a taste for the Ring could resist the temptation of witnessing his skill, opposed as he was to an acknowledged "good 'un."

The articles, as our readers are aware, stipulated that the weight of either man should not exceed 8st. 12lb., and in order to ascertain the exact state of their "specific gravity," it was agreed that they should meet at the White Lion, in Staines, and from thence proceed to scale. They met accordingly after breakfast, and permission having been obtained in the warehouse of a respectable tallow-chandler, the weighing took place on a patent machine. Curtis first stripped, and in fighting costume took his seat; but even with the extra allowance was found to be 8st. 9¾lbs. Tisdale then mounted, having his kerseymere *inexpressibles* over his drawers; but even with this extra allowance, he only brought down 8st 8lbs., thus giving his antagonist a clear advantage in weight as well as in other requisites, of two pounds. This ceremony over, Tisdale threw down twenty shillings, for which he had just sold some of his benefit tickets, and offered to take 2 to 1.

Dick at once covered the stake, and tendered a bet of 20l. to 10l. but there were no takers. The men then separated, and returned to their respective inns, where they remained till it was time to start for the place of fighting. In the interim, the bustle in the town increased; the Bush and other "top inns," were crowded with *Swells*, while the more humble places of accommodation had their fair share of visitors. The Ring was formed by Joe Fishwick, and Tom Oliver, in good style; and, inside the circle of waggons, a roped circle was formed, which, in some measure, tended to preserve regularity; but, during the fight, it required great exertion to preserve anything like order, from the desire of the spectators to creep nearer to the men, and from the disinclination of the Pugilistic Corps to involve themselves in quarrels, without any remunerations. In former times, during the existence of the P. C., a fund was created, for rewarding those who assisted in keeping the Ring; but, in modern days, that plan had been abandoned, and thus everything is left to the "chapter of accidents" or individual activity.

At a quarter before one Tisdale entered the ring, accompanied by Bill Cropley and Jack Randal, as his bottle holder and second. His colour was blue, with a bird's eye; he threw in his hat with great spirit, and was loudly cheered. The *Pet* soon after shewed, attended by Josh Hudson and Young Dutch Sam, each wearing a yellow *fogle*, Dick's favourite flag, which he had distributed very liberally among his friends in the course of the morning. He, too, received his share of applause on throwing in his *caster*, and immediately shook hands with his antagonist.

The betting was now three to one in favour of Curtis - odds which, although large, proved to be justified by the result. In fact, his superiority in youth, weight, length, and science, induced his friends to book winning as a *certainty*, "barring accidents." Nevertheless, the well-known game of Tisdale left his backers a fair ground of confidence, and the temptations of such long odds proved in many instances irresistible.

The ceremony of *peeling* having been performed, and the umpires and referee having been chosen, the men were brought to the *scratch*. The crowd now had the opportunity of judging of their condition, and in that respect both looked well; but the superiorities which we have described as existing in favour of Curtis, were at once visible to all; still Tisdale smiled confidently, and his friends were by no means discouraged. There were several bets on time, many backing Dick to win in half an hour, others in 45 minutes, others again in an hour. Precisely at two minutes after one the men shook hands, the seconds retired, and the bustle of the surrounding throng was hushed in fixed attention.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. The position of both men was good, their hands well up, and all points guarded. Tisdale first made play, but Dick was on the alert, and jumped back with great agility. A long pause, in which neither ventured to break ground. Tisdale again made a shew of commencing, but Dick was *leary*, and retreated. Five minutes had elapsed, when Dick, fancying an opening, rushed in, and hit right and left; but he simply caught his man on the shoulders, and drew back. He then tried a feint to draw, but it would not do - Tisdale was awake. At last, Dick hit out with his left; but this effort was neatly stopped. Another short pause, Dick creeping in with his toe. The moment at length arrived for action; he planted his one-two on Tisdale's *nob*, rushed to a close, and fibbed away in good style. Tisdale was also busy at in-fighting, but did no execution, and in the end was thrown at the ropes, amidst the shouts of Dick's friends. No great harm done. This round lasted seven minutes.

2. Both came up merry. A short pause, when Tisdale tried to put in a compliment with his left; but Dick nimbly drew back. They again approached, Tisdale leaving the marks of his shoe-nails on Dick's upper-leather. Dick kept his eyes fixed like a lynx on his man, and with the quickness of thought, put in a *nobber* with his left, and retired [applause]. Again he approached with caution, and again threw his left on Tisdale's eye with marked effect, but in return he caught a tap on the ear with the right. Long sparring, when Dick jobbed with his left, and, repeating the compliment twice, floored his man. Tisdale as he lay on the ground, put up his hand, as if to keep Dick off; and such was the neatness with which the *Pet* performed his task, that his friends vociferously offered 20 to 1 in his favour, but no takers.

3. On coming again to the *scratch*, Tisdale's left eye shewed the effect of Dick's handywork in the last round. There was a swelling on his cheek nearly as big as a pigeon's egg, while his *phizz* was otherwise flushed. A cautious pause - Tisdale hit out with his left at Dick's body, but Dick got away. Dick then had recourse to his favourite feint, but it was "**no-go**." Tisdale merely threw up his guard, but kept out. The *Pet* crept in, and threw out a teaser with his left, but Tisdale stopped him with scientific precision. Tisdale

then tried his right at Dick's ribs, but Dick dropped his elbow, and caught the intended visitation in beautiful style. cautious waiting on both sides. Fourteen minutes had elapsed; Dick kept on the work for a start; he suddenly stepped back, drew his man, and let fly right and left; each blow told; he then rushed in to in-fighting, and both hit away, but the advantage was with Dick, and Tisdale was thrown. Any odds on Dick.

4. Tisdale commenced play, and tried his left at Dick's *cannister*, but he was well stopped. A short pause - when Dick saw an opening, hit right and left, again closed for the fib, and, after some interchanges, Tisdale was thrown [Josh exclaimed he would take 3 to 1 Dick won without a black eye].

5. Caution the order of the day with both, and each anxiously looking for an opening. Dick seemed determined not to throw a chance away, and was armed at all points. He tried another feint, but Tisdale was on the alert, and would not be drawn. More caution, but Dick would not be denied; he was once more at his handywork, planted his one-two - drew back, jumped in again, repeated the dose, and hit away with great rapidity, Tisdale hit with him; but Dick was too quick, and among other operations, planted a *muzzler*, which drew first blood from Tisdales *ivories*. In the close, Tisdale was thrown.

6. Tisdale came up spitting *claret* but steady. Dick all activity for renewing his labours. Tisdale made play, and was stopped. Dick threw in a right-hander on his left *peeper*; but Tisdale was with him, and countered heavily with his right on the ear, drawing some blood, which came from the interior, and, to speak figuratively, "melted the wax." Dick looked serious, but kept to his game. Tisdale again commenced, but Dick drew back, in the hope that Tisdale would follow; but he was not to be had. They again approached, when Dick stopped a left-handed body-hit, and almost at the same moment caught his man a chin-chopper. Tisdale went to work, but hit short; Dick hit right and left, and Tisdale hit with him very prettily. Dick's left was again in his face, but, on attempting to repeat the blow, he was stopped - [Half an hour had now elapsed.] - Tisdale rushed in, but Dick retreated as he drew back; Tisdale tried to trip him with his left foot. Counter-hits on the *mazzard*. Tisdale hit right and left at Dick's nob - a pause, when Tisdale threw out a tremendous body blow with his right - the distance was well judged, but Dick dropped his elbow, stopped the blow, and smiling as he patted his arm, insinuated it would not do. Tisdale now planted a left-hander on Dick's ear, but Dick was with him, and a spirited rally followed: heavy interchanges were made, but the balance was decidedly in favour of Dick, and in following Tisdale up, he fell back on the ropes.

7. This was a short but merry round, in favour of Dick, who hit his man right and left in the knowledge-box, jobbed him several times, and then threw him.

8. Dick, after a short pause, plunged in, and jobbed his man with his left; Tisdale retreated to the ropes. Dick followed and closed, a long struggle followed, in which fibbing was the order of the day. Dick tried for a throw, but Tisdale resisted; and called upon Dick not to hit him. Dick, though he had him in his power, generously forbore, and, shaking him by the hand led him to the centre of the ring, where they resumed in-fighting, amidst loud cheers. Tisdale, rather wild, hit short with his left; Dick turned round, but instantly returned to the charge, and a spirited rally followed, in which both were givers and receivers, and the bark was scraped off Dick's nose, which bled copiously. Dick, nothing abashed at it, again jobbed in terrific style, and ultimately floored his man. [Dick now said he could finish it at once, but his friends desired him not to be in a hurry.]

9. A short round - Tisdale hit over Dick's shoulder with his left, but was hit down by a flush hit on the mouth.

10. Tisdale became impatient, and went to work with more vigour than caution. This gambit {fell in to} Dick's tactics - he drew back, jobbed him as he came in, and increased the swelling of his left eye, which was now completely shrouded in darkness. Tisdale, with great spirit, returned to the attack; Dick again drew back, when Tisdale hit out heavily with his right at his head; Dick threw up his arm and stopped the blow, but such was the force of the concussion that he fell on his cropper.

11. Tisdale came up - seeing he had no chance at out-fighting - with a resolution to try hard for a turn. Dick was alive, and retreated before his rush; Tisdale planted two facers; but Dick waited his opportunity, and threw in a terrific crack on his *snorter*, drawing the *claret* in abundance, both from his nose and mouth. Tisdale, thorough game, never flinched, but returned to the assault, and was again jobbed. A long spar, in which Dick, after waiting for his favourite shoot, had it at last, and hit Tisdale, once more, with his knuckles in the domino-box. Tisdale countered with his left, and although a piteous spectacle, stood well to his opponent, fully proving that he was one of the best men Dick had ever encountered. Some exchanges, in which Dick repeated his jobbing hits on Tisdale's *mug*, and received slightly in return. Tisdale fought rather round, and at an ill-judged distance. At length, Dick followed him to the ropes, hitting him right and left, and in the close, both went down.

12. Tisdale, a dreadful spectacle, came up with the heart of a lion. Dick had him on the right eye, and Tisdale returned the compliment. Dick gathered himself up for some finishing hits, but here a dreadful affray arose from the efforts of persons to break the ring, and some heavy blows were exchanged among the combatants. Tisdale now made play, and caught Dick a tremendous smack with his left on the nose, which tapped his *claret* most abundantly. The lads of Newgate-market were again in spirits, but Dick was not thrown off his guard; he returned the civility with interest. Counter hits- when Dick, with his wonted generalship, retreated. Tisdale now fell in the trap, followed him, and Dick hit up twice with great force, then closed, fibbed, and threw his man.

13. Tisdale, cheered by his friends, came up with intrepidity; he made desperate play, right and left, but Dick stepped back, and evaded the blows. Tisdale tried his right at the body, but failed. Both cautious. Tisdale stopped Dick's left, but had it with the right. Dick then went to work on the weaving system, right and left, and Tisdale was hit down almost senseless. He appeared quite stupified, but on being lifted on his second's knee, with the aid of the sponge and cold water, was brought round.

14. Tisdale came up groggy, and Dick went to finish. Tisdale fought with desperation, but in retreating, was hit right and left, and fell on his hand and knee; he recovered himself, and had got partly upright to renew the contest, when Dick rushed at him, and hit him down. A cry of "foul" was uttered, and Tisdale seized at this as a chance for his friends; his Umpire said "foul," but Dick's Umpire cried "fair," as did the majority of the Ring; and on an appeal being made to the Referee, he decided that all was fair - the man was clearly on his legs, and therefore, was open to attack. Many thought it would have been more generous of Dick to have forborne taking the advantage which chance had offered, when his man was in so distressed a state; his backers thought, however, that he was perfectly right in not throwing a chance away. Great confusion followed, and Tisdale was retiring; but on hearing that he must renew the fight, he returned.

15. Tisdale rushed to his man, and Dick waited for him; a rally followed to the advantage of Dick, and Tisdale was hit over the ropes [another squabble, in which Dick claimed the victory from lapse of time.]

16. Tisdale, anxious to renew the battle, got up, and rushed at Dick, when another desperate rally followed, amidst a crowd of persons who had got within the ropes; and at the same moment that Tisdale was fighting, some person was assaulting one of the Referees, who retired to the opposite side of the ring. In the end, Tisdale was again down.

On getting on his second's knee, he was asked if he would continue the fight? He said he was willing, but Randall, his second, seeing he had no chance, and unwilling to see so brave a fellow unnecessarily punished, said he should fight no longer. His backer then entered the ring, and, with great humanity, approved of this resolution. Dick was, of course, proclaimed the Conqueror, and Josh Hudson threw up his hat, the fight, up to this time, having lasted one hour and nearly two minutes Dick immediately mounted the colossal shoulders of Hudson, and was carried out of the ring in triumph, while Tisdale was conducted to his post-chaise, and from thence back to the Swan.

REMARKS

Curtis, by this fight, has increased his fame, and proved that he is the most finished boxer of his weight in the present age; it is impossible, in fact, to imagine greater perfection in the pugilistic art. His cool judgment, his readiness at defence, and quickness of attack where an opening offers, admit of no parallel; and when we add to this his admirable generalship in manoeuvring his man into situations of difficulty, of which he takes advantage, and the tremendous punishment which he then inflicts, he must be pronounced one of "the matchless." Tisdale throughout had not a chance of winning, but still his unshrinking courage and self possession to the last entitle him to every praise; and, in fact, placed him first among men of his own weight. It was truly said that his is one of the best men Dick had ever to contend with; and from the time it took to finish him, it is pretty clear that Dick had quite enough to do to satisfy his milling appetite. Dick's hands are greatly injured, but his punishment, with the exception of the taps on his *proboscis*, and a blow over the right eye, is but trifling, when compared with that of his antagonist. An attempt was then made to make a collection for Tisdale, which was interrupted in rather an extraordinary manner.

THE BEAKS, THE QUAKERS, AND THE TREADMILL

While all was bustle in the ring, a hat was thrown up for a second fight. Several respectable persons were within the ropes, and all were looking anxiously for what was next to be done, when suddenly Mr. Swabey, the Magistrate of Union-Hall, the Rev. Mr. Gosset, a Magistrate of Bucks, two *Friends*, with capacious broad brims, and some constables entered the ring. They were at first considered merely as amateurs, and in a very short time would have been called upon to contribute their mite towards the intended subscription; but their business was soon made known, for Mr. Swabey, seizing a gentleman connected with the Public Press by a luxuriant cloth cape or tippet, declared his intention to take him prisoner, as a person active in promoting a breach of the peace; and one whom, from the respectability of his appearance, it was fit to make an example of, as a terror to all other fistic amateurs. In vain did the "Knight of the Quill" protest that he was in no way concerned in promoting a breach of the peace, and that he was a mere spectator of the sports. The Worthy Magistrate was inexorable; a couple of constables were called, to whose custody he was consigned, and thus escorted, with the fear of the *tread-mill* before his eyes, he was marched, amid the sympathies of his co-offenders, from the scene of action to the Bush Inn at Staines. On his arrival there Mr. Swabey, in his Magisterial capacity, proceeded to take informations against him, and the witnesses were called to depose to his high crimes and misdemeanours, while he, poor fellow, expected nothing less than being sent to the Tower as a state criminal. To his great joy, however, the first two persons who appeared to depose to his prejudice were the worthy *friends* to whom we have already alluded; and these "men of peace" were about to *affirm* to his guilt, when Mr. Swabey felt himself under the necessity of rejecting their evidence, as inadmissible in a criminal case, unless upon oath. This was a poser; but there was still a chance left, and the Rev. Mr. Gossett was called upon to give his evidence; but he, unfortunately for the object of the worthy Magistrate, was as little available as the gentlemen with the *broad brims* - for he could only swear to the prisoner's being on the field at the time he came up. He had not seen the previous breach of the peace, nor could he bear testimony to anything which was in contemplation. This was a complete "tie-up," as Jack Scroggins would say; and if anything were wanting to increase the dilemma of Mr. Swabey, it was the declaration of the alleged offender that he had not attended as a promoter or abetter of the amusements of the day, but as a simple reporter for a morning newspaper. He was there in the discharge of a duty, and all he had to do was to describe what occurred, and to leave the Magistracy or the public to judge of the fitness of such exhibitions. "This was a horse of another colour," and Mr. Swabey at once admitted that he was in error; but seeing, he said, that the prisoner was one of the most respectable of the multitude by whom he was surrounded, he thought him the fittest person to select for punishment, and he had only to regret that he had not secured some wealthy inhabitant of the county, on whom the law might take its course. An appeal was then made to the feelings of the prisoner, as to the immorality and impropriety of sanctioning the scene which he had witnessed; but he declined all discussions "under existing circumstances," and in "such a community" - although, in a proper place, and in the presence of a good bottle of wine, or as many more as might be brought to assist the deliberations, he should have no objection to give his candid opinion on so grave a subject. The intended tragedy was thus changed to a farce - the prisoner became a free man, and once more breathed the air of liberty, while the well-concerted plan of the Honourable Magistrate and his coadjutors, to strike terror into the pugnacious fraternity of Buckinghamshire was, for the want of Dick Curtis's generalship, completely frustrated. Whether they intended trying the experiment hereafter, remains to be proved. It is but right to add, that these gentlemen behaved with great politeness; and they are certainly entitled to the gratitude of Curtis's backers for having postponed their interference till the fight in which they were interested was brought to a conclusion. That they should have postponed their interference so long, appears not a little singular, unless, indeed, they had anything on the event; for it turns out that there was a *Bible Meeting* at the Bush Inn, the very same day, at which all the *Saints* of the neighbourhood were assembled. The town was thronged the whole of the morning by the *milling* fraternity, whose object was well known; and yet no interruption took place till the original ground of complaint had been brought to a conclusion. Some say that the worthy *Beaks*, and their *Broad-brimmed* friends, were early on the ground, but could not resist the attraction of Curtis's scientific manoeuvres, and therefore waited till they had seen all that was worth seeing before they proceeded to carry their plan into execution - but this we can hardly believe. Whatever might have been the cause of the delay, however, it is clear that it was most opportune, and that Mr. Swabey is entitled to the thanks of the Fancy; indeed, so much do we consider Dick beholden to him for his forbearance, that we think he cannot do less than send him a *fogle*. It was rumoured that Admiral Gambier directed the expedition which so unhappily failed. If so, **Frosty faced Fogo** thinks that he ought to be favoured with a *line*, although not in poetical measure. We suspect, however, that **Fogo** had better *drop* the subject'.

The two fights on the 17th between Reuben Martin and Young Gas, and Ikey Dodd and Harry Jones were reported in *many* papers and the following is a compilation built round the *Dispatch* article;⁹⁷

97 271017MC, 271017G, 271017S, 271017MA, 271020MR, 271021E, 271012B, 271021WD, 271022HC

THE PRIZE-RING WELL SUPPORTED

The short slashing Fight, on Tuesday last, between REUBEN MARTIN and JONATHAN BISSELL, (Young Gas,) for 100l. and a fine display of science by HARRY JONES against IKE DODD, for 10l. aside and a small purse.

In this age of cant, when all that is manly in the national character is obnoxious to the feelings and habits of bigotted enthusiasts, when *saints* and cowards would render "our hearts a standing pool - our lives a dyke!" [*Robert Burns* - 'Epistle to James Smith', his manly friend] unmeasured obloquy has been heaped upon the profession of pugilism, and efforts have been made, in every quarter assailable by canting hypocrites, to suppress the practice - but all in vain - the Prize-Ring still flourishes, and will continue so to do while conducted on fair principles; for its inestimable objects are, the promotion of true English courage and fair play, the checking of effeminacy, and the teaching, to all classes, the best and most humane method of deciding private quarrels. Pugilism is a science that "comes home to the business and bosoms" [*Francis Bacon*] of Britons - its cultivation is peculiar to their country - very many of them have some idea of availing themselves of its advantages for self-defence, and *all*, aye the very hypocrites who effect, in public, to despise it, love to read its details, and to listen to the animating anecdotes of skill and heroism, with which the annals of the fancy abound.

So great was the desire felt by the inhabitants of Portsmouth, Chichester, Southampton, &c., to witness a day's play in the Ring, that, under the auspices of a fine-spirited gentleman, residing not far from the first named of these places, the sum of 40l. was collected, as a remuneration to the four pugilists, who were engaged to fight on Tuesday last, for travelling that distance from London, and displaying their abilities to the good folks of Hampshire and Sussex. Towards this subscription some most respectable gentlemen contributed, and it was arranged that Martin and Gas should have 15l. each, and Jones and Dodd were to divide the remainder. Havant, a little market-town, in Hampshire; on the road from Portsmouth to Chichester, was fixed on as the rallying point; and the combatants, with their various friends, were distributed to the four inns in the following order: - Gas arrived at the Black Bear on Saturday, and Martin reached the Dolphin on Sunday - on which day, also, Jones took up his quarters at the George, and Dodd at the Black Dog.

[**FROSTY'S VISIT TO THE 'VICTORY'**] The London Fancy, in considerable numbers, proceeded, on Sunday and Monday, towards the scene of action; and many of them took the opportunity of visiting Chichester, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight; but Portsmouth was the chief point of attraction - here in the Dock-yard, the extensive fortifications, and the harbour, were viewed with wonder and delight: nor was the flag ship (the Victory), in which the immortal Nelson breathed his last, forgotten - many of our friends proceeded on board of her, and dropped a tear on the spot where the hero fell, which is marked on the deck by a small brass-plate, bearing, as an inscription, Nelson's sublime battle-signal, "England expects every man to do his duty." An old weather-beaten tar of this ship, with the blunt warmth of feeling peculiar to his profession, presented **Jack Fogo** with a biscuit. - "Here, my hearty," said he, "you must give this here to the winner of the fight - tell him it is one of the Victory's biscuits - he must keep it as a trophy, d'ye see." **Jack** faithfully executed his commission, and the fortunate boxer, on receiving this simple, though appropriate emblem of success, promised to keep it, "till 'twas mouldered away into dust." On Monday evening, at the White Swan, in Portsmouth, a sparring match, which was well attended by the naval officers and the inhabitants of the town, took place' Ned O'Neale, Gaynor, **Fogo**, and a few others exhibited.

The inns at Havant were filled on Monday evening, and heavy sums were demanded for beds, but there was not accommodation for all the visitors; some of whom repaired to the adjoining villages; others were accommodated with a hard *dab* on the floor, and some sought refuge in cottages - where, for the remuneration of five shillings for each person, the inhabitants resigned their humble apartments to the strangers. Tuesday morning was wet and dull, and the lowering clouds threatened a soaking day. Spite of these uncomfortable appearances, however, the *swells* of the vicinity came rattling into the town on horseback and in carriages; jaunting cars, *noddies*, and donkey carts, were also in requisition; and, long before twelve o'clock, the main street was literally choked up and impassable.

[The *Morning Chronicle* adds: Carriages of all descriptions, including many drawn by four horses, tandems, curricles, landaus, barouches, and gigs, came pouring into the town from every direction - Portsmouth, Chichester, Brighton, and Southampton, all furnishing their contributions. Particular attention was attracted by one *flash drag* filled with *Corinthians*, who were accompanied by key-bugle players, who infused the most lively sensations throughout the throng by playing "Hurra, for the bonnets o' blue," in good style; a tune particularly applicable to the scene, as blue was the colour both of Marten and Gas, and the popular song was composed by Lee, a son of Harry Lee, the celebrated pugilist.]

The weather now cleared up, and the scene was highly exhilarating, as the anxious groupes of countrymen and cockneys discussed the merits of the men, and consulted on the operations of the day. But a *dampier* was put on the spirits of the assembled multitude, for it was announced that a Magistrate of Hampshire had issued a warrant for apprehending the combatants if they attempted to break the peace in that county. Hayling Island, within two or three miles of Havant had been chosen as the scene of action: it could only be reached by crossing a toll bridge, the collectors of which, having contributed handsomely towards the subscription for the men, hoped to reap a good harvest from the multitude of passengers who would pass over to the ring. The members of the *waggon-train* had made arrangements for the accommodation of those who chose to *tip* for standing room; and all looked well for the mutual interests of the parties, when, behold! several constables appeared, and announced that they were armed with authority to arrest the combatants. The waggon-train beat a retreat instant; **Frosty-faced Fogo** turned even paler than usual; Tom Oliver's *chopper* dropped to the length of his arm; the facetious Jack *Clarke* became sad as a *sexton* in a healthy parish; and *Holt* (determined to *stop* there no longer) fled across the bridge, as rapidly as if he had a pair of seven-league boots on his *pins*; nor paused till he reached the *Bear Inn*, where a council of war was held upon this *brutal* interruption. It was now discovered that a methodistical *Leeke* of the army,* in conjunction with the parson of the parish, had busied himself to prevent the fight: for this purpose, they first appealed to a worthy Baronet, in the commission of the peace, in the neighbourhood, but he, Englishman-like, declined to interpose. - "If men wished to

fight," he said, "he did not see the necessity of hindering them." Foiled in their first attempt, the zealous pair pushed off to Fareham, where a *beak* at once granted the warrant above alluded to.

*[MC - That such an interruption should have taken place was matter of general surprise, but it was soon explained. A pious gentleman named Leeke, who had been "a man of war," and had oft "followed some warlike lord to the field," had changed his character, and become "a man of peace;" he had, in truth, enlisted under the banners of the Bishop, and was then in the awkward squad as a candidate for clerical promotion, and sought this mode of ingratiating himself with his patron, by rendering himself conspicuously *officious*. "The spirit moved him" to lay informations before a worthy Magistrate in the neighbourhood, who was constrained to act upon his application, and to adopt measures which otherwise might have been avoided.][*Bell's* adds: An immense harvest was lost by this move to the proprietors of the (wooden) bridge leading to the Island, as the tolls were is 6d for a pair of horses, 9d for a gig, 6d for a cart, and a penny a head for all the passengers, and this both going and coming, and on this account, as well as on the account of the honest innkeepers in the neighbourhood, no doubt hearty prayers will this day be offered up in all the Churches in the Hundred of Bosmere for the health & happiness of Mr. Leeke, who, by the way, we are desired to state is no relation to the Welch vegetable of the same name, although Scroggins thinks he'd look well sliced in broth, agreeing, we presume, with Ned Neal, that he is a "broth of a boy.")]

- Fortunately, it is but a short run from Havant to the adjoining country of Sussex, and the ring-leaders at once determined to proceed to West Bourn Downs, in Sussex, where the ring was quickly formed. The immense number of vehicles were, as they arrived on the ground, arranged at a proper distance; and the excellent precaution of affixing a strong rope a few yards inside of them, for the purpose of preventing the spectators, who stood on the ground, from breaking the ring, was again, adopted. The numbers assembled could not have been much short of 7,000 persons, and excellent order prevailed during the fights.

[MC - The stakes were soon pitched, an excellent Ring formed, and, at a given signal, Marten and Gas, who had come on the ground in carriages, each drawn by four horses, made their appearance at opposite sides of the circle. They were loudly cheered by the spectators - some thousands strong - and lost no time in flinging their *castors* within the ropes. Marten was attended by Jem Ward and Harry Holt, and Young Gas by Ned O'Neal and Dick Curtis. After shaking hands they proceeded to their toilette, and were soon stripped. On coming to the *scratch*, their condition appeared to be of the first order, that of Reuben Marten more especially - he was completely "up to the mark," but it struck us that there was a delicacy in the appearance if Gas which indicated that he was not in rude health; still he looked confident, and his countenance betrayed perfect good humour. They fought for one hundred pounds aside, and at setting-to Reuben Marten was the favourite at 6 to 4.]

THE FIGHT

Round 1. At six minutes to one operations commenced; each man measured the other with fixed attention, their guards well up, and their hearts in the right place. The ring was hushed in silence, and all "kept the line" with military precision. But little time was occupied in manoeuvring, when Gas commenced with great spirit, by endeavouring to plant his right on Reuben's *nob*, his fist went over his shoulder, but Reuben was prepared, and hit with him most desperately with his right also - the blow caught him under the ear with terrific force, and dropped him as if he were shot, his nose coming first to the earth. Deafening shouts proceeded from Reuben's friends, when Gas was picked up by his seconds, almost in a state of stupefaction; his head rolled fearfully from right to left, & it appeared as if all was up. Curtis roared in his ear - the water was applied profusely, and at last, when "time" was called, rather tardily, as some thought, he was sufficiently recovered to stand to his man, the odds being 5 to 1 against him.

2. Gas, as if conscious of his "ticklish" state, lost no time in going to work. He rushed in, hitting right and left, Reuben returning the compliments, and retreating so as to keep him to out-fighting; but Gas would not be denied, he bored him to the corner, receiving a hit up as he followed, and was ultimately thrown.

3. Gas, recovering again, rushed to in-fighting, hit away right and left, but without precision. Reuben endeavoured to meet him with a flush hit in the face; but Gas got within distance, and nothing effectual was done. It was desperate, but wild fighting on both sides, and in the conclusion both were down, Gas under.

4. Gas more collected, but equally on the bustle, charged with vigour, and hit away. Reuben retreated, and Gas hit him up with his right. A spirited rally followed, and as Reuben was getting away, Gas put out his leg and threw him.

5. All were now surprised that Gas had so completely recovered from the shock of the first round, and the layers of 5 to 1 began to look blue. Gas pursuing his bustling system, again took the lead with his right, but missed his blow; he fought wild, but some of his blows told severely. Reuben was at him, and in the rally caught a severe smack on his larboard *ogle*, from which first blood was drawn. In the scrambling work which followed, Reuben went down on his knees, and Gas's friends were *uproarious*, while Reuben looked serious.

6. Gas again commenced, and some good counter-hits were exchanged. It was a fierce and vigorous rally, in which science was set aside - fighting, and nothing but fighting. In the course of which, Reuben *napped* it on the nob several times. In the close Reuben was thrown, and Gas appeared the strongest.

7. Both set to work simultaneously; in fact, Gas would allow no time for consideration; Reuben planted his one-two in good style, but received a *pepper* in return, and Gas put in another poser on his left *winker*, which began to swell. Reuben rushed to a close, and after a struggle, both went down.

8. The determined game of Gas, as well as the slight impression made by Reuben's blows, now made him a decided favourite, and bets were offered at 6 to 4, but no takers. Gas set to work, but Reuben got away, hitting out as his man followed. Gas at last caught his left over his neck, and hit well up with his right, drawing more *claret* from his eye and mouth, and finally shoving him down.

9. Gas still a decided favourite; put all science aside, and bored in, hitting right and left; Reuben retreated, in the hope of planting his favourite hits, but Gas was too quick, and although he caught some nasty ones, they were not sufficiently effective to stop him; at length he fell on his knees.

10. Reuben popped in his left over Gas's eye, when Gas once more rushed in fiercely, and catching Reuben again behind the neck held him down while he hit up - Reuben pegging away at his body right and left. Reuben in the end, in pulling himself away, fell on his *ultimatum*.

11. Five to four on Gas. Gas hit out with his left at the body, and boring in again, had Reuben round the neck, hitting, while Reuben followed him up, and out in several body blows. He at last broke away, put in a nobber, and in the close threw his man.

12. Gas was still a decided favourite, and Reuben's face shewed the greatest portion of punishment. Reuben now changed his style of fighting, and instead of trying for favourite straight hits, he adopted Gas's style, and went to work in the true "bull dog" style;

he darted at his man right and left, and planted his blows well. Gas fought with him, but Reuben suddenly drew back, and jobbed him three times in the *phiz*. Gas rattled at him with vigour, and in the corner Reuben went down, Gas remaining on his legs.

13. Wild fighting on both sides - hit for hit - and severe returns, in which Gas received a serious cut over his left eye, and bled profusely. After a desperate rally both went down in a scramble.

14. Nothing but straight forward fighting - desperate hits were exchanged. Stopping was out of the question, and weaving was the order of the day; at last Gas went down, Reuben preserving his *perpendicular*, and retiring to his second's knee. His hard work, however, had blown him, and he piped a little, but still looked all confidence.

15. Reuben came up all life, and planted his left with precision. Gas lost no time in returning the compliment, and the blows rattled as thick as hail-stones round each other's heads, some taking effect, others falling short; at last, Reuben made a terrific hit with his right at Gas's neck, on the same spot where he delivered the teaser in the first round, and again Gas was hit as if shot; he was promptly picked up by his seconds, who renewed a chevy in his ear, but he stood up & looked stupified - his manner was wild, and to all appearance he was incapable of judging for himself; while in this state, and standing close to the ropes, time was called - to this, however, he was deaf - he did not move, and one of his seconds said he could fight no more. To this he made no objection and Reuben was declared the conqueror in just sixteen minutes; the fighting in each round having lasted upon average thirty seconds. After Reuben had retired from the ring Gas still stood by the ropes, and appeared insensible to what had occurred; while his backers showed great indignation, and, indeed, expressed in strong terms their astonishment, that a man who had shown such determined game on former occasions, should have given in while still able to stand firmly on his legs; and then, too, in opposition to his own assertion, that he would die before he would say "enough." Gas, however, seemed insensible to these taunts, and appeared still unconscious of what had happened.

REMARKS

The singular change in Gas after the first round excited the astonishment of the Ring, and from the turn which he produced in the fighting afterwards, all backed him as a winner. The determined *pluck* of Reuben, however, although his science was put aside, enabled him to keep alive to his duty, and ultimately to convince his friends that their confidence had not been misplaced. Gas seemed perfectly aware that at out-fighting he had not a chance, and he therefore judiciously went to work with a resolution to allow no time for reflection; but to keep Reuben constantly on the bustle. This it was which made him so decidedly a favourite; but Reuben's returns in the same style were too much for him, and the second hit on the tender spot completely "sewed him up." After the fight was over he was walking about the ring, not much the worse for wear, and incapable himself of saying how he had been beaten. The cut over his left eye, and a severe swelling under his left ear, were the only prominent marks of punishment. From the expectations which had been formed among the "country folk" of Gas's prowess, the issue of the battle was anything but satisfactory, and much disappointment was expressed.]

After the fight Jonathan, after reposing, was able to walk around the ground; but he complained of his neck, and was much dejected. Indeed, in the evening, he was so much affected by his defeat, that he shed tears.

SECOND FIGHT.

Harry Jones and Ike Dodd were now ushered into the ring; and while they were preparing for action, a collection of about 4/. was made from the spectators. This trifle the men agreed to divide equally between winner and loser. Dick Curtis and Ned Stockman seconded Jones; Joe Fishwick and Llewellyn officiated for Dodd. [according to *Bell's*, Lewellyn was a *flash fly* driver] The men were both in excellent condition, and the fine fighting frame of the Sailor Boy was shown to greater advantage than ever. But Dodd was rather heavier, and considerably taller and longer in the reach, than Jones. The superior tactics of the latter pugilist were, however, soon conspicuous. He parried all the hits of Dodd with the greatest ease, and administered heavy punishment with both hands - nobbing him with the left at off-play, and cutting him up severely with the right, at close fighting. In fact, Dodd had no chance; Harry treated him with positive contempt: in the fourth round, Stockman, who was watching the manœuvres of Ike, called out, "Look sharp, Harry, he's coming." "Let him come and be d----d!" retorted the gay little Sailor, with a hearty laugh. In the eighth round, Jones planted a flush hit on the left cheek-bone, that drew lots of claret. He soon afterwards added a hit on the nasal organ, that also brought blood; and he presently gave Dodd a cut on the edge of the right temple, from which another crimson conduit ran: so that poor Ike's mug presented a rueful aspect. He, however, did his best to win, and showed considerable game; but it was of no use; he was worsted at all points. Harry kept his lead, improved every advantage, and did not give his adversary a chance. At the end of 18 rounds, which occupied 33 minutes, therefore, Dodd resigned the contest. The loser received considerable punishment about the face - the winner came off with only a slight bruise on the forehead.

On the 28th October *Bell's* carried couple of items of interest, the first being a follow up to the last fight; ⁹⁸

RINGING THE CHANGES. - Gulliver, in the course of his travels, encountered many astonishing adventures, but perhaps none more extraordinary than a namesake of his who keeps a tavern at Portsea. This worthy host, in anticipation of the customers he should have at the period of the fight between Reuben Marten and Gas, ordered a fine round of beef which he put in salt for the occasion, promising his friends a fine treat. A wag having heard him brag of his forethought, contrived to steal the delicious joint from the pickle tub, and, with the assistance of a knacker, substitute the thigh of a donkey. This delicacy was actually cooked for the London Fancy. Among others, **Frosty faced Fogo** had an opportunity of pronouncing an opinion upon its merits, and we have his authority for stating, that a coil of cable boiled could not have been more delicately tough.

The second was a piece advertising the annual issue of a popular publication:

ACKERMANN'S "FORGET ME NOT." - This annual publication has come forth, and is certainly one of the most appropriate presents which can be made to youth, or as an "offering of friendship," at this season of the year. The literary contributions are of the most interesting as well as intellectual character, and are illustrated by several beautiful

specimens of the graphic art. As Mr. Ackermann was the first to introduce these elegant trifles to the British public, he has a claim to the patronage of all persons of taste.

In response to this publication and as a further complaint about the competition to his own oeuvre by everyone and his brother who considered themselves 'poets,' Frosty decided to pen his grievance;

FOGO'S LAMENT

AN ADDRESS BY THE POET LAUREAT OF THE RING
ON THE RECENT INCREASE OF SCRIBBLERS

Friend Ackermann, you surely do not know
The harm you've done by your "*Forget me not*,"
And what you still may do - I tell you so,
Oh let my warning never be forgot.

See what a *host of scribblers* you have brought
Upon mankind, with all their *rhyming stuff*:
Writers who are by far worse *fed* than *taught*,
And yet, God knows, are *taught* quite ill enough!

Say has not *poetry* become a *drug*?
What bookseller in town will buy it now?
Are not some noted poets living *snug*,
Because their works won't sell? - 'Tis true, I vow.

Has not Sir Walter ceas'd to deal in *rhime*
Since all the trade refuse to deal in *it*?
On *histories like novels* spends his time,
And *novels just like histories*, to fit?

Has not the pond'rous Milman stay'd his pen,
Poetical Professor of the U-
Niversity of Oxford? *Best of Men*!
Would I could say the *best of poets*, too!

Small Rogers has declin'd it - "palid Sam" -
Because the public have declined to buy?
They thought his "*Italy*" not worth a d---,
And let me add, most humbly - so did I.

Has not Tom Moore but lately written prose,
Because all readers were *averse to verse*?
Yet does not that last work of his disclose,
That he is able to do *something worse*?

Where's Barry Cornwall, whom men Proctor call,
Who once could boast a neat and dainty Muse?
He has, like more, *refus'd* to write at all,
Rather than write what people will refuse.

Is not Leigh Hunt a name almost forgot,
As much as it will be when he is dead?
Because his *Cockney rhimes* all *go to pot*,
He writes his "*Reminiscences*" instead.

Bob Southey, in posterity's despite,
Keeps *twenty Epics* ready at his need,
But will not print what he has toil'd to write.
Because he could get *nobody to read*.

Last, have not I been silent for so long,
That people almost doubt if I exist?
Although my duty to *my place* I wrong,
The far-fam'd **Poet Laureat of the Fist**.

You are the sole, "the guilty cause of all"!
'Tis you make poetry a *drug*, indeed!

And lie that drug the chemists *julap* call,
It gives one quite the *mal-au-gripes* to read.

Yet 'tis a satisfaction, I must own,
When by such pain we're grievously distress'd,
A use may oft be found - a use well known,
For what you print, though charmingly hot-press'd.

In vain you strive by pretty copper-plates
To save their works from wrapping *figs* or *cheese*:
"Men at some time are masters of their fates,"
But Shakespeare never meant *such men as these*.

Yet not all *men* - In your contents I mark
The names of many a *Miss*, the list who swell,
Who'd fain *inflame* the pure *poetic spark*,
And *other sparks*, less pure, no doubt, as well.

Ladies! if to good husbands ye prefer
The "Lady Muses with affection chaste,"
'Tis lucky for you - for, unless I err,
You'll never have a chance to *mend your taste*.

Husbands don't like *blue stockings*, as you've found,
Or had not liv'd till now perhaps *unwed*:
An ancient author tells us, much renown'd,
"The Muses are cold company in bed."

As for the *men*, but this of them I say,
They are mere scribblers - *poets* truly *small*;
One step above the *writers*, who display
Their skill in "Warren's Blacking" on a wall.

You set th' example, Mr. Ackermann,
Which has been followed by so many more,
Upon the self-same paper-blotting plan,
An evil in our land unknown before.

Now we have "Friendships' offerings" and "Keepsakes,"
"Bijous" and "Literary Souvenirs,"
With "Amulets," which the compiler makes
A compound of *love sighs* and *saintly tears*.

Woe to the land where such a taste prevails;
For me, I vow, I'd rather cross the seas:
The convicts, who are sent to New South Wales,
Are surely better company than these.

Farewell for ever, then, the *fancy song*:
Farewell the jolly *Millers* one by one;
Farewell all fun and jest - farewell - a long
Farewell, for **Fogo's** *occupation's gone*!

November 1827 saw just one reference to Frosty when on the 4th the Dispatch reported: ⁹⁹

Jack Fogo mounts the Perch, on Wednesday evening next, at Jem Wood's. the Norfolk Arms, Strand.

In this issue is the anon. poem 'Who's the Champion?' in Fancy Scrapbook. No. 7 which gives a good outline of how the Championship stood.

From this date we hear nothing more from Frosty until the New Year other than that he was 'seriously ill' and at some time not expected to recover. However, his name did not disappear from the Press as the following items testify. His poetry was also missed by *Bell's* and they appointed a '*deputy* Poet Laureat' to fill his spot in his absence. Frosty's friend Jack Scroggins was also hospitalized in December. To celebrate the anniversary of their paper *Bell's* issued the following on December 23rd under the heading "Gallery of Living Portraits No. XXXVII" - Frosty being the ONLY correspondent to be mentioned in the whole article!: ¹⁰⁰

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PICTURE OF "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON"

.... All gaze with delight, and cheer the vehicle, on which is painted "Bell's Life in London," as it rattles triumphantly along; and all, by their enthusiastic gestures, seem to admit that it is from "Bell's Life" is blown the magic horn of the Sporting World. On the panels of the car, just under its name, we observe some inscriptions: one is, "Sale Three Years Ago, when the property in Bell's Life was Transferred to its present hands, 2,800; Sale on November, 1826, 7,150; on the 23rd of September, 1827, 15,949; and on December the 16th, 20,001."

Beside "Bell's Life," in a *fanciful* sort of cabriolet, we recognize **Frosty-faced Fogo**, the Pindar of the Prize Ring, celebrating the new era, not on a harp, after the manner of the ancient lyric poets, nor on a sack-butt, after the manner of modern Laureates, for the "delicate voices" of such instruments would be totally lost in the clamour of the shouting multitude; **Fogo** has, therefore, chosen the kettle-drum, on which he plays with indefatigable zeal and extraordinary execution, and thus relieves the sprightly treble of the horn with the deep intonations of his bass; but all the spectators are not equally happy with those whom we have described.

In the rear of this triumphal exhibition there is a mob of ragged scribblers and dangerous looking Editors - a petty-larceny race - who are better acquainted with piracy than with literature, and who, but for the salutary terrors of the "Statutes in such case, made and provided," would find more congenial employment than purloining *intellectual* property. This mob seem to be exceedingly exasperated at the rapidity with which "Bell's Life" flies along the road. Some of them, who have been thrown down by the very wind of its velocity as it shot through them, are scrambling, as well as they can, out of the mire, and shaking their clothes; others are picking up dirt to throw at it, with a vain effort of anger;

In the same issue is the poem by the 'Deputy Laureat' - Frosty's mention in the poem might be because at the time they feared for his recovery - *The poem is reproduced in Boxiana series 2, II, p. 777 - 780. [written by Egan?]*

THE PICK-NICK OF THE FANCY; OR, AN ACCOUNT OF A DINNER TO BE GIVEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY BY THE DEPUTY LAUREAT OF THE RING

T'other night at Tom Belcher's a meeting was held
Of the *nobs* of the Ring, who in fighting excell'd,
As well as some patrons and friends of the fist,
And what pass'd I will tell, if it please you to list.

Toll de roll loll,&c.

As Christmas was come, to promote cordiality,
Among the prize-fighters, all people of quality,
A jolly *tuck out* was propos'd by a parcel
Of worthies, then blowing their clouds at the Castle.

A sort of *pick nick*, where each boxer should buy
Some dish for Tom Belcher to boil, roast, or fry,
Where all should contribute whatever would make up
A dinner, and every man eat his own *stake* up.

'Twas suggested, however, for some things the charge
For only one man would be rather too large,
Such as Turkey, plum-pudding, or Baron of beef,
And a few other matters, but these are the chief.

'Twas therefore determin'd that sev'ral should club
To furnish the biggest and best of the *grub*,
While the other small dishes, as people are able,
Should be purchas'd and duly be put on the table.

Now as for the *wet*, whether *heavy* or *light*,
There was no regulation and that was all right;
For some might like mixtures and others what's *short*,
And the odds is but little twixt *Porter* and *Port*.

Tom Belcher agreed, in his liberal way,
To make 'em a gift of a Turkey that day,
To be roasted; 'twas coming with many more passengers
In the Norwich Express, with its best friends the *sassengers*.

But 'twas held that *one* Turkey the dinner would spoil,
Scarce a mouth-full a piece; so another to *boil*
Was resolv'd to be bought, and Tom Cribb, who was there,
Insisted that Turkey should fall to his share.

Many thought it too much for one man to provide,
But old "Tommy Downright" would not be denied;

And for blowing up boxers whenever they cross,
Jack Fogo was order'd to furnish the *sauce*.

It was hoped that poor **Fogo** by that day could sing,
And keep up his charter as *Bard to the Ring*;
Some assert he's *bespoke*, and that therefore he can't,
As he's wanted *up stairs*, just to give e'm a *chaunt*.

And now I will tell you, as near as I can,
What dishes, by lot, fell to each fighting man,
For whene'er 'twas disputed, the matter they master
By drawing the names from a lilly-white *castor*.

But first I should notice, it was not their wish,
That day to be treated with kick shaws or fish;
Ben Burn stated well, fish was watery stuff,
And to drink even water was hardship enough.

With game it was thought they could also dispense;
They were all of them *game*, in the very best sense;
But two of the patrons of worthies so staunch,
Requested to send for the dinner a haunch.

'Twas propos'd that Josh Hudson should take in a reef
In his paunch, or supply a whole sirloin of beef:
His stomach was equal to that at the least,
And a pretty good judge of the meat at a feast.

Brave Josh never grumbled, but quickly agreed,
As he was quite certain to have a good feed;
While Crawley and Teasdale next heard, without grief,
They must get for the party a Baron of beef.

Jack Randall declar'd a plum pudding he'd give
Jackson ne'er could jump over as long as he'd live;
But, since he the rails in the Green-park had leapt,

It was, therefore, soon settled that he and Tom Spring
(A jewel, once more to be set in the Ring)
Should each give a pudding, the pride of the donor,
As big as Josh Hudson's far-famed seat of honour.

Jem Ward for a lusty tureen was knock'd down
Of mock-turtle soup; and his challenger, Brown,
Who wrote he would come, that the men he might see all,
Was order'd to give 'em four quarts of the real.

Barney Aaron, the *pold* little *poy*, and Dutch Sam
Join'd their money to give a fine Westmorland *ham*:
And the brothers Belasco made no piece of work,
When call'd on to furnish a *pestle of pork*.

Ned Baldwin a chicken consented to buy,
To get them a game one he said he would try:
To provide hash'd calf's-head to young Harry Jones falls,
And Cannon had only to find him the *balls*.

Ben Burn and his Nevy discuss'd the point whether
[They should not have one boil'd and serv'd up in the leather?
But 'twas answered, the skin was too commonly tough;
And they thought that Jem Burn had been *leather'd* enough.

Harry Holt (the Ring's Cicero), not over young,
Said he would provide them with plenty of tongue;

They held such an offer too much to accept.

And Curtis, whose fame is without any stains,
Was ready to garnish the tongue with some brains.

Alek Reid, *snoob* of Chelsea, and one of the *last*,
For a large dish of tripe and pig's trotters was cast;
While a *stew* had before been the lot of the Smuggler,
And *pigeon-pie* nicely befitted the Juggler.

Ned Neal (or O'Neal), who has never been beaten,
Seemed backward in giving a dish to be eaten;
So 'twas carried at once, that for *dropping* his *great O's*,
He should furnish the table all round with potatoes.

Young Murphy and Donovan, Irishmen both,
To give up this duty to Neddy were loth:
As the Ring boasts no tailor, the two brothers Savage,
As drivers if *Cabs*, had to furnish the *cab-bage*.

They left Stockman out, I can hardly tell why
Phil Sampson, the Brummagem youth, was not by;
But if they should come, it was thought they'd be *able*
To find them a place at a little *cross* table.

The dinner was order'd for next Christmas Day;
Of course from the feast I shall not be away;
And of what was provided no further I'll speak,
But how it went off I'll inform you next week.

Toll de roll loll, &c.

It is in an issue of the *Dispatch* of the 23rd December that we first get notice of Frosty's illness;¹⁰¹

We are sorry to announce that our old friend, **Jack Fogo**, the well-known Poet-Laureat of the Fancy, is confined to his bed by a severe illness.

The paper then goes on to present an article that indicates how Frosty was regarded by themselves as an authority, but in a particular instance had let them down!:

SPARRING AT THE TENNIS COURT.

Ned Baldwin took his benefit on Wednesday last; but, though the court was remarkably well attended, we are sorry to say, that the exhibition was by no means commensurate with the patronage afforded by the public. We have so repeatedly warned pugilists against the ruinous folly of letting any private pique towards a brother of the fist induce them to forget their own interest, and their duty towards their generous patrons, that, we fear, it is of little use to enlarge on the subject at present; but we must say, that the public will not, and ought not, to encourage exhibitions of sparring, unless such exhibitions are, at *least*, worth walking across a street to look at! Baldwin is a good man, and deserves to be assisted, not deserted, at his court-day, by the first-raters. For the opening set-to, a Cambridge swell mounted the stage with Harry Jones; the latter had no trouble in planting his blows when and where he liked. In fact, he stepped round the swell and *nobbed* him with the left-hand so repeatedly, that the poor gentleman's countenance glowed and shone like the morning sun through the smoke of London; so that whereas he had previously something of a learned dullness in his aspect, he now really looked a *bright* fellow in the face. Like Goldsmith's village school-master, however, "e'en though vanquished, he would *argue* still;" and the spectators were obliged to remind him repeatedly that he had had "enough," ere he would leave off. Jem Burn and Gaynor came next; but Jem did not hit out, and Gaynor *gained* the advantage.

Jem Raines now appeared on the stage, and, to the surprise of all present, Jem Miller, the Pease Soup Gardener, followed him. The *death* of this hero was announced in all the Sporting papers about a year ago. *We* gave it on the authority of **Jack Fogo**, whose information we have almost invariably found correct.

[*WD* December 31st 1826 - *refers to*; May 15. Six-mile bottom, near Newmarket. Jem Miller, (the Pease Soup Gardener) beat Gypsy Jack. 15 rounds, 16 minutes, purse of 10*l*. Poor Jem received many heavy blows in the chest in this fight, and died from their effects after lingering six months. - *WD* says *source not credited*]

However, Miller now appeared to be in good health and strength, and it was soon evident, from the blows which he gave and received, that he was no ghost. Whether, like Don Giovanni, he had been drummed out of the infernal regions, or had merely retired, like Macbeth, to make "renewed society the sweeter welcome," we know not, but this we know, that Raines *dished* the Pease-Soup in handsome style. Miller was *met* heavily in the face, as he attempted to get in, and once in particular Raines put in such a home left-hander, that down went poor Pease-Soup flat on that part which bears in vulgar mouths a name very similar to the scriptural title of a donkey!

The next combatants were old Spencer, the butcher, and a novice, named Fisher, fresh from Herefordshire. The new one is strong and resolute, but knows nothing of boxing - he rushed in and made some heavy blows, but the Butcher was with him, and a slaughtering bout was the result. It was hit for hit, and though Spencer gave two for one,

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he was ultimately tired out, and obliged to cut it. Aby Belasco and Baldwin next appeared; Aby's sparring is not equal to what it was - he is now as fat as Josh Hudson, and one of his legs is sadly out of order. Baldwin, consequently, had the best of the bout. In returning thanks, Ned said he regretted that the bad state of the weather had operated to his prejudice, and many of those who had promised to spar for him, had disappointed him. For a closing bout, Ned O'Neale and Young Spring, the conjurer, mounted the stage. Of course, Spring had not the least chance: Ned drove him round the stage like a shuttle-cock, and the *Young Pretender* may rejoice in the mercy of his antagonist that forbore to send him sprawling over the rails, to smash his spider limbs upon the floor of the court. Thus ended one of the worst exhibitions of sparring that we ever had the misfortune to witness.

Harry Jones and Paddy Flynn both expressed their anxiety to fight Bill Savage, for 25^l. aside; and, after considerable discussion, Bill chose Jones. They then tossed for the privilege of naming the place of meeting to make the match. Jones won and chose the Norfolk Arms, Strand, where Savage promised to attend that evening. Bill Richmond made an appeal for **Jack Scroggins**, who now lies in Guy's Hospital in a very bad state. Bill said, that Jack firmly believed this was the last time he should intrude on the generosity of the amateurs. A considerable subscription was accordingly made for poor Jack.

On the 25th December, according to *Boxiana* Series 2, Vol. II two poems were read at *Belcher's*. One is 'Jack Scroggin's appeal to the Fancy' pp. 780/1 relating to his illness, initialled J. S. and dated Guy's Hos. Dec. 25. It appeared in *Bell's* January 6 1828. It is most unlikely that Scroggins wrote this, or any of his other poems [as Jon Bee intimates about most pugilistic poet's works]. The other is 'The Fancy Feast at Tom Belcher's' pp. 759-762 and taken from *Bell's Life in London*, next, of December 30th, which mentions Fogo's illness. *Bell's* also repeats the notice about Frosty's illness;

We regret to state that poor **Frosty-faced Fogo**, the Poet Laureat of the Ring, **is extremely ill**, and is in want of all those comforts which such a situation demands. It is justice to state, that Whiteheaded Bob has proved a good Samaritan to the Poet, and contributed much to alleviate his distress. Let others be equally liberal, and all will go well.

THE FANCY FEAST
AT
TOM BELCHER'S,
ON THE 25TH DECEMBER, 1827.
BY THE DEPUTY POET-LAUREAT OF THE RING

Oh Christiana! it is such a rare jolly time,
With eating and drinking, and *larking* so prime!
If I am made King, to my subjects I'll swear,
That Christmas shall last for *the whole of the year*.

There's another good reason why Christmas should last,
The season of *boxing* should never be past;
For boxing's a business I take with delight up,
If it means getting *money*, or getting a *fight* up.

I told you last week of the grand *pick-nick* dinner,
The boxers provided for *loser* or winner,
To be cook'd at Tom Belcher's on last Christmas-day,
And how it came *off* I'm now going to say.

But first In should rather say how it came *on*.
Roasted Turkey at top, aye, and very well done,
The sausages round it all fried to a toss;
Boil'd Turkey at bottom, with rich oyster sauce.

A *Chine* in the middle, as well as a *ham*,
A *Baron of Beef* and a *round* for a cram;
Chickens roasted and boil'd at the sides in array,
The *fowls* you'll be sure could not hope for *fair* play.

There was also a tongue, and a calf's head and brains,
But to mention each dish I need take no more pains;
Suffice there was plenty, and that of the best,
And a haunch of *fat venison* to crown all the rest.

Tom Belcher was popp'd in the *Chair* in a trice,
(It was at his own house) with Tom Cribb for a *Vice*:
Jem Ward took his place on the right of the Chair,
As his *rival*, Tom Brown, of Bridgenorth, was not there.

At Brummagem Brown was match-making, and so
Could not come to the dinner - in town is **no go**,
For Ward's boasted backers are grown rather shy
Of *passing the pony* and letting him try.

Success, then, I say, to the Brummagem boys,
Who don't deal, like some, in mere bluster and noise;
Though the fam'd *London Ring* must endure a disgrace,
Brown's foe has been taken from some other place.

Josh Hudson was likewise not present at dinner;
The *meagrim*s, they tell us, have made him much thinner;
Though others assert his disorder is newer,
Having swallowed a whole *leg of turkey and skewer*.

Poor **Fogo** was also away from his post,
And fears were indulg'd he would give up the *ghost* -
His danger arises from being too clever,
His *head* has been blister'd to cure a *brain-fever*.

On Belcher's left hand Peter Crawley - below
O'Neal (why should he be ashamed of his O?),
And next to Jem Ward was old tough *Uncle Ben*,
His *Nevy*, bold Reuben, and other good men.

There was White-headed Bob sat in front of O'Neal,
And lik'd *there* to face him, far better a deal,
Than within a *rop'd ring*, as we erewhile have seen them,
Without any *well furnish'd table* between them.

Tom Cannon his *ogle* on Ned also bent;
He had once cried "Enough!" but was hardly *content*;
He longed for *another shy* 'ere he grew older,
But to get it he first must get over *his shoulder*.

There was Curtis, the hero of men of light weight,
And game little Teasdale he *polish'd* of late.
Harry Holt, too, at such a time, free from all care;
Bishop Sharpe, and Dutch Sam, with a *fine head of hair*.

Jack Carter was ask'd and 'twas well understood
That he would most willingly come - *if he could*;
But as he was living at Royal Expence,
He fear'd at his absence they might take offence.

The *sets to* then began with great skill: from the first of it
The meat was *cut up*, and of course had the *worst of it*.
The turkeys were soon of their *senses* bereft,
And the ven'son and beef caught it then *right and left*.

Not the meats, but the men who attack'd 'm were *tough*,
And the battle long lasted ere one cried "enough!"
No *time* could be *kept*, and Jack Scroggins that day,
Had each *round* with a huge round of beef *his own way*.

The cloth being drawn soon the wine-glasses rattle,
Succeeding the noise of the knife and fork battle;
All drank what they lik'd, whether *black strap* or *Deady*,
And some in the pewter had *heavy* and *heady*.

When all was quite ready up rose the brave host,
To propose to the friends he saw round him a toast,
Observing, he knew 'twould be drunk by the *Ring*
With hearty good will - 'twas its Patron THE KING.

"The King and God bless him!" was echoed about,
Some glasses were broken, so, loud was the shout.
With such a great Patron, they all bade defiance
To the foes both of *this*, and of each *lib'ral science*.

Loyal toasts followed after in rapid succession,
For *loyalty* ever has mark'd the *profession*,
And *will* mark it, be sure, to its very last day:
Each toast had its *honours* - "Hip! Hip! and Hurra!"

'Twas the turn of the Vice next to tip 'em a speech;
But talking's a science Tom Crib does not teach,
He was always by far more a *doer* than *talker*,
So he call'd upon Holt, who replied, "Hookey Walker!"

Can't you speak for yourself, old 'un, d--n it, man, try."
So Cribb took the hint, but was loth to let fly;
At last he got out, after two or three *goes* -
"Mr. Chair, if you please, I've a toast to propose.

"I do not believe - but it is not for me
YoU say it or not - that you can disagree;
And though I may touch upon *politics*, too,
You will not object - I'll be d---d if'n you do!"

"We've waited, I think, for these *eight or nine weeks*,
Just to see what the Turks meant to do for the Greeks;
In the cause of the Greeks we should join, for all writers
Assert that of old they were very *game fighters*."

"The Turks are a *cruel* and *cowardly* race,
What's more, *drink no wine!* and since that is the case
And as in the world they do nought but oppress,
Let's drink their destruction - to Greeks their success!"

The speech and the toast met with equal applause;
'Twas a *prime bang up* speech in a *prime bang up* cause;
And there was not a man, whether sober or murkey,
Who did not drink "Double d--mn--t---n to Turkey!"

Harry Holt next got up with a long *rig-ma-role*,
It would take fifty stanzas to tell you the whole;
But he touch'd all the boxers in turn in a string,
And ended by giving his toast of "THE RING!"

The toast was well lik'd, tho' the speech was too long,
And then a *prime chaunter* came in with a song,
Just to prove that prize fighting makes courage sublime,
I'll get you a copy for some other time.

Then "Bell's Life in London" came next on the list,
Recorder and Patron of feats of the fist!
Uncle Ben gave this toast and was "free to confess,"
"Twenty *thousand*" its sale he need *not* drink "*success*."

The evening's amusements were now closing fast,
And the Chair gave a toast that was kept to the last,
They fill'd out their liquors, wine, brandy, or *max*,
And drank in a bumper - CONFUSION TO QUACKS!"

The year finished with this last report from the *Dispatch* on December 30th 1827:

Minor Sparring at the Minor Theatre

Ned Stockman took his benefit on Wednesday evening, at the little Theatre, in Catherine-street, when, although more of the first-raters attended, several good bouts took place among the light-weights, who hammered out plenty of amusement for the numerous audience that filled the boxes, pit, and gallery.

The bouts are then described, finishing with: -

We ought to mention, that the business of the stage was badly conducted, owing to the absence of Manager **Fogo**, who was confined to his bed by severe indisposition. In the lack of stage-lights, however, the fiery-faced Barber gave the combatants the full advantage of his enormous fiery whiskers, his luminous nob dispensing light here and there, like a moving bonfire.



Fogo was obviously not only being missed but a serious case for concern, though, being a popular man, he had good friends who rallied round to assist him and his family. One important change that took place in Frosty's life was that at sometime late in 1827 he moved abode from Clare-Market to No. 8, Feather's Court, Drury Lane. (Left)

This was a step down in accommodation since his rooms there were in a very poor and deprived area. In the map, Feather's Court can be identified as due south of the 'E' of DRURY LANE, No. 8 being on the right-hand side of the Court. Two passages to the West is Russell Court, and the burial ground is the space between that and Drury Lane Theatre.

1828

The new year begins with pleas from the *Weekly Dispatch* on the 6th and the *Morning Advertiser* on the 7th January for help to be given to the ailing Frosty and his family, the former giving his new address for the first time.¹⁰²

Jack Fogo is still very unwell, and is unable to leave his residence, No. 8, Feathers-court, Drury-lane. The operations of bleeding, leeching &c., have reduced him to a mere skeleton; and, as a matter of course, so severe an illness, to a man who was never rich, and has a wife and family depending upon him for bread, has left him almost pennyless. In fact, but for the generosity of Ned Baldwin, in whom **Jack** has found that *rara avis* - "a friend in need," he would have been completely destitute. The Fancy, in general, ought to do something for poor **Fogo**. They know he deserves assistance, and may depend on it, that he needs it much. (*WD*)

This issue of the Dispatch also contains the poem 'Jack Scroggins and the Doctors' under the heading 'The Fancy Scrap-book. No. 9.' - It details his appetite and recovery.

Jack Foggo, the Poet Laureat, occasional Master of Ceremonies, Deputy Commissary, &c- &c., has for some time been confined to bed, under an inward complaint, which threatens to be stubborn. **Foggo** has a large family, who feel the want of his exertions. As he has not been sparing, either with his lays in chaunting the praises of heros and patrons of the ring, or in labours to serve them, he certainly has a strong claim on their bounty under misfortune, which they must know is invariably "the fate of genius." White-headed Bob has shewn a good feeling, and procured him medical attendance; but there are many little comforts still wanting, which would be too much to come from one source. (*MA*)

The following week the three newspapers, *Advertiser*, *Dispatch* and *Bell's* carried further notice of Frosty's situation and the *Dispatch* and *Bell's* also published poems by Frosty to help out his finances. The *Dispatch* poem refers to the topical interest in the dictator of Portugal, Dom Miguel while *Bell's* relates a comical story doing the rounds about a boxing encounter in the street which had possibly become more enhanced, comical and exaggerated in the telling.¹⁰³ The *Dispatch* has;

The Fancy Scrap-Book. No. 10. FROSTY-FACED FOGO TO DON MIGUEL.

Prince of the sallow cheeks, and sable fringe,
The latest *lion* of the town and *ton*,
On whose behest such great events must hinge,
Heir as thou art to Lusitania's throne;
A free born bard, not prone to fawn or cringe,
Bids thee an English welcome; - be it known
My name's **Jack Fogo**, though the scribbling race
Have, *sans facon*, baptised me **Frosty Face**.

But, Heaven be prais'd, I'm proof to any gibe.
Your Royal Highness, that they choose to fling,
Even though some have called me "the *short* scribe,"
Because I chaunt the heroes of the Ring;
And you'd some portion of the *stuff* imbibe,
Could you but hear me my *own* ditties sing,
In fact no other realm, nor other rhyme,
Boasts exploits sung in numbers so sublime.

But this may look a little egotistic,
And so I'll *cut* it; and proceed to say,
Without reserve (I hate all language mystic),
Why I have penned you this intruding lay.
They tell me that a combat pugilistic
You fain would see; - now Tuesday's a *field-day*,
Bill Savage peels against young Paddy Flynn,
And I'll be proud to take your Highness in.

They tell me - you'll excuse my honest freedom -
Your Highness, though a *topping swell* in station,
May gain some wholesome truths, if you'll but read them,
As yours has been a *random* education;
That some good hints - and much, 'tis said, you need them -
Your tour may furnish to improve your nation.

¹⁰² 280106WD, 280107MA

¹⁰³ 280113WD, 280113B, 280224MA

In fact, to use a Noble Duke's expression,
 You've come to us to take "a *moral* lesson."
 If so, methinks your Highness can't do better,
 Than *take a sight* of one good English *mill*.
 You'll own yourself, believe me, much a debtor,
 For such a spectacle; - your breast 'twill fill
 With rooted hatred to that vile stiletto.
 With which I'm told your folks each other kill.
 You'll see a mode - since men must sometimes quarrel,
 To end disputes more manly and more moral.

You'll find, perhaps, some saintly sneaking sniveller,
 Or brainless country justice make a trial,
 To please a clerical or dotard driveller.
 By putting on the combat his denial;
 But, trust me, there are others will be civiler;
 So e'en let cynics pour their wrathful phial.
 On that to English minds, I deem a jewel in,
 To save us from the coward vice of duelling.

I've a respect, great prince, for "right divine."
 Nor wish to see you stoop beneath your state,
 But those of royal and imperial line,
 Have deemed our manly sports legitimate.
Platoff and *Blucher* called our sparring "fine,"
 And *Frederick* and the *Northern Autocrat*.
 And, in his youthful days, our gracious *King*
 Oft, with his presence, graced the *Boxing Ring*.

Then come, next Tuesday, join thy brother *Dons*,
 For, trust me, 'tis a glorious sight to see,
 When all the neighbouring bands of English sons
 Pour forth to view their native chivalry.
 And though the men will not be *first-rate ones*,
 A struggling bough will serve to show the tree;
 And, barring fate, to which we all must yield,
 I'll meet your Royal Highness on the field.

The Dispatch followed up the poem with the next item, mentioning Frosty's name and a second item giving notice of two meetings called to help him in his need.

NED SAVAGE AND HARRY HOOD. - A deposit of 2*l.* aside was posted, on Friday evening, at the Norfolk Arms, Strand, towards a fight for 10*l.* between these men, to take place on Tuesday next, in the same ring in which Bill Savage and Paddy Flynn contend; and yesterday afternoon, at the above named house, the whole of the money was definitely made good. A prime day's play is thus cut out for next Tuesday; and should the mighty Don Miguel accept the invitation of **Frosty-faced Fogo**, as given in the above lines, we may expect a *fashionable* as well as numerous assemblage: indeed, it is *chaffed* among the Fancy, that Gurney's steam-carriage has been engaged for the occasion, to convey the *Don* and his noble friends to the scene of action. For the *truth* of this, we cannot *vouch*.

Mr. N. takes the chair to-morrow evening, at the Fountain, in Clare-street, for the purpose of raising a subscription for **Jack Fogo**; and on Tuesday evening, Mr. N. will preside for a similar purpose, at the Rose and Crown, Booth-street, Brick-lane. [*Mr. N. was probably Isaac Nathan*]

Bell's poem and notice were as follows;

THE PET AND HIS PAL,
 or, THE COAL-HEAVER QUILTED
 A BRAN NEW BALLED BY **FROSTY-FACED FOGO**, P.L.R.
Air - "You Boxers all, I pity you, your case is very bad."
 "ARMA VIMUMQUE CANO." - WIRGIL

You Muses nine, your influence shed, while I attempt, in verse,
 A deed of arms. atchiev'd of late, with spirit to rehearse;
 And as the theme's a noble one, so may my stanzas grace
 The Poet Laureate of the Ring - he of **Frosty face**.

I feel the influence on my soul fall soft as showers in May,
And pain and sickness from my couch take wing and fly away;
My fainting heart is quite revived, as I ascend Parnassus -
"Kim aup" belov'd Pegasus! we're off, and who shall pass us?

'Twas in the season of the year, so fam'd for chaunting carols,
For swallowing grub of every sort, and tapping stingo barrels,
That Young Dutch Sam, the Israelite, and Dick, surnam'd the Pet,
Were walking in the Surrey road, together in the wet.

They talk'd of pugilistic days, and many a gallant fight,
When Boxers never sold themselves, but did the thing that's right;
When a coal-heaver, tall and grim, the gallant pair pass'd by,
And, flourishing his long cart whip, smote Evans* in the eye.

"Vell blow me tight," cries Dick to Sam, "this here's a pretty rig,
I'll talk to that there character, although he is so big;
I never yet could brook a blow from gentleman or carter,
So stand by me my Pylades, and I'll axe him what he's *arter*."

As soon as said, so soon 'twas done - he stopp'd the man of Coal.
"I think you *wery imperent*, I do, upon my soul;
Do not again in people's mugs that vhip of yours be popping,
Or wery soon - and no mistake - you'll get a hearty *whopping*."

O had you seen the look of wrath, the glance of scorn, and pride,
With which the dingy Philistine our little Hero eyed.
"Be off," he cried, "you jackanapes - come mizzle in a minute,
Or else, by Gosh! I'll take a sack and stuff your carcase in it."

"Those words," said Dick, "have seal'd your doom - now Young Dutch Sam attend,
I know you've always prov'd to me a Second and a Friend;
Be sure and give me elbow room before my setting to,
He is an ugly customer - I've got my work to do!"

Could **Fogo** sing as Homer sung, then would I tune my lyre,
And not unworthy of my theme, invoke a Muse of Fire;
On eagle's wing I fain would soar - but feeling that I can't,
In the same rhyme as heretofore, poor **Frosty-face** must chaunt.

"The ring was form'd - the togs were doft - the heroes stood in buff,
"And damn'd be he," exclaimed the Pet, "who first cries 'hold, enough!'"
He threw himself in attitude, made play, and then let fly,
And caught the man of coal and coke a smasher in the eye.

"My eye," he cried, "full soon, my lad, I'll pay you what I owe,"
And straightaway on Dick's *listener* he plac'd a heavy blow;
But Richard met the shock unmov'd, tho' fit to fell an ox,
And soon return'd the compliment on Coaly's knowledge box.

But ah! my powers 'twould far exceed, & far exceed my bounds
To sing the chances of the fight, and mention all the rounds,
The claret flew in ruddy streams, the pavement stones bespattering,
And many a hit from little Dick set Coaly's ivories chattering.

His bellows, too, began to heave - quell'd all his stern defiance!
Superior weight and strength and length, at length gave way to science.
His *ogles*, too, were nearly clos'd, yet shewed he no white feather,
Tho' *Rouge et Noir* roll'd down his breast in rapid streams together.

And Nature would hold out no more! His friends began to pout,
And with a *sigh* the *Heaver* own'd the Pet had "sarved him out."
Says Dick, "it is no easy thing such worthies to demolish,
And it requires a deal of skill a diamond black to polish;

"But as the job is done complete, I hope it won't be in vain -

And with his whip he never will be *imperent* again -
 To cheer him up, and wash his gob, I'll treat him with a quart,
 While I and Sam and Savage stroll to swallow summut short." +

Then let us sound the fame of Dick, tho' from the Ring retir'd,
 Whose honesty and manliness must always be admir'd;
 And when he opes his Lusher's Crib, may he, the Fancy's Pet,
 Draw many gallons of Old Tom and Butts of Heavy Wet.

Long life to Sam, his worthy pal, for fistic deeds renown'd,
 Who never lost a battle yet he fought on stage or ground;
 And should he fight with Bishop Sharpe, may he ne'er cry for quarter,
 And ere he strips, take care to cut his hair a little shorter.

* Samuel Evans, *alias* Samuel Elias, Young Dutch Sam

+ A fine specimen of alliteration.

The above poem refers to an incident reported in Bell's Life in London, relating to an incident on January 2 1828 when Dick Curtis 'The Pet' and his pal Young Dutch Sam came across some 'coalhys'. Also reported in BOXIANA 2nd Series, II p. 296/7 - and Dispatch 280120WD below# for a follow-up, and probably more accurate account!

Alas Poor **Fogo!** - The Poet Laureat of the Ring still continues very ill. His Muse and his breeches pocket are in unison - at a very low ebb. A Meeting will be held tomorrow evening at the Fountain in Clare Market to give him a lift; the chair will be taken by a veteran in the Ring; and on Tuesday another friendly knot will assemble at Mr. England's in Spitalfields, for the same humane purpose. [The *Morning Advertiser* has: **Jack Foggio.**—Jack still lingers in a doubtful state. A meeting is to be held for his benefit this evening, at the Fountain, Clare-market, and on Thursday evening at the Rose and Crown, Booth Street,]

#The *Dispatch* of the 20th has the following letter contradicting the facts in Fogo's poem, repeated in *Boxiana*;

SIR. - I should not have troubled you, had it not been for the conduct of *Bell's Life in London*, which, besides totally misstating the affair at first, thought proper to stick in a *chaunt* last Sunday, possessing as little *truth* as *wit*, enough to make the world believe that the *mill* was *all to nothing* against me, and that I had given in, and said, "with a sigh," that the Pet had served me out. Now I know, Sir, that fair play is *your* motto, and you will allow me to tell my own tale. So far from my striking *Sam* in the eye with a whip, my whip was in the hands of my *trouncer*, who was a little way on before me at the time, and he declares, that, if he did hit Sam, it was quite unintentionally. Sam, however, began to abuse him, and took the whip from him, and having trailed it some way along the ground, left it lying. I was nettled at this: particularly, as my *pal* had begged his pardon, and I spoke sharp to Sam, who, as well as Dick, *bully-ragged* me, and asked me whether I wanted anything. On my expressing my readiness to fight, Dick took up the business; and I was then asked, whether I knew that I was going to fight Dick Curtis, (I did not know who he was before.) I said, I did not care whether he was Dick Curtis or not - I would have a shy at him. It is not true that I received money to leave off. An old gentleman, after we had been fighting some time came up, and said he would give me a shilling to leave off, but I told him I would not. Dick then asked me, whether I would shake hands with him? and I said I would see him d---d first. I said I was willing and able to fight for an hour; but, when I wanted to continue to battle, I found Dick had been taken away. The only money I received was *two shillings* - and that was after the battle; one shilling from one person, and the other from another. I have only now to say, that, though Dick is known to be a good man, I have no fear of him. Ridiculous stories have been put about of my being an eleven or twelve stone man; the fact is, I could fight very little more than ten stone, and have never entered a Prize-Ring. I can only raise £5 of my own money, I wish it were more; but I should be glad to fight Curtis for that sum, and as much more as any gentleman would back me for; and, perhaps, as Dick thinks it so easy to lick me for *love*, he would not object to even a trifle of money to sweeten the job.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, GEORGE PHILLIPS. *Sun Wharf, Upper Thames Street, Jan. 18, 1828*

It was late February before Frosty recovered from his unknown illness and he wrote a letter to his friends thanking them for their concern and assistance, which was published in both the *Dispatch* and *Bell's*.¹⁰⁴

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON

SIR. - Having now recovered from a long and severe illness, I feel it a duty thus publicly to express my deep sense of gratitude, as well as that of my family, for the kind and generous sympathy which the *Fancy* have manifested towards me, while incapable of helping myself. Such liberal feelings are creditable to their hearts and their heads, and will never be erased from the memory of your humble servant,

JOHN FOGO, Poet Laureat of the Ring.

By March Fogo was back in the saddle as entertainer at a few Benefits. The first was at the High-house, Pimlico on the 10th [*Bell's* of 2nd, or on 11th acc. to *Bell's* of 16th!] for Alec Reid which was attended by Paddy Flynn, Tom Ready, Reuben Marten, Jem Rains, Ned Stockman, Yandell, Waylin, Johnston, Robinson, Hudson of Westminster & several others. Frosty-faced Fogo attended personally with the gloves; and as a finale, James Roberts, a 12 st. man, noted in Westminster, set-to with the Snob. However, it was a 'bumper'. It was also announced that: Fogo takes his benefit at the Hope, Blackmoor-street, Clare-market, on Wednesday evening, [26th] the day after Bill Savage and Harry Jones fight; both men will show, and, if able, assist in the sports. All the good ones in the milling circles have pledged themselves to be present, and the Poet will give a merry chaunt on the occasion.¹⁰⁵ This latter benefit was to help support the impoverished Fogo after his return to health. In *Bell's*

104 280224B, 280224WD

105 28302B, 280316B, 280323WD, 280323B, 280326S

of the 16th there was an obituary for Jack Randall and Frosty wrote a poem on the subject for *Bell's* of the 23rd which will have earned him a shilling or two.

JACK RANDALL'S GHOST

"I can call Spirits from the vasty deep"

Where all in Midnight gloom was lost,
All silent in the street -
In stalk'd Jack Randall's slender Ghost -
And stood at **Fogo's** feet.

Pale, wan and wasted was his frame,
So muscular of yore;
And thrice he call'd on **Fogo's** name,
Thrice bade him cease to snore -

"Wake, laureate, wake!" exclaim'd the Sprite,
Start from thy peaceful rug -
Tho' tis an awkward time of night
To sport my dismal mug.

"With friendly feeling fraught I come,
For well I know thy merits -
Perhaps you'll think a visit *rum*
Paid from the land of *Spirits*.

"Look at this lean and wither'd shape,
These cheeks as white as paper -
Alas" 'twas drinking too much *tape*
That made my system *taper*.

"When past follies I review,
Which hasten'd my undoing -
I often *rue* with visage *blue*
My fondness for *blue ruin*.

"O Laureate! warning take in time,
And let a Ghost exhort -
Think of Jack Randall in his prime
Subdu'd at *length* by *short*.

"Peace might have reign'd within my breast,
And Time his honours shed -
Alack! from swallowing *Deady's best*,
I'm number'd with the *dead*.

"My Pugilistic deeds recal -
His men who e'er beat quicker? -
Successively I floor'd them all,
Till I was *lick'd* by *Liquor*.

"To your last home vy can't you keep,
I do not vant your varning -
I'd like to have a nap of sleep,
For now it's nearly morning

Bard of the Fancy, seize your lyre -
In solemn warning strike it;"
"I wish" growl'd **Fogo**, "you'd retire;
For blow me if I like it.

"Indeed, I vish you'd say farewell,
And hasten under hatches -
I judges, by your brimstone smell,
That you've been *making matches*.

"And can you find no soul but me
To tease about your noggins -
Suppose you go by way of spree,
And vorry ould Jack Scroggins."

"Cease, " cried the Ghost, "at once desist,
And hold your idle jaw,
Or straightway with my Phantom fist
Your frosty-face I'll thaw.

"To you I came with kind intent,
Such was my purpose here -
But if on *Max* and *Swipes* you're bent,
You'll soon be on your *Bier*.

"Henceforth you'll see this mug no more!
A long adieu, my **Fogo**! -
He said, and vanish'd through the floor
In clouds of Oroorsko.

It is notable that Frosty swaps his 'W's for 'V's in his speech (not consistently) - imitating his own dialect?

The *Dispatch* of March 30th published the result of Frosty's benefit on the 26th;

JACK FOGO'S BENEFIT. - The Poet-Laureate of the Ring, amused his friends with an exhibition of sparring at the Hope, Blackmoor-street, Clare-market, on Wednesday evening. The principal bouts occurred between Young Dutch Sam and Ikey Bitton, Ned Savage and Fisher, (the new Shropshire man), and Sam Foote and Anderson.

The following report from both the *Morning Chronicle* of April 4th and *Bell's* of the 6th mention Fogo for a phrase that was associated with him, but there is no proof that he attended the event - though it is likely he did;

PETER CRAWLEY'S BENEFIT [Thursday at the Tennis Court] *Extract* - The most finished display of generalship, however, was between Jem Ward and the Cheshire Hero, formerly a private in the *Blues* and though no *beauty*, an anxious candidate for pugilistic fame. Cheshire was taller than Jem, and a strong, game fellow. In a very short time, however, Jem shewed the finishing attributes of a master, and jobbed the poor Cheshire wight with such terrific certainty right and left, that to use the words of **Jack Fogo**, he was soon glad to *cheese* it - otherwise, to *cut it*, & to confess his powers were not equal to his presumption.

On the 8th April three fights took place at Bishop's Wood, in Shropshire which had been looked forward to with the greatest anticipation. A genuine battle was expected and between 30 and 50,000 people turned up to watch. Fogo was there to set up the ring and harvest as much as possible by selling seats or standing places in waggons,

and probably drinks too. The event was much reported in the papers and also later recorded in *Pugilistica* 2 pp. 470 - 476.¹⁰⁶ The following is *Bell's* account with some additions from the *Dispatch*;

**GREAT FIGHT between BROWN of BRIDGNORTH
and SAMPSON, the BIRMINGHAM CHAMPION
FOR FIVE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS**

This important battle, which has excited so much interest in the Fancy Circles of all parts of the Kingdom for some months, was decided on Tuesday last, at Bishop's Wood, on the Cheshire road, within thirteen miles of Wolverhampton; and, connected with other events which were appointed to be decided on the same day (we allude to the matches between Piefinch and Young Gas, and Dobell and Bailey), produced a degree of excitation scarcely paralleled in the History of the Ring.

We stated in our last, that the final deposit of 100*l.* a-side between Brown & Sampson had been made good on the preceding Thursday, at the Woodman, Birmingham; but, although we were then aware that rumours had been circulated of a probable forfeit on the part of Sampson, we were not acquainted with the fact that these rumours were not far from being confirmed. We have since heard from good authority, that so straightened was Sampson in making up the necessary amount, that he actually spouted his "ticker;" and that even after this financial expedient, it was not till a "*whip*" of twenty sovereigns was collected among his immediate friends, that "all was right." The needful was, however, forthcoming in due time, and thus an opportunity has been afforded to Sampson to regain that station in the Ring from which his easy conquest of Ned Neal had removed him. How far he has justified the confidence of his friends, the result will shew.

The names of the men are so familiar to persons interested in these matters, that few preliminary remarks are necessary. Brown, it will be recollected, is a native of Bridgnorth, of respectable family; and after having obtained considerable *fistic* honours among the provincial *millers*, entered the ring with the veteran Tom Shelton, for 100*l.* aside, at Stoney Stratford; and, it will be remembered, won that fight with ease, from a repetition right-handed hits, one of which literally chipped a bit out of old Tom's scalp. His success on this occasion, added to the high opinion of him by Tom Spring, under whose auspices he was brought forward, led him to aspire to the "top of the tree;" and he came forth as a candidate for the Championship, offering to fight any man in England for 500*l.* a-side.

Jem Ward was extremely anxious to accept this challenge; but after repeated meetings, and divers epistolary effusions, nothing was done - Ward's backers, to their shame be it spoken, being backward, when they ought to have been most forward with the needful. Such, in fact, was the extraordinary degree of confidence placed in Brown's pretensions, that few seemed disposed to risk the chance of even putting the scientific Ward in the same scale against him; and within the last fortnight, at Liverpool, the chance of making a match with him for Ward, by Spring's especial desire, before his fight with Sampson, was suffered to go by. In the midst of all these discussions, Sampson, with whom Brown had some private difference, repeatedly spoke in derision of his abilities, and at Brown's benefit, at the Tennis Court, publicly challenged him to a set-to. This Brown as publicly declined, to the great disappointment of the London Fancy as well as to his own prejudice, although it was admitted he had the right, he claimed, to a set-to with whom he thought proper at his own benefit. It cannot be forgotten, too, that, at a subsequent benefit, when Brown came forward to challenge all the world, he refused to set-to with Josh Hudson's black. Reuben Marten, and other persons, who threw down the gauntlet, actually refusing to set-to at all, and quitting London without the promised ceremony of a "farewell," at Belcher's dinner.

In this state matters rested till Sampson came forward with a challenge, at the instigation of the Birmingham Fancy, to meet the Bridgnorth Hero himself for 250*l.* a-side. This was at first supposed to have originated in a "bit of bounce" on the part of Phil.; but not so, he, as well as his friends, "meant it," and the match was accordingly made. Both men went into active training - Brown (having, for a time, resigned his office as Host of the Bottle in Hand, Bridgnorth,) under the care of Tom Spring, at Enville, near Lord Stamford's, in Shropshire; and Sampson at Sutton, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. Pending the match, both men made sparring tours - Sampson, accompanied by Tom Oliver; and Brown, by Tom Spring; and each in his turn gleaned a fair proportion of the "*corianders*," while opportunities which, in point of sparring, placed Sampson first on the list. Still the immense bulk of Brown, being 15 stone, added to his supposed tremendous powers of hitting, supported by the testimony of Spring, placed him on the *stilts of milling* consequence, and he was freely backed in all directions at 2 to 1, and in some places even at 5 to 2. Of these odds there were many takers, but by no means in proportion to what might have been obtained both in London and elsewhere.

With regard to Sampson, he is well known as a good two-handed fighter, active, scientific and game, but although successful in some instances, in others he has "bit the dust" before his contemporaries. His weight on the present occasion was not quite thirteen stone, and his age twenty-seven. Brown was thirty-six. Sampson, in his career, has fought no less than sixteen prize battles, of which he has won six. He was defeated by Josh Hudson twice, by Ward twice, and by Martin, Belasco, Gyblets, Abbott, Hall, and Ned Neal. Fortune, however, was more favourable in his other battles, having beat Hall in a second and third trial, Belasco in a second trial, Dolly Smith, Jem Burn, and lastly Paul Spencer. With respect to his meeting with Ned Neal, great suspicions were entertained, and he was in consequence exposed to strong animadversions, although he himself loudly inveighed against their injustice. It was, perhaps, the doubts to which that affair had given rise, that led to greater caution in taking the odds on the present occasion; but still they were taken to a large amount, and the confidence of his friends has been fully justified. In watching the manœuvres of the betting circles, we observed that the best judges had Brown to win, and were at all times ready to stake at 2 to 1 in his favour; while in double and treble events he was invariably chosen as a winner - thus, in naming three fights which were to come off on the same day, Brown, Piefinch (of whom a little more hereafter), and Dobell, were booked as winners; and 3 to 1 was repeatedly offered to be taken (which was far below

the regular odds on three events) that all three won. The attention of the London Fancy was a good deal distracted by the fight between Dobell and Bailey, which was fixed for the same day; but the major seemed to have swallowed up the minor, and by far the greater number of the "Metropolitan Particulars," set out for Birmingham. Some departing on Sunday, and others on Monday. All the sporting houses in Birmingham - The Woodman, Arthur Mathewson's, and others, were crowded to excess on the latter evening; but great doubts, even to a late hour, prevailed as to the intended place of meeting. Stourbridge was, at length, pronounced the chosen spot, and from this hint, the concourse of persons that set out for that town on the Tuesday morning was immense. During these doubts, negotiations (sic!) were going on for fixing Wolverhampton Race Course as the centre of attraction a spot admirably suited for the purpose, as the Grand Stand was capable of affording accommodation to at least 1,200 persons, whose admission money would have afforded no small profit to the speculators, a part of which it was proposed to devote to some of the charities in the town. The intended operations having come to the ears of the two Clergymen and resident Magistrates of the town of Wolverhampton, however, those gentlemen felt that, consistently with their clerical as well as judicial functions, they could not permit them to pass within their jurisdiction; and they therefore gave fair notice, in the Wolverhampton Chronicle, that it must be "**no-go**." The advantage which would necessarily be derived by their neighbours was strongly urged, as an inducement to forgo their resolution; but their fiat was unalterable, and new ground was to be chosen by Brown's party, who had actually given Sampson 60*l.* to be permitted to name the place - a *bonus* which would have been amply repaid had the negociation for the Grand Stand been successful.

Bishop's Wood, on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire, near Chillington Hall, the estate of J. W. Gifford, Esq., [*Thomas William Giffard*] a trump in the Sporting World, was at last determined upon and the place of muster, and the word was given accordingly. The distance from Wolverhampton was about twelve miles. In the immediate vicinity of this spot, at the Bradford Arms, Ivetsey Bank, Sampson had cast his anchor.

The town of Wolverhampton was on Monday thronged beyond all former precedent - every Inn was crowded to an overflow, and the demand for beds *out* was such, that many a poor servant girl was obliged to resign her humble pallet to those who had bribed her master or mistress, by pecuniary temptation, for a night's lodging; and, in several instances, the masters and mistresses themselves did not scruple to make shift without a night's rest to secure the superabundant "siller" which flowed from the purses of the Fancy - five shillings a-head was the most moderate demand made by the innkeepers for this temporary accommodation.

[*WD* describes the scene: The members of the London Fancy left town in considerable numbers on Sunday and Monday, and proceeded to Birmingham, whence, on the evening of the latter day they progressed as far as Wolverhampton, on the race-course of which town it was at first arranged that the fight should take place. And here, did our limits admit, we might enlarge upon the singular impressions on the wandering Cockney's mind on viewing, for the first time, the surrounding country between West Bromwich and Wolverhampton - the coal-pits with steam-engines and their mouths pumping water from below, each ponderous machine in constant motion, like some vast animal, fuming and sweating beneath its load of labour; while the blazing fires from the iron works illuminated the horizon, and the vast mounds of earth and coal, the fire and the clouds of smoke, gave to the whole surrounding prospect the appearance of some immense city that had been sacked by a hostile army, and left in heaps of blazing and smoking ruins.]

In the course of the day, Brown, accompanied by Tom Spring, black Richmond, & a long list of his Bridgnorth friends, visited Wolverhampton, and finally fixed his head-quarters, to avoid the crowd, at the Swan, at Compton, about two miles from the town. On the same night, Spring publicly offered, at the Peacock Inn, to stake 200*l.* to 100*l.*, and have Brown to win - but there were no takers. (*some damage to the next page's image, some text missing*)

[----]ent the actual place of rendezvous was fixed, the Commissaries of the Ring, including Tom Oliver, Dick Curtis, Tom Calas, **Frosty-faced Fogo**, and able assistants, proceeded to make their arrangements; and, on the summit of a high hill, on a fine plain called Bishop's Wood, formed the ring, and certainly nothing could have been more admirably arranged. The stakes were formed from fir poles, at [--] eight inches in diameter, deeply inserted in the earth, [---] of the usual height, exhibiting an appearance of strength and firmness which bid defiance to all encroachment. Beyond those a wider ring was formed of similar stakes, with ropes attached, so as to keep the spectators at a distance, leaving an immense area between; and beyond these again were placed a double, and in many instances a triple, succession of waggons, and elevated stages formed substantially of timber. These preparations arose from a well-founded anticipation, that an immense multitude would be assembled, and certainly a greater crowd we never witnessed on any similar affair, with the exception of that at Worcester, when Spring and Langan fought - but even this was thought to have been outnumbered.

[*WD* gives the best account of the Tuesday morning: At an early hour on Tuesday morning, vast multitudes rose in motion towards the scene of action. The road from Wolverhampton presented an animating and picturesque appearance. Vehicles of all sorts were in motion, equestrians and pedestrians thronged the way - Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, Lichfield, Shrewsbury, and other distant towns, sent forth their *male-contents*, and the various streams of passengers, meeting on the Common .formed, as it were, a vast lake of life. The progress of Browne to the scene of action on Tuesday morning, was more like that of a General returning in triumph from victory, than a pugilist about to engage in a doubtful contest - he was seated with his friend Spring, and several others, in a landau, his own property, decorated on the pannels with the sign of his house in Bridgenorth, and drawn by four fine horses, while a great number of well-mounted gentlemen, formed, as it were, his body-guard. Both Sampson and Browne waited at the Bradford Arms till the time arrived for entering the ring. The arrangements on the ground had been made with much skill and attention. On reaching the centre of the ring, we found that a circle of waggons, with a stage on a convenient spot for the accommodation of a select few, formed the external barrier; in front of these, the spectators, whom inclination or necessity induced to remain on foot, were kept at a distance of several yards from the 24-feet arena, by a strong circle of ropes and stakes. The ring itself was formed with posts of great thickness, deeply embedded in the earth, and three ropes - one more than the usual number - were affixed to them. The fee for standing places in the waggons, was a crown each person, and our friends Oliver, Holt, Curtis, **Fogo**, and one or two others, by whom, to use

an ancient phrase, "the battle had been set in array," reaped a plentiful harvest as a reward for their exertions. Still, it was evident, that good order would not long be maintained. The number of spectators could not have been less than 30,000 - some persons guessed their numbers at 50,000 - of these at least 15,000 were unable to see the 24-foot ring, and were consequently continually pressing forward, while not more than a dozen men were engaged, and these only at intervals, at keeping them back.]

The spot chosen for the ring, we have already stated, was considerably elevated above the surrounding country; and while the approaching multitude could thus command a squint at the wished-for goal they were approaching, those already arrived had a fine panoramic view of the gathering throng. The waggons and stages soon found occupants at 5s. a nob, while the humbler classes scrambled within the outer circle, taking up their positions under the direction of proper masters of the ceremonies, armed with whips and sticks. As twelve o'clock approached this mass became more dense, and at last they were concentrated, twelve and fourteen deep, completely back to the waggons. It required the utmost exertion to keep them within the prescribed bounds, as those behind could not obtain even a glimpse of the ropes and stakes. The colours of the men were displayed in various directions - those of Sampson being a deep crimson, and those of Brown a light crimson and white stripe or check. These were mounted on sticks, and had a very picturesque effect. Bands of music, cuttlers of all descriptions, and other purveyors of eatables and drinkables were also on the spot, and nothing was wanting to increase the extraordinary features of the spectacle.

At ten o'clock, Brown, attended by Spring, Black Richmond and his immediate friends, quitted their quarters at Compton in an open landau, drawn by four spirited horses, Brown's own property, with the "Bottle in Hand" emblazoned on the pannels of the carriage, each man wearing the favourite *fogle* of their hero. They were surrounded by a body guard of Brown's friends on horseback, and followed by a long line of carriages. At half-past eleven, they reached the Bradford Arms, at Ivetsey Bank, where we have already described Sampson to have stopped. This house was admirably calculated, from a double stair-case, for the accommodation of two parties; and each took possession of separate apartments; the other rooms being occupied by Squires and Honourables without end.

Shortly before one o'clock, the order for a move to the arena of battle was given, and Sampson set out in a coach and six surrounded by his patrons - Brown occupying his *swell drag*, in high spirits.

Brown first entered the ring, shortly before one, accompanied by his second and bottle-holder, Tom Spring and Black Richmond. He was received by a deafening shout of welcome - his colours were displayed in every direction, and on throwing his *caster* within the ropes, he followed and bowed respectfully in all directions. He was dressed in a blue coat, breeches, & top boots. [WD has: At five minutes before one o'clock, Browne, leaning on the arm of Tom Spring, made his way through the circle of spectators, and threw his hat into the ring - he was received with a tremendous cheer. The appearance of the Bridgenorth hero was highly prepossessing - he was dressed in a blue coat, white cord *unmentionables*, and *top* boots. He looked like a well-dressed farmer, and he made many bows, and waved his hand with frequent smiles to his friends, forcibly reminding the spectators of the lines by Peter Corcoran, which are peculiarly applicable on the present occasion: -

"Oh! it is life to see a *proud*
And dauntless man step, full of hopes,
Up to the P.C. stakes and ropes,
Throw in his hat, and with a *Spring*
Get gallantly within the ring.
Eye the wide crowd, and walk awhile,
Taking all cheerings with a *smile*."

A few minutes after Mr. Browne's *entre*, Sampson appeared, and the *Brums*, in their turn, rent the air with applause. Phil was not badly *togged*, but he certainly looked much more like a pugilist than a gentleman. On the entrance of the latter boxer, Browne, who was sitting on the hamper containing the bottles, &c. to be used by his seconds, rose up, and holding out his hand with a good-natured smile, said, "Well, my boy, how are you?" Sampson gave him his mauley, but turned his face another way with an angry scowl, and merely repeated "How are *you*?"

Sampson immediately prepared for action, and his example was followed by Brown, whose general "turn out" was of a superior character. His second, Tom Spring, wearing a white jacket and white silk stockings, and Richmond being also attired in *flash togs*.

The umpires and referee having been chosen, the men prepared for combat; and the ring at this moment presented the greatest order and regularity, a select few being, as usual, close to the ropes. Tom Oliver was to have seconded Sampson, but from the injury he received in the fight between Castles and Flynn, he was too lame for that office.

At this moment it was calculated that there could not be less than fifty thousand persons of all ranks; and the scene which was presented was the most extraordinary we ever witnessed. Every elevated spot, whether waggon, stage, or carriage, was literally swarming; but such was the firmness with which every erection was constructed, that we did not hear of a single accident. Crowds continued to arrive for a considerable time afterwards, and many who had taken the wrong road, by going to Stourbridge, were altogether thrown out.

All being in readiness, the men threw off their last remaining garments, and approached the *scratch*. A pin might have been heard drop at the moment. The condition of both men was excellent; but the disparity in size was obvious to all. Brown stood well over his man, and his gigantic size, added to his apparent confidence, kept him the favourite at 2 to 1, which was laid and taken at the moment; the best Judges and the most *knowing* of the Fancy laying the odds. The symmetry of Sampson's frame was beautiful, while a fixed determination to do his best was plainly written in every line of his countenance. Brown smiled, and looked equally satisfied with his chances.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. - At twenty-three minutes after one, the men threw themselves into position; Sampson, as customary, with his hands low and springing on his toe, ready for operations offensive or defensive. Brown, his left hand up and in advance, his right hand a little in the rear covering his head; his nob a little on one side, as of to reconnoitre his man through his guard. The seconds and Bottle-holders at a little distance. Brown having won the toss. had his side and back a little to the sun. A short time was occupied in manœuvring, when Brown crept in, and attempted to plant his left and right; Sampson was with him, and slight hits were interchanged, Sampson having rather the best in the right-handed counter. More caution, when Sampson rushed in and planted his right on Brown's left eye. Brown hit out boldly with his right, in turn but missed. Another pause, when Sampson was evidently preparing for a desperate lunge. Brown kept his guard well up, when both rushed in, and hit right and left, to the advantage of Simpson, who caught Brown with his left on the nozzle. They both now got to rally - Brown rushed in and bored Sampson to the stakes, Sampson hitting as he retreated. Brown closed at the ropes, grappling his man with great strength, and trying for the fib - Sampson active with his *mawleys*. Brown succeeded in getting him down, and as he was down, hit him in the head - [cries of *foul*, but the umpires made no observation, and Sampson was picked up by his second. While Brown sat on Richmond's knee, many exclaimed this ought to have decided the fight; but perhaps it was better that no notice was taken, as the blow was clearly not meant, and did no harm.] - The moment Brown got up, Harry Holt cried *first blood*, and blood was seen trickling from his nose, thus deciding the first event.

2. Sampson, as before, ready - his arms down, but preparing for mischief - Brown on his guard. Sampson first broke ground right and left, and succeeded in putting in a jobber with the former. Brown countered heavily with his right, and Sampson was equally unsuccessful with is left. A short pause, when Brown made his left but with little effect. Sampson returned with the right heavily on Brown's left ogle. Brown's guard still well up and both cautious. At length Brown rushed in, and hit severely with his right, catching Sampson on the side of the head a *stinger*. Sampson countered, and, after one or two exchanges, Brown succeeded in throwing Sampson, and falling heavily upon him.

3. Brown's head showed heavy marks of punishment; but Sampson was free from spot. Little time was lost before Brown rushed in to plant his right, but missed - Sampson attempted to trip him with his right foot, but did not succeed, and Brown fell on his knees.

[Spring complained that Simpson had kicked his man, and said it was a *foul*, but the umpires did not interfere. It was foul for foul, if there was anything foul in Simpson's design, which we did not think was the case, as he evidently meant to trip and not kick.]

4. Little time was lost in sparring, when Simpson hit out right and left and caught Brown on the nose - Brown lashed out desperately with his right, but hit round and missed. More blood from Brown's nose. Sampson hit right and left, catching Brown heavily in the right ear with his left, and was retreating when Brown followed him rather wildly; Sampson, as he got back, hit him up beautifully right and left. Brown bored in on him, and Sampson fell on his back, Brown heavily upon him, his left shoulder coming with prodigious force on the ground. Even betting.

5. Brown in getting on his second's knee bled profusely from the right ear, which was cut and swollen. Both steady - Brown hit out desperately with his right, but Sampson stopped him cleverly ["That's right," cried Harry, "you have only his right to fear"]. A pause, when Sampson. seeing his opening, rushed in, & delivered heavily with his right on Brown's left *ogle*. Brown fought to a rally, but without precision, and Sampson hit him down beautifully with a terrific flush hit on the smeller. (*First knock down blow*, and the *Bums* in ecstasy - shouts from all quarters, 'He's nothing but a *muff*!')

6. Brown came up steady again; little time was lost, when he flung out his right and caught Sampson on the left lug - another *stinger*. Sampson fell back, but instantly advanced again, and popped in two good jobbers right and left. Brown returned with the right. Sampson was then retreating to meet him at points, but Brown was with him. Sampson hit out with his left, caught him round the neck with his right, and pulled him back, when Brown fell heavily with his head against the stake, Sampson under him. Manly fighting on both sides, though Brown left no visible impression, and could not use his left.

7. Both men went to work as if by mutual consent; Brown's right again dropped on the side of Sampson's head, but Sampson had him in return, right and left. Weaving hits on both sides, rather at random. Sampson retreated, and Brown bored in, and caught him round the waist against the ropes. Here a dreadful scuffle ensued; Sampson got his right leg over the rope, while he caught Brown's neck under his left arm. Brown fibbed at his kidneys with his right, and every effort was made by Harry Holt to get Simpson down; but Brown held him up, and continued to fib. At last, Sampson, who was not idle with his right, got down. Hard work for both, and from Brown's apparent strength he was again the favourite at 2 to 1, and money was laid and staked.

8. Sampson came up fresh, and still without a mark in his face, though his side shewed marks of Brown's body hits. - Sampson wound himself up for mischief, and hit left and right ion Brown's cannister. Brown returned cleverly with his right and caught him on the jaw. Sampson fought to a rally, and wove away right and left. Brown also hit in the same style, but wildly. Brown closed, and threw Sampson a heavy fall.

9. Caution on both sides. Brown popped in his favourite right hand, and caught Simpson at the back of the ear, but could not catch him at the front of the head. A long pause - Sampson delivered his right; but Brown missed a terrific counter, which, if it had reached the right place, would have done wonders. Sampson retreated a little, and caught him right and left on the mug. Brown closed for in-fighting at the ropes, when Sampson went down. - [Harry Holt now held Sampson's head between his hands, as if it were a little out of sorts: and no doubt his right *auricular* was troubled with a *singing*, as Brown hit him heavily on the side of the *nob*].

10. Brown's left eye was now fast closing, and his frontispiece, in other respects, shewed "outward and visible signs" of hard punishment, while Sampson scarcely shewed a scratch. His left ear, however, was considerably discoloured. Brown went in courageously, and caught Sampson with his right on the neck; he then delivered his left, but was countered heavily. Brown closed, and Sampson was flooded.

11. Sampson came up fresh, and Brown stood well to him. - Sampson again took the lead right and left, but Brown countered with his right on the side of his head. A spirited rally followed, in which the deliveries on Sampson's part were heavy, and Brown was in turn tumbled.

[At this moment the outer ring was broken in, and in despite of every exertion to prevent it, the mass of spectators darted spontaneously to the ropes and stakes. The rush was like an overwhelming torrent, and several persons got within the ropes; it was in vain to use persuasions, forcible or otherwise, the torrent could not be stemmed, and the men went on to fight under these unfavourable circumstances].

[*WD* version of this round was: The anxiety of the spectators, at the back part of the ring, to obtain a view of this interesting fight, now bore down all opposition. The ropes, intended to keep them back, gave way; and the whole dense mass of spectators, on foot, pressed forwards on all sides. It was really fearful to behold at least 20,000 persons moving gradually and irresistibly towards one common centre - the 24-feet ring. The cries of those who were trodden underfoot - the shouting of the ring-keepers, whose efforts, with sticks and whips, to keep the mob back, were as useless as an attempt to *stem* a torrent with a feather - the execrations of the Birmingham men, who charged the opposite party with resorting to the expedient of breaking the ring, to save their man from defeat - and the angry recriminations of the men of Bridgenorth, formed altogether a scene of terrible confusion, that could not have been surpassed at Babel itself, even if the builders of that aspiring tower had, in addition to the confusion of tongues, fallen out, and

mingled, pell mell, in universal combat. The stakes forming the 24-foot ring, strong as they were, soon gave way; and, during the remainder of the fight, the combatants were confined to a space that a moderate sized tea-tray would almost have covered: sometimes, indeed, they had not room to spar; and it often happened, that when brought up at the call of "Time!" they were obliged to push some of the intruders out of the way, before they could make a hit. Nothing, but our anxiety to procure a correct account of this important fight, could have induced us to remain in a scene of such extreme inconvenience - not to say peril.]

12. On coming to the scratch, Sampson lost not a moment in going to work - he went in weaving right and left. Brown returned manfully, but his blows were not well directed, and passed off idly. Sampson hit with him, and delivered some severe facers - Brown closed and threw him.

13. Good many fighting on both sides, but in favour of Sampson. Brown down.

14. Sampson planted a heavy right-hander; Brown returned, and after a close rally, Brown flung Sampson, and fell heavily upon him.

15. Sampson, with great judgment, again had him right and left; but Brown closed, and Sampson was floored.

16. Sampson put in his left and right with dreadful precision. Brown hit with him, but again his right hand only fell on the side of his head. Sampson drew back as well as he could from the crowd, which now pressed round him, and as Brown followed, hit him up with wonderful precision and tact right and left. Brown closed in upon him, and both went down. [Sticks, whips and every means were now resorted to, to keep the ring, but in vain].

17. Brown, on coming up, shewed weakness, but Simpson was ready, and, as Brown stood up, was about to let fly; Spring interfered, and got between them, as if to save his man till he got to the *scratch*. Sampson instantly hit Spring with his right to the head, and sent him back. He then rushed to his man, hit him right and left, and dropped him. - Spring looked indignant, but had prudence enough to smother his anger, and not return the blow which he had received, and which was certainly inexcusable, as he was only doing his duty to his man. - [Dreadful confusion, sticks flying in all directions, and the stakes giving way - cracking in some places like so many sticks of sealing wax, from the pressure of the crowd.]

18. Brown came up with determined game; but Sampson was ready, and hit him heavily right and left, and floored him.

19. Sampson again went in to punish right and left. Brown fought manfully with him, and dropping his head, retreated; Sampson hit him up right and left with cutting severity. Brown dropped on his knees, and as he fell had it again in the front of the head. 20. Sampson again popped his right flush on Brown's nose. Brown did not flinch, but manfully did his best, and in the close brought Sampson down.

21. Sampson came up eager, and again threw in his right and left. Brown fought wildly though boldly, and his blows did not tell. In the end Brown was thrown.

22. Great difficulty was now experienced in obtaining room for the men to fight. Poor old Richmond was knocked down, and swore his leg was broke; but the fracture was soon healed. Time was regularly called from the perseverance of the Umpires. Brown again had it right and left on the head, but he closed and threw his man.

23. Brown came up reeling, but game; he rushed in with his right and delivered heavily on Sampson's lug. Sampson was with him right and left, and Brown was thrown (any odds on Sampson).

24. It would be in vain to pursue the details of the rounds further; the mass of the people was so dense in the ring, added to the constant shoving to keep space clear for the men, that it was impossible to take a note. Still we kept our eye on the men, and were astonished to witness the manly firmness with which Brown, although his left eye was completely closed, and his face was otherwise dreadfully disfigured, came up to his man. The fighting, however, was all in the favour of Sampson; his hitting right and left was beautiful, and he never gave his opponent a chance. The falls were alternate, but the hitting all against poor Brown, who, on coming up, often dropped his head, & received without resistance, Sampson never suffering an opportunity to escape of punishing him. Still Brown would not say "no," till, in the forty-second round, when he fell, and complaining of his shoulder, it was announced that he could not come again. The hat was then thrown up after forty-nine minutes' tremendous work, proclaiming Sampson's victory amidst the deafening shouts of the Brummagen boys.

It was impossible to imagine anything more dreadful than the state of the ring during the fight, from the fourteenth round - every stake was prostrated, and the ropes trodden under foot. Still the seconds, bottle-holders, and time-keepers, did their duty, and the fight may be considered as fairly won. Sampson was immediately conducted to his carriage without a scratch, although the left side of his head, from Brown's repeated hits with the right, was swollen and much discoloured. Brown, on the contrary, shewed a woeful alteration of countenance, independent of the injury to his shoulder. His left eye was quite closed, and his mouth, nose, and right eye and ear were severely peppered. He was, however, enabled to walk from the ring, which, when the punishment he had experienced, as well as the severe exertion he had to make against his antagonist, and the mass by which he was surrounded, is considered, proved him to have been possessed of great bodily strength as well as sound bottom - a virtue which must redeem his deficiency in other fighting requisites in the minds of his friends.

[WD - At the end of the 43rd round, we were close to Browne, as he sat on Richmond's knee. Holt was then vehemently declaring that Sampson had won the battle, inasmuch as Browne had just said that he could fight no more. This Spring strenuously denied, but added that he would not bring Browne up again, till the ring was cleared, as it was impossible for the men to fight in such a scene of confusion. Time was called, and Spring accordingly omitted to place Browne on his legs - the latter was at this moment complaining that his shoulder was "out". Sampson now hurled his hat in the air, in token of victory. But, as there seemed to be some demur as to his having yet won, he approached and spoke to Browne, who, we believe, intimated that he was under the necessity of giving in. At all events, the Birmingham hero was now declared the winner, and he walked out of the ring, amidst the deafening cheers of his friends. He was almost wholly unhurt, having merely a tinge under the left eye, and a few slight contusions on the left side of his head. Poor Browne was dreadfully punished - he had received several of those stunning temple hits, for which Sampson has always been famous - his left eye was completely closed, his right nearly as bad, and his nose was almost smashed. In fact, there was no part of the sides and front of his head that did not show the effects of Phil's "handy work," and, in addition to all this, his left shoulder-bone was dislocated. At what precise period of the fight the latter injury was received, we are not able to learn - it must have been, however, towards the close of the fight, as we saw him make use of his left hand in hitting, a few rounds before the battle ended. The fight lasted 49 minutes.]

REMARKS

Sampson, by this victory, as well as by the steadiness, vigour, science, and game which he shewed throughout, when opposed by such superior strength and physical advantages, has taken the lead of all his competitors, and entitles himself to look for honours of a still higher character. Indeed it is said that he may now be expected to challenge some of the most distinguished stars of the Ring. He never before fought so well. Brown turned out a *blank* in the wheel of Fortune, and completely disappointed his best friends, as well as placed the judgement of Spring, by whom he was pronounced almost a *Nonpareil*, in a very humble point of view. His main dependence seems to be on bodily strength, and the terrific power of his right hand. These requisites may be fearful when opposed to a novice; but with Simpson

they proved of little avail; indeed such was the mode of his hitting with his right hand, that it almost invariably, when it reached at all, fell at the back of Sampson's head, instead of meeting him in the front, and thus told with comparatively little effect,

From a close perusal and unremitting attention to the fight, we have given impartially its principal features; and while we admit that Brown showed courage and perseverance, we cannot withhold from Sampson the meed of deserved praise to which he entitled himself by his unshrinking fortitude and good generalship throughout.

Both men were reconducted to the Bradford Arms, where Sampson lay down for about ten minutes; he then had some water-gruel, and within the hour set out for Birmingham, accompanied by his friends, in his coach and six; and as he passed through the different towns, with his own colours & those of his opponent displayed, he was hailed with an applause equal to that of a Wellington. The roads were lined with men, women, and children, whose cheers rent the air as he passed, and must have filled him with the conscious pride of meriting the confidence of his friends.

Brown was also put to bed, and was attended by a medical man, who, with some difficulty, adjusted the dislocation of his shoulder, which, he said, was done in the fourth round; and, indeed, we do not recollect his planting a single effective left-handed hit after. We rather think, however, that the injury was only incipient in the first instance, and from repeated exertions afterwards became more decided, as the bone was alternately seen to protrude. This gives an additional evidence of his game.

It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the *Brums*, upon Sampson's arrival at half-past six o'clock. Throughout the night every house was thronged, and the health of the conqueror was drank so repeatedly, that many were reduced to a state almost as helpless as Brown himself.

Immense sums have been lost, and the Bridgnorth boys will long have to rue the fall of their Champion. We beg to refer our readers to a letter from Tom Spring, in another part of our paper, on the subject of Brown and Sampson's fight.

[*WD* - The Shropshire folks have lost immense sums upon their Champion; they left the battle-field with wofully long faces. In supporting pugilism, as a manly, national sport, we trust the public will not suspect us of wishing to excuse that deep gambling of which it is too often the medium - though much less so than horse-racing and other fashionable amusements. The following anecdote may not be useless as a warning to all persons not to make too sure of a pugilistic contest, and never to venture more money than they can well afford to lose. A Shropshire farmer, who attended the above fight, was telling some of the spectators around him, that he had sported all the money he could raise upon Browne - he stood to lose upwards of 200*l.*, and among other bets, he had risked 60*l.*, against a horse not worth 15*l.* At the close of the fight, a person came running towards him, exclaiming, "It's all over - he has lost!" Who has lost?" Inquired the farmer, with a faltering voice. - "Browne, to be sure," was the reply. "Oh, my God, my God!" exclaimed the poor farmer, "I'm a ruined man;" and he instantly fell in a fainting fit.

The colours of Browne were affixed to sticks at several of the waggons, and were thus flying in the air as flags. Towards the close of the fight, a Birmingham boy, who, it is said, belongs to a fraternity common enough in that town, climbed into one of these waggons and while the persons therein were too much occupied by sympathising with each other on the evidently fast approaching defeat of Browne, the young *Brum* tore down their flag, and exclaiming, "strike your colours, Bridgnorth, to the Sampson of Birmingham," he coolly pocketed the silken wipe, and walked off, laughing heartily at the astounded friends of Browne.

The line of the road from Wolverhampton to Birmingham was, on Tuesday night, in a perfect tumult of delight for the success of the hero of the latter town, and every vehicle that passed was saluted with deafening cheers of "Sampson for ever!"

[*Spring was greatly upset by his protégé's loss and caused Sampson some trouble in London thereafter - an image includes a piece on the 'Rumoured Death of Brown' which spread in London but was a hoax.*]

The rest of the article covers the second fight between Piefinch and Young Gas which was due to follow the Sampson versus Brown fight;

PIEFINCH & YOUNG GAS for 200 SOVEREIGNS

We now come to the affair between Piefinch and Young Gas. This match was made for 100*l.* a-side; and from Gas's known game qualities, he was at firstly the favourite, at 5 to 4. Piefinch was a stranger in the Ring, and was looked upon as a mere *yokel* fighter. He was heavier than Young Gas, and some professed to think that he was the better man. The judges, who had an opportunity of weighing their respective merits, thought otherwise: by some strange chance, however, he suddenly became the favourite, and was freely backed at 6 to 4; while, on the treble events, as we have before stated, he was invariably chosen as one of the winners. This of course excited suspicion, and opinions were delivered on the subject without disguise, although with something like the semblance of secrecy. That a *cross* was contemplated, many freely stated; and, judging from appearances, this was a very fair conclusion; but whether it might not have been intended "to whip the double on the supposed *illuminati*, and ultimately let Gas win, so as to *nibble* the long odds, is a problem which we cannot solve; for such are the intricacies of modern speculations in this way, as has been broadly said by an old ring goer, that "it is dangerous to be safe." If a direct *cross* were intended, the concoctors ought to be exposed; if, on the contrary, it was *innocently* intended to pop the would-be patrons of the cross "in the hole," why "the least said is soonest mended."

All we know on the subject is, that while Sampson was fighting, a backer of Gas offered a bet on an even hundred, that "if Gas fought Piefinch he would win;" a bet which no person at the moment was in the humour to accept. Leaving all these matters to the ingenious speculations of those interested, we can only state, that after Brown and Sampson quitted the spot which had been a ring, but which was now the mere ruins of such an arena, a considerable period elapsed before anything was done towards making preparations for the second fight. Both men had been seen on the ground, and therefore their presence was momentarily expected by several thousands of an anxious throng, who, from the double motive of curiosity or *interest* desired their presence.

At last the centre of the area was cleared, and the ropes and stakes were once more "themselves again," having been reinstated with some difficulty in their original position. This was *delightful*, and the *milling appetite* of all, unsatiated by the previous display, which might be considered rather as a broken repast, became as keen as ever; but, alas, disappointment was still their lot - the fate of *Tantalus* awaited them. 'Tis true Piefinch approached, threw up his *tile*, and entered the ring amidst the acclamations of the throng; but this was all the enjoyment that was intended; for, after waiting half an hour, Gas did not shew, and Piefinch claimed the battle-money, to which by the rules of the Ring he is entitled. Why Gas did not appear was not stated; nor were we in the secret. Perhaps the first of the three events we have named having come off the "wrong way," less of importance was attached to the match; and Gas's backers deemed it unnecessary to expose him to danger. Perhaps the backers of Piefinch began to smell a rat, and declared off their bets. Perhaps Gas had made up his mind to do his best, in spite of all the temptations; and, indeed, we have heard that this was actually the case. Perhaps - but speculation is endless - he did not fight, and there is an end to the tale. A good deal of confusion has in consequence arisen upon bets on double events, in which Piefinch and Brown, or Gas and Simpson, or *vice versa* were coupled either as against each other, or as linked to win or lose together. A discussion took place on this subject at Belcher's, on Wednesday evening, when a Gentleman who has backed Piefinch's winning against Brown's, claimed his bet, which after some deliberation, Belcher, who was stakeholder, declared his intention to give up, considering - for the purpose of double events, although not on single bets - Piefinch to all intents and purposes was the winner, and on Thursday the bets were given up accordingly.

Great anxiety was felt in London to know the result of the fights on Wednesday. The first intelligence of Sampson's success was made known on the arrival of the mail on that morning, but this was scarcely credited; and it was not till our own arrival in town a few hours afterwards, that implicit belief was given to the news. The sporting houses overflowed at night, and all the *pros* and *cons* were weighed with due *scrupulosity*, but it was impossible, by any argument, to collapse the visages of the *Brownites*, whose *mugs* were dreadfully elongated, and who reluctantly confessed they had been "done Brown," Sampson has, in fact, played the devil with the Philistines, and in future they will, no doubt, trust more to their own experience than to the weak, or prejudiced, or interested opinions of others.

Bell's of the 27th April and then the *Dispatch* of the same date carried bemusing information about Fogo; ¹⁰⁷

DICK CURTIS AND HARRY JONES

A meeting took place at Reuben Martin's, on Wednesday evening, [23rd] to make a match between these men; but Harry Jones was again "put in the basket" by his friends - for, although large promises had been made to him, there was no money forthcoming, and so he forfeited the pound down. Dick's friends were prepared with their "ready," and it was announced, as the match was not to be made that night, that Dick had resolved to take leave of the Ring (the roped ring, we mean) altogether. He is about, as one of his "mealy mouthed" friends said, to change his condition, and to go into another line, where, for a time, at least, all his energies of mind and body would be called into action. From the stormy paths of the Fancy, said **Fogo**, he is about to recline upon a bed of roses and tulips (two lips, we suppose), where his friends, he had no doubt, would wish him as much repose as was consistent with that character for uprightness which he had always maintained. [*Bell's*] - had he found a new partner?

Alec Reid will preside at a sparring match on Tuesday evening next, [29th] at the sign of the Fleece, Duke-street, Stamford-street, Blackfriars. Should the *consarn* turn out all right, Alec says he shall carry on the same game every week. **Frosty-faced Fogo** will perform a favourite overture on the Jew's harp, and the Cheshire hero is engaged to dance a minuet in the character of Lady Godiva, with appropriate costume. [*the Hero was an ex-private in the Blues*]

The next fight which Frosty probably attended was the one on Tuesday 29th April between Ned Baldwin and Ned O'Neal. Tom Oliver was there to set up the ring and Frosty probably was too, but not mentioned. The fight was disrupted and then re-organised for May the 28th when both Fogo and Oliver are mentioned. What happened at the first fight was a common occurrence in this time and getting commoner as the law and church became more involved in trying to ban pugilistic matches. The events were covered in the *Morning Herald* of the 30th April but a fuller account is given in the *Weekly Dispatch* of the 4th May;

A LONG FIGHT, AND NO DECISION – THE BEAKS AT WORK AGAIN

The Game Fight on Tuesday last, [29th April] between NED BALDWIN, commonly called White-headed Bob, and NED O'NEALE, for 250l aside.

Ned O'Neale, who, by the consent of his antagonist, had the choice of ground for this interesting contest, named Liphook, in Hampshire, as the scene of action; and it was understood that several gentlemen of Portsmouth and its neighbourhood would subscribe a handsome sum for the combatants, in consideration of having such an opportunity of witnessing a display of that old English skill and courage which they have patronized several times before. The strongest assurances were given that the Fancy would be "all right" at Liphook – in other words, that no interruption was to be apprehended; and, under this welcome promise, with the delightful weather of a bright spring day to cheer the journey, the London ring-goers started in considerable numbers on Monday afternoon – some fixing their headquarters at Guildford, and others at Godalming, intending to push forward to the battle-field on the following morning. It was soon evident to us, that the fight could only take place with the concurrence of the Magistrates; for the scene of action was, by some mismanagement, known to all the country round, and, on reaching the King's Arms at Godalming, we were not surprised to learn that all the arrangements were "knocked on the head." Here we met with **Tom Oliver** – his usually placid countenance bore indications of a recent terrible fright, and he was as nervous as if he had seen the devil, or had been kept all day without grog. The Commissariat Department [*including Fogo presumably*], it appeared,

had arrived at Liphook on Sunday, where also O'Neale had taken up his quarters; but on the following day a certain beak, in the commission from Hampshire, Sussex, and Surrey, issued a warrant for the apprehension of the combatants; and so near was Ned O'Neale being *grabbed*, that he was fain to push out of the back-door of his inn, and, attended by *little* Jack Clarke, the *great* trainer, he flew like a frightened hare over the fields, till a post-chaise could be procured to convey him to the sign of the White Lion, at Milford, on the road to Godalming. Meantime, another *beak* – a *bud* of Liphook, visited the public house of that place, and told the unhappy bonnifaces that he should require to be furnished with the names of all persons who visited their *cribs* that day; besides which, their doors must be absolutely closed at ten o'clock at night. While talking to one of the publicans, this “*vigilant and active*” Magistrate perceived **Tom Oliver**, seated opposite the house, and immediately approaching him, he inquired whether he had not made some bets on the approaching fight? – “Perhaps I have, Sir,” said *Tom*, touching his castor. “And you have broken the peace yourself, before now – have you not?” – “Oh no, by no means,” said Tom, “Lord bless you, Sir, I am the most inoffensive man in his Majesty’s dominions!” “I do not know, for all that, though,” rejoined the beak, “whether I should not be justified in committing you to prison.” Tom thought it odd that he should be liable to be sent to “*durance vile*” for merely betting on a prize-fight, but he endeavoured to smooth the angry gentleman down, by assuring him, that if he objected to the intended *mill*, it should not take place in that part of the country. After a time, the rage of the beak seemed somewhat abated, and Tom took an opportunity of “making his lucky” to Godalming. On Monday evening, Baldwin, who had “set up the staff of his rest” at Mouse Hill, about half a mile from O'Neale’s quarters, paid him a visit, when it was arranged that the place of fighting should be named on the following morning. It was fully understood, however, that all hopes of bringing the match to a conclusion in that vicinity must be given up, and that the battle would take place on the road homewards. The news of the magisterial interference was communicated to the Fanciers as they arrived from all quarters on Tuesday morning, and the disappointment they experienced may be easily imagined. The town of Godalming presented an unusual scene of bustle, and all was anxiety to learn the intended arrangements. At nine o'clock, a post-chaise, containing O'Neale and his seconds – jolly Josh Hudson and intelligent Harry Holt, drove up to the King’s Arms, and Bagshot-heath was at once named as the battle-field. Vehicles of all sorts, and in great numbers, were speedily in motion towards that spot, and, at Guildford, the *procession* being joined by those who had passed the night in that town, away, at a rapid rate, went the numerous drags – their inmates cursing all arbitrary Magistrates, and leaving the various innkeepers and tradesmen of the district behind them, to chew the bitter cud of disappointment at the loss of that rich harvest which they must have reaped from the vast assemblage of people that would have mustered, had the fight taken place on the spot appointed. A halt was made for a short time at Bisley Green (about three miles from the town of Bagshot) – here a convenient piece of turf was pointed out for the fight, but *it wanted a gate*, and, after a long consultation, the author of *Boxiana* [*Pierce Egan*], whom O'Neale had very properly deputed to name a place for the fight, appointed Ascot Heath, as being in Berkshire, and consequently out of the jurisdiction of either of those Magistrates who had already been so troublesome. Again, however, the Fanciers were disappointed – the keeper of the race-course announced to the Commissary that he should have been happy for the fight to take place opposite the Grand Stand, but he “must not allow it.” A field was, at length, obtained in Hatchard-lane, not far from the above hearth, and here, soon after one o'clock, the ring was placed in order, and O'Neale entered; he was followed in a few minutes by Baldwin. The preparations for action were expedited by another unwelcome intimation that a *beak* was coming. The high odds of 2 and 3 to 1 were still offered on O'Neale, but they found, at this period, few takers. The fight commenced at about half-past one – seconds, Holt and Hudson for O'Neale – Crawley and Dick Curtis for Baldwin.

Round 1. The White-headed hero looked very pale, but he was in excellent condition – he did not seem to carry an ounce of useless flesh, yet was quite as heavy as he ought to be. O'Neale looked remarkably well in the face, he was quite rosy, and his friends *appeared* satisfied that he was as well as he ever was in his life, but his body appeared, as usual, covered with large scorbic blotches, and, whatever may be said to the contrary, he was NOT in good condition, perhaps he had made too sure of winning. The men were a little over 12st. In weight, and if there were any difference in that respect, Baldwin had the advantage, but it was not more than a pound or two. After about a couple of minutes occupied in sparring, and looking for an opening, Baldwin let fly left and right, and stepped in, but O'Neale got away, and the blows fell short; – White-head, however, still advanced, and the men came to a close, when, as Baldwin was going down, O'Neale planted a home right-handed blow on the cheek-bone, that left an “outward visible sign” of the “grace” with which it was delivered. O'Neale also fell upon him. “Well done, Ned, that’s the way to darken the *Whitehead*.”

2. Baldwin seemed rather nervous, and was certainly over-anxious – he again hit short with both hands, and rushed in, but, missing his aim, he fell forwards on his face. O'Neale missed an up-hit that would have done mischief, and this round passed off without any harm being done on either side.

3. “Be steady, Bob,” said Dick Curtis, “You’ve plenty of time.” “Go to work, Ned,” said an Emeralder, “let him know that you never were beaten, and never will be.” At going off, both hit short, but rapid exchanges followed, and they came to sparring again. O'Neale planted a jobber; Baldwin flung out desperately with both hands, but missed; his right fist went close by the face of his antagonist – had it gone home. It would have told a flattering tale for his friends. O'Neale now made himself up for mischief, planted a well measured right-hand on the side of the head, and, grappling his man, threw him a desperate cross-buttock with the whole weight of his body upon him. “There’s the Tipperary touch,” cried the Irish party, “that will shake the dust out of him.” Baldwin smiled, however, and his friends said there was nothing the matter.

4. Baldwin put in a sweeping right-hand on the upper-works. O'Neale returned well in the face, and again grappled poor Bob, when, after a little weaving, the Streatham hero brought him down as before, in a style that Abraham Cann [*Devon wrestler 1794 – 1864*] might have been proud of. 4 to 1 on O'Neale. Considerable discussion here ensued, as to whether or not O'Neale showed first blood, which it was alleged was perceptible on his nose, but we did not see any claret.

5. O'Neale put in a heavy right-hand on the side of the head. Baldwin returned a left-handed facer, but was again thrown.

6. Baldwin received a couple of facers, and, on each occasion he lashed out desperately with his right hand, but missed. Indeed, throughout the whole of the fight, he was particularly unfortunate in this respect. O'Neale now planted a home right-handed blow which brought a little stream of claret, perceptible enough, from Baldwin’s left ear; and this was announced as first blood. They closed, and Baldwin got down to avoid being thrown.

7. O'Neale made his favourite right hander tell again, but, in a struggle, he was well thrown. “Bravo, Bob, you can wrestle as well as he, if you like.” The Streatham hero was, however, the favourite at higher odds than ever.

8. Both men missed their distances in this round, and Baldwin, in following his man up, lost his balance, and tumbled forward.

9. Baldwin, in rushing in, was well met in the face, and fell, when O'Neale planted a couple of hits as he went down, and Bob's nasal organ spouted claret. - "Now," said Josh, "all the saints in heaven, and devils in hell, couldn't persuade me to bet a sixpence upon poor Bobby - why, it's Windsor Castle to a sentry box - the monument to Bob's tooth-pick, upon my man." "Don't be so fast, Josh," retorted Peter Crawley, 'we've a rod in pickle for you yet.'

10. This was a well fought round. O'Neale planted four heavy blows on the nob with his right hand - Baldwin made one or two good returns, but was hit down.

11, 12. In the first of these rounds no mischief was done; in the second; Baldwin was actually *hit wild*, and, in closing, he laid hold, for a moment, of Ned's drawers, but soon let go, and fell confused, when O'Neale hit him as he went down. 5 to 1 on Ned.

13. O'Neale went to work instanter, as if he expected to win the battle off-hand. Baldwin was Receiver-General, and was also thrown.

14. Baldwin put in a good left-hander in the face. - O'Neale returned well, and threw him a dangerous cross-buttock.

15, 16. O'Neale kept the lead most decidedly. Baldwin was, in the first of these rounds, sent down through the ropes, and in the second he was also grassed.

17. No mischief - O'Neale was under in the fall.

18. O'Neale planted three sharp facers: Baldwin followed him, with more game than judgment, and received sharp pepper - though he put in one good right hander. Baldwin was thrown. "It is as safe as the Bank," cried the Emeralds. "Perhaps it is," remarked a worthy friend of Baldwin, who was seated beside us, "but banks have broken before today."

19. The hitting was rather in the favour of Bob in this round; O'Neale received a heavy blow on the left eye, and another that drew blood from his nose. In the fall, also, O'Neale was under. "Well done, Bobby," said the Pet, "only job him well as he comes - let your left hand go out it's full length from the shoulder, and you must win."

20, 21. A slight change had really occurred in favour of Baldwin. He got O'Neale down in both of these rounds - once with his head full on the earth, and his heels in the air.

22. Heavy exchanges to the advantage of O'Neale. Baldwin received a right-hander that cut his left eye-brow as if a razor had been drawn across it, but he once more threw his man cleverly.

23. Baldwin was going in, when O'Neale missed a right-handed blow, and swinging round, retreated, with his back to the foe. Some disapprobation was manifested by Bob's party, but Ned returned to the charge, and grassed his antagonist by a couple of heavy facers.

24. The Whiteheaded hero rushed forward and drove O'Neale against one of the stakes, when Baldwin fell on his knees, with his hands up, and O'Neale, standing in front of him, might have punished him severely as he fell, but with a feeling of highly generous forbearance he scorned to take an advantage that might have seemed mean and inconsistent with his character as a really brave man. Instead of hitting Baldwin, he actually put his arms round him and helped him up. Bob acknowledged the kindness by a friendly shake of the hand, and the men seated themselves on their second's knees. The applause was deafening on all sides.

25. Baldwin had rather the best of this round - his right hand told several times, and O'Neale was under in the fall.

26, 27, 28. All in favour of O'Neale, and in the last round Baldwin was thrown heavily. It was the opinion of O'Neal's friends that he was winning the fight as fast as possible, and very high odds were offered on him. By comparing the marks exhibited by the men at this period, such an opinion was apparently justifiable. Baldwin's left eyebrow presented a frightful gash, and that ogle seemed nearly blind - his nose and mouth were also much swollen; and his left ear was nearly black, and puffed up to double its proper size. O'Neal's right eye was a little injured, and his nose bled pretty freely, but his head was, as compared with Baldwin's, little injured. His throat was, however, completely scarified, especially on the right side, but the marks were said to be mere scratches, which had been received during the closes

29, 30, 31. O'Neale kept the lead, but his usual good throwing did not tell in these rounds - the men tumbled side by side.

32. Ned went directly to Baldwin's head, and hit him completely off his legs. "By the powers of the devil," said a swell Irishman, "it is a coat to a cobweb upon Ned."

33. O'Neale planted a heavy right hander on poor Bob's damaged ear, and finished the round by giving him a desperate cross-buttock. "Why, Ned, you must play at the Eagle Tavern - you are the boy for giving fair back falls."

34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40. In all these rounds the hitting was decidedly in favour of O'Neale. Baldwin, though Curtis kept pointing out to him the proper mode of jobbing his antagonist with the left hand, could not use it effectually, but hit *across* towards Ned's left shoulder. He also repeatedly missed his right-handed returns. O'Neale did not do so much execution as usual, still he kept the lead most decidedly; he more than once sent Baldwin all abroad, and in the last of these rounds hit him off his legs by a home right-hander. 10 to 1. and even higher odds, were freely offered on the Streathamite.

41. The game of Baldwin was never doubted, but those who were most aware of its extent still entertained great hopes that it would bring him through. He was, though heavily punished, even now as strong as his antagonist, and he finished this round by giving Ned a good cross-buttock

From this period, the fight proceeded for a long while in O'Neale's favour, as far as hitting went, but he seemed considerably distressed, and Baldwin had frequently the best of the falls. O'Neale was considered to be winning gradually; in one or two rounds, Bob fell as if exhausted, after receiving many heavy blows, and several persons walked away from the ropes, thinking the fight was over, but O'Neale could not "polish his man off." In the 48th round, Baldwin's right eye was damaged by a straight facer, but he (---)ed and threw O'Neale with great force. In the four following rounds, Baldwin was sent down almost as soon as he came up, and it was expected by some *tolerably* good judges, that every round would be the last. But in the 52nd round, Bob threw his right arm about the neck of his antagonist, and brought him down with his head first on the earth, twisting his neck in a most painful and dangerous manner. The same manoeuvre was practised in the following round, and it was evident, from the appearance of Ned, that he was much hurt by these falls. The friends of Baldwin now cheered him on with repeated assurances that he was winning the fight, but O'Neale avoided being thrown for some time afterwards, and had the best of the fighting by a superiority in hitting. Again, was poor Bob repeatedly floored, and he sometimes fell all abroad. In the 64th round, O'Neale was thrown with his head on the earth in the manner already described, and the four following rounds ended in a similar manner. He was heard, as he lay on the ground, to desire his seconds, when they were picking him up, to "mind what they were about with his neck." Baldwin now seemed quite strong, much more so than his opponent; in fact he remarked to Peter Crawley, that he was not half tired. O'Neale had long been distressed for wind - his left hand was "knocked up," and his friends were much alarmed. In fact, if Baldwin did not take the lead, he at least brought the battle to a level, and (in our opinion) ought now to have been taken for choice. In the 68th round, just as Baldwin had again brought his man down, a Magistrate made his way through the outer ring, and approached the ropes, with a determination to put an end to the battle. He was immediately surrounded by fanciers, who endeavoured to dissuade him from interfering, and for a while they retained his Worship, in masking and replying to remonstrances, while the fight proceeded. He was really a well-meaning, kind-hearted old gentleman, and once or twice caught his eye watching with apparent interest the manoeuvres of the men. The seconds and bottle-holders kept out of his way *for a time*; but at length (when we must say that Bob's chance of winning was on the increase,

while O'Neale was getting weaker every round), Josh Hudson approached rather nearer than usual to the spot where the Magistrate stood – his Worship immediately caught him by the arm, and cautioned him as to the consequences of proceeding with the fight. Josh instantly vacated his office as second. Other persons ran in to pick up O'Neale; but the *beak* soon after *grabbed* Peter Crawley and Harry Holt (the Pet stuck to Baldwin like glue), and at the end of the 84th round, in which we must not omit to mention that O'Neale was heavily thrown, the fight was put an end to.

The Magistrate now desired to speak with the combatants, and they approached him without the least hesitation. His Worship then said, that he had been sent for by a gentleman who lives in the neighbourhood, and he was compelled by regard to his duty as a Magistrate, to interfere – though he had no hostility towards any persons then present; in proof of which, if they left off fighting, and quitted the ground peaceably, he should take no further notice of what had occurred; but he added, that if the fight were continued, the combatants and their seconds, as well as all persons present aiding and assisting, must *take the consequences*. He was, of course assured that he would be obeyed, and before leaving the ground his Worship acknowledged that he had met with much more civility and attention than he could have anticipated. The fight lasted one hour and a quarter.

The battle being thus stopped at a most interesting point, the combatants were conveyed to their respective inns at Bagshot and put to bed. Their faces now exhibited considerable tokens of punishment; but Baldwin's frontispiece was more disfigured than that of his antagonist. His sight was, however, very little impaired – the right eye was nearly as good as ever, and the left, though deeply marked around, was nothing near closed – the cut above it having let out the blood, and kept the flesh from swelling. O'Neale was very weak, and his left hand was in a bad state. It was stated in the articles, that in the event of a magisterial interference, the stakeholder should name another place for the decision of the match, and this business was discussed at Bagshot. The men were both willing to fight the battle out the same day; and Baldwin, after a little time (though he had expressed a contrary wish at first) was particularly anxious for such an arrangement; but during a consultation among the umpires, referee, and other influential persons, it was considered that it would be cruel to bring the men into the ring again in the state in which they were. At length, O'Neale being allowed his choice of drawing the stakes, of fighting at once, or on a future day, chose the latter, and the 27th of May was then named. As Ward and Carter are to contend on that day, it is expected that O'Neale and Baldwin will bring their match to issue in the same ring.

REMARKS – The question will naturally be asked, “Who would have won the fight if the *beak* had not arrived?” and this is a point of great importance to the many persons who sported the long odds. It would, doubtless, have been a VERY NEAR THING; but we must say, that our opinion inclines in favour of Baldwin. After a fight of 75 minutes, he was not half beaten, as far as hitting went, and O'Neale, independent of the important fact of one of his hands being much puffed, and the other rather the worse for wear, was getting very weak, while Baldwin was improving. At the close of the battle, the latter was the stronger man by a great deal, and they were both in such a state that strength, that is to say, the power of lasting, could alone have decided the contest – neither was then likely to beat his antagonist by blows. When they meet again, however, the battle may assume a quite different aspect. O'Neale is a better boxer than Baldwin, and he may adopt another style of fighting to bring him through. At all events, the observations we made in our last relative to the odds having been too high on O'Neale, have been fully verified. The above was not altogether a *good fight* – that the men showed high courage, and that Baldwin in particular, evinced unflinching game, must be admitted, but the science displayed was by no means first-rate. We never saw O'Neale fight so badly before, and Baldwin threw away a great many blows – especially right-handers – which if planted, would, in all probability, have won him the battle. It was curious enough that in the early part of the fight, Baldwin was thrown repeatedly with a force sufficient to smash a man who is not, like him, possessed of a frame of amazing strength; and that towards the close of the action, he should have turned the tables upon his opponent, and commenced (to all appearances) winning the fight by throwing *him*. We ought not to conclude without mentioning the fact, which is well known, and which is, perhaps, of more importance than any thing that we can say as to the state of the men when the *beak* put an end to the contest, viz. That most of those who had given the odds, expressed great satisfaction at the interruption of the battle. Indeed, we question whether that interruption would have been allowed *to be effective*, but for the turn which affairs had taken, for the magistrate was not attended by any persons *inside* the ring till 16 rounds had been fought in his presence.

Bets on the fight, above detailed, ought not, according to some persons opinions, to be considered *off* with out the consent of both parties, inasmuch as it was expressly provided in the articles, that in the even of magisterial interference, another place, and, if necessary, another *time*, should be named for the decision of the match – the meeting between O'Neale and Baldwin, on the 27th instant, as now fixed, ought therefore to be merely considered as a continuation of last Tuesday's fight. On the other hand, it is argued that the old rule of bets being off if the fight do not take place on the day named, must apply on this occasion; and, on Wednesday evening, Belcher restored to either party, some heavy sums which had been staked in his hands.

In May *Bell's* included a jocular item under the heading 'Answers' [replying to reader's questions] concerning Frosty and a tortoiseshell cat. This was the beginning of a continuous running joke which is rather mystifying. The joke is developed in issues 280511B, 280511WD, 280518B, 280525WD, 280622WD and 280629B.¹⁰⁸

Jack Fogo was never tried, or even suspected of cat-stealing

This may be a link to Fogo owning or having a share in a fighting bull-dog which appears later in the story but other meanings could be that some people [in Ireland for example] considered that tortoiseshell cats brought their owners luck or wealth. In slang, a Tortoiseshell or Tabby was an older woman who chases or pays for a younger man - a less likely interpretation. The same issue of *Bell's* contains a strange article concerning

disclosures to the police; a Committee investigating collusion between bankers and thieves in order to recover their property, Messengers from the House of Commons etc. the writer comments on the absurdity of it. Tongue in cheek he mentions people to be examined next; including **Frosty Faced Fogo**. The issue also has a poem 'The WELLINGTON BEAK' (Anon.) and below it another poem 'JACK SCROGGINS TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON' subtitled '*Arma cedant Togæ* - Arm'd with seedy Toggery (**Fogo's** free translation)' - possibly *by* Fogo?

The next issue of *Bell's* on the 11th May continued with the 'cat' theme; ¹⁰⁹

FELINE CHALLENGE EXTRAORDINARY. - **Frosty-faced Fogo** has a tortoise-shell tom cat, rising two years old, but blind in one eye, which he can match against any cat of the same age, colour, and defect, for any sum from a *tanner* to a *poney*. May be heard of at the Cat and Shoulder of Mutton, Hackney-fields -
N.B. The said tom open to *procreative* visits from his own species on the usual terms, and a fee to the groom.

Not to be left out, the *Dispatch* of the same day issued their variant of the story [being fed the story by Fogo himself I imagine] and had two pieces in the subject; ¹¹⁰

A TIT BIT FOR AN OLD MAID. - **Mr. Frosty-faced Fogo**, the flash chaunter of his own flash songs, has now in his possession a real tortoise-shell tom cat, by which he expects to realise a cool hundred, at least. **Jack** has been offered a booth to exhibit this rarity with the well-known fancy six-legged bull; but he declines such a mode of showing-off grimalkin. It is not true that **Fogo** and Tom Reedy have started in company on a cat-stealing expedition, with an agreement to *whack* profits.

The last sparring match for the season, at the High House, Pimlico, will take place to-morrow evening. - Alec Reid, Paddy Flynn, Harry Jones, Tom Reedy, and many other good artists will attend. **Frosty-faced Fogo** has promised to exhibit his tortoise-shell tom-cat in a cage built expressly for the occasion. He will also chaunt an original stave, written by himself, entitled "Cat-stealing no Robbery."

The same issue of the *Dispatch* also printed a poem, ostensibly by Jack Carter, the Manchester born boxer who was the same age as Frosty and who was slandered by the *Times*. He refers to Frosty in the poem, as an honest broker, indicative of how well Fogo was known in the pugilistic world and how respected;

The Fancy Scrap-Book. No. 12.
JACK CARTER'S POETICAL SET-TO WITH THE OLD TIMES.

Blow my whig, how d---d saucy *The Times* has become,
Why it designates Prize-fighters nothing but scum.
A ranting old Parson, who writes in that Journal,
T'other day published on me a libel infernal;
Says I was convicted, on *evidence clear*,
Of stealing a Bank Note; and makes me appear
At the Hulks as a lazy and great *hulking* fellow,
Refusing at work for to take the least spell O.
Now, this humbug, the Public will learn with surprize,
Hates *fibbing* 'bove all things - yet mark how he *lies*:-
The case against me was by no means a strong one,
And, as sometimes 'twill happen, they punished the wrong one,
For none of the witnesses brought to the *scratch*
Prove the lies which this *wiper* thought proper to hatch;
And did he possess of true courage a spark,
He'd come forth like a man, and *not strike in the dark*;
But should anyone say that my statement is **no go**,
For the truth I appeal them to **frosty-faced Fogo**.
Now, I ask, is it *fair* for the *Times* to attack,
With its close *heavy columns*, and thus *charge* poor Jack?
To account for such treatment I'm not at a loss,
They think by doing so to make a man *cross*.
As for me, I shall always do that which is right,
Help a *Pat* when he needs it - and ne'er *sell a fight*;
I'll set at defiance these *bounceable* papers
Which, printed by *steam*, give us nought but the *wapours*;
So clever, indeed, are the *swells* at *composing*,
That they set all their readers full quickly a dozing;
In fact, I will venture to make any bet
That they make a man sleepy without *heavy wet*.
There's a chap, as I learn, in the *Times* a great writer,
Who's called little M-----e, a most noted *back biter*,
If I thought it was he who had slandered me so,

109 280511B

110 280511WD

I'd a *blackamoor* make him from his head to his toe.
 Hold - I need not to thrash him, the cove is so *little*,
 If I spat in his face he'd be drown'd in the spittle.
 By such *creatures* as these shall our sport be run down,
 And the Fancy denounced as the pest of the town?
 It shan't be by G-d, for the *wermin* I'll catch them,
 And trust, Mr. Editor, you will DISPATCH *them*.
 Not one shall be left to run down the Prize fighters,
 I'll cherish my *backers*, but crush my *backbiters*,
 My foes will find out they've been *catching a tartar*,
 And in future beware how they handle JACK CARTER.

The business of the cat reaches a peak in the next issue of *Bell's* on May 18th when they print a poem by Frosty on the subject ¹¹¹ but in the meantime there was a boxing match at Shear Mere [Shire Mere, means boundary - just north of Harpenden] on the 14th May which was reported in the *Sun*. ¹¹² This is another occasion when Frosty isn't mentioned in the reports but Tom Oliver was there and there is a quote from Fogo included, so it seems fair to assume that he was there and saw all that was reported:

GRAND FIGHT BETWEEN CHARLEY GYBLETT'S AND TOM GAYNOR FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS ASIDE



This fanciful affair was fixed to come off this day at Harpenden Common, about five miles from St. Albans. - At the latter place some of the select assembled over night and discussed, over the social weed, the different capabilities of the two combatants.

Tom Gaynor (*left*) arrived at the Blue Boar, with Josh Hudson and another two. He looked unutterable things at the "feminines," who thronged to see this sprig of courage. His condition seemed fine, but still the odds were on Gyblett's, who has the character among the judges of being a slashing fighter. The friends of Gaynor, however, contended, most strongly, that if he had not shewn much first-rate talent, he would exhibit it on this occasion, as he was a diamond unpolished. "Aye," replied the other party, "he'll soon show it now then, for Gyblett's will soon polish him." The lads retired after the usual quantum of "the creature" and the "chaff," and in the morning all shone in good humour. Not even a rumour that they would be disturbed clouded the merry faces. The St. Albansites were in full giggle, and everything promised to go off as comfortably as a ring-goer could wish. At the usual hour, several of the top-sawyers arrived, and mingled with the cautious crowd of countrymen, who seemed nothing loth to exchange a little chaff, and say something to the

Lunnuners.

At length, instead of Harpenden Common, Shear Mear, Beds., was named as the arena, and thither the Lads of the Fancy took their flight. It was here that Gaynor fought Bishop Sharp. Everything being in preparation Gyblett's was the first to throw his tile into the ring. He seemed to be fully confident, and in pretty good condition. Josh Hudson and Dick Curtis attended as his seconds, and tied his orange fogle on the rope. Gaynor shortly followed and appeared as well as he could be. Betting was two to one on Gyblett's. Holt and Tom Oliver waited on Gaynor. The muster not being strong, everyone had an opportunity, as **Fogo** said, "seeing the fight and enjoying themselves." Every thing being made ready, both the men came to the scratch at 13 minutes past one. Gyblett's looked remarkably well, and Gaynor seemed the universal theme of satisfaction.

Round 1. Gyblett's fainted and got away from Gaynor's return; Gaynor received a body right hander; Gyblett's then nearly floored Gaynor with a right handed hit, but he recovered and had it again, Gaynor then went in and planted a good one, and got the fall. 2. Both cautious; after some sparring, Gaynor went in with several good hits, got first blood from the other's eye, and, after a sharp struggle, fell with him 3 to 2.

3. Gaynor began, and the other got away from some rum ones. Sparring - Gyblett's steady, and Gaynor, trying to plant a hit. Gaynor got away from a right hand at the body, and aimed a good one at the other, who got away well; Gaynor then did the same from him. - Gaynor then planted a good one on the ribs. Sparring - Gaynor then hit him two or three good ones, hit on the wind and got away well, but in the struggle lost the fall.

4. No mischief done. Gaynor appeared to fight well, but Gyblett's seemed at a loss what to be at. Gaynor stopped a good blow, then went in and gave a job on Gyblett's right eye, from which the claret flowed copiously. Gyblett's seemed out fought, and evidently had the worst. Gaynor got away from the ropes by a good hit at the body. He then received the same, but jobbed well in return. Gaynor went in and punished well at the head, while he had it at the body. He got the fall.

5. Very long rounds, and hardly anything but sparring - offers of 9 to 5 on Gyblett's. Gaynor went in, missed, and got a bad right hander on the ear: before he finished, however, he planted a similar one on the other's ear; sparring, each trying alternately, and

111 280518B - see p. 211

112 280514S

getting away well. Gaynor first stopped a right hander, then missed one, and went in. Gybletts yet seemed strong, and in the struggle they fell together. Gybletts for choice, as he appeared cool, and Gaynor's getting away, seemed to have weakened him. Gybletts, in scrambling, hit him, and he fell by accident.

6. Short sparring; Gaynor went in, and they fell under the ropes.

7. Gybletts shoe was down, and after they came to the scratch Gaynor waited while he pulled it up; his friends called out for him to fight away as the other was on his legs, but he waited coolly; and would not strike him at a disadvantage. Sparring; Gaynor went in, caught him with his right twice, and ultimately threw him upon his back.

8. Gaynor went to work on coming to the scratch, and after some hits, which were nearly all got away from, he fell on the ropes. 9. The sun shining very hot seemed to affect both men very little, Gybletts went in and was stopped, Gaynor hit him a good one with the right, as he was getting back, but lost the fall.

10. Gybletts began; but, after a severe effort to get the fall, he was well twisted underneath.

11. Gaynor planted a good one on the wind. "Never mind," says Dick Curtis, "see what a name he has got in Ratcliff-highway." Gaynor then began, and, in the struggle, though a good one, fell heavily in Gybletts.

12. Cautious sparring; Gaynor went in; his right hand was well stopped by the other's left; but Gybletts fell weakly and heavily. 13. Gaynor went in, in the same way; and slipped forwards while the other fell backwards.

14. Gybletts stopped Gaynor's right hand more than once, and after struggling at the ropes fell with him without mischief.

15. A hard rally, and hit for hit without flinching, and Gybletts got a heavy fall.

16. Gybletts forcibly planted his right hand, but Gaynor went in and missed, and the other fell on his back.

17. A counter, of which Gybletts seemed to have the best. Gaynor went in, but was hoisted up and well thrown by Gybletts, whose friends loudly applauded him.

18. Both went to work, but Gaynor got away well, and had the best of the fall.

19. Gaynor piping. He planted, however, a good one on the bread-basket, and went in; he missed and was caught round the neck by Gybletts, and thrown heavily.

20. Gybletts received a good job from the left hand. - Gaynor went in and missed, but threw Gybletts.

21. There was now hardly a pin to choose between them, but Gaynor rather best; he went in and fought, struggled at the ropes, and got the fall.

22. Gaynor let out, caught him, and got the fall well. Gaynor seemed getting better.

23. After some sparring, Gaynor went in without planting a hit, but threw him, enough to shake the breath out of his body.

24. Sparring for wind. Gaynor jobbed him well; Gybletts went in, and while hitting wildly, caught a queer up hit on the mug.

25. Both stood looking at each other with their hands down at a respectful distance; Gybletts planted a good one after some sparring, but Gaynor twisted him under uncommonly well.

26. A rally, Gybletts stopped a tremendous right hander, sparring; a rally; and Gybletts pitched on his head through the ropes.

27. Gaynor went in without mischief, and they both got to the ropes. Gaynor firmly and coolly twisted him under again.

28. Throwing, and Gaynor seemed hardly to have affected the other's game, but he certainly had the worst, Gaynor went in and tumbled him down.

29. Gybletts dodged and went in; he was met by, and gave a severe counter. Both perfectly good tempered. - Sparring for wind. Gaynor went in, but the other retreated twice. Gaynor on the defensive; Gybletts feinting after him, hit out, and Gaynor fell by catching his foot round the stake, without a hit.

30. Brandy for Gaynor, and hard up hits and a slight fall for Gybletts. Little done; the men had fought above an hour and not a pin to choose; both confident, Gybletts quite insinuating.

31. Gybletts went in, but was well countered by Gaynor, who received a rum one on the cheek; Gaynor then went in, and in the struggle both fell on their heads.

32. Gaynor went in and was caught by the left, he then jobbed well, and in a struggle at the ropes missed a terrible up-hit, and both fell weakly apart.

33. Gybletts seemed strong. After some scrambling hits they got at the ropes, and Gybletts fell under without much striking.

34. Gybletts began, but Gaynor jobbed him well; Gybletts followed him wild and strong across the ring, and was jobbed cruelly and well by the other, who again got the fall under the ropes.

35. Gybletts began again, was jobbed well left and right, but would not be denied; after boring at the ropes Gaynor went down easily, Gybletts seemed getting savage.

36. Sparring brought both men to their wind and coolness. Gybletts was thought too old for Gaynor by the latter's friends, and seemed in a rally to be weak. They fell together.

37. Gaynor went in to finish him, but the other stopped, and got away well: they struggled at the ropes and both fell.

38. Cool sparring; Gybletts manœuvred, but could not get in without being jobbed or stopped; Gybletts seemed getting second wind. After more sparring and inoffensive hits on both sides, Gaynor fell under the ropes.

39. Such a near match seemed to have been seldom witnessed. Gybletts went in game, was jobbed again, and after hoisting the other with great efforts, Gaynor held him firm and fell with him.

40. Long sparring - the fight seemed never likely to terminate. Several groups of female joskins were present, and seemed highly pleased. After some bustle, Gaynor threw him over the ropes.

41. Both cool again, and little the worse for wear; but Gybletts, though still strong, had all the worst of the punishment. Both at the ropes; Gybletts for this time, got the best of the fall.

42. Gybletts' lip had been cut through for several rounds. Both sparred till they had got their wind, and, as usual, Gaynor went in and was stopped two or three times; at last he jobbed the other as he came in with a hit. Gybletts tried but it would not do, Gaynor was ready and jobbed, but Gybletts got away several times without it. He seemed determined to bustle Gaynor, and went in, but at the ropes lost the fall.

43. "This will last as long as the American war," said Josh, and he seemed likely to be right. Gybletts at last put in a good one on the mug, and was thrown heavily.

44. Gaynor seemed rather weak; he went in, and after manœuvring at the ropes, he held fast, and Gaynor fell away from him.

45. Gybletts seemed now the strongest; Gaynor began, and after a few hits, hardly any of which told, they fell together.

46. Gaynor on the defensive, after some sparring, he went in and hit him well. Both began together, hit for hit. Tom fell and seemed weak.

47. Sparring - Gaynor entered and caught him with a right-up hit; both then struggled, and Gaynor got the fall well.

48. Gaynor went in, and both fell weak - no mischief.

49. Gaynor went in, was stopped well, and tried for the fall, but Gybletts caught the rope, and both fell easily.

50. Gaynor went in, and caught the other severely, with up-hits, at the ropes, and Gybletts fell stupified in the centre of the ring. 51. The punishment in the last round had so affected Gybletts, that his feet digged and head fell as if he could never come

again. He rallied, however, just in "time," and was brought to the scratch very slowly. He still looked game, and made an effort to begin, but received another slight hit which settled him.

Gaynor won in one hour and 53 minutes.

REMARKS

This was certainly the best matched and contested fight that has been witnessed for a long time. Each man certainly did his best to win, and it was not till within the last three or four rounds that the closest observer could tell which had the best of it. Gaynor has much improved, and had it not been for the activity of Gyblets in getting away from his rushing "one, two," he would have won it much sooner. As it was, his good generalship in throwing did more than all his hitting till the last round but one, when his up-hits at the ropes so completely stultified Gyblets, that the latter staggered away and fell like a log. His game is certainly of the first class; he shook off the terrible effects of that round and came again, but it was only to receive another hit, which "steeped his senses in forgetfulness," and he came no more.

Tom Gaynor will take his benefit to-morrow at the Royal Tennis Court, when both men will show, and we hope Gyblets will not be forgotten by his friends. Young Dutch Sam will spar with Brown, who *glove licked* him on the last benefit.

Frosty's poem from *Bell's* of the 18th.

FROSTY FAC'D FOGO TO THE FANCY

Shall the Bard of the Fancy, whose genius so long
Hath stamp'd him unrival'd the Champion of Song,
Who so oft in the Chair of the *Daffy* hath sat,
Be accus'd, cruel slander! of prigging a cat?

Shall he who hath bath'd in Castilian dew,
And so fondly, so ardently courted the *Muse*,
From the brow of Parnassus at length fall so flat
As to gain so ignobly the *Mews* of a cat?

No! rather this form should lie lifeless and bleeding,
Than **Fogo** resort to a *furtive* proceeding;
May his ashes ne'er slumber in Westminster Abbey,
If ever he dreamt of *purloining* a Tabby.

Is it strange such a charge of my wrath is a rouser?
The Laureate suspected of stealing a mouser!
The carcase and skin would be scarce worth a mopus -
I'll forswear all mankind, and become *mice and throw puss*. *

What motive had **Fogo** a Tom cat to bone?
I've a fine Tommy tortoiseshell Puss of my own -
The finest in Britain! from Southsea to Stromness
My cat has no equal - *mi-cat inter omnes*.

Let Scroggins, the craving of want to allay,
Prig a paunch, or bull's nob, should it come in his way;
But to do the right thing still in con-catenation, +
Fogo never will filch when there ain't no occasion.

Ye lads of the Fancy! who well know my worth,
Assist me in dragging the slanderer forth;
To prove his foul charge, I now call on that man, Sir;
Let him give me a clear *cat-egorical* answer.

By the fist of old **Fogo** I'd like to dispatch him,
But before you dispose of a rogue you must *catch* him;
I'd award him as punishment meet for his fine tales,
A dozen or two from a prime *cat-o'nine-tails*.

But too long on your time, and your patience I'm stealing,
And it's fit I have done with this *felony feline*.
Ere I come to a *pause*, and proceed to withdraw,
I trust I've acquitted myself with a *claw*.

**Misanthropos* - See Dean Swift's *Antiquity of the English Language* + "The right thing is the right thing, if so be a man he's in a concatenation accordingly" - See the bear-dancer's speech in *She stoops to Conquer*

On Thursday May 22nd many of the Fancy went down to Epsom to watch the Derby, to congregate at Lord Merryweather's '*the Fives Court*' booth, and at 'suttler' Bishop Sharpe's booth [a Suttler was a provision merchant who followed the troops and sold them goods at inflated prices]. The *Dispatch* of the 25th recorded the events that took place, mentioning Frosty's presence and his 'stolen cat' accusation; ¹¹³ He no doubt sold, gin and poems too.

MILLING AT EPSOM

*A Turn-up for Love, between a Couple of First-raters,
and a Queer-go between two Third-raters, on Thursday last*



The lads of the Fancy were very numerous in their attendance on Epsom Downs on Thursday, to witness the all-attractive Derby race, and in hopes, also, of a little amusement in the fistic line. Bishop Sharpe was doing a good stroke of business as a Suttler in a tidy booth, but the 'Fives Court,' kept by that distinguished little caterer, My Lord Merryweather, was the chief rendezvous of the milling heroes. Here might be seen the accomplished Pet (*Dick Curtis*), splendidly arrayed in new toggery as a first-rate swell - with top-boots, and cord unmentionables, that fitted his little *understandings* as if they had grown there like the bark on a tree - a blue coat of the newest cut, and a white topper that *crowned* his countenance with a keen and knowing cast. Here, too, came the bright Boniface of Sol's Arms (*Ben Lewis*), wide awake as the sun at noon-day, with his gentle creature, in brilliant yellow, - Young Dutch Sam (*Sam Evans*), with his smiling mug, and his leers for the ladies, - and friendly Jack Martin, forgetting private griefs amid the general hilarity of the scene, - nor was the merry host of the Half-moon (*Josh Hudson*), with his full-moon countenance wanting, to add his joke, and his ready laugh to the chaff of his friend, the ever-cheerful Author of Boxiana. [*Egan*] Here, too, was Alec Reid, with his eternal grumble that Bishop Sharpe would not make a new match with him; and Jem *Raines* pouring *heavy wet* down his throat as if the salvation of the country depended on an increase in the malt duty; and here, too, was **Frosty-faced Fogo**, disguised in genteel apparel, and vehemently protesting that he never stole a tom-cat. The gallant ex-Champion Tom Spring, also, looked in with his usually gentlemanly aspect and placid demeanour; and Phil Sampson drank his wine, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." Between these latter heroes we are sorry to say that a rencounter ensued in the afternoon, during the fight between Kirkman (*Jem, a Cockney coachman*) and Savage (*Ned*) on another part of the Course. It will be recollected, that in the fight between Sampson and Big Browne, Phil struck Spring, who officiated as second to the big one, and in the course of the Newspaper Correspondence which followed between them, Tom declared that he would kick Sampson the first time he met him. As a matter of course, high words arose between them, on their meeting in the above-named booth. We are informed that Spring was determined to carry his threats into execution, and that Sampson (contrary to what might be expected), reluctant to commence hostilities. Spring threw off his toggery, and prepared regularly for action. Sampson set-to with his hat and coat on. We have not been able to learn which man gave first hit; indeed, so great were the crowd and the confusion, that there was no getting near the belligerents. But at all events, they set-to with determination, and fought four sharp rounds. Spring, it is well known, requires room to show off his fine fighting, and he had, we believe, rather the worst of the action. Sampson planted some home-bows about the *nob*, and uncorked the claret of his antagonist - not, however, without receiving pepper in return. But the men were parted before either had received "enough," or given as much as he wished. We are sorry to say, that Spring provoked the quarrel, for which he was certainly wrong at such a time, and *in such a place*: but it is more disagreeable to add, that he met with foul play, and was struck by other persons besides Sampson. It ought to be mentioned, that Tom challenged Phil to turn out and fight on the Course, but the latter declined.

At the close of the day's racing, Ned Savage and Jem Kirkman prepared to decide their fourth match, which had been made for 5*l.* aside, and the *sweetener* of a purse, to be collected on the ground. The valley on the right of the Race-course was chosen for this battle; and, as no stakes and ropes were provided, a spacious ring was formed of foot-passengers, horsemen, and vehicles, and, a little before seven o'clock in the evening, the men entered the arena. A collection was made by several persons, and three pounds were brought to one of the ring-leaders. This sum the men agreed should be shared equally between them; and after considerable delay, owing to a difficulty in procuring seconds, umpires, &c., the battle commenced: Kirkman was seconded by Young Dutch Sam and a countryman and Savage was attended to by Jem Raines and Jem Stockman. It would be a mere waste of time to particularise the rounds of this awkward and unsatisfactory fight. The little dumpy Jarvey (Kirkman) went in for a close in each round, generally planting an awkward right-hander on the side of the long Savage's nob, who, with his usual want of precision, missed his hits, and frequently swung about like a cock-boat in a whirlpool. In the fourth round, Ned showed a little claret on the lips, but he had the best of the *tumbling* up to the seventh round, when the Jarvey gave him a fall that would have shaken a dandy into cats-meat.

We musty not, however, pass over the sixth round, which would have convulsed a ranting preacher with laughter in the midst of his sermon. Savage endeavoured to plant one of his sweeping right-handed ear-hits, when he missed his aim, and swung round like a weather-cock in a sudden shift of wind. Kirkman ran in, and pummelled the back of his head, whereupon Ned faced about, and the Jarvey twisted his fat carcass round, and slipped on his knees, but clawed himself up again, and more scrambling work ensued. The *heroes* pulled and hauled, and twisted and twirled, as if they were fighting blind-folded; and it happened more than once, that they were placed back to back; at length they both found the way to "mother earth" together. Peals of laughter ran round the ring, and two or three old women, "who looked on with wondrous glee," declared, that, if they could not fight better, they would not fight at all. In the 14th round, Savage seemed rather sick, and he puffed like an over-driven ox. Kirkman closed, and gave him a heavy cross-buttock, falling with his whole weight upon him. When *poor* Ned was picked up, his *pimple* dropped on his shoulder, his eyes were closed, and his limbs were motionless. With much difficulty he was brought on for another chance, and he reeled through two more rounds, when he gave in, and Kirkman was declared the winner, after a most ludicrous contest of 20 minutes. The battle was by no means satisfactory, either to the spectators or the backer of Savage; but no objection was made to the giving up of the stakes to Kirkman. It is impossible to deny, that the desperate fall, received by Savage in the 14th round, *might* have shaken all the fight out of him; but he is known to have endured so much, on former occasions, that the matter is, to say the least, very doubtful. Neither of the men showed *marks* of punishment; but Savage has since complained of a desperate injury received behind his left ear, in the fall, which, as he says, caused him to lose the battle.

Then, in quick succession, came two fights on the 27th and 28th May 1828. The first day's fighting was covered by the *Morning Advertiser* on the 28th May: ¹¹⁴ The *Advertiser* had always called Frosty **Foggo**, but this time corrected his name to **Fogo**, though in later issues reverted to their own idiosyncratic spelling!

BIG FIGHT JEM WARD AND JACK CARTER, FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS

This fight came off yesterday. When the match was first made, it was expected to have excited so much interest that there would be a competition in the market to have its place of decision named by purchase, for the benefit of the road. And a few weeks ago such a chance did appear to be realized, in the person of a gentleman of some importance, who was arranging a country fête on an immense scale, agreeably to the strict principles of the Old English custom, as described by Strutt - Bull-baiting, Ox-roasting, &c. &c.; and, as an item of the sports, Ward and Carter were to fight on the first day, and Neil and Baldwin on the second day, for which they were to receive 25*l.* a-piece; the projector did post two or three pounds in earnest of his good intention; but it eventually went to smoke - "sudden indisposition," and the "threats of the Magistrate," were sent as a compound apology for the non-performance of the promise; and this falling to the ground, no other bidder appeared.

In this state of affairs Staines was named as the rallying point, and Chertsey understood to be the place of fighting. Accordingly Old Sherley, at the New Inn, was inundated with company. But whether Greenwich Fair had engaged the attention of many, or to what cause to charge it, we know not, but certainly there were not near so many of the metropolitan gentry on the road as might have been expected. There were, however, rather more than the usual proportion of vehicles on the move.

Jem Ward, the Black Diamond, is so well known as the Champion of England, after Tom Spring's retirement from the ring, as to supersede the necessity of very particular notice. Even after his defeat by Peter Crawley, as Peter refused again to fight, Jem retained the title of Champion. He was exceedingly desirous to fight with Big Brown, the Bridgenorth hero, but Ward had not the needful of his own possession, and it would appear that the size and trumpeted abilities of Brown had cowed the confidence of Ward's friends in him. The catastrophe of Brown's premature fame, however, may have left them cause to regret their niggardly notions. Indeed, Jem has literally of late been laid on the shelf: he had a great wish to keep his price to 100*l.*, and to refuse every minor offer; but having been so long without a customer, and Jack Carter having just emancipated from his floating residence, professed great friendship for the Black Diamond, and begging it as a favour Jem should be contented with 50*l.*, Jem consented to accommodate Jack; so the match was taken on. Jem latterly trained at the Crown at Ilford. He arrived at Sherley's New Inn, at Staines, on Sunday, where he remained till yesterday.

Poor Jack Carter's late history has been often before the public eye in different shapes. His last fight was with Tom Spring, and he then made one of the stepping-stones to Tim's supremacy in the rank of pugilists; but it cost Tom about three hours work. When he was set at large, he was well received by an ample circle of friends, which put the

means in his power to move again; and as Ward was the first man he fancied, and no one else but himself liking the choice, he had some difficulty to get backed; but reason was lost upon him, he had made up his mind, and was determined. "I have been," said he, "two or three times at the top of the tree already, and I will have another shy at it." Thus, contrary to the advice, and without the countenance of his friends, but having the well-wishes of many, he, by benefits and gifts, scraped together as much as enabled him to post the money himself. He at first seemed to enjoy his liberty rather much, and risked the condition of his body, but latterly he left town and exercised at Chatham. He slept at the Bush Inn, at Staines, the night previous to the fight.

Just when the word was given to start for the battle-field, a message was received, that an interruption would be certain at Chertsey, and it was then proposed to decide it close by Staines, as, by so doing, the boundary of authority belonging to the disturber personage would be evaded; this place was proposed, and warmly insisted upon, by Sherley. but as a better arrangement Shepperton-range was decided upon, and thither, by several routes, the cavalcade moved; the direction was so far favourable for pedestrians, as there were many elbows of road that a knowledge of the country enabled them to cut off and approach the field by bye-paths.

Tom Oliver, with the assistance of **Mr. Fogo** (late **Jack Foggio**), had knocked up a super-excellent ring on the spacious common of Shepperton-range by one o'clock outside of the 24-feet ring, for the use of the belligerents, a line of rope was held by the front row of spectators, that formed a double ring, leaving an ample space intervening, and the extreme circle of carriages compactly enclosed the whole. - Sometime after one o'clock Jem Ward entered, amidst hearty congratulations, with Phil Sampson and Dick Curtis; in a few minutes after Carter threw up his hat, amidst applause. - Josh Hudson was to have been his second; but a bad fit of the gout had disabled the John Bull veteran, and Tom Oliver performed the office in his stead, along with Young Dutch Sam.

Both parties fought under blue colors [*not the only American spelling in this article*]. Not much time was lost. At 25 minutes past one they were at the scratch, in attitude.

Betting has not changed any on the match, almost from the commencement; and on setting-to the same rate was going, 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Ward.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. The contrast of the men - age and youth - was very apparent; Jem clear and firm, Jack not so clear, and very loose. Ward was confidence all over, but not more so than Jack. Jem, with his usual grace, kept his left in advance a jolly length of way, giving his elbow the peculiar turn, somewhat like a drummer performing a roll; he was cautious to a degree, and steady as a rock. Jack's attitude is rational, and far from being inelegant, but it has not that spirited and effective show which Ward displays. They appeared to value every inch of ground - moving round and round - but the scratch, as it were, formed the pivot of their rotation. Chaffing commenced with virulence outside the ropes, but an intention to do things decently was pretty generally manifested; and even the voice of business - "30/. to 10/." - was only replied to, by a hundred tongues, "Silence you-- --" - our readers can suppose the rest. Carter repeated at intervals his left hand at Jem's head, but Ward was as quick as him, and invariably stopped cleverly. "That's all you have to do," says Phil Sampson, "he'll never do more than that were he to stay all day." "No chaff, Phil," was readily obeyed, and attention became intense. Ward showed no wish to be forward; Carter, at intervals, still tried his left at the head, and Jem as certainly stopped, in these moves Carter gave way a little, and got near a corner; he then made up and looked business-like; but Jem gathered himself up accordingly, and there they shuffled in rapid quavering moves, on their metal, as the term goes.

Five minutes had now elapsed, "and never a blow struck." Carter in the mean time wore in towards the middle of the ring. Ward let fly left and right. Carter stepped back a pace, and again tried his left at the head, but it only touched slightly. Jem then went up to do something, and a few irregular exchanges passed, in which Carter was rather unsteady, and inclined to scramble - he had nearly slipped on his face, but he recovered his equilibrium, and made a bolt, and hugged; Jem, however, got the best place, hit up once or twice, and Jack got down easy, showing first blood from the mouth. - This round was spun out to a goodly length. No betting took place, but the fight was declared booked for Jem.

2. Carter first to fight; he missed his left at the head, by Jem inclining his head on his shoulder just enough to let it pass. Jack immediately repeated the trial, and followed it with a round right-hander; but Jem stopped both and closed, and fibbed poor Jack till he got crept down. - This round was all work, and of very short duration.

3. The round commenced with cautious sparring. Ward wore Carter into a corner of the ring, when Jack found it out, he let fly with the left, but it landed on the breast, and was harmless. Jem retreated a step or two, Jack followed, and Ward met him a smashing one in the mouth; and, before Carter had well steadied himself, Jem rushed in with a muzzler, and closed. Carter grappled to get Jem over the ropes, but Ward's strength was too much for him; he planted one or two up-hits, and threw Jack with much ease. Carter spent claret in streams from the mug. 4. Carter sent his left home mid-head of Jem; but the effect was not observable. After long sparring Ward went in and fibbed short and clean. Carter had no share, and was thrown a burster sufficient to stun an elephant.

5. Ward cleverly stopped Carter, left and right, and closed with a one-two at the head - he placed his left behind Jack's neck, and hit up with the right a little; Carter reeled from the effect, but he got out and broke away, and sparring followed. Carter was quick with the left at the face, but Jem was as quick as he, and had the best of the counter. After a little pause, Ward let out a left-hander at the body, which Carter half stopped, - "That's the way," says Phil, "touch him in the same place again, Jem; he's soft there - disturb that lot of sherry he gulped up last night." Carter was puffing prominently. Ward closed, and placed his left arm across Carter's neck, and fibbed at will. Jack hustled and scrambled to get out of it, but Jem was awake, and displayed immense power. When Carter had got his face worked out of reach of his right hand, Jem transposed the embracing and the hitting hands - he changed repeatedly his holding from left to right, and from right to left, and in either position was his fibbing alike effective. Carter, without a resource, tried to get Jem across the ropes, but Ward kept him and fibbed him without intermission, till Carter took the turf, bleeding in torrents.

6. Carter came up all crimson. Ward bestowed two nasty ones on the handle to Carter's face. When Jack tried to return, Jem always countered, and had the best of it. Jem became all alive, closed like a hurricane with one-two, held and fibbed Jack till he dropped to his knees. Jem then walked up to his second's knee, and Jack wanted picking up.

7. Carter was brought to the scratch with his left eye nearly extinct. Ward made short work of it; he closed and fibbed, changing hands as before, administering tremendous punishment, and then threw Jack a clean fall. This round was short, and fought with the rapidity of lightning.

8. On coming up it was scarcely possible to recognise poor Jack, so much was his countenance metamorphosed. One or two exchanges were dealt, Jem having the best of them out of all comparison. Ward caught Jack a most effectual up hit, and when Carter (game to the heels) pressed in to be busy to repay it, Jem planted a job at his face that sounded like the report of a pistol - he then closed to fib, but Carter, with incredible firmness, kept on his legs, with every possible chance against him, made a kind of break

from Jem's grasp, and hit Jem down. - "That's the way, Jack," says Sam. "now you'll see fighting." - "Not from him, though," says another, "that was not a clean one."

9. Ward twice planted his left at the head; in a few exchanges Carter's were taps, but Jem made blows. Jem jobbed twice on the most tender part of Jack's sore face. Jem closed with left and right, and fibbed till Carter got outside of the ropes.

10. Carter was a sad figure on coming up - his face so deformed, and the claret streaming down him in streams from many gashes. Ward muzzled him twice, and stopped the returns cleverly - he jobbed the left eye once heavily, and closed// and fibbed vigorously - then quitting his hold, and Jack being still on his legs, he sent him down with a smasher in the face. - "Poor Jack - take him away - it's a shame."

11. Carter made the attack, but was short. Ward, with a left and right, closed. Carter struggled Jem against the ropes, but he immediately extricated himself, and presently Jack was in the hole he had meant for Jem: he at length crept down to his knees at the ropes, and Jem walked to his second's knee.

12. Carter, amidst all bad fortune, was prime as a conqueror - he made the attack, but Jem parried better than that, and again got Carter at fibbing quarters, doing as he pleased - poor Jack was of no use to him.

Carter did try once more to lay him over the ropes; but Jem was too strong, and had a better method - he worked Jack down to the ground, and alighted on him astride. It took some time for the seconds of Carter to unwind his left arm from the ropes; for Jack had given it a good few doubles to keep his man right when he had him.

13. Carter a mere chopping block - Ward jobbed, closed, and fibbed, and sent Jack outside the ropes.

14. Immediately Jem laid hold and fibbed Carter to the grass.

15. Carter's head was now in a shocking state. Ward, as soon as he was on his legs, knocked him down; for Carter had become as feeble as a kitten.

16. and 17. ditto.

At the end of the 16th round, the hat was shyed as if the battle was over, and the ring was thronged; but Carter would not be choked off, and up he came for another round; but he only came up to be knocked down. Then his seconds gave in for him, much against his inclination, after a battle of 32½ minutes continuance.

REMARKS

Perhaps it would be sufficient to say, as a full description of the battle altogether, that it was all one way and Ward was victor. This certainly was the case - but it is now since Carter has fought before - age seems to tell upon him; his points when opposed to Ward are not to be recognized - Ward in fact could do as he pleased with him - and left the ring without a scratch - he had a slight red mark on the brow, which constituted all the visible punishment he had received - his right hand was rather puffed, but that of course was from the punishment he had given. Carter's head was in a dreadful state - he had not a shadow of a chance, for as well as outward punishment, he was so weak that he could not well stand; yet he was almost to be forced from the ring - The strictest honour and good-nature was observed between them during the whole fight. - Ward came direct off to London with Phil Sampson - poor Jack was conveyed to Staines, his head in a sad way.

Before the fight a purse was collected for the losing man, whoever he might be, when 5*l.* 6*s* was had. After the battle, another turn was taken, and 4*l.* 7*s* 6*d.* procured, making in all 9*l.* 13*s* 6*d.*, which Carter received. A second fight was spoke of, and a few shillings gathered - but it was **no go**. Jem Stockman shyed his hat, but none were fightable.

The second day's fight was covered by *The Star* on the 29th May and the *Dispatch* on the 1st June; ¹¹⁵

FIGHT BETWEEN NED NEAL (O'Neale) AND EDWARD BALDWIN, FOR £250 A-SIDE

The second part of this fight - which was adjourned about a month ago from Winfield Common, on account of Magisterial interference - came off yesterday on the far-famed classic ground of Noman's Land.

St. Alban's of course was the place of muster, and about twelve o'clock the move commenced. In the ranks of the cavalcade were many of the Fancy of consequence and high life - and the number of superior and respectable set-outs on the road was considerably above the run of common musters.

Tom Oliver and **Mr. Fogo** had fixed a spacious and well constructed double ring on the land - for admission to the inner ring the sum of 5*s*. a head was exacted, - The crowd was not, indeed, immense, as the morning threatened bad weather for the day, but there was a vast number on the spot. The fight had excited much interest on its own merits, as well as being extensively taken as one of several events that had been betted upon, as mixed up with races and other sporting matters: and, consequently, goodly sums of money were depending upon its termination. Neal appeared to have lost some of his flesh, and was lighter; it was whispered about that he had not exactly been in good health, and that he had been bled, and had swallowed pills frequently of late; but, although evidently somewhat lighter, he looked well, and expressed perfect confidence. Bob, on the other hand, had enjoyed good health, and had increased in weight, being now the heaviest of the two - he never looked better, nor could any man appear in higher spirits for his work.

[WD has: O'Neale, thinking he had been too fat in the preceding interrupted fight, reduced himself by eight or nine pounds; but the physicking and bleeding which he submitted to lowered his strength. Baldwin, on the other hand, *trained up*, and increased his weight and strength considerably. Meantime, much to the satisfaction of those numerous persons who had (previous to the first meeting) sported the high odds of 2 and 3 to 1 on O'Neale, those bets were declared off, on the ground that the battle was not decided on the day named. Hence, as Baldwin rose in the estimation of his friends, the above persons were enabled to lay out their money at the more advantageous terms of 6 and 7 to 4 on O'Neale, which was the rate of betting up to the commencement of the battle we are about to record. No-man's-land was named as the scene of action, and on Tuesday evening, both men arrived at St. Alban's; Baldwin reposed at the Red Lion, and O'Neale at the Blue Boar. On Wednesday morning, the little town was full of life and gaiety; the swells (and there were many of the first water) came rattling in - all bustle and importance. The old fanciers pushed about for bets, and peeped in, first at one house and then at the other, anxious to know the condition of the men; while the humbler classes, and the foot-passengers from the surrounding country, filled the streets in groups, watching, with keen

anxiety, all that was going on, and dreading magisterial interference, or a long *move* that "might throw them out," and rob them of the expected treat.

The ring was skilfully formed on the farther side of the extensive common, called "No-man's-land," and was provided with an outer circle of ropes to keep the majority of the spectators at a convenient distance. - But a considerable number of gentlemen were accommodated with seats close to the 24-feet arena, for which indulgence Mr. Commissary Oliver, and **Fogo**, his assistant, received 5s. from each person. The number of equipages on the ground was greater than usual; but the spectators themselves were not remarkably numerous - among them, however, were several noblemen, and many gentlemen of the first respectability, whose presence, while it showed the estimation in which the manly sports of the Ring are held in the highest quarters, tended also to preserve *something* like order during one or two critical periods of the fight. At one o'clock, the men arrived on the ground: O'Neale's drag was drawn by four horses, while Baldwin was satisfied with a pair. O'Neale first entered the ring - he was soon followed by the White-headed hero; and preparations for action were immediately made. Baldwin was seconded by Oliver and Young Dutch Sam; while O'Neale was waited on by Harry Holt and Dick Curtis. The latter, it will be remembered, seconded Baldwin on the former occasion, but O'Neale's friends having made him an offer of 20 guineas, and Baldwin declining to retain him at so expensive a price, the Pet transferred his services to O'Neale. The toss for choice of sides was won by Holt for O'Neale; and, at half past one o'clock, the fight commenced. Colours - light blue for Baldwin - dark blue with a white spot for O'Neale.] (*Baldwin was commonly called Whiteheaded Bob - WD*)

THE FIGHT (WD)

Round 1. No man ever entered a ring in better fighting trim than White-headed Bob, His skin was clear as polished silver - his frame firm, and not encumbered with useless flesh - while every limb displayed a strength of muscle that was really beautiful, and afforded high treat to those who admire that finest of Nature's works - the human frame - in a state of perfection. O'Neale also looked much better than he did in the former fight; his body was rather more free from the scorbutic eruption to which he is subject, and his face was a picture of ruddy health. But he was lighter than Baldwin by some pounds. The men sparred for a while, and dodged each other about the ring. Ned was on the advance, and Bob on the retreat; each occasionally made a feint, in hopes of obtaining an opening to put in a hit, but both were cautious in the extreme. Ned worked his antagonist into a corner, and the men stood toe to toe, while the spectators were agitated with intense interest expecting every moment to see a smashing hit on one side or the other; but Bob got out of the corner without receiving a blow, and more sparring occurred in the middle of the ring. Six minutes elapsed before a blow was struck. At length, Ned gathered himself up like a tiger about to make its fatal spring, and delivered both hands in quick succession on the head - the left alighted on the mouth - the right behind the ear. A shout of applause from the friends of O'Neale evinced their joy at his success; but, long ere it had subsided, Baldwin had returned a round right-hander on the nob. The men closed, and tumbled side by side. Baldwin showed first blood from a cut on the lower lip.

2. Baldwin's left hand paid a slight visit to the front of Ned's upper-works. They closed, and O'Neale had the best of the weaving - he also clawed Baldwin down in an awkward manner, with his head in the earth; but felt the ground himself at the same time. "Bravo, Ned, you'll win it *aisy* and as pleasant as taking a dram of whiskey," said a Patlander.

3. Baldwin endeavoured to plant a left-hander, and O'Neale tried to make his right tell, but neither succeeded. They came to a close, when Baldwin squatted. "D--n it Bob," said Ned, "fight fair." "So I will, by the Lord Harry," returned White-head.

4. O'Neale parried a left-handed facer, and stepped in to deliver his right in return, but he advanced too far, and his arm swept round Bob's neck, like the lash of a whip. The White-headed hero then attempted to cross-buttock him, but Ned brought him down undermost.

5. Baldwin seemed about to spring in, when the Pet, whose keen eye detects every intention of an opponent, exclaimed, "mind his jump, Ned." "Oh, let him jump," returned O'Neale; "I'll stop his capering!" Ned was, however, the first to hit out; but Bob parried the hit very cleverly. O'Neale closed, and after a little mutual weaving, in which Ned's mouth received several sharp hits that *clareted* his ivories - Baldwin was cleverly thrown. "By the powers," said one of Ned's friends, "that fall was enough to burst an elephant!" "Why the devil did it not burst Baldwin, then?" retorted a backer of the latter. "Because," said Pat, "there is a little difference between an elephant and an ass, to be sure!"

6. Baldwin seemed to be suffering under the effects of the last heavy fall. In fact, he had received a severe injury on his left side, and it was at first imagined that *four* of his ribs were broken, but this proved to be a mistake. Yet the damage was serious enough to affect his exertions in struggling during the remainder of the fight. O'Neale planted a couple of good left-handed facers, and, following his man up, added a right-hander also in front of his head. Both down together.

7. O'Neale made his left mauley tell slightly - Baldwin returned open handed without effect. Some good parrying was exhibited on both sides. A rally followed to the advantage of O'Neale, and Baldwin was thrown.

8. Ned was bleeding from the nose. Both hit short - O'Neale then planted a left-handed facer, and, stepping in, delivered his right also on the nob. Down went the White-headed hero on his *behind*; but this was not considered a clean knock-down blow, as it was put in while Bob was reeling backwards.

9. O'Neale went in to plant a couple of hits, when Baldwin threw him clean off his legs. Cheers for Bob; but Ned was decidedly the favourite.

10. Baldwin put in a left-handed bodier. Exchange occurred, of which Baldwin had little the worst, till O'Neale planted a home right-hander that sent him to grass.

11. Baldwin received a heavy blow on the left ear. The men closed, and both fibbed away. Bob grasped his man not very lovingly - though round the neck, and endeavoured to pull him down with his head on the turf, in the manner which turned the former fight in his (Bob's) favour, but the effort failed, and they both fell together.

12. Heavy exchanges to the advantage of O'Neale - Bob's left ear was again in trouble, and, in the end, he was hit down.

13. O'Neale sent his left fist straight as a pistol shot full on the eye of Baldwin, which it damaged materially - the cheek bone was also cut, and the claret streamed from the wound. Bob, however, acknowledged the goodness of the hit with a smile and a nod. - "What a game creature it is!" said a swell. A rally took place, and Bob was thrown with shattering force.

14. Baldwin was driven across the ring, but after a severe struggle, he succeeded in bringing Ned down with his back against the stake.

15, 16. No mischief in the way of hitting, but Baldwin had the best of the falls.

17. Bob's left ogle received another unwelcome visit from O'Neale's left hand, and the claret flowed in a profuse stream. Ned followed him up sharply - hitting away at the head, while Bob returned open handed, till he was knocked down. High odds were offered on O'Neale; but few were game enough to take them. - For, to all appearance, Ned was winning cleverly.

18, 19. In the first of these rounds, no mischief was done; in the second, Baldwin received a shattering left-buttock.

20. O'Neale's right hand was much puffed. Thirty minutes had elapsed, and the punishment was, so far, chiefly on the side of Baldwin, whose left ear was swollen and blackened, and left eye sadly contused, while Ned had merely a bleeding nose, with a few scratches on the face and bosom. But, in this round, Baldwin met him twice in the face with the left hand. - They closed, and tumbled together.

21. Ned was well jobbed again, but he got in and threw Baldwin cleverly.

22. Baldwin was driven across the ring, and he fell in a corner half over the rope, but fairly down, when Ned, perhaps under the irritation of the moment, thinking that Baldwin had gone down intentionally, hit him a blow on the head, which was decidedly foul. A row, *of course*, arose - the umpires disagreed, and the referee was appealed to. He *said*, he did not see the occurrence, as the seconds were, at the moment, between him and the men. A great number of Baldwin's friends advised him not to proceed with the fight, but to claim the battle; and certainly, had he adopted that course, the stakes could only have been withheld from him by the most disgraceful injustice; Bob, however, to avoid all dispute, advanced again to the scratch, and the fight proceeded.

23, 24. Baldwin was irritated (and with reason, poor fellow). He went to work *instantly*, and some heavy exchanges ensued. O'Neale, however, was the straightest hitter of the two, and he had the best of the fighting. In the second of these rounds, Bob was thrown heavily.

25. O'Neale went to work, bent on mischief; but Bob put in a good right-hander, and dropped him. "Well done, Bob, you'll win, in spite of foul play," was observed by one of his friends.

26, 27. Ned was still the favourite, and both of these rounds were to his advantage.

28. Counters occurred in their faces; Baldwin's left eye was severely hit, and Ned caught it on the nose. After some heavy exchanges, Baldwin was hit off his legs.

29. Heavy round hitting on both sides, and both men down together.

30. This was a bad round for Baldwin. O'Neale followed him up, administering very sharp facers, and finished it by giving him a bursting cross-buttock.

31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36. Short rounds, all. Baldwin was sent down in each of them; and O'Neale's friends considered that he was winning fast; but Bob is a sly dog - although heavily punished, he was not half licked - he went down easily, to recover wind; - these were what he calls "slack rounds."

37. As the men were sitting on the knees of their seconds, O'Neale turned to his brave opponent, and said, "I think we shall have a good fight, Bob." "I think we shall, old boy," returned the White-headed hero, with a smile. Baldwin was hit down against the ropes. 38, 39, 40, 41, 42. O'Neale kept the lead most decidedly, and 10 to 1 were offered on him. Baldwin was sent to earth in all of these rounds - his ears, especially the right, were terribly contused, and his face presented a fearful aspect. Several of those, who had sported the long odds, repeatedly cried, "Take him away!" but Bob nodded and winked, and said it was "all right."

43. Baldwin received a couple of *slogging* blows from O'Neale's right hand, and the blood poured from his ear in a broad stream; he was also thrown heavily.

44, 45. Bob tumbled on his face, at the close of these rounds.

46. O'Neale was going in, when Baldwin planted a heavy blow on his jaw, and dropped him. Shouts for Baldwin.

47. Exchanges - Bob was grassed

48. Both men were sadly distressed - they hit round and awkward. The blows that told seemed to do execution by chance, and most of the hits were thrown away in the air. O'Neale was knocked down. It was now "anybody's battle."

49. Baldwin had the best of the hitting in this round, but was floored at its conclusion.

50. O'Neale was met by a sharp left-handed facer, and had the worst of the round. Both fell together.

51. Sharp work, to the advantage of O'Neale. Baldwin's face was cut in all directions, and he was under in the fall. O'Neale the favourite again.

52, 53. The persevering game of Baldwin worked out another change - though terribly punished, he was still comparatively strong, while Ned was getting weak as water. Baldwin put in several blows in a series of wild rallies; and Ned's friends were sadly on the fret. 54. O'Neale had none the worst of this round; but, when Bob was on his knees before him, (having tumbled in a rally,) O'Neale hit him twice deliberately in the face. Another row arose, but it was decided that the blow was *not foul*, because Baldwin's hands were up.

55. Baldwin slipped down, and O'Neale *again* hit him. Once more did Bob, to avoid a dispute, give away the chance, but he seemed to think he was winning.

56, 57, 58, 59. Bob was now the favourite - he put in some good hits, and was much stronger than he was half an hour earlier. O'Neale was terribly distressed; so much so, that he ran in and butted Baldwin with his head. The friends of the latter cheered him with assurances that he was winning, and matters had taken a very evident and unexpected turn.

60. O'Neale was fairly knocked down by a right-hander on the nob.

61, 62, 63. Ned worked away desperately but awkwardly - the rallies were wild, and the hitting was round. Still Bob kept the lead, and O'Neale required much nursing to keep him awake. 3 to 1 on Baldwin.

64. Poor Ned was in a dreadful state - he tumbled about like a drunken man and was easily sent down.

65. The men rallied as usual, and Baldwin had the best of it - he put in a heavy bodier or two, which added to the distress of O'Neale. Both fell together.

66. This round decided the battle. Ned closed, and threw his left hand behind Bob's head to weave him, when the latter planted three desperate right-handed body hits in quick succession. Ned tumbled all abroad, and Bob fell upon him. The fight was all out of O'Neale - he was picked up quite senseless, and Bob only, obeyed the call of time. The latter was therefore declared the winner, and the shouts for his success were loud as a thunderstorm. Baldwin, after resting for a short time on his second's knee, went up to O'Neale, shook him by the hand, and walked to his vehicle. O'Neale was bled in the ring, but upwards of a quarter of an hour elapsed ere he recovered his recollection. He was then carried by his seconds to his carriage - as helpless as a new-born babe. The men were both conveyed to their Inns at St. Alban's, and put to bed. Baldwin was soon in a fit state to receive the congratulations of his friends, while poor Ned remained crouched beneath the bed clothes in a state of dejection and stupor.

REMARKS

A more interesting fight it has seldom been our lot to witness - so many marked changes occurred in it, that the attention of the spectators was kept constantly on the stretch. Yet, though a game and most determined contest, it was not a scientific fight - both men frequently hit round and sweeping as a couple of untutored ploughmen. O'Neale certainly did wrong in going in to fight in almost every round - as his strength was unequal to that of his antagonist, and he could always get the best of the out-fighting. Indeed, he appeared to us to lose his temper, and upon this score alone can we account for his conduct in repeatedly hitting Baldwin foul. For, in all his previous contests, he was remarkably cautious to avoid anything of the kind. In fact, he has hitherto been considered one of the fairest fighters on the list. Baldwin owes his success to his almost unequalled game - he was dreadfully punished on all parts of the head -

but he took it with perfect good nature, and frequently when his friends booked his losing as a certainty, he restored their confidence by laughing amidst his bruises. O'Neale also came in for a due share of punishment, but his face did not look so ghastly *at the time* as that of Baldwin - nor did he bleed so freely. The body blows, and the length of the contest wore him out. Yet we should say, that he is hardly so game a man as Baldwin.

Some of the losers on the way home did not fail to stigmatise the fight as a cross, and it was even stated, that proof would be given of O'Neale having received money as a bribe to lose the battle. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that he did his best to win. Nevertheless, the investigation of the matter was reserved for a meeting in town - an account of which meeting will be found in another column.

This was Baldwin's last fight - he died at the Coach & Horses, St. Martin's Lane in 1831 aged just 28.

Bell's of June 8th carried a poem by Joe Fishwick, who had been assistant Commissary of the Pugilistic Ring but was summarily dismissed and Frosty promoted as to deputy to Tom Oliver, though occasionally he took charge; ¹¹⁶

JOE FISHWICK* TO MR. HUSKISSON (*Left*)
There's something rotten in the State of Denmark



And so the Duke has sav'e you *cut*, with all your love for place -
 Why truly you have met with scurvey treatment from his Grace;
 But yet you wasn't *quite awake* in writing that *ere* letter,
 With your experience of the man, you ought to have know'd better.

When *I* was called on to resign, I hadn't giv'd offence,
 Altho' I had no claim like you to be a "Man of Sense;"
 My orders was concise enough - no round about or humbling -
 'Twas "blow you, Joe, give up the stakes, and let us have no grumbling."

This problem you and I well know, which many have to learn,
 When top-coves *give the office*- out of office we must turn.
 And of our quick return to power, I fear there's slender hopes,
 Poor Bill has lost the Colonies, and Joe has lost the Ropes.

Between ourselves, and 'tis a thing, I wonder, didn't strike you,
 His Grace, when he was call'd to power, seem'd only half to like you;
 You made a speech at Liverpool, a *rum un* by the bye,
 To part of which the Duke, you know, directly gave the lie.

He carries matters rather high, altho' the Tories say,
 We love him, and we honour him, of course we should obey;
 But this is mere time-serving slang - unmanly cant and drivel -
 The *Military* I maintain ought always to be *civil*.

With Statesmen + sich as you and I, it an't a common thing
 To show a *private confidential* letter to the King;
 The apprehension of his Grace is daily getting brighter;
 He knew the meaning of your note much better than the writer.

"Don't talk to me, dear Huskisson, of farther explanation;
 The note you've written, *I* pronounce a *note* of resignation.
 I ne'er *permit* my underlings to trim or change their mind,
 So quickly to the right about - be patient and *resigned*.

"No member of the Cabinet, while I have any sway,
 After such a note, shall ever be allowed in place to stay -
 That you're a man of common sense, I'm very well aware,
 And 'tis an article, alas! of which we've none to spare.

"But still, by upstart arrogance, and domineering pride,
 Loss of experience and of sense ere long my be supplied,
 And Cowper says, high Offices are very seldom lost
 For want of powers (or impudence) proportioned to the post.

Now, Husky, we are both adrift - to you the more tenacious,
 Because you found his Majesty so very kind and gracious -
 No doubt he said your turning out was much against his wishes,
 Slight consolation this must be, for lost of loaves and fishes.

Your anxious efforts I applaud, altho' they prov'd in vain,
 To get all matters well arrang'd, and still in place remain;
 Towards the Great Duke you've acted like a truly Christian brother,
 One letter he return'd unread - and then you wrote another.

Blow me if I, Joe Fishwick would have suffered such a slight,
 Not even from Tom Spring himself, without showing fight,
 The love of place, *Dear Huskisson*, this awkward frost discloses,
 Makes many clever men content to swallow bitter doses.

Shade of Bill Gibbons! with what scorn and anger you'd look down,
If Joe for lucre compromis'd his honour or renown,
Rather than such unworthy act my character should stain,
The Ring for ever I'd forswear, nor pitch a stake again.

Husky, farewell! we part in peace; the country still, no doubt,
Must grieve that soldiers rule the State - that men like you are out.
As gentlemen of talents now are laid upon the shelf.
I only suffer with the rest, and so console myself. JOE FISHWICK

* The indefatigable Joe Fishwick, it may be remembered, on the death of the lamented Bill Gibbons, held the seals, or ropes and stakes, of the P.R., till suddenly ordered to relinquish them by the late Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Jackson, in favour of Tom Oliver, who now holds the office of Chief Secretary of the Commissary Department. The Under Secretary is **Frosty-faced Fogo**, P.L.R. + *Quære?* - Stakesmen.

William Huskisson returns to the Fogo 'story' later, in 1830, when he became the world's first railway casualty! In the same issue of *Bell's*, in their 'Answers' column, they stated: "Ned Stockman is no relation to **Frosty-faced Fogo**." Again, in the same issue, they mention the coming fight on the 9th June between Warren and Cocks and that Fogo and Oliver had gone down previously to set up the ring;

PETER WARREN AND COCKS

These men will contend to-morrow, between Swaffham and Norwich, for 50*l.* a-side. The former is well known as the opponent of Dick Curtis, by whom he was beaten four times; and the latter was beaten by Jack Tisdale. He is, however, a game fellow, and, under the auspices of Ned Painter, is expected to prove a tough customer. The odds are 6 to 4 on Warren. The whole of the stakes were made good at Ned Painter's, on Monday last. Tom Oliver and the **Poet Laureat** have gone down to Swaffham, and Dick Curtis, Whiteheaded Bob, and other trumps were expected.

The fight was then reported in the *Norfolk Chronicle* of the 9th and *Morning Advertiser* of the 11th June, then the *Weekly Dispatch* and *Bell's Life in London* on the 15th. The account below is mainly from the latter;¹¹⁷

FIGHT BETWEEN PETER WARREN AND WILLIAM COCKS, FOR FIFTY POUNDS A SIDE

This interesting *mill*, which has kept the Norfolk Fancy on the *qui vive* for some weeks, came off on Monday last, after diverse adventures, on Elsing High Common, within seven miles of East Dereham. Peter Warren is well known to the London Ring, not only as a scientific boxer, but as a *chaunter*. He has recently been engaged on a sparring and harmonious tour on the county of Norfolk. In the latter speculation he proved himself a trump of the first order; but it was determined to give him an opportunity of exhibiting his qualities in another and more robust manner, and he was, therefore, matched against Wm. Cocks, a man of some note in the fistic circles of Norwich. The match, on Warren's part, was made by some of the "High Spirits" of Swaffham; and on the part of Cocks, by the jolly frequenters of our old friend Ned Painter's Sporting Crib, at Norwich. Opinions were, of course, opposed as to the merits of the men. Warren was, from his experience and good science, the favourite at five and six to four. Warren has been rather an unfortunate member of the Pugilistic Corps, having been four times beaten by Dick Curtis, and once by Barney Aaron. His weight is about ten stone, and his frame light and active; his age, we believe, about twenty-eight. Cocks, who is a Norwich man, is older by some years than Warren, and heavier by half a stone. His game was unquestioned, and in his fights with the Norwich Groom, whom he encountered twice, Gale, and Jack Tisdale, by the latter of whom he was beaten, after a desperate fight, as well as in other affairs of less importance, he established for himself considerable fame. Both men were in active training - Warren at Mr. Goold's, of Swaffham, and Cocks in the vicinage of Norwich. [*WD* accounts for the battle thus: "The match originated as follows: - Peter Warren, accompanied by his *pal* Charly Gibletts, was on a sparring tour in Norfolk, when he took a benefit at the Pantheon, Norwich, and in the course of the amusements a dispute arose between him and Ned Painter. Peter, whose chaffing organs happened to be in excellent order, made use of certain offensive expressions to Ned, which the latter could not brook, and he consequently promised to get the offender well-licked. Cocks, a "good man and true," who had beaten the Norwich groom twice, and Gale once, but was defeated by Jack Tisdale, was fixed upon for the purpose, the Fancy of Norwich backed him for 50*l.* against Peter, who was supported by the Swaffam lads. The battle, therefore, strongly interested the sporting blades of these places, and a sort of rivalry - Swaffam against Norwich - kept the parties in a feeling of excitement, as if the honour of the respective places depended on the issue. Peter, however, being possessed of metropolitan science, which is generally more than a little in advance of *yokel* practice, was the favourite among the betting *coves* at 6 to 4."]

On the Friday and Saturday previous to the mill, the Fancy were on the alert to know the place of meeting, which had been fixed should be within twenty miles of Norwich; but as it was known that some of the *Beaks* were fastidious, great caution was observed in giving the "office." On the Sunday, however, it was understood that Mattishall Borough, eleven miles from Norwich, was to be the scene of action, and the news soon flew to Lynn, Fakenham, Swaffham, Thetford, East Dereham, and the surrounding villages, so that time sufficient was allowed for those who were interested to prepare their prads for a pleasant trot, while vehicles of every denomination were brought into requisition. The ropes and stakes, which were the same in which Ned Painter last fought, were entrusted to Tom Oliver and the Under-Commissary **Frosty-faced Fogo**, who, in pursuance of previous instructions, formed the ring in the field of a respectable farmer, which was situated, as to prevent the admission of horse or foot without the ordeal of a *gate*.

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[The *WD* explains more: "According to the articles, the fight was to take place within twenty miles of Norwich, and a good ring was erected by Oliver and **Fogo**, in a field at Mattishall-borough, midway between Swaffam and Norwich. We need hardly say, after telling who made the ring, that the field had a gate to it - nor need we add, that as Stockman was in attendance, the *tippery* was demanded from the Ring-goers.]

[The *WD* states that the fight "was so little regarded by the London amateurs, that scarcely any of them left town to witness it." and the *Advertiser* has "Not many of the Cockaigne [*Cockney*] natives were present, but a few of the out-and-outers nevertheless did take the road on Sunday, and mustered among the provincials." *WD* adds: "Tom Oliver, Phill Sampson, Dick Curtis, Redman, Ned Stockman, and **Frosty-faced Fogo**, however, discovered sufficient inducements for the journey, and added, by their presence, to the regularity of the arrangements, as well as to the *dignity* of the business."]

The morning was uncommonly fine, and the roads to the appointed rendezvous were thronged at an early hour by many an honest yeoman, as well as by drafts from every other class of society for many miles around, including no small number of *toddling yokels*, who could not miss such an opportunity of taking a practical lesson in the good old English practice of boxing.

The gatekeepers on the occasion were Ned Painter and Phil Sampson, who, if they were not *armed* with money-boxes, had such receptacles under their *arms*, intended as, and no doubt proving a safe receptacle for, all monies which, by accident, slipped through the approved cracks. Whether there was any "welling" or not, we cannot take upon ourselves to say; but it was said the receipts brought to light were not very considerable, although the horse and foot were called upon to pay a toll. There were certainly a great number of "Free Admissions;" but still, looking at the "respectables," we should have calculated that the liberality of the Norfolk folks had been handsomely displayed. The crowd continued to arrive in great numbers till one o'clock, and the ring was surrounded by an immense multitude, either in their own carriages, on horseback, or in waggons, which had been drawn up for the occasion. All was now impatience for the men. It was known that Cocks was in the adjoining farm-house, and Warren was at East Dereham, not far distant. A suspicious rumour, however, got abroad, about half-past twelve, that a *Beak* was on the ground, determined to mar the sport; and an ill-omened looking gentleman, who was announced as Mr. A. Wodehouse, brother of Lord Wodehouse, was pointed at as the objectionable individual. He was mounted on a spirited little cob, and, indeed, showed all the importance of his office by collecting in his train several respectable farmers, whom he commanded to assist him in preserving the peace, and who, however opposed to their inclinations, could not say nay. As no open declaration had yet been made, it was determined to end all suspense by a personal application to his Worship, and he, at once, peremptorily declared that it should be a "**no go**" either in that hundred or in the adjoining hundred of Windham. It was in vain "to kick against the pricks," and as it was discovered that the Worthy Magistrate only extended the protection of his fostering wing over two hundreds, it was resolved to look for a third, which was not equally fortunate, although in the same county; and accordingly, on consulting those best acquainted with the localities of the county, it was discovered that the hundred of Elsing was only four miles distant, and thither the order to march was given, to the no small annoyance of the collected thousands, who, in addition to the disappointment, found that there was "no money returned" at the gate, a resolution which became indispensable, as it was impossible to distinguish those who had *tipped the blunt* from those who had tipped the gate-keeper the *go-by*. In the end, however, there was little ground of complaint, as all were entitled to a free admission to the next place of assemblage, which was on the turfed cricket-ground on Elsing High Common, a spot admirably calculated for the purpose, "open to all and objected to by none." In the movements of so immense a cavalcade across the country there were, of course, a few casualties and great confusion, but by two o'clock the ropes and stakes were again pitched and a most excellent ring formed, with a regularity and decorum highly creditable to the spectators, who were not less than five thousand in number. The men were brought to the ground in *swell* style, Warren being in a *bang-up drag*, drawn by four stallions, the property of Mr. Goold, who was his principal backer, with colours flying, and key-bugles playing appropriate airs.

At a quarter after two, all was in readiness. Cocks was the first to throw his *caster* into the ring: he was accompanied by Ned painter and Gale, and he was shortly afterwards greeted by Peter Warren, under the auspices of Dick Curtis and Frank Redmond. Cocks sported a yelloman, and Warren a crimson fancy fogle, with a pair of fighting-cocks in the centre. On shaking hands, their colours were tied to the stakes, and *peeling* commenced without delay.

On coming to the *scratch*, both appeared in excellent condition; Warren evidently had the length of his opponent; but still Cocks looked strong and vigorous, his frame was muscular and well put together, and his general appearance betokened resolution and activity. The bets offered at this moment were five and six to four on Warren, but no takers.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. Both men came to the *scratch* with due caution: their hands well up, and their points scientifically covered. Four minutes elapsed before either broke ground, when Warren let go his left at Cock's *grubbery*, caught him slightly, and Cocks fell back against the stake, but immediately recovered his legs. Peter now looked out for his favourite jobbing hits, and at last let go right and left; the latter Cocks stopped, but caught the other on the bridge of his *smeller*, from which first blood was drawn. Cocks rushed in and hit at Warren's body, then closing, he tried for the fall, and after some mutual fibbing, Peter was thrown, Cocks heavy upon him. One of their nobs came in contact with the stake, but we could not discover which.

2. Warren, again ready for the jobbing system, delivered his left, and stopped Cocks's counter. Warren again tried to job with his left, but missed. Cocks fought with him, but was prettily stopped; he would not be denied, however, but rushed in, and planting his right on Warren's body, closed, and, after a nervous struggle, Warren was thrown over the lower rope, Cocks upon him, and evidently the stronger man.

3. Warren jobbed with his left and broke away. Cocks was after him, hit slightly with his right and closed. Peter went down to avoid the fall.

4. Peter was again at his handy-work, and jobbed tight and left on Cocks's nob. Cocks hit with him, but was stopped at that game, and had recourse to his system of closing, in which he was more successful, and Peter was once more tumbled over the ropes, Cocks upon him.

5. Warren popped in his right and left, drawing claret in abundance from Cocks's sneezer. Cocks rushed in to close fighting, and, after some fibbing, both went down, Warren covered with his adversary's blood.

6. Warren jobbed with his left, but missed a slashing delivery with his right. Cocks went in scrambling for the throw, when Warren went down.

7. Warren jobbed severely, right and left, and drew more blood. Cocks took it kindly, but would not be denied - he bore in, returned on Peter's head and body, and floored him.

8. More jobbing for poor Cocks, but not effectively. "let go," cried Dick, "give him the whole weight of your fist." Warren again jobbed, right and left, but received a smack on the nose, which drew his cork. Peter made a desperate lunge with his right, which went over Cocks's shoulder. In the close, Cocks pulled him down.

9. Peter came up with his nose bleeding. ("See what you've done," said Painter; "I think there's bellows to mend, now.") Both men went to work without delay, and a slashing rally took place: the exchanges were good, and the in-fighting excellent. Warren hit up cleverly at the *Phiz*, while Cocks knocked at the ribs. In close, Warren was down, Cocks heavily on him, and squeezing him almost flat as a Norfolk biffin.

10. Warren jobbed with his left, but short; Cocks, ready, covered his vulnerables well; Warren made a feint, and caught him, right and left, on the ear and ogle; Cocks countered, but his blows fell rather short - a sharp rally, hit and hit, when both broke away; another rally, and some heavy returns; in the end, Warren went down.

11. Peter made his right on the back of Cocks's *listener*, who instantly closed, and threw him a cross-buttock.

12. Cocks stopped Peter's left prettily, but in the next attempt was not so successful, and received a poser. A close for the fall, and mutual fibbing; but Cocks being still the stronger, threw his man heavily.

13. Warren jobbed twice with his left; Cocks had him heavily on the body with his right, and was closing for the fall, when Warren turned round, and fell over the lower rope on his head, Cocks on him.

14. Warren tried to job twice, but was out of distance; Cocks popped out his tongue in derision. Warren, after a pause, jobbed with his left, and both got to in-fighting; heavy hits were exchanged, and Cocks lifted Peter up, and threw him heavily.

15. Warren pursued his jobbing system, but did not deliver with force; Cocks stood well to his man, and hit with tremendous force on his conk, right and left, catching him a terrific snorter, which drew blood in streams. Cocks the closed, and Warren was thrown a burster.

16. Warren jobbed, right and left; but Cocks was with him, and returned heavily on his countenance, right and left; he then fought desperately, and, Warren being a little abroad, he made a woeful expression on his *phisog*. Warren went down to avoid the close. (Thirty-five minutes had now elapsed.)

17. Warren came up bleeding, and Cocks was the first to fight, going in, left and right, and planting his blows well. Warren returned on his ear, and on the top of his head; Cocks fought furiously, and Warren was thrown (6 to 4 on Cocks).

18. Warren, a little cautious, waited and jobbed well, right and left; Cocks was ready, and hit away in return. In the close, Warren got the lock, and threw him.

19. Counter hits, with desperation, on both sides; pepper was the order of the day, and each had it in abundance. In the close, Warren got the fall.

20. Warren hit, right and left; Cocks rushed in & caught him on the body. In the struggle for the fall, both down.

21. Peter again jobbed, Cocks hit with him, and, in the close, threw him.

22. Peter hit over with his right, and Cocks pulled him down.

23. Good counter-hitting with the left. In-fighting, hit for hit, Peter thrown.

24. Warren delivered his right and left, and Cocks made his right well; Warren drew back and hit up. In the close, Warren got the fall. 25. Peter jobbed, and Cocks closed to throw him, but Peter got down easy.

26. Peter hit with his left, but Cocks was ready, and returned. Peter broke away and turned round, but was with his man again, and jobbed. Cocks closed and threw him.

27. Counter-hitting, and several severe jobs from Cocks, who succeeded in drawing more blood, and threw his man.

28. Cocks took the lead in fighting, and jobbed Peter well with his left. Peter was abashed, and was shoved down on his hands and knees.

29. (Painter as jolly as a sand boy: "Now, Peter," says he, "I think you have it.") Cocks again had the lead, delivering heavily, left and right. Warren fought with him, but had the worst of it; in the close, he was thrown.

30. Warren jobbed with his left, but Cocks gave it him, in return, three times in succession - scrambling in-fighting - both down, Warren under.

31. Warren missed his left, but Cocks was more at home, and countered prettily, though not heavily. He then closed, and threw him.

32. Cocks took the lead again, and delivered sharply on Warren's face, right and left. In the close, both down.

33. Cocks jobbed beautifully, right and left, several times, without a return - closed - and threw Peter (2 to 1 on Cocks, but no takers). 34. Cocks again fought first, and planted his left tremendously. Peter hit with him, but not forcibly; and, in the end, went down to avoid. Cocks pointed at him in derision.

35. Cocks again jobbed with his left with severity; Peter stood well to him, and returned; but Cocks was quick and determined, and, in the end, Peter was thrown.

36. Curtis now cheered up Warren, and, on Cocks next attempt to deliver his left, he stopped him with great skill; Peter then jobbed with his left, and a desperate rally followed, in which powerful hits were exchanged. This was a fine manly display, in which both evinced great resolution. In the close, both went down rather exhausted, and bleeding from all points.

37. Both went at it as if determined to bring the struggle quickly to a close; Warren again stopped Cocks's lunging left hand; he then jobbed, right and left; Cocks caught him heavily with his right, but Warren would not flinch, and hit away manfully. In the close, Cocks got the fall, Peter coming in contact with the stake.

38. Peter again shewed his presence of mind in stopping Cocks's left, and countering; Cocks would be at him, however, and hit him with is right. A fierce rally followed, hits were exchanged, and Cocks was hit down (shouts from Peter's party).

39. Peter more collected, jobbed beautifully, and got away; he again used his right and left in the same style, and Cocks could not hit him; Peter saw his man was abroad, got new courage, and jobbed him with additional severity. At the close, Cocks dropped quite groggy.

40. Peter jobbed well, right and left; Cocks made a slight return, and bored in; Peter caught him round the neck with his left, while he fibbed him with his right; and catching him a slogging hit under the left ear, he went down nearly insensible.

Cocks was got up on his second's knee in a state of exhaustion; but, on time being called, he was unable to stand, and Painter gave in for him, after fighting 56 minutes, amidst the shouts of Peter's friends, who was carried off to his carriage in triumph. Peter was conveyed to the Eagle, at Dereham, where he was put to bed, and Cocks proceeded on his road towards Norwich, deeply chop fallen.

REMARKS

This, upon the whole, was a good fight, although Warren, at times, showed that degree of caution which some would have thought betokened a want of manliness. Still he was opposed to a stronger man, and his game was to win

in the best sort of way he could. The science of Warren was decidedly superior to that of Cocks, and his jobbing excellent. In the 28th round, however, when Cocks took the lead in fighting, and adopted Warren's plan of jobbing first, Peter was quite abroad, and the severity of the deliveries a little deranged his knowledge-box. On recovering his presence of mind, however, and stopping this judicious mode, he turned the scale in his favour, and ultimately gained the victory. Cocks proved himself a thorough, game man, and against a commoner of his weight, would prove a talented customer.

* If we mistake not, Mr. Wodehouse was himself, in former times, a patron of the Ring. How the change in his feelings has been worked, we know not, but, no doubt, he had good reason for the trouble which he took not to assert his undoubted right as a Magistrate in the county of Norfolk; but as the particular conservator of the peace in the two hundreds for which he shewed himself so particularly interested. If he acted in the spirit of a Magistrate, who considered it his duty to suppress the good old practice of boxing altogether, no doubt he would not have satisfied himself with merely driving the multitude a few miles off, and to a spot still within his own jurisdiction.

After the fight, *Bell's* reported the following on the 22nd June;

Tom Oliver took a benefit at the Pantheon, Norwich, on Saturday week, when he receive the most liberal support. The setting-to was excellent in its way, and all were highly pleased. Oliver and the **Poet Laureat** spoke in the strongest terms of gratitude of the generous conduct of Ned Painter, and all the Fancy of Norfolk, which was never exceeded, if equalled, in any other part of the Kingdom. We are happy to be able to pay this tribute to our Norfolk friends. **Mrs. Fogo** says the Norfolk *dumplings* have done wonders for her "dear little man."

The same issue also carried news that "Tom Spring takes possession of the Castle Tavern, Holborn, and Tom Belcher surrenders on Tuesday next." It continues with the next of a series of amusing poems, the "Gallery of Comicalities" which in this case mentions Fogo;

"MONKEYANA"
THE GAMBLER'S PROGRESS
STEP THE FOURTH

O, for a **Fogo's** Muse to sing
The glories of the Boxing Ring -
Where Peer and Prig, and Sweep and Swell,
Mix in the motley group pell-mell:
A scene of frolic, row, and danger,
Where honesty is oft a stranger;
For doubtful are the chances now
Of triumph to the best man's brow.
With equal grief and shame we tell it,
'Tis "How much do ye ax to sell it?"
O, for the fighting days of old,
When men were neither bought or sold;
When victory was the aim alone,
And fighting crosses all unknown. [etc....]

"I'll book my man to win for sartin -
Come, three to one on Bill, at starting?"
"**No go**; that rattler on the smeller
Has turn'd the odds to t'other fellow;
Though Bill is certainly the strongest,
Perhaps Jack's wind may last the longest -
[etc.....]

The *Dispatch* of the 22nd June decided to continue with the skit on Frosty's tortoiseshell cat:

"VIVE LA BAGATELLE!"

It is reported that **Frosty-faced Fogo** has sold his tortoise-shell tom cat to the Duchess of St. Alban's, that lady being, it is said, in a condition shortly to present her Noble Lord with proof of conjugal felicity, took a fancy to **Jacks** grimalkin, which was purchased at a high price, to avoid the melancholy effects that might have resulted from a disappointment of her *penchant*. The Fancy, therefore, need not be surprised that **Jack** can drive his amiable and highly accomplished "gentle creature" out for a day's pleasure, in his own gig; or that the ample understandings of the aforesaid "gentle creature" should be encased in silk stockings.

This was followed up by *Bell's* of the 29th continuing the saga and announcing his departure for Norwich plus details of that trip with his pal Tom Oliver and the 'London Dog.'

The interesting fact that comes out of the Cat story is the frequent mention of Fogo's partner, the 'gentle one' or his 'wife', 'Mrs. Fogo.' Confirmation that he did indeed have someone permanent in his life to look after his domestic affairs - but no marriage is ever recorded, nor any other detail that identifies this person. Since the tortoiseshell cat is 'up for sale', as it were - might it never have existed? Was it possibly actually the London dog that was meant, on which Frosty is about to bet his *blunt*?

The *Bell's* two items are;

FOGO'S TORTOISESHELL TOM CAT
TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

Sir - Allow me to request you to correct a groundless rumour which has gone forth, that I have sold my tortoise-shell tom-cat. My *figure* is too high for every customer who has yet offered; and when I do sell him, you may be assured, that neither a gross of muffins nor a pound of Scotch snuff shall induce me to part with such a rarity. I am off to Norwich, but **Mrs. Fogo** will be ready to treat any person who may be desirous of treating for the purchase. He would be a great acquisition to the Zoological Society, in the Regent's Park, and I have no doubt would increase their funds. as they have now set up in opposition to Exeter 'Change. Yours, **FROSTY-FACED FOGO**.

CANINE FANCY

Tom Oliver and his pal, **Frosty Faced Fogo**, have started for Norwich, in charge of the London dog which is matched against the celebrated *Teaser*, of Norwich, for 25*l.* a side. They will be at Mr. Scotts, seven miles on the London side of Norwich, this day, where all the canine fanciers will have an opportunity of judging of the appearance of the London champion. The weight of the two combatants is not to exceed 41 lb. each.

The *Dispatch* in their issue for June 29th not only cover the trip to Norwich by Frosty but also in that issue print a poem in the series **The Fancy Scrap-Book. No. 14** which covers the important change of ownership of the Castle Tavern, home of the Pugilistic Cub, the Daffy Club and central meeting place for pugilists;

THE NORWICH DOG-FIGHT. - Tom Oliver and **Jack Fogo**, who back a London dog against the Norwich Teaser, for 25*l.* aside, will arrive, this day, at the house of Mr. Scott, seven miles from Norwich, on the London-road. The match will be decided, on Saturday next, July 5, in Norwich. It excites a great deal of interest in the latter place. Mr. Painter is the stakeholder.

TOM BELCHER'S FAREWELL TO THE CASTLE

"They have their exits and their entrances." SHAKESPEARE.

Farewell to the Castle! to which, when my name
Had eclipsed all the light-weights around with its fame;
When ev'n *Jem's* patrons acknowledged, our race
The deeds of his brother could never disgrace;
When, with laurels content, not of combating tired,
From the turf, full of spirits and life, I retired.
Then my friends would exclaim, as they pushed round the toast,
"Tom, once but a *hero*, is now grown a *host*!"
Nor has thou, my domicile, baffled the hopes
Of thy master, nor *tumbled him once o'er the ropes*.
For many a day's pleasure, for many a round sum,
I will thank thee - my gratitude cannot be dumb;
And the *tide* in my *peepers* is mounting to tell
Thy merits, as sadly I bid thee farewell.

Farewell to the Castle! how great were the wrong
To leave thee, fair mansion, unchaunted in song;
In whose walls we so often, with vocal delight,
Have awakened the echoes, and lengthened the night.
How *swell* was the muster, how rich was the glee,
When appeared in full force the patrician P. C.
As deeply they quaffed of the nectar divine,
They praised, and what's better, kept ordering my wine.
(Lost supporters of courage and manliness true!
Ne'er let me omit the just tribute to you;

A sigh for your loss, yet - nor be the hope vain -
Fair boxing may waken your spirit again,
To resort to the *Ring*, four-and-twenty feet *square*,
If the Knights of the *Cross* should no longer flock there.)
Nor, *Coves* of the *Daffy*, were you e're behind,
In the trot to the mill, or "the march of the mind;"
You proved Mirth and Music could brilliantly shine
O'er potations more potent - less costly - than wine.

Drink deep, my dear boys, ere your Belcher departs,
Of that crystal elixir, so dear to your hearts.
Adieu! "but whenever you meet at the hour,
"Which awakens the night-song of joy in your bower;
"Then think of the friend who had welcomed it too,
"And kicked all to Old Nick, to be happy with you," (1)
Ah, memory! ev'n now how my feelings rebel,
Farewell to the Castle! dear *Daffies*, farewell!

Farewell to the Castle! the wager and match,
To bring *biped* or *quadruped* up to the *scratch*!
The *Umpires*, impartial, *who int'rest ne'er weighed*;

The just *Referee*, who a bet never laid!
 The ballads of **Fogo**, Jack Scroggins's *sprees*,
 ---- 's tedious harangues, ----'s stale repartees. (2)
Literati, by Jove, the four *gemmen* all are, (3)
Blow my dickey, (4) for talent, about on a *par*. (5)
 I was ne'er in *that* line, I confess, much a swell;
 Nor does *their* loss embitter the *most* of my farewell.

Farewell to the Castle! the *lark* by gas light,
 The occasional *turn up*, to gladden the night;
 I ne'er was a friend, in a tavern, to scuffles,
 But Boxing, says Byron, will sometimes doff *muffles*. (6)
 Thus, when *Carter*, one eve, press'd *Old Bill* somewhat hard,
Lily White, in three rounds, archetypified *Ward*. (7)
 Myself, too, Jack Scroggins once put out of tune;
 Being drunk, "as his custom was, each afternoon,"

(Like old Hamlet's nap, (8) but Jack beats him outright,
 For his custom is drunkenness, morn, noon, and night,)
 I was forced to convince him I'd not lost the skill,
 Nor the *pluck*, if required, to go through with a mill;
 But no malice I bear for a casual strife,
 And the worst thing I e'er knew of Jack was his *Life*, (9)
 Which, I'm sure, on occasion, he dearly would sell, (10)
 And - like me, to the Castle - sob out his farewell.

Farewell to the Castle! nor deem that these vows
 Are mine only; - they're echoed by those of my spouse,
 Though her health may compel her from hence to repair
 To our *panny* at Finchley, to draw purer air; (11)
 The occasional gales, that from Holborn may blow,
 Will oft to her bosom a rapture bestow, (12)
 In remembrance, will waft her again from afar,
 The rich mingled fragrance of pipe and cigar,
 And present her, associate, the life of the scene.
 Where all her best days of enjoyment have been;

The scene which, without any wishing to flatter,
 She did much to embellish - but, well, that's no matter;
 And which, for she tells me her sentiments plain,
 She will always feel pleasure to visit again.
 No opinions are nearer than hers are to mine,
 We shall both bear in memory "the days of lang syne;
 Which long shall keep o'er us the rule of its spell,
 Though both, for a while, bid the Castle farewell!
 Farewell to the Castle! yet more should I grieve,
 But for *him*, the successor, I glory to leave;

Yes, joyful, accept for thy master, *Tom Spring*,
 The Ex-Champion of England, the pride of the Ring.
 With honour and honesty, pure and unsullied,
 Too manly to bully, too brave to be bullied;
 Though *hardly* e'er foiled by a foe in the field. (13)
 A staunch friend to each hero he ever made yield.
 The fame of the Castle he well will support,
 As erst, may it still be the Fancy's resort:
 May they flock to the crib, fast and full, as of yore,
 And serve him as well as they served me before.

There surely is little temptation to range,
 Where the landlord presents no example of *change*,
 (Not in *money* I mean - there he'll give it you pat,
 If you honestly say, "*take the change out of that*."
 Poor Mary, who longed for perpetual *frost*,
 Soon found, when the *thaw* came, her wishes were cross'd.
 But flock to the Castle, - 'twill surely be found,
 You there will have *Spring* with you "all the year round."
 With *streams* and with *breezes* (14) to furnish you well,
 And never desirous to bid you farewell!

- 1) See *Moore's Melodies*. This may appear rather a wholesale quotation; but Tom may justify himself like an old *chum* of mine, who, being convicted of pilfering pretty largely from an old English Poet little known, was addressed with "By ----, Jack, you've drawn rarely on the stores of old *Flatman*;" - "No," replied he, "I drew upon my *own* store of *memory*."
- 2) Like all gentlemen who use blanks, Tom begs to disclaim *personality*. They have been used at *hazard* and can be filled up at *pleasure*. It is a little observable too, that any two names that may be guessed may change places, without injury to the metre, and, if it were left to conjecture, with little to the sense -
 "Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown."

- 3) It is, probably, the publication of Scroggy's *Life and Memoirs*, that has induced this mention of him as *literary character*. I am credibly informed, however, that Jack, though he has *pocketed* the affront as far as regards share of the profits, stoutly disclaims the work in question being his own, conceiving it beneath him as a *scholar* and a *gentleman*.
- 4) The favourite exclamation of Tom, who is known to be a strict observer of the third commandment.
- 5) This seems scarcely fair to the genius of **Mr. Fogo**.
- 6) This quotation is not quite correct. His Lordship's words are "Sometimes we must box without the muffle." Tom's rendering, however, appears an improvement in point of *pithiness* and *character*.
- 7) In a turn-up at the Castle, on the evening of Nov 12, 1818, Richmond *served out* Jack Carter in three rounds, though the latter was then in his prime, and the old one 55 years of age. For the benefit of those who may not be equally *fly* to *Greek* with Tom, I may mention that to *archetypify* is to set another a pattern or example of doing anything.
- 8) ----"Sleeping in mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon," - *Hamlet*.
- 9) Tom, of course, refers to Jack's *published* Life mentioned in note (3), and not his *exemplary* mode of living.
- 10) The price of Scroggy's *printed* Life is *three* and a *kick* - a goodish figure! The value of his *natural existence* I will not presume to estimate
- 11) It is much to be lamented, that the immediate cause of Tom's retirement should be the state of Mrs. B.'s health. His good lady is understood to feel great regret at quitting the house, where her civility and attention procured her universal respect, and to have depressed the pleasure she should feel in revisiting it.
- 12) "I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow." - *Gray's Ode to Eton College*.
- 13) Tom speaks by the card. Spring was once defeated by Painter, at the Russia Farm, near Kingston on August 7, 1818.
- 14) The "*streams* and *breezes of Spring*," is certainly a highly poetical idea; but we apprehend, that neither more or less is meant than the new landlord's supply of *wet*, whether *light* or *heavy*, and of the *weed*, producing fragrant fumes. It is to be hoped, that he will be completely and as deservedly successful as his predecessor. who is well known to have realized a handsome fortune, and to retire in affluent circumstances.

This poem indicates that Fogo played an important part in the life of the *Castle* and even suggests he was a notch above his fellow chaunters. The following week, July 6th 1828, *Bell's* printed their own poem on this historic event and noted Fogo's place in the *Castle* firmament - even Pierce Egan appreciated the *Bell's* poem and reprinted it in *Boxiana*, Series 2, Vol. II, p. 756/6. *Bell's* also printed a reference to the Norwich dog-fight, even though it had taken place the day before! Fogo was their correspondent, but, being somewhat 'despondent' after the match probably hadn't the energy to keep them up to date and send them the result!;

NORWICH FANCY. - Our last dispatches from **Frosty-faced Fogo** states, that all Norwich is in a ferment, in anticipation of the approaching fight between the London and Norwich Dogs. The Corporation have had three dinners on the occasion, and every "dog in office" looks as proud "as a carpenter's cur with a two-foot rule tied to his tail." The match was to come off last night and the Metropolitan "*hanimal*" was the favourite, *dumplings* to *biffens*.

TOM BELCHER'S FAREWELL TO THE CASTLE AND TO THE FANCY.

Farewell to my lush crib, old Castle, Farewell!
No more in your precincts Tom Belcher shall dwell,
For ever retir'd from the fears of the ring,
I surrender'd my fortress on Tuesday to Spring.

Farewell, my old friends of the parlour and bar,
Who swallow'd my heavy, of whiff'd my cigar.
Your kindness unceasing I oft shall recall,
Farewell to the Daffy Club dearer than all!

Through life to act fairly has still been my aim,
No deed of dishonour has tarnish'd my fame -
No part of my conduct, I trust, will disclose
Either falsehood to friends, or a dread of my foes.

In wrath would the shade of Jem Belcher look down,
Had Tom dar'd to sully his brother's renown,
The laurels so proudly acquir'd by his merit,
I never have stain'd - but in peace, noble spirit!

How swiftly, how sweetly the hours roll'd along;
While "The Trotting Horse" still was my favourite song;
Blow my dicky, from weeping, I scarce can refrain -
'Twill be long ere I warble that ditty again.

O Bard of the **Frosty Mug!** teach me to sing
A solemn farewell to my Pals of the Ring,
The straight forward, cross-scorning Knights of the Mauley,
From Little Dick Curtis to large Peter Crawley.

Phil Sampson, Jem Ward, Bishop Sharpe and Black Bill!
Tom Belcher's best wishes await on you, still;
How often triumphant you enter'd my Crib in,
All men of strict honour, *yet famous for fibbing*.

And what shall I say, Barney Aaron, to you,
Thou star of the light weighing Sheenies - Adieu! *
My last tribute, Ned Neal, to thy merit is meet,
As modest in triumph as proud in defeat.

Farewell, ould Jack Scroggins, I'll ne'er see thy fellow
For harlequin antics, for uproar and bellow -
May *wittles* and drink never fail you in future,
And your *brass* still supply you with plenty of *pewter*.

But dearer than all to my bosom art thou,
Of true Belcher bottom, old Pal of the Plough!
In parting from you Tom's whole spirit distress'd is,
I have still been thy Pylades - thou my Orestes.

Farewell, young Dutch Sam, my best wishes at parting -
I don't much approve of your match with Jack Martin.

The charms of some women I know are trepanners,
But 'tis awkward to trespass on other men's manors.

Can thy strains in forgetfulness ever be lost,
Thou poet of *Fancy*, with **visage of frost**,
Prompt to aid or record the exploits of the brave,
By pitching a stake, or pitching a stave.

Gentle **Fogo**, adieu! Safe from Slander's attacks,
May you and Tom Oliver swallow your Max;
Go on hand in hand, without envy or choler,
And may joy long illumine your countenance polar.

And thou of an error in judgement the martyr,
Farewell, and more luck for the future, Jack Carter,
Thy punishment only we have on record -
First punished at Chatham, then punished by Ward.

Farewell, gallant Tom! since to thee I resign,
May your reign at the Castle be pleasant as mine!
Still may mirth and blue ruin, and heavy abound,
And SPRING flourish gloriously all the year round.

* *Quere* - A Jew

The *Dispatch* of the 6th only had in their 'Answers' column: "**Frosty-faced Fogo** never fought in the Prize-Ring." The following week saw the result of the Norwich dog fight take prominence in the sporting papers. *Bell's* gave the first notice of the disaster. And disaster it seems to have been for Fogo - he lost his dog *and* his blunt; ¹¹⁸

CANINE FANCY AT NORWICH - THE LONDONERS FLOORED.

The match between the London dog, under the auspices of Tom Oliver and **Frosty-faced Fogo**, and the Norwich Champion, took place on Saturday week, on the bowling green at the Ram Inn, Norwich, a regular pit having been erected for the occasion. The Norwich dog was a pound overweight and Oliver claimed forfeit; but, as the dogs did not fight on the day originally mentioned in the Articles, this objection was overruled. The sport commenced at half-past six, the London dog seconded by Sam Wedgebury, and the Norwich by Mr. Bradfield, the razor-grinder. The dogs fought; with alternate advantage, for the space of an hour, when Norwich was proclaimed the victor, from Wedgebury taking his dog out of the pit, and claiming the fight on the ground of the second of the Norwich dog having followed him from his corner contrary to the rules of the pit. Wedgebury was premature, and his dog was pronounced the loser, although, had he been left to fight it out, it was the opinion of many he would have won. The stakes were given up the same night. Both dogs were much punished, and the London dog "kicked the bucket" the next morning. He was buried on Tuesday with canine honours, and was followed to the grave by Tom Oliver and Sam Wedgebury, as chief mourners. Mr. Scott, the landlord of the *crib* at which the melancholy event took place, obtained, as a particular favour, one of the paws of the departed hero for a bell pull. Such was the grief in the household, that more tears were shed than would have boiled a dozen eggs.

Tom Oliver returned from Norwich and, as Commissary, set up the ring for the fight between Alec Reid 'the Chelsea Snob' and Bishop Sharpe 'The Bold Smuggler' at Noman's Land in Herts., on July 15th, but Fogo wasn't able to leave Norwich and this was remarked upon by the *Morning Advertiser* on the 16th when writing about this fight;

This long talked of match came off yesterday..... Tom Oliver had been at his post and had the ring completed good time. He was was constrained to dispense with the services of Mr. **Foggo** - late **Jack Foggo** -who was detained "by unavoidable misfortune" at Norwich. Mr. **Foggo's** absence was a blank in the circle - his pal missed him: but Mr. **Foggo's** friendship is "Nunquam dormio," so he had sent his pal an apropos remembrancer in a packet of Irish blackguard, to soothe his sadness for the want of his **frosty-faced** friend.

On July 20th the *Atlas* published a piece about the fight, both comical and serious, and noted Fogo's role; ¹¹⁹

FATAL EFFECTS OF BAD COMPANY WITH A WARNING TO BULL DOGS ON INDISCREET ATTACHMENT.

We extract the following paragraph from a well-known sporting Paper: -

Had the defunct quadruped been as happy in the choice of his associates, as he was remarkable for some virtues truly Spartan, he might to this day have been an ornament to society. But a deference to the opinions of TOM OLIVER, and an over-estimation of **Frosty-faced FOGO**, appear to have been his foibles. After the *premature* conduct if WEDGEBURY, in taking him from the pit on the conclusion of the *sport* of Saturday week, he must have

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died in high admiration of the benevolence of his friends, and the purity of the intentions of Mr. BRADFIELD, the razor-grinder. Like a knight errant, he was animated during the combat by the thought of a single smile from **FOGO's frosty face**; and he gave and received the most satisfactory gripes; never once mistaking the calves of Mr. BRADFIELD or of SAM WEDGEBURY for a part of the animal economy of his opponent.

When the bagatelle was over and the vanquished dog had given up the ghost, the sensibilities of the parties, which had been obscured by a nobler feeling during the combat, broke out into tears. We see them in imagination. They weep! Mr. BRADFIELD, the razor-grinder, takes out his cambric handkerchief; **FOGO** is affected, and faints in the arms of OLIVER; while SAM WEDGEBURY sobs aloud in the bitterness of his affliction. We do not know what the opinions of the *fancy* may be with respect to the pleasure or pain of being bitten to death. A regimen of gin and beef may perhaps enable persons to support the thoughts of it in a dog; but it is hardly warrantable to put the animal into a state of artificial excitement and expose him to pain, without ascertaining his private opinion. Let **Frosty-faced FOGO**, if he pleases, tear Mr. BRADFIELD, the razor-grinder, by the hair of his head; in Heaven's name, let Mr. BRADFIELD, kick **FOGO**, in his *abdominal viscera*, and trample upon him when he is down. They are free agents, and may lay their action for assault and battery; but let them spare our dogs. The two-legged animal is the inferior. Who would hesitate in his choice of a friend between a **FOGO**, a BRADFIELD, and a dog?

On the same date, the 20th, *Bell's* informed their readers;

"[**COURT CIRCULAR**] **Frosty-faced Fogo** has arrived from Norwich, with the skin of the defeated London dog, which is to be stuffed & placed in the British Museum."

In the same issue they printed a poem celebrating the new owner of the *Castle* - Frosty's absence in Norwich was remarked upon, showing that he was an important client and missed at the opening ceremony;

TOM SPRING'S OPENING DINNER

[from a Correspondent] *by Fogo?*

"Come gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come."

No more on the Castle, the hold of the Brave,
Thy Banner, Tom Belcher, in triumph shall wave;
Yet that Castle shall flourish the pride of the world;
For the Standard of Spring on its tower unfurled.

And long shall the Sons of the Fancy be found
To rally united that Standard around;
Still the Knights of the Daffy on Friday shall meet,
And the Max like Spring's former opponent one *Neate*.

Bright **Bard of the Boxing Ring!** Where art thou now?
When the Muse fairest Laurels should weave for thy brow,
Where now dost thou warble and look out for forage?
Blow me tight, I forgot - that you're grubbing at Norwich.

At Spring's opening dinner, had **Fogo** been present,
The *wisit* I'm sure would to all have been pleasant,
And the soul of the Stoic it well might have cheer'd,
To see how the *wittles* and drink disappeared.

You may easily guess that no dullness was there,
With a *nob* and a *Broth of a Boy* in the chair;
All Life in himself, without any mistake ----*
You may sleep if you will, he is always awake.

The cloth was removed in a trice, by the host,
"Charge your glasses, a bumper - prepare for a toast -
An Englishman, dear to the friends of the Ring -
With three times three cheers, join to 'God bless the King'"

It is needless to add that the glasses were drain'd,
No day-light at first, and no heel-tap remain'd;
In one common feeling of kindness they blend -
In drinking their Kind, they were drinking a friend.

"Charge your glasses again, and let every man present
Drink little or much, as the toast may be pleasant;
All cant I abhor, and all sentiments narrow -
The toast I propose is - '*The Vicar of Harrow!*'" #

"That's right," cried Tom Cribb, "don't leave he in the lurch,
But now what comes *arter* the King and the Church?
I means no disrespect to the worshipful *wicar*,
But I look'd for 'the ladies' to relish my liquor."

"Fill a bumper again to the brim, and no trick!"
 "Blow my dicky," cries Belcher, "he's coming it quick."
 "'The Castle, and may its foundation be strong -
 The governor firmly supported, and long.

"My feelings," cried Spring, "I've no power to express,
 I thank you all kindly, I can't do no less;
 To meet all your wishes you'll still find me willing,
 So I'll drink in a bumper - 'The Patrons of Milling.'"

Thus in mirth and good humour the hours fled along,
 Nor did Belcher refuse his old favourite song -
 "Pretty singing," he cried - "charming melody this is;
 I'd better be off, and *trot* home to my *missus*."

* *Nunquam dormio* # See Correspondence between the Rev. W. Cunningham, of Harrow, and Sir James Scarlett.
This poem was also printed in Boxiana 2/II p. 757/9

On July 27th the *Dispatch* gave a glowing report of a benefit held for O'Neale [Ned Neal] at the *Tennis Court* on July 22nd. Fogo attended as promoter of Bill Britton of Hoxton, nephew of Hen Pearce, the 'Game Chicken.' The young man had bright prospects but made only minor fights in the 1830's.

SPARRING AT THE TENNIS COURT

The attendance at this Court on Tuesday last, for the Benefit of Ned O'Neale, exhibited one of the most respectable musters that we have had the pleasure of witnessing for some time past, and when the numerous appeals that have been made within a short period to the Fancy, by men far less entitle to their support and consideration, are taken into account, we think that the Streatham hero had reason to be gratified, in a numerical point of view, with the assemblage that rallied round him, assuredly no "beggary account of empty boxes" could be alleged on the occasion, and it must have afforded considerable satisfaction to the real friends of fair and upright pugilism to have seen the alacrity with which the amateurs came forward to show their approbation of a game and honest, though a defeated boxer. The performances, as is unfortunately the case in the present day, did not *exactly* correspond with the bill of fare, but we feel it but a common act of justice to exempt O'Neale from any intention of attempting a *gammon*, frequently practised in this department by men of his vocation. He was, we are bound to say, unkindly and unfairly deceived by some of his brethren of the Ring, who, from a want of memory, for we will not seek for any worse motive, had promised that they would be *hand in glove* with the brave but vanquished opponent of Baldwin. Great names are not, however, in all cases, the earnest of great things; and, we apprehend, that few of the lovers of the science can feel otherwise than satisfied with the display of skill and game exhibited on the stage of Tuesday last. The sets-to which claim public notice were the following: -

LATHAM AND CRAFER. - These men opened the ball, and the little one showed his usual tact and quickness in making his jobbing left hand tell upon the frontispiece of his antagonist; but Crafer's length and weight were not to be denied, and ultimately gave him an advantage which his science could not have procured him over Latham.

MURPHY AND THE BRISTOL BAKER. - To those who have seen these men spar previously, it is almost needless to enter into a description of the bout. Game in-fighting was, as on former occasions, opposed to slashing left-handed work, and in the rallies, Doughey had little, if any, the worst of it. Some of Davis's friends were so sweet upon him, in consequence of the last bustling round, which certainly showed him off in prime style, and his unexpected conquest of Sheen, that they talked of backing the Bristolian against Murphy. On reflection, they will probably discover that they have been too fast; it can scarcely fall to a pugilist's lot to have the luck, twice in his life, of meeting with a *Sheen*.

BITTON AND OLIVER. - These two veterans, on their mounting the stage, did not create any sanguine anticipation. A very good set-to was, however, the result of their exertions. Ikey seemed disposed to evince his scientific powers, and Oliver was not unmindful of what was to be expected from the new Commissary General. The Hebrew's quickness, however, upon the whole, came off triumphant.

JOSH'S MERRIMAN AND THE PEA-SOUP GARDENER. - Miller, *alias* Pea-soup, gave a second proof of the injustice done him by those who had consigned him prematurely to the grave, by ascending the boards with a novice, introduced by the cognomen of Josh's Merriman. Hudson's protege is a promising likely young fellow, but we must see him opposed to something less stale than Miller before offering any decided opinion upon his merits. As it was, he had the best of the gardener - a pine-apple to a blackberry.

SPRING AND CRAWLEY. - This bout was, as might be expected, the grand feature of the day, and no small credit ought to be given, by those who had the good fortune to be present at this display of first-rate science, to the gentleman whose persuasive powers prevailed with the indolent, and amorous Peter to relinquish the double attractions of his draught-board, and his gentle creature. There was no *slum* about the affair. Spring's usual steadiness and precision were manifest in all his movements, but, without disparagement to the Ex-Champion's acknowledged powers, candour compels us to admit that Crawley proved himself the superior tactician. His natural gift of stopping, with as much certainty as his antagonist, at a greater distance from the head, gives him more facility and expedition in returning, which he clearly evinced by planting his long hitting right *mauly* - a weapon most *strikingly* impressed on the memories of Dick Acton and Jem Ward - three times in succession on Spring's *knowledge box*. Anything like a *rally* was, of course, out of the question between two such distinguished artists; but, in a bustling round, which terminated the conflict, Spring showed himself more on an equality with the victor of Ward than the out-fighting. The cheers which had greeted the appearance of these *top sawyers* were redoubled on their descending from the stage, and

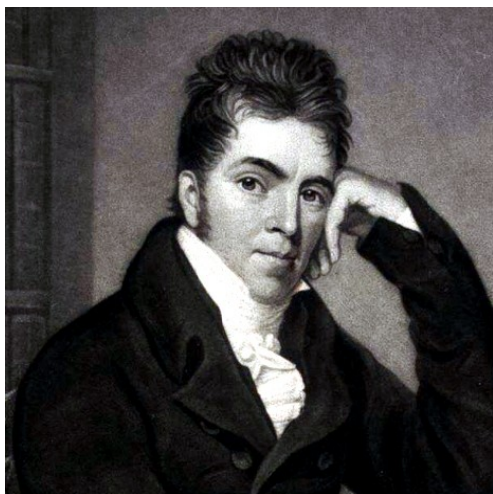
the old fanciers were unanimous in their opinion, that nothing comparable to their exertions had been seen since the celebrated *no-best* set-to between Turner and Eales.

CASTLES AND YOUNG DUTCH SAM. - The former showed so much skill and agility, when placed in opposition to the young Israelite, as to bring into view no small portion of *gape-seed*, at the recollection of his defeat by Paddy Flynn; or will we sanction the insinuations of those who would hint, that Bob ever demonstrated his Christian fervour by too strong an attachment to the *cross*. Till the last round, Sam had more work on his hands than he admired; but, in the conclusion, the young Hebrew phenomenon went up to the head of Castles with an effect so terrific, that we sincerely rejoice, for the sake of the latter, that it "was but *fancy's* sketch."

HOLT AND BELASCO. - The finished science of these two pugilists is so well known as to render all comment superfluous. Aby has ascended in ponderosity from 10 to nearly 16 stone; but, notwithstanding his *gum*, he had a shade the best of his *leary* adversary. Whispers have been circulated in the Sporting World of a fresh match between Aby and Josh; but we fear that neither, in his present condition, can afford to give half a stone. They are to sit shortly to Westall, as human illustrations of two of Pharaoh's lean kine!

JEM STOCKMAN AND BILL BRIT(T)ON. - The latter of these two coves has never fought a prize-battle, but he has long been celebrated in the Patrician neighbourhood of Hoxton, as an *out-and-outer* with the *mufflers*. His friends and admirers had been anxious for his appearance on the Stage, and he made his *debut*, on the present occasion, under the auspices of **Mr. Fogo**, P. L. P. R. Since the memorable first exhibition of Jem Ward, we have seen nothing so promising as Briton's maiden effort. He is a nephew of Hen Pearce, the Game Chicken, and he proved himself fully worthy of the breed. He stopped almost invariably the dangerous left hand of Jem Stockman, which it will be remembered, proved a *poser* even to the scientific Alec Reed, and returned with his right on the nob and body of his adversary, in a style far more pleasing to contemplate than to experience. There can be little doubt that Briton will prove a *teaser*. We understand that he can be backed *instantly* for 10*l.* against any thing of his own weight (9st. 2 lbs.)

JENNINGS AND LOVELOCK. - The latter name would have been far more applicable to Jennings: Pat appeared to think that sparring had no reference either to stopping or hitting. Whenever he *knapped* it, which was every time that Lovelock had the opportunity of making a hit, he immediately availed himself of his superior weight and strength, to close with his antagonist, not always, however, with advantage. A more disgusting business has not been seen since the *tumble-down* mill between the *ivory* and *ebony* curs at No-Man's Land. The audience expressed their displeasure by loud and general hissings; but we must say that Lovelock was perfectly innocent of the throwing, which was forced upon him by the conduct of Jennings. The Hibernian will, we trust, forbear in future to disgrace himself or annoy the spectators, by mounting the stage.



After the conclusion of the above pully-hauley job, O'Neale ascended the boards, attended by Spring, bearing the silver cup, which has been purchased by the grateful subscriptions of those who have profited by the numerous victories of the Streatham youth. It is a most elegant piece of workmanship, adored with emblematical devices, exhibiting in the combination of the shamrock, the thistle, and the rose, the type of a union which, it is to be feared, will never be as virtually realised as it is aptly represented. The inscription has not yet been executed. **Mr. Egan** [left] presented the splendid gift to O'Neale, accompanying the largess with a speech, which while it included everything essential or desirable, was recommended by an excellence which few speakers upon the same boards have been capable of appreciating - that of *brevity* and *conciseness*. Mr. Egan expressed the gratification he derived from being able, before so respectable an assembly, to present to O'Neale the well-earned tribute of valour and integrity; it was, he said, pleasing to reflect, that the idea of offering that tribute had originated with him (Mr. E.), and that, in his strenuous and sole pursuit of that object, he had discovered in the members of the

Sporting World, a disposition to reward bravery and honesty, which was not to be enfeebled or extinguished by a solitary instance of adverse fortune. He would cautiously and carefully abstain from any personal allusions which could only produce irritation. Those whom he had the honour of addressing would understand him, when he simply stated that O'Neale had been powerfully tempted, and had proved that he had sufficient principle to resist the temptation. He trusted that Ned's conduct would operate as an example to other losers *to do the thing that was right*, and his fervent wish in presenting the cup to O'Neale was, that the integrity and courage which had obtained him the gift might be rewarded by that prosperity which they so amply merited. Mr. Egan's speech was received with enthusiastic applause; and without the fear of appearing to descend into *bathos*, we may be permitted to mention, that it possessed the rare merit of not occupying *eight minutes* in the delivery.

O'Neale shortly apologized for his want of oratorical talents; but his speech was not defective in that feeling which is the soul of genuine eloquence. He complained bitterly of the manner in which he had been treated by Baldwin, who, after pledging himself, under a penalty of 5*l.*, to set-to at the benefit, had most unwarrantably disappointed him. "I hope," said O'Neale, "that he will keep one part of his bargain, at least." "I wish you may get it," uttered a voice from the crowd. "Well, at all events," said Ned, "I hope the gentleman will be content, under the circumstances, with my setting-to with another old antagonist, Jem Burn, who has kindly offered to make amends for Bob's negligence." The announcement was received with cheers, and O'Neale and his former adversary commenced operations. Sparring, it has been often remarked, is different from fighting, and Burn had almost as much the best of O'Neale on the stage, as the latter had of "mine host" of the Red Horse in the field. The company departed much and justly pleased with the sports of the day. ...continues with challenges for future bouts.

Bell's of July 27th 1828 printed the most important description that we possess of **Frosty-faced Fogo** - entitled:

HABITS OF GREAT MEN;

THE POET LAUREAT OF THE RING, VULGARLY CALLED FROSTY-FACED FOGO - Every thing connected with the movements of a man of genius must be interesting to the public; the most minute transactions of his life, even in domestic privacy, ought not to escape the notice of the biographer; because, it is only when the mind is relaxed and unshackled by the punctilious vigilance of society, that the true character of mankind can be ascertained. It is in this persuasion, no doubt, a contemporary Journal has favoured the world with a detail of the habits of many illustrious individuals; and it is under the influence of this feeling, too, that we shall attempt a description of the habits of the *Fistic Bard*.

Frosty Faced Fogo, to quote his own words, is the "most reglarist man as is." All **Feathers-court**, in Drury Lane, which has the proud distinction of containing his "*Dulce Domum*," can bear testimony to the precision of his movements. He rises not "with the lark," but after "*a lark*," for his natural humour and effervescent spirit but too frequently lead him into scenes, over night, where *larkish* propensity is but too predominant. On opening his *ogles*, which is sometimes a matter of difficulty, from a natural adhesiveness in the lids, he calls to his **better half**, in the language of endearment, to know "what's a clock?" a question which she is immediately enabled to answer by application to a next room neighbour, who, by good fortune, possesses "*a ticker*," an advantage not unusually belonging to a Poet. On finding, as he figurately remarks, that "Bright Phœbus had *toddl'd* nearly one half through his diurnal journey," he slips his two *trotters* out of bed, and sitting bolt upright, scratches his *nob* with an activity that at once exempts him from the application of old Joe Miller's joke - "There is nothing in that." There is, in fact, more than meets the eye, & perhaps more than even *Southey* himself could produce. Having thus held commune with the prompters of his muse, he rises erect, & then stretches forth his *mawleys* with a vigour that would lead one to suppose he would, if he could, grasp the Eastern & Western Hemispheres at one and the same time.

He is soon, however, reminded, by the ever-kind **Mrs. Fogo**, that his drapery, like the drop-scene of a country theatre, is not perfect, and that, in fact, the little **Fogos** are indulging in a peep behind the scenes, which, for the sake of effect, it would be well to avoid. So judicious a hint is not lost, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the extremities of the Poet are shrowded in his *inexpressibles*. He now draws on his stockings, slips on his shoes, and looks anxiously round for preparations for breakfast. He looks in vain, however, and is promptly reminded of the old adage, "The early bird catches the worm." His "little chicks" had, in fact, picked up all the crumbs in the cupboard, even to the last *muffin*. He smiles good humouredly, for he knows the family of the Fogos were not wont to thrive on air; and throwing down a *tanner* [sixpence], one of his little progeny is despatched for a half quartern [800gm loaf], while the Poet himself descends to the yard, and there, at the pump, for he despises the luxuries of the Great, *laves* his *mazzard* in the limpid stream, which his **son and heir** sends sparkling on his well-carved *phiz*. This healthful ceremony performed, he returns to his apartment like "a giant refreshed;" and, perfectly independent of the nose-squeezing fraternity of barbers, he mows his own chin, and finishes his toilette with a taste which those only who know him can duly appreciate - exhibiting in his person neither the frippery of a *dandy* nor the irregularity of a *sloven*.

His breakfast finished, and, to be particular, we ought not to omit that tea is his favourite beverage, he sallies forth in search of adventures. His official duties require that he should visit the haunts of the Fancy, for independent of occasionally celebrating the feats of these worthies in verse, he has the literary charge of their benefit bills, which he composes and distributes with a praise-worthy industry. His first call is generally at a noted *lush crib* in Wych Street, where, after "*sluicing his dominoes*" with a drain of sherry, a small glass of gin and bitters, or a drop of brandy and cloves, he inquires the news, and asks anxiously after the good or ill-fortune of his companions of the night before. Satisfied in this respect, and following the advice of our friend "Charley," he "moves on," & pops into the printing office of his little friend Elliott, in Fetter-lane, where he corrects his proofs, supplies himself with cards of invitation to the lovers of the sparring art, which he afterwards displays at the quarters of the most celebrated milling hosts in the metropolis. Going eastward he visits Peter Crawley at the Queens Head and French Horn, Harry Harmer at the Plough, Josh Hudson at the Half Moon, Tom Shelton in Whitechapel, and Tom Owen at the Brunswick; then turning south, Frank Redmond, in Loman's Pond, has the honour of call; next he veers round to the west, and is seen at Tom Cribb's in Panton street, Ben Burn's in Windmill street, Reuben Marten's in Berwick street, and back to Tom Spring's in Holborn, at each place "doing good for the house," and, like the "busy bee," gathering such "sweets" of Fancy intelligence as he may think it important to communicate in quarters most likely to meet the public eye, and to serve the parties interested. This round finished, he returns to dinner, where, over a dish of beans and bacon, or tripe and cow-heel, of which, by the bye, he is particularly fond, he luxuriates for an hour, washing down the whole with a pot of *heavy wet*, in the discussion of which **Mrs. Fogo** very properly assists. He then takes a *snooze* in compliance with the recommendation of Abernethy, to assist digestion; and, in the afternoon, having brushed up his *togs*, resumes his rounds, rendering himself as welcome and as agreeable as he can to his numerous and respectable acquaintances - taking a sip with one, blowing a cloud with another, cracking a joke with a third, *chaffing* on the merits of his

tortoise-shell tom-cat with a fourth, singing a song of his own composition with a fifth, and so on - making himself everything to everybody, and establishing his fame as a useful and amusing drudge among the officials of the Ring. As the night advances, he becomes more mellow, and if, perchance, like the patrons of the celebrated *Fishmonger* - for he is too apt to adopt the vices of the Great - he should meet with a few adventurous acquaintances who are wooing dame fortune at a game of All Fours, a hand at Put, ashy in the shallow, or a toss on the sly, there is no man more ready to risk his *bull*, or venture his *tizzy*. If lucky, he bears his good fortune with becoming philosophy; and, if the reverse, why he trusts in Providence for better luck another day; and, as he trudges to his *roost*, he has ample food for reflection, and abundant means of mental occupation in speculating on the "ways and means" for tomorrow. He knows the "*spout*" is handy, but this with him is always the last resource, for he hates dependence on his relations. Thus closes our sketch of the habits of a great man, and we doubt whether, to some, it may not be as instructive as that of the military Premier or the Lord High Admiral himself.



The entrance to Feather's Court, off Drury lane

The piece begins by pointing out that Fogo is an 'owl' who spend the nights in pleasurable activities and thus only rises from his bed when awakened by his 'wife' approaching noon. Fogo not having a watch, his partner applies 'to a *next room* neighbour'. The squalor of these Courts meant that they were occupied by the poorest of the poor and often whole families lived in a single room, so that one floor having more than one room would contain a family in each. His underclothing being 'less than perfect' he quickly dresses to avoid embarrassment in front of his children. There is no food in the house, what little there had been was consumed by the children and he sent one out to buy a loaf [just bread, no cheese, meat etc.]. They lived in a room on an upper floor and to wash he had to descend into the yard where his son [John aged 12] pumped the handle to produce water for his ablutions. Back in his room he shaves himself. After a cup of tea [comically called 'his favourite beverage'] he sets off to 'work.' There then follows a list of the places he visits on his daily 'tour';

- 1) Sol's Arms, Wych Street (Ben Lewis)
- 2) His printer, Mr. Elliott, Fetter lane - for cards and testing proofs for his books/flyers etc.
- 3) Queen's Head and French Horn, Duke Street, West Smithfield (Peter Crawley)

- 4) The Plough, West Smithfield (Harry Harmer)
- 5) Half Moon, Leadenhall Market (Josh Hudson)
- 6) Bull's Head, Cow Lane, West Smithfield (Tom Shelton)
- 7) The Brunswick Coffee House, 88, Cable Street (Tom Owen)
- 8) The Marquis of Granby, Lomans Pond, Gravel Lane (Frank Redmond)
- 9) The Union Arms, Pantom St., Haymarket (Tom Cribb)
- 10) The Sun, Windmill Street, Haymarket (Ben Burns)
- 11) City of London, Berwick Street (Reuben Martin)
- 12) Castle Tavern, Holborn (Tom Spring)

This was obviously thirsty work, and he would try several tipples whilst gathering 'intelligence', doing business and being 'seen'. Then it was back home to 'Mrs. Fogo' for a meal of cheap beans and bacon, or tripe and cow-heel, washed down with *heavy wet* and followed by an hour's nap. Thereafter it was back to the tavern circuit to meet his pals and 'taking a sip with one, blowing a cloud with another, cracking a joke with a third, *chaffing* on the merits of his tortoise-shell tom-cat with a fourth, singing a song of his own composition with a fifth, and so on - making himself everything to everybody, and establishing his fame as a useful and amusing drudge among the officials of the Ring.'



The writer then covers Fogo's other bad habit of gambling. No man is 'more ready to risk his *bull*, or venture his *tizzy*.' If bad luck struck he would resort to the pawn shop. There is mention of his relations on whom he would hate to depend - did the writer know about his Aunt Ann Fogo and cousin John?

Left - an attic room in which a family of as many as eleven people could live. Cooking would be done in the fireplace, though sometimes there was a communal kitchen in some tenements. Corridors might be let to single men. The ground floor might have had workshops with a wash room out back and there were communal taps and toilets outside.

DRURY LANE and FEATHER'S COURT



The squalor of Feather's Court [*left* - before its demolition in 1906] was remarked on in the 1860's as 'a locality of the very lowest description, and where the rooms are all tenanted by such numbers as testify strongly to the degradation and immorality that are much to be deplored.' In Charles Booth's map of London, compiled 30 years later, he indicated it with the colour 'black' indicating the lowest quality and most dangerous with diseases there, most especially tuberculosis - he singled out Feather's Court as 'the worst in the subdivision.'

The Court consisted of just 10 dwellings or tenements including its own tavern, the Blue Anchor [would have been on the far right in the picture] - and on the 1841 census 171 people were recorded as living there. I suspect a great many more lived or worked there than appear on the census since it was also a haunt of prostitutes who

seemed to avoid getting recorded by the census enumerators.

The following are some records of a few of the Feathers Court dwellings - the Fogos lived at number 8;
Morning Chronicle - 14 Jan 1825 - "For sale - Three freehold Houses, 4, 5 and 9 Feathers Court, Drury Lane much improved by the erection of new front houses in Drury lane - They produce at present £70 p.a, but are capable of increase". Possibly didn't sell, or if they did, either way were then offered singly;

Public Ledger and Daily Advertiser 26 Jan 1825 - Freehold House No. 4 Feathers Court, Drury lane - three stories high containing three large rooms and wash house let at £29 p.a, - £360. No. 5 similar £355 and No. 9 but with two rooms on each floor let at £30 p.a. - £510.

Though there was just one room per floor for No.s 4 and 5, each room might be let to more than one family. [see below with the Coggins, Tucks and Moores at No. 4]

Morning Chronicle 22 Jun 1827 The Anchor, Feathers Court freehold sold for £500 - one of 20 public houses sold due to bankruptcy of Messrs. Starkey & Co.

Public Ledger and Daily Advertiser 15 Oct 1828 - Valuable Freehold House desirably situate always to command tenants being No. 10 Feathers Court, Drury lane, on lease which expires in 1835, at a rent of only £14 p.a. and at the expiry of the lease will produce £40 p.a.

Interestingly, on 24 Jun 1830, George IV signed a Royal warrant (two days before his death) regarding 9, Feathers Court [LCC/CL/GEN/08/C/96/1985-1991 - held at the London metropolitan Archives, City of London]. It concerned Peter Stuart, brother of Daniel Stuart [manager of the *Morning Post*] who founded '*the Star*' newspaper which was initially printed at 9, Feathers Court. It was later changed to '*Stuarts Star and Evening Advertiser*' and bearing the Prince of Wales' feathers. It then became '*The Morning Star*'.

Public Ledger and Daily Advertiser - October 1832 - debtors prison - James Brown late of 1, Feathers Court, Chimney Sweeper and dealer in soot.

Several murders were reported in Feathers Court both before and after the Fogos lived there, and whilst looking for further details of the Court I came across the following account - same name but a different Feathers Court - but it gives an idea of how such rooms were shared;

London Courier and Evening Gazette 28th Aug 1832.

Hatton-Garden - Attempted murder. Ann Callaghan, an Irishwoman with a very young child in her arms, was brought before Mr. Laing, charged with assaulting her husband with intent to murder him. John Callaghan said he was a porter, and lived in 3, Feathers-court [address from London Evening Standard], Gray's-Inn lane ... [She tried to cut his throat with a razor whilst he slept - the third time she had tried this] John Smith lodged in the same room - he was awakened by the screaming.. and tried to remove the razor from her - but couldn't, until assisted by Patrick Sheely who lodged in the adjoining room.

The prisoner accepted that she had made the attempt, because her husband cohabited with another woman.

Finally - here are some of the possible neighbours surnames that Fogo might have known in his time in Feather's Court, taken from the Parish Records;

St.Mary Le Strand Westminster

Baptisms

1824 March 2 b. Feb 15 Eliza d.o. John & Elizabeth Jones 4, Feathers Court Brass Founder

1824 July 25 b. July 1 Ann d.o. Francis & Ann Monk 7, Feathers Court Porter

1824 Oct 17 b. Dec 3 1823 Charles s.o. John & Mary Halsall 3, Feathers Court Tailor

1825 Feb 27 b. Apr 1 1824 Charles Frederick s.o. Thomas & Jane Jopling 9, Feathers Court Cutler

1827 March 11 b. Oct 24 1826 Sophia Jane d.o. George and Sophia Wolstonecraft 11, Feathers Court Ostler

1828 Feb 20 b. Feb 29 1827 Harriet & Amelia d.o. Thomas and Elizabeth Rice [Bicer?] Feathers Court Beadle St. Mary le Strand

1828 Jun 1 b. Jan 28 Robert William s.o. William and Jane Coggin 4, Feathers Court Salesman

1828 Dec 19 b. Dec 12 Jane and Ann d.o. Thomas & Mary Jones 3, Feathers Court Labourer

1829 March 26 born Dec 7 1828 Henry s.o. Charles and Sussannah Steel Feathers Court Plumber

1829 Jun 6 Born Jun 5 William s.o. John & Mary Ann Marson 6, Feathers Court Cook

1829 July 19 Born Sep 21 1828 Sussannah d.o. Cornelius Richard & Susannah Littlefield 2 Feathers Court Book Binder
 1830 Jan 31 b. Jan 9 Sarah d.o. Sarah & David Donaldson 7, Feathers Court Whitesmith
 1830 Jan 31 b. Jan 9 Charles s.o. Sarah & David Donaldson 7, Feathers Court Whitesmith
 1830 Dec 5 b. Sep 6 Jonathan s.o. Thomas and Harriet Hammond 4, Feathers Court Labourer
 1831 Oct 5 b. Oct 5 James s.o. James and Elizabeth House, Feathers Court shoemaker
 1831 Oct 23 b. Jun 4 William Samuel s.o. James and Ann Bull 6 Feathers Court, Plasterer
 1832 March 28 b. Aug 4 1831 Isabella d.o. Elizabeth and Thomas Rice 1, Feathers Court Beadle
 1832 (3) Jun 5 b. June 1 James Henry s.o. John and Mary Ann Marson 7, Feathers Court Cook

Burials

1827 Nov 11 Robert Rollen (77) 9, Feathers Court
 1827 Nov 18 Mary Pope (42) 7 Feathers Court
 1827 Nov 26 William Jones (20) 4, Feather Court
 1828 Jan 6 John Hill (Wile) (44) Feathers Court
 1828 Mar 2 John Farbay (Tarbay) (55) 2, Feathers Court
 1828 Sep 23 John Tuck (2yr 9 mth), 4, Feathers Court
 1828 Nov 23 Margaret Tuck (26) 4, Feathers Court
 1829 May 24 Samuel Moore (61) 4, Feathers Court
1829 13 Sep Ann Catherine Fogo (5yrs 9 months) 8 Feathers Court
 1829 Oct 18 Jane Jones (10 months) 3, Feathers Court
 1830 Mar 28 Mary Ann Dobson (20) 10, Feathers Court
 1830 Jul 11 Edwin Smith (1yr 8 mth) 10, Feathers Court
 1830 Sep 15 John Wilson (57) 7, Feathers Court
 1830 Dec 10 Ann Graves (67) 6, Feathers Court
 1830 Dec 22 William Fluck (59) 7, Feathers Court
 1830 Dec 27 John Parkin (Partlin) (65) 11, Feathers Court
 1831 Jan 28 Joseph Hammond (5y 5 months) 4, Feathers Court
 1832 Jun 19 Ann Jones (2yr 6 months) 7, Feathers Court
 1832 Jul 13 John Brown (2) 3, Feathers Court
 1831 Oct 9 James House (1 day) 4, Feathers Court
 1831 Dec 18 William House (2) 4, Feathers Court
 1832 Jan 17 Thomas Riddock (2 yr 9 Mo) 5, Feathers Court
 1832 Jun 17 John Clayton (6 weeks) Feathers Court
 1832 Aug 5 Maria Hamblin (1 yr 8 mo) 9, Feathers Court



Orange Court also off Drury Lane, in 1872, showing similar conditions

No 4, Feather's Court seems to be an unlucky address and 7 not much better - there are many stories here - John Tuck dying aged 2 years 9 months and his mother two months later aged 26 but of most interest to us is that *no* child is recorded as being born (or at least not baptised) at No. 8 under any name - though as Presbyterians a child of Fogo *might* have been recorded elsewhere - what *is* recorded though is the death of Frosty's daughter Ann Catherine Fogo, of which, more later.

DRURY LANE



Dickens wrote an essay in 1836 on the gin shops in Drury Lane [In *Sketches by Boz*] which give a good picture of the time and place where the Fogos lived; "The gin-shops in and near Drury-lane, Holborn, St. Giles', Covent Garden and Clare-Market, are the handsomest in London. There is more of filth and squalid misery near those great thoroughfares than in any part of this mighty city. We will endeavour to sketch the bar of a large gin-shop, and its ordinary customers, for the edification of such of our readers as may not have had opportunity of observing such scenes; and on the chance of finding one, well suited to our purpose, we will make for Drury-lane, through the narrow streets and dirty courts which divide it from Oxford-street, and that classical spot adjoining the brewery at the bottom of Tottenham-court-road, best known to the initiated as the "Rookery."

The Cock and Magpie - entrance to Feather's Court on the right. St. Mary-le-Strand in the distance.

The filthy and miserable appearance of this part of London can hardly be imagined by those (and there are many such) who have not witnessed it. Wretched houses with broken windows patched with rags and paper, every room let out to a different family and in many instances to two or even three; fruit and "sweet-stuff" manufacturers in the cellars, barbers and red-herring vendors in the front parlours, and cobblers in the back; a bird-fancier in the first floor, three families on the second, starvation in the attics, Irishmen in the passage; a "musician" in the front kitchen, and a charwoman and five hungry children in

the back one. Filth everywhere, a gutter before the houses and a drain behind them - clothes drying and slops emptying from the windows; girls of fourteen or fifteen with matted hair walking about barefooted, and in white greatcoats, almost their only covering; boys of all ages, in coats of all sizes and no coats at all; men and women, in every variety of scanty and dirty apparel, lounging, scolding, drinking, smoking, squabbling, fighting and swearing.



You turn the corner, what a change! All is light and brilliancy. The hum of many voices, issues from that splendid gin-shop which forms the commencement of the two streets opposite, and the gay building with the fantastically ornamented parapet, the illuminated clock, the plate-glass windows surrounded by stucco rosettes, and its profusion of gas-lights in richly-gilt burners, is perfectly dazzling when contrasted with the darkness and dirt we have just left."

Drury Lane was the setting for Hogarth's famous *Harlot's Progress*, a series of six paintings depicting the corruption and ruin of an innocent country-girl who went to London and became a prostitute, in Drury Lane. Drury Lane was divided into jealously-watched 'territories' controlled by the Madames of the brothels.

Cock and Magpie in winter - There would be little heating at Feather's Court

In addition to the dirt, poverty and squalor that the Fogos had to endure, it might be worth mentioning also some of the killer diseases that were common in early 19th century London; Cholera - due to contaminated water [killed 53,000 in London in 1848 alone], typhoid, smallpox [endemic until the 1840's and John Fogo's childhood disease], tuberculosis [consumption - very common in London], syphilis, scurvy, diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough, measles. Not until the late Victorian period did German Robert Koch (1843-1910) discover the bacteria which caused cholera, diphtheria and TB. Two of John Fogo's known children died young, as did his wife, and he himself was to succumb to another killer - alcoholism. The water was so dangerous that most people drank the much safer alternatives of gin and beer. The gin palaces mentioned above by Dickens were built in the late 1820's and the biggest were Thompson and Fearon's in Holborn and Weller's in Old Street. Many people however drank the cheapest, home-made varieties which could be both lethal and addictive. Frosty made his own flaboured gin, for hom consumption and sale! Beer, at only 2% proof was healthier and less addictive, and post 1830 when the Duke of Wellington passed the sale of Beer Act removing all taxes on it, it became the cheapest and safest beverage for the working classes, and beer shops thereafter proliferated. This caused a problem for Frosty since he couldn't make beer and gin drinking saw a rapid decline.

Pierce Egan wrote his "*Tom and Jerry or Life in London*" in 1820 which met with great success and lead to much imitation. On November 23rd the St. James's Chronicle of 1822 reported that a gang of ruffians calling themselves the "Tom, Jerry and Bob Club formed at the Cock and Magpie flash gin shop in Drury Lane and amused themselves by breaking the peace - strutting about in gangs with straw segars in their mouths and their hats cocked aside, sweeping the pavement, *starring the glaze* and *shifting fogles* as time and chance may serve." They were sentenced to the Treading Mill in the House of Correction for a month!

Just one more note before continuing - there is a famous song which goes - "Have you seen the Muffin man, the Muffin man etc. he lives down Drury Lane." Presumably this refers to an actual muffin seller but there was possibly another connotation in the local slang - in *Bell's* ¹²⁰ we have Ben Burn called President of the Board of Crosses [i.e. cheats, selling his fights], Viscount Muffins, and in *Bell's* ¹²¹ there is an enigmatic reference to **Frosty-faced Fogo's** eldest child, Elizabeth, being appointed 'deputy muffin purveyor to the King's laundress' - uncertain link, but the muffin man being the baker who bribed the boxers.

Bell's of August 3rd carried notice of Fogo's improved attire, (must have earned some money, or won a bet?) and then it reported his arrest and a moment of fear in connection with a fight and his role in the Commissary; ¹²²

Frosty-faced Fogo has mounted new *kicksies*, [*breeches*] and a pair of top boots; he has become quite the "Grand Serag" among his companions.

FIGHT BETWEEN JACK TISDALE AND DUDLEY DOWNS, FOR 50/. A-SIDE

The match between the above men was decided on Tuesday last, [*July 29th*] in a field at Wrecklesham, in the county of Surrey, forty-four miles from London, in the parish of Farnham. The articles specified that the fight should take place over forty and under fifty miles from London, and hence so long a trot for so little an affair. The merits of Tisdale are well known to the Fancy, and his recent unsuccessful battle with Dick Curtis tended to increase his fame, as it proved that he possessed qualities second alone to the *Pet* himself. Downs is a Hibernian, a printer by "profession,"

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and of respectable connections in Ireland. Like Young Norval, "he longed to follow to the field some warlike *Lord*," but not being able to find a Lord, he was obliged to content himself with a *Commoner*, and made his *début* in the P.R. with Ned Mason, whom he beat in good style, and showed so many good *milling* points, both as to science and game, that his friends backed him against the veteran Tisdale. It was stipulated that he should not weigh more than 9st., and on the morning of fighting his weight was 8st. 11lbs., while that of Tisdale was 8st. 7lbs. He thus had weight, and we may add length and youth, in his favour. He trained at the New Inn, Staines, and was remarkably attentive; while Tisdale trained at the Harp, on the Edgware-road. Both are well, and on the night before the meeting, dropped down to Farnham, Tisdale on his way, having dropped in at the Wheat Sheaf, at Virginia Water, the training ground of many a hardy veteran. The betting, from the outset, was in favour of Jack at six to four; but such was the confidence of Dudley's friends, that these odds were freely taken in moderate stakes.

A consultation having taken place at head-quarters, it was agreed that the battle should be fought on Berkeley Heath, Hampshire; and Commissary Oliver and his Secretary, *Frosty-faced Fogo*, proceeded to that place to make the necessary arrangements. On their arrival at the village of Bentley, however, they dropped into a *trap*, or rather the hands of a *trap*, and were unceremoniously taken before a leash of *beaks*, with the fear of the *treadmill* full before their *ogles*. Poor Tom looked "unutterable things," and wished himself "over the hills and far away;" while *Fogo*, with equal ardour, inwardly lamented he did not possess the *Bottle Imp*, or some other magician, to transport him to Norwich, or a Christian region of equal hospitality. Luckily, they had to deal with considerate beings, who were only anxious to preserve their own county from contamination, and their *hogs* from transportation, as the Hampshire jolter-heads expressed strong fears that some of the followers of the *stakes* might naturally take a fancy to *pork steaks*, and walk off with a few of their lively *grunters*. Upon a solemn pledge from Oliver, therefore, and he devoutly hoped "he might be punished if he broke faith," that he would not pitch the stakes in the county of Hants, but forthwith cross the border, he and poor *Fogo* were dismissed, in a few minutes vanishing from the eyes of the worthy Magistrates like *sons* of the Mist before the rising sun. They now retrograded upon Farnham, from whence they again set out, and in due time, after divers mischances "by flood and field," formed the arena in a meadow on the summit of a hill. Thither the men proceeded in their respective *drags*, followed by a motley multitude, including a tolerable sprinkling of the metropolitan amateurs, whose jaded nags and drabbed tails shewed that they had encountered many difficulties in their pursuit of amusement.

Shortly before one, the men entered the ring, under the blaze of old Sol (not in Sol's Arms) in his best humour. Tisdale was accompanied by Dick Curtis and the Lively Kid (Ned Stockman) and Dudley Downs by Harry Jones and Paddy Flynn. Both looked well, and shook hands with that friendly feeling which usually belongs to *gemmen* who mean to do each other as much mischief as possible.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. On taking ground, it was obvious that Dudley had a shade the advantage in length, but the frame of Tisdale seemed more muscular. The condition of both was good: confidence sat on their brows. Two or three minutes were occupied before either let fly, so well did they cover their points. At length Tisdale hit out right and left, but was prettily stopped. Dudley attempted to return, but Tisdale had jumped back, and he was out of distance. Both ready and cautious, and mutual stops. Another pause for an opening; at last Tisdale crept in, and delivered his right. Dudley charged for a rally, when hits were exchanged. Dudley caught Tisdale round the head with his left, and hit up with the right, catching his man on the *conck*. In the close, Tisdale went down, but on rising *first blood* was announced from his smeller.

2. Another waiting job, each ready; Tisdale planted his left cleverly on Dudley's cheek, and then hit short at the body with his right. Dudley stopped right and left twice in succession. Tisdale popped in his left at the body, but was short. He was more successful with his right, catching Dudley on the ribs under his guard. He then got away, but soon returned, and jobbed Dudley on the proboscis with his left. Counter hitting with the left: both had it in the phiz. Dudley stopped Tisdale's left, and in getting away, fell back.

3. Tisdale made play with his left, but Dudley was away. Tisdale again planted a left-handed body blow. Good counter-hits with the left. Tisdale popped in his right on Dudley's victualling office, but napped it in return on the head. Good stops on both sides. Tisdale hit Dudley with his left on the cheek, drew claret, and jumped away. Counter hits, Tisdale got within distance, and dropped this right on Dudley's body.

Dudley hit well out with his right, but the compliment fell on Tisdale's shoulder. Stopping right and left. Dudley hit short, and did not judge his distance. Tisdale made his left good on Dudley's nob, when Dudley went in to fight, and delivered slightly on the body. Tisdale did not like close quarters, and went down.

4. (The fight had now lasted fifteen minutes). Dudley stopped the left well, and good counters were exchanged. Both ready. Tisdale received a nobber, but returned well with his left. More excellent stopping by Dudley, but he did not hit with his man. Tisdale made a half hit with his left, which was stopped; but, at the same moment, he popped in a heavy body hit with his right. Tisdale made a facer, but his body hit was stopped. Dudley all on the defensive. Tisdale again commenced, but his left was stopped. Dudley immediately rushed for a close, throwing out his left to catch Tisdale by the nob; but Tisdale hit out, and went down. (The Old Soldier at work).

5. Excellent stops on both sides; counter-hitting; Dudley's left open: he hit Tisdale on the shoulder with his right. Tisdale made his right on Dudley's eye, but had it on the return on the cheek. Counter hits slight. Dudley again closed for a rally, but Tisdale, after delivering with his right at the body, went down cautious. He knew Dudley was a good thrower, and would not throw a chance away. 6. Dudley's eyes both showed *pepper*. (2 to 1 on Tisdale.) Tisdale went in to fight; Dudley was ready, hit with him, and was again closing for mischief, and hit up; but Tisdale would not have it, and fell, evidently to avoid danger.

7. Tisdale hit with his left on the nose. Dudley hit up, and caught him on the mouth. Tisdale again down (murmurs against Tisdale, who was playing the safe game).

8. Tisdale jobbed well with his left on Dudley's nose, and repeated the dose, a stream of blood showing the effect of these blows. Dudley stopped right and left, but had another nasty visitation to his *snorter*. Dudley caught him with the left under the eye, and drew blood. Counter hits, and Tisdale away. Dudley had it left and right on the face, but did not return. Another half hit with the left from Tisdale, which was stopped; but he planted his right heavily on the body, and jumped back. Dudley made his right on the side of Tisdale's head. Good facers exchanged; more blood from both. Tisdale put in a dreadful jobber on Dudley's nose; more blood. Dudley attempted to return, but his blows did not go home. Dudley hit well with his right on Tisdale's nob, and Tisdale dropped. (First knock-down blow.)

9. Tisdale popped in his right on Dudley's eye, which was fast closing, and got away extremely active on his pins. Another *ogler* for poor Dudley, but he returned heavily on Tisdale's *mug*. His right and left exchanged, and Dudley hit up with his left; Tisdale again away smiling. Good stopping by Dudley, and Tisdale fighting fast. Dudley did not hit with his man, and was too much on the defensive. Tisdale put in some flush hits on the nose, drawing lots of claret, Dudley went in rather wild for the throw, and Tisdale pulled him down.

10. (Dudley bleeding copiously.) Again were Tisdale's hits well stopped, but no return. Tisdale succeeded in planting his right and left on the body and head; more of the crimson fluid. Dudley put in a jobber with his left, and tried his right, when Tisdale dropped from a slight visitation to his nob.

11. Tisdale made his right at the body - his left well stopped; good stopping by Dudley, but he could not be cheered to go in to work. Dudley had it on the jaw, and Tisdale well away. Tisdale made his right body hit, but in getting away he received a heavy right-handed hit on the scalp, which drew blood from among his hair: this was enough, and he dropped.

12. Dudley's left eye quite closed. He stopped scientifically, but did not return; Tisdale jobbed well, right and left, planting two desperate hits on the eye and nose; a good fighting bout: heavy hits were exchanged, Tisdale was again cut on the head, and went down shy (great dissatisfaction among Dudley's friends at Tisdale going down so often, and a cry of "foul!" but the referee decided that it was fair).

13. Tisdale planted his one-two, and got away; Dudley made his left, but made no obvious impression; Dudley hit open handed, and short; Tisdale jobbed with his left, and went down from a slight return from Dudley's left.

14. Dudley hit short with his right; Tisdale made a feint with his left, and caught Dudley heavily on the body with his right; Dudley stopped well, right and left, but, though "at home," did nothing; he hit also open-handed with his left, and rushed to a rally - hits were exchanged, and both down, Tisdale the stronger.

15. Tisdale popped in two heavy lunging hits, left at the head and right at the mark; he had it all his own way, for Dudley never returned effectively; Tisdale again dropped heavily on the head and body, and, in getting away, fell (Dudley got up queer).

16. (Twenty to one on Tisdale.) Dudley hit right and left, but, in return, had a heavy smack on the mark with the left; a scramble, in which Tisdale went down.

17. Weaving, and counter hits exchanged; Dudley again had a flush hit on the nose, a tremendous body blow with the left, and a ditto repeated; Dudley went in, when Tisdale fell, Dudley over him.

18. and last. It was now clear Dudley had not a chance; still he stopped some good blows; Tisdale succeeded in making a left-handed jobber, and once more planting his right handed body blow, hit Dudley out of the ring. Dudley was taken up, but his seconds, seeing it was useless to prolong the game, gave in and Tisdale was borne off in triumph, still fresh on his legs. The fight lasted an hour and twenty-two minutes.

REMARKS

Dudley Downs, by his style of fighting on this occasion, by no means sustained the character to which his battle with Ned Mason apparently entitled him. There is certainly a broad distinction between Tisdale and Mason, the latter being slow, and an inferior professor of *fistography*, while the former is quick, scientific, and a practised tactician. Tisdale seemed to feel that he had his work to do, and fought with a caution which shewed that the rumours of Dudley's desperate hitting and tremendous powers of throwing had made a deep impression on his mind. It was clear that he had made up his mind not to throw a chance away, and to have recourse to every expedient to secure success.

The progress of the battle, however, shewed that Dudley had been over-rated, and that his qualities had by no means reached that perfection which would stamp him a first-rater. Tisdale on feeling his way, was always the first to fight, and, though repeatedly stopped, the defensive game of Dudley gave him every advantage - for he went well home, and hit with a confidence that he had little to fear in the way of counter. This it was which left Dudley in the back ground; for instead of fighting with his man, he stood to be jobbed, and repeatedly contented himself with the simple act of stopping. To have had a chance, he should have rattled in, and although Tisdale had made up his mind to avoid rallying and close quarter work, still he must have stood at last, or by going down foul, forfeited his claim to the stakes. As it was, he sailed very near the wind, and called forth some disapprobation. Still, according to the strict rules of the Ring, there was nothing to which the referee could take exception.

The body blows of Tisdale were very effective, and those at the head were extremely severe. To do justice to Dudley, he showed unshrinking game; but before he again encounters so good a man as Tisdale, he must mix a little "Devil" in his disposition, and fight as well as stop. His punishment was heavy, while that of Tisdale was but trifling. He was conducted the same night to the New Inn, and put to bed, while Tisdale, with a party of friends, went to enjoy themselves at Hartley-row. Great and just complaints were made during the fight, of the violent conduct of Stockman, who did all he could, by abuse and otherwise, to intimidate Downs, and we have no doubt did much to bother his "upper works." Has his man been losing this might have been excusable; but, under the circumstances, it was unbecoming. The rule of the seconds and bottle holders keeping to their corners ought always to be enforced, and the first that quitted them till the proper opportunity ought to lose the fight for his principal. This would secure better order, and ensure much fairer play, as well as give a full opportunity to see the movements of the men.

The stakes were given up to Tisdale at Mr. Swan's, Great Queen-street, on Thursday evening, when a small collection was made for Downs.

Fogo and Tom Oliver next set up the ring for a fight on Old Oak Common on Wednesday August 6th and though it was reported in *Bell's* on the 10th, since *Bell's* doesn't mention Fogo, this is the report from the *Morning Advertiser* of the 8th; ¹²³

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE HOAX AND FIGHT ON OLD OAK COMMON YESTERDAY

On Wednesday evening, [6th] during a jolly celebration of the victory of Alec Reed over Bishop Sharpe, which was held at the High House, Chelsea, after that the beef had ceased to flourish, and the wine had begun to inflame, a trifle of chaffing was vended on the part of Ned Stockman, embracing in his observation notices not quite acceptable to

Peter Sweeney, the New-Cut Butcher. All this was not gone about quietly, nor was the discussion strictly confined to orators in the singular number - it was more like a Dover Court, where there is all talkers and no hearers. A termination, however, was put to the turmoil by a bold, big, merry man, who is to sojourn for a few days in the Fancy circles in town, and who treats himself, not always, but as often as possible, with a lark at the expense of the credulity of the less knowing ones. This sparkish stranger stopped Ned's bounce, by a posing offer of instanter planking 10*l.* for Peter Sweeney to fight Ned Stockman, the Lively Kid, for that sum a-side, the match to come off on the following morning (yesterday) at Old Oak Common. Neither Ned nor his friends were in the least intimidated with this substantial remedy, for instantly the rag, to the amount of 10*l.*, was put down for Ned, and the thing dubbed up as it was in a hurry, was nevertheless considered as a bargain.

Short as the notice might seem, the industry of propagation was equal to the limited opportunity, and the Fancy were in a buz by an early hour in the morning, and a few more and somewhat of a better description of vehicles were on the move in good time towards the Common. The number of pedestrians was ample.

At the door of the Green Man in the village, near the Common, was an immense congregation. Not a very great many were boasting of the landlord's good-nature - but necessity has no law, so they drained the heavy-wet, and did not seem to taste the flavour of heavy eye-brows or snarling words in the quart pot.

Everything had a business-like appearance as the hour drew on. Tom Oliver and **Jack Foggo** were at their post with the rattletraps, and had them pitched at the stipulated time. At one o'clock Peter Sweeney made his appearance, attended by Alec Reed and his cousin - three cousins all in a row, belligerent, bottle-holder, and second.

Time was called, but Ned answered not. Alec announced that "they meant fighting, and in a few minutes was no object."

The few minutes expired, and still no Ned came forward - and when the half-hour was fully up, Alec for his man claimed forfeit. The disappointment was tremendous - as it was anticipated that there would have been a good fight. Ned Stockman certainly has not exactly borne himself with all due respect to the sporting world. The announcement of the affair only appeared in one morning paper (the Morning Advertiser), and the interest which his name excited, and the ample contribution of attendance that were mustered on the heath, deserved better treatment. He neglected even to send an apology, or intimation of any description whatever. No one was to answer for him nor about him. All that could be ascertained on the matter was a rumour that Ned had gone to take his pleasure at Edgeware races. O fie, Ned, you ought to treat your friends with more respect.

After a little delay, as the company were not altogether willing to depart without a mill of some kind, a hat was put round to collect a purse for a battle, and 1*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* was collected, for which Jem Bourke, the Deaf Boy, was contented to peel, and he was shortly joined by Jem Hand, a butcher.

The pecuniary arrangement was settled that the loser should pocket the small change, 7*s.* 9*d.*, and the winner pocket the monarch. With this understanding the two heroes set-to at a quarter to two o'clock. Bourke was waited upon by Jem McCarthy and Harry Jones; Hand, by Bill Savage and Ned Murphy.

They fought fifteen rounds, which occupied about as many minutes. There was nothing either grand or amusing in the display. Bourke had the best of it throughout, and always showed a predilection for throwing. Hand liked to droop his head and give Bourke a chance to fib, which the Deaf did not miss the opportunity of employing. On one occasion Hand pummelled Bourke about the body considerably, and the latter one did not seem to like it; but that was the only symptom of advantage that was exhibited; and even that was only momentarily. Hand showed first blood in the first round - was always down, or under, every round, and showed punishment in some degree about the face. Bourke was without a scratch.

At the end of the 15th round Hand gave in; they shook hands and re-dressed. Hand was not beaten exactly, but it was evident that he had no chance to win.

In the evening Sweeney and his friends attended at Frank Redmond's who was stake holder, to receive the battle money, but Frank was not at home, and consequently there was an adjournment. [see also *Pugilistica III*, p. 98]

Fogo's next appearance in print was in the *Dispatch* of August 24th. The item is probably just a piece of fun since the publisher of the *Rambler's Magazine*, issued 1822 - 25 was a shoemaker, William Benbow, who was prosecuted for obscenity:¹²⁴

Frosty-faced Fogo is engaged specially by his worthy *pal*, the conductor of a contemporary journal, to collect the whole of the worn out plates used in the *Rambler's Magazine*, for the purpose of providing pictures, to be presented gratis to all the lovers of *low* "Life in London;" Mr. Cruikshanks having availed himself of the protection of the law against future piracies in the same quarter.

On the 26th August 1828 a fight took place that was connected to some disgraceful incidents that resulted in a move to clean up the boxing world. None of the accounts mention Fogo's presence directly but it is likely that he was there, as assistant to Tom Oliver who presumably setup the ring (and acted as 'second' to Raines) and the sequence of events is given here since they were of great significance at the time. All the following are taken from *Bell's* of the 31st August;¹²⁵

MILLING BY WHOLESALE PERKINS AND RAINES - OXFORD v. LONDON

The fight between these men, for five-and-twenty pounds a side, took place on Tuesday [26th], upon a "tight little Island,," called *Penty Hook*, formed by a bend in the river Thames, close to Staines Lock. A more desirable spot

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for such an exhibition could not have been selected. It could only be approached by foot-passengers; and a small but delightful piece of turf was surrounded by elevated banks, from which the spectators, if they had been so minded, could have commanded a perfect view of the sport. Although few in number, however, the assembled crowd, or a portion of them, were anything but orderly, and a scene of confusion, highly disgraceful, was the consequence. The combatants were both practised students of their *profession*: the one Raines, being a member of the *Milling University* of London; and the other, Perkins, of the *Pugnacious University* of Oxford. Perkins had attained high honours among his compeers at Oxford, while Raines had equally distinguished himself in the metropolitan classes. In point of weight Raines had the advantage, being rather more than ten stone, while Perkins weighed but 9st. 12lb. Raines too, from the celebrity of his school, was the favourite, and was backed, although not to say any very great, at 5 and 6 to 4. Both had the advantage of regular training - Raines at Child's-hill, Hampstead, and Perkins under the able auspices of old Shirley, of the New Inn, Staines. It is but proper to state, that Raines, from having been backed by small subscriptions, was not brought to the scratch with that degree of attention which was calculated to give him confidence. Still he spoke lightly of his antagonist, and booked winning as a certainty.

Shortly before one o'clock the men entered the arena - Perkins attended by Tom Spring and Tom Gaynor, and Raines by **Tom Oliver** and Young Dutch Sam. The sun shone with great power, and the advantage of choosing the position for setting to was won by Perkins, who, of course, kept the *phiz* of his opponent in full view of old Sol.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. On coming to the *scratch* there was a marked contrast in the frames of the men - Perkins being slim and lengthy in his limbs, while Raines was broader and more muscular. Each eyed the other with confidence, and little time was lost before business commenced. Perkins first broke ground, and popped in a jobbing hit with his right on Raines' cheek - mutual stops followed right and left, when Raines put in his right and left slightly. Perkins returned at the body with his left, and retreated; he then came again to the charge, and a spirited rally followed, in which heavy hits were exchanged in favour of Perkins, who drew *first blood* from the side of Raines' nose and under his eye; he then got well away, and shewed great activity on his *pins*. They again closed for mischief, when Perkins delivered right and left, but was met prettily in return on the *nob*. Perkins again retreated, and Raines followed him to the corner of the ring, where another rally took place, and the stopping and hitting were excellent. Perkins, who had the worst of close quarters, at length broke out from the corner, and got to the centre of the ring, where a desperate rally followed, and fine stand-up fighting was exhibited on both sides. At last Perkins was hit down with a counter hit from the left; and from the length and severity of the round, shewed symptoms of a *piping*. The friends of Raines were uproarious, and closed to the ropes in despite of every exertion.

2. Raines planted his left on the breast of Perkins, and stopped his return. Perkins stopped Raines's left with great neatness, but napped it on the nose in a second trial. Pretty stopping on both sides, when Raines popped in his left, and opened a small wound on the cheek of his opponent. Jobbing hits right and left from both, intermixed with good stops. Raines saw his man a little abroad, and jobbed him severely right and left - Perkins fought with him, and made some good returns, but was a little confused, which the vociferations in favour of Raines rather increased. After a severe rally, Perkins was hit down.

3. Perkins a little abroad, but game. He made one or two pretty stops with his right - but caught it on the nozzle (more *claret*). Perkins stopped beautifully with his left, and planted his right on Raines' *grubbery*, Raines jobbed right and left, closed, and threw his man heavily, falling upon him.

4. Perkins, though distressed, came up steady and again showed some good scientific stops. Raines saw his advantage and rushed in to work; Perkins retreated before him till he got into the corner when the weaving system commenced, and both hit away with vigour, each receiving *pepper*; at last Perkins was again thrown, Raines upon him - hard fighting and no flinching.

5. Perkins ready, stopped Raines's left with great precision - Raines planted a thumper under the collar bone with his left. Perkins returned smartly on his nob; Raines then jobbed with his left, but had it in return on the nose; a spirited and courageous rally followed - it was hit for hit & no flinching; each had it on the head and body in turn till at length Perkins went down somewhat *leary*.

6. Perkins came up cautious, evidently discovering he had fought too quick, and sparred for time. His stopping with his right was excellent. At length he put in a teaser over Raines's eye with his left, and drew more claret; good counter hits, followed by a severe and desperate rally, in which each shewed great energy and activity; at length in the close Raines got the fall, his superior weight being in his favour. The force of the blows were however evidently in favour of Perkins, who shewed least punishment.

7. Raines rushed in to close fighting, and Perkins retreated to the ropes, where severe hitting was interchanged. It was manly stand-up fighting, severe for each, but in the end Perkins was down [great uproar on the part of Raines's friends who behaved most grossly] 8. A desperate rally, in which heavy blows were exchanged, amidst great confusion round the ring. In the close Perkins was thrown, but in going down, he fell against Gaynor's leg, which broke his fall. This produced a loud outcry, and Reuben Marten struck Gaynor over the eye twice. Gaynor rushed to fight with him, and both fell to the ground; while in this position, he received a desperate hit over the eye with the handle of a whip from one of Raines's friends, which inflicted a deep gash, and covered him with blood. It is also said (we did not see it) that Marten kicked him when he was down. Tremendous confusion followed, and Harry Jones succeeded Gaynor as Perkins second, while Gaynor retired. Gaynor afterwards offered to put down five pounds to make a match with Marten for a hundred. This Marten declined, but said he would fight him then and there for nothing, to which Gaynor would not assent, being already almost blind.

9. A determined rally - hit for hit, and Perkins thrown.

10. Another severe rally, in which the interchanges were frequent, and Perkins went down.

11. Great confusion round the ring, and several persons getting within the ropes - one of these (Adam Dale, a protegee of Jem Burn's) was hit by Tom Oliver, and on again attempting to enter received a slap on the face from Tom Spring. He attempted to return the compliment, but was dragged away. The scene was altogether disgraceful. The men continued to fight - Perkins down. Several strangers in the ring, and Sampson, Holt and Peter Crawley, exerting themselves, but in vain.

12. Perkins came up collected and steady, and put in a tremendous jobbing hit with his left; Raines returned at his body with the right; Perkins was with him again right and left on the head; a fierce rally followed, and several hits were given rather in favour of Perkins. In the close, too, Perkins for the fall [shouts for Perkins].

13. Perkins stopped in the most scientific style with his right, and jobbed with his left; fine manly fighting on both sides, each in turn catching compliments from the right or left. In the close both down, and not a pin to chuse between them.

14. Both rather wild, good exchanges and both down.

15. Perkins shewed great self-possession, stopped well, and appeared to have got his second wind; a determined rally, in which Perkins got well away from the corner, and both had it on the nob and body. Raines fell in making a right-handed hit.

The same style of fighting continued to the 20th round. There was no want of courage on either side, but Perkins, as he went on, shewed superior tact - his hitting and getting away were admirable - while his stopping shewed his self-possession throughout. In

this round it was two to one in favour of Perkins - and from thence to the 25th, he maintained a decided superiority. In the last round he hit Raines terrifically right and left in the head, and once in the body, and at length hit him down weak. On rising to his second's knee, Raines had evidently got enough, & in plain terms said he would *cheese* it (*cut it*), which he did, as he stood on his legs, in defiance of the persuasion of Oliver and Young Dutch Sam, and to the utter discomfiture and dismay of his friends, who continued to pour in their abuse on Perkins and his party throughout. The fight lasted 44 minutes.

REMARKS

Perkins by this victory, has covered himself with glory, & the more especially, as a party was present who most dishonourably announced that Jem Raines should not lose, and who seemed prepared at all hazards and in the most cowardly and ruffianly manner, to carry their threats into execution. Although at first abroad and weak, he soon recovered his self-possession, and throughout the remainder of the fight, exhibited a knowledge of the fistic art, and a readiness at defence and attack seldom equalled, and not often excelled by some of the oldest veterans of the ring. His stopping and returns were inimitable, and his extricating himself when in trouble was equally good - while his unflinching courage was the admiration of the impartial observers. If anything, he has practised too much with the gloves; but still his deliveries were extremely effective, and in point of punishment, Raines had it in the ratio of two to one. His face was, in fact, dreadfully swollen, while he complained seriously of the effects of the body blows he had received. Perkins only shewed a slight incision over each eye, which, with a few bruises on the face & body, constituted the sum of his sufferings, & on being declared the winner, he ran off with the activity of a greyhound. Raines, up to the 25th round, did not intimate any desire to leave off; but the punishment he then received seemed completely to have satiated his milling appetite, and we presume, thinking he had taken *quantum suf.* to satisfy any reasonable man, he deemed it expedient to say "enough," although that ugly word anything but raised his character for *game*, or met the expectations of his quarrelsome friends, who shewed infinite displeasure and mortification.

During the fight, it is but justice to say, that every effort was made by the respectable Members of the Milling Corps who were present to maintain order; but the "out-and-outers" were not to be dismissed from their efforts to "spoil sport," and the scene was necessarily highly disgraceful.

Threats of the most horrible nature were uttered, but fortunately, from the firmness and courage of Spring and his supporters, they were treated with indifference. It is but just to add, that Raines did not seem in the slightest degree to participate in the disgraceful feeling manifested by those who miscalled themselves his friends.

MILLING ON THE ROAD HOME THE "OUT-AND-OUTERS" DESERVEDLY PUNISHED

We now come to the description of scenes over which, for the sake of the Ring, we should have been glad to have drawn a veil; but justice demands that a full exposure should take place; and it is now high time, if the respectable members of the pugilistic body feel any interest in their character, that they should make a stand against a succession of profligate outrages, in which every principle of *fair play* is set aside, and insolence, brutality, and outrage, supersede the olden system of order and regularity. We regret to state, that these practices have latterly been gaining ground. and we have no doubt that many men have been deprived of that coolness and self-possession in battle which might have given them a chance of success, by the terrors and irritation excited from the bullying insolence and horrible threats of low miscreants who were interested in their defeat - a species of conduct which almost invariably prevails where a novice or a stranger ventures to compete with one of the old school. It is true, that since the dissolution of the Pugilistic Club - an event attributable to the misconduct of the pugilists themselves - no fund exists out of which compensation can be awarded to those who exert themselves to preserve decorum, and secure that order which, in former times, gave the best man a fair chance to win; and it can hardly be expected that men, for the mere gratification of others, and without some personal interest, will run the risk or take the trouble of encountering the brutality of the worst class of society. We have often recommended that some such fund should again be raised; and *we trust that the spirited conduct of Tom Spring and his associates, on Tuesday, will lead to the adoption of a plan, without which the sports of the Ring must be altogether abandoned.* It will be seen, that a subscription has been commenced, and we sincerely hope it will not want liberal contributors.

We have already described the outrageous scenes in the ring at Penty Hook, which, it is obvious, had for their end the success of Raines, without any regard to his merits. After the fight was over, Perkins, accompanied by Tom Spring, Harry Holt, Peter Crawley, Sam Tebbutt, Tom Gaynor (than whom a more civil fellow does not exist), Tom Oliver, and several gentlemen, returned to Shirley's, at the New Inn, Staines, to dinner. They were all in good humour, and hoped that the bustle of the day had concluded. Not so, However: before the dinner was served, the party whose conduct we have described, reached the same quarters. Foremost of them was Adam Dale, whom, it may be proper to state, is not a professional pugilist, although he some time since sought a fistic encounter with a shopmate, and had the character of being a civil fellow. This man, who had remained within the ring during the whole of the fight, contrary to all established rules, took his seat in the tap-room, and said he had come for the express purpose of fighting Spring. Spring, who heard of this, lost no time in going to the tap-room, where he found Dale alone. Spring immediately reminded him of his attempt to strike him in the ring, and remonstrated with him on his misconduct. Dale, without hesitation, shewed fight, and stood up to Spring in a manly way. A turn-up was the consequence, and, as may be anticipated, Dale received ample proof of the folly of his conduct; several rounds were fought, in which Dale was hit severely, and convincing marks of his punishment were left on the blood-bespattered walls; while his blackened face and cut brow convinced him of his error. At this moment the other party arrived, including their most active members, Jem Stockman, Tom Woolly, and several others, with whose names we are not acquainted although their persons are perfectly familiar as followers of the ropes and stakes. These parties rushed into the tap-room, where they were soon followed by Peter Crawley, Harry Holt, and the other pugilists whose names we have mentioned. A simultaneous attack was commenced, and one fellow was seen to take up a knife to stab Spring, but Harry Holt soon dismissed him

with his "one-two," and he dropped senseless. Harry Jones was also active in milling the intruders, but, being matched, was taken away.

The rioters were then turned out of the house, when Tom Gaynor dropped into a fellow who had struck him on the hat with a stick in the Ring, and gave him more *pepper* than was acceptable. By the interference of Mr. Shirley, order was then restored, and Spring and his party went to dinner, while the "out-and-outers" vowed to take vengeance before the day was concluded. This threat they subsequently attempted to put in execution at the Coach and Horses, at Brentford End. At this house Spring and his party had "pulled up" to refresh themselves and their horses, when young Stockman and his gang came up, uttering the most violent abuse, and daring Sam Tebbutt and others to combat. At last Sam Tebbutt threw off his coat to fight Jem Stockman, and a ring was formed, Stockman having stripped for the occasion. Stockman had the advantage of hitting at first, and cut Sam over the eye; but Sam closing, threw him, and fell upon him. At this moment, several of the long stages, waggons, and vehicles of all sorts had stopped, and Sam fell close to a cart. While on the ground, Tom Woolley renewed the brutal game, and kicked him as he was down.

This was the signal for the general and deserved punishment of all the parties. Peter Crawley rushed in, and downed Woolley in a trice; on getting up, he had it again from Tebbutt, and then from Tom Gaynor, till he lay down and cried for mercy. Two or three *yokels* who attempted to take his part shared a similar fate, and were levelled by Harry Holt and Tom Oliver, the former receiving a severe injury on his thumb. Tom Spring seeing a knot of the rioters in another direction, including Jem Stockman, who was putting on his clothes, instantly approached them, and hit three down in a twinkling. Jem Stockman grumbled at being struck by a man so much bigger than himself, when Spring raised a waggoners whip, and lashed him till the blood came through his shirt sleeves. Adam Dale, in the interim, fled up the road by Osterly Park, and was pursued by a publican of Westminster, who tumbled him into a ditch, and administered several hard knocks in that situation. Peter Crawley was about to give the party a second edition of "nobbers," when Harry Holt interposed, conceiving they had got enough to teach them good manners in future, and make them remember the folly, as well as the rascality, of their conduct for some time to come. They seemed to think, however, that they were the injured party, and went away promising that the compliment should be repaid on a future day.

Thus ended this disgraceful business - and we are sure none will regret that chastisement was administered in so signal a manner.

At Spring's in the evening, there was a numerous and respectable muster, at which some strong animadversions were made on the manner in which the character of the ring had recently been compromised, and a subscription was proposed to pay persons assisting in preserving order in future. A meeting was then appointed to take the subject into consideration on Friday evening, at the same house.

On the ensuing day Gaynor's head shewed prominent marks of the manner in which he had been treated. Marten denies most positively that he kicked him, while several persons declare they saw him lift and deliver his foot. It is needless to say, if he did, that such conduct admits of no apology; but even, if he did not kick him, he was equally without justification, for striking him at all. He was neither second nor bottle-holder, and therefore, had no right to enter the ring or to interfere with the fight. If Gaynor had done any thing wrong, he had only followed the example of Tom Oliver; and the umpires and referee were the fit persons to decide if any appeal was to be made to them. This unfortunate part of the business, however, must be attributed to the unfair conduct of seconds in closing to their men, so as to assist them in difficulty. We have often stated, and repeat, that the seconds and bottle-holders ought to retire to their corners the moment the men set-to, and not stir till one or other has gone down; the penalty of violating this rule to be the loss of the fight to the party offending. The Stockmanites complain that they had not "fair play" in their battles at the New Inn, and Brentford; but they must not forget that it was their own violation of fair play that led to their punishment, and that the persons whom they had provoked set out on the principle that they had not entitled themselves to quarter.

FANCY FEUDS; OR, FOUL PLAY FLOORED **A BRENTFORD-END HEROIC**

O bright and fair the morning dawned on mountains and on plains,
That ushered in the day of fight 'twixt Perkins and Jem Raines;
A mill of trifling interest for **Fancy Bard** to sing;
But great events, full oft, we know, from little causes spring.

To gain a wreath of lasting fame, each gallant hero glow'd,
And lots of toddlers and of drags, betimes were on the road;
And donkey drivers, sweeps and prigs, with bang-up Swells and Nobs,
All bent their course to Shirley's crib to wash their dusty gobs.

And ere the sun with burning beam, attain'd meridian height,
Stripp'd at the scratch the men appear'd, & panting for the fight.
"Shame to the recreant," Perkins cried, "who means a fight to cross;
"But mine the choice of station is, for I have won the toss."

He spoke, and turn'd his brawny back on Phœbus's scorching ray,
And hammering and pepper were the order of the day.
"Perkins, be steady," Gaynor cried, "and we ere long to Staines
Shall pass in triumph from the field." - "Yes, with a hook," cried Raines.

And still he smiling fac'd his man, of victory secure,
His friends still tender'd heavy odds, & back'd his winning sure.

But Perkins shew'd unflinching game, no novice & no lubber he,
And many favours he bestow'd on his opponent's grubbery.

'Twas the surprise of all to mark his courage and his tact,
How well he measur'd distance, and his hitting now exact;
Murmurs, like rolling thunder, now 'midst Raines's friends began,
For Perkins, it was clear to all, was much the better man.

But, deep disgrace to fighting men - dishonour to the Ring!
The conduct of Jem Raines's friends, my muse with shame must sing.
"What! must our favourite pal be floor'd?" with wrath inflam'd they growl;
"If by fair means he cannot win, he surely shall by foul."

And as the raging billows rush against the sounding shore,
So towards the Ring, the ruffian band with headlong fury bore;
While brave Tom Spring, within the ropes - erect his manly form -
Gaz'd with indignant, steady glance, upon the coming storm.

"Come one, come all," he calmly said, "my words shall not be vain,
When I am present no foul play the British ring shall stain;
The man who dares these ropes to pass at once becomes my foe,
And by the laurels I have earn'd this fist shall lay him low."

And nobly he redeem'd his pledge - some beat a quick retreat,
And some lay gasping, breathless and disabled at his feet.
Meantime Jem Raines's strength and pluck were hastening to decline,
And heavily he sigh'd "Enough, Perkins, the day is thine."

The deeds of some upon that day, no gloss can ever varnish,
'Twas quite enough to blast their fame, their laurels fair to tarnish.
What man in pugilistic deeds can hope to earn renown,
Who strikes another unprepar'd, and kicks him when he's down?

Long at the name of gallant Spring, thy spirit, Adam Dale,
Shall shiv'ring shrink within itself - they cheek turn ghastly pale.
Many black eyes and broken nobs bear witness to the fray,
And long shall Jemmy Stockman rue the whipping of that day.

The first meeting to set up the Fair Play Club - see Boxiana 2/II 1828 pp. 741-4 for the rules. See 280907WD for Frosty-faced Fogo's membership. Frosty is surely the Fancy Bard in the foregoing poem.

FUTURE REGULATION OF THE RING

A meeting was held on Friday evening, [29th] at Tom Spring's, to take into consideration the means of preventing a repetition of the outrages which were committed on Tuesday last, at Staines, and to adopt some plans for securing "fair play" in future. Of the necessity of some such plan all agreed, and it was resolved to enter into a subscription, with the view of creating a fund, to remunerate pugilists for attending at fights, and preventing disorder. Forty pounds were subscribed to begin with, including 10 pounds from *Bell's Life in London*, 5*l.* from Mr. Smith, 5*l.* Mr. Harmer, 5*l.* Tom Spring, 5*l.* Harry Holt, together with smaller sums from several amateurs. Tom Spring was properly selected as the Treasurer, and a Committee of the Subscribers was appointed to meet on Friday evening next, for the purpose of revising Broughton's rules, and suggesting such other regulations as may tend to sustain the character of the Ring hereafter, and purge it of those abuses which have so long been tolerated, and which have threatened its utter extinction. The subject of Benefits is also to be embraced, and it is expected that every respected pugilist will become a subscriber to the fund, so as to secure an unity of feeling and action, without which nothing can be done. It is to be hoped that those gentlemen who feel an interest in supporting these plans, will come liberally forward with their contributions and we have no doubt that the ring will be restored to that well-organized system which will draw back those honourable and distinguished supporters by which it has been so long neglected. A code of laws will be drawn up, and circulated for adoption in every part of the kingdom, and we have no doubt a club will ultimately be formed, which will permanently secure the objects of the meeting.

Tom Spring announced that a resolution had been formed among the principal Members of the Ring to stick together, and put at defiance the ruffians who have so long infested their sports, and tended to create disgust towards their proceedings.

The following week saw the creation of the Fair Play Club but before looking at that, we can note how the expressions used by Frosty had become common parlance in far flung parts of the country. There follows an item from the *Bristol Mercury* of September 2nd 1828;

This article refers to a confrontation between two Naval Lieutenants concerning a political dispute in the Borough of Wells which lead to the use of a horsewhip, followed by a scuffle which was broken up by by-standers. One of the officers called for the matter to be settled by the 'satisfaction of a gentleman' i.e. a duel, and the article continues;

"but to prevent so unpleasant a rencontre, "the powers that be," as the **Poet Laureat of the Fancy** emphatically designates the civil authorities, have taken measures for the preservation of the peace, by holding the parties to bail."

We can now return to the matter of the Fair Play Club and read in the *Sun* of Saturday, September 6th;

MEETING OF THE FAIR-PLAY CLUB AT SPRING'S LAST NIGHT

Pursuant to notice a considerable number of the patrons of pugilism assembled last night. The room was well filled, as the purpose of the Meeting was to elect a Committee from the subscribers present, in order to form and carry into effect certain regulations for the better conducting of the Prize Ring. The Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* was voted to the Chair, and the business commenced by several other subscriptions being paid in. A pretty good sum has been collected at, and since, the last Meeting, and it was now swelled to a total of 74*l*. Among the subscribers were Peter Crawley, 1*l*. annually; Tom Cannon 1*l*. do.; Tom Oliver, 1*l*. do.; Jem Ward, 1*l*. do; our reporter, 2*l*. do.; and many others, whom we cannot recollect, came forward in a manner flattering to themselves and the interest of the ring, and promised still further support if the club was well organized and effective.

The subscriptions having been read over by the Chairman, it was unanimously agreed that seven members should form a Committee, and that three of them should be competent to act, the others being duly summoned. The first two Members put in nomination were the editors of *Bell's Weekly Dispatch* and *Bell's Life in London*. They were of course put separately to the vote, and the former was unanimously elected. The latter would certainly have been elected in the same manner, but he excused himself from acting with the Member already elected in consequence of a feeling of animosity engendered between them, from taking too great liberties with each other in print. The Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* replied. The speeches on this subject would have occupied at least four columns of our paper; and as we could not do justice to either party by giving less than the whole of what they said, we merely state that such was the fact, and that the cause of the dispute was entirely foreign to the business of the meeting.

After both parties had been fully heard, each agreed to name a friend to settle the ratio of advancement that each party ought to make towards a reconciliation, and business was again proceeded with. A committee of seven was ultimately formed, with liberty to add to their number, and Tuesday night next, at seven, was the time appointed for them to meet again. It was understood that one of their first acts will be to get up a benefit, and increase the funds. Mr. Hunt, the proprietor of the Royal Tennis Court, Windmill-street, has liberally promised the use of the Court gratis for that purpose. **Jack Fogo** gave his honour that he would provide the bills, placards, &c., and was loudly applauded; and *all* the pugilistic corps in town have promised all the amusement they are masters of to provide the fancy a treat, and the patrons of pugilism fair play.

In the course of the evening, "Success to the Fair-play Club" was drunk with loud applause. The healths of many of the veteran supporters of the Ring were also drunk.

A letter, signed Ned Stockman, and addressed to the Chairman, was read to the meeting. Stockman disclaimed any connection with the offending party at the late fight, expressed his sorrow that any of his name were in the affray, and promised to do all in his power to promote the wishes of the club. Thanks were voted to the Chairman, and many of the Fancy departed in *high spirits*.

This meeting on the 5th was also recorded in the *Dispatch* and *Bell's* in their weekly papers on the 7th September, though the latter called it the second meeting of the Fair Play Club and the former called it the third!

¹²⁶ There was some animosity between the two papers, played down by *Bell's*, and here is a shortened version of the *Dispatch* account, which includes the new 'rules';

THIRD MEETING OF THE FAIR PLAY CLUB

On Friday evening, according to appointment, the Third Meeting of the Subscribers to, and friends of the Club, instituted for the purpose of raising a Fund, and taking other necessary measures to maintain order at prize fights, and ensure fair play to combatants, was held at the Castle Tavern, Holborn. It had been agreed on at the previous meeting, that none but those who were already subscribers, or who intended to become so, should be admitted on this occasion; but this restriction was waived, on an understanding that subscribers only should take part in the business of the evening. Spring's large up-stairs room was crowded to excess, and the company in general was highly respectable. The Editor of this paper was called to the chair. The amount of the subscription already received having been announced, and the objects of the Club explained, several gentlemen came forward with various sums, and before the close of the business of the evening, we are happy to state, that between 30*l*. and 40*l*., in addition to the sum already subscribed, were announced, and the entire subscription now amounts to upwards of seventy pounds, of which sum, considerably more than fifty pounds are already in the hands of Mr. Spring, the treasurer. It would, of course, be indecorous to publish a list of the subscribers' names, but there can be no harm in mentioning that the Proprietors and Editor of the *Weekly Dispatch* give 15*l*.; *Bell's Life in London*, 10*l*.: a gentleman of high character, though about to leave England for three years, has authorised an agent to give 5*l*. a year till his return, three gentlemen of rank are also among the yearly contributors, and a great many other friends to the society have promised annual subscriptions. Among the subscribers, we are also happy to announce, as proofs of good feeling on the part of pugilists, that Spring gave 5*l*., Tom Cannon 2*l*., Holt 2*l*., Jem Ward, Peter Crawley, Browne of Bridgenorth, and Reuben Martin 1*l*. each and even our humble friend **Jack Fogo** contributed 1*l*. It was announced that Mr. Jackson had promised to one of the most valuable friends of the society, and also to Spring, that he cordially concurred in its plans, was certain it would succeed, and what is more than all, that he would render all the service in his power to the society.

In nominating the committee, a long and desultory discussion arose, on subjects entirely foreign to the business of the evening. It is not necessary for us to detail that discussion; it causes a great deal of delay and some inconvenience to the subscribers generally; but as it will in all probability, from the explanations given and received on

both sides, lead to a reconciliation between the parties, who really are friends to fair pugilism, and who ought in order to support it properly, to be united, we do not altogether regret that the discussion alluded to, took place. At the same time, we cannot help expressing an opinion that some other opportunity should have been taken, of introducing the subject. Dismissing this affair altogether, we proceed to state that it was unanimously agreed, that a Committee of seven subscribers should be appointed with the power to add to their number, and that three of the said Committee should be competent to act. Seven gentlemen were accordingly elected without any opposition, and it was further agreed that they should meet on Tuesday evening next, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, for the purpose of drawing up rules and regulations for the direction of the Club.

Towards the close of the evening it was proposed by Mr. Egan, that a Sparring Match should take place at the Tennis Court, in aid of the Society's funds, when he had no doubt that all the best pugilists would attend and set-to. For this purpose, it was stated that Mr. Hunt would give the use of the Court gratis, and **Fogo** immediately said that he would get the announcement bills printed, without making any charge. The plan was warmly adopted, and Messrs. Hunt and **Fogo** received due credit for their liberality. proper notice will be given in the Sporting Papers, as soon as the day for taking this benefit is fixed upon.

In the course of the evening, a letter from Ned Stockman (which is inserted among our pugilistic correspondence) was handed to the Chairman, who read it to the meeting: it was hailed as a proof of the good already done by the proceedings of the Club, and, we doubt not, that the steps to be taken will insure to both Stockman and his antagonist that fair play to which they are entitled.

The progress of this society, whatever may be said by its foes, is highly gratifying: its success is now placed beyond the possibility of doubt, and we again congratulate the friends of fair and manly pugilism upon the prospect afforded of a restoration of the Prize-ring to its former popularity.

In conducting Prize-fights, a great deal of difficulty has been encountered, owing to the want of sufficient known and established laws of boxing. Broughton's Rules are generally referred to, but we are not aware that any other copy of those rules is extant, except that contained in the first volume of *Boxiana*, and they are almost altogether inefficient. To prove which, we may as well insert them here:

Rules produced by Mr. Broughton, for the better regulation of the Amphitheatre; approved of by the Gentlemen, and agreed to by the Pugilists, August 10, 1743.

1. That a square of a yard be chalked in the middle of the stage; and every fresh set-to after a fall, or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square, and place him in opposite to the other, and till they are fairly set-to at the lines, it shall not be lawful for one to strike the other.

2. That, in order to prevent any disputes, the time a man lies after a fall, if the second does not bring his man to the side of the square, within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.

3. That, in every main battle, no person whatever shall be upon the stage, except the principals and their seconds; the same rules to be observed in by-battles, except that, in the latter, Mr. Broughton is allowed to be upon the stage to keep decorum, and to assist gentlemen in getting to their places; provided always he does not interfere in the battle; and whoever pretends to infringe these rules, to be turned immediately out of the house. Every body is to quit the stage as soon as the champions are stripped, before they set-to. 4. That no champion be deemed beaten, unless he fails to come up to the line in the limited time; or, that his own second declares him beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions, or advise him to give out.

5. That, in by-battles, the winning man to have two-thirds of the money given, which shall be publicly divided upon the stage, notwithstanding any private agreements to the contrary.

6. That, in prevent disputes, in every main battle, the principals shall, on coming to the stage, choose from among the gentlemen present, two umpires, who shall absolutely decide all disputes that may arise about the battle, and if the two umpires cannot agree, the said umpires to choose a third, who is to determine it.

7. That no person is to hit his adversary when he is down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist; a man on his knees to be reckoned down.

The disputes that have arisen on different points of the above rules, or rather on points which they are generally supposed to, but do not contain, would fill an ample volume, and of course it should be the object of persons connected with the Ring, to put an end to all doubts on the subject of fair or foul play. The following Laws of Boxing, have been drawn up by the Editor of this paper, with the assistance of some friends of sound judgement; they are the result of much reflection and some experience, and we now present them to the notice of the Sporting World. They will be proposed to the Committee at the Castle, on Tuesday evening next, and any suggestions for their improvement, forwarded in writing to the above house, on or before the evening, will receive due consideration.

NEW LAWS OF BOXING

1. Previous to the combatants setting-to, each of them shall choose an umpire, and the umpires shall appoint a referee, whose decision, in the event of a dispute, shall be final. No person to be allowed to act as referee, till he has pledged his word, that he has no bets depending on the issue of the contest.

2. The men to fight with no other clothing than drawers, breeches or trowsers, stockings and shoes, or boots. The drawers, breeches or trowsers, to be supported by a handkerchief only, passed around the body, immediately over the hips.

3. A mark or *scratch*, shall be made in the centre of the ring or stage, as the case may be, and the combatants shall toss for the choice of side. When placed opposite each other, at this mark or scratch, neither combatant shall hit his antagonist till the seconds have quitted their principals, which they shall do immediately, and the seconds shall retire, each of them, to a separate corner of the ring or stage, which none of them shall quit (unless for the purpose of getting out of the way of the combatants,) till the round is ended.

4. If either of the combatants falls to avoid a blow, or goes down in any other way than from the effect of a hit, a push or a fall, given by his antagonist, he shall lose the fight. A slip, or an accidental fall, owing to weakness, is not, however, subjected to the penalty of this article.

5. A man is not to hit or lay hold on his antagonist below the handkerchief that supports his drawers. Nor shall he kick or bite him on any part whatsoever; nor strike or kick him, when down. A man, on his knees, not to be considered down, unless one or both of his hands is, or are, on the ground. A man, with one knee and one hand on the ground is considered to be down.

6. A man is not deemed to be beaten, unless he fails coming up to the scratch in the limited time, or that his own second declares him to be beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions, or advise him to resign the contest. The winner not to quit the ring or stage, without the sanction of the umpires or referee.

That Frosty was closely involved in the formation of the new club is exemplified by the fact that it is stated: 'And even our *humble* friend **Jack Fogo** paid his £1, and said that he would get the announcement bills printed, without making any charge.' *Bell's* preferred in their issue of the 7th to give more prominence to Frosty and the 'Bartholomew's Fair' than the Fair Play Club. It is possible that Frosty wrote the piece;

1) [FROM THE COURT CIRCULAR] - **Frosty-faced Fogo**, his amiable consort, and their beautiful little offspring, paid a visit to Bartholomew Fair, on Thursday, and were highly delighted with the amusements. [*the offspring could only be Ann Catherine aged 5, unless they had a baby, unknown and unregistered - see later*]

2) By **Fogo**? Mention of his 'wife' as a Methodist (same adjective used elsewhere in regard to her) and his spellings (e.g. shew for show) and motto '**no go**' suggest it is possible, especially in view of (1) being quoted above in the same issue.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE BARTHOLOMEW FAIR TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON

SIR. - As in all probability you will give us an account of the humours of "Bartlemy Fair," which kept half of London in an uproar during the better part of last week, perhaps a few memorandums from a visitor may be useful, and help to render your description more perfect. You must know, Sir, I was always a friend to these sort of popular exhibitions, and never fail to enjoy them when I have an opportunity - sometimes, I must confess, by stealth; for my wife being, or rather professing to be, as the sequel will shew, a rank Methodist, invariably opposes my inclinations. On Thursday I made up my mind, like other "old fools," as my spouse would say, to have a squint at the Fair, and popping "my *castor* on my *nob*," as you would have it, off I went without saying a word to my better half, and leaving her deeply engaged with a Religious Tract. The result of my observations and adventures I shall now give to you, in a rough way, leaving you to dress them up in your best manner. I reached Giltspur-street at eight o'clock, found a precious crowd shoving in all directions - children squalling, old women growling, young ones giggling, and little boys playing up "old gooseberry," while the big ones were playing at something else. Looked at the Compter, and saw some melancholy phizzes peeping through the bars - moralized, and "says I to myself says I," how many of you, poor devils, might the money which will be spent here to-night idly, restore to liberty and happiness - received a scrape down my back from a rattle, which changed the current of my thoughts.

"Oysters all fat oh! three a penny, oysters!" asked for a pennyworth, d----d bad! the very first had been dead a month - a rotten egg a luxury to it - spit it out, threw down a halfpenny, and bolted. "Here's a pennorth for a halfpenny! plum-pudding all hot!" anything to remove the taste of the shellfish - bought a slice - first mouthful broke my best grinder with a pebble, which had been mixed with the raisins - blest my stars, and cursed the cook. Brushed on, but looking up to the right, saw a painting of a child with two faces - "Only three pence, ladies and gentlemen, the greatest *curiosity* in the fair - a living child with two faces" - paid my *browns* - went upstairs and was gratified as well as astonished. There was a double headed urchin sure enough - one peep was sufficient. I forgot to ask whether it was a boy or a girl - if the latter, and it should grow up & be married, Lord help her poor husband. Off again - got to the entrance of Smithfield - my ears almost cracked with the din. "To be seen here, all alive! the French Living Skeleton just imported - the Scotch infant Giant - The Neapolitan Giantess - the Polish Dwarf, and the *Pig-faced Lady*! Come, my customers, walk up! walk up! only three pence! five of the Seven wonders of the World!" Had another three pennorth - joined the throng, and saw all that was to be seen. It certainly was a thumping brat for a Scotch *chiel*. The Lady was tall - and the Dwarf short - but the Pig-faced Lady was the principal object of attraction, and certainly such a hideous monster I never beheld. She was fantastically dressed, and her face and neck fully exposed. The women were terrified; and when the gentlemen were informed they might kiss her ladyship, they stepped back with disgust. I, however, was a little more venturesome, approached nearer, and discovered the mug of a *bear* closely shaven, and certainly resembling nothing human or divine. I would not spoil sport, however, but turned to Monsieur the *anatomie vivante*. "Do you speak French, Sir?" said I. "Faith, I don't, your Honour," replied he with great *naivete*, "barrin a word or two that master larn't me." I was satisfied at once of his origin, but was really shocked at his starved condition; for he had not as much flesh on his bones as would bait a mouse-trap. "How long did it take you," said I, "to bring yourself to this state?" "Och, a good while, honey." was his answer. "I only came out o' the hospital a Sunday, where I had been for nine months, when the jontleman picked me up to be a skeleton; and after I am done this, I am off to harvesting, God willing." I wished him more flesh and a good evening. Again in the throng, received a poke from a corker pin in the rear. No use in grumbling, had it again, and pushed on, shoving with a vengeance, squeezed almost as flat as a pancake. Was satisfied with the outside of Richardson's shew - splendid beyond any booth in the fair. Dresses the most elegant, girls the most inviting - odd collisions in the crowd. Coal-heavers and tender Misses, delicacy out of the question - squawk, "Oh, you brute, keep your hands away!" "I shawnt; vat brought you here but to be pulled about!" Squawk! "Oh, mother, he's -----." "Lord! child, how can I help it? come along, do." "I say, mister, don't you squeegee me quite so hard." - "Lord love you, old lady, I wouldn't hurt you for the world." "Young man, ladies don't wear pockets, so keep your hand out of my pocket-hole, if you please." "I'm danged if they han't cleaned me out; I han't got a skuddick left." Kept moving; got as far as Morgan's wild beast warehouse; heard them roar; quite enough for me. Pictures, I knew from experience, better than the originals. Took a passing glance at Clark's Circus, his horses and riders, his fillies and colts. Turned round and got among the gamblers; "Under seven, over seven;" "Teetototums," and the "Thimble rig;" "Black cocks and white cocks," and all manner of devices to do the flats. "Here's your kidney and mutton pies, all hot; smoking hot; a supper for a penny!" **No go**. Got among the sheep-pens, converted into sausage parlours; got a sausage (beef I believe, but not certain), a roll, and a mug of beer, all for three half-pence; clean - (no not clean) cloth and mustard in the bargain. Memorandum: The old-fashioned sausages, in the shape of a bunch of filberts, exploded, all in the usual form. Still on the toddle, went round, and saw the Chinese and Tartar Jugglers,

"never before exhibited to an enlightened public." Tumblers and rope-dancers - conjurors and clowns - spotted children and double-bodied quadrupeds - horses with seven legs, and horses with no legs - a dead jackass (a rare curiosity by the bye), and hundreds of living ones - ending my tour with Wombwell and Atkin's Menagerie, each vying with the other in producing animals known and unknown to our natural historians. Happily escaped with the loss only of one shoe and the skirt of my coat. Next made the circuit of the pavement - gratified my eyes with the magnificence of the gingerbread, and again joined in the sport, and laughed at the distress of those fair damsels who had evidently come to brave the attacks of the "good-for-nothing fellows," who were but too willing to meet their inclinations. Determined on seeing all that was to be seen, I dropped into the George, the Ram, and other well-known resorts of the lovers of frolic and good cheer - where dancing and singing and drinking, all in their turns, had their votaries. Though last, not least, paid a visit to Harry Harmer's, at the Plough, and here I met with the greatest curiosity I had yet seen through my peregrinations - no less an animal than **my hopeful-canting methodistical wife** seated behind a bowl of negus,* in company with another hypocritical old dust, just like herself, enjoying on the sly some of those sports, of which at home she professed to be the mortal enemy. Her look on seeing me, equalled that of the most profound grimacier in the fair, but having the laugh against her, I forgave her the past, and hope to have more fun and less humbug for the future. If you can make anything of this it is much at your service, from, Your constant Reader, QUIZ*

* Although we have touched upon this subject in another part of our journal, we have no hesitation in giving publicity to the humorous epistle of our Correspondent. * *Hot drink of port, sugar, lemon and spice.*

The following week, both the *Dispatch* and *Bell's* carried humorous pieces relating to Fogo but the *Dispatch* also carried notice of another Fair Play Club meeting. Fogo isn't mentioned but since he probably attended *all* FPC meetings it is worth including this early one here.¹²⁷ First though, *Bell's* piece:

FAIR PLAY SUPPER. - Mr. Griffiths and some of the *trumps* of Hereford, staunch friends of Tom Spring, were so much pleased with the spirited manner in which he, with his coadjutors, defended themselves, & the character of the Ring, from the assaults of the "out-and-out" gentry who conducted themselves with so much impropriety at the fight between Perkins and Raines, that they subscribed to purchase a basket of poultry for the purpose of giving a supper to the "deserving few." This handsome present arrived in town on Monday, [8th] and on the same evening the festival took place at the Castle Tavern, Holborn. Independent of the poultry, the table was otherwise well supplied with the good things of this life; and as jolly a set of *coves* as ever discussed the merits of good cheer sat down to pass their individual and collective opinion on the fare, including the four Toms - Tom Cribb, Tom Spring, Tom Gaynor, and Tom Oliver, Alic Reid, **Frosty-faced Fogo**, and several amateurs; and, had they been "fighting their battles o'er again," they could not have hammered away with more vigour. The cloth being drawn, the "Friends of Fair Play," and especially those of Hereford, were not forgotten. Bottle followed bottle in quick succession, and song and laugh, and joke and jollity, prevailed throughout the night. Tom Cribb gave his "*Will Watch*" in prime style, and the old boy declared he never felt himself more happy than in witnessing the celebration of an event which he expressed a hope would lead to a substantial reform of the abuses that had been gradually gaining an ascendancy in the Ring.

Here is the *Dispatch* entry, the FPC matter first, then the jokey item by Frosty. He was obviously keen to keep *both* newspapers happy, and paying for his contributions!;

(1)

THE FAIR-PLAY CLUB

On Tuesday [9th] evening the Committee of the Fair-Play Club, met at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, for the purpose of forming certain regulations in furtherance of the objects of the Club. It will be remembered that this Committee was appointed at the *public* meeting of subscribers on the preceding Friday - it consisted of seven members - three of whom were competent to act. On Tuesday six of the gentlemen attended - the seventh was prevented by business, from affording his assistance. The Committee sat in a private upstairs room, and the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to: -

"1. That the objects of this Club being to preserve peace and order in the outer ring, and to secure fair-play to the combatants in the inner ring, Mr. Spring, the agent and treasurer of the Club, be empowered to employ eight pugilists at the forthcoming fight between Jones and Stockman, at the rate of half-a-guinea per man, to carry into effect the objects above specified.

"2. That Mr. Spring shall at no time employ any part of the funds of this Club without the authority of the Committee, and that he shall, at every meeting of the Committee, render an account of the state of the funds, to be submitted to a general meeting of the subscribers.

"3. That the duty of the pugilists employed by Mr. Spring shall be, to keep all persons who are outside the ring, (with the exception of the umpires and referee) at the distance of at least *six yards* from the ropes. In effecting this, they are recommended to use no more force than is absolutely necessary, and the Committee request all pugilists and all well-disposed persons who attend flights, to assist those employed to keep the ring, in the execution of their duty.

"4. That subscriptions in aid of the funds of this Club, be received at all times by Mr. Spring, the agent and treasurer.

"5. That the Committee wish to try the effect of the foregoing Resolutions, before they proceed to make any further regulations; and, in order that the subscribers may have an opportunity of judging of what has been accomplished already, a general meeting of the Club is hereby called, for Thursday the 18th instant, at this house (the Castle) when the Committee will feel most happy to receive the suggestions of any subscriber.

"6. That this Committee do now adjourn.

It will, perhaps, excite some little surprise that no other resolutions than the foregoing, were adopted by the Committee - that they did not go farther, and enter upon the many affairs connected with the Ring which require regulation. The fifth resolution, in part explains the motive which induced the Committee to refrain from further proceedings for the present; but we ought to state that the Committee considered themselves as only *provisionally* appointed - and, that as the success of the whole Club, will in a great measure depend upon the operation of the system at the next fight; or, at any rate, so it may be necessary to alter the measures of the Club in consequence of what may take place at that fight, the Committee had better confine their attention for the present to objects of immediate necessity. In affairs of this sort, there is always more danger in doing too much than too little. In fact, the establishment of the Fair-Play Club, must be considered as an *experiment* for the good of the Ring. If its operations are successful, a great deal indeed may be done to restore pugilism to a well deserved popularity. We earnestly invite the lovers of fair-play to muster strongly at the fight on Tuesday next, and we beg that the friends of both parties will preserve order. Even those persons whose conduct more immediately led to the formation of the Fair-Play Club, will, we hope, behave peaceably on this occasion. The result cannot fail to be highly favourable to the Prize Ring. Let both sides forget the past, and all lend a hand to the good cause of ORDER. The Fair-Play Club has no party feeling - its only object is, the welfare of the Prize Ring. What honourable man is there, connected with the Fancy, who will not feel proud to advance its interests?

Among other subjects mentioned in Committee on Tuesday evening, were the Laws of Boxing, published in this paper on Sunday last; the regulation of Benefits; the punishment of persons who might wantonly or maliciously break the rules of the Club; the prevention of *crosses*, &c. &c., but these matters were all postponed for the reasons already stated.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Spring stated to the Committee, that since the last meeting, he had received the sum of 5*l.* in aid of the funds. We omitted to state in our last week's DISPATCH, that the sporting reporter of the Sun evening paper, is an annual subscriber of 2*l.* to the funds of the Fair-Play Club. We take the present opportunity of supplying the omission, and at the same time beg to express our thanks to the gentleman alluded to, for the correct and impartial account published in the Sun of the proceedings at the meeting in Friday's se'n-night.

(2)

"VIVE LA BAGATELLE!"

Head Quarters, Sept. 13, 1828

Whereas, it hath been duly represented unto us, as well by the affirmation of our trusty and well-beloved Quaker 8., of horse-trotting notoriety, as by the word of honour of our "ancient" big-in-the-stern Bitton, and the oath of our most accomplished and invincible Pet, that one John Scroggins, once mighty in battle, and now renowned in eloquence - especially in delivering funeral orations, has lately rendered his gullet the high road for the wholesale passage of gin, brandy, rum, and all sorts of noise-inspiring compounds, as well as every description of victual, from turtle to horse-flesh, till his nose has assumed the complexion of a boiled lobster, and his body the rotundity of a prize ox: These are therefore, in the name of the Commander-in-Chief, to will and require of each and every of our loving and religiously disposed subjects, called the Fancy, to use their best exertions to prevent the further indulgence of such propensities, whereby the dignity of our power is diminished, and the peace of our reign effectively destroyed, wherever the said Scroggins appeareth. Furthermore, we enjoin and command you, Thomas Spring, Governor of our Castle; you, Joshua Hudson, whose power extends over Half-the-Moon; you, James Burn, Manager of our Red-horse; you, Henry Holt, Knight of the Golden Cross; and you, Benjamin Lewis, who sitteth in the Sun-shine, - that you never, at one and the same time, allow the aforesaid John Scroggins to consume more than one quart of gin, rum, or brandy - nor more than thirty glasses of liquor called grog.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

(signed) **John Fogo**, of the Frosty-face.

On the 16th September, the Fair Play Club (FPC) had its first opportunity to supervise a boxing match when they took control of two fights which took place at Shere Mere in Bedfordshire. The main bout was between Ned Stockman the 'Lively Kid', trying to make amends for the bad behaviour of his relative who had been the prime cause of all the trouble, and Harry Jones the 'Sailor Boy.' It was an effort, successful as it turned out, to restore faith in Pugilism, and was reported positively in many papers.¹²⁸ Below is the *Dispatch* account with additions from the other papers, plus the *Dispatch's* report of the Tom Oliver benefit which took place at the Tennis Court the next day, Wednesday 17th, in which Fogo played a prominent part.

1) QUIET AND COMFORTABLE MILLING. THE TRIUMPH OF THE FAIR-PLAY CLUB.

*Pugilism on Sheer Mere, Bedfordshire, on Tuesday last, between
HARRY JONES and NED STOCKMAN, for 25*l.* aside.*

It is with feelings of almost unmixed satisfaction that we enter upon our task of detailing the proceedings of Tuesday last, for, with the exception of an unwelcome magisterial interruption, all that occurred was most cheering in the hopes of those who wish for the prosperity of fair and manly pugilism. Having taken an active part in the foundation of the Fair Play Club - having seen it fully established, in spite of open and secret opposition, and having witnessed the complete success of its first operations, the writer of this account now congratulates the patrons of the Club - and the friends of fair play, upon the TRIUMPH of their measures, and the prospect that is afforded of the complete renovation of the Prize Ring. Let us persevere and we must succeed! [*Bell's* has: "It was the first "affair" since the celebrated battles of Staines and Brentford-end, where the Stockmanites were so signally defeated; and as threats of retaliation were held out, a row perfectly in character was anticipated; and added to this, it was the first

¹²⁸ 280917MH, 280918ECEP, 280921WD, 280921B

occasion in which the preliminary plans of the "Fair Play Club" for suppressing disorder and irregularity, were to be carried into effect. With regard to the first point it must be satisfactory to the friends of the Ring to hear that the original offenders candidly acknowledged their error, and promised to "sin no more;" while, with respect to the latter, the most sanguine expectations of the Club were fully realized. The arguments in favour of "fair play" seemed to have had their weight with all classes, and self interest, combined with a little sober reflection, taught them to feel, that in coalescing with the objects of the Club, the success of the Prize Ring, as well as the amusement and advantage of its followers, was best to be promoted. We stated in our last that the plan of the Club was to engage eight men with whips at half a guinea each, to assist in keeping the ring; and to these were added, voluntarily on the present occasion, the assistance of a large proportion of the fighting men themselves, from Tom Crib down to some of its humblest members."]

On Monday, Harry Jones was conveyed from his training quarters to the White Hart, at South Mimms, where he slept that night. Stockman, with his *pals* Young Dutch Sam and Dick Curtis reposed in the public-house adjoining Colney Heath, in Hertfordshire, for Ned's friend, Mr. Lewis, having won the toss for choice of ground, had named that heath as the scene of action. On Tuesday morning, the North-road was thronged with fancy equipages. The delightful weather, and the desire of witnessing the first efforts of the new system, with a laudable determination to assist in carrying that system into effect, induced a vast number of amateurs, as well as pugilists, to attend the fight. Soon after twelve o'clock, the ropes and stakes were in order on the Heath. Three rings were formed - in the centre, of course, were placed the old P.C. stakes and ropes, that have witnessed many a gallant contest - round these, at a distance of about six yards, another ring was erected, outside of which the umpires, referee, and reporters, were to be accommodated with seats - and, at a still greater distance, another circle of stakes and ropes was placed to keep the spectators far enough from the 24-feet area to prevent any persons from interfering in the sports, yet ensuring to all a good view of the battle. [MH has: "the Quartermaster-General Tom Oliver, and his Deputy, **pale-faced Fogo**, - were commissioned to form the ring"] As the various vehicles arrived on the ground they were stationed at the back of all. A *marquee* was also erected on the ground, for the purpose of supplying the company with refreshments. Tom Spring, the agent of the Fair Play Club, had engaged the following pugilists to preserve order: - Peter Crawley, Jem Ward, Sam Tebbutt, Harry Holt, Alec Reed, Tom Oliver, Tom Gaynor, and **Jack Fogo**. Crawley, however, finding that Tisdale wished to be employed, kindly resigned his situation in his favour, but exercised himself, notwithstanding, in the preservation of order. The number of men to be employed by Spring was, at the last meeting of the Committee, restricted to eight, but Barney Aaron being very anxious to be employed, four of the Committee who were present, authorised Spring to engage him, and thus nine "good men and true," were at hand - the peace officers of the Prize Ring. Several other pugilists also wished to hold office on this occasion, but all could not be employed - *they* were promised a *turn* at the next fight, and they pledged themselves to render any assistance, even now, that might be necessary. The men engaged by Spring were supplied with small neat whalebone-whips - just sufficient to remind the refractory of their duty, but too light to inflict injury on any person.

With these promising, we may say comfortable arrangements, the numerous parties of fanciers and countrymen on the ground looked forward with pleasure to the promised treat - all was in readiness, and the combatants were on the ground, when three gentlemen, on horseback, appeared. The fancy can tell a *beak* from an amateur at a long distance - the frowning brows and sour visages of these parties loomed ominously as they approached the ring, and "a beak, a beak," was the cry of the disappointed multitude. A few of the ring-leaders approached the sour trio, and were at once informed by the foremost *gent* that he was a Hertfordshire Magistrate, and that he was determined to prevent a "*breach of the peace*" in that county. It was immediately determined to move off to Shear Mere, in Bedfordshire, and the *office* being given to the Commissary and his assistants, the ropes and stakes were removed quick as thought, and away went the whole cavalcade with most commendable alacrity, by the cross-road to the back of St. Alban's, and thence through Harpendon, to the Mere. [MH - "The whole column moved accordingly by cross roads, and occasionally through water up to the horses' chests"] We subsequently learnt, that a Reverend *Johnny Newcome* had laid an information of the intended fight before the Magistrate, Mr. Winter, who was, of course, under the necessity of exercising his authority for the prevention of the battle.

A Fair was holding in the pleasant village of Harpendon; and as the jovial lads of the Fancy trotted through, the holiday folks, highly delighted at the unlooked-for chance of witnessing a prize-fight, toddled off in great numbers to the Mere - the merry-andrews were left to caper and spoil stale jokes for their own amusement - the barrel-organs to snore forth their grating discord unheard - and even the facetious Mr. Punch to knock wooden heads about unheeded, while his *congregation* deserted his itinerant theatre to witness the real combats of the Prize Ring. Matters were soon in order again on Shear Mere; and excepting that the middle ring was dispensed with, the same arrangements were made as before, and most excellent order was kept. The strength of the Fair Play Club was too great to be broken through. We do not wish to rake up old grievances, but we *know*, that but for the arrangements of this Club, another disgraceful scene of confusion would have ensued. Harry Jones was brought to the ground in a barouche drawn by four horses - he was accompanied by Tom Spring and several swell friends. Ned Stockman was contented with the more humble conveyance of a gig, which brought him and his *pals* to the scene of action. At ten minutes before three o'clock, Ned entered the ring, attended by his seconds, Young Dutch Sam and Dick Curtis. Harry soon followed - he was waited upon by Spring and Gaynor. The combatants peeled *instanter* - the colours, blue for Harry, and yellow for Ned, were tied to the stake. [Bell's - "On being "trotted out," the Sailor Boy showed a decided superiority in point of muscle and figure: he was, in fact, a Hercules in miniature - symmetry itself - and a fit model, in which capacity he is often engaged, for the Sculptor. His weight, we understand, was 10st 2lb., and his condition - thanks to the care of old Shirley - of the first order. Stockman looked well in health, but his frame, compared with that of Jones, was slight, his limbs slender, and his weight not more than 9st. 2lb.; still his eye shewed high blood, and his front wore a winning aspect."]

The latter won the toss for sides, and at about three o'clock the fight commenced; betting, 5 to 4 on Stockman

Round 1. The frame of the Sailor Boy was a fine study for an artist. In muscular strength and elegant proportions, he stands unrivalled among the light-weights; and, under the improvement of good training, in a fine state of health, he looked as if Nature had moulded him expressly for a pugilist. Ned did not look so well, he appeared stale, and was certainly in indifferent condition. Jones also had the advantage in weight, he being 10st 3lbs.; while Stockman was not more than 9st 8lbs. Harry stepped over the scratch, and manœuvred to get *out of the sun*, which played full in his face. Ned retreated towards the ropes, and soon let fly with his left at the head - Jones parried the blow, and soon after planted a left-handed bodier [applause.] Harry hit out with the same punisher at the face, but the blow was more than half stopped. Stockman gathered himself well up, and let fly left and right at the upper works - one blow was parried, the other told slightly on the side of the head (Cheers for Stockman.) Jones now went in, and closed; both weaved away with mutual advantages, but, after a short struggle, Ned was thrown over the rope. The superior strength of Jones was apparent, and his friends felt confident of his success. Stockman's party, however, relying on their man's game, and the supposed want of that quality on the part of Jones, still offered the odds.

2. On coming to the scratch, a tinge of claret was perceptible on Stockman's forehead. Jones pointed to the spot, and exclaimed, "First blood!" "Never mind," said the Lively Kiddy, "I'll phlebotomise *you*, presently, and no mistake." Stockman made play with both hands at the upper-works, but Jones parried the blows with admirable precision. Stockman went in fearlessly, hitting away left and right, Jones received another touch on the side of the head, but he *returned* well, and a quick hitting rally ensued. They came to off-fighting again; Jones commenced another rally, and a close took place, when, after some awkward attempts to *fib*, both came down together.

3. Jones let fly left and right - Stockman turned off both efforts neatly. "There's science for you." said the Pet. "give me an old one for putting the *stopper* upon 'em." "Aye, aye," rejoined Dick's joking pal, "don't you know that Ned has been apprenticed to a *Dead man-maker*, and he's just going to practice the art upon the Sailor boy!" "Order, order!" said a Fair-play swell. A long sparring match ensued - Jones was very cautious, and Ned was at length obliged to make play - he rallied, planted a hit on the forehead, and another on the side of the head: Jones was also under in a tumble. This round was favourable to Ned, and his friends gave a loud cheer. 4. Cautious sparring again. Stockman went to work and had none of the worst of the exchanges, but Jones gave him a shattering fall. "Bravo, Harry, shake it out of him!"

5. Jones was still cautious; he appeared determined to wait and tire out his man: Stockman made many feints, and shifted his ground repeatedly, but could find no opening for mischief. At length Harry, when it was least expected, popped in a sharp left-handed facer; he tried on the same suit twice again, but Stockman parried both hits cleverly. A close took place - Harry weaved away hard and fast in the body, and finished the round by bringing Ned down flat on the earth, and falling with all his weight upon him.

6. This was a well-fought round. Counters occurred at going-off - Jones received a home hit on the nasal organ that produced the claret, but soon after, in a sharp rally, he cut Stockman across the upper part of the nose, and both their snuff-takers now sympathised in dropping the crimson stream. Stockman was again thrown. The lead was now decidedly in the hands of Jones; but Stockman's party alleged that one good hit would alter the state of affairs altogether.

7. Ned retreated - Jones followed him, and placing his left hand behind Ned's head, he cut him up with the right, and then threw him down with as little trouble as Abraham Cann would feel in capsizing a Regent-street swell.

8, 9, 10. In one of these rounds, Stockman was thrown heavily: in the others, he went down to avoid being cross-buttocked.

11. The caution of Jones was remarkably conspicuous - Stockman could not throw him off his guard. Ned put down his hands and walked to the centre of the ring, remarking that he would not *fight first*. Jones stepped in, and exchanges occurred. Stockman fell on his knees and Jones hit him as he went down; but Ned sprung up again to renew the contest. Jones had the best of the fighting, and Stockman soon measured his length. 5 to 4 on Jones.

12. Jones made himself well up for hitting, and delivered a left-hander, straight and quick as a pistol shot. The blow fell upon Stockman's left cheek, which it cut severely, and a stream of claret followed (loud applause for Harry). Stockman rallied with spirit, but had the worst of it, and Jones sent him clean off his legs.

13. The careful Pet placed a patch over the cut on Stockman's cheek, and brought him to the scratch, remarking, "There you are, my boy, clean and comfortable, and nothing the matter with you!" Jones, however, soon knocked off the plaster, and downed his man again.

The preceding account will convey a sufficient idea of the style of this fight: it is unnecessary for us to detail the remaining rounds - they were nearly all the same way; Jones kept the lead, yet was still cautious, and would not give a chance away. He sometimes threw Ned with great force; but, in order to avoid these falls, Stockman generally went down in a manner that called forth considerable censure, and one or two appeals to the umpires. Jones in going in frequently ducked his head, and this occasioned a curious incident, for, in round 27, their nob's met, and Jones received a *smasher* from the crown of Ned's head, which gashed his left eyebrow frightfully, and the claret streamed down his cheek. By the same concussion, however, the upper part of Stockman's forehead was cut. Those persons who suspected Harry's game were apprehensive that he would now "*cut it*," but he shook off the stunning effects of the disaster, and remarked to Tom Spring that nothing was the matter. Stockman, who had shown symptoms of weakness from the early part of then battle, soon became extremely sick and faint, and, spite of the excellent nursing of his seconds, it was evident that each succeeding round diminished his chance of success - his blows became powerless, and were easily parried. The caution of Jones (much more than the game or skill of Stockman) protracted the fight till the 43rd round, when Ned, who had, for the last half dozen rounds, been grassed almost as soon as he appeared at the scratch, came on for a last chance. Jones saw that the moment was arrived when he might, with perfect safety, finish the fight. He, therefore, stepped in, planted a heavy right-hander in the body, and a left-hander in the face; Stockman fell like a log, and his seconds gave in for him. The battle lasted 68 minutes.

REMARKS

Thus, after being three times beaten by Stockman, Jones has at last proved triumphant over him. The cause may be told in a very few words. Harry has improved in weight, strength, and science, while Ned has fallen off - the former, indeed, displayed such superior points that his friends talk of backing him against men who, some short time ago, would have laughed at the idea of being pitted with the Sailor Boy. Stockman had little chance of winning from the first to last. He was very sick at the close of the fight; but his punishment was not severe. His *game* (as displayed in this fight) has been called in question, and truly he had no marks to warrant his giving in, but it would have been useless for him to stand up any longer, for he had become too weak to knock down an infant, while Harry was as fresh as when he entered the ring. Poor Ned shed tears after losing the fight. To those who admire a punishing, slashing, contest, this battle was not a good one, but many interesting scientific points were developed, and it would certainly have been a better and more many fight had not Stockman adopted the plan of falling so repeatedly.

SECOND FIGHT

We stated in our last that Peter Crawley was instructed to back a countryman weighing 11½st. against any man under 12st., who, like himself, had never fought in the Prize-Ring. This countryman, [*MH* - a whiteheaded lad.]

whose name is William Waters, and who is a fine, powerful young fellow, attended the above fight, and expressed his readiness, at Peter's suggestion, to fight [George] Pick, of Bristol, for a purse, although Pick has often fought in the ring. With some little difficulty, the sum of 4*l.* 1*s.* was raised among the amateurs, and Pick and Waters agreed to "do battle" *instante* - the loser to have 1*l.* and the winner to take the remaining 3*l.* 1*s.* Crawley and Barney Aaron seconded Waters; while Oliver and Jem Raines looked after Pick. The countryman had the advantage in weight and strength, he presented his right foot in advance, and took the lead in the very first round. Pick received several heavy hits about the upper works, and was repeatedly sent down with great force; but, in the 7th round, he altered his style of fighting, by *commencing* action, instead of waiting for Waters, and the latter had the worst of it for some time - he received a heavy hit on the nose, a deep cut on the lip, and lost lots of claret. He appeared *to us* rather inclined to *cut it*; but Peter cheered him on, and in the 16th round, when odds of 6 to 4 were offered on Pick, the countryman gave him what Peter calls a "*good conobbler*," i.e. a home blow on the nose; down tumbled Pick, and away went his courage, if not his senses, on a two minutes excursion to the land of forgetfulness. Waters was, of course, pronounced the winner.

The amateurs returned to town in high spirits, delighted with the *order* and regularity of the day's play, and full of hope that similar success may attend the future operations of the Fair Play Club - the prosperity of which, they toasted in bumpers - especially at Mr. Wildbore's, at St. Alban's, where a large party dined. [MH - we have to observe that the operations of the light-fingered gentry were, in several instances, impeded by the vigilance of the "fighting men," who, within our own observation, protected the watch of an unwieldy fat gentleman, near the ring, from their repeated attempts."]

2)

BUSINESS AT COURT.

The civil veteran, Tom Oliver, took a benefit at the Tennis Court, on Wednesday afternoon, and a very respectable company attended. Owing to the illness of Paddington Jones, Mr. **John Fogo** officiated as Master of the Ceremonies - he got through the business of the stage, with considerable dignity, and much *self-applause*. (Sic!) The sparring was conducted in the following order: - Sam Foote and Donovan came first - the latter had the best of the hitting, and the former of the throwing, but *throwing* ought never, by the bye, to be practised in sparring matches; Sam's left eye was pinked, and his nob was smartly peppered altogether - Donovan improves mightily. Lennox and Palmer next made their bows, after which their attempts to spar excited the pity of the amateurs, several cries of "Off! off!" were heard, and in order to induce obedience to the call, a shower of coppers was thrown on the stage; Lennox and Palmer were then kind enough to cease burlesquing the art of boxing, and to quit the stage. Scroggins and Dav Hudson next appeared; Jack was as full of antics as usual, and was more successful than common, for at the close of his comical antics, he was occupied for at least a quarter of an hour in making speeches and picking up *whites* and *browns*, which were *shyed* upon the stage. Jack, at length, toddled off with half a hat-full, remarking that he had gathered a *superscription* to get some *wittles* with. Peter Crawley and Tom Spring now appeared - they were greeted with loud applause, and they exhibited a fine, manly display of effective science, at the close of which, neither of these first-raters could be said to have the advantage - though each received a few home facers, especially in a sharp rally at the end of the combat. The Romford baker was next opposed to Alec Reed: but Doughey, though longer, stronger, and heavier, was a mere plaything to the Chelsea artist; Alec nobbed him at pleasure, and broke away with admirable skill. In a trial between Ben Burn and Bob Castles, Uncle Ben was very successful till at length in a rally Bob planted a home nobber that sent Ben clean off his legs, and induced him to "close the books" for the day. Waters, who fought on the previous day, was persuaded to take a turn with Paddy Flynn, when Paddy glove-milled him to his heart's content, and Waters lost plenty of claret, as well from his nasal promontory, as from a cut over the left eye, which he received from Pick the day before. Tom Oliver and Harry Lancaster showed off in the style of the old school. After which, a slashing, though awkward bout between Lovelock and Richards concluded the sports of the afternoon. Tom Oliver returned thanks to "his kind friends," whom he hoped God would bless, and the congregation departed in peace.

Almost a week later on Tuesday 23rd September, another fight was arranged in unusual circumstances, in a new venue, which had great potential for Frosty and his hoped-for earnings, and even a new career, but which turned sour and left him out of pocket. The event was fully recorded in the *Morning Chronicle*, *Star*, *Weekly Dispatch*, and *Bell's* and also *Pugilistica II*, pp. 320 - 322 - the following is a compilation; ¹²⁹

[WD] GRAND FANCY JUBILEE
OLD ENGLISH SPORTS IN ALL THEIR GLORY!
Fights at Fisher Street, in Sussex, on Tuesday last, between
*NED O'NEALE and JACK NICHOLLS, for 100*l.* aside;*
*and BLISSETT and BROWNE, for 10*l.* aside and a Purse.*

[*Bell's* - This event, to which we have so frequently alluded, and which had nearly been off, in consequence of a forfeit on the part of Nicholls, to which Neal waived his right, in consideration of receiving fifty pounds, given by Mr. Stoveld, the Petworth banker, as an inducement to the men to fight on his premises, "came off," according to appointment, on Tuesday last, at Fisher-street, in the County of Sussex. within three miles of Petworth, a beautifully romantic spot, surrounded by high hills, and embedded in the luxuriance of a fine wooded country. The names and feats of the competitors are familiar to our readers, Neal having fought thirteen battles in the prize-ring, of which he won twelve; and Nicholls having only once had the honour of contending within the P.C. ropes, and then with Dick Acton, of whom, under questionable circumstances, he was the conqueror. His friends, however, deemed him a rising star, and notwithstanding a rumour that he had been beaten by a Jew of the name of Cohen, of much lighter weight, his winning, tho' not booked to a certainty, was regarded as more than probable. It may be proper to add, that Nicholls is only a *nomme de guerre*, and that he is no relation to Nicholls who once fought Tom Cribb.]

[MC - The question at issue between Ned Neal [WD - the butcher] and Jack Nicholls, [WD - the Streatham Hero] as to which was the better man, came on to be tried yesterday, before competent Judges, at Fisher-street, in the County of Sussex, within three miles of Petworth. Independent of the fame to be gained by the conqueror, the pecuniary consideration of one hundred pounds a-side was involved in the result. The lists prepared for this important contest, and the general arrangements for the accommodation of the combatants, their friends and the spectators, were superior to any thing of the sort we had ever witnessed on any former occasion. The Royal Cylinder Works, formerly occupied in the preparation of charcoal for the manufacture of gunpowder, and now in the possession of Mr. Stoveld, a banker, at Petworth, were devoted to the sports, and were fitted up, regardless of expence, in the most admirable manner. As a cloak to the real object of the meeting, a grand "Jubilee" was announced; and the buildings, which are capacious and have been long unoccupied, were appropriated to dining rooms, dancing rooms, and other places of entertainment including a theatre, at which the popular piece of *Tom and Jerry* was announced for representation in the evening. To give additional *eclat* to these preparations, two bands of music were in requisition, and a battery of six guns was constructed to fire a royal salute at the conclusion of the games. To preserve regularity no less than one hundred and thirty men were employed, armed with long white staves, and their hats decorated with blue ribbons. These men were distributed at the gates, and round the premises, to prevent the obtrusion of improper characters; and as an additional inducement to good order, it was announced, that machinery had been erected over a pond of water, by which offenders were to be subjected to a wholesome immersion; a device which, underwent general inspection and approval, but fortunately was not brought into operation. In the arrangement of the arena for the "trial by battle" equal industry had been bestowed; and it was admitted by all the *cognoscenti* that a better ring had never been formed. In the centre of an immense area, on one side of the building, a level piece of ground, almost thirty feet square, was turfed with the neatness of a bowling-green, and upon this the P.C. stakes and ropes were pitched by the indefatigable Tom Oliver, and his assistant, **Frosty-faced Fogo**. Round this, at a distance of six feet was a circle formed for the reception of the record of the combat; and beyond this was an outer circle of immense extent, which was bounded by a double row of waggons, affording ample space for twenty thousand persons, had they honoured the exhibition with their presence. All those arrangements had been the work of considerable time and labour, and had evidently been completed by a masterly hand.

[WD - In the centre of this vast area, the 24-feet ring was erected on a piece of ground levelled for the purpose, and covered with fresh smooth turf. Close to the ring, seats were prepared for the umpires and referee; and, at a few yards distance, outside of a circle of stakes and ropes, the Scribes of the Ring were accommodated with a convenient station. At a great distance, another similar circle kept back the spectators, who chose to remain on foot; and in the rear, a double line of waggons was placed, the foremost of which were sunk up to the axle-trees by holes dug in the ground, so as to allow those persons stationed in the outer of the vehicles to look over the heads of all in front. Mr. Stovell was indefatigable in superintending the business of the morning: he was assisted by two stewards on horseback, who rode continually about the grounds, to see that no disorder arose, and upwards of 150 strong countrymen, armed with staves, with a short goad at the end, and dressed in clean white gaberdines, with blue favours in their hats, were distributed over the premises, to act as peace officers. Owing to these arrangements not the slightest tumult arose for a moment to disturb "the harmony of the meeting," and there was certainly no need of the assistance provided by the Fair Play Club, in keeping the ring. Still, as the Committee had directed Mr. Spring to employ a dozen pugilists for that purpose, he had no alternative but to fulfil his instructions, and the following men were consequently engaged: - Ben Burn, Tom Oliver, Ned Baldwin, Dick Curtis, Young Dutch Sam, Jack Martin, Bill Richmond, Jem Raines, Harry Jones, Tom Gaynor, Dav. Hudson, and Jack Scroggins.]

[WD - To express our approbation of the arrangements made by Mr. Stovell, and the liberal spirit by which they were dictated, would be but to echo the sentiments of every impartial person who attended the fights; more especially since it is to those arrangements, combined with the respectability of their liberal projector, that we have to attribute the welcome circumstances of no magisterial interruption being given to the sports of the day. Indeed, we are assured, that a liberal minded nobleman, of high authority in the county of Sussex, had expressed his approbation (after a personal inspection of the premises), of the intended Jubilee. But it is a matter of deep regret that Mr. Stovell should have been a loser to a considerable amount by the speculation; for (perhaps owing to the fear of magisterial interruption), the spectators were not so numerous as was expected, and that spacious area, which would have afforded to at least 30,000 persons a good view of the battles, was not occupied by more than 4,000 or 5,000. Mr. S. was also too kind to deny admission to those who could not afford to pay, and though tickets were issued at 5s. each, for standing places in the waggons,* and 2s. for those persons who chose to remain on the turf, we believe, that a great number, indeed, were admitted gratis. The money received at the gates amounted to 75*l.* only - the expenses incurred by Mr. S. were little short of 200*l.* Among the company were many well-dressed females, who, after viewing the fights, were, with their husbands and *sweethearts*, to be treated with a ball, and the performance of *Tom and Jerry* in a temporary theatre erected for the occasion.]

As a means of reimbursing Mr. Stoveld, tickets were issued at 2s. and 5s. each, the former entitling the possessor to standing room, and the latter to a place in a waggon; but we apprehend the free admissions were infinitely more numerous than those who paid, and that the expenditure, which included 50*l.* given to the men as an inducement to decide their differences on that spot, far exceeded the receipts. Without stopping to inquire into this matter, however, we shall proceed to describe the events of the day.

Neal had trained at Milford, about two miles from Godalming, and eight from Fisher-street, while Nicholls had taken his exercise at Norwood. Both were admitted to be in excellent condition. Nicholls arrived at Guilford on Monday evening and took up his quarters at the Crown Inn; while Neal, who had sojourned at the Red Lion at Milford, retired to sleep at a farm-house to escape the boisterous greetings of his friends. In the course of that evening and yesterday morning the arrivals from London were numerous, although by no means so extensive as had been anticipated. Guilford, Godalming, Milford, and Mouse-hill, all had their fair share of visitants, and towards 12 o'clock yesterday the roads to the scene of action were crowded with horse and foot, who flocked from all directions. On

approaching the Royal Cylinder Works, the sound of music, the display of flags which floated from the chimney tops, & the general bustle which prevailed produced a singular effect, and excited no small surprise in the ordinary followers of the Ring, who were not wont to witness their favourite sports proclaimed with so much pomp and ceremony. Nicholls first reached the premises, and was conducted to a room prepared for his reception. He was soon after followed by Ned Neal in an elegant barouche, drawn by four horses, with a celebrated Portsmouth *dragsman* on the box, and his seconds, Tom Spring and Harry Holt, and some of his intimate friends inside - all bearing the blue bird's-eye *fogle*. The bands immediately struck up, or attempted to strike up, for they were most woefully out of tune, "See the Conquering Hero comes;" and Neal was conducted in a sort of procession to view the preparations for the sport, after which he retired to prepare for action.

[WD - On Tuesday morning, at an early hour, cockneys and countrymen, farmers and farming men, hardy husbandmen, and their rosy wives and daughters, were seen rapidly moving in various equipages, or trudging sturdily on foot towards Fisher-street, the scene of the expected Fancy treat. Here, at the Royal Cylinder Works, now the property of the spirited, though eccentric Mr. Stovell, the extensive preparations already spoken of were all in order at an early hour. Banners were displayed, and flags were flying from the tops of the houses; two bands of yokel music kept up a constant peal of *discord*; and now and then a cannon, of which there were six in a sort of turf battery, was discharged; but the firing startled the horses in the numerous vehicles, and was, therefore, soon discontinued. On entering the gates of the premises, a curious scene presented itself; and the inspection of the various novel arrangements occupied the delighted Fanciers until the time arrived for fistic operations. The houses, and workshops on the ground, were fitted up with forms and tables for the accommodation of those who required refreshment, and beer, bread and meat in profusion, were provided gratuitously for the followers of the ring; but in the bustle of the morning this feast was not announced, and the milling corps did not partake of Mr. Stovell's bounty - a circumstance that was much regretted by that everlasting feeder, the *wittles*-worshipping Scroggins. In one place was a strong room, intended as a place of confinement for disorderlies; and in another, in a small pond, a sort of ducking-stool, similar to that used in the olden time, for the correction of "common scolds." It was raised and lowered by a pulley, and was intended to cool the courage of refractory persons, by a wholesome dipping; but the arrangements of the Ring attracted the most attention. In a large field, on the right of the Cylinder Works, a half circle of strong stakes and hurdles, or wattles, completed a barrier from the hedge next the road to the walls of the works, so that no person could enter the premises except by the gates, at which *proper* officers were stationed, to prevent the intrusion of improper characters, and to collect from the visitors a sum generally apportioned to the circumstances of the applicant, as a remuneration to Mr. Stovell, for the great expenses he had incurred.]

The crowd now continued to increase, and the fair sex tended to greatly increase the throng. Betting at this time was pretty current at two to one in favour of Neal, at which a good deal of business was done and heavy stakes were posted.

[WD - Nicholls was conveyed to the ground between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, in a light *go-cart*, accompanied by Reuben Martin, [Jem Ward] and a few friends. O'Neale came soon after in a barouche, in which Spring, Harry Holt, and several swells, were also seated; the ribbons being handled by a *Scarlet-bright* dragsman of the Portsmouth road [Will Scarlett]. The men were accommodated with separate apartments till the hour of battle arrived. Before one o'clock every thing was in order, and now to give additional *eclat* to the scene, a curious procession took place:- first, came a band of music, with a couple of flags borne by two men on horseback, decorated with ribbons, and bearing two flags, the one of white silk, bearing the words, "The King," and the other of blue silk, inscribed with the word "Independence; then followed Mr. Stovell, seated in a phaeton drawn by two grey ponies, which was driven by a servant in livery, while a jolly tar, bearing the Union Jack, brought up the rear. This procession made a circuit round the ring, between the waggons and the spectators on foot, while the whole assemblage rent the air with cheers, and the agents of the Fair Play Club walked round in front of the spectators, cracking their whips, and laughing heartily at the fun.] This procession as it advanced was greeted with loud applause by the *yokels*, while the metropolitans were highly amused, and seemed to enjoy the joke with great relish. This ceremony at an end, Ned Neal advanced from the outer circle amidst the cheers of his friends. He was accompanied by the Portsmouth Dragsman, Tom Spring, and Harry Holt. On entering the ring, he immediately shook hands with Nicholls, and both prepared for action. Twelve pugilists appointed by the Fair Play Club, and armed with whips, immediately proceeded to drive the spectators back to their appointed positions, in which they were assisted by Mr. Stovell's body guard, whose long staves, provided at one end with a small goad, were found extremely useful. The arrangements throughout the day in this respect were most admirable, and the most perfect order and decorum was preserved.

At 12 minutes after one the men were brought to the scratch, and an opportunity was afforded of judging their respective condition. Both looked well, and their countenances manifested equal confidence. Nicholls had a decided advantage in height and weight; his weight was about 13 stone 10 lbs.; while that of Neal was 12 stone 3 lbs. Neal's skin still shewed marks of scorbutic affection, but nevertheless he shewed every indication of rude health. The preliminaries of stripping, choosing umpires, &c. commenced. Ned was ably seconded by Tom Spring and Harry Holt: Nicholls was attended by Jem Ward and Reuben Martin. The toss for sides was won by Ward for Nicholls. Each man sported the blue fogle. The seconds and bottle holders having retired to their corners, the men proceeded to

THE FIGHT

Round 1. The position of both men was good; each held his hands well up, and steadily looked out for an opening. For five minutes neither broke ground; at last Nicholls made a lunge with his right at Neal's body, but Neal was on the alert, and stopped him with great neatness. Another pause, when Neal made a feint with his left, but Nicholls was ready, and did not give him the expected opening. After some further time occupied in sparring at each other, Nicholls tried his left at the body; but Ned was again awake, and no execution was done. From thenceforth the unprecedented time of forty-eight minutes and a half was occupied by the men standing before each other; each anxiously watching for an opportunity to hit, but neither affording that opportunity; Neal tried his feint one or twice without success, and the surrounding multitude manifested great impatience!- "Fight, Neal" - "Fight, Nicholls," was bandied from side to side, but neither could be induced to forget the caution with which he set out, and which had been strongly impressed

upon him by his seconds. At last, Nicholls began to exhibit fatigue from so long holding his hands in one position. Neal saw him drop his left hand, and, with the quickness of lightning, seized the advantage, he threw in his right with tremendous force for his jaw, but missed the intended mark, and delivered heavily between his collar bone and throat, leaving a strong impression of his knuckles. The sound of the blow was echoed from the surrounding hills, and was followed by the cheers of the multitude. The ice thus broken, both men became more animated, when Ned making his favourites feint with his left, succeeded in putting in a terrific lunge with his right upon Nicholls's breast; Nicholls immediately fought to a rally, dropped his left on the side of Neal's head, and hits right and left were interchanged. Neal then closed, & after a short struggle, threw Nicholls a heavy fall, and fell heavily upon him. [During the long continuance of this round, jocularities of all sorts were in progress; and Ned Stockman was, as usual, foremost in the chaff, passing his jokes upon his brother pugilists with great freedom; first comparing Gaynor to a camel, from the hump on his back, and advising him to carry a monkey there in future; and next taunting Reuben Marten with his want of flesh, estimating every ounce of fat on his body at two guineas an ounce. Others struck up the song, "Don't say nay, charming Judy Flanagan," while Tom Spring sang two or three staves in another key. The seconds, the greater part of the time, lay on the ground']

2. On coming to the scratch the impression of Neal's blows was visible to every eye, while his own neck showed that Nicholls had not been idle. Neal, after a short pause, wound himself up for mischief, and made a feint with his left, but Nicholls was not to be drawn from his defensive position. A second effort was more successful; having hit short with his left Ned stepped in and delivered a heavy chop with his right on Nicholls's jaw; this brought his man to a rally, when he received a second chop, and in attempting to return he fell upon his knees; Neal missing a swinging hit as he went down.

3. The odds were now 2 to 1 on Neal. Little time was occupied before Ned was again at his handy work, he made a heavy lunge with his left hand, which we thought was open, this he missed, but with the rapidity of thought, he caught his man a chopping hit with his right, on the mouth, and dropped him, drawing first blood, and giving the first knock down blow at the same time [cheers from Neal's friends].

4. Nicholls rushed in to deliver with his right, but was stopped. Ned then had him with his left, and hits were exchanged. Ned again put in his right-handed chopper, and in a rally which succeeded, two or three blows were exchanged, each catching it on the right eye. In the close Nicholls was thrown.

5. Nicholls hit short with his left; Ned jobbed him with his right, and rushed in. Nicholls fell, and narrowly escaped Ned's left as he went down.

6. On Nicholls coming up there was an exclamation that he had hurt his right shoulder; he, however, advanced to the attack, and struck with his left; Neal immediately closed and pulled him down.

7. On Nicholls getting up, Ward pulled his shoulder as if it had been out, but this was evidently not the case. Neal jobbed him left and right on the head - compliments which were returned by Nicholls with his left on Ned's head. Ned in going in turned round and fell, Nicholls catching him on the side of the head as he was falling.

8. Ned ready at all points. Nicholls hit short with his left, and made his right slightly on the body. Ned, in return, put in his favourite right-handed chop on his neck, bored in, and flung him on his back.

9. Ned again planted his right with stinging force on Nicholls's chops. Nicholls turned round wild, and, in going down, received a slashing chop in the muzzle.

10. Three to one on Neal. Nicholls hit short at the body with his left, and delivered a stupifying job. A severe rally followed, in which hits were interchanged, and both fell in a scramble.

11. Nicholls put in his right slightly on Ned's conk, but had it in return right and left in his chops. Ned administered pepper in this way three times in succession, closed and threw his man, falling heavily upon him.

12. On rising to his second's knee Ned showed blood from his nose. The fight had now lasted an hour and ten minutes. Ned made his favourite feint with his left, and planting his right heavily on Nicholls's jaw, dropped him outside the ring.

13. In this round Nicholls received several terrific chops in the front of the head, right and left, and was ultimately floored.

From henceforth to the 18th round Ned had it all his own way, punishing his man fearfully with his right as well as with his left, both in the head and body, drawing blood in profusion' and at one time, in the 16th round, leading to a belief that his jaw had been broken, though fortunately this did not prove to be the case. In the last two rounds Nicholls became quite groggy, and was only brought up to receive additional slaughtering hits, which he bore with fortitude, but manifestly without a chance of turning the scale in his favour. At the conclusion of the 18th round, he was in such a state as to render all further exertion hopeless, and Jem Ward gave in for him, the fight having lasted one hour and eighteen minutes, of which time thirty minutes only were occupied in actual fighting.

At the close of his labours, Neal was perfectly fresh, and to convince his friends that he was still "all right," he jumped over the ropes and back again; in fact, on being sponged, the only marks of punishment which he exhibited were a slight cut on his upper lip, and a trifling contusion on his right eye and nose. His hands, though puffed in a slight degree, remained good to the last. Nicholls was dreadfully punished, both in the head and body, and candidly confessed Neal knew too much for him.

REMARKS

Neal by this victory in some measure regains those laurels which he lost by his fight with Baldwin. Great complaints were made of the length of time which was occupied before fighting commenced; but Neal confessed that his adversary had so well covered his points, that he was unable to commence operations with safety until he planted his first blow in the neck, and having thus once commenced, he felt the game was safe. It was generally acknowledged that he never fought better; and no doubt he showed to more advantage from being opposed to a man who evidently did not know how to avail himself of his superior strength and weight. Nicholls was slow, and completely disappointed the fond expectations of his friends.

[WD - After the fight, O'Neale, after washing and dressing himself returned to the ring to watch the second fight but - "Nichols was conveyed to bed, with one eye nearly closed - his mouth much swollen, and his throat and the left side of his head severely punished. The surgeon, who examined him on the ground, assured us that no bone was broken or dislocated in his shoulder, There is no doubt, however, that he experienced a severe sprain. The sum of 8l. 8s. 6d. was collected for the loser.

[Bell's - Neal shortly afterwards came on the ground nothing the worse for wear. He remained during the second fight, and then set out for Godalming, where he dined in company with some of his Corinthian patrons, to whom he manifests that gratitude to which their kindness and liberality fully entitle them. - Nicholls was put to bed on the premises, and received every kind attention from Mr. Stoveld, the founder of the festival, who desired that neither he nor his friends should want for anything.]

*Nicholls later produced a surgeon's certificate showing that he **did** break his collar bone - this happened possibly in the ninth round.*

SECOND FIGHT

BLISSETT AND BROWN, FOR TEN POUNDS A-SIDE, & A PURSE.

[*WD* - *The second fight*, appointed to take place in the same ring in which O'Neale and Nicholls were to contend, was of less importance, inasmuch as few bets depended upon it; but many persons confidently expressed an opinion that the second fight would be better than the first, and the event showed that they were not mistaken. Blissett is the stonemason, who being some time since employed at the New Palace, quarrelled with one of his fellow workmen, and fought him for a small stake, at Old Oak Common. An alleged foul blow, said to have been given by Blissett, when he was evidently winning, put an end to the battle; but the good points displayed by him were noticed by some of the Fancy, and he was soon after matched against Browne, the Northampton baker, a man who had done good service about his native place, and had attained some notoriety, and gained great credit in town, by having given Young Dutch Sam a vast deal of trouble, in a couple of trial sparring matches at the Tennis Court.]

Both fought with great energy and game, but the superior strength and vigour of Blissett brought him off victorious in twenty-one rounds and twenty-three minutes. Brown was dreadfully punished, and he stood cutting up with uncommon pertinacity; he did not give in until unable to stand. These men fought for 10*l.* a-side and a purse, and the sports were not concluded till past four o'clock.

[*Bell's* - Blissett was seconded by Reuben Marten and Jem Ward; and Brown claimed the offices of Alic Reid and Stockman, although it was hinted that the latter, who had undertaken to collect the purse, had *welled* a trifle, to defray his own personal expences. In point of weight and size there was a marked disparity between the men, Blissett being taller, heavier, and infinitely more muscular than Brown, with whom, as with Reuben Marten, fat, and even flesh, were not over abundant: he was, in fact, as sleek as a greyhound. He had not before appeared in the P.R., but having made a very slashing set-to at the Tennis Court with Young Dutch Sam, was booked as anything but a commoner. Blissett had only fought once before in the public ring, and then on Old Oak Common, when he beat his man. He is a fine young fellow, possessing a powerful frame, and at setting-to was backed at five to four. Twenty-three rounds were fought in very gallant style, during which Brown showed some excellent points at in-fighting, hitting right and left with great energy; but the long shots and heavy lunges of Blissett were too much for him, and ultimately having his right eye closed & his upper works dreadfully damaged, he became weak, and was at last floored in a state of insensibility, after fighting twenty three minutes, during which time not a moment was lost in idle play. Blissett, though pinked in the noddle, was still strong and vigorous, and promises with a little tuition, to do credit to his patrons. It was nearly four o'clock when the sports were concluded, in a way satisfactory to all parties, except the losers.]

In his next fight on October 30 1833, John Brown, the Northampton baker, was beaten by Hackney Bill near Hull, in 69 rounds - he died the same night - Hackney Bill fled to Holland, charged with murder.

The rural games of the Jubilee followed; the guns were discharged, and the rustic throng were left in the full enjoyment of the banquet prepared for them.

[*Bell's* - It is satisfactory to state that a gentleman on the ground was so well satisfied with the probable good likely to result from the effects of the Fair Play Club, that he subscribed two pounds to the fund on the spot, and promised its further support.

After the fights were concluded, the sports of the evening commenced, and dancing and frolic was the order of the night. The comic burletta of *Tom and Jerry* was not enacted, in consequence of the absence of **Frosty-faced Fogo**, who was to have played *Logic*, but who had set off for town. There was a sparring exhibition in the evening at Petworth, which was tolerably well attended.]

Frosty would have expected to earn a lot of money from this event, not just for setting up the ring but charging entry at the gates, hiring out seating and standing places around the ring and selling gin and provender. Mr. Stoveld however was offering free meals and had his own charging system for the waggons - even providing his own security system. No wonder that Frosty declined to play his part in the burletta, and went home in a huff!

The *Dispatch* added the following two items in the same issue as their fight report, about the benefit for O'Neale (Neal) on the 25th, and a meeting of the Fair Play Club the same night. Frosty was still acting Master of Ceremonies at the Tennis Court, in place of the sick Paddington Jones, and would have attended the former event;

BUSINESS AT COURT.

The benefit of Ned O'Neale at the Tennis Court, on Thursday last, was not very numerously attended; indeed, owing to the number of benefits taken by this fortunate pugilist within the last year, he could not have expected a bumper. The sparring was remarkably good, and was conducted as follows:- Donovan and Sam Foote - Sam received a cut on the left cheek, and came off second best. - Ben Burn and Bitton; both good, for old ones, and both applauded, - Holt and Gaynor; this was an equal match for a while, but, in the last round, Harry lost his temper, went in intemperately, and was sharply jobbed in the face. - Harry Jones and Charley Jones; Harry peppered his cousin to his heart's content, and gave him a claretty nose, which seemed to hurt his feelings "above a bit." - The Cheshire Hero and Paddy Flynn; this was a heavy glove-fight, in which Paddy lost lots of claret from the same organ, but had, on the whole, none the worst of the hitting. The Cheshire Hero was downed twice, and was first the to pull off the gloves. - Tom Cannon and Oliver; a friendly, equal bout. - Spring and Baldwin; a real treat to the spectators, but none to Baldwin, who found Tom's hitting and stopping every way superior to his own. O'Neale did not set-to; but, in returning thanks, said, he always had done, and always would do his best to deserve the support of the friends of pugilism.

In the course of the afternoon, Reuben Martin mounted the stage, followed by the "Devonian," whose challenge to O'Neale appeared in *THE DISPATCH* of Sunday last. The new one is a tall, powerful young man, little or nothing short of 14st in weight; his name is Roach but whether by his own desire, or not, we cannot say, he is styled Sam Banfield, and he is well-known in the wrestling ring. Reuben said that Roach would attend at the City of London,

Berwick-street, Soho, that evening to make a match with O'Neale, to fight for 200*l.*, in two month's time. Neale immediately mounted the boards, and having observed that he was extremely obliged to Mr. Martin for looking out big customers for him, he proceeded to state that he should prefer making the match at the Castle, and he would stake 10*l. instanter*. Reuben insisted on the match being made at *his* house; and, after some further discussion, Mr. H. handed ten pounds to Reuben for Roach, which were at once placed, (with a similar sum produced by Ned), in the hands of the stakeholder, and the men agreed to meet at Reuben Martin's on the same evening to draw up articles.

The Cheshire Hero challenged Blissett for 25*l.*, and stated that he would post 5*l.* of his own money, *if* any gentleman would favour him by staking the remaining 20*l.*; and, he added, that the match could be made on Thursday evening next at Peter Crawley's. Holt, who officiated as spokesman for Blissett, said, the latter would fight Cheshire for 25*l.*, or for the 5*l.* only, which the later said he could himself produce.

All the combatants who were engaged in the grand day's play of the preceding Tuesday, at Fisher-street, showed in Court, and subscriptions were made for the two losers. Nicholls had his right arm in a sling, his left eye and ear were blackened, and the whole of that side of his head was terribly swollen. O'Neale had merely a scratch on the lip. Browne's face was terribly disfigured - both his eyes were in mourning, and several ugly gashes presented themselves on his frontispiece. Blissett showed hardly a scratch.

THE FAIR PLAY CLUB

According to appointment, the committee of this good-order Association met on Thursday evening, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, when the following Resolutions were unanimously agreed to: -

"Resolved, 1st. That the Committee are highly gratified by the regularity which was preserved at the fight between O'Neale and Nicholls, on Tuesday the 23rd inst. in consequence of the resolution adopted at the last meeting.

"2nd. That a Benefit be taken once a year at the Tennis Court, in aid of the funds of this Club, and that the first benefit be fixed for the *26th of December* next when it is expected that every pugilist who wishes to support the Fair Play Club, will attend and set-to under the regulation of the Committee. [*Frosty in charge of posters and leaflets*]

"3d. That a Member of the Fair Play Club be duly authorized to attend every Prize Fight, for the purpose if necessary, of collecting money for a losing man, a second fight, or the making of the ring, as the case may be, and persons attending the Prize Fights, are hereby cautioned against giving anything to pugilists who may take upon themselves the office of raising subscriptions.

"4th. That the future Meetings of the Committee be held in rotation at the houses of those Licensed Victuallers who are pugilists and Subscribers to this Club.

"5th. That no portion of the Funds of this Club shall be applied to the remuneration of pugilists for preserving order at any fight in which the battle money does not amount to 25*l.*

"6th. That the Committee thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the liberal donation of 7*l.* from **Mr. Stovell** of Petworth, Sussex, in aid of the funds of the Club, and that the thanks of the Committee be given to that gentleman for his liberal conduct and excellent arrangement at the fights on Tuesday last.

"7th. That this Committee do now adjourn to Wednesday the 8th of October, when it is to meet at the Queen's Head and French Horn, Duke Street, Smithfield, at eight o'clock.

Mr. Spring announced that 22*l.* had been subscribed since the last meeting. In fact, the success of this Club both as to the amount of its funds, and the good it has already affected, *in more ways than one*, exceeds the most sanguine expectations of its best friends. We have not the smallest doubt that the annual benefit at the Tennis Court, with a small yearly subscription from the numerous supporters of fair pugilism, will be sufficient to carry into effect all the objects of the Club.

On the 5th October, both the *Dispatch* and *Bell's* gave notice that "**Frosty-faced Fogo**, Esq., will mount the perch at Mr. Haggerty's, Commercial Tap, near the West Indies Docks, tomorrow evening, [6th] at eight o'clock, when he will favour the amateurs with a few prime chaunts," but *Bell's* went on to add;

"Poor **Frosty-faced Fogo** nearly forfeited his valuable life at Croydon Fair on Friday. [3rd] He was dining in Lord Merryweather's booth, and while partaking of a fine goose, he swallowed the merry thought whole; fortunately, Dr. Eady was dining at the same table, and poked it down with is walking stick, or death would have been inevitable." [*Several pugilists also visited this livestock fair and the Fancy used Merryweather's booth as a centre*]"

Both papers also carried accounts of the fight which took place on September 29th near to the Swan at Whetstone, on the Barnet-road between Bill Fitzmaurice the shipwright and shoemaker Jem Brennan. Below is the *Bell's* account with *Dispatch* additions;

WARRIORS FROM THE EAST FITZMAURICE AND BRENNAN

The above two knights of the Fist, celebrated among the sages of the East, and distinguished among the *Fanciful* frequenters of the Royal Crown. in Ratcliffe Highway, "broke a lance," or rather smashed a mug together, on Monday last, in a convenient arena near to the Swan at Whetstone, on the Barnet-road. They fought, not to vindicate the peerless beauty of their respective mistresses, but more selfishly to decide which was the better man, and which could lay the most substantial claim to a stake of ten pounds a-side, which was deposited as an additional inducement to exert their prowess. Fitzmaurice is a growing stripling about nineteen years of age, "tall and straight as a poplar tree," with fine athletic limbs, and every promise of shooting into something considerable as a man, if not a hero. [*WD* - Fitzmaurice is a shipwright, residing in Ratcliffe-highway] His weight is about 11st 4lb., and his skin as fair as the purest lily. He had taken his early lessons in the milling art under the tuition of the *pug-nacious* Charley Gyblets, and

went by the cognomen of "Gybletts' Chicken." We had seen him set-to at the Tennis Court, and then thought of him as a lad of great promise. Brennan, [WD - Brennan's *sole* occupation is that of a shoemaker, in which line he keeps a shop in Rosemary-lane: though this was his first effort in the Prize-ring, he had beaten several good men in sly matches and turns-up.] although not so tall as Fitzmaurice, is nearly as heavy, and possesses a fine well-set muscular frame, of a *demi-bronze* hue, betokening hardihood and strength. His age, we believe, is thirty-four, and with his years his confidence seemed to increase, for he regarded his youthful antagonist with disdain, and already booked winning as certain, and the bright sovereigns as the golden harvest of his superior skill. He had frequently fought private battles for love & glory, but never before had the good fortune to seek "the bubble honour" within the P.C. stakes. Some years back, he set-to with Alic Reid at the Old Fives Court, and showed a considerable advantage; but from that time to the present, he had "wasted his sweetness on the desert air." [WD - The men might not, perhaps, have a legitimate claim to the *high honour* of being "real genuine" natives of the "Emerald Isle," and, therefore, would not be entitled to Mr. O'Connell's praise as "noble *animals*," or "fine creatures," but we are informed that each has Irish blood in his veins - an admixture which adds something to the qualities of a boxer - since there is no better breed of men breathing than our "English-bred" Irishmen.]

[WD - A *select* body of East-enders, among whom were many *Grecians* and children of Israel, pushed off on Monday [Sep. 29th] morning to witness this fight; but neither of the men being known to the fancy circles a very few of the regular fistic corps, and hardly any old ring-goers, considered the battle worth the journey. The parties interested in the day's proceedings were almost exclusively the *quiet, gentle, polished*, inhabitants of the Holy Land.]

The nomination of the place of fighting was left to us; and as we considered that the great bulk of the amateurs of the East who were likely to attend on the occasion, were not over-burdened with shoe leather, we thought it but charitable to shorten the *trot* of the poorer *soles* as much as possible, and, therefore, limited the distance to nine miles from Hick's Hall; well was it we did, for as the majority of the spectators were *toddlers*, their labours were happily apportioned to the vigour of their bodies. At an early hour, the road to the scene of action was lined with groups of the most motley character, including every variety of artizan and tradesman, with no inconsiderable sprinkle of Jack Tars, who could not resist the temptation, to join in the sport. Being Michaelmas-day, too, combined with Saint Monday, an additional argument was found in favour of a *spree*, and all that could abstract themselves from their more important calls, took to the *high-way* in great glee. A curious scene took place at the Arch-way toll-gate among some of these *padders*, not a little characteristic of the humble state of their finances. Strangers to the law, by which pedestrians as well as equestrians are called upon to "tip" for the advantage of passing under the Tunnel, instead of over the Hill, they advanced to the gate with great confidence; but, to their surprise and mortification, a demand of one penny per head was made by the *Cerberus* who guarded the interests of the Trustees. "A penny! - for what?" "For passing through the gate." To this exaction some submitted; but others, after looking *queer*, candidly confessed that they had not a *brown* in the world. In vain did they entreat and make appeals to the liberality of the collector. It was "**no go**," and go through they should not, unless they gave money or an equivalent. Sundry deposits of *hats, fogles*, shoes, stockings, and even *grub*, were then made to be permitted to pass, in preference to labouring up the hill; while others, who did not possess a "penny's-worth," were reluctantly constrained to retrace their steps, and bravely encounter the precipitous ascent. Some curious dialogues took place, with a view of ascertaining how those going to the fight without "*blunt*" would, on their return, as they said, be "better breeched." This, however, was a secret worth knowing, and could not be purchased by mere civility. That modes existed of raising "the ways and means" appeared to be certain, but whether they were as successful as the sanguine expectations of the speculators led them to anticipate, we doubt; for viewing the multitude whom they afterwards joined, we should judge that they found "a beggarly account of empty pockets," and that neither by forced loan or persuasion could they recruit their treasuries.

At twelve o'clock the two knights and their backers arrived at the Swan in hackney *drags*, and the commissary soon after prepared the lists in a convenient piece of ground close to, but hidden from, the public road. The *chaffing* organs were now at work, and Brennan was a decided favourite; but the patrons of Fitzmaurice were steady, though not boisterous, in the expression of their confidence. At length, betting became even, and little more was done in that way. As it was determined that the funds of the Fair-play Club shall not be devoted to ring-keepers for battles, in which the stakes shall be less than 25*l.* a-side, none of those "whipsters" were present, and the preservation of order was left entirely to the good sense and discretion of the spectators. [WD - Tom Oliver, with his **frosty-faced** auxiliary, formed the ring on a piece of waste land, a few yards from the high road, just at the entrance of the village of Whetstone, in Middlesex, and the mobility having *cooled their coppers*, and takes a mouthful of "buster and bees'-wax," at the Swan public-house, opposite, mustered round the 24-feet arena, in a smaller circle than usual, while a few trees afforded to about a score of aspiring *yokels*, a temporary voluntary suspension, for the purpose of obtaining a good view of the sports - though a heavy gale of wind threatened, every instant, to render that suspension as fatal to some of them as if they had taken "a drop too much" with the tender-hearted Mr. Chester.]

A sort of cord *sanitaire* was stretched round the inner ring, which the multitude were requested to hold in their hands, and this constituted the sole barrier to obtrusions. This, however, was sufficient, and the greatest praise is due to the crowd, heterogeneous as were its component parts, for the excellent order which prevailed throughout the combat.

THE FIGHT

At one o'clock the Knights made their bows, and attempted to cast, not their *gauntlets*, but their *castors* within the ropes, but the violence of the wind blew them to a distance. The 'Squires in attendance on Fitzmaurice were Tom Owen [WD - the all-experienced Sage of the East,] and Charley Gybletts; and on Brennan Tom Oliver and Haggerty. A little time was occupied in peeling and choosing umpires and a referee, when the knights shook hands, and commenced the assault; and here we must descend to plain sailing, and give a faithful sketch of the contest, without particularizing each round. On coming up, Brennan smiled and looked as if the laurel of victory already adorned his brow. "First catch your fish," as the old cooks say - he had his work yet to do. After regarding each other, and sparring for a few seconds, Brennan broke ground, and hit with his right at Fitz's body, giving him a gentle tap. Maurice was alive, and returned

with the right on his nob. Counter muzzlers followed, Fitz had it sharp on his ivories; he, however, soon returned the compliment with his left, and both broke away. Sparring and mutual caution - each stopping well-intentioned visitations. Good out-fighting, and somebody blows interchanged. Both advanced to the charge, and the straight-forward upright milling of each was excellent. Hit for hit right and left, and no get away - a muzzler drew first blood from Fitz, and he was not abashed, and in a rally hit Brennan a tremendous crack over his ear with his right, drawing a stream of the ruby. Good counter-hitting and stopping succeeded, and no flinching. From this to the end of the round, which lasted fifteen minutes, the men continued to fight and break away, neither closing, nor scrambling, nor idle manœuvring - all was straight-forward work and no gammon. The heads and bodies of both bore marks of violence; at last Fitz, seeing his opportunity, rushed in and threw Brennan a tremendous fall, and dropped heavily upon him. This was a shaker, and at once shewed which was the stronger man. Fitz in this round hurt the knuckles of his right hand. The fairness of his flesh shewed the marks of the blows he had received but no great harm was done. Independent of the cut over the ear, Brennan's left *ogle* began to swell. [WD - In the whole course of our fight-going existence we never saw a better round than the first which occurred between these men: it was a real treat.]

In the second round the same manly style of fighting was persevered in. No closing to avoid or shuffling from danger - each man stood to his point, and stopped and hit with great spirit. Maurice, from his superior length, was enabled to job with great severity; but Brennan was always with him and ready - still Maurice's blows told most frequently, and he succeeded in tapping Brennan's conck, who, before the round was concluded, shewed symptoms of weakness, and was again thrown a heavy fall. The remaining twenty-one rounds were fought pretty much in the same style. The stopping was excellent on both sides, but the strength and youth of Maurice were apparent in every move. Job followed job in quick succession with the left, and the right was confined principally to round swinging lounges at the kidney, after the manner of George Cooper, which repeatedly told. Brennan fought well; but as he became weak, he had recourse to various subterfuges to prolong the fight and extend his chances of winning, frequently going down to avoid, and once or twice narrowly escaping a foul blow. As the fight advanced he became still more weak, though to the last he never forfeited his claim to a character for game. In the twenty-third round Maurice punished him severely, jobbing his nob at pleasure, and at last in the close throwing him a bursting cross-buttock. This was enough; he was senseless when time was called, and Fitzmaurice was proclaimed the winner. The battle lasted 51 minutes, and afforded the highest satisfaction to the spectators.

REMARKS

Age here was completely served by youth, strength, and length. Had Brennan rushed more to in-fighting, and not stopped out, his chances would have been greater; but still we think he was over-matched' and Fitzmaurice, though he did not show much "*devil*," yet kept to his work, and did his business at last in a masterly manner. Fitzmaurice, with good tuition, will shine as a star one of these days; and Brennan, to a man of his own length, weight, and age, would no doubt prove a formidable customer.

The stakes were given the next day, at our Office, to Fitzmaurice, who shewed a mouse on his left eye, and some trifling contusions on his face. He complained of his right hand being injured, and had it wrapped in flannels.

There was no second fight, the spectators being dispersed by a tremendous storm; and on the road home in the evening it rained heavily, thus at least giving *gravy* to those who were not likely to enjoy the luxury of a Michaelmas goose. [WD adds - regarding the lack of officers from the Fair Play Club to keep the ring, that; the consequence was, that some little confusion prevailed, and many persons were close to the ropes who had no business there; but, on the whole, the battle was pretty fairly conducted.]

So certain did Brennan's East-end friends make of his winning the fight, that printed accounts of his success were sold and circulated, before the arrival of the real winning man proved the contrary.

The following week, *Bell's* on the 12th October published a poem by Fogo that claims to be a burlesque on a piece he had read in another newspaper, but there may have been more to it. *Bell's* of 8th September 1827 had mentioned 'Frosty-faced Fogo, his amiable consort, and their beautiful little offspring' and if this was a new child of Frosty's, born to his unmarried partner, this poem could refer to that child, or even another offspring by the same mother, or a new partner. A mysterious *John Fogo* aged 15 was sentenced at Clerkenwell on February 1st 1844 for larceny - and whipped. The poem mentions 'of all my kids the fairest' and, prophetically (?) 'What thou may'st be in course of time? Perhaps in fame beyond thy dad, to manhood should'st thou prove survivor, destin'd perhaps to be a cad.' There seems to be a grain of reality to the poem that suggests that it *does* refer to himself and his own offspring, but no hint that it is harking back to a time when his eldest son John, born 1815, was the child referred to. This child would have born his mother's surname and possibly this boy gave his 'father's name' in 1844 to avoid giving his true name [which we do not know]. It is the only time this child/person ever surfaced;

THE POET LAUREATE OF THE FANCY

To his SLEEPING KID,

(A burlesque on "A father's address to his sleeping infant," recently published by the Daily Papers).

Rest in peace my little tight 'un,
Who hast never done or said ill,
None thy sweet repose shall frighten,
While thy Daddy rocks thy cradle.
Gin in thy pap thou ne'er refusest,
How delightfully thou snoozest!
The likeness of my mug thou bearest

Of this frosty face the *moral!*
Of all my little kids the fairest,
Sucking thy fives instead of coral.
Those fives one day, my little *feller*,
May draw a cork, or tip a smeller.

Once a lovely babe, like thou,
I dream't not of my fame to follow.
That laureate wreath would bind my brow,
How many drops of shrub I'd swallow;
And who can tell, my babe of rhyme,
What thou may'st be in course of time?

Perhaps in fame beyond thy dad,
To manhood should'st thou prove survivor,
Destin'd perhaps to be a cad,
Perhaps a cabriolet driver;
To shine, may be, a county banker,
Perhaps to be a bullock hanker.

What thy future fate may be,
We all shall know as time elapses,
Therefore it's useless work for me
To tease my mind with these perhappes;
When'er that future lot may summon,
If, like your dad, you'll prove a rum 'un.

One boon of Fate I yet would ax,
That let his fortune, high or low go,
In love of rhyme and love of max,
He long may grace the name of **Fogo**.
When in black mould his dad is popp'd,
And from his perch for ever dropp'd.

Hollo! my kiddy, just awake,
What means these comical grimaces,
I fear you've got the belly-ache;
You make such gallows' ugly faces.
And faith there's neither fun nor frolic
In being troubled with the cholic.

Come **Mrs. Fogo**, quit your swipes,
And bring with speed the Duffy bottle,
To cure the young un of the gripes,
Do pour a little down his throttle.
And here I quit the kid at present,
Something, I fear, has dropp'd unpleasant.

The same issue of *Bell's* stated under their column 'Answers,' that "The real name of **Frosty-faced Fogo** is **John Fogo** P. L. R." Poet Laureat to the Ring he was, but as a father seems to have been entirely derelict in his duties. His 'profession' may well have occupied most of his time and even taken him away from home, but he seems, after the death of his wife in 1824, to have left the entire care and upbringing of his children to paid carers or his partners, who may have been temporary. Despite being literate it seems that none of his children were, and even to the next generation thereafter they were still signing documents with an X. His eldest daughter would go on to have 7 illegitimate children, only two of whom were by a known father, his son John became a street urchin and criminal who was transported and died in Australia and only his other surviving daughter, Jane, would go on to have a regular marriage in England, and then bearing five children.

On Tuesday the 14th October 1828 a fight took place Sparshal Downs in Berkshire between Jack Perkins 'the Oxford Pet' and Dick Price, a butcher from Oxford. Jack Carter was elevated to Chief Commissary for the time while Oliver was engaged elsewhere. Frosty probably assisted, as usual, but his main role this time was as referee for the fight. The fight was reported in the *Globe* on the 16th, and *Bell's* and the *Dispatch* on the 19th; ¹³⁰

This is the *Dispatch* account which is followed by a letter from Peter Crawley in which he states that Fogo

was there not only as the referee but also taking notes for '*the two Sunday Sporting Papers*.' In this latter capacity he could well have attended a great many more fights than are being reported here in this work, and his 'notes' used by the editors to fill out a column without actually mentioning his name.;

A TREAT FOR THE OXONIANS.

The Fight on Tuesday last, for 25l. aside, between JACK PERKINS, the Pet of Oxford, and DICK PRICE, the Butcher, also of Oxford

Few milling events have excited more local interest than that which we are about to record. Perkins, who is known to the London Fancy by his clever defeat of Jem Raines, is a special favourite in the upper circles of the Oxford Fancy, and he numbers among his well-wishers a great many of the gowmsmen in that ancient seat of learning, while, being backed by a spirited *jarvey*, whose blunt is always freely sported on the fair suit in old English sports, the greatest confidence is felt in the integrity of the young Pet. Price, the butcher, had done little to recommend himself to milling fame - it is true, that some time ago, Harry Jones, the sailor boy, *surrendered* to him, but those who *were in the secret* respecting that affair, saw nothing in it to increase their confidence in the butcher, and Perkins was freely backed at 6 to 4; although he weighed only 9st 12lbs., while Price was 10½st. The town of Wantage, in Berkshire, fourteen miles from Oxford, was named as the rendezvous for Tuesday morning, Perkins's training quarters being in the Crown at that place. Price left Oxford early on Tuesday, and sojourned at the Alfred in Wantage, till the time arrived for proceeding to the ring. Jack Carter officiated as Commissary on the occasion, [*Bell's* - the Commissary-in-Chief being engaged with Sweeney and Savage] and, under the direction of Mr. Hilton of Wantage, the ring was formed on a fine piece of ground just above the Red House, on the Downs. Every lad of spirit in Oxford, whose pocket would afford the means of procuring a conveyance, or whose *ten toes* were in order for a march, cut *larning* or trade for the day, and with the usual alacrity of ring-goers, moved off to the fight. The country round Wantage also furnished ample detachments of hardy yeomen, chaw-bacons, and bipeds of every description, and at twelve o'clock the assembled multitude, forming a spacious outer ring, were anxiously expecting the *entré* of the combatants: but Tuesday was destined to prove a day of more than usual magisterial officiousness - the Surrey beaks who spoil the fight between Savage and Sweeney were simultaneously imitated by a *woolly* headed *Squire*, who happens to be a magistrate of Berkshire. This *lofty* personage dispatched a constable to the scene of action with the unwelcome message that unless the stakes were immediately taken up, the *beak* himself would be under the necessity of putting in his appearance at the head of a force sufficient to prevent, *vi et armis*, a breach of the peace. The men were at this moment on the ground; but resistance to the law, or insult to its officers is never thought of by experienced *ring-leaders*. A council of war was immediately held, and it was quickly resolved that a *move* should be made to Sparshal Downs, at the extremity of Berkshire, from whence, if again disturbed, the *congregation* could adjourn to Wiltshire, by progressing only another half-mile. Jack Carter quickly removed the stakes and ropes, and mounting his drag, led the way over the hills by the Drift, or old Roman road, followed by a long line of heavy-laden drags, swellish equestrians, and puffing pedestrians. [*Bell's* - thousands of pedestrians, equestrians, and charioteers, kept moving, full of life and spirit, and all anxious for the affray.] The ring was again formed on the appointed spot, 20 miles from Oxford, and the combatants entered the arena at fifteen minutes before two o'clock. Perkins was seconded by Tom Gaynor and Harry Jones [*Bell's* - sporting red *couters*.] - Price by Peter Crawley and Dick Curtis [*Bell's* - his *couter*, yellow.]: thus, the interest of the affair was not a little increased by the circumstance of all the seconds being eminent metropolitan practitioners. [*Globe* - **Frosty-faced Fogo** had been chosen referee, and young Dutch Sam as one of the umpires.] [*Bell's* - After the usual preliminaries, the "fun" commenced, at nine minutes past two; betting, 6 to 4 on Perkins.]

Round 1. The lads sparred at each other for some time, and made several feints - the slashing butcher was eager for close-quarter work, but the leary Pet was not to be got at without danger. At length they both let fly, and slight counters occurred. Price closed, and they weaved away rapidly. Both were down, but Perkins was under. "Bravo butcher - that's the way to shake the fight out of him."

2. Price charged resolutely regardless of expenses, and dashed in, full of pluck as an egg is of meat, but he was well met, and in an exchange of hits, Perkins knocked him clean off his legs. The first knock-down blow was thus won by the Oxford Pet, and a tremendous cheer was given by his friends. With the fall of Price the odds rose to 2 to 1 upon Perkins.

3. The fight was all alive, and the butcher's courage had experienced no diminution: he parried a couple of left-handers, but Perkins soon after delivered his left and right, with such free good will, that Price again prostrated himself *a fortiori* on the turf. "It's all up," said Tom Gaynor. "No such thing," replied Crawley, "the man's *down*, but you'll find the Price too high yet for your market."

4. Cautious sparring for some time; at length counter hits occurred - Perkins caught it on the cheek and Price on the mouth, from which organ of mastication the butcher showed first blood. The men paused, took a spar, and a puff or two - then came to a close, when Perkins got down "cautious ever," and Price tumbled over him. A small streak of claret appeared from a cut on the Pet's cheek. 5. The Pet parried left and right, and returned a heavy left-hander to the dexter ogle, which caused the butcher to blink like an owl surprised in the sunshine. They closed, and came down together.

6. Price came up piping, while Perkins appeared quite fresh, and gay as a lamb on May day, though *not quiet* so harmless, as Price soon experienced to his cost for he received a flush hit on the sore eye. He attempted to return, but the blow fell short; he was all abroad, and was peppered in every direction. After receiving another flush hit on the damaged peeper, he closed, when Perkins got down to avoid a cross-buttock. 7. The butcher appeared at the scratch with one of his window-shutters closed, and his mug altogether disfigured. The Pet's friends offered any odds, but there were no takers. Several counters - all in favour of jack - occurred, but in the struggle he came down under his opponent.

8, 9. Dick was sharply peppered left and right - both felt the grass at the same time. Gaynor and Sailor Boy cheered their man with the comfortable assurance that he was cutting the butcher up like pork; while the philosophic Peter Crawley could only find consolation in the old adage, that "a battle is never lost till it is won."

10. Price now looked a piteous figure: he only stood up to be punished; and in this round, Jack planted severe left-handed facers without receiving one in return. In the end, both men came down together.

11. Dick caught hold of Jack's left wrist with his right hand, and swung him completely round, aiming, at the same time, a left-hander at his nob, but, strange to say, the blow missed its mark, and alighted on the head of him who aimed it. Both were down

again. 12, 13, 14, 15. Perkins kept the lead, and Price was dreadfully punished in each of these rounds - his face exhibited a frightful appearance - he had not the slightest chance of winning; and the humane cry, of "Take him away!" was heard all around the ring. Still, however, he obeyed the call of "Time!" till round

16. When Price was no sooner at the scratch than Perkins sent him bang off his legs, and away went his senses to the lunar regions. Perkins was, consequently, declared the winner, amid the congratulations of his friends. The fight lasted 62 minutes.

REMARKS. - Price must be content with the character of a brave man - he is no pugilist, and had better stick to his *sticking* trade. Perkins displayed better points than he did when opposed to Raines, and his hits were more effective - still we cannot consider him a hard hitter: nevertheless he won the fight very cleverly, for his antagonist was dreadfully disfigured, and borne out of the ring in a state of insensibility; while he (the Pet) showed merely a *pink* under the left eye, and had his left hand slightly puffed. There was very little money betted on the ground, as Perkins so soon took the lead, and retained it so pertinaciously, that there was no person who would venture to take the odds.

[*Globe* has: The friends of Perkins assert that Peter Crawley, one of Price's seconds, infringed the law of boxing by sponging his man's face *during* the progress of one of the rounds, and that, in case of the ring being broken into, such irregularity would have been severely resented by the spectators. Crawley, being a veteran and distinguished ornament of the London ring, fully acquainted with its rules and etiquette, it is hoped that he will be able to explain and repel the accusation of such an ex-parte statement, as it is unpleasant and painful to find such imputations thrown out against a man of established character, who, moreover, triumphed over some of the most renowned pugilists of the present day. Betting was very brisk, and considerable sums were won and lost.]

A second fight took place for a purse of 1*l.* 12*s.*, between two countrymen, named Sam Jones and Tom Boner. They fought 30 rounds in 50 minutes, and Jones was declared the winner.

Article followed by:

To the Editor of the Dispatch

SIR, - In a Morning Paper of Thursday last, it was stated that I have been accused by the friends of Perkins of acting unfairly while seconding Price, by sponging the blood from the latter during the progress of a round. In common with the public in general, I should have been unaware of any such charge existing, but for the *obliging trouble* taken by the *Herald* reporter, to give it currency; but as he has done this, I wish to state, in reply, that I do not deny having taken the opportunity of a long pause to sponge Price, but the writer ought, in fairness, to have mentioned that the example had been set at an early period of the battle by Harry Jones, who, during one of the rounds, sponged the blood from Perkin's face, as I laboured under the disadvantage of seconding the non-favourite, and had not the same facilities which I should have enjoyed in the London Ring, I judged it most prudent to avoid altercation. I therefore allowed Jones's conduct to pass unobjected to, reserving to myself, of course as on every principle of Fair-play, I was justified in doing, the privilege of rendering the same assistance to my man, which I had allowed to be afforded to his antagonist. **Jack Fogo** attended the fight for the purpose of taking notes for the two Sunday Sporting Papers, and he also officiated as referee. I have his authority for stating that, in his opinion, I did nothing which ought to call forth the censure of the press.

I am, sir your obedient servant, PETER CRAWLEY

Queen's head and French Horn, Duke-street, Smithfield, Oct. 17. 1828.

P.S. I find that an Evening Paper has thought proper to publish a yet more malignant misrepresentation of this affair. The venom and talentless style in which the statement is made will not, however, allow me to stoop so far beneath the character of a man, as to enter into any refutation of it. But I must remark, in conclusion, that whatever may be said by persons who are prejudiced against me, if I am placed in a similar situation again, and a similar effort is made to take advantage of me, I shall repeat the very conduct that has called forth the attacks of the Scribes alluded to. By-the-Bye, no Reporters, for the Papers above alluded to, witnessed the fight; and all the statements, which I complain of, resting on mere hearsay evidence, can have no weight in Sporting Circles.

Both *Bell's* and the *Dispatch* had extra inserts in their issues of the 19th mentioning Fogo - *Bell's* had under 'Answers' "There is no reason for calling Fogo "frosty-faced," beyond the whim of his godfather. Fogo never fought a prize battle." While the *Dispatch* had:

Under the direction of Alec Reed, a prime sparring match will take place, to-morrow evening, at the High House, over the Wooden-bridge, Pimlico. **Mrs. Frosty-faced Fogo** will preside at the piano-forte.

[*Vauxhall Bridge (linking Pimlico to Vauxhall) was opened in 1816, first steel bridge, the Wooden-bridge was the old bridge*]

At first this seemed to be a joke but the following week on the 26th, the *Dispatch* had the following which shows that the *event* was genuine - the question is - *did* Frosty's partner [*the Methodist*] really play the piano?

The intended Benefit of Alec Reed, at the High House, Pimlico, on Monday last, was a failure, as none of the boxers, except Ben Burn, Yandell, Brown, and Sweeney, attended to support the Chelsea hero. It was, therefore, postponed to the following Monday (to-morrow), when it will take place at the above house, and tickets issued for last Monday will be admitted. Alec will exhibit with Dick Defoe, for a wind-up.

The report of the fight on the 19th October between the Oxfordians mentioned that Tom Oliver couldn't attend since he was setting up the ring for a fight between Sweeney and Savage. That fight was a no-go due to magistrate intervention but the fight was re-arranged for the 29th at Shepperton. This time Tom Oliver turned up with his assistant Frosty-faced Fogo and set the ring up ready for the protagonists. The *Morning Herald* for which Fogo made notes, gave the following account;

POSTPONED MATCH BETWEEN SAVAGE AND SWEENEY

The parties aforesaid, as our readers are apprised, were lately disturbed in their milling operations, between Norwood and Croydon. Since which both principals and seconds were summoned to appear at Union Hall police-office, and afterwards bound over at the Surrey Sessions to keep the peace. As it was understood, that this referred solely to the county of Surrey, the stakeholder, upon whom the duty of naming a second place of rendezvous devolved, appointed the fight to take place yesterday, at Shepperton Range, 18 miles west of Hyde Park Corner, in Middlesex; and thither accordingly the Com. - Gen. Oliver, and his assistant **Fogo** proceeded at an early hour yesterday morning to fix up the ring, followed by a thin muster of fancy, a rumour having gone abroad that Savage, whose right hand was till somewhat puffed and hurt, did not mean to attend, as his seconds and backers laboured under an apprehension that their recognizances extended to keeping the peace against all his Majesty's England; and that under these impressions, they could not dare to engage in a milling match without incurring heavy responsibilities. It is not for us to inquire into their real motives; but suffice it to state that the ring having been formed at an early hour, Sweeney, accompanied by his seconds and backers, entered it by ten minutes before one o'clock, and after preparing himself for action, by putting on his fighting shoes and drawers, threw up his hat, the usual signal of defiance, and remained half an hour - until 20 minutes past one o'clock - when Savage not appearing, Sweeney, of course, claimed to have won the match, and likewise put in his claim for the battle money. The stakeholder not being present, but the transaction being duly witnessed by a number of disinterested individuals, Sweeney had no other alternative but to return to town with his friends, to follow up on his claim there. In the mean time, it appears that Savage's seconds and backers had declared to the stakeholder late in the preceding evening, that Savage did not consider himself at liberty to attend the meeting, in consequence of the Magisterial interference above alluded to, and had given a written notice to the gentleman who held the stakes, not to pay over the battle money under existing circumstances; though, on the other hand, it must be admitted that Savage's principal backer called at ten o'clock in the morning upon the stakeholder, declaring that no consideration of his man's *supposed* disabled state should keep him from the field of battle, and that even at that late hour, he should instantly produce his man, and convey him to the Ring, if he could even use but one arm, as he wished to have only a fair fight for his money; but that, according to the legal opinion of an eminent professional gentleman, both parties were equally precluded by their recognizances in Surrey from entering into any pugilistic contest.

Thus matters rested until those who had taken the field, and the spectators returned to town, and met with the other party in the evening at Tom Gaynor's, Dukes-Court, Bow-street, to discuss the question; when, after a lucid statement on the part of the stakeholder, and various answers and animadversions, much angry discussion arose between the friends of the contending parties, the principal backer of Savage offering to post immediately "the ready," so as to increase the present small stakes to 150*l.* a-side, to be fought for at a future day, within six months, provided the recognizances would admit thereof; whilst the friends of Sweeney insisted that their man was entitled to the present stakes, after which they should have no objection to back him to the extent of 100*l.* The debate was rather stormy, and after many personalities and hasty expressions on both sides, it was agreed upon to leave the whole matter to the arbitration of the Fair-Play Club, who are to assemble for that purpose this evening, at Gaynor's house aforesaid; and to decide finally on the matter, which will, under these circumstances, prove a very interesting meeting to the sporting world; as Sweeney's friends plead their frequent and generous accommodation previously, and Savage's backers, the imperative interference of the Magistrates, which, in case of duellists being bound over, prevents their fighting thereafter, not only in the county where the recognizances were taken, but likewise in all other counties in England, and compels them to cross the seas, to settle their disputes abroad, many instances of which may be quoted. This case, which excites so much interest in the sporting world, will, be put into some train of settlement this evening, and perhaps give rise to a far more important match.

Dick Curtis (in consequence of his challenge on Tuesday, at the Fives Court) was matched, last Wednesday night, at Spring's, with Stephen Edwards, an 11 stone man, for 200*l.* a-side, to be fought on the last Tuesday in February, within 100 miles of London. Thus it seems that the attempts at putting down fighting has had the effect of stimulating the sporting world to matches of much greater amount than any that have lately taken place - forbidden fruit being ever the sweetest.

At the Fair Play Club meeting on the 31st it was decided that Sweeney was entitled to the forfeit. Harry Holt of Savage's friends called the committee 'a parcel of scarecrows' [for which he apologised, but said to the stakeholder that he would be arrested for the money put down on the part of Savage] - and skulked home.

On the 2nd November 1828 *Bell's* printed a poem concerning the topic of the moment - Catholic Emancipation, purportedly by Josh Hudson. Richard Shiel (17 August 1791 – 23 May 1851) was an orator and supporter of O'Connell and Catholic Emancipation which was achieved in the Act of 1829. Frosty is mentioned in the poem and, though of Presbyterian stock himself, his daughter Jane who married John Sanders on 3rd August 1838 in Liverpool, converted to Catholicism and the majority of his descendents today come from that union.

THE JOHN BULL FIGHTER TO RICHARD SHIEL, ESQ. *

"With high and low, whate'er the station,
The only theme of conversation
Was Catholic Emancipation" - Muggin's Reminiscences.

To hear from fat Josh may seem rather surprising,
As I never was famous for oratorizing;
But to flourishing speeches, tho' wholly a stranger,
I'm -- wide awake when the church is in danger.

Yes, rather than Papists their views should attain,
I'd forswear sarving Beer and Blue Ruin again;
And sooner turn Parson myself my old buffer,
Than the Protestant holy religion should suffer.

In the name of the Pope, or the Red Bitch of Babylon,
You're urging to ruin the Catholic rabble on;
But the Devil and Dan and the Pope I defy,
And the Duke of Newcastle for ever, say I -

As long as my prog I can clear from my porringer
I'll boldly proclaim Jolly Josh as an Oranger;
No further concession, say I, *whatsumdever*,
No Popery, No Priestcraft, Lord Kenyon for ever!

Your professions, I know, are deceitful and hollow;
If you once get your foot in your carcase will follow;
What chopping and changing might then come to pass!
We might see ould Jack Scroggins a reeling to Mass.

Perhaps Jolly Josh, for his former misdeeds,
Instead of his browns, might be counting his beads,
Jack Carter in penance, his hide may be scourging,
And **Fogo**, turn'd Monk, might sing hymns to the Virgin.

The Papists, no doubt, will award you a wreath,
For your marvellous efforts on Penenden Heath,
So brilliant a speech rous'd the County of Kent for ye,
But allow me to ax you, friend Dicky, who sent for ye?

In truth, 'twas a Speech at which every one quiver'd-
How cunning to print it before 'twas deliver'd!
At the moment its language your hearers were troubling,
The Sun had reflected it half way to Dublin.

To be branded a "Humbug" was quite an affront,
By those two worthy characters, Cobbett and Hunt;
Yet you know they are pretty well practis'd in quacking -
The former in Politics, t'other in Blacking.

'Tis a difficult matter the motives to scan
Of yourself and the Member for Clare, honest Dan.
Is relief to the Papists, the bounds of your wishes,
Without secret longings for loaves and for fishes?

O 'tis kind to poor Pat, thus to speechify gratis,
But 'twere better to *send* him a sack of *potatys*.
Dainty feeds for *yourself*, I perceive, are agog;
Can you possibly relish this Protestant prog?

But now think of the slaughter and row 'twould produce,
If you set seven millions of Catholics loose,
With bludgeons and pike, fire and faggot to scare ye.
Reviving the horrors of Bloody Queen Mary.

No, no, Master Dickey, it's well to take care
How we venture just now to unmuzzle the bear;
However mischievous, we'd find it a puzzle,
Again to replace on *Old Bruin* the muzzle.

Having ventur'd as far to express what I feel,
I hope you will pardon my frankness, friend Shiel,
And hating all deeds that are done in a corner,
In a dream of hot spirit I'll drink Parson Horner!

* Our maxim is "fair play," and we therefore give insertion to our old friend Josh's Epistle.

The next fight was between Jack Martin and Young Dutch Sam on November 4th and it was reported in many newspapers; *The Globe*, *Public Ledger*, *Oxford Journal*, *Oxford University and City Herald*, *Bell's Life in London*, *Weekly Dispatch*, *Belfast Commercial Chronicle* and several others. From these named papers, full or part [where they include additional information] reports are given next. Fogo's part in the affair was as assistant Commissary and also second to Tom Husband, 'the Sprig of Shamrock' in the second fight; ¹³¹

[WD] Point of Honour Milling.

A GRAND DAY IN THE FANCY

*The FIGHT on Tuesday last, on Knowle Hill, Berkshire, between
YOUNG DUTCH SAM and JACK MARTIN, for 100l. aside*

It is long, very long, indeed since a prize-fight has excited such general and intense interest as that which we are about to record. The length of time that has elapsed since the match was made, and the peculiar circumstances under which it was entered into, had drawn the attention of the public in general to this fight, and induced many a retired Fancier to enter once again the milling circles, - to offer his opinion, and sport his money upon it, and ultimately to push off to the scene of action. It is not our duty - nor is it our wish, to revive unpleasant recollections on either side - least of all, to injure further the wounded feelings of poor Jack; and we shall not, therefore, enter fully into the unfortunate affair that originated the match, more especially, as the quarrel having now been decided in that fair and a manly manner, which is the peculiar practice of Englishmen, (and long may it continue so!) the men will probably in the future be friends - or, at least, no longer, like "ardent warriors, meet with *hateful* eyes." Still it would be inconsistent to pass the matter over in absolute silence.

Jack Martin is an old practitioner in the Prize Ring, and is well known in the milling circles by the cognomen of the Master of the Rolls. His first fight in the ring took place on the 18th July, 1816, at Ilford, in Essex, when he defeated Tom Oliver's brother George, in 21 rounds, occupying 29 minutes. Martin subsequently beat Jack Johnson, Scroggins, Josh Hudson, Cabbage, Sampson, Dav. Hudson, Ned Turner, and a Gypsy, but he surrendered once to Ned Turner, for the men fought twice - Turner winning the first, and Martin the second battle. The unequalled and unconquered Jack Randall also twice defeated Martin; the first time in 19 rounds, occupying 49 minutes, and the second time in 1 round, 8½ minutes. The latter battle, which was a very curious and *doubtful* affair, took place at Crawley Downs, on the 11th of September, 1821, and was the last fight in which Martin was engaged. He retired from the Ring, married a young lady of most respectable connections, and of great pecuniary expectations; and afterwards kept the public house, known as the sign of the Black Horse and Swan, in Blackman-street, Borough, where, about three years ago, Young Dutch Sam also resided, occasionally assisting Martin in conducting the business of the house. It was here, while poor Jack was lying on a sick bed, that the unfortunate circumstances occurred, which, by placing Martin in the situation of an injured husband, induced him to seek revenge at once, as is well known, and was fully detailed in this paper, at the time it occurred, by waylaying Sam on the road, as he was training for his fight with Jack Cooper, and making a blow at him with a stick, which Sam narrowly escaped, and at length by the more open and manly mode of a fight in the Prize Ring.

[*Public Ledger* explains it thus: Love - all powerful love, for a time put a stop to his pugnacious practices, and the bands of the Hymen clapped an extinguisher, it was thought, on any further attempts which might be made upon him as a man acting on the principle of giving *honourable satisfaction*, upon the *old* original plan of John Bull. We do not mean to say that matrimony has, in all cases, acted in this manner, because few of his predecessors were in the luck of getting a wife with "lots" of money, an adventure in which he was astonishingly successful. She was, as Jack Scroggins said, when he heard of it, a jewel of a wife. Kennington in Surrey, then became his place of residence, and in the course of a short time it was generally understood that "play" was permitted in his house. There is to some people magic in the word *play*, and many of the good folks of the neighbourhood had shortly to regret the powerful attraction of Martin's rooms. To such an extent did things proceed that the newly-married man and his better half were obliged to quit, with the heavy curses not only of many parents, but of several of the juniors. Blackman-street in the Borough then became their place of resting, and here it was that Martin's opponent of this day was introduced to the fair hostess of the Black Horse (we think the sign was), and before long she walked off with the insinuating Sam. Much chaffing for many months took place, and it was evidently agreed that the present fight should come off.]

Martin was born at the Swan, in Kennington-lane, on the 10th of July 1797; he is, consequently, in his 32nd year. Young Dutch Sam was born on the 30th of January 1808, in Wells-street Ratcliffe Highway, and being eleven years younger than Martin, that circumstance, combined with the bad state of health under which the latter has for a long time laboured, was confidently relied on by the younger one's friends, as a great point in his favour. Besides, Sam had hitherto never suffered defeat - though it must be admitted, that he got out of a match with Bishop Sharpe rather queerly. Ned Stockman, Harry Jones, Tom Cooper, Jack Cooper, Carroll, and Davis, of Manchester, have all surrendered to Young Dutch Sam.

[*Bell's* accounts for the timing of the fight thus: The length of time which elapsed between the commencement of the match and its conclusion is to be attributed to the fact of Sam having been bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, in consequence of his having been apprehended in Oct., 1827, when about to enter the lists with Bishop Sharpe. The time of his recognizance did not expire till the 20th October 1st., and Tuesday was the first convenient day on which he could exercise his *mawleys* free from the thralldom of the law. Among many of the sporting fraternity the match was regarded with distaste, and as one which did not fairly come within the usual characteristic of the Prize Ring. Still no attempt was made to set it aside, although threats to that effect were held out, and both men went into active training - Martin to Milford in Surrey, and Sam first to Harley-row, and lastly to the New Inn, in Staines. In the early part of his training, Martin, from having but just recovered from a severe fit of illness, as well as from the deep

131 281105G, 281105PL, 281108OJ, 281108OU, 281109B, 281109WD, *Pugilistica* II, pp. 372-4.

wound which his feelings had sustained, was in anything but a promising condition. The doctor was his constant companion, and pills, and blisters, and leeches, were, up to within a short time of the day of battle, in constant requisition.]

It is well known, that when the match between Sam and Martin was made in April last, the latter was in a very bad state of health - he immediately commenced training - paid great attention to diet and exercise, and in the course of the summer experienced much relief from sea-bathing at Brighton. Still he required the constant aid of medicine, and blisters and leeches were, even until a few days previous to the fight, applied to his person. Martin trained latterly at Milford, in Surrey; and Sam, whose health did not require a long seclusion from the delights of London, remained in the Metropolis till a short period before the day of action, and then took the air at Hartley-row, and ultimately at the New Inn, at Staines. The bad state of Martin's health was made no secret either by himself or by his friends, and for a long while Sam, in consequence, was the favourite at considerable odds; but latterly, an opinion prevailed that Jack was better than had been represented, and those who remembered what he once was, and compared the men with whom he had fought, with the boxers beaten by Sam, began to take the odds. Betting, within the last week, became even, and on the morning of the fight, 6 to 4 were freely laid on Martin. Perhaps, *feeling* contributed more than a little to effect the change - there are men in the sporting world who bet their money as they *wish* the battle to go - not considering that in the Ring, as in most other affairs of this life, a good cause will not always ensure success.

Sam having won the toss for choice of ground, named Knowle-hill, six miles from Maidenhead, as the place of fighting. This, it will be remembered, is the same spot on which he first made his appearance in the Prize Ring, when he defeated Ned Stockman, immediately after the battle between Ned Baldwin and George Cooper. On Monday evening, Sam took up his quarters at the Old Bull, in Maidenhead, while Martin reposed at the Castle, about a mile from that town on the Reading Road. On the same evening powerful detachments of the Fancy, in their usual variety of equipage, and with their invariably mirthful hilarity, came rattling into the town; but they experienced much difficulty in obtaining accommodation. The landlords were absolutely afraid to open their doors to boxers and backers, lest they should give offence to the saintly hypocrites, whose insufferably predominating influence disgraces this fine country. We were even informed that a Methodist Preacher took the trouble to caution the timid Bonnifaces that if they afforded shelter to fighting men, they would be guilty of encouraging "a breach of the peace," and their licenses were in danger. Some of the Fanciers were, owing to this ridiculous folly, obliged to push farther on to seek resting-places, and others to make a retrograde movement. The inconvenience was, however, but temporary - the gay lads of the Fancy are not depressed by trifles when a fight is in view; but taking an extra glass, and toasting "Old English Sports, and d--- all hypocrisy," they retired to rest, "looking forward with hope on the morrow." On Tuesday morning, the road from town was thronged with Fancy equipages, and towards noon, the streets of Maidenhead were crowded with Londoners. In fact, it is several years since so many persons left town to witness a fight. A great number of the oldest patrons of pugilism were there, and the best supporters of the Ring were almost all in attendance. So strong was the impression in favour of Martin, and so predominating was the opinion that he would win, that in some quarters suspicions prevailed of something wrong being intended. The alarm was taken by several who had backed the youthful boxer, and one gentleman who had "stood heavy" on his winning, edged his bets to a considerable amount - but the event showed that these fears were groundless.

[*Bell's* expands on this: The road from London during the Monday afternoon was crowded by *drags* of every description. A great number pushed on to Maidenhead, while others pulled up at Cranford-bridge, Colnbrook, or Slough. Those who halted on the road were best off, for on reaching Maidenhead, many of the churlish innkeepers, acting under the influence of some canting Methodists, shut the doors against the travellers in the most inhospitable, and we may add *illegal* manner, refusing accommodation both to men and horses, although the former, in the true spirit of sportsmen, offered to sacrifice their own convenience, & sleep under the manger, in preference to increasing the labour of their faithful companions. Even to this appeal several were inexorable, and many a gallant spirit was forced either to go forward, or try back for a "snoozing ken" for the night.

The dawn of a day produced a new cavalcade from all quarters, and kept the town of Maidenhead in the most lively bustle throughout the morning. Carriages, post-chaises, and gigs kept pouring through the town all the morning in an almost uninterrupted line, reminding us of those days when Crawley Downs was the favourite resort of the Fancy. We observed many persons of distinction among the motley assemblage, whose patronage we are glad to find, under the encouragement afforded by the Fair Play Club is hourly increasing. The weather was as propitious as the most fastidious could desire: the sun shone with brilliancy, and every countenance seemed gladdened by the cheering aspect of a good day's sport.]

[*Globe* adds: The circumstances of his hair not being trimmed for fighting, at a late hour yesterday morning, excited considerable alarm that no fight was intended to take place. However, between ten and eleven o'clock, Martin walked down the hill, attended by his friends, in order to be weighed at a butcher's shop, according to the stipulations of the articles, specifying that his weight was not to exceed 11½ stone, when he proved to weigh but 11 stone, minus one pound, and Sam was said to weigh six pounds more.]

According to the articles of agreement, Martin was not to exceed 11½ stone on the morning of fighting - he accordingly went to scale at an early hour on Tuesday, when he weighed no more than 10st. 13lbs. Sam assured us that *his* weight did not exceed Martin's; but, it is probable, that he *sunk* a pound or two - at all events, however, there was very little difference between them on that score.

The arrangements on the ground did credit to the care and experience of the Commissary and his assistants.

[*Ledger* has it: at an early hour yesterday morning, the Commissary General, **Frosty-faced Fogo**, otherwise Tom Oliver, and his subalterns, were on the ground (sic!), where, with a little delay, they pitched the ropes which formed the outer ring, of about 300 yards in circumference, and an inner one of the usual size, twenty four feet on the spot where Baldwin and Cooper fought, and a more beautiful sod could not be selected for such a display.] The circle of vehicles was two, and in some places three deep around the external circle, and they were all occupied, while the internal ring of spectators, though kept at a great distance from the ropes, was exceeding thick. It has been calculated that 10,000

persons were on the ground; we should judge, that the number hardly reached so high; but there could not have been less than 8,000. Fifteen Fair Play Club Peace Officers were regularly appointed by Mr. Spring, and, taking all the circumstances into consideration, the ring was quite as well kept as could have been expected, but now and then a little confusion prevailed, and we must say, that this was chiefly owing to the conduct of Ned Stockman, who insisted on remaining close to the ropes during the fight, and kept constantly cheering Sam in a manner the most reprehensible, and insulting towards Martin. At ten minutes before one o'clock, Sam walked up to the ropes, hurled his castor on high with great spirit, and entered the ring, loudly cheered by his friends - he was attended by Jem Ward and Dick Curtis, as his seconds. About eight minutes afterwards, Martin appeared, and answered the token of defiance. He was received with a redoubled peal of applause, and evidently had the feelings of a majority of the spectators on his side. Jack was in high spirits - he walked up and down the ring, smiling and nodding at his friends, and really seemed to consider the battle as already won - indeed he had, ever since the match was made, expressed the strongest confidence of winning. Tom Spring and Peter Crawley were his seconds. Almost immediately on Martin's entering the ring, Sam walked up to him, and held out his hand, which Jack shook rather reluctantly. The men then prepared for action. On throwing off his shirt, Sam appeared in excellent condition, and his friends contemplated his fighting nob, well placed on his shoulders - his muscular arms, clear skin, and the free play of his limbs, with admiration and delight. Martin looked well in the face, and his legs, ornamented with a pair of white silk stockings, seemed firm and strong. Still there was an appearance of staleness about him, and the marks of blisters and leeches were very perceptible upon his stomach and bosom. In fact, he was the wreck, or at least little more than the wreck of a very fine man.

[*Ledger* has: As soon as the outer ring was sufficiently cleared, having only the members of the Fair Play Club and Reporters, both men stripped and set to work.

Bell's - At half past twelve we should think there were not less than ten thousand persons assembled. At this time, the F.P.C. whips were put into the hands of twelve of the "Order of Regulators," and the ring was immediately cleared of interlopers, all of whom, with a few exceptions, retired behind an outer ring of ropes, in which situation they remained throughout the contest with becoming decorum, indeed we doubt whether the fanatic followers of Mr. Irving or other ranters of the same character would have conducted themselves with one-half the decency.]

The toss for sides was won by Curtis for Sam, and at five minutes past one the men shook hands across the scratch, and set-to.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. Sam at once threw himself into his usual elegant attitude, and prepared for immediate hostility. Martin, on the contrary, kept out of distance, and without planting his feet, stepped in a rather careless manner along the lower part of the ring, which was on a declivity on the side of the hill, till he came close to the ropes on his left hand. Here he took up his position, and Sam fixed himself immediately opposite. Contrary to the opinion of many, that Sam would endeavour to tire the old one out, he appeared anxious to fight first, and he several times gathered himself well up for hitting, creeping his left foot forward, and offering to let fly at the head, but at every offer Martin raised his arms to parry, and drew back. They sparred for a couple of minutes, while almost breathless interest pervaded the ring, and the silence of the assembled multitude was such that the humming of a bee might have been heard throughout the circle. Sam at length, made a sort of feint with his right hand - Jack got away, and stepped nimbly round till he obtained the upper ground - the positions of the men were consequently reversed, but they still occupied the same side of the ring, close to the ropes. At the close of another minute, Martin rushed forward, hitting at the head with his right hand. Sam parried the blow easily, and got away. Martin returned to the charge, and let fly with left and right, but Sam met him well with the left hand, and Jack slipped on his knees - his seconds stepped forward, thinking the round was over, but Martin sprung up instantly to renew the combat, and, as he advanced, Sam immediately went to work - Jack received left and right on the face, but closed, and a long struggle took place at the ropes. Here Martin appeared anxious, to fix his man in some favourable position for punishing him, and he grasped him round the neck with the left hand, constantly pushing him against the rope, but the young one was too strong for him, and with both hands generally at liberty, he hit away, left and right, while Jack only weaved with the right, and that ineffectually, at the body. Sam at length, got partially away, and planted a couple of smashing hits on the upper works - one of which closed Martin's right eye, and drew first blood from his eye-brow; still Jack bored wildly forward, and Sam, after having all the world to nothing the best of hitting, finished the round by giving his antagonist a shattering fall, and coming down bang upon him. "He's licked - he's licked!" was the cry. The decisive success of Sam - the quickness of his hitting, and the force of his blows - a quality which they were not generally acknowledged to have before, astonished all present. The odds instantly changed to 6 to 4 on Sam, but none would take them. "It's a kingdom to a cow-tail upon the young one," roared Ned Stockman.

2. Poor Jack's face was much disfigured - his right eye was completely darkened, and buried in a contused lump, while Sam did not show a mark on his skin. Both, however, seemed rather winded, but Martin had lost his temper altogether. He rushed wildly forward, attempting to plant a right-hander, which fell short, and Sam again jobbed him in the face. With more game than judgment, however, the old one persevered in closing, and the men were again seen struggling at the ropes. As before, Sam had the best of the weaving, and Martin, all but blind, and sadly distressed, was hit away from the ropes, when Sam with his left hand half round Jack's neck, hit up quickly and sharply with his right, till Martin dropped. Three to one on Sam.

3. A little sparring took place. The young one measured his distance well, and planted a home left-handed facer. Martin was driven to a corner; he let fly at the head with the left hand, but Sam parried the effort. Martin soon after ducked his head, and offered a sweeping right-hander at the body, but the blow did not tell. He, however, planted a slight hit with the same hand just above the collar-bone. A close took place at the ropes, when the strength and quickness of Sam gave him the advantage. Martin received additional and severe punishment about the head, but Sam was under in the fall.

4. The fight was all in the hands of the young one, and his tactics were really beautiful. Jack was absolutely all abroad. The repeated remonstrances of his seconds, however, induced a little more caution, and he kept off, sparring for wind. Sam planted several sharp facers, and Jack's returns were so well avoided, that they did no mischief. Poor Martin finding the off as well as the in-fighting altogether against him, dropped his head, and rushed wildly forward. Sam cut him up as he advanced, and finished the round by throwing him heavily. To describe the feelings of Martin's friends at seeing an old favourite - a tried and good man of other days, thus cut up without a chance, is impossible. Spring applied a pen-knife to the contusion under Martin's right eye, in hopes, by letting out the blood, to restore the sight of that ogle, but before the operation was half completed, "time" was called, and the veteran was supported to the scratch.

5. The countenance of Martin, as well as its expression could be discovered through the contusions that disfigured it, expressed a heart full of woe. The smile of confidence that animated his face ere the fight commenced, was gone, and even those who could not wish success to the boxer, pitied the man. Sam, however, whose object was to win the fight - as indeed he was in duty

bound to do - administered fresh punishment with sufficient alacrity. Twice did his left and right fall on poor Jack's head, who could only return a slight bodier. At the end of a short struggle, Martin was again thrown.

6. No sooner was Jack at the scratch, than Sam hit out left and right; the latter told on the head, and knocked Martin completely off his legs. "He'll never come again," cried a friend of the young one. "No!" said one of Martin's friends, "it is all over now, but I *have* seen the day when Jack would not have been thus defeated."

7. Martin came on in a sad state for a last chance: Sam planted a home left-handed facer; Martin slashed out in return, but missed his aim, and Sam gave him a couple of heavy blows on the head, when he fell like a log. On being placed on his second's knee, he drooped like a broken reed, and *apparently* in vain endeavoured to support his body in something like an erect position. Spring and Crawley, not thinking him beaten, as, indeed, he was not, *by hitting*, wished him to fight on; but he said he was too weak and sick, and *by his own desire*, his seconds gave in for him. Sam was immediately declared the winner. On hearing the welcome sound of victory, he walked up to his unfortunate antagonist, and offered him his hand. Martin, at first obstinately refused to acknowledge the token of reconciliation, but Sam earnestly pressed him to "forget and forgive," and stated that he would make him a present of 10*l*. Several persons also joined in intreating Jack to be friendly with his conqueror, and he at length reluctantly gave Sam his hand. Between 6*l*. and 7*l*. were collected on the ground for the loser.

The winner had not a mark on his face, nor were his hands at all injured - he was, indeed, entirely unhurt. After dressing himself in his vehicle, he returned to the ring, and walked round the circle, receiving the congratulations of his friends. Martin retired to a cottage in the neighbourhood, and went to bed in a very weak state, but the injuries he received were by no means of a dangerous [sort] and the pain of his bruises was nothing when compared with the hurt we may reasonably suppose must have been the anguish of his mind. The battle lasted sixteen minutes.

[*Ledger* has it - At the end of the 7th and last round, when Martin gave in, a most disgraceful uproar took place in the ring, and but for the exertions of the "Fair Play Club," Sam would have been undoubtedly killed in the tumult. Martin was evidently "done" in the first round, and in the last was all abroad.]

REMARKS. - Sam won the fight in a masterly manner. The tactics he displayed were of the finest possible order, and the force of his hitting was really terrific. Still, it must be remembered, that he fought a man literally worn out, and, therefore, the fight cannot add much to his pugilistic glory. Martin had over-rated his own strength and powers most lamentably, and, indeed, the fight was taken out of him in the very first round. A man debilitated by long sickness, and at an age when the proper period for boxing has passed away, should not have thought of fighting a fresh young fellow of first-rate science, and in full possession of adequate strength and activity to give effect to the lessons of art. Not only was Martin slow, and his blows deficient in force, but his distances were incorrect, and it will be found that the first thing which leaves an old boxer is the all-important faculty of judging his distances correctly. Whether Sam could have beaten Martin in his best day (supposing, of course, that Sam had been then as good as he is now) we shall not attempt to determine - though the point has been much discussed since the above battle. We must say, however, that, in our opinion, a better boxer of his weight than Sam, has very seldom entered the ring.

Martin was extremely sick at the close of the fight, but after remaining in bed half an hour at the cottage, he got up, *dressed himself*, and walked to the house in which he slept the previous night - a distance of upwards of four miles. He said he was not hurt; he could have taken the punishment administered by Sam for an hour; but his inside was so bad, that he found it impossible to fight any longer. Many rumours have been circulated in town respecting the fairness of this battle, and suspicions that Martin did not do his best to win, prevail in many quarters. The losers will always complain. We have not been able to discover any reasonable grounds of suspicion against poor Jack, and we cannot believe that he would sacrifice *the feelings of a man* by fighting a cross with young Sam.

[*Globe* - Six pounds one shilling and fourpence was collected for Martin, who was put to bed at a house near the ground - but assured his friends that he was more sick than beaten. His stamina were decidedly unequal to the undertaking.]

Bell's had another complete piece on the fight;

CROSS OR NO CROSS

Shortly after Martin had been left by Tom Spring and his principal backer in bed in the cottage, he rose and dressed himself, and without saying "by your leave," or any think (sic!) else, set out on foot for the Castle, at Maidenhead, where he was found by Spring, to whom he said, "that there was nothing the matter with him beyond a puffed eye - but that in the fight he felt as if he was bursting." The same evening he set out for Godalming. On Thursday it was anticipated he would have shown at Jem Burn's benefit, and a great crowd assembled to see him, but he was not forthcoming. Various opinions were afloat, and assertions made, that it was a *cross* - but for this conclusion no reason was adduced beyond the great difference between his fighting with Sam and his fighting with other men in former times. Was Martin, the slashing antagonist of Jack Scroggins, to be licked by such a boy, and in so short a time? It certainly does appear odd that he was not able to do more - and equally odd that he should have given in on his legs, contrary to the request of Tom Spring; but then those who saw the fight must have been perfectly satisfied that he was licked in the first round, and was out-fought ever after. If the spectators came to this conclusion, in all human calculation the man must have been still more convinced. Independent of this, it should not be forgotten, that up to a very short period before the fight, Sam was a decided favourite, and was backed at five and six to four by very competent judges. Why or how a change was worked in the opinions of these persons it is difficult to say, except we trace it to the fact of one or two lucky speculators, whose steps it was deemed prudent to follow, having come out to back Martin in a very spirited way. It was argued that these men would not be so sweet on their man without good grounds, and upon the adoption of this supposed correct "office," a system of edging commenced, in which those who had been backing Sam turned round the other way, and on the morning of fighting, those very persons were foremost in offering the odds on Martin, many being utterly unable to obtain persons to take their odds, and being actually made winners against their wills of their original bets on Sam. Had there been any thing like a *cross* in the case, according to our limited notions, this would not have been the case, as, if the train had been in reality laid, no doubt there would have been lots of agents ready to take advantage of its blowing up. Putting these reasonings aside, however, there is

another point in favour of Martin's honesty; and that is, the fact which has come to our knowledge, that on the Friday before fighting, he asked of a gentleman of high respectability, to be permitted to stand one-half in a bet of 50*l.* to 40*l.*, which had been laid against him, and actually staked 20*l.* in the gentleman's hands for that purpose. It is also known that he instructed several friends to back him, even to the amount of hundreds. The last, and we should say, the most powerful argument in favour of his desire to do right, was the situation in which he stood with regard to Sam - would he, if he possessed one spark of that feeling which belongs to man, have consented to suffer an opponent to triumph twice in succession over his honour and his character; and with a view to serve such a man or his supporters, have sacrificed the interests of his best friends? There may be suspicion, but no proof has been produced to justify the opinions that have been put forth.

The battle money was given up to Young Dutch Sam on Thursday evening at Tom Cribb's, in the presence of a full muster of the Fancy, and all bets were of course paid.

[NOTE: After his defeat, Martin retired, first to St. Alban's and then to rural Devon, becoming a convert to teetotalism and vegetarianism, dying in 1871, aged 75. Young Dutch Sam had died in 1843].

SECOND FIGHT

A purse of 4*l.* having been collected on the ground for a second fight, a couple of light weights, one well known as the Sprig of Shamrock [*Tom Husband*], the other denominated [*Tom*] Norman the Marylebone dwarf [The weight of the latter was but 8½*st.*; the former was booked at 9*st.* 2*lbs.*], threw off their toggery, and set-to, with an agreement that the winner should have 3*l.* and the loser 1*l.* Young Gas and **Jack Fogo** seconded the Sprig: Ned Stockman and Tom Reedy [Reidie] waited upon Norman. The Sprig had the advantage in height and length of reach, and he took the lead by peppering his man's nob with the left hand, drawing first blood from the mouth in the first round; but Norman was a hardy and tolerably scientific little fellow; he returned well at the head with the right hand, and, after the second round, it was for a considerable period very doubtful which way the fight would terminate, especially as the Sprig knocked up his left hand. Both men received considerable pepper - the Sprig bled freely from the nose, and caught an awkward thump on the left eye-brow, which drew forth a stream of claret. Sprig, however, generally finished the rounds by fibbing his man down, and at the close of the 14th round, Norman's seconds said "enough" for him. The loser's left eye was nearly closed, and his nob was altogether much out of shape. This was an equal merry little fight; it lasted twenty-five minutes, and afforded much gratification to those who felt dissatisfied with the preceding battle, as having been all on one side.

[*Bell's* - Norman challenged the Sprig for another shy on Tuesday next, at the Tennis Court on Wednesday, for 10*l.* a-side, and a purse; but the Sprig showed his hand, which was greatly swollen, and said he would be ready for him in two months, and would fight him for 25*l.* a-side.]

[*Globe* - During the beginning of Martin's fight the ring was broken in, and a secondary mill took place between the keepers of the ring and some of the crowd. A pickpocket robbed a spectator of 6*l.*, and would no doubt have been supported by the gang, had not the Fair-play club men actively interfered. On the whole the weather was beautiful and the attendance brilliant, but many of the knowing ones were sadly taken in by their favourite being beaten. However, the universal regret at the fate of Martin could not alter the event. Martin, at first, would not give up his resentment, and scouted [*scorned?*] a reconciliation when taken away, but yielded afterwards, and shook hands with his conqueror.]

If the first fight had been an exciting grudge match in principal and the second a small and jolly slug-fest, what followed exactly a week later on Tuesday the 11th November was a dark, dank nightmare! It was recorded in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 12th and *Bell's* and *Dispatch* on the 16th - the *Chronicle* gives the main text; ¹³²

MILLING in the FOG. - MISERIES of the FANCY.

FIGHT BETWEEN BARNEY AARON AND HARRY JONES, FOR FIFTY POUNDS A SIDE.

This lively affair was decided yesterday, under circumstances of peculiar hardship to the patrons of *fistography*. The combatants are so well known to the admirers of this description of amusement, that an enumeration of their previous feats would be unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that Harry, by his repeated victories, so far excited the confidence of his friends, that they determined to match him against the renowned Barney, who had justly obtained the title of "the Star of the East." On the match first being made, Jones, from the unfortunate absence of one of his backers, forfeited five pounds; but on its being renewed, he was more fortunate, and the whole of his *bustle* was ready at the proper intervals. He went early into training at Hurley-bottom, and Barney followed his example, by removing to his favourite country quarters, the Rose and Crown, at Ilford. From the first, Jones was a strong favourite with his friends, who freely backed him at even. This promptitude soon begot the usual consequence, and the patrons of Barney demanded odds - first contenting themselves with five to four, but ultimately extending their claims to six to four - which was the current betting in the night before fighting. It was known that Jones was in tip-top condition, as well as chock-full of confidence; and this, combined with a whisper that Barney was not looking altogether right, kept him at the head of the poll. The toss for naming the place of fighting having been won by the Jews, they, of course, preferred their own end of town; and although warned to the contrary, fixed upon Bullpen Fenn, in Essex, for pitching the stakes. It is true that fights have taken place here on former occasions, without interruption; but against further trespasses of a similar sort the Essex Magistrates had given their solemn warning. The *Sheenies*, however, were pertinacious, and to the aforesaid Fenn they resolved to go. The fact having been communicated to Jones, he came to town under the wing of the Oxford dragsman, who transferred him to the hands of Tom Spring, by whom, in company with Tom Gaynor and Perkins, he was sent down to the Bull, at Hornchurch, on Monday afternoon.

The next morning proved the extraordinary interest which had been excited. At an early hour the roads were thronged with every species of *drag*, from the carriage-and-four to the humble *go-cart*, all of which were filled inside

and out with the customary variety of amateurs, among whom deputations from the twelve tribes were conspicuous. The latter class pulled up at the Rose and Crown, at Ilford, to have a peep at the "Poy Parney," [*Boy Barney!*] who, it must be admitted, did not look "up to the mark," though he professed himself to be well. There were still free takers of six to four, and great confidence was felt in his game qualities and good generalship. The great majority of the crowd pushed on for Hornchurch, and from thence pursued their way towards the appointed scene of action. Shortly before twelve the two combatants, accompanied by their friends in handsome carriages - Jones's drawn by four greys, and Aaron's by four browns - were on the trot towards the arena which had been duly formed by Tom Oliver in the Fenn, when an alarm was given that a beak was on the scout, and sure enough, before half the distance from Hornchurch had been measured, his Worship made his appearance at the head of the cavalcade, and in polite terms informed them, that it was the determination of the Magistrates of Essex not to permit prize fights in their county: he added, that notice to this effect had already been given, and kindly regretted the trouble to which he was under the necessity of putting "the Gentlemen whom he had the honour of addressing." This civility was met with reciprocal good manners, and a consultation having taken place as to the next place of rendezvous, a field behind the Barge House, opposite Woolwich, was named, this being in fact, although on the Essex side of the water, in the County of Kent. Notice of this change was immediately sent off to the Commissary, who packed up his traps, and was soon in the rear of the retrograding column. At this time the fog, which prevailed the whole of the morning, became more dense, and by the time the motley assemblage entered upon the zig-zag roads of the marshes, it was impossible to see more than thirty yards' distance. Still the great majority of travellers pushed on, and reached the given destination; while the *prads* of many, who had delayed quitting town till an advanced hour of the morning, were completely knocked up.

The vehicles were collected round a very limited circle, in which the ring was afterwards formed, while their inmates alighted, and took the only public-house on the spot by storm, literally devouring every thing eatable on the premises (which was, by the by, confined to ships biscuits and cheese), and making tremendous havoc on every species of liquid which was on tap. Harry Jones took possession of a private room in the house, while Barney remained in his carriage. Tom Oliver at last arrived at the end of his journey, and with the assistance of **Fogo**, whose face had been rendered doubly frosty by the piercing cold, soon had all in readiness.

At half-past three Jones appeared in the ring, ripe for action, attended by Tom Spring and Tom Gaynor; and shortly afterwards Barney threw in his *castor*, under the guidance of Mr. Nathan, his principal backer, and Dick Curtis. At this time the Fair Play *whippers* had great difficulty in clearing any space whatever round the ropes, so close were the multitude packed; and, indeed, some indulgence became necessary, for at any moderate distance from the ring the movements of the men could not have been seen. At nineteen minutes to four operations commenced, Harry having won the toss for choice of position, if any choice existed. On coming to the scratch, appearances were decidedly in favour of Harry Jones, who, though he did not seem bigger than Barney, looked uncommonly well, and full of spirits. His weight, when stripped, was about ten stone two pounds and a half. Barney looked confident, and shewed very fine muscular points. His weight, we should think, was equal to that of Jones.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. Jones lost but little time before he commenced; he hit out with his left, but was short, and Barney broke away. - Barney soon followed Jones's example, he rushed in to hit right and left, but was stopped. Jones got to a rally, and caught Barney over the forehead. Wild in-fighting followed, in which no material mischief was done, but Jones threw Barney with considerable violence. On Barney rising from the ground first blood was announced from his forehead. It was but a speck.

2. Barney stopped Jones's left cleverly; and Jones, in turn, stopped him right and left. Barney bored in; when Jones rushed between his arms, and catching him round the back of his neck with his left, hit up severely with his right. In the struggle Barney hit out, but did not plant an effectual blow; - both down, Jones apparently the stronger.

3. Barney rushed in hitting right and left; Jones stepped backward and met him with is right on the left eye. Barney hustled in, but Jones again ducked his head, got within his guard, and seizing him round the neck, with his left hit him up several times, and ultimately flung him from him on his back. Barney got up, but was still not much punished.

4. Barney was again the first to fight, and rushed in wildly; Harry retreated and met him as he came in right and left. Some in-fighting followed, in which Barney caught *pepper* in the face, and Jones succeeded in flinging him to the ground in the old way, and fell over him (2 to 1 on Jones).

5. Barney pursued his old system of rushing in, and was jobbed by Jones with his left as he came to him; Jones then rushed to in-fighting, and cut Barney with his right over his left eye-brow, drew claret in abundance, after which he gave him a heavy cross-buttock.

6. Barney fought very wildly - was caught in Jones's left-handed trap, hit up several times, and floored.

7. Barney was stopped in coming in, when Jones pursued the "hit-up system" with additional success. Barney became more wild, and Jones continued to hit him in the chops, although his blows did not seem to tell with the force that might have been anticipated. He also had him in the body, and in the end threw him a tremendous cross-buttock, falling with all his weight upon his prostrate carcase (three to one on Jones, and no takers).

8. Barney came up puffed in the muzzle, but full of bustle; he went in wildly and caught Jones on the nob slightly - Jones jumped away, but on Barney again boring in, he gave him a touch in the *smeller*, again ducked his head, got under his guard, jobbed him in the ogle, and then grasping round the neck, hit up. In the close he got the Jew down, and fell on him.

9. Jones jobbed his man as he came in with his left - Barney rushed to in-fighting, hitting right and left, but Harry drew back, and did not receive what was meant; at last he closed on poor Barney, caught him round the neck, and flung him down with great violence, and fell heavily upon him.

10. Barney in to close fighting; Harry slipped under his guards, and, after a wild struggle, both went down - Barney under.

11. Harry jobbed with his left, and got away from Barney's return. He then closed, and in trying for the fib, Barney fell on his knees. Harry all but hit him down; but withheld his hand in time.

12. Harry jobbed with his left; but did not make much impression. Barney bored in hitting over Harry's shoulders right and left. Harry again ducked his nob, got under Barney's arm, and threw him heavily; Harry falling over him.

13. Harry got away from Barney's rush, but again had recourse to his old system of catching him round the neck with his left hand, turning him round with a swing, and administering *pepper* with his right several times. He finished the round by flinging his man down. His blows, however, were not given with that fullness which was calculated to produce finishing effects.

14. Harry met Barney as he came in with a left-handed job on the face - rushed in - hit up, and floored him.

15. This was similar to many of the former rounds. Barney hit short with his left. Harry instantly closed, caught him round the squeeze, hit up, and flung him heavily, falling on him as he fell. Barney bled copiously at the nose as he rose from the ground.

16. Barney stopped Harry's left-handed job, but caught the right over his left peeper. Harry then closed, hit up several times right and left with great force, and threw Barney from him with a fling; Barney falling flat on his face, to all appearances in almost a senseless state.

17. Some time elapsed before Barney was "himself again," and many thought it was all over. He was brought to, however, and again went to work. Harry saw it was nearly up, and rushed in, hit Barney right and left on the head, and dropped him.

18. [Cheers for Harry, and cries of "take him away!"]. - Dick Curtis shook Barney's pimple, shouted in his ear, and once more brought him to the scratch, but he was all abroad - groggy as a tar "three sheets to the wind." Harry, losing no time, jobbed him right and left, hit up, and flung him to come no more - thus winning his battle in fifteen minutes, almost without a mark.

Barney was immediately carried to his carriage, while Jones walked to the public-house and dressed, returning to the ring shortly after, none the worse for wear.

REMARKS

We should say, on reviewing this fight, that Barney had fallen off very materially in his style of fighting; all science was laid aside, and he depended too much on his rushes; for these Harry was prepared, and while he stopped with precision he gave no opportunity to Barney to shew his superiority at in-fighting, for he almost invariably darted between his arms, caught him round the neck with one hand, and before he could disentangle himself, hit up with the quickness of lightning, and then catching him off his balance flung him by main strength, occasionally adding his own weight to the force of the fall. To the stunning effects of these falls rather than to the severity of punishment, we attribute the quick termination of the battle. We cannot give Harry credit for hitting hard; indeed had the shower of blows he bestowed on Barney one half of the strength of the hits from Dick Curtis, Barney must have been disposed of much sooner. He has a knack of hitting with his hands open, and this, till he overcomes it, must always make his success with a game man doubtful. The Sheenies were of course much mortified by the result, and, as usual, grumbling without end followed. There was nothing in the course of the fight, however, to which exception could be by the umpires or referee taken.

SECOND FIGHT BETWEEN MIKE CURTAIN AND YOUNG, THE SUN-YARD SWELL, FOR 25L. A-SIDE.

These men next entered the ring at 10 minutes after 4. Curtain attended by Jack Cooper and Alick Reid; and Young, by Young Dutch Sam and Ned Stockman. A slashing fight followed amidst great confusion, the ring having been broken in. 47 rounds were fought with alternate success, in 38 minutes. by which time, from the increasing density of the fog, those only close to the men could see their condition, and all became impatient for the conclusion. At length Curtain, having been half blind, was persuaded to give in - and thus ended the sports of the day. The real miseries had yet to come.

[*Bell's* gives a full account of the fight thus:

THE FIGHT

Round 1. Both men showed a desire to come to work without delay. Young made first play, but hit short with his left. Curtain broke away, but was soon in, and delivered his left on Young's body. Young instantly rushed to a rally, hit well right and left, and, in the end, knocked Curtain clean off his pins with a smack from his right under the eye.

2. Curtain had it on the jaw from Young's left, and shewed first blood. He lost no time in returning the compliment. Good counter-hitting, in which Curtain delivered a tremendous right-handed hit on Young's nose, which was knocked crooked, and bled profusely. A wild rally, and good exchanges, when Young fell, and went heels over head.

3. Curtain rattled in right and left, and closed for the fall. Young was quick at in-fighting, and caught Curtain heavily on the mug as he was going down. Both down.

4. Curtain stopped the Swell's right and left, and planting his own blows well, floored his man.

5. A spirited rally; both hit away in good style; and, in the close, Young got the fall.

6. Good manly fighting on both sides. Curtain planted some good muzzlers, and floored his man.

7. No mistake on either side; slap for slap; and, in the close, both men were down, Young under.

8. Young was not to be denied; he rushed in, and peppered away in double quick time. Curtain stuck to him, and no favours were left unreturned. In the close, Young had the fall.

9. An excellent rally; hit for hit; in the close, Young again threw Curtain, falling upon him close to the ropes.

10. Slashing work; no flinching; Young thrown under the ropes.

11. Young planted his left, but on Curtain rushing in, he fell.

12. Young made his right and left. Curtain returned with his right; and, in the close, was thrown.

13. Good hitting and stopping on both sides. Some heavy hits were exchanged; and, in the close, Curtain had the fall.

In this way, with alternative advantage, the fight continued in the most manly and slashing style to the 47th round, during which each man received heavy punishment, and each was, in turn, the favourite. Towards the conclusion, however, Young gradually gained the ascendancy, and hit Curtain so frequently, that his ogles began to close, and he was ultimately all but blind. Still he persevered with unshrinking game, and was at last only induced to give in by the persuasion of his seconds, who thought further struggle was hopeless.

A more manly or gallant fight we have never witnessed. The men, however, fought under every disadvantage: the ring was broken in, and many strangers were within the ropes; added to which, the approach of night, combined with the density of the fog, almost hid the men from each other. Curtain was taken from the ring in a woful plight, and his antagonist had not much to boast of. Such was the closeness of the match, that we shall not be surprised to hear of another shy between the same men.

The stakes were given up at Mr. Summerland's, the Royal Crown, Ratcliffe Highway, on Thursday evening, after a "slap up" feed. Curtain complains that his seconds gave in, without his consent, and asserts that he was not half beaten. He arrived in town, notwithstanding the fog, the same night, in an open cart, and would not have had a hole into which to put his head, but for the humanity of Mrs. Hood, of the Norfolk Arms, Strand, whom acted the part of the "Good Samaritan," by pouring oil on his wounds, and putting him into a comfortable bed.]

As soon as the attention of the throng was disengaged from the mill, they naturally turned round to look for their vehicles and their friends, but what was their astonishment when they found that they could scarcely recognise their nearest neighbour. The scene of confusion which followed beggars description. Many had already moved forward on the road, expecting their lagging companions to join them, but every moment it increased the gloom, and at last an impervious cloud enveloped the whole; cries were heard from all quarters but the persons from whom they came were invisible. "Bill," cried one, "Here," cried another; "Where are you?" cried a third, "I'm blow'd if I know," exclaimed a fourth. Then you heard others calling for "the man vat too care of the orses," while he, poor fellow was as anxious to find their owner and to be relieved of his charge; but it was all in vain, and in this happy state we left some scores, while we joined in a line of vehicles which slowly and cautiously wended their way through the devious windings of the marsh road, which was "fringed on each side by a deep ditch. Every moment we expected to hear of some disaster, and we were not out in our calculation, for before one-fourth of the dangerous pass was completed, a "*go-cart*," filled with Israelites, from Whitechapel, went smack into one of the ditches, horse and all. The shout was terrific, but all for a moment being hushed, a voice was heard crying for Shadrack! "Are you there Shadrack?" said this unknown, for it was utterly impossible to see who made the inquiry. "So help me Cot, but I am," was the reply, "up to my neck in cowl'd vater - and how the thevil I'm to get out I don't know." "Give me your hand," said his good-natured friend - "where are you?" "I'm here." "Here! you might as vell be any where else - for as Cot is my Judge I don't see nothing of you." This colloquy was followed by an Irishman swearing most lustily that he was *drowned* as dead as a robbin; but whether he spoke the truth, or the Jew was extricated, or whether the over-turns, breakings-down, and other mishaps which took place, were attended with serious consequences or not, it was impossible to ascertain and, happy to escape with our own bones whole, we got into the main road, where, at the rate of about two miles an hour, we reached within three miles of the iron-bridge, on the lower-road; here, more fortunately by high bribery, we obtained a lighted link, and by holding it close to our horses' noses, we succeeded in conducting them to safety to the Commercial- road, and from thence without further accident, into London. The throng we left behind however, was immense; and, from the continued darkness and the confusion which prevailed, we fear some serious accidents may be anticipated.

The stakes in the above fights will be given up to the winner at Tom Spring's, to-morrow evening.

Bell's gives another version of the confusion experienced by the punters trying to make their way home in the fog after the fight, as the darkness descended;

VICISSITUDES IN THE FOG

During the progress of the last fight, many of the Fancy felt it desirable to take the road home - a resolution which the increasing gloom rendered highly prudent. There were still, however, an immense number left on the spot, and the sports being concluded, they commenced a retreat, under circumstances scarcely less disastrous than the flight of the French from Moscow. The fog had been gradually increasing, and its density being aided by the approach of night, a murky darkness at once enshrouded the whole. It was impossible to distinguish an object within a yard from the spot on which you stood, and the confusion which followed beggars description.: shouts were heard in all directions for lost friends or vehicles. Bill, Tom, and Jack, Isaac and Abraham, each in turns roared for his companions "Vich is the vay to the man vat's got the horses?" exclaimed one. "I'm blowed if I know," answered another, "Did you see my drag?" cried a third. "I've lost my horse," said a fourth, and so on. All was *mist*-ification, and the instinct of a camel, who snuffs water at three miles distance, was almost requisite to avoid sudden immersion in the deep ditches with which the marshes abound. Jews and Gentiles were alike involved in these distresses, and their voices only enabled you to distinguish the one and the other. During all these difficulties, a long line of carriages of every description was moving slowly along, occasionally knocking against each other, amidst shouts of the drivers. Some, however, were not so fortunate as to get off with mere scratches: horses and gigs were overturned in the ditches, their drivers soused in the water, and their lives saved only by miracles. The horses, in many cases, were extricated, but the vehicles were left for a more favourable opportunity. In one case, an open carriage, laden with four insides, a fifth being at the horses' heads with a light, of which he was suddenly deprived, shared the fate of the gigs. It was backed into a deep pond, and in an instant the two gentlemen in the back seat were plunged into the slough. Those in the front seat scrambled out with the horror of a pair of grimalkins at touching the water. They soon, however, returned to release their miserable companions, whose lives were with difficulty preserved. Some of the gentlemen being *historiographers* of the Ring, and deeply laden with memorandums of the sports of the day, posterity have reason to be grateful for their escape. In this casualty, if it were possible to laugh amidst such disasters, a smile might have been excited at the efforts of one individual, who was the first to reach land, laboriously endeavouring to extricate another by pulling his arm, while his foot was firmly fixed on his breast, the foot thus rebelliously resisting the humane effort of the hand. The mistake was at length discovered, and the suffocating wight drawn, like a half drowned weazel, upon *terra firma*. In about a quarter of an hour, by frequent inquiries, the ear, but not the eye, was satisfied that no life was lost. The perch of the carriage was broken, and the wreck was abandoned for a more auspicious moment. In a very few minutes afterwards, a "*go-cart*," laden with twelve Jews from Whitechapel, shared the same fate, and the screams of the poor Israelites were most appalling "So help me Cot," cried the first whose voice we heard, "we're all drowned." "Isaac, are you dere?" roared another, "As Cot is my judge, I am," was the reply; "up to my neck in cowl'd vater, and my best coat not vorth a farden!" And then a scramble was heard, in which the horse, the driver, and the passengers, all tried for ascendancy, while the poor *ducklings* crawled out on each bank of the slough, shivering with cold, but thanking Jehova for saving them from a "watery grave." One of them, on finding his foot firmly placed on the road, began to laugh most heartily; but was suddenly checked in his ill-timed levity by finding that a couple of horse-leeches had caught him by the *jowl*, and were luxuriating in the delights of so unexpected a repast. They were in a moment flung to a distance, and on announcing his narrow escape from being sucked to death, his fellow-sufferers commenced a simultaneous grope, lest they might be exposed to similar danger. Leaving these poor devils to their fate, the cavalcade moved on, and on emerging from the marsh, the inhabitants of the first village they came to brought out

lights, and afforded every assistance in their power. In this way, and in momentary dread of some fatal accident, the throng proceeded, till they were met by boys and men carrying torches and lamps. These were immediately hired at large premiums as guides, and they conducted the great majority to London in safety. Many, however, remained on the road till the morning, while others took up their quarters in such houses as could afford accommodation. In the Stratford road we heard of many casualties, but happily none that were attended with fatal consequences, although many will, no doubt, carry to their graves the marks of the injuries which they received; as well as bear in mind, to the latest hour of their lives, the "hair-breadth" dangers which they escaped. We have followed the ropes and stakes for many years, but never witnessed, from first to last, a succession of such vicissitudes in one day.

Amidst such a scene, and during the confusion which prevailed, it was natural that many mistakes should have been made. and we have heard, although it is almost incredible, that there were various instances of persons putting their hands into other pockets besides their own, and, in the bustle, transferring the contents from one to the other, The astonishment of these terrified wights must have been extraordinary the next morning, on finding their pockets well lined with sovereigns, and their fobs adorned with tickers, which they had not possessed on the preceding day; but no doubt, on making the discovery, they restored these trifles to their rightful owners.

The following hand-bills were circulated in the neighbourhood of Stratford on Wednesday: -

"Lost, stolen, or strayed, in the fog last night, a tall, well made Gentleman, with sandy whiskers and bad teeth, from the neighbourhood of Bow-street. He had a spirited horse and a new gig, and was last seen senseless in the Stratford Road - his horse lying on his back in a ditch. It is supposed the lot was picked up by a country cart, and carried down into Essex. Whoever will deliver the said gentleman safely at Tom Gaynor's, and send the horse and gig to Austin's Livery Stables, Windmill-street, shall be handsomely rewarded."

"Lost, a Jew boy, with a bag of lemons, goes by the name of "Little Mo." He was last seen at the fight, near the Barge House, on Tuesday. Whoever restores him to his disconsolate parents, in St. James's-place, Houndsditch, may keep the lemons for their trouble."

"Lost, a Sporting Gentleman from the Kent-road with a large sum in his pocket; he was seen near his gig in the Essex Marshes on Tuesday, but was suddenly lost sight of by his friends, although they had a link in their hands to find him. Any persons restoring him to their anxious arms, in the same condition as when he bolted, shall receive his "reglars."

"Lost by a Naval Officer, at the fight, on Tuesday, a wooden leg, and a coat-pocket containing a pocket-book with 50*l.* in Bank of England Notes on board. Any person restoring the notes to the "Ship and Shovel," on the Barking-road, may keep the leg and pocket-book for their honesty. - N.B. The numbers of the notes are not known."

"Lost, in the Fog, on Tuesday, the fight between Harry Jones and Barney Aaron. Any person restoring the same to Barney Aaron, shall receive public thanks, at Howard's Coffee-house, on Saturday night next."

Bell's ended their account with a poem by 'Anon' [*could be by Fogo?* see below] to cover the event in a humorous, dialect style which today's hypersensitive world would be regarded as politically incorrect;

THE STAR OF THE EAST OBSCURED;

OR, THE

SHEENIES' LAMENT FOR THE DEFEAT OF BARNEY AARON.

In mourning let Duke's-place be hung, I've doleful newsh to tell,
Hush'd be the sound in every street of "Cloash, oud cloash to shell"
Surely such sad mishfartin ne'er on Israel's sons hath dropp'd,
Since ould Dutch Sam in daysh of yore by Nosworthy vas vopp'd.

Ve pack'd our man vith confidence, quite shartain all vas right,
And never entertain'd a doubt but he must vin the fight;
"He'll floor that Harry Jones," ve cried, "if he has any luck -
Look at the science of the poy, his pottom, and his pluck."

Vith eagerness each Hebrew cove look'd forward to the mill,
The day of fight at length arriv'd - the weather sharp and chill;
November the eleventh had dawn'd, mid darkness, damp, & fog,
Py Cot that day ve'd better far have been at Shynagogue.

The stakes vas pitch'd, the ring vas form'd, and Barney's heart beat high.
Panting to leap within the ropes, his castor up to shy,
But soon ve got a hint, to start, some other spot to seek;
And vel you know it ain't no use to parley vith a Beak.

So straightvay to the right-about, vith hasty step, ve vent
On prads, in carts, or toddling, ve made our vay to Kent;
And ere the poys had stripp'd themselves, 'twash nearly half-past three -
And 'twash so dark, so help me Cot, your shnout you scarce could see.

But now the subject turns me shick and quite upshets mee muse,
O! 'twash a day of grief and tribulation to the Jews!
Had you but seen our lengthen'd mugsh & heard our bitter groans
While Barney like a shittlecock vas knock'd by Harry Jones!

In Houndsditch let it not be nam'd, lest it create a doubt,
 In firve-and-twenty minutes' time he sharv'd poor Aaron out!
 Who laid insensible to time, all ploody, plack, and plue -
 Ve'd pook it for a cross, py Cot, if Barney varn't a Jew.

Sad, shiv'ring, Sheenies, long shall sigh, and, sunk in shame, regret
 The day on which the brilliant star of Aaron's glory set,
 And vat vas vorser far than that, and shink'd our shpirits quite,
 Think of the lots of pets we laid and lost upon the fight.

Now evening's shade had clos'd in gloom, our spirits gloomier still,
 And homeward vith a heavy heart ve mizzled from the mill;
 But plesh me heart, it vash so dark, that hundreds vent astray,
 And in the *mist*, among the resht, py Cot ve *miss'd* our vay.

O such confusion, vot row before vash never know'd,
 Todlers and prads, carts and cabs, all jostling on the road.
 And many making shtrange mishtakes, as shtumbling on they vent,
 In other peoplesh pocketsh found their handsh by axshident.

Tho' cautiously our cart ve steer'd amid that night of pitch -
 Bang com'd a cab agin our vheel and shot us in a ditch,
 In vat a precious plight ve vash and vat a nashty mess.
 You'll hear, perhaps, from Gentlemans connected vith the Press.

And now a glass to Barney's health, altho' he's beat, I'll pour -
 For if he did his best to vin, he couldn't do no more.
 Vonce in a vay to lose a fight can nvere be a crime;
 So heartily I vish the poy more luck another time.

The *Dispatch* reporting on the same event is of a different calibre and worth repeating whole for its comparison;

**Fights in the Fog. - A "dark day" for the Fancy,
 with "Moving Accidents by Flood and Field!"**

The announcement of two interesting fights for one day - the first between the gay little Sailor Boy, who has rapidly risen in the estimation of the Fancy of late, and Barney Aaron, whilom the pride of the Jews, for 50 aside; and the second between Bill Young, slangly denominated the Sun-yard Swell, and Mike Curtin, a merry lad of St. Giles's - induced a host of the Children of Israel, and lots of East-enders, with no small portion of regular ring-goers from all quarters, to brave the bitter cold, and the gloomy fog of last Tuesday morning, and push off to the appointed scene of action. The Jews having won the toss for choice of ground, named Bulphan Fen, in Essex, as the battle-field - by which means their forces, drawn from the classic purlieus of Houndsditch, Petticoat-lane, and the *Oriental* regions in general, avoided a long trot over the stones, and the backers of Barney (he having trained at the Rose and Crown at Ilford) had but a comparatively short distance to convey their man to the ground. Harry Jones left the New Inn, at Staines, on Sunday, reposed that night at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, and on Monday morning proceeded to the Bull at Hornchurch, where he remained till the hour arrived for pushing off to the ground. On Tuesday morning Barney was also conveyed to Hornchurch, when he took up his quarters at the White Hart. Betting, which for some time after the making of the match had been even, was now 6 to 4 on Jones, who was in slap-up condition, while Barney *looked* very unwell, and was, we have reason to believe, by no means equal to his antagonist in point of health.

The number of the fancy equipages was little short of that seen on the western road on the previous Tuesday, and the village of Hornchurch was crowded with fight-expecting coves of every grade, from the well-togged Corinthian to the black diamond [*coal-man*] and from the swell *Sheeney* to the old-clothesman; and here, though the fog was almost thick enough to swim in, and the cold damp air set many a poor cockney shivering like an aspen leaf, a good breakfast to those who were well breeched, and the hope of a couple of good fights to all, kept the spirits of the whole party alive, and at a little before 12, the cavalcade set forth for Bulphan Fen. The *Sheeneys*, who always do the thing in style, conveyed their man towards the ground in a barouche drawn by four horses. Jones likewise occupied a seat in a similar vehicle, to which four handsome greys were attached. The competitors for the second fight were also taken down in a very respectable manner, and all looked well for a good day's play - barring the abominable fog - till the cavalcade reached the Bell public-house, about two miles from Hornchurch. Here the vehicles were stopped by one of the "Great Unpaid," on horseback, who, with the usual *civil inconsistency* of his tribe, informed the *ring-leaders* that there must be no fight in Essex. He did not wish, he said, "to do anything disagreeable, but he was determined to follow the parties all over Essex, and prevent the fights from taking place in any part of that county. It was not his wish (kind soul!) to render himself obnoxious to any body, but he felt it his duty to prevent prize-fighting in Essex." His Worship added, that had he heard of the intended fights before, he would have cautioned the backers of the men against coming there, for the Magistrates of Essex had set their faces against ring-sports altogether. After thanking the *worthy beak* for his civility, the ring-leaders dispatched a trusty messenger to Tom Oliver, who had already formed the ring on the Fen, with orders to move off to the Old Barge House, a spot opposite Woolwich, and of course on the Essex side, but belonging to Kent.

Much time was lost by this unfortunate magisterial interference; some of the *prads* were unable to reach the scene of action, and the owners of those which did, had reason, in the end, to regret their perseverance. As the shades

of evening descended, and as the fag end of the cavalcade, among which was Oliver's drag, reached the Barge House, the fog was thickening in the dreary marshes that surrounded the spot, where, to use the words of a friend, one might have eaten the fog, like a hasty-pudding, with a spoon. The scanty store of provisions kept by the landlord of this melancholy-looking public-house, was soon consumed, and happy was he who was fortunate enough to procure a stale biscuit and a slice of cheese, to allay the hunger rendered doubly craving by the piercing cold. At length the ring was formed in a meadow near the Barge House, and the peace officers of the Fair Play Club were duly appointed, but their good-order exertions were of little avail - the vehicles were almost close to the ropes, and it was vain to urge their owners to retire farther back, so dense was the gloom, that those who sat close to the ropes could hardly see across the ring; hence much confusion prevailed, and the ring-keepers, unable to prevent the mobility from closing quite up to the ropes, confined their exertions chiefly to the keeping of the ring itself clear; but in this, also, long before the close of the sports, they failed, and the reporters and umpires were obliged, during the greater part of the second fight, to take shelter within the 24 feet arena.

The first of the numerous chapter of accidents which marked this most unfortunate day, occurred just before the first fight commenced, when a horse and gig tumbled into a green and fetid ditch, just at the back of the ring - the vehicle was smashed, but the horse (loosened from his harness by the intrepidity of a young swell, who plunged to his middle in the ditch, and cut the traces with a knife,) was dragged forth by main force with a rope. At this moment, a young man, who had been actively engaged in rescuing the poor animal, attempted to leap the dyke, when a stupid Essex boor, who stood on the edge of the water exclaimed, "O Lord you'll be drowned!" and caught the arm of the leaper, just as he took his spring. The latter, as a matter of course, came souse into the water; he was soon dragged out, and muttering curses on the country-man, he toddled off like a half-drowned rat, dragging a long train of mud behind him, to seek warmth and shelter. This scene, however, only afforded mirth to the bystanders; but several of those who laughed, little thought that ere they reached home, they also would be in a similar predicament.

At a little before 4 o'clock Harry Jones entered the ring, attended by Spring and Gaynor; Barney Aaron immediately followed the example - his seconds were Nathan and Dick Curtis. The Sailor Boy sported a blue birds-eye wipe, while the Hebrew displayed a crimson one. The toss for sides was won by Jones, who was placed with his back to that part of the sky where the sun was *supposed* to be.

[THE FIGHT - reported pretty much as in the previous accounts, nothing extra to add]

REMARKS. - That Barney never fought so badly as he did on this occasion, cannot be denied; but we are rather inclined to attribute that circumstance to his want of condition, and in the very superior strength of his antagonist, than to any *unfair influence*. Some of his friends, and nearly all the losers, however, stigmatised this battle as a *rank cross*; but nothing was stated on the ground to warrant such a suspicion, beyond an impression that the little Hebrew did not do his best, and left off without any very severe marks of punishment; but it must be remembered that he received, in the very first round, an extremely heavy fall, and was repeatedly afterwards so shaken by cross-buttocks, that his strength, and, indeed his senses (in great part at least) might have left him. Jones, though his blows were not very effective, fought with good judgment: he had the best of the off-fighting, and being aware of Barney's dangerous rushes, he did not give any chance away, at long in-fighting, but unless he could fix his man for the upper-cut, he threw Barney directly they came to a close. This cannot be considered, however, as a good fight - the round were very short, and few scientific points were developed to gratify the amateur.

SECOND FIGHT

Bill Young and Mike Curtin were now conducted to the ring - the former seconded by Young Dutch Sam and Ned Stockman - the latter by Alec Reed and Gipsy Jack Cooper. Curtin presented his right foot in advance, and his sparring did not promise much success in hitting or parrying, but his frame was heavier and more muscular than that of his antagonist. Young's position was remarkably elegant, and he was apparently far superior to the Patlander in point of science. He took the lead almost instantaneously; and after peppering Curtin's mug left and right, downed him by a right-hander on the nose that half-blinded him, and caused him to snuffle most lamentably. In the next round, Young delivered three good left-handers in quick succession. Curtin's right cheek was also much swollen, and the ogle on that side was half buried in the contusion. The Sun-yard Swell also cleverly avoided the returns of the St. Giles's Boy; but one left-hander alighted on the nose of the swellish cove, and a rill of claret trickled down his lip. Curtin's superior strength, however, combined with that knowledge of "throwing falls," which every man of the Sister Isle seems to possess intuitively, rendered him a dangerous customer; and Young, though he constantly had the best of the hitting, was several times thrown in a manner that alarmed his friends. The increasing darkness, and the confusion that prevailed in the ring, also operated to the prejudice of Young. Still, his presence of mind never forsook him - he kept to his points, hitting away at the upper-works, and gradually reducing his opponent to a state of blindness. Curtin, with high courage, cheered on by his friends, protracted the battle, in spite of severe punishment, in hopes of tiring out his opponent, and continued to obey the call of "Time!" though repeatedly hit down with great force; but the strength of Young continued to the last.

At length, at the end of the 47th round, Curtin was completely blind, and his seconds reluctantly gave in for him. Curtin deserves praise for game, but his fighting was very bad. Young would, we have no doubt, have won the fight much sooner, but for the darkness and confusion that prevailed. He has merely a black eye, and a damaged nose, from the blows of his antagonist; but his hands are knocked up, and his legs are covered with bruises, from the kicks which he says he received from some of Curtin's friends, towards the close of the fight.

Mike Curtin, we lament to say, was left by his *friends* on the ground without a shilling in his pocket, blind from hitting, and on such a dreadful night too! A humane stranger kindly conveyed him to town in safety, and he found shelter at the hospitable home of Jem Hood, whose "gentle creature" poulticed his contused countenance, and sent him comparatively comfortable to bed.

[this was his last ever fight, though he did ask Young for a re-match on 23 Nov.]

THE ROAD HOME - A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

At the conclusion of the day's sports, the darkness of the evening, increased by the fog, was so great, that it was almost impossible to distinguish a friend from a stranger, except by the voice. The scene that ensued beggars all description. Innumerable voices were heard calling for friends by name - here might be seen persons hunting for their vehicles, and their drivers seeking their employers. A long line of drags moved at a funereal pace along the road, which it was hardly possible to distinguish from the greenward; and, to add to the danger, the serpentine way that leads from these interminable marshes has every here and there a deep ditch on one or both sides. A go-cart, brimful of *Sheeney*, was the first to make an upset, and down went the whole cargo, nag and all, into a dyke. The bipeds were rescued, half drowned, and more than half perished. What became of the horse and cart, we could not learn, for the increasing darkness rendered delay dangerous; and it was even now impossible to distinguish objects at two yards distance. East Ham was at length gained, and here a supply of lighted candles was obtained; and while some of the drags took the straight-forward road to Ilford, others turned by the shorter way home to the left, towards Plaistow; an intelligent countryman, with a lanthorn, undertook, for a small present, to guide a portion of the latter party to that place; others having gone forward with candles. About half a mile from East Ham, however, the road was completely blocked, owing to an accident which had just happened. A valuable horse and gig, belonging to Mr. E., had fallen into a dyke - the vehicle was soon drawn out, the harness having been cut, but the poor horse, half covered with muddy water, lay moaning piteously among the weeds. The writer of this account, the Pet of the Fancy, and several others, after upwards of an hour's exertion, succeeded in dragging the horse out by main force, by means of a rope. The animal was, at first, as helpless as a log, and he was raised on his feet with much difficulty. The friendly countryman, at the desire of the owner of the horse, proceeded to lead the animal towards Plaistow, and the whole party followed, leaving a small candle only, without a lanthorn, to light the second part of the cavalcade. Not more than 200 yards from the spot where the above event occurred, an accident of a most fearful nature soon happened. A four-wheeled vehicle, in which the reporter to a Morning Paper, two other gentlemen, and Frank Redmond were seated, was closely following the person who was with difficulty pointing out the way by the candle's feeble gleams, when, on a sudden, at a turning in the road, the horses backed the vehicle into a wide and deep ditch. A loud crash from the smashing of the carriage, and a cry of "Help, help!" drew several persons to the spot; it was a fearful moment - the vehicle lay four feet deep in the water - the roof had fallen on the heads of the party, and the horses stood with their hind legs on the very edge of the pool - had they fallen on the carriage, which the slightest movement backwards would have caused them to do; or had the candle fallen from the hand of him who held it, trembling for a brother's fate, the four persons inside must have perished - the weight of the horses would have smothered them in the mud; or, in darkness, they could not have found the bank, and those who *would* have madly rushed in to save them, might have shared their fate. Fortunately, the horses stood quite still, and, one by one emerging from the shattered vehicle, the four inmates made their way like shipwrecked mariners towards the friendly light and the quivering hands that were anxiously stretched forth to assist them. In less than half a minute from the falling of the carriage, all were on *terra firma* again, but one of them had been completely covered by the water, and two others were soaked to the arm-pits - how they escaped they hardly knew. The horses were then taken off, and the carriage left to its fate; but the difficulties of the party were not ended yet - their lives depended upon the small piece of candle, not two inches long, which still remained. Had this failed, they could not possibly have extricated themselves from the marshes; for, if they had proceeded in the dark they must inevitably have fallen into some of the numerous ditches, and to have remained there till morning was equally dangerous, since those who had fallen with the carriage, and three of whom being completely drenched, were already shivering with ague, must have perished with cold. By the assistance of another countryman, however, the main road was at length gained, ere the candle was wasted, and the party then groped their way along the footpath, till they reached the public-house, called the Green gates, at Plaistow. Here no beds for the half-drowned and shivering unfortunates could be obtained, and they were obliged to walk home in their wet clothes, for, to have sat still in a vehicle would have been madness. At Ilford, we understand, a gig was upset, and its inmates thrown into the water; and, in the Commercial road, an old sporting gentleman experienced some severe contusions, by the overturning of his vehicle. In fact, so dense was the fog, and so intensely dark the night; so intricate and dangerous, too, are the marshes, in which Tuesday's fights took place, that we feared, at the time, *some* lives must have been lost. Jem Burn and his friend were capsized in their gig - Jem experienced a severe sprain in the back, and his pal's face was much disfigured - they may consider themselves fortunate in having escaped without more serious injury. Not far from Stratford, one of the principal officers of Bow-street was thrown out of a gig, and conveyed home in a dangerous state. A party of gentlemen hired a boat, at Barge House, intending to cross to the other side, in hopes of getting to town more safely by the Kent-road; but, after the boatman had rowed about in the fog for an hour and a half, unable to find Woolwich, they heard a voice by the water side; and being completely bewildered as to their situation, they gladly made for the place from whence the voice proceeded, and actually landed at the precise spot from whence they started.

[On Thursday evening, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, the battle money for the first fight between Harry Jones and Barney Aaron was paid out to the former boxer. The men were both present. Harry Jones had not a mark on his face - Barney's frontispiece was considerably blackened and disfigured...., Harry Jones gave Barney £5 in pursuance of an agreement entered into between them previous to the fight that the winner should give that sum to the loser. At the Royal Crown, Ratcliffe Highway the same evening the battle money was paid over to Young for his fight against Mike Curtin.]

Bell's of the 23rd November contained a new poem by Frosty that was a reminiscence of the past year;

FROSTY-FACED FOGO'S "FORGET ME NOT" TO THE FANCY, FOR 1828"

You Patrons of the Ring, attend, my laureate fancy glows
And eighteen hundred twenty-eight is drawing to a close
The spirit of my fainting muse, a little shrub would cheer
For costs, you know, *is* getting up, and bread is *werry* dear.

As annuals *is* all the rage, the taste I'll not condemn,
The Keepsake, and Forget Me Not, the Amulet, and Gem.
When living bards, the flow'rs of *werse*, in sweet profusion strew
Then **Fogo**, smite the laureate lyre, and sport some *werses* too.

Of flowing and of gloomy themes, there's always a supply
While claret runs in ruddy streams, or mourns the blacken'd eye
Then, long in rhyme, shall **Jack** record the annals of the brave,
While his strong arm can pitch a stake, his voice shall pitch a stave.

With pride I sing the honour of the fighting ring restor'd
Of crossing coves exposed to shame, of foul-play fairly floored.
Aspiring youths quite new to fame, yet promising and bould uns,
Whose fistic prowess may ere long extract the shine from ould uns.

I sing the Master of the Rolls, of former conquests vain,
Who fell beneath the feet of Sam, no more to rise again;
And what could tempt the men to fight I cannot say, for *sartain* -
Some people assert, 'twas all "my eye and Betty Marten".

And on thy praise, brave Harry Jones, the muse with pride shall dwell,
Thine honest triumphs, hardly earn'd, each Fancy bard shall tell.
Thy victory in *Savage* race, the Kid demolish'd quite
And the brighter star, that *cheer'd the East*, obscur'd in deepest night.

Yet, Harry, check all idle chaff! Remember there is yet
Aspiring Perkins in the field - the all-unconquer'd Pet
And Reidie throws the gauntlet down - I mean not to pronounce
As to his merits, but it's clear 'tis something more than bounce!

And let **Jack Fog-o** sing the *fog*, the like he never knew,
Which in the deepest gloom *involv'd* the Christian and the Jew.
In the Red Sea, in days of yore, in wilderness or bog
The Sheenies ne'er were more at fault, than flound'ring thro' the fog

"Sho help me Cot, I'm in a ditch, and very much distress'd!"
"Oh! Levi, vat are you apout? your foot is on my bresht!"
Pull as you vill, I can't expect again the road to vin,
While vith your foot you keeps me down, & shoves me farder in.

But sound the battle note again - with frame well braced and right,
The Smuggler bold again has dar'd brave Alick to the fight;
To such a challenge, I'm convinc'd, the Snob will ne'er be minus
But soon will greet his man with "*Ecce iterum Crispinus*".

Now in a tone subdu'd I tell, such things will come to pass -
The fight is off, and Sam has sack'd the money down for Gas;
And with a sigh of sad regret, 'tis **Fogo's** to record
The match **no go**, & forfeit claim'd from Simon Byrne by Ward.

But ere my fancy lays I close, I hail the new approach
Of the great day that shall decide the fate of Neal and Roach;
If odds are laid on Devonshire, take 'em if you can get 'em -
I make my bets the other way, and sport my blunt on Streatham

Perhaps the 9th verse is a clue that Frosty *did* actually write the poem on p. 270? The *Dispatch* had this on the 30th;

The wager respecting the exact height of the Swiss Giantess may be decided by an application to the lady herself - we have not the *honour* of the slightest acquaintance in that quarter. Perhaps, however, **Mr. John Fogo** can set our Correspondent right.

The Swiss Giantess was Miss Catherine Böbner [*alias* Eliza Laurence, alias Madame de Letzi] born 1796, 6' 6" tall (1.98 metres) and 350 lbs (159 kg) - she committed suicide and was found floating in the Thames, by the Red House, in October 1846. She never married but had an illegitimate son. I imagine the journalist thought that Frosty being a knowledgeable man would know her details rather than any possibility that he actually knew her personally.

The next event in which Frosty participated was the fight between Neale and Roach on December 2nd. It was reported in the *Morning Herald* on the 3rd, the *Weekly Dispatch* and *Bell's* on the 7th. From the three accounts we see Frosty in his usual role, he seconded Jem Beagle in a minor second fight and he attended the following benefit for Harry Holt at the Tennis Court [the latter also recorded in the *Herald* of the 5th].¹³³

[WD] **The Great Fight - Milling against Wrestling - the Crossmen Floored**
Pugilism on Tuesday last, between NED O'NEALE and ROACH (otherwise BANFIELD), for 100l. aside

This affair excited great interest in the Sporting Circles, and innumerable rumours were set afloat respecting it, from the day when the match was first made, to that on which it was at length decided, in a manner little expected, perhaps, by one party. It will be remembered, that O'Neale in his match with Ned Baldwin, was tampered with by certain parties; the *exposé* which followed that affair, while it redounded to the credit of O'Neale, could not but be highly offensive to his tempters: and they freely and frequently expressed their chagrin, not only against Ned, but also against those persons connected with the Press, who had published their tricks to the world. With a view, they said, of getting Ned well thrashed, for what they called *his treachery*, but which fair sporting men will always term SOUND HONEST POLICY, they brought up from Exeter a man, who, as far as external appearance went, was well qualified to beat the Flower of Streatham, and backed him for a hundred, while Ned, un-awed by superior length, weight and strength, at once accepted the Devonian's challenge. and his friends rallied round him with their usual alacrity - well convinced that the courage, skill and game, which had been proved in more than a dozen manly combats, and he had only once been unsuccessful, was fully equal to the task of beating any countryman; while, at the same time, they felt assured that he, who had never deceived his honourable and real friends, would not be tempted to swerve from his duty, by any offers that might be made by *crossmen*. At the various meetings in town, to post the required deposits, one or two of the parties backing Roach [Samuel Banfield born 1792 'The Exeter Publican'], and who had suffered considerably, by Ned's fight with Baldwin, were continually declaring, that their object was, to "get Ned O'Neale well thrashed;" they reiterated this assertion so often, and expressed their confidence in Roach so strongly, that their vehemence excited suspicion: it was generally imagined that something wrong was intended, and that some under-plot existed, to disguise which, the *crossmen* expressed an indignation against one man, and a confidence in the other, which in reality, they did not feel. In fact, a great many sporting men imagined that the fight would prove a rank *cross*, one way or the other, but none seemed able to discover the secret; as a matter of course, therefore, Ned, having in every respect the greater claim to confidence, was the favourite at high odds - for a long while, two to one, and even a point higher, were freely sported on him, but the odds gradually came down, as the day of fighting drew nigh, and, on Saturday and Sunday, six and seven to four were the current betting, while, in some quarters, on Monday evening, five to four were taken.

The cause of this decline has since been rendered apparent: - we are informed that *seven hundred pounds* were offered to O'Neale, to induce him to sell the fight, and that he had promised to comply, but had determined again to "put the *crossmen* in the basket." The matter was, if we are rightly informed, arranged to the satisfaction of certain parties; and it was, as they believed. settled, that, in 43 minutes, O'Neale should surrender to the Devonian. [MH - the Exeter publican being a Colossus of bone and muscle, said to weigh 15 stone, and, withal - active and game in proportion, a rumour fully borne out by his presence; besides which he was described as a first-rate wrestler, capable of turning such little men of the London Ring, as Neal, round his finger.] Ned, however, had made the whole affair known to his friends, and assured them, at the same time, that he meant to win, and nothing else. *They* were fully satisfied that he would do so: but they suffered nothing to transpire on the subject, from *their*, quarter. The news found vent, however, from "the other side of the house," that Ned was to lose; and many *very knowing* personages, thinking they had discovered the grand secret, came out freely, and sported their money on Roach - others, who had already made bets on Ned, edged off, and stood on the Devonian. Still there is something inexplicable in this - how could those, who had already been foiled in their attempts upon Ned's honour - even when he had some sort of security in his hands for the fulfilment of their part of the contract, imagine that he would now comply with their wishes, upon a *bare promise only*? Certain it is, however, that very many persons backed the Devonian, under a belief that he *was to win*; and *some*, at least of those implicated in the former affair, made heavy bets on *this* fight, in the firm persuasion that it was made *all right*, (a flash term for a *wrong* proceeding.) [MH - certain sporting gentlemen at Tattershall's thought it a good speculation to take the odds of five to four on Neal, to the tune of some thousands of pounds, as it is said; and this being done by some knowing ones - who are seldom known to be on the wrong scent - this circumstance naturally increased the doubts of many of Neal's backers, and the confidence of Banfield's partisans, who accordingly booked the event as infallible.] Roach, we are credibly informed, was induced to fight, under a belief that he would have an easy job; and he entered the ring little expecting the rough treatment that he actually met with, and against which, as it turned out, he could no more defend himself, than could an unorganized London mob repel the close-connected charge of a regiment of the Guards.

Ned, who had been training at Milford, and who had won the toss for choice of ground, named Northchapel, in Sussex, on the Petworth-road [Bell's - took place on Tuesday last, on the Cricket Ground at North Chapel], and about a mile beyond the Royal Cylinder Works, where he defeated Nicholls, on the 23rd of September last. On Sunday, Roach left his training quarters, the Bell, at Edmonton, and proceeded to the Red Lion, at Godalming, where he remained till Tuesday morning, accompanied by a few of his friends. On Monday, a very small portion of London amateurs pushed off towards the appointed place - some of these parties remained at Godalming, while others went on to Ned's headquarters, about a couple of miles farther; but, on that evening, Ned retired to a small *crib*, at Compton, and in secluded quiet awaited the proper hour for rejoining his friends, and proceeding to the ring. Tuesday morning brought but a slight addition to the muster of metropolitan Fanciers; and, indeed, we never saw a fight, for so large a stake, and on

which such heavy sums depended, that drew so few Cockneys from their homes. Towards noon, Roach and his backers left Godalming in a chariot, and reached Milford, just as Ned and his friends were on the start. The former passed, and O'Neale, having mounted the box of a carriage drawn by four horses, started in pursuit. [*Bell's* - upon the box of which he mounted, supported on his left by the Portsmouth Dragsman, one of his staunchest supporters. Tom Spring, and his other friends then mounted, and off set the cavalcade.] This party were all life and jollity - they sported the blue bird's eye, and a couple of musical coves, with key-bugles, gave animation to the scene, by performing several enlivening airs. Other vehicles, containing more of Ned's friends, followed: the cavalcade soon passed Roach, and Ned, on reaching Northchapel, repaired to the Swan public-house, while Roach was conveyed at once to the ground, and remained in his vehicle till the hour arrived for commencing hostilities.

[*MH* - The night had been so cold that the pools and ditches were covered with ice; but after the sun rose (which proved to Neal as much the sun of an easy victory as that of Austerlitz did to Napoleon on the identical same day, 23 years ago), the day, though windy, turned out very fine. Some disappointments had occurred, respecting the individuals who were to second Banfield, Ward and Baldwin having declined; Nicholls was talked of, but, though on the ground, did not go into the ring with him. After a short halt at the Swan at North Chapple, the numerous spectators, amongst whom were some Corinthians of rank and distinction, both Naval and Military, proceeded to the cricket-ground on the left hand of the road, where the stakes had been fixed by the provident care of Oliver and **Fogo** - about two miles beyond Fisher-street, where Neal gained his last battle; and, though the ground was rather wet and slippery, it was very well selected.]

The ring was formed on a low marshy piece of ground, on the left of Northchapel, and close to that village. It was surrounded by a strong muster of countrymen, but very few London faces were seen on the ground. At ten minutes before one o'clock, O'Neale entered the ring, attended by Spring and Holt as his seconds: Roach immediately followed the example - he was waited upon by Ben Burn and Young Dutch Sam [as bottle holder - *MH*]. The colours, light-blue for Roach, and dark-blue, with a white spot, for Ned, were tied to the stakes, and the toss for sides was won by Holt for O'Neale. On throwing off his *togs*, Ned's skin presented its usual scorbutic appearance, being covered, especially on his back, with large spots; he looked well in the face, however, and had taken great pains in his training: his weight was 12st. 6lbs. Roach appeared to be in pretty good health, but he had not the freshness of youth on his cheeks - his flesh was loose, especially about his victualling-office, yet, he being a stone heavier, and two inches taller than O'Neale, most novices would have considered the latter over-matched.

Round 1. Roach presented his left leg in advance, and held up his arms at first something like a pugilist; but no sooner did he quit his first position to follow the movements of O'Neale, (who stepped around him for a good opening), than a shout of laughter went round the ring. The awkwardness of poor Roach was enough to raise a smile on the mug of a sermonising ranter - he sawed the air up and down, and seemed ashamed at his want of skill - he looked like a ploughman in lordly company, who, having no hat to hold, and being informed that it is wrong to put his hands in his pocket, knows not what the devil to do with them. However, the embarrassment of the Devonian was soon changed to dismay - of course such a pugilist as Ned could have no difficulty in "getting at" so complete a novice; accordingly, after sparring for about half a minute, during which it is impossible to describe the ridicule that the *Pretender* experienced, O'Neale sprang in, planted a heavy right-hander in his usual sledge-hammer style on the side of Roach's nob, who reeled to one side, when Ned, by way of expediting his descent, gave him a left-hander bang in the right eye, and down went *Roach* flat on his back like a *flounder*, "Hurrah, its a dead certainty - a hogshead of Barclay and Perkins to a pint of sour cider," cried one of Ned's friends. [*B* "Och murder!" cried the Patlanders, "is it there you are! Poor crathur" Pick him up!" Those who had backed Roach looked sadly dismayed, and Roach himself gave a half imploring - half enquiring look at Ned, in whose determined face he must have seen a confirmation of those fears that his decisive hitting had awakened.

2. The Devonian came to the scratch with considerable courage, as if determined to make the best of a bad bargain. Novice as he was, he might have *felt*, by this time, that himself and his friends had been deceived. He attempted to plant a left-handed facer, but it was so long in coming, that Ned parried it with great ease, and in another instant the Great Pretender was flat on the turf again; for, before he had time to draw back his arm, Ned stepped in, and sent him off his legs by right and left facers. Laughter shone on the faces of Ned's friends - while the takers of the odds and the Knights of the *Golden Cross* presented faces half as long as the monument. Three to one on the Streatham hero.

3. Roach, although no cur, was completely *bodthered*, as one of O'Neale's Hibernian friends observed; he gave a gloomy glance at one of his *respectable* friends, who stood close to the ropes, and seemed to ask "Is this the way I am to be served?" What to do he knew not - he had no chance of hitting his man, and if he stood still in his *yokel* attitude, he was laughed at by the spectators, and he well knew that Ned could hit him when and where he pleased - his guard was of no more service against a scientific boxer, than a paper shield against the thrust of a spear. Something must be done, however, and he let fly a slow sweeping hit at the upper works, but he was at least half a yard out of distance, and the blow was lost in the air. Ned laughed and went in, hitting away home and hard, but Roach grappled and attempted to throw him - here again he was foiled - Ned brought him down, and fell upon him.

4. O'Neale put in a left-handed facer, and planted his right hand with great force on the side of the Devonian's head - the visitations were too heavy to be withstood, "and he fell with his face to the earth." Ten pounds to two were offered on Ned, but there were no takers *now*.

5. Roach caught pepper again left and right, and down he went - his nob punished, and his heart depressed. Spring offered 100*l.* to 5*l.*

6. Roach came reluctantly to the scratch, and scarcely made an effort. O'Neale hit him bang on the head, and he fell.

7. A close occurred - the Devonian tried to bring his wrestling powers to bear, and was fixing Ned for a fall, when the latter grasped him round the body with both arms, lifted him quite off his legs - threw him flat on his back, and fell with all his weight upon him. The immediate backers of Roach seemed thunderstruck, and the indignant faces of those who had been induced to take the odds by confiding in the management of those personages, looked daggers at them.

8. The Devonian tried to put in a facer - it was easily parried, and he received, as a *kind* return for his effort, a couple of *sloggers* that brought him down face forwards.

9. The men came to close-fighting - O'Neale weaved away cleverly, while Roach, who knew nothing of the fibbing system, after making a few awkward attempts to be mischievous that way, succeeded, for the first time, in giving Ned a fall. Had the ground been hard, it might have proved a dangerous somerset to O'Neale, but the softness of the turf was much in his favour, and on being picked up he smiled, as if nothing was the matter with him.

10. Ned put in a left-hander that cut the right eyebrow of Roach, and a little claret certainly appeared. It was not claimed as first blood, however, nor is it of any consequence, for Roach afterwards showed plenty of claret, while O'Neale lost not a drop during the whole fight.

11. The Devonshire *unfortunate* was heavily hit about the upper works, but in this round, he again succeeded in giving his man a pretty heavy fall. "It's all right Roach - you'll shake it out of him yet," cried one of his friends.

12. Ned planted a home right-handed bodier, hard enough, as an Irishman declared, to "hit a hole through a brick wall;" but Roach received it without flinching, and attempted to return a facer. O'Neale avoided the effort, and grassed his man by a couple of home upper-work hits.

13. Roach received a sharp left-handed facer, but succeeded in getting in - he had his left arm round Ned's neck, and was planting his foot to bring him over in the Devonshire style, when Ned slipped from him and got down. Roach's party hooted, and many of the yokels hissed, but the good judges remarked that nothing wrong had occurred - caution was no sin.

14. Another close occurred, and while the Devonian was manoeuvring with his legs to throw his man, Ned used his mauleys in peppering Mr. Roach's nob - the latter *hero* however, succeeded in giving Ned a shattering fall, and came down bang upon him. "It's all right," cried Roach's friends, "another fall or two like that, and you'll win in a canter." This party were, however, too wide awake to take the high odds that were freely offered on Ned.

15. O'Neale planted two good left-handed facers, but Roach again threw him heavily.

16. Ned made a left-handed feint, and planted his right full on the side of Roach's head, who dropped instanter.

17, 18. No great mischief was done in these rounds, but in the first of them, Roach actually succeeded in parrying a left-handed facer - it was the only time, during the fight, that he made anything like a *full stop*, and it was evident from the battered state of his frontispiece, and the reluctance with which he obeyed the call of time, that his exertions were rapidly approaching to a *period*.

19. Poor Roach was receiver-general - he caught it left and right "over the face and eyes, as the cat paid the owl;"* he, however, succeeded in getting Ned's head under his left arm, but the Streatham hero gave him three or four up hits, and he fell all on a heap, like a lump of dough. [* elsewhere given as a **Fogo** quotation]

20. O'Neal put in a well-measured left-hander, which cut the left cheek of Roach, close to the eye, and a stream of claret followed. They closed, and came scrambling down together, Ned under.

21. Ned had not a mark or a scratch on his face. Roach's frontispiece was sadly disfigured - both his eyes were in mourning, one was nearly closed, and, indeed, his head in front, and on the left side, was a mass of bruises and contusions, while his left ribs displayed the marks of Ned's knuckles very palpably. He received in this round a couple of heavy facers; but he closed, and tumbled over Ned, who took an easy fall.

22, 23, 24. In each of these rounds Roach was severely hit about the nob, and he received also another heavy blow on the left ribs. He was also foiled at his only chance, that of throwing his man.

25. Roach was weak and sick - he reeled away from the rapid attacks of O'Neale, and fell under the ropes - Ned following him too eagerly, slipped, and tumbled by his side.

26. The Devonian, after receiving a hit or two, succeeded in throwing O'Neale. This was hailed by Roach's friends as an indication that there was still a chance for them, and they gave a faint cheer; but the fall had not much injured Ned, whose success was now all but certain.

27. A close. The Devonian tried hard to follow up his success in the throwing line, but Ned would have no more of it. He extricated himself from the grasp of Roach, and went down, while Roach stood over him and looked reproachfully at him, evidently thinking such conduct not altogether fair.

28, 29, 30. The appearance of Roach was really shocking. He wished to give in, but his seconds persuaded him to proceed with the fight, and brought him to the scratch, with evident reluctance on his part. He was all abroad - he ran after Ned with his arms extended, and his hands wide open, endeavouring to lay hold of him, and he frequently ducked his head in the vain hope of avoiding the blows which continually rattled about his nob. He was an object pitifully ludicrous. However, in one of his wild rallies, he managed to plant a random hit over the right eye of Ned, which blackened it slightly, and, in the last of these rounds, he got O'Neale down.

31. "Go in and finish your work, Ned," said Harry Holt. Ned did so, and most effectually. He first delivered a smashing left-hander on the nose, that brought the liquor of life in torrents, followed it up by a home blow on the lips, as well as by a heavy dig in the throat, and got away cleverly. Roach advanced, hitting, or rather *sweeping* with both hands, at random, and O'Neale rained a shower of blows upon his upper works, till he fell, apparently exhausted, and his seconds immediately gave in for him. In less than a minute, however, he was able to leave his second's knee, when Ned, seeing his man in an erect position, walked up and asked him if he would fight any more; he replied in the negative, and the men immediately shook hands. The battle lasted thirty minutes.

REMARKS. - A more unequal, or a less interesting fight than the above, it was never our lot to witness; for, except by throwing, (and O'Neale was too good a judge to lose a fight that way,) Roach had not a chance from beginning to end. He is, without exception, the worst fighter we ever saw in the ring. [*Bell's* - As a wrestler he was far superior to Ned, and had he been permitted, might have won the fight by falls alone. Ned soon found out this secret, and gave him as few opportunities as possible of gratifying his passion.] He made but one home blow during the battle, and that was a chance hit - of distance he knows nothing - of parrying he is almost equally ignorant, and we must take it for granted, that the stories which have been circulated of his having beaten some good men in his own county, and given lessons with the gloves, were altogether false. If Roach has taught any pupils to spar, we recommend them to forget all that they have learned from him, as quickly as possible. We mentioned these *reports* only; and, at the same time, in alluding to the rumours of something wrong being intended in this fight, we expressed a decided opinion that, on the contrary, the fight would be "on the square." It has proved so, and we rejoice to hear, that those who had *again* been tampering with O'Neale, have been foiled at their own weapons. Roach must have been aware that he had no chance of really beating O'Neale, and, doubtless, the poor devil would not have entered the ring but for the assurances of his precious friends that they had bought Ned over. As it turned out, the unlucky Devonian did all that lay in his power to win, and he may retire to his own county with *some* credit as a brave man - though as a boxer he is contemptible. True it is, that he was not completely beaten when he gave in; there might have been, to use a Fancy phrase, another round or two of fighting left in him, but had he fought longer, it would have been merely to receive useless punishment - nay, to hazard his life in vain: besides, who was he fighting for? Had those who placed him there a fair claim on his fortitude? Certainly not. O'Neale's fighting points are too well known to need any observations from us at present. He fought, to appearance, better than usual, but it must be remembered, that even a bad pugilist shines when he has a worse one before him. Ned fought well, and reduced the fight to a certainty without giving a chance away. *We* do not join in

censuring him for slipping down to avoid being thrown, for we hate to see wrestling in the prize-ring, and shall never blame a man for avoiding it by fair means.

It is but right to state, that some of the fanciers who had no bets on the above fight, are not *altogether* satisfied that it was so honourable an affair, as we have felt it our duty to represent it. They assert that the *double cross* system was *sought for*, and carried too far, and that the friends of Ned stood to win, without a chance to lose. There will be grumblers on every affair in the Fancy.

[*MH* - Neal was without a scratch; he dressed himself, mounted the box of his caravan, and exclaimed, in allusion to the bribe that had been offered to him, "*Now, take your 700l into Devonshire, and buy Matches with it.*" The horses were decorated with artificial flowers, and his colours hoisted like a flag over that of his vanquished opponent; yet it must be allowed that Banfield displayed great game and courage - that he is a capital wrestler, but unfortunately knew nothing of boxing, going in like a girl with open arms. nothing is more gratifying to true sportsmen than to see the biters bit, and taken in their own snares: - losing their money when they expected to plunder the public at large. It is conjectured that these cunning gentlemen have dropped 1,000l. by this foul proceeding. Banfield's own seconds declared him to be a "muff," wholly unable to cope with a man like Neal, This event stamps the Fair Play Club with triumph, and overwhelms the miserable men that planned the black deed with everlasting disgrace.]

[*Bell's* - The prads in the caravan were then decorated with blue-and-white artificial flowers, and blue favours, and on again taking his seat on the box, the bugles struck up - "See, the Conquering Hero comes;" while Ned joyously exclaimed - "Now take your seven hundred pounds to Devonshire and buy matches!" In this style the caravan set out, followed by the cheers of the multitude. As Neal passed through the different villages he was warmly greeted, and on reaching his training quarters at Milford he found the house hung with blue ribbons, and old Mandeville at the door, his old muzzle cracking like a mealy potatoe, ready to give him hearty congratulations. A sumptuous dinner was prepared, and the table groaned under the weight of good things, while it was surrounded by a score of smiling faces and honest hearts. Ned's health was drunk with enthusiasm. He declared "he never wished to be happier, and didn't care if he died tomorrow." He had convinced his real friends that he was incapable of deception, and he hoped he had convinced the world that honour was dearer to him than money. He had punished those who would have had him rob those to whom he owed most - he admitted he had done it by stratagem, but with such people every thing that could lead to their downfall he considered fair and honest.

Far different was the scene with Roche; he was taken back to his Inn and bled, and even for this necessary operation his chop-fallen backers refused to pay more than a shilling. It is true they were left almost pennyless, and this may form some excuse. That their downfall was signal, all must allow, and to the full enjoyment of their miseries we consign them. It seems that they had let their country friends into the secret, and all Devonshire rings with blessings - "over the left" - for their good nature. Several houses in London, frequented by the conspirators, were illuminated for Roche on Tuesday evening, but when the truth arrived, the great eclipse was nothing to the rapidity with which the lights disappeared.]

SECOND FIGHT

At the conclusion of the above battle, a purse of 2l. was collected for a second fight, when Jem Beagle, of Cotton-hill, near Guildford, an ostler at the Ship Hotel, who has beaten all the countrymen in that part of the country, threw off his togs to fight a cockney, denominated Ginger, late in the employ of Mr. Joseph Fishwick, alum-merchant. The men agreed, previous to setting-to, that the winner would have 30s., and the loser 10s. Beagle was seconded by **Jack Fogo** and a countryman, while Ginger was waited upon by Scroggins and Ned, the ostler. Beagle soon convinced the spectators that *he* was no muff, although a countryman - he gave *Ginger* such hot pepper both in the face and body, and sent him to earth with such force, that the spicy cove soon dropped down on his luck, and gave in at the end of the fifth round. Beagle was too long, fresh, and strong, for Ginger; he won the fight without getting a scratch. Ginger was not severely punished - he saw he had no chance, and was wise enough to pocket the *ten bob*, without standing up to receive hitting, when he could give none. Beagle only wants a little instruction to become a troublesome customer to the light weights.

After the fight, as stated above, the same papers next recorded the Harry Holt benefit at the Tennis Court on the 4th December but first came the *Morning Herald* account on the 5th;

THE FANCY

Harry Holt, commonly called the Cicero of the Prize Ring, took a benefit yesterday (*Thursday 4th*) at the Tennis-court. It was numerous and respectably attended. [*WD* says "but we fear that the speculation did not prove a very profitable one - the company could not complain of want of elbow-room."] The following parties set to:-

1. Foot and Donovan
2. Bitton and Spencer.
3. Kennedy and Deaf Burke
4. Spring and Baldwin (commonly called Whiteheaded Bob).

After which Alic Reid announced his Intention to fight Young Dutch Sam for 100l. in May next. **Fogo**, for Sam, accepted the challenge - but no money was staked.

5. Harry Holt, in the absence of Sam set-to with Neal.

*Stockman challenged Neal to fight Young Dutch Sam for 300l., neither to exceed 11st 10lb; Neal accepted it for any sum from 500l. to 1,000l., but some tokens of disapprobation having been manifested, Young Dutch Sam, who had in the mean time, arrived, mounted the rostrum, and assured the audience that he had not authorised any one either to speak or make matches for him; Now after apologising for being so late, having rode 40 miles that morning, Sam deposited 2l in the hands of the stakeholder to make good the match, which was accordingly covered by Neal.

6. Ward and Ned Murphy, and,

7. Gaynor and Young Dutch Sam concluded the day's sport.

*[WD - In the course of the afternoon, Ned Baldwin announced his benefit for Wednesday week, at the Tennis Court, when he will wind up the sports with O'Neale. Alec Reed expressed his anxiety to fight Young Dutch Sam for 100*l.* aside, in May next, provided Sam would confine himself to 10st 10*lbs.*; Alec added, that he had already been promised 50*l.* towards the match, and he hoped that his other friends would come forward with the remainder. **Jack Fogo**, one of the Fancy orators, said in reply, that Sam's friends were prepared to post 10*l.* on the terms proposed by Reed; but Alec rejoined that he was not then provided with the *ready* - however, he had no doubt the match would soon be made. Harry Holt apologised for not fulfilling his promise of having a trial set-to with Young Dutch Sam, by stating that Sam was not present; but while Harry was sparring with O'Neale, Sam entered the Court, accompanied by Ned Stockman, who immediately declared that Sam was ready to spar with Holt, and to make a match to fight O'Neale for 500*l.* aside. Considerable confusion followed this announcement - Stockman was hissed by some, and applauded by others; Sam at length ascended the stage, and explained that he had just arrived from Hartley-row on purpose to spar with Holt, and he was ready to set-to instant. Harry, however, excused himself, as he had been sparring with Ned O'Neale, and moreover was not in good condition. With respect to fighting O'Neale, Sam said he had not authorised Stockman to make the statement which had just been heard in Court, but he was willing to fight Ned for 100*l.* or 500*l.*, if that boxer would confine himself to 11st. 10*lbs.* - for his own part, he would weigh no more than 11st. O'Neale immediately acceded to these terms, and a couple of *sovs.* were posted - the match to be completed on the same evening at the Castle.

Roach, the unfortunate dupe of the designing men, was in Court. He was a more pitiful object than we expected to find him; both his eyes were in *deep* mourning, his face was fearfully swollen - especially on the left side, and he complained of having received a severe blow on the angle of the jaw. The left side of his body, we are informed, is also in a bad state. O'Neale's right eye was slightly blackened - he had received no other injury. Ned went up to his unfortunate antagonist, shook him kindly by the hand, and presented him with 5 sovereigns.]

The merits and demerits of all these fighting men are too well known to require any observations of ours. Both Neal and Baldwin were present in the Court. The former did not exhibit the smallest mark of his late conflict. But it was otherwise with poor Baldwin both whose eyes were more or less blacked and swelled. After Harry Holt had returned thanks to his friends for their liberal support, and in a short and neat speech, assured them with real or assumed modesty, that he was glad considering, that Dutch Sam had not arrived in time, which saved him a chance of being licked, a pretty large proportion of the amateurs of the fancy attended the jovial sporting dinner at Spring's, where both the combatants at North Chapple were present and where diverse incidents that happened at last Tuesday's battle were discussed. Both Neal and Banfield were present, and when the former received the warmest congratulations of his friends particular care was taken not to hurt the feelings of the latter who received every attention, both from his late conqueror and his backers. Banfield stood in need of this sort of generous sympathy, as, of all the individuals who had backed him but a single one attended. It appears that this brave unfortunate because unskilful man, had been abandoned by his not once righteous backers, on Wednesday morning, at Godalming where several of his antagonist's supporters met him in the most destitute situation, and subscribed half-a-sovereign each, to bring him to town. The battle money of 200*l.* was given up to Neal after an energetic and appropriate address from the stakeholder, who added a compliment of 5*l.* thereto, which was followed by others, who shall be nameless. Neal returned thanks in a short speech, which came from the heart. He felt much gratified at the support of his friends but admitted that the other party, who had tendered him an illegal oath, to swear that he would betray and sell his friends, might impugn his honesty, because he had, of course, disregarded such immoral considerations.

One of his friends bore witness, that after gaining the battle, Neal said he had now lived long enough, and cared not how soon he died, since he had put his tempters *into the hole*. Whilst rewards showered down on Neal, his defeated opponent was not forgotten but received substantial tokens of the esteem and sympathy of the conqueror's backers. During the course of the evening, some question arose about the holding of the stakes of the match between Dutch Sam and Neal - when two gentlemen present declining to act in that capacity, the deposits, which were originally but 2*l.* a-side were lodged in the hands of a third, after they had been increased to 52*l.* a-side. Many of Neal's friends came forward and urged Ned to consent to a forfeit of the original deposit - as, in justice to himself, he ought not to reduce his weight from 12st 4*lb* to 11st 10*lb* offering, at the same time, to pay that sum out of their own pockets; but as others urged him to go on with the match, and would back him to the whole amount, he put down his 50*l.* to Sam and the match was accordingly fixed for Tuesday, the 7th of February, within a distance of not less than forty, and not exceeding 100 miles from London, though Neal had offered to fight Dutch Sam for 300*l.* to 200*l.* of his own money provided the latter would consent to do so at his present weight. Sam admitted that he had talked rather largely at the Tennis Court, in proposing to fight Neal for 500*l.*; but excused himself by stating that he had no control over others, who chose to back him. Much other argument was introduced at the time, which being irrelevant to the question we shall refrain from recapitulating.

Next Thursday Tom Gaynor, of Duke's-court, Bow-street, Covent-garden, will give a public dinner after his return from the fight between Hill and Johnson, for 25*l.* a-side, which is to take place on Tuesday next, in the vicinity of Nottingham. Some minor matches between Wood and Ned Murphy, and Sol Ruben and Crafer, for 25*l.* a-side, are likewise on the carpet.

Bell's also included an account of the evening events which are included here for completion - Frosty surely attended;

DINNER AT THE CASTLE TAVERN, AND BATTLE MONEY GIVEN UP

From the Court Neal and his friends retired to Tom Spring's who had prepared an excellent dinner in the old English style, according to his bet with Roche's backer. Four-and-twenty sat down including Neal and Roche, the latter being in the house was invited up. We did not observe any of his backers, however, and presume they had not yet recovered their appetites.

On the cloth being cleared, "The King" and the usual loyal toasts were drunk, after which -

The Chairman, in an appropriated speech, proposed "the health of Ned Neal," accompanied with the hope that honour would be, during his life, as it had hitherto been, the only guide of his actions. He passed a warm eulogium on the unshaken and incorruptible integrity which Neal had evinced, and expresses a perfect confidence that the honourable part of the sporting world would not fail to mark their sense of his good conduct. The toast was drunk with three times three, and a Manchester cheer to boot.

Ned Neal, in returning thanks, expressed his gratitude for the support and confidence of his friends. He never had, nor ever would, deceive them; and the proudest day of his life was that on which he punished those by whom he had been tempted to plunder his kindest and warmest patrons. They richly deserved what they had got, and he was right joyful that he had been the instrument of their defeat and disgrace.

The battle money was then handed to Neal, and he immediately afterwards received several presents, some of 5*l.* each, and others to a less amount. He presented Roche with 5*l.*, and his example was followed by others.

The Health of the "Portsmouth Dragsman," and a few lively songs served to pass the hour till the time arrived for the making of the NEW MATCH - NEAL AND YOUNG DUTCH SAM.*continues*

Bell's of the 7th also included the following which have relevance since Frosty next travelled to Birmingham;

MANNING AND DAVIS. - The third deposit for this fight, which will come off on the 23rd instant, near Birmingham, was made good on Wednesday evening, Manning is a baker from Northampton, and Davis a coach-body maker, who makes his first appearance in the P.R. Manning, we hear, is the favourite.

GOODMAN AND PRESTON. - The third deposit for this mill, which is to come off in the same ring with the above men, was also made good on Wednesday evening. Goodman was formerly celebrated as a pedestrian in London, and fought Tom Reidie, at Knowle Hill, Berks. Preston recently fought and beat Jewkes.

[*Harry Preston, alias Cribb, beat Jewkes Oct 7 1828 near Birmingham*]

Bell's also published a poem about the fight, but without an author stated - it is in Frosty-like style?

**THE CROSS COVES ALL WRONG; OR
DEVONSHIRE IN THE DUMPS.**

Il your trouble, vexations, and 'crosses,'
Remember the patience of Job in his losses." - OLD BALLAD.

O, why are the Cross Coves so down on their luck -
Why stare at each other like a pig that is stuck?
'Tis plain as a pike-staff that something is wrong,
Their mugs are so mournful, dejected and long.

And their visages well may look sad and forlorn,
Now their schemes stand expos'd to the finger of scorn;
And these plotters of foul play with grief will remember
The downfall of Roche in the month of December.

How well they had plann'd the result of the fight;
So tempting a bait, Neal was certain to bite!
A bribe of seven hundred! how could he refuse it?
And, faith, 'twas a weighty temptation to lose it.

Ned nodded consent, and they went away grinning,
And took all the odds on the countryman's winning:
"If more you require," they exclaim'd, "we will give it;"
"Be easy," says Neal, "it's as right as a trivet."

As the period of crossing and contest drew near,
It was generally whisper'd that something was queer;
It was hinted about that all men had their price,
And that pugilists lately were not over nice.

Now the month of December dawn'd dreary and chill,
And the needful arrangements were made for the mill;
Says Ned to the Cross Coves, "I mean no affront -
But training's expensive, so hand out some blunt!

"Besides, as we've settled this Banfield's to win,
Just drop me a hint of the time to give in;
Tho' the fight must appear all straight forward and plausible,
Tell the big-un to punish as gently as possible."

With a glance that meant mischief, and back'd by Tom Spring,
The hero of Streatham advanc'd to the Ring;
And Devonshire's pride was'nt slow to approach,
As plump as a partridge, as sound as a *Roach*.

Of victory certain, he whisper'd to Neal,
"I just wish to give you a hint ere we peel;
Right and left you may punish my carcase about,
But deal very mildly, I beg, with my snout.

"Depend on't (said Ned) ere I call out for quarter,
All kind of respect shall be paid to your snorter;
And I hope no chance blow, in the shape of a teaser,
Will at all discompose so accomplished a sneezer.

"But a truce with all chaffing, and here let it rest,
And let it appear that each man does his best;
So tip us your mawley, be cautious and steady,
And now, my bold fellow, for action make ready."

While fierce indignation beam'd forth from his eye,
Brave Ned with the quickness of lightning let fly;
As flat as a pancake lay Roche in a minute,
"Well this," he exclaim'd, "is a rum way to win it."

Ned heard the remark with a smile of derision,
And again used his mawleys with awful precision;
"All right," said Tom Spring - the Cross Coves star'd aghast,
And again the poor Devonshire mutton was *grass'd*.

But still to the scratch he advanc'd without dread,
Tho' round after round he was floor'd by bold Ned,
Till his bodily prowess began to diminish,
And Ned made a movement to go in and finish.

"You've observ'd," exclaim'd Ned, "from the very beginning,
I've had but one purpose - the purpose of winning!"
"If so," replied Roche, "you have tipt us the double,
And I've no inclination to give you more trouble."

"I've had my allowance, and now I shall jog,
You've pepper'd my carcase and spoilt my physog;
Some folks may assert I'm as much knave as fool -
Connected with cross coves - their victim and tool."

Now you know why the cross coves are down on their luck,
And stare at each other like a pig that is stuck;
May they soon of such acts both the vice and the folly see,
For honesty always has prov'd the best policy.

Fill your glass to the brim, till no daylight appears,
And the health of brave Ned let us drink with three cheers,
And may the base bribe of the hundred pound seven
Be sent, as Ned wish'd, to buy matches in Devon.

Finally, on the 7th the *Dispatch* had also enclosed the following little titbit about Frosty - and his 'wife';

The expected match between **Jack Fogo** and Tommy Roundhead, is not yet determined on. We understand that **Mr. Fogo's** "gentle creature" objects to his deciding a quarrel in the *common vulgar* mode of boxing, and insists that the **Poet Laureate of the Ring**, being a *gentleman*, ought to "call Tommy out," and settle the affair with powder and ball. Thus the matter rests - Tommy insisting on the old English mode, and **Jack** flashing his genteel Chalk Farm predilections.

In their issue of the 14th December, *Bell's had under 'Answers'* Is Jack Scroggins the person called **Frosty-faced Fogo**? - No.

This issue also printed a poem, supposedly by Tom Owen, about the year 1828, about Scroggins and mentioning Fogo;



Tom Owen

A SIGH FROM TOM OWEN

TO

THE PARTING YEAR

Written expressly for Mrs. Scroggins's Album

My old cock of twelve months, you're going it fast
And you turn a deaf ear let who will cry avast;
But on your swift course as you're rapidly going,
Attend to the chaff of an ould un - Tom Owen

Ere long you'll have finished your pleasures and labours,
And you've brought me my troubles as well as my neighbours;
For the day which demolished the Brunswick Theatur,
To me, you well know, was no proof of good natur.

What chopping and changing, strange things far and near,
You have witnessed, old boy, in your rapid career;
What with Turkey and Russia, and Greece to make rhyme of it,
You've had a rare active, industrious time of it!

'Twould require all the genius of **Fogo** to sing
The chequer'd achievements and feats of the Ring;
Deeds of daring and valour your course has disclos'd.
And knowing ones diddled, and crossing expos'd.

You've witnessed Tom Belcher, that bright setting star,
Retire from the Castle, his wife from the bar; -
You've seen; with no chance of reform *whatsumdever*,
Jack Scroggins as noisy and drunk as ever.

You've observed Parson Smith with the evil one grapple,
On a Play-house destroy'd try to rear up a Chapel,
And appoint to the duty of chaunting his metre,
The veteran Crawley, the father of Peter!

You've seen the poor man look dejected and sour,
When he thought of his wants, and the high price of flour;
And many, no doubt, in your course you have known
Mistaking the wives of their friends for their own.

You've heard, well deserving the patriot's wreath,
Dick Shiel's fam'd oration on Penenden Heath;
Yet I own that the Corn and the Catholic Question
Were always to Tom very hard of digestion.

But at present, my friend, you may call it absurd
To talk of the matters you've seen, and you've heard;
Of the period, perhaps, you may question the fitness,
When you've still many deeds of such moment to witness.

Ere you close your career, you must come to the scratch
When Perkins and Curtis determine their match;
And when brave Harry Jones, of fresh victory greedy,
Shall enter the lists with bold bouncing Tom Reidie.

For the present farewell, tho' you've us'd me but scurvy,
Tom Owen will never be backward to serve ye;
If you'll call at my crib ere your course is extinct,
You shall have as good coffee as ever you *drink'd*.

Tom Owen was landlord of The Brunswick Coffee House, 88, Cable Street. Scroggins drinking coffee was a joke, though maybe 'coffee' was a euphemism for his usual tippie. Mrs. Scroggins was very ill and eventually died in September 1829. Her husband was always, rather famously, very drunk.

Frosty and Tom Oliver now set their course for Birmingham, as notified in *Bell's* on the 21st, where they hoped to make a little money and improve their finances.¹³⁴

BIRMINGHAM FANCY

The *milling coves* of "Brummagem" are all on the alert for the two fights between Goodman and Preston, and Manning and Davis, on Tuesday next, which will take place within thirty miles of that celebrated seat of *hard knocks* as well as of *hardware*. Tom Oliver and his Pal (**Frosty-faced Fogo**), have set out for the scene of action with the F. P. C. ropes and stakes, and everything is to be got up *secundum artem*.

Bell's followed this up in their next issue on the 28th December with an account of the fights plus details of the Fair Play Club benefit on the 26th for the advertising of which Fogo had promised to pay out of his own pocket, and surely attended, though not mentioned in the article;

BIRMINGHAM FANCY

Tuesday was a grand field-day among the patrons of milling in Birmingham and its neighbourhood, and every amateur who could muster a *mag*, or sport a *tit*, turned out to witness the games. The matches to be decided (as we have for some weeks announced) were those between Davis and Manning and Goodman and Preston, both for twenty-five pounds a-side. Manning won the toss for naming the place of fighting, and he named Wolverhampton Race-course, whither Davis proceeded on Monday, and set himself down comfortably at the Peacock Inn. In the course of the same day, a meeting of the friends of both parties took place at a Sporting-house in Birmingham, when, in consequence of an offer of ten pounds, it was agreed to go to Stourbridge, which place was publicly named, and Manning, Preston, and Goodman, set out for that ancient town, taking up their quarters at different houses. In the mean time, the principal backer of Davis set out for Wolverhampton, to inform him of the fresh arrangement; Davis, however, was not to be gammoned to deviate from the first nomination, and a check of 20*l.* having been offered for the men to come (as was first intended) to Wolverhampton Race-course, that spot was ultimately decided upon, and the whole of the parties interested assembled there in due time. The ring was formed in good order by Tom Oliver and able assistants [*including Frosty-faced Fogo*], in front of the Grand Stand; and by twelve o'clock, upwards of five thousand of all classes, from the "tag-rag" to the "dandy," were collected round the arena. The Stand was occupied by Corinthians, who tipped a crown a nob, to the extent of at least five hundred.

DAVIS AND MANNING

Everything being in readiness, and all on the tip-toe of expectation, the men came to the ring, Davis first, attended by Whiteheaded Bob and Horner (from Birmingham), and Manning by Phil Sampson and Tom Oliver. Davis is a fine young man, twenty-two years of age, about five feet eight inches high, and weighing 13st. 7lb. In make he is much like the late Elias Sprey [*Sprey*] who fought the Game Chicken. He is by trade a coach-maker, and by birth a Welshman. It was his first appearance in the ring. Manning is twenty-eight years of age, weighs 13st. 11lb., and is five feet nine inches and three quarters in height. He is already well known to the Fancy, and fought Glossop in the London Ring, Rough Robin at Manchester, Simon Byrne in Ireland, and Paul Spencer at Liverpool - he was beaten in the three latter battles, but made rare slaughtering work before he gave in. On coming to the scratch, youth and freshness were all in favour of Davis; Manning's frame was evidently on the waste, and the effects of hard living were pretty evident - in his general appearance, nevertheless, he was the favourite at starting.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. Operations commenced about twenty minutes before one, when, after a short time devoted to sparring, Davis shewed fight, and rattled in to a rally, delivering right and left on Manning's ogle and snout, drawing first blood from the latter; Manning broke ground and got away, but Davis would not be denied - he rushed in again, and hit away in good style; in the struggle for the fall, Manning was thrown heavily, and Davis was as strong as a lion. Any money on Davis.

2. Manning rushed in, and was met with a flush hit on the nose, which sent him to grass. 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Davis, but no takers. 3. Manning floored, without any return, by hits left and right. First knock down blow for Davis.

4. Commenced with a little cautious sparring, Manning piping for wind. Davis put in a right-handed blow on the mark, which brought Manning a little forward; and the round ended in a rally on the part of Davis, who hit left and right, and Manning was floored, without any chance.

5. Manning hit short; here it was very apparent that youth must prevail; again coming to the scratch, Manning received a knock down blow from his opponent's right hand. Any odds, but no takers.

6. Commenced with a sharp rally; Manning, endeavouring to turn the scale in his favour, had a little the best of the round, but the strength of Davis would be served - Manning went down.

7. A good rallying round - the hitting all in favour of Davis; Manning went down - Davis quite fresh.

8. Manning began this round gaily by an effort to rally, and had none the worst of it; but was under, in the fall, from superior strength.

9. Davis took the lead decidedly; Manning under in the fall, and seemed to have very little chance.

10. and 11. The fighting all in favour of Davis; Manning appeared to be dead beat.

12. Davis commenced the rally, right and left; Manning was grassed - he had no chance.

13. Manning made a most desperate effort for another turn, fought a brave rally, but had no chance.

14. Davis got Manning's head under his left arm, and fibbed him down.

15. and 16. Rallying upon the part of Davis - Manning stood up as "Receiver General," - and had no other chance than that of losing.

17. Similar to the last.

18. and last. Manning came up only to be hit down by a terrific right-handed blow at the corner of the left jaw. When time was called, he was dead to the call.

REMARKS. - It was over in twenty-four minutes. Manning was dreadfully punished; but Davis, who has

uncommon power, spars well, and appears to possess cool temper and every other requisite for a first rate boxer, left the ring without any observable scratch. Manning, who shewed his accustomed game throughout, was carried back to Wolverhampton, where he was put to bed in a woful condition. Davis bids fair to become a star of the first magnitude.

PRESTON AND GOODMAN

As soon as the ring could be cleared, these men took the field, Preston attended by Tom Oliver and Ned Stockman, and Goodman by Whiteheaded Bob, [*together with Davis, winner of the previous fight*] whose man had just polished off Manning. Preston is a fine stripling, eighteen years of age, five feet nine inches in height, and weighing 11st 7lb. He is remarkably well made, and long in the reach. Goodman appeared too fleshy, and weighed 12st. 4lb.; while his height was but five feet four inches. Still he was the favourite at five to four. Preston recently fought and beat Jukes; and Goodman, who, in former times, was celebrated as a pedestrian, as well as a milling cove, is known in the London Ring as the opponent of Tom Reidie. He is a publican in Birmingham. At fourteen minutes to two, the men commenced.

THE FIGHT

Round 1. After a little cautious sparring, Goodman delivered his left on Preston's nose, from which claret began to issue; they again began sparring, and counter hits were exchanged, when they broke away; on setting-to again, Preston delivered his left upon Goodman's right eye, the effect of which shewed itself directly; at the end of a short rally, in favour of Goodman, Preston was under.

2. Good stopping on both sides; a good rally; Preston fell forward on his knees - Goodman refused to take any advantage.

3. A sharp rally in favour of Goodman; Preston hied down - first knock down blow for Goodman.

4. Sharp fighting; a good rally, and, in the struggle for the throw, Goodman pitched Preston on his head, whereby his neck was much injured; Goodman's friends now offered to back him at six and seven to four.

5. From the effects of the last round Preston came up very weak; in the close, he had a fall somewhat similar to the last, but not so severe.

6. Preston floored instant.

7 to 10. Preston had the worst of the fight, and appeared weak.

11. On coming to the scratch, Preston appeared a little recovered, had the best of a rally, and, for the first time, Goodman was under in the fall; a loud cheer for Preston.

12. Preston having got a turn in his favour, had the best of a rally, and got Goodman under in the fall, who was apparently very weak.

13. Preston came up much recovered, had the best of it in a good fighting round, & in the struggle was uppermost for the fall.

14 and 15. Scrambling rounds.

16. Preston had the best of a rally, and Goodman under.

17. Preston fresh, commenced fighting in the middle of the ring - had the best of the hitting - closed, and Goodman under.

18, and last. Commenced with a good rally at the ropes - hit for hit, left and right; in the rally, Goodman received a flush hit, which sent him down at the stakes. His seconds could not get him up, and he was dead to the call of time.

REMARKS.- The battle lasted twenty minutes. Preston is a promising plant in the pugilistic nursery, and is thorough game. Goodman had not trained with sufficient industry - he was too fat, and is much more of a pretty sparrer than a slashing fighter. He had better drop milling, and stick to his bodkin and thimble, for we understand he is an out-and-outer at a "button-hole."

Frosty must have immediately returned to London in order to attend the event for which he had been responsible, at his own expense, for advertising;

SPARRING FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FAIR PLAY CLUB.

The Tennis Court, Windmill-street, in the Haymarket, was on Friday thronged by a highly respectable muster of the patrons of the ring, who came forward to contribute their mite towards increasing the funds of the Fair Play Club, the objects of which are sufficiently known to the sporting world. The attendance of the members of the P. R. was numerous, and embraced almost all the talent of the pugilistic circle. The setting-to was abundant and good; and but for the close of light, would have continued for much longer. Among the exhibitors were, Mason and Sheen, Lennox and his pupil Thomas; the Wiltshire Champion, celebrated for his tumbling talent, and Sam Foote, Ned Neal and Jack Carter; Deaf Burke and Pocock; Scroggins and Smith; Murphy and Latham; Jem Ward and Young Dutch Sam. This was a finished specimen of fine science, and to do Sam justice, for the time it lasted, Ward had but little the best of it. Jack Tisdall and Brown, "The Sprig of Myrtle;" Donovan and Murphy; old Richmond and old Tom Owen; the Cheshire Hero and Brown [the Northampton Baker]; and, as a "wind-up," Tom Spring and Peter Crawley. Bill Eales, Harry Holt, Tom Gaynor, Dobell, Castles, and divers others, were prepared to take the gloves if time would have permitted.

At the conclusion of the sports, a gentleman, deputed by the Committee of the Fair Play Club, returned thanks. He congratulated the patrons of the Ring upon the advantages which had already resulted from the formation of the Club, and vindicated its members from the suspicion that they had any desire to domineer over the members of the Fancy - on the contrary, their only desire was to promote the interests of pugilists, and not to throw impediments in the way of the honourable exercise of their calling.

The final event of the year took place on December 30th between Curtis and Perkins 'in the Parish meadow, Hurley-bottom, Berks., thirty four-miles from London.'¹³⁵

FIGHT BETWEEN DICK CURTIS AND JACK PERKINS, FOR £100 A-SIDE.

Pugilistica Introduction: "Chaffing between Curtis and Perkins produced an ill feeling, and in the very next issue of

135 281231MC, 281231S 290104B, 290104WD and Pugilistica II, pp. 533-538

Bell's Life we find " a friend from Oxford " was commissioned to stake for a match with Curtis for £100 a side, and articles were signed for a meeting between the two "Pets." Curtis forfeited on the second deposit, being matched to fight Edwards for £200 a side in the ensuing February. This match also ending this time in a forfeit to Curtis, the affair with Perkins was resumed. We may here note that Curtis was at this period suffering from an attack of rheumatic gout, and that he stated this fact in reply to a challenge of one Joseph Hudson Gardener to fight for £300, in April, 1829. A "short-notice" battle was eventually agreed upon for £100 a side, and the day fixed for the 30th December, 1828."

'In London and its vicinity, Curtis, who had pursued a long career of glory, and who, in all his battles, had never been beaten, was considered almost invincible; and few, in the first instance, were disposed to lay against him, although seven to four and two to one were repeatedly offered. As the time of fighting approached, however, more minute inquiries were made respecting the merits of his opponent, and those who had had opportunities of judging described him as a customer of no ordinary stamp. He had been, like Dick, successful in all his contests, and was described by those who knew him best as a scientific pugilist - active on his legs, a straight and severe hitter with his left, a good getter away, and distinguished for sound bottom. Independent of this, it was known that he was at least a stone heavier than Curtis, weighing when stripped ten stone four pounds, while Dick was booked at nine stone at most. He was also five years younger than Curtis, being scarcely twenty, while Dick was twenty- five; and those who knew the habits of the latter were perfectly aware that they were not such - since he had been in the habit of " seeing the gas turned off " - as to improve his stamina or increase his muscular powers.

Both men went immediately into active training - Curtis to Hartley Row, and Perkins, first in Oxfordshire, and latterly to Mr. Shirley's, the New Inn, at Staines, whose system of training and unremitting care of the men entrusted to his charge placed him deservedly high in the estimation of the best judges. It was observed that both men were uncommonly attentive to their exercise, and both were acknowledged to be in excellent condition. These were points to which particular attention was paid as the period of the last deposit approached, and the friends of Perkins exhibited an increasing confidence, many boldly asserting that Curtis would find himself mistaken in his estimate of the talent of his opponent, and others boldly asserting that they thought he was overmatched - a stone being far too much for any man to give away, where it was accompanied by a corresponding proportion of science and game. Still, such was the deep-rooted prejudice in favour of Curtis, and such the confidence in his generalship and cutting severity of punishment, that the great majority of the Metropolitans considered it next to treason to harbour a thought of his defeat. There were those, however, who were not quite so bigoted in their opinions, and who, viewing the merits of the men dispassionately, were disposed to think that Curtis, as well as many of his gallant contemporaries, might find an equal, if not a superior, in the art which he professed. Among this class were found ready takers of the long odds of two to one, and subsequently of seven to four — but on the night of the last deposits the odds were taken to a large amount at six to four.'

On the Monday evening the road to Maidenhead, which was appointed headquarters, was crowded with vehicles of all descriptions, and every house which would receive such visitors was crowded to excess. Curtis and his backers cast anchor at the " Sun," and Perkins, under the auspices of the Oxford Dragsman, brought to at the "Dumb Bell," on the London side of Maidenhead Bridge. Curtis was accompanied by Tom Reidie, who had trained with him, and Perkins by Harry Jones.

Tuesday morning produced a numerous accession to the multitude, and countless vehicles continued to pour in as the day advanced, embracing some of the most distinguished patrons of the Ring, and giving ample occupation to the Post Masters, as well as affording painful demonstration of the vicissitudes to which that most useful of all animals, the horse, is exposed on these occasions.

At an early hour Tom Oliver and his assistant, **Frosty-faced Fogo**, proceeded to form the milling arena in the Parish Meadow, [at Hurley Bottom, Berks, thirty-four miles from London, and] close to the banks of the Thames — in summer no doubt a very desirable spot, but at this [winter] season, from the marshy state of the soil, anything but eligible, especially for those who had to travel in heavy vehicles. [WD - A quantity of sawdust scattered in the 24-foot arena afforded, it is true, a firm footing for the combatants, but the turf around it was soon trodden to a mere puddle; and in so soft a state was the way to the ring, that some of the vehicles stuck fast in the mud, and their inmates were obliged to wade, almost ankle deep, through the mire.] Several of these stuck fast in the yielding soil, and the casualties which followed were of the most ludicrous description - many of the inmates, who till then had escaped the miseries of damp feet, being obliged to alight, and, ankle deep in mud, to scramble to that portion of the turf which was still capable of bearing their weight. Having encountered these dangers " by flood and field," they reached the Ring, which was admirably constructed, and surrounded by an ample supply of waggons, out-flanked by an immense number of carriages of every denomination. As a proof of the interest excited we may state that the crowd assembled was estimated at more than 5,000 persons.

At one o'clock all the men had arrived on the ground, sporting their respective colours — Curtis a bright orange, Perkins a crimson.; Harry Jones, a blue with white spot; and Reidie, a yellowman. The bustle of preparation was soon visible. The whips were distributed to the men appointed by the Fair Play Club, and the stragglers were driven back to the outer ring of rope which had been constructed near to the waggons. [WD - The peace officers of the Fair Play Club now proceeded to *persuade* the spectators to retire to a proper distance from the ropes; but we feel called upon to state, and, (having originated the Club, and strenuously supported it,) we regret to do so, that this duty was very inadequately performed. According to one of the regulations adopted by the Committee, no persons except the umpires, referee and reporters, were to be allowed to remain within a few yards of the ropes; but in this instance, a great many were permitted to sit or stand close to the ring, and the consequence was, that, as those who remained on foot in the back ground, could not see the combatants, the crowd kept constantly pressing forwards, and a disgraceful scene of confusion took place. Several of those who were entrusted with the whips of the Club, did not do their duty - we will not mention names; we hope that they will do better in future; but with all this, the money given by the Club was not thrown away - the 24-foot ring was kept clear - had it not been for the laudable exertions of some of the agents, that also would have been broken in, and the fights might not have been brought to issue.]

Shortly after, Dick Curtis approached the scene of action, accompanied by Josh Hudson and Young Dutch Sam, and was soon followed by Perkins, under the guidance of Tom Spring and Harry Holt. On meeting within the ring they shook hands, and immediately commenced stripping. Both looked well in health; but it was impossible not to observe that there was a rustic hardness in the appearance of Perkins, very different from that of Curtis, who, nevertheless, had that sleekness and delicacy in his aspect which one is apt to ascribe to superior breed or higher blood. On stripping this contrast was still more apparent; for while Curtis showed that beautiful symmetry of person for which he was so distinguished, and which would have formed a perfect model for the sculptor, Perkins was rough, square, and muscular in appearance. His head, too, being stripped in patches of its hair, from the effect of ringworm in early life, gave him rather the cut of a ragged colt just caught upon the mountain wilds than the well-groomed nag coming from the stud of an indulgent master. Over coming first impression, however, on seeing both men stripped, it was impossible not to discover at a glance the great disparity in point of size between the men. Perkins appeared to us to be at least two inches taller than Curtis, and every way larger in proportion. He was well pinned, with substantial thighs, and his shoulders and arms showed powerful muscle, though his loins were thin. His *phiz*, too, exhibited various scars, which were convincing proofs that he had been engaged in encounters of no trifling character. He evinced a great coolness in his manner, and, as throughout his training, booked victory as certain. Curtis looked to us light, but, nevertheless, in high favour with himself. Many old followers of the stakes did not hesitate on seeing the men for the first time stripped in fair comparison to exclaim, " Dick is over-matched," an opinion which had often been expressed before, but met with little attention. Everything being in readiness the men were conducted to the *scratch* and commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. - The positions of both men were good. Curtis, his head a little advanced, his arms well up, and his eye measuring his man with the piercing look of the eagle. Perkins, his head rather on one side, and thrown a little back, his right hand well up, to stop Dick's left, and his left ready for a fling. Each manoeuvred and changed ground. Dick made several feints with his left, but Perkins was not to be drawn from his caution. (" He's not to be kidded!" cried one of the Oxonians.) Dick crept in, tried to draw his man once or twice, but it would not do. Perkins stood well to his guard. Five minutes were occupied in this way, and not a blow struck; at last Dick plunged in with his left, which was stopped, but he delivered with his right. Good counter-hits were exchanged in a rally, Dick catching the left between his eyes, which made them twinkle, and the right on the tip of his conk. Perkins instantly stepped back and exclaimed. " First blood!" at the same time pointing to Dick's nose, and sure enough the purple fluid came gurgling forth. Dick, undismayed, hustled up to his man, and caught him heavily on the mouth with his left. Perkins got well away, but no time was lost in again getting to a rally; Dick would not be denied, and got close to his man. Perkins again put in a left-handed facer, but had a tremendous hit in return from Dick's right, which cut him over the corner of the left eye, and drew a copious stream of blood. Both again drew back, but Dick suffered no time to elapse, rushed in to deliver, and after two or three exchanges Perkins went down from a slight hit. The round lasted seven minutes, and the fighting on both sides was excellent, and acknowledged by the most sceptical to be better than was expected on the part of the Oxford Pet.

2. - Dick again came up in beautiful position, while Perkins seemed perfectly at home, and no wise dismayed by Dick's "ocular demonstration." Perkins waited; and Dick, after two or three feints with his left, made a good hit with his right, but was well countered by Perkins. A sharp and active rally followed, in which Perkins caught it on the nozzle, and was on a par with his opponent, for he too showed abundance of claret. In the end Perkins was down, though not a decided knock-down blow.

3. - Perkins came up fresh as a kitten, while Dick looked deeply intent on his work. Dick hit out with his left, but was cleverly stopped. Perkins made a similar effort, but was likewise stopped. Dick then rushed in to hit, while Perkins retreated and fell back at the ropes, half out of the ring. (Shouts for Dick.)

4. - Dick's face was now a good deal flushed, and the first hit between the *ogles* began to show its effects, as his right eye became discoloured. Dick, after a leary feint, rushed in to hit with his left; but Perkins, with great steadiness, parried the compliment, and smiled. Dick finding he could not plant his favourite nobbers, now tried the body, and popped in two or three Pretty hits in the breadbasket with his left. Perkins was not idle, and caught him on the side of the head with his right. Both were again cautious, and Perkins covered his upper works in good style; he was always ready to counter with his left as he stopped with his right. Dick saw this, and repeated ins body blows, leaving pretty obvious marks from his knuckles; Perkins did not return. Good counter-hits at the nob right and left, and both away. Again to manoeuvring, when Dick's body hit was stopped; he then rushed in and hit Perkins open-handed with his left. Perkins returned with his left, catching him on the mouth, and a few slight exchanges followed. Dick again had him in the body with his left. After a short pause a fine slashing rally followed, and some jobbing hits were delivered on both sides, but little advantage was observable. The punishment received by Dick, however, was more obvious; in the end Perkins fell. This was a fine manly round, and excited general applause; and from Dick's steadiness, his friends' confidence increased.

5. - The symmetry of Dick's more delicate physog. was a good deal altered, while Perkins's only showed the cut over his right eye, and still preserved his coolness and self- possession. Dick again planted his left- handed body hit, but was idle with his right; in fact, Perkins was so well guarded as to bid defiance to his usual sharp and cutting jobs. A short rally, in which hits were exchanged, and both went down easy, Perkins under.

6. - Dick tried to plant his left on Perkins's nob, but he got well away, and succeeded in stopping a second attempt at his body. Perkins made two excellent stops right and left at his head, but napped it in the ribs; this did not seem to affect him, and he preserved his steadiness in a manner little expected from a yokel. Good stops on both sides, and an admirable display of science; Perkins stopped right and left, but his returns passed beside Dick's head, and were rather at random; hits were interchanged, though not of great moment, and in the close Perkins went down.

7. - Dick fought a little open-mouthed, and seemed somewhat crabbed at not being able to reach his man. He took a drop of brandy-and-water and again went to action. Perkins still steady and collected, and evidently as strong as a horse. Dick resumed his feinting system, and caught Perkins cleverly with his left, while he delivered his right heavily on his collar bone. Had this reached his canister, as was no doubt intended, it would have told tales, but Perkins's activity on his legs enabled him to step back in time. Dick put in three body blows in succession with his left, but they did not seem to tell on the iron carcass of Perkins. Dick then rushed in to punish, but Perkins, in retreating, fell, and pulled him upon him. (Dick's friends were still satisfied all was right, and booked winning as certain. But little betting took place, so intense was the interest excited by every move.)

8. - Dick tried his left-handed job, but was stopped, and with equal neatness stopped the counter from Perkins's left. In a second effort Perkins was more successful, and put in his left cleverly on Dick's nob, while Dick countered at his body. Perkins again stopped Dick's left-handed job, and showed great quickness in getting away. A fine spirited rally followed, in which mutual exchanges took place, and the blood flowed from the smellers of both. It was a fine, manly display on both sides, but in the end Perkins hit Dick clean off his legs with his right, catching him heavily on the side of the head. (Immense cheers from the Oxonians, and the Londoners looking blue.)

9. - Dick, a little abroad, popped in his left on Perkins's body, and then rushed in to fight. Perkins retreated, and got into the corner of the ring, when a desperate rally followed; Perkins jobbed Dick several times right and left, catching him heavily under the ear with his right, thus showing he could use both hands with equal effect. Dick fought with him, but the length of Perkins seemed too great to enable him to hit with effect. Finding himself foiled at this game, he closed, and catching Perkins's nob under his arm, was about to fib; but Perkins slipped down, by the advice of Spring, and evaded the punishment he would otherwise have received. Dick, on getting to his second's knee, was covered with blood, and looked all abroad; the right-handed hit under his lug in the last round was evidently a stinger.

10. - Both came up collected, but Dick did not seem disposed to lose much time in reflection; he hit with his left, but had it in return from Perkins on the nob. A lively rally followed, in which both got pepper; Dick rushed in hastily, and Perkins fell, Dick on him. 11. and last. — Dick now came up evidently resolved to make a desperate effort to put aside the coolness of Perkins, but he found his man ready at all points; good counter-hits were exchanged, and both fought with fury; Perkins threw in a heavy hit with his left on Dick's nob, and then on his body with his right; Dick fought with him boldly, but had no advantage, when Perkins again caught him heavily under the ear with his right, and he fell "all of a heap." He was immediately picked up, and his seconds tried every expedient to bring him to his senses, but he was completely stupefied, and on time being called was incapable of standing. The hat was immediately thrown up, announcing victory, and Perkins ran out of the ring as strong as ever. He was, however, sent back till the battle was pronounced won or lost. The decision was given in favour of Perkins, and in a short time Dick was conveyed to his carriage, and from the ground to Maidenhead. The fight lasted twenty-three minutes and a half.

REMARKS. — At the conclusion of the fight, which was certainly more quickly ended than we anticipated, most of the persons close to the ring seemed to be satisfied that Curtis had been outfought, and that, in fact, he had been, as was observed in the first instance, over-matched. The losers, however, soon began to state a different impression, and certain shrugs and twists gave indication of a feeling that all was not right "in the state of Denmark." It is certain that Dick did not do as much with Perkins as we have seen him do with other men; but then it must be considered that we never saw him opposed to so good a man as Perkins was on this day. In addition to his superior weight and physique, the Oxford man from first to last preserved a coolness and steadiness, and covered his points with a scientific precision, which few men of his age and experience have displayed in the Ring. This was admitted even by those who had most reason to lament his success. In our opinion Dick fought too quickly, and lost that presence of mind which with such an opponent was his only chance of success. From the undiminished strength which Perkins showed at the last, too, we are satisfied he could have continued the fight much longer, and we have no doubt (with a little more experience) will prove a dangerous customer to any man of his weight in the Ring. We agree with Sam (who seconded Curtis) that he was more of a match for him than for the Pet. At the same time from the character of Curtis, and from our knowledge of his talents, we anticipated that the laurels of victory would not have been so quickly wrested from his brow.

In a very few minutes after the fight Perkins entered the ring dressed, and little the worse for his engagement, beyond the cut over his left eye and a little puffiness in the mouth and nose; he must, however, have felt for some time the effects of his body blows, which were both heavy and numerous. He expressed a strong desire to second Harry Jones in his fight with Reidie, but this his friends would not permit.

[WD - Now, if we believe that Perkins is only as *good a man* as Curtis, it follows, that Jack must be able (with all the personal advantages he has over Dick) to beat him. Besides, Dick has fought many battles, and has lived freely: he is not so quick as he used to be, and we question whether his power of hitting hard has not, in a great measure, left him. We cannot believe, after after the high character he had attained, that he would deceive his friends and sacrifice his fair fame by selling a battle. There *may* have been something wrong, but we know nothing of it - we can only argue on what we hear in public company or see in the ring. The writer of this article had not a shilling on the battle, and he never lost or won a pound on a prize-fight, therefore he has no interest in glossing over foul play, or disguising the truth. If any persons can favour us with authentic evidence of Curtis having sold the fight, we will make it known to the world. In the absence of such evidence, it would be cruel and unjust to injure a pugilist - especially such a pugilist as Curtis - by alleging (on mere suspicion, which may have no foundation) that he took a bribe to lose.]

SECOND FIGHT. HARRY JONES AND TOM REIDIE.

The ring being cleared, these men next entered the arena - Reidie attended by Young Dutch Sam and Josh Hudson, Jones by Tom Spring and Tom Gaynor. Reidie, from Jones's late indisposition, was the favourite at 5 to 4. To describe this fight would be a libel on the annals of pugilism. It was a complete burlesque, for neither of the men planted any effective blows except on the body, although 15 rounds were fought. It was a wild scrambling affair, in which each was alternately down. In the 12th round Jones was sick, from the effect of a body hit, but a little brandy put him to rights, and in the next round he was as jolly as ever. He went in to fight; but Reidie evaded close quarters, and, as his backer said, proved himself a "rank imposter." Two more rounds were fought in the same style, but Reidie being *chaffed* on all sides for his cowardice, or worse, at last quietly slipped from his second's knee, and would fight no more. Young Dutch Sam immediately gave him a kick in a place that shall be nameless, and left the ring in disgust.

[WD has: *As before, this fight between Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, and Tom Reedy [sic!] was less than interesting: - "To describe, in detail, the rounds in this wretched affair, would be as tedious to the reader, as the concern itself was to the spectators." --- "At length, when 15 rounds had been fought, occupying 23 minutes, poor Tom laid down, and refused to be sensible to the call of "Time!" whereupon Sam gave him a kick in the breech, and left him to take care of himself. Tom accordingly laid hold of the bottle, poured some water on his head to recover himself from his stupor, and then carefully washed his hands. Neither man had a mark on his face, and almost all spectators agreed that Reedy had not tried to win. "This," said they, "was certainly a rank cross." Perhaps it was so; but one or two good judges remarked, that had that been the case, it would have been better managed; Reedy would have made, at least, "a decent fight of it." We certainly can blame no persons for entertaining suspicions respecting this battle: we have seen Tom Reedy take more punishment with the gloves for *nix*, than he received from the fists of Harry Jones. *En passant*, the public must not censure Harry; the fault rests with Tom alone - if he would not fight, Harry could not help it.]*

THIRD FIGHT

At the conclusion of the above affair, the greater portion of the London Fanciers departed; but the two Irishmen, Twoey and Allen, who we hardly believed would think it worth their while to travel so far to fight for 17*l.* only, prepared for action. The favourite, Allen, who had posted 10*l.* to Twoey's 7*l.*, was seconded by Ned Murphy and Ned M'Donald; Twoey was waited upon by **Jack Fogo** and Jem M'Carthy. This was a merry, bustling fight - each man did his best; and though neither possessed science, they kept the interest of their friends awake for a long time; but Allen, who had the advantage in weight and strength, was ultimately successful. Twoey fell weak, and left off without being severely punished.

Allen had beaten Twohey on November 8th but was beaten by Twohey in this return match.

Bell's - On Thursday evening [**January 1st 1829**] the stakeholder attended at the Castle Tavern, to give up the stakes in the first two fights. The house was crowded almost to suffocation, and all the men were present.

The stakeholder first called the attention of the meeting to the match between Curtis and Perkins, and reminded them that Tom Spring had originally been appointed to hold the stakes; but in consequence of his having determined to second Perkins, at the desire of Curtis's backer, he had transferred the 200*l.* to his hands. It was now his duty, therefore, to hand this sum to the winning man, unless any reason could be assigned for pursuing a different course. He had heard rumours that there were good grounds for suspecting that Curtis had not done his best, and that evidence confirmatory to those rumours could be produced. If there were any foundation for those rumours, he was ready to hear what might be offered, and to give it that consideration which it might merit; but if the rumours were groundless, it was a cruel addition to the mortification which Curtis must necessarily feel in defeat. For his own part, as he had repeatedly stated, he considered Dick had been overmatched, and had found a customer who was his superior in weight, length, strength, and freshness, and possessing a coolness and scientific knowledge quite equal to his own. These were fearful odds, and to these alone did he ascribe the loss of the battle [applause].

The Stakeholder waited to hear any observations which might be made, but all were silent, not a hint being thrown out that there was the slightest objection to giving to the winner the reward of his valour. The two hundred pounds were then immediately handed to Perkins, who presented Curtis with a five-pound note.

The Stakeholder said, he knew that not only had Curtis betted his own money, but that he had distributed an immense number of handkerchiefs, for which, had he won, he was to have received a guinea each. All these he had lost, but he hoped those who had won their money, if not those who had lost, would step forward, and with the customary liberality, present him with some trifle towards furnishing his empty pockets, and affording a salve to his wounded mind, as well as his wounded head, at this festive season. This hint was effective, and a few sovereigns were popped into the hand of the Pet, who could not suppress his feelings, on contrasting his present with his former proud station, where he was always hailed as the victor, and not sympathised with as the vanquished.

The stakes in Jones and Reidie's fight, after some objection on the part of one of the backers of Reidie, were then given up to Jones, who presented Reidie with five pounds, according to an agreement in the ring, when each proposed to make to the other this compliment, in the event of his losing. Some strong animadversions were passed on Reidie; in reply to which, he said that "*his constitution*" would not permit him to continue the fight longer.



Jem Ward's picture of the Great Fight between Tom Sayers & J. C. Heenan
at Farnborough April 17th 1860 for the Championship of England & America