

THE RING

FIGHTS TO COME

- Sept. 15 - Cotterell and Roberts - £25 a side, Birmingham.
16 - Geo Sinclair and Cain's black - £25 a side, thirty miles of Bristol.
21 - Cain and Chaffey - £5 a side, London and Leicester.
22 - Rafferty and Walton - £10 a side.
24 - Apple Daddy and Evans - £25 a side. Birmingham and London.
29 - Tostall and Seddon - £10 a side, Leicester Fancy.
30 - Richards and Thacker - £10 a side, London. O f
- Oct 7 - Geo. Beaumont and Chas. Williamson - £50 a side, Huddersfield.
7 - Malone and Davis - £25 a side, within 50 miles of Liverpool.
7 - Phelps and Barnash - £20 a side, London.
7 - Dick Holmes of Leeds and "The Unknown" – Half way between home and home.
7 - Charley Jones and Biddulph - £25 a side.
21 - Allwood and Palmer - £25 to £20, within 20 miles of Birmingham.
- - T Callaghan of Sheffield and S Ride of Derby - £5 a side.
- - Young Norley and Paddy Gill - £200 a side.
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FISTIANA or the ORACLE OF THE RING. – Just published, the *fifth Edition* of FISTIANA, with an APPENDIX – containing all the fights of the past year. – this book, indispensable to the Milling Fraternity, contains a List of Prize Battles from the year 1700 to the present time, alphabetically arranged. – NEW RULES OF THE RING. – FORMS OF ARTICLES. – DUTIES OF SECONDS AND BOTTLE –HOLDERS AND OF UMPIRES AND REREREES. – HINTS ON SPARRING AND BOXING. – LISTS OF SPORTING HOUSES, &c. PRICE HALF A CROWN – May be sent by Post for Tenpence additional to any part of the Kingdom. Published by Mr. Wm. Clement, Jun., at the office of *Bell's Life*, 170, Strand, and to be had of all booksellers and news agents.

THE CONTEST FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND BETWEEN BEN CAUNT AND WILLIAM THOMPSON (ALIAS BENDIGO).

This Match which, ever since the 17th of April last, on which day it was made, has excited an extraordinary degree of interest, increasing in intensity as the period for its decision approached, was brought to a conclusion on Tuesday last, in a field close to Sutfield Green, beyond Lillingston Level, in the county of Oxford, we regret to record under circumstances which are far from calculated to sustain the reputation of British boxers, still less to dignify the office of "Champion of England". It is unnecessary to say that in our unshrinking advocacy of the sports of "the Ring", we have been solely influenced by a desire to support those rules and regulations by which fair play and impartiality is secured towards the individuals who, in their own persons, may think proper to demonstrate the principles upon which all personal contests should be conducted. Any departure from those wholesome rules has invariably drawn forth our strongest censure, and we have over and over again said that unless some measures were adopted by which "a clear stage and no favour" was secured to the combatants, it would be in vain to hope for the continuance of "boxing matches" in the catalogue of our British sports. Whether our warnings have been attended with success, the detail of the occurrences that marked the "gathering of fancy" on Tuesday last, will best demonstrate. The Championship of England among the professors of the art of boxing is an office which has always been regarded as one of high distinction, and one which almost any Englishman might be proud to possess; the presumption being that the man by whom it was attained had not only by his high courage and superior skill in the use of his fists, but by his general good conduct, humanity, and honourable bearing, obtained for himself the respect and admiration of all classes of his countrymen. That such men have held the office from its early institution, in the year 1719, no doubt can exist; but whether the champion upon whom their mantle has finally descended will follow their example, is a question upon which we do not feel ourselves called upon to offer an opinion. For the gratification of those who may not be enlightened on the subject, it may be instructive here to give the list of our boxing champions from the earliest period on record until the present moment. The great Figg was first awarded the title in 1719, and held the office until 1734, when he was succeeded by George Taylor; then came Jack Broughton 1740, Jack Slack 1750, George Meggs 1761, Bill Darts 1764, Lyons 1776, Harry Sellers 1777, Johnson 1785, Ryan (Big Ben) 1790, Mendoza 1792, Mr Jackson (who although elected to the office, retired from the Ring and we lament to say is now seriously indisposed) 1795, Jem Belcher 1803, Pearce the Game Chicken 1805, Mr Gully (who fully entitled, declined the office) 1808, Tom Cribb (who received a belt and a cup) 1809, Tom Spring (who received four cups and resigned office) 1824, Jem Ward (who received a belt after his conquest of Simon Byrne) 1825, Deaf Burke (who claimed the office in

consequence of Ward refusing to fight him for a stake insufficient to induce him to quit his business)1833, Bendigo (who beat Burke and claimed the Championship, receiving a belt from Jem Ward, but receiving an injury in his knee, retired *pro tempore* from the Ring) 1839; and finally, Ben Caunt, who after defeating Nick Ward, received a belt by subscription, which in consequence of the decision of Tuesday (being transferable), we presume, will now gird the loins of Bendigo, until he in turn resigns the honour to some more competent antagonist. In comparing the deeds of some of the men whose names are contained in this catalogue, with those of Caunt and Bendigo, it would be idle to say that they could be properly ranked in the same scale. The progress of the Ring and its members has unfortunately been downwards, and we fear the chances of its resuscitation are indeed few, when we reflect on the scenes which we were doomed to witness on the late occasion. Our space, however, if we were so inclined, will not permit us to draw the distinctions which our recollections of times past render obvious, and we must therefore, without further prelude, proceed to give a full, true and particular account of the “doings” by which the meeting on Tuesday was characterised from its commencement to its conclusion.

In our last we gave a catalogue of the several engagements by which the careers of Caunt and Bendigo had been distinguished, and we then stated that they had twice before met in the P R, Caunt losing the first battle by striking Bendigo when he was down, and Bendigo losing the second by going down without a blow. Notwithstanding the injury which Bendigo had sustained by the fracture of the cap of his knee, he always expressed an anxious desire to have another shy at his gigantic antagonist, and having at length, by temperance and healthful exercise, arrived at the proper pitch, a challenge, which ended in the match, was sent forth, and finally accepted, although a little by-play had previously led to the belief that it was Tipton Slasher, and not the old Bendy, who was the candidate for the Championship. The sum contended for was £200 a side, and when the articles were finally signed, Bendy stipulated that the champion’s belt, of which Caunt was the possessor, should be tied to the stakes, as well as their colours, confidently proclaiming that he should entitle himself to the possession of all three. A long day was fixed, to afford both men ample opportunities for training, which, as far as Caunt was concerned, was of some importance, inasmuch as had to reduce from 17st to his usual fighting weight. Bendy, from previous condition, had less to accomplish, but still as the time approached, he went into close training at Crosby, near Liverpool, under the eye of Jem Ward, while Caunt shifted himself from the agreeable attractions of the Coach and Horses, St Martin’s-lane, to Hadfield Woodside, beyond Barnet, where, by dint of incessant labour and activity, he reduced his mountain of flesh from 17st to a pound under 14st, and as a proof of his steady perseverance in his training, it was remarked that he did not vary half a pound in his weight within the last three weeks. Most of our readers are aware that the articles provided that the fight should come off half way between London and Nottingham, but by mutual agreement at the last deposit, which was made at Tom Spring’s, it was arranged that Newport Pagnel, in

Buchinghamshire, within four miles of Wolverton station, should be "headquarters", and that the nearest safe locality which could be obtained in the neighbourhood should be chosen as the battle-field. These preliminaries adjusted, on Sunday afternoon, Bendigo, Merryman, and Jem Ward, with some of their friends, arrived at Newport Pagnel. The imprudence of thus early exhibiting themselves so near the scene of action is sufficiently manifest, and it led to the issue of warrants, which were placed in the hands of the high constable of the district, directing him to apprehend the combatants if they attempted to commit a breach of the peace in the county of Buckingham. On Monday afternoon this constable was actually in the room with Bendigo, and might have apprehended him, had not his instructions limited his duty to the prevention of the fight within his district. The hint, however, was sufficiently alarming to induce Bendigo's friends to take him out of the town and lodge him at a neighbouring farm-house for that night. Caunt reached London on Monday at two o'clock, accompanied by his uncle (Ben Butler) and Jem Turner, who had remained with him during his training. He proceeded direct to Tom Spring's, in Holborn, where he met a party of friends at dinner. He was in the highest spirits and in rude health, although remarkably thin. He seemed, in fact, to have got rid of every superfluous ounce of flesh on his frame, nothing but bone and sinew remaining. He declared himself never to have been better in his life, and his appetite proved that he had no mental apprehensions of the result of the coming struggle. His handkerchiefs had previously been liberally distributed among his friends, and the few that remained in his possession were eagerly sought, and we believe that no less than 200 were thus disposed of upon the usual terms of a guinea, if he won, and nothing if he lost. He took his departure by the four o'clock train from Euston-square for Wolverton, from whence, accompanied by Spring and other friends, he proceeded to the Cock at Sony Stratford, there to wait till summoned to the ring. On reaching Newport Pagnell the same evening we found the town already full of the Nottingham division, some of the most questionable aspect, and throughout the evening the arrivals were so numerous and continuous, that in a short time beds were not to be procured for love or money, while every horse and conveyance that could be obtained was bespoken at high prices for the ensuing day's excursion. The Swan Inn, the principle hostelry of the town, was thronged to an overflow, every means of accommodation having been previously bespoken by "Corinthians". All the other inns were equally full and as the late trains arrived at Wolverton, the influx of fresh customers produced an extraordinary degree of excitement. A vast proportion of these persons were unable to procure accommodation, and happy were those who could obtain even permission to sit up all night on a chair. The visitors were of course of a very mixed character, and it is to be regretted that the laws of *meum* and *tuum* were not strictly observed. We heard of various instances of property having changed hands, accompanied by circumstances any thing but calculated to remove the prejudices which exist in the public mind against similar assemblages, or to increase the reputation of "The Fancy" and their followers.

CHOICE OF GROUND.

In the course of the evening Tom Spring came from Stony Stratford to the Swan Inn, there to meet the friends of Bendigo, with a view to settle on the locality for the formation of the lists on the ensuing day. During the morning the Nottingham division had visited a piece of ground on the other side of Olney, in the county of Bucks, which they said was suitable for the purpose, but Spring stated that he had seen the constables who were in possession of the warrants for the apprehension of the men, who declared that they had positive instructions to prevent the fight taking place within the hundreds of Newport Pagnel, and as the place named was within those hundreds, he deemed inexpedient to run the risk of giving offences to those who had a public duty to perform. He had been told, however, that Whaddon, which was about four miles on the other side of Stony Stratford, was out of the hundreds, although still in the county of Bucks, and that there the fight might take place without interruption. He added, that if there were any impediment here, they could proceed to the county of Oxford, near to Lillingston Level, the same spot on which Nick Ward and Deaf Burke had fought in 1840, to this proposal the friends of Bendigo would not accede, upon the ground that Caunt and his friends were close to the scene of action, and unfair proportion of labour would be thus thrown on the friends of Bendigo who were assembled at Newport Pagnel. They proposed that as they were not likely to be permitted to fight either in Buckinghamshire or Northamptonshire, they should proceed to Bedfordshire, the adjoining county, where they anticipated that no interruption would take place. These were those who from former recollections deemed Bedfordshire a very suspicious quarter, but the Bendigo division were wedded to their own choice, and would not consent to go to Whaddon or Oxfordshire, insisting that if their proposition were not acceded to, they should fall back, on the terms of the articles, and fight half way between London and Nottingham. A good deal of disputation followed, and it was at length agreed that a toss should decide the right to name the fixture. This toss was won by Jem Ward on the part of Bendigo, and adhering to the original proposition, Bedfordshire was named, and directions were given that the commissary, with the ropes and stakes, should come to Newport Pagnel at seven o'clock in the morning, to be piloted from thence to the place adopted. Thus the negotiations terminated for the night, as far as head quarters were concerned, but we are informed that in other parts of the town discussions of a much less friendly nature took place, in which conduct was exhibited anything but in accordance with a spirit of kindness or good feeling. "Evening resolutions do not always agree with morning reflections", and so it was in this instance, for more mature consideration induced the friends of Bendigo to believe that it would be more prudent to take the changes of Whaddon and Oxfordshire, than to proceed to Bedfordshire, where, if any interruption did take place, great difficulty would be found in selecting a fresh spot for operations, and therefore it was resolved that Spring's proposition of Whaddon should be acceded to. Accordingly on the arrival of the commissary with the *material* of the ring, conveniently packed in "a go-cart", in the morning, he received instructions to return to the

spot from whence he came, proceed to Whaddon, and there from the lists. These instructions the commissary promptly obeyed, and on his way back informed Spring of the change which had taken place. It had been mutually agreed that the men were to be in the ring at eleven o'clock, and the *toddlers*, including a large proportion of Nottingham "roughs", immediately set out for the appointed place, while those who had been lucky enough to obtain horses or vehicles, prepared to follow their example. Hundreds of "the topsawyers", who had been incapable of obtaining any mode of conveyance, with the prospect of a ten mile tramp before them, like the humbler classes of toddlers, commenced their ten mile pilgrimage, and their whole line of road from Newport Pagnel to Whaddon presented an extraordinary scene of bustle. The weather was delightful, although excessively hot, and however great the vicissitudes encountered, they seemed to be cheerfully met by those who anticipated the pleasures of a good mill.

THE RING AT WHADDON. – A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The commissary reached Whaddon as quickly as a good pair of horses would permit, and here, under the friendly guidance of persons acquainted with the locality, a most splendid piece of ground was chosen, of easy access, and surrounded with scenery of the most delightful description. In the centre of this the ring was formed, and the inner and outer circles were in like manner constructed, with a view to afford the most perfect accommodation. The immense multitude that had followed "the trail" of the commissary quickly formed around the arena, carriages and every description of vehicle forming the outer ring, while the interstices were thickly studded with horsemen. The usual steps were taken by certain classes who "rule the roast" on these occasions, to levy contributions on the spectators, and the roads and gates were surrounded by groups armed with bludgeons, who insisted upon being paid toll by the horsemen and charioteers for entering the battlefield, while within the sacred precincts of the magic circle further sums were levied by those who thought proper to assume the right of selling what was termed "ring tickets", these tickets varying from 1s to 5s each, and nominally entitling the parties receiving them to the privilege of taking seats around what was termed the inner circle. Large sums were thus extracted from the fear of gentlemen who enforced their presumed rights by the flourish of *batons* of no ordinary size, and whose predetermination to make the most of their opportunities. At this spot we should calculate there were not less than 5,000 persons assembled, all anxiously and impatiently awaiting the approach of the men. Unhappily, however, they were doomed to disappointment. It appears that soon after the commissary had passed through Stony Stratford, with his endless "tail", to the spot indicated by him by the *cognoscenti* of the neighbourhood, the chief constable waited upon Spring at the Cock, produced his warrants, and informed him that on the authority of two magistrates he was bound to prevent the fight taking part in any part of Buckinghamshire. Whaddon was in Buckinghamshire, and however reluctant he might be he had no other alternative than to take the men into custody if they attempted to act in opposition to his instructions. He was prepared with men to assist in the

performance of this duty, and if resistance were offered it only remained for him to take steps for the prosecution of those persons who acted in opposition to the warning thus given. Spring with a proper sense of the respect due to the magistracy, at once saw the impropriety of attempting to oppose their wishes, and a messenger was immediately despatched on horseback to the commissary to inform him of the change which, however unpleasant, must necessarily be made by a shift to Oxfordshire. This messenger on reaching Whaddon endeavoured to obtain access to Oliver, but he was resisted on all sides, and when it was found that he carried a despatch directing a change of position, the letter was taken from him and torn, while he was directed to go back as he came, for that no move would be permitted to take place; and indeed, considering the admirable character of the ground, and the suitable preparations which had been made, such a change could not but be deemed extremely mortifying, especially as the fresh ground appointed was at least ten miles distant from the spot on which the indignant multitude was then congregated. The messenger returned to head quarters, accompanied by some of the influential parties who had suggested the happy selection that had been made, but on reaching the Cock the resolution of the high constable was made apparent, and a fresh summons having been made out, it was carried back to the still expectant throng, upon which Oliver without further hesitation undid what he had so cleverly done, and the whole of the irritated mass prepared to set out on their unexpected journey, the *padders* taking the shortest cuts across the country, and the charioteers and horsemen having to try back through Stony Stratford, to the place appointed, with the position of which many had been previously acquainted, and it is only to be lamented that Oxfordshire was not originally determined upon, as it was only two miles further from Stony Stratford than Whaddon, and as it turned out was less likely to lead to interruption.

While these changes were going forward, Bendigo, Merryman, and their partisans, arrived at Stony Stratford, having left Newport Pagnell at nine o'clock. On pulling up at the Cock a good deal of displeasure was expressed, but there was no help for it. Bendigo seeing Caunt in one of the upper rooms, shook his fist at him, and indicated determination when he got him into the Ring to pay him for all the trouble he had encountered. This division then proceeded to a village about two miles on the road towards Oxfordshire, where they remained at a public-house until the time of the action approached. However mortifying this delay might have been to the persons already assembled, to the London and northern divisions, who came by the trains which stop at Wolverton about the same time, it was a perfect "God send;" for had the men gone into Bedfordshire, or had they fought at Whaddon, in all probability, a vast proportion of this mass would have been altogether "thrown out" in their chace after *pleasure*. The trains, which were of immense length, were disembogued at the station of vast number of persons of all ranks and ages, who instantly rushed forth in search of conveyances to the field of action, but these were so limited in number that not one-twentieth part of the customers could obtain accommodation, and those that were so fortunate as to

be first in the field had to pay dearly for their "lifts" – a seat in the worst species of "go cart" being obtained with difficulty at a sovereign a head, under a broiling sun, amidst clouds of dust, but certainly through a magnificent country, affording the happiest indications of an abundant harvest.

THE NEW RING IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Those who first reached the new ground had the discretion to take care that an extensive outer ring was formed with the coming vehicles, by which such means much of the confusion might otherwise have occurred was prevented. It was not until half-past two o'clock, however, that the commissary and his *aid de camps* reached the spot, when he lost no time in re-forming the ring; as before, constructing an outer as well as an inner circle. The throngs which had come from Newport Pagnell, the Wolverton station, and Stony Stratford, quickly occupied the 'vantage ground, and the ticket system was recommenced with new vigour – every moment swelling the amount of spectators. The approach of the coming cavalcades presented a most extraordinary appearance, and before an hour had elapsed we calculate there were not less than 10,000 persons present, all of whom sought the best positions they could obtain. The arrival of the men was now anxiously expected when the sudden incursion of a band of "Nottingham roughs," who dashed into the ring armed with sticks of all sizes and descriptions, and who evidently acted in concert, left no doubt in the minds of all that they were determined to "rule the roast" for that day. They quickly scoured round the area, calling upon every person to purchase their "Nottingham tickets" driving all back who hesitated to become their customers, except those who had been previously provided on the former field. Spring, who had prepared himself with tickets for the London men, had not arrived, and even if he had, the latter were so few, so powerless, and so inactive, that they would have been completely overpowered by their rivals, who accepting any amount, however small, for the "privilege" which they granted, encouraged the admission of such a mass that they extended to the very edge of the ring and fourteen yards back, and these of so indiscriminate a character as scarce to create a distinction between the highest and the lowest. Indeed, long before the fight was over, all those who were at first content to seat themselves on the grass, as peaceable spectators, were obliged to assume the perpendicular, and those who could not resist the fearful crushes from without, were glad to retire to the rear, and to be content with a casual squint at the combatants, while the umpires and referee were at times so completely overwhelmed as to be obliged to fly within the ropes and stakes for protection.

ARRIVAL OF THE MEN.

At twenty minutes after three the men entered the ring; Caunt was the first to make his appearance, attended by Molyneux (the Black) and Jem Turner as his seconds; Ben Butler (Caunt's uncle) having charge of the bottles. He was loudly cheered, and was in high spirits. Bendigo attended by Nick Ward and Jack Hannan, Jem Ward and Jem Burn, next arrived, and the most deafening shouts proved the extent of his popularity while the Nottingham "roughs" flourishing their sticks, and surrounding the ropes and stakes, evinced

a spirit of partisanship very unusual and certainly very unbecoming on such an occasion. At length these gentlemen retired to the rear of the inner circle, and we will do them the justice to say that they kept the outer ring, comprised principally of country people who had not purchased their tickets, at a tolerably respectful distance, although drafts from them were continually running in and increasing the mass of those who constituted what is termed the "favoured few." After the first ebullition had subsided Caunt and Bendigo shook hands, and the toss for choice of corners took place. This was won by Caunt, who took the higher ground with his back to the sun, while Bendigo, having "Hobson's choice", was constrained to take the opposite corner, the sun shining full in his face. Spring, in compliance with the terms of the articles, produced the Champion's belt, enclosed in a box. This he took out and handed to Bendigo, in order that he might be satisfied of its identity. Bendigo buckled it round his waist with a sort of bravado, and afterwards handed it to ward, to be held by him until the fate of the day should decide to whom it was to be given. Bendigo then offered to bet Caunt £50 even that he won the fight, with an expression which it would not be agreeable to repeat to ears polite, and which, when two men were met fairly and honourably to decide the right to a great distinction, might as well have been avoided. Caunt declined, but was in no respect intimidated by the vaunting proffer. The men were then partially stripped, preparatory to business, and the umpires were chosen. The all-absorbing question as to the choice of referee was next brought forward, but upon this point there was of course a great discrepancy of opinion. Various names were mentioned by both parties but objected to, and thus for a considerable time doubts were entertained whether upon this point the match would not remain altogether undecided. At last the name of a sporting squire who had held the office of referee upon former occasions, but who had now retired to his carriage from apprehensions of personal danger, was proposed. He at first would not consent to act, but upon being told that unless he did the match was not likely to come off, he acceded to the wishes of the multitude, and was escorted to the side of the ring close to which he took his position. All preliminary difficulties having been thus removed, a general cheer indicated the gratification of the spectators. The colours of the men had been previously tied to the stakes; Bendigo was operating for himself and Turner for Caunt. That for Bendigo was a blue with white spot, and that for Caunt a bright orange and blue border, with the following inscription in a garter in the centre "*Caunt and Bendigo for £200 and the Championship of England, 9th September, 1845.*" This surrounded the words "*May the best man win.*" All being now in readiness, the foremost ranks of the spectators either sat or knelt down, and this position they maintained until the disorders to which we have already referred, and shall hereafter describe, gradually increased, and confusion became worse confounded.

APPEARANCE OF THE MEN.

On stripping, the contrast between the men was extraordinary. Caunt as compared with Bendigo, presented a gigantic aspect, while his huge limbs, divested of their customary covering of flesh, had a most singular appearance.

His ribs were as palpable as those of a greyhound, and his long arms, thighs, and legs, covered only with well-proportioned muscles and sinews, gave him the appearance of perfect condition. His face, too, had a most extraordinary expression, as he said himself, offering plenty of bony substance on which Bendigo might crack his knuckles. His hair was cut remarkably short, and his ancient scars standing forth undisguised, gave a character to his mug far removed from the poet's description of Adonis. Still his eyes were bright, and there was an expression of good humour in his lank and pale phiz, that showed perfect self-possession and internal confidence. His weight but little exceeded 14st, and his height, rendered more striking from the diminution in his bulk, was exactly six feet two inches and a half. Bendigo offered an aspect much more agreeable; his complexion was clear and fresh-coloured, while his frame generally showed perfect health; his weight, we were informed, was 11st 10lb. His grey eyes were bright and sparkling, and his manner eccentric, but confident. There is a natural restlessness about him, which was by no means diminished on this occasion, and he had evidently made up his mind, by every dodge of which he was master, to steal upon his opponent, and to escape from the effects of his fearful physical superiority. He saw that he was numerously supported by his friends, and it was clear that he was by no means dismayed at the fearful odds in height and length to which he was about to be opposed. On his side were ranged Jem Ward and Jem Burn, while Tom Spring stood alone the counsel of Caunt, a duty which he performed with modest firmness, although his objections were overruled, and his head more than once in danger of collision with the Nottingham twigs, of which, unluckily, he got a taste. The odds, for there had been a good deal of betting, may be quoted at 6 to 4 on Caunt.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The much-desired moment for the commencement of the mill at length arrived, preliminarised by a simultaneous cry of "Down! Down! Hats off!" &c &c. Molyneux and Turner led their man to the scratch, while Nick Ward and Jack Hannan performed the like office for Bendigo. Hands having been crossed, the seconds retired to their corners, and business commenced. Caunt threw himself into attitude, erect and smiling, while Bendigo at once began to play around with him, dodging and bending in his usual style. Caunt let fly his left, but missed; Bendigo active on his pins, retreated and *chasseed* left and right; at last he got closer and popped in a smack with his left on Caunt's right eye. After a few lively capers he succeeded in delivering another crack with his left on Caunt's cheek, opening the old scar left by Brassey, and drawing *first blood* as well as producing an electric effect on Caunt's optic. [Shouts unlimited from Bendigo's friends.] Bendy got away laughing, and again played round his man. Caunt got closer, missed an intended slasher with his left, and closed for the fall. Bendy grappled with him, but could not escape, and Caunt, by superior strength, forced him down at the corner.

2. Caunt up at the call of "time," his eye and cheek testifying the effects of the visitations in the last round; Bendigo dancing round him, and waiting for an opening. Slight exchanges left and right, Caunt missing his opponent's

head; Bendigo, in retreating to the ropes, slipped down, was up again in a moment, and dashed to his man. Wild exchanges, but no apparent execution; Caunt hit out viciously left and right, missed his kind intentions, and Bendy got down unscathed.

3. Caunt up quick and determined on annihilation. Bendy again played about him, but did not get near enough for execution; after some wild passes, Caunt missing, Bendigo, on the retreat, was caught in the powerful grasp of Caunt, who threw him across the ropes and fell on him. But no mischief done. [Shouts from "the roughs"]

4. Caunt came up blowing or whistling, when Bendigo, after a little dodging, popped in his left, under his guard, and got away. Caunt determined on mischief, followed his man, and, at last, getting to him, let go left and right, catching Bendigo with the left on the mouth slightly, but missing his right. Bendigo, finding himself in difficulty, got down, falling on the rope, and grinning facetiously at Goliath the Second, who walked back to his corner.

5. Caunt the first to lead off, drew on his man, but Bendigo retreated, Caunt after him, till he reached the ropes, when Caunt hit out left and right, his blows passing harmlessly over Bendy's head. There was a want of precision on Caunt's delivery not to be accounted for with his supposed science. Bendigo, who stopped rather wildly, got down.

6. Caunt, first to the call of time, waited with his hands well up, but blowing as if from habit. Bendy manoeuvred to the right and left; Caunt approached him, but he retreated. Caunt let fly left and right, but Bendy ducked his canister and got down with more of caution than gallantry.

7. Left-handed exchanges on the nob's, but of no moment. Caunt made some desperate lunges left and right, was too high, and Bendy slipped down.

8. Bendy, after a few dodges, got within Caunt's guard with his left, and gave him a pretty pop on the cheek. Caunt missed his return, but seizing Bendy in his grasp flung him across the ropes. Here he leant heavily on him, till at last, he overbalanced himself, and fell over on his own head, bringing Bendy with him amidst loud shouts and abusive epithets.

9. Bendy came up full of glee, played round his man, watching for his opportunity to place his left; this at last offered, and catching Caunt on the old wound, he ducked his head to avoid the return, and dropped.

10. More sly manoeuvring on the part of Bendy, who after dancing about at arm's length, stole a march, and caught Caunt a stinging smack with his left on the right cheek, drawing more claret, and giving the big un more of the tragedy hue. Caunt instantly closed, gave Bendy the Cornish hug, flung him by main strength and fell on him.

11. Bendy pursued his eccentric gyrations around his man, when, with the swiftness of lightning, he popped in his left on the jaw and his right on the body, and fell. Caunt stung by these visitations followed him, and dropped on his knees close to his man, but luckily did not touch him, and Bendy was picked up laughing and uninjured; in fact, up to this time he scarce showed the semblance of a hit beyond a slight contusion on the lip and on the left ear.

12. Bendigo retreated from Caunt's vigorous charge right and left, and slipped down, but instantly jumped up again and renewed the round; after some wild fighting, but no execution worth recording, Bendy went down in his corner amidst cries of "foul" "unmanly," &c.

13. Caunt, on coming to the scratch, let fly with his left, just grazing the top of Bendy's scalp; a sharp rally followed, and counter hits with the left were exchanged; Bendy hitting Caunt with such terrific force on the old spot, on the right cheek, that he knocked him clean off his legs, thus gaining the *first knock-down blow* amidst the deafening shouts of the Nottingham boys. Such was the force of Bendigo's blow that he actually rebounded back against the stake and Caunt was picked up almost stunned by the severity of the visitation.

14. Bendy, elated with his handy-work in the last round again dashed in with his left, but not being sufficiently quick in his retreat, Caunt caught him round the neck with his left, lifted him to the ropes, and there hung on him till, in trying to escape from his grasp, he pulled him forward, threw and fell heavily on him, amidst the indignant shouts of his opponents.

15. Bendy came up as lively as a kitten, while Caunt undismayed came smiling to the scratch. Caunt plunged in left and right, but missed; he then seized his man for the throw, but Bendy slipped round, and seizing Caunt by the neck pulled him down.

16. Bendy tried his left-handed dodge, but missed and retreated. Caunt followed him to his corner hitting out left and right, but throwing his hands too high. Caunt grappled for the fall, but Bendy got down: Caunt following suit, and, as he sat on the ground, beckoning him to come to him.

17. Bendy made himself up for mischief, and played round his man for a few seconds, when getting within distance, he delivered a terrific hit with his left on Caunt's mouth, and fell. Caunt's upper lip was completely split by this blow, and the blood flowed from the wound in torrents, while renewed cheers of exultation from the Nottingham division evinced their delight.

18. Bendy again the artful dodge: put in his left on Caunt's mouth and fell. Caunt pointed at him, but Bendy laughed and nodded.

19. Bendy, more cautious, kept out. Caunt rushed to him, hitting out left and right, but with little effect. Bendy retreated; Caunt caught him on the ropes, and hung on till he fell. [More shouting and screeching at Caunt, and "the roughs" flourishing their bludgeons like madmen.]

20. Caunt anxious to be at work, advanced; while Bendy retreated to the ropes, where he hit up with his left and dropped. Caunt was retiring when Bendy jumped up, pursued him, and had another slap at him. Caunt turned round and caught him under his arm as he attempted to escape, lifted him to the ropes, and there held him till he fell amidst the infuriated cries of Bendy's friends.

21. Caunt prompt to the call of time; his hands well up; but Bendy again stole a march, popped in his left, and slipped down to avoid a return of the compliment. [Indignant expressions at this unmanly way of terminating the rounds.]

22. Bendy was still free from punishment, and looked as fresh as when he entered the ring; while Caunt, although firm and active on his pins, showed heavy marks of punishment on his frontpiece - his cheek with a gaping wound - his lip split - and eye and nose evincing the consequences of Bendy's sly but stinging visitations. Caunt impatient at Bendy's out-fighting rushed to hit left and right, but Bendy, unwilling to try the weight of superior metal, slipped down, and Caunt fell over him, but not on him, as his friends anticipated and as, perhaps he intended.

23. Both fresh; after a little dodging, advancing and retreating, Bendy again nailed Caunt with his left on his damaged kissing trap. Caunt caught him a slight nobber on the head with his left, and Bendy got down.

24. Bendy again played round his man till within distance, when he popped in a heavy blow on the ribs with his left, and slipped down without a return. [There was an immediate cry of "*foul*," and an appeal was made to the referee; he hesitated, amidst the tumultuous cries of "*fair! fair!*" and allusions to the size of Caunt. The uproar was terrific, and the inner circle was completely overwhelmed by the "*roughs*" from without rushing in to enforce their arguments in favour of Bendy. At last the referee decided "*fair*," and "time" was called.]

25. [Nick Ward was here so overcome by his exertions that he was taken out of the ring, and his office was filled by Nobby Clark.] The moment "time" was called, and Bendy reached the scratch, Caunt rushed to him left and right, and after slight and wild exchanges with the left, Bendy threw himself down - certainly in violation of the rules of fair fighting.

26. Bendy after a little hankey pankey manoeuvring, popped in his left on Caunt's mug, and retreated to the corner of the ring. Caunt followed him with so much impetuosity that he hit his hand against the stake. In the close and scramble for the fall Bendy succeeded in pulling Caunt down, falling with him.

27. Caunt on his guard; his hands well up. Bendy stepped in, delivered his left on the old spot, and dropped to avoid; Caunt shaking his finger at him as he retired to his corner.

28. Caunt attempted to lead off with his left, but Bendy retreated to the ropes, over which Caunt forced him, and as he lay upon him, both still hanging on the lower rope, Bendy hit up with his left. In this position they lay, half in and half out of the ring, till released by their seconds.

29. Caunt let fly left and right, but he was short, Bendy playing the shifty game. Wild fighting on both sides, till Caunt fell on his knees. Bendy poked at him, lifted his hand to strike, but he prudently withheld the blow, and walked to his corner.

30. A rally, in which both fought wildly, Caunt catching Bendy a crack over his right brow, from the claret flowed, and Bendy returning the compliment on Caunt's smeller. In the end Bendy slipped down, and on rising a small black patch was placed on the damaged thatch of his peeper.

31. Bendy resumed his hitting and getting down system, popping in his left in Caunt's muzzle, and dropping.

32. The same game repeated. Spring indignant, appealed to the referee, and Molyneux, in like manner, called on the umpires for their decision. They disagreed, and Molyneux ran to the referee. "The roughs" again had "their say." A blow was aimed at Spring's head with a bludgeon, which fortunately only fell on his shoulder. It was a spiteful rap, and still feels the effects of it. The referee, however, declared that he had not seen anything unfair, and Molyneux returning to his man, brought him to the scratch at the call of "time," amidst tremendous confusion. Sticks in operation in all distractions and many expressing great dissatisfaction at Bendy's unfair mode of fighting, and the reluctance of the referee to decide against him.

33. A short round, in which Bendy retreated, and Caunt following, caught him at the ropes and threw him over, falling on him.

34. Bendy again popped in his left, and threw himself down. This was repeated in the two succeeding rounds, but Bendy's friends attributed it to accident and not design, and there was no adverse decision on the part of the referee, whose position amidst the tumult that prevailed was far from enviable. He must have been possessed of no small nerve had he presumed to decide against the arguments that were so significantly shaken in the vicinity of his knowledge box, and to this must be attributed his reluctance to give a candid opinion.

37. Bendy tried his hit and get down practice, but Caunt seized him round the neck, threw, and fell over him.

38. A wild and scrambling rally, in which Bendigo caught it on the nob. After a wild scramble they fell, Caunt within and Bendigo without the ropes, when each put his tongue out at the other like angry boys.

39. A slight exchange of hits with the left, when Bendy went down laughing.

40. Bendy popped in his left on Caunt's ancient wound, his right on the ribs, and slipped down.

41. Bendy renewed his left-handed visitation, and was retreating, when Caunt rushed after him, caught him at the ropes, over which he threw him, and fell on him. [A blow was here aimed at Caunt's head by one of the "roughs" with a bludgeon, but it fell on Bendy's shoulder.]

42. Exchanges of hits left and right, when Bendy got down.

43. Bendy manoeuvred in his old way, delivered a smashing hit with his left on Caunt's throat, and went down without a return.

44. Caunt came up fresh and rushed to the assault, but Bendy got down. Caunt indignant, jumped over him, but luckily fell on his knees beyond him, without touching him. It was assumed that he meant to jump on him, and an uproarious appeal of "foul" was made to the referee, which, after much confusion, he decided in the negative.

45. Bendy renewed his merryandrew curvettings, and tried his left, but Caunt seized him round the neck with his right, and swung him twice round like a cat. Bendy succeeded in getting the lock with his right leg, when Caunt gave him a twist, threw, and fell heavily on him, a little to the derangement of the Nottingham heroes, who shouted most vociferously.

46. Caunt again succeeded in catching Bendy by the neck under his powerful arm, threw and fell heavily on him, but at the same time came with great force against the ground himself.

47. Caunt led off with the left, catching Bendy on the forehead; Bendy retreated, but met Caunt as he came in with his left on his distorted phiz, dropped, and looked up in derision. [Appeal from this species of “generalship” seemed now to be idle, and was not repeated.]

The succeeding ten rounds were fought in the same style. Little worthy of note occurred. Each in turn obtained some trifling advantage in the hitting or falling, but neither exhibited any disposition to say “enough,” although we thought that Bendigo, from his repeated falls, began to evince symptoms of fatigue. The confusion round the ring continued most annoying, although the ropes and stakes were still preserved entire. Many persons, from the pressure of those behind, were completely exhausted, and happy to beat a retreat. For ourselves we had repeatedly to bear the weight of some half dozen neighbours, to which the bodies of both Caunt and Bendigo were occasionally added as they fell over the ropes upon us. During all this time the members of the London ring, with one or two exceptions (Macdonald and Johnny Broome in particular) were perfectly quiescent, and looked on with modest timidity, evidently afraid to interfere with the “club law” of “the Nottingham bands,” who were regularly organized, and obeyed the signals of their leaders with a discipline worthy of a better cause.

58. Bendigo “jumped Jem Crow” round his man, tipped him a left handed smeller, and dropped without a return.

59. Caunt followed Bendigo to the corner of the ring, hitting out left and right, but without precision, and certainly without doing execution. Bendy nailed him with his left in the old style, and slipped down, but instantly jumped up to renew the round. Caunt, instead of stopping to fight, considering the round over, ran across the ring to his corner, bendy after him, till they reached the ropes, and, after a confused scramble, in which bendy used his left and right behind Caunt’s back, both were down, amidst general expressions of distaste at this style of fighting, but loud applause for Bendy.

60. Caunt no sooner on his legs than to his man, but bendy escaped his intended compliments, left and right, threw in his left on the mouth, and dropped, Caunt falling over him.

61. [One hour and twenty-four minutes had now elapsed, but there were still no symptoms of an approaching termination to the battle. Each appeared fresh on his pins and strong, and although Caunt showed awful flesh wounds on his dial, there was nothing to diminish the hopes of his friends. Bendy falls and his own repeated prostrations, he appeared as active and leary as ever.] Caunt, anxious to be at work, rattled to his man, hitting left and right, but Bendy retired and fell back across the ropes.

62. Bendy again on the retreat, Caunt after him, hitting wildly, and without precision, left and right. Bendy gave him an upper pop with his left, and slipped down. Caunt was retiring, when Bendy jumped up again to renew active operations, but Caunt dropped on his knees, looked up in Bendy’s face,

grinning, as much as to say, "Would you?" and Bendy deeming "discretion the better part of valour," contented himself with shaking his fist and retiring to his corner. [Spring here remarked that thus jumping up to hit a man after the round was over and when he was unprepared was as much foul as striking a man down, and in this we perfectly concur.]

63. Caunt let fly, left and right, but missed his blows. Both slipped down on their knees in the struggle which followed, and laughed at each other. In Caunt's laugh, from the state of his lips, there was little of the comic.

64. Bendy renewed his hankey pankey tricks and trotted round his opponent. Caunt rushed to him, but he retreated to the ropes, hit up, and dropped, but instantly rose again to renew the round. Caunt was with him, but he again got down, falling over the bottom rope, and Caunt narrowly escaping dropping with his knee on a tender part.

65. Bendy again dropped his left on the sly on Caunt's damaged phiz, and went down; Caunt fell over him, jumped up, and retired to his corner.

66. A slight rally, in which wild hits were exchanged, and Bendy received a pop in the mouth, which drew the claret. Bendy dropped on one knee; but although Caunt might have hit him in this position, he merely drew back his hand, and refrained.

67. Bendy came up cautious, keeping *a la distance* for a few seconds, when he slyly approached, popped in a tremendous body blow with his left, and dropped, as if from the force of his own delivery, but evidently from a desire to avoid the return. Caunt winced under the effect of this hit.

68. Caunt quickly advanced to his work, but Bendy retreated to the corner, waited for him, popped in a slight facer, and in a wild scramble got down.

69. Bendy threw in another heavy body blow with his left, and was going down when Caunt, with great adroitness, caught him round his neck with his left arm, lifted him completely off the ground, and holding him for a few seconds, fell heavily on him.

70, 71, 72, 73. Scrambling rounds, in which wild exchanges took place, and bendy slipped down, as usual, to avoid punishment.

74. Caunt to the charge, and bendy on the retreat to the corner, when Bendy succeeded on flinging in his left with terrific force on Caunt's damaged cheek, and dropped.

75. Bendy again on the retreat, till he came to the ropes, over which he was forced, Caunt on him.

76. Caunt planted his left on Bendy's pimple, and he slipped down.

77. A scrambling round, in which both hit wildly, and without effect. Caunt in vain tried to nail his man with his right; he was always too high, and bendy went down. – [The uproar without the ring was tremendous, and whips and sticks were indiscriminately applied.]

78. Bendy, after some dodging, delivered his right heavily on Caunt's body, and got down. It was a fearful amack.

79. Caunt led off with his left; Bendy ducked to avoid, and in the close both were down. Bendy was too cunning to allow his opponent the chance of the throw.

80. Bendy made his favourite sly hit with the left on Caunt's smeller, and slipped down, without the account being balanced. – [Time was very inaccurately kept, a minute, instead of half that time, being frequently allowed.]

81. Bendy again displayed symptoms of fatigue, and was tenderly nursed. On coming to the scratch, however, he planted his left on Caunt's carcass and slipped down.

82. Caunt led off; Bendy retreated to the ropes, and fell backwards, stopping, but instantly jumped up to recommence hostilities, when Caunt literally ran away across the ring, with his head down, Bendigo after him, hitting him on the back of his neck. At length Caunt seemed to have lost his presence of mind, both went down, amidst contemptuous shouts at the imputed pusillanimity of "The Champion."

83. Bendy, on the retreat, hit up. Caunt returned the compliment on Bendy's mouth with his left, and on Bendy's attempting to get down, he caught him round the neck with undiminished strength, pulled him up, threw him over, and fell heavily on him.

84. Bendy, on being lifted on his second's knee, showed blood from the mouth, and was certainly shaken by the last fall. Still he came up boldly, but cautiously. Caunt rattled to him left and right but he retreated towards the stake which Caunt caught with his right as he let fly at him, and Bendy slipped down, receiving a body tap as he fell.

85. Caunt rushed to his man, but Bendy, on his attempting to close, got down, unwilling to risk another heavy fall. He was obviously getting fatigued from his exertions and the excessive heat of the sun. [The uproar was now greater than ever, the referee was driven into the ring, and the roaring and bawling in favour of Bendigo and in contempt of Caunt was beyond description. We were overwhelmed again and again, and were with difficulty extracted from a pyramid of our fellow men by the welcome aid of Macdonald – our togs torn and our *tile* quite "shocking." The exertions of Jem Ward and others enabled them to restore the referee to his position, but he was evidently in a twitter, as the whips and sticks often reached within an inch of his "caster," while they fell heavily on the nobbs of some of his neighbours. Several "Corinthians" who ventured to brave the storm were involved in the general *melée*, and had sufficient reason to be disgusted with the conduct of the parties towards whom they are always disposed to vouchsafe their patronage, and who, as we have already said, with few exceptions, looked on inactive.]

86. The Nottingham hero came up, nothing daunted, but with an evident determination to continue to play the old soldier. Caunt, as usual, evinced a desire to get to his opponent, but the latter jumped away, and waiting for his opportunity, threw in his left heavily on the big-un's eye, and in escaping from the retort slipped down.

87. Caunt, although so repeatedly hit, came up as fresh and strong

as ever. He was incapable, however, of parrying the cunning dodges of Bendy, who again gave him a stinging rap on his cheek, and staggering back fell amidst cries of "*foul*," and appeals from all parties to the referee; but in the din which prevailed no decision was obtained.

88. Two hours had now elapsed, and still there was no apparent approximation towards a termination of the combat, while the confusion which prevailed round the ring prevented anything like a dispassionate criticism of the operation within. Bendy came up slowly, while Caunt was evidently disposed to annihilate him, as indeed, his formidable fists induced every one to believe he would have done so long before, but Bendy prudently kept out of distance, until a slight opening in the guard of Caunt enabled him to jump in and deliver his left twice in succession, on effecting which he slipped down, and looked up with a triumphant leer at the mystified Champion.

89. Bendy again made himself up for mischief, and cleverly avoiding Caunt's attempt to reach him left and right, delivered a heavy hit with his right on the champion's ribs, which was distinctly heard amidst the din; after which he dropped and Caunt retired to his corner.

90. A close and a struggle for the fall, which Caunt easily obtained, falling heavily on his adversary, and his knee again happily escaping pressure on a vital part. From Bendy's shifty tactics, it was impossible for Caunt to have avoided this accident. It, however, led to a fresh appeal by Johnny Hannan, on the part of Bendigo, and a contradiction by Molyneux, on the part of Caunt. The umpires disagreed, and the question having been put to the referee, amidst a horrible din raised by both parties, he decided "*fair*", declaring that he did not think there was anything intentional on the part of Caunt.

91. A scrambling round; a close, in which Bendy, after having delivered his left, contrived to get down, amidst fresh cries of "*foul*," "*fair*."

92. Exchange of hits with the left, when Bendy stooping to avoid a repetition of the blow, as he was going down struck Caunt a heavy blow considerably below the waistband, and not far distant from a delicate part of his person. Bendy fell on his back at the moment, while Caunt dropped his hands to the place affected & fell, as if seriously injured and in great pain. An indescribable scene of turmoil ensued – shouts of "*Foul, foul*," and "*Fair, fair*," escaped from "a thousand tongues, and a thousand pair of iron lungs," many evidently influenced by their wishes and not their convictions. There is no doubt that the blow, according to the rules of the Ring, was

foul; but that it was intentional we cannot say, as it was struck when Bendy was in the act of falling. At last the umpires, disagreeing, made the customary appeal to the referee, who, almost deafened by the roaring of the multitude finally said he had not seen the blow, and consequently could not pronounce it foul. The seconds immediately returned to their principals, and “time” being called, commenced the

93rd, and last round. The men were quickly at the scratch, and Caunt commenced operating left and right, catching Bendigo slightly on the forehead. Bendigo was forced back upon the ropes almost in a recumbent position, but got up and was again knocked down, when Caunt turned from him, considering the round had been concluded. Bendy, however, awake to every chance of administering punishment, jumped up, as he had done before, and, rushing after Caunt, who was half-turned from him, was about to let fly, when Caunt dropped on his nether end, evidently disinclined to renew or continue that round; and now a final, and, as it turned out, a decisive appeal, was made to the referee (not by the umpires but by Jem Ward, Hannan, and others), who, with very little hesitation, pronounced the fatal word “*Foul!*” declaring that *he considered Caunt had deliberately gone down without a blow, and had therefore violated the rules of the Ring, and lost the fight.* This verdict was hailed with the loudest vociferations by the “roughs,” and Bendy, without further delay, was borne off from the scene of his unexpected triumph, by his partisans, and carried to his carriage amidst reiterated acclamations. So sudden was this issue to the affair that thousands were for some time unable to discover who was the real victor, many imagining that the foul blow in the previous round had led to the decision being against Bendy. It was only to those immediately contiguous to the ring that the true state of the case was known; and the mortification and disappointment of the friends of Caunt, who stood up immediately afterwards to renew the fight, were beyond description – Caunt himself, as well as Spring and his seconds, were incredulous as to the result. But personal application to the referee, who had escaped from the rabble, left no doubt on the subject. He declared that he had seen Caunt go down without a blow, and that upon his conviction of the unfairness of such conduct he had pronounced against him. Spring remarked that there had been clearly an exchange of blows; that to all appearance the round had been finished; and that when Caunt went down, he did so from a determination not to be taken by surprise or to renew the struggle till “time” was again called. The referee said in answer he was not aware of this fact, nor had such a representation been made to him. He judged from what he saw in the overwhelming

difficulties in which he was placed, and he had given his decision accordingly. He had been chosen referee by both parties, and he had accepted the office against his own inclination. In discharging his duty he had done so impartially, to the best of his abilities, and certainly had no bias in favour of either one man or the other. What he had said could not now be recalled, and therefore the business was at an end. [We must here repeat that the umpires were not consulted, nor did they express any difference of opinion. It was the duty of the referee to have withheld his decision till properly appealed to, not by the interested partisans, but by the appointed officials, who were on the other side of the ring from him, and could hold no immediate communication with him. He ought to have been placed between those persons. He was clearly bullied and hurried into premature judgement; had he been allowed to reflect, we are persuaded he would have hesitated in pronouncing a fiat which the state of Bendigo rendered almost indispensable to his success.]

The time occupied by "*the battle*," such as it was, according to our watch, when we could venture to have a peep at it, was *two hours and ten minutes*. We do not venture to speak to a minute, nor is a minute more or less important on this occasion, few bets having been made on "time," and those certainly not having reference to so long a period as that recorded. We heard that long odds were taken that Caunt won in half an hour, and others that Bendy would not be licked, if at all, in one hour, and these are of course settled by the issue of the fight, as well as the first blood and first knock down blow, both of which were properly booked to Bendy. On bendy reaching his carriage, we are informed he was dreadfully exhausted from the repetition of heavy falls to which he had been exposed, as well as his own continued exertions under a broiling sun, but his punishment being of comparatively a trifling description, he soon recovered on the application of proper restoratives. The only visible marks of the visitations of Caunt to his *cranium* were a cut over the right eye, a few contusions on the cheek, mouth, scalp, and forehead, and a little enlargement of his auricular organs. He was quickly conveyed from the ground to his "quarters," both he and his friends highly elated at the result of their operations. Caunt, on quitting the arena, although displaying convincing marks of the severity with which his opponent could use his *mawleys*, was strong on his legs but dreadfully mortified at having been thus suddenly stripped of his laurels, and deprived of the proud distinction which he had so long held. Spring, who had throughout acted as Caunt's *fides Achates*, was not less mentally depressed. He was "dead beat," not only from his incessant exertions to procure "fair play" throughout the fight, and the cowardly assaults to which he was exposed but

from a perfect conviction that the decision against his man was not only premature, but utterly opposed to the rules of the Ring. He lost no time in returning with Caunt to the Cock at Stoney Stratford, and the great event of the day having been concluded, the immense multitude followed suit. It was now past six o'clock, and as thousands had to reach distant locations, especially those who were bound for Wolverton station, there was little disposition to remain to witness the fight between Maley and Merryman, which was included in the "bill of fare" for the day's amusement, but which, as will be seen hereafter, was wisely deferred to another day. The scenes exhibited on the roads home were of the most extraordinary description. Every house of entertainment was besieged, and the call for "swizzle" so continuous, that many of the best filled cellars were exhausted, and even water at last became an acceptable luxury to those who never pretended to be patrons of the homoeopathic system. We have neither time nor space, however, to dwell on these vicissitudes, and shall proceed at once to offer such general observations as the events of the day seem to warrant.

REMARKS.

Upon the character of "*The Great Fight for the Championship of England*," we have no doubt our readers have already formed their own opinions.