New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1860.

The Great Fight for the Championship.

A GRAPHIC AND RELIABLE REPORT.

The New York Herald had a special reporter in Farnborough to record the great champing match, and he describes the affair in a style at once plain, sensible, and graphic:

OUR OWN REPORT.

Farnborough, Hampshire, England, April 17, 1860.—To-day the "great International Fight" between Heenan and Sayers, which has been so long and earnestly looked for by the fancy, took place, resulting in a drawn battle, in fifteen rounds, which lasted two hours and twenty-five minutes, which lasted two hours.

As I wrote you by the last mail, on Saturday last that the affair would come off on Tuesday, yesterday morning, I left London by the early morning train, and on the day large numbers of the nobility and gentlemen who wished to witness the fight came down from all parts of the country for the purpose of securing their tickets.

THE RUSH ON SUNDAY—THE RUSH FOR TICKETS.

Early on Sunday morning gave the list of the fortunate holders of tickets were to be purchased; and during the whole of the morning these were be-sieged by numerous inquirers, eager to purchase, even at the high price which had been put upon them for the particular occasion. Five of these tickets were pretty well known—the "Horse Shoe," in Tottenham Court road, Oxford street; Nat Langham's, the "Cambrian," in Castle street, George street, Oxford street; the "Black Horse," in Oxenden street; Harry Boulter's, the "George and Dragon," Surbiton, and Mr. Batsy's, in New Bond street. The principal rush during the day was at Owen Swift's and Harry Boulter's. These being on the road to Farnborough, thoroughfares for the hundreds of Londoners who came down from the West and—drew from both extremities, and Surbiton attracted large crowds from the addition that the keeper was Sayers' particular friend and "backer," and that he had just retired from the ring, where he had been given the "sack" for his laziness, and that both Sayers and Heenan were stopping there. At Owen Swift's there was a crowd all day, and the place was filled with queer looking men, drinking and smoking and tobacco, and speculating on the result of the morrow, while outside a gang of boys, elegant specimens of "Jim Crow" boys, were amused firstly to believe that the Benicia Boy was concealed in the house, secondly to be told that Jem Mace was there, and thirdly to be informed that the influence of opinion to-day, at many of the sporting houses, lots of two to one on Sayers were made, and in one case as high as 100 were laid. There was considerable betting during the day, and the coming events seemed to form the principal topic for conversation wherever a Britisher happened to be. In the afternoon I strolled with a friend into a bootmaker's on the Strand, and the bootmaker, turning from his last, immediately began to talk about the fight. He had taken up for Englishmen, and in the course of his remarks, expressed the patriotic sentiment that if the Americans wished to "fight the fight" they should have it out with their "Sayers and Heenan." After quite a long conversation, the result was that we left the establishment without giving an order for some boots, which we had intended doing. After dark, crowds began to gather about the Castle, where tickets were to be drawn and to be sold, and also around Ben Caunt's and the Queen's Head, where the sale of tickets commenced at 9 o'clock and for the first half hour there was considerable rush; but there became a slackening pace, at which they were sold—but having accompanied my friend in the pockets of a very large number of tickets which were to be sold, I find that they were not all sold, and that they possessed it, the tickets were a simple piece of card, about the size of a visiting card, with "Reserved to London" and "London to ——" stamped upon it. Upon purchasing these we were told that we must be at London Bridge railway station ready to take the train at 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

THE STARTING AND THE ARRIVAL.

It was clear bright starlight, an unusual thing for London cities at this season of the year, and at 4 o'clock we were at London Bridge. A look a little and told the driver to wend his way, with all possible speed, to London Bridge. The "excursionists" were already stirring, and the streets leading directly to the bridge, and the bridge itself, were noisy with the rattle of wheels, conveying parties to the unusually early train. Near the entrance to the Brighton railway station, we found a considerable crowd gathered, and quite a number of policemen sprinkled among them. Policemen were necessary here, for the crowd was filled with pickpockets and thieves, several of whom were arrested and taken off before the train started. The train was made up of a shower of carriages to fourth class, and the long train, consisting of thirty cars, was soon filled, and before half past four o'clock another train, of thirty-three cars, was filled by the curious crowd, eager to witness the great fight for the championship. At a little before half-past four, Heenan, accompanied by Mr. Shelbourne Cockerell, Jack Macdonald, Jem Mace, Charley Lynch, came down and took possession of a car, and at half-past four precisely, just as the dawn was streaking the horizon with grey, the two immense, serpent-like trains, bearing together some two thousand persons, started, we know not whither; Sayers had gone down quietly and taken his position in the other train. The day promised to be lovely, and we were in high spirits at the prospect of a fight. I had the good fortune to get in a car where there was a party of very gentlemanly men, Englishmen, whose conversation was, of course, upon the all-absorbing topic; Heenan, they considered, had been outrageously and inhospitably treated in the manner in which he had been hunted from county to county, and they hoped that there would be nothing but a fair fight, and that "the best man might win."

We were started on the main road which leads to Dover and Brighton. When about twelve miles from London, the train slackened speed, and we found the road on both sides lined with London policemen, stationed along the side of the railway, every fifteen or twenty feet for nearly a mile; a policeman, and occasionally we passed a little knot of three or four, with a mounted horseman at their head, who, upon our approach, galloped off, to join companies with some other parties. This looked ominous, and one party in this car began to express supreme disgust at this prospective interference. "Such a fine day, too," said we, "and our sport to be spoiled by these rascally policemen!" But we soon got beyond them, and they were probably stationed where they were in the anticipation that the fight was to come off somewhere in the vicinity. At any rate, they made no attempt to stop the train, and after passing Highgate, the junction, we switched upon a line of road which connects the South Eastern with the Great Western railway, and after passing two or three stations, where we found a few local constables, we finally stopped a few yards from the station at Farnborough, a little town in the county of Surrey, about forty miles from London. The party rapidly alighted and struck to the right of the railway, leaping over a fence and breaking into the adjoining meadow.

THE LOCALITY OF THE FIGHT.

It was now just half-past six o'clock, and broad, bright sunlight. The place where we had stopped was rather a desolate and barren looking one. Obscure, it was a solitary farm house, the only one we had seen in the past five or six miles, and the nearest town in the vicinity of Farnborough, a few small cottages near to the station. The effect of the small conducted race was to draw off the main body of the passengers some distance from where the train stopped, and they went wading through ditches, and leaping fences, and hedges, and ditches, in search of the place where the ring was to be pitched, while the ring very quietly was pitched about a hundred yards beyond, and on the other side of the little stopping place. Everything was done very expeditiously, and by a quarter past seven o'clock the ropes were stretched, and everything in readiness for the men to commence operations. The ground here, like that all around us, was soft and damp, and felt as though it might be easy to fall upon. The ring-keepers, twenty-one of the principal London pugilists, were stationed at the ropes to keep back the crowd, and the crowd gathered around and waited with impatience. They did not, however, have long to wait, as in a very few minutes Tom Sayers entered the ring, and was received with tremendous cheering.

THE BOY.

Sayers was dressed in a suit of green plaid, covering his fighting costume. He came into the ring with his second, Harry Brunton and Jemmy Welch, and took a survey with his eye of the crowd about him. He looked very handsome, with an eye as bright as a diamond, and a perfect expression of countenance which betokens health and solidity. Heenan came in a few minutes after, with his second, Jack Macdonald and James Custick. "The Boy" wore a white coat, and looked cool and composed. Upon his entering the ring Sayers measured him with his eye, and walking up to him extended his hand, and they shook, exchanged a little laughing and apparently pleasant conversation, which continued for two or three minutes, when Heenan tossed a penny for the choice of corners, and Sayers guessing wrongly, Heenan had the choice, and chose the corner where his back would be to the sun, while Sayers would have to face it, and would also be obliged to fight a little up hill, as the ground here was slightly rising. These preliminaries being settled, the men began to strip, and in a few seconds presented themselves in full fighting costume, naked to the waist, wearing white tights, knee breeches and stockings, and high quartered shoes. When stripped, the contrast between the size of the men was very apparent. Sayers has a splendid development of chest and neck, and apparently more breadth of shoulder than his opponent, but Heenan, also, with a fine muscular development, towered above Sayers, like a giant above a pigmy.

Upon being stripped, Heenan was sponged all over his chest and head with cold water. He had removed his moustache, and his hair was closely cropped in the conventional prize fighting style. The coolness and composure which, under all the circumstances, he exhibited, were really astonishing. Here he was, in a foreign country, come to fight the champion of that country, who had won his belt and fame in many well contested battles with the most celebrated fighters of the day, while he had never appeared but once in the ring, and then he was defeated; and here he was now surrounded by a crowd of two thousand persons, the large majority of whom wished for his defeat; and yet he exhibited not the slightest degree of nervousness, or that uneasiness of look which might, under the circumstances, reasonably have been expected. Each man had his colors fastened about his waist, and each seemed ready and anxious for the mill to begin.

THE CROWD.

The high price at which the tickets had been placed had effected the intended purpose, and the party was probably the most select of any which, for many years at least, has gathered upon the pugilistic field. With the exception of the ring-keepers, there seemed to be a small number of professed pugilists present, and the gathering seemed made up of country and city gentlemen, tradesmen and "well to do sort of people." There were four or five members of Parliament and several noblemen, among which latter were the Earl of Westmoreland and the Marquis of Stafford, the heir to the dukedom of Sutherland. Several English army officers were present, and I was informed that there was at least one clergyman there. There were some fifty or sixty Americans, most of whom occupied the corner back of where Heenan was. Next to Heenan, on his right, seated on the ground with a note book in his hands, was George Wilkes, Esq., and next to him William Mulligan, who seemed to be excessively interested throughout, and who occasionally advised and counselled with Cusick and Macdonald, and Heenan himself; next to Mulligan was an uncle of Heenan's, named Moore, a brother of the "Boy's" mother; Charley Lynch, the champion of the light weights, was also present; Morrissey and Cunningham were over near Heenan's corner, but not being of the Boy's backers held no intercourse with the other Americans. There was, of course, the usual number of newspaper reporters, most of the metropolitan and several of the country papers being represented. Three or four artists were present taking sketches, and a number of enterprising ginger beer and orange sellers peddling their wares. The party was very orderly and quiet, all on tip-toe, anxious to see the commencement of the affair, which for the past three months has been the subject of so much conversation and anxiety.

There seemed to be little or no betting upon the ground, although upon the entrance of Sayers several of his partisans offered the odds of seven to four upon him. Most of the party seemed to have made all the bets they intended to, before they came, and to have come simply to witness the "sport." Indeed, the only money I saw handled on the ground was during the third round, when some partisans of Sayers offered to take odds on him, which was immediately taken by Mulligan to the amount of a few sovereigns.

THE FIGHT.

Mr. Dowling, the sporting editor of Bell's Life, having been chosen referee, Heenan and Sayers marched into the center of the ring and shook hands, their seconds rendering each other the same compliment. They then retreated, and at exactly half-past seven o'clock the fight began:

Round One.—Heenan came up very smiling, and Sayers eyed him as though he had arrived at the conclusion that he would have no easy victory. The men sparred with each other for two or three minutes. Several feints were tried, and finally Sayers got in a blow on Heenan's head, which served to disconcert the latter a little. (First blood for Sayers.) Sayers got in another on Heenan's cheek, when the latter struck at Sayers, who "ducked," but soon faced again, when they closed and wrestled for the fall. Heenan throwing Sayers but not falling on him. In this round Heenan did not succeed in hitting Sayers, and at the close, amid mingled cheers for Heenan and Sayers, £50 to £20 was offered on Sayers without finding a taker.

Second Round.—Both came to the scratch promptly, and both smiling. After some sparring, Heenan caught Sayers a side his left on the cheek, and followed it up quickly with two others; the last one cutting him badly on the lip, closed and wrestled. Heenan got Sayers against the ropes and fell on him, and was taken to his corner bleeding freely. This round brought up the Heenan stock considerably.

Third Round.—Sayers' mouth was bleeding badly; Heenan let out with his left, and gave him a terrible blow on the forehead, which sounded like a clap of thunder, and knocked Sayers sprawling on the ground. (Tremendous cheers for Heenan from all sides.) Cries of "five to one on Heenan."

Fourth Round.—Heenan came up to the stratch first, and upon Sayers presenting himself, the "Boy" gave him another terrible left-hander, which Sayers in vain attempted to parry, and went down again—(Loud cheers for Heenan.)

Fifth Round.—Commenced with considerable sparring; both men guarding with their right, and endeavoring to get in left-handed—Heenan struck out and went clear over Sayers' head, and fell with a blow on the nose. Sayers went down—(Here Jerry Noon, one of the ring-keepers, cried out, "It's all over with Tom," and the impression seemed to be gaining ground that Heenan would win the fight.

Sixth Round—Sayers made a strike with his left but missed, and after some counterhitting Heenan put in one on the nose, followed by two more in rapid succession, which sent Sayers again to the ground—(Uproarious cheering for Heenan).

Seventh Round—Sayers bleeding. Heenan got in a blow on his cheek, which Sayers returned by a terrible blow on Heenan's right eye, which brought the blood. Heenan tried one on Sayer's left optic which was successfully parried by Sayers, and was got in another on Sayer's left cheek. Heenan's eye was swelling rapidly, and he was blowing considerably, and overshot Sayer's head again with his left. Some long and cautious sparring followed, Heenan exhibiting a little nervousness, while Sayers' countenance was unchanged. Again he overshot him, but soon gave him a fair knock down.

Eighth Round—They fought very shy for a minute or two. Heenan's right eye was now nearly closed. Sayers received a slight tap on the jaw. Sayers gave Heenan a hard blow on the cheek. Heenan tried with his left again upon Sayers' face, but was handsomely stopped. Tried again, but Sayers parried. Sayers was bleeding from the mouth and Heenan's eye was quite closed. (Cries of "Shut up his other eye, Tom.") Heenan gave Tom a touch on the nose, which Tom responded to in the same manner. Heenan fighting cautiously. He then "pitched in" and gave several ineffectual blows, but at last gave him an awful blow on the mouth and knocked him clean down again. (Loud cries of "Hurrah for Heenan.") This was a very long round.

Ninth Round—Both came up smiling; Heenan being first at the scratch. Heenan was stopped in two blows which he aimed at Sayers' face. Sayers then "ducked" and escaped what would have been a bad blow from Heenan's right, but the latter soon gave Tom a tip on the nose. Here followed a good deal of sparring without any result. Sayers finally got in a terrible blow with his right on Heenan's damaged eye. On facing each other, Sayers let out with his left and caught the Boy in the chest and followed it with a terrible blow on the mouth. (Loud cheering for Sayers.) Some light counter-hitting followed, when Heenan let out his terrific left and gave Sayers a fearful cut on the upper lip. Both men were now bleeding badly and were sponged. Upon going again into the middle of the ring, after a little sparring, Heenan gave Sayers a powerful straight hit on the mouth, which seat him reeling. Upon being raised, Sayers' right arm below the shoulder was seen to be badly swollen. This probably came from some one of Heenan's blows which he had "stopped" from his face.

Tenth Round—Heenan up first. As soon as Sayers appeared the Boy gave him two fearful blows on the mouth and nose, then closed with him and threw him with tremendous force. (Loud cheers for Heenan, one of the American side cried out, "Sayers, are you going to fight another round?") Two constables here made their appearance, but seeing the impossibility of getting into the ring they stood complacently by and watched the remainder of the fight without making any demonstration.

Eleventh Round—Sayers was evidently getting weak, and puffing hard; Heenan, on the other, seemed to be freshening. After a little sparring, Heenan gave Tom a knock which sent him clear out of the ring. (Tremendous cheers for Heenan.)

Twelfth Round—There was but one blow on this round. Heenan gave Tom a knock under the ear, which sent him down in a hurry.

Thirteenth Round—Sayers came up slowly and shaky. Heenan let out with his right a terrible blow on Sayers' mouth and nose, which knocked him down like a flash of lightning.

Fourteenth Round—Heenan led in two heavy ones on Sayers' mouth; they closed, and both went down, Heenan a little under. (This brought out some cheers from the friends of Sayers.)

Fifteenth Round—Heenan, as usual, up first, and upon Sayers coming to the scratch, after some sparring Heenan let in "one, two," on Sayers' jaw, and sent him down again.

Sixteenth Round—Sayers stopped a blow from Heenan's left, but the "Boy" brought his right with awful force against Sayers' jaw and knocked him flat. (Loud cheers for Heenan.)

Seventeenth Round—Sayers ran around the ring. Heenan following. Another blow on the head from Heenan's right sent Sayers to the ground again. By this time Sayers was almost unable to use his right arm, and Heenan's right eye had a protuberance above it as big as a hen's egg.

Eighteenth Round—Heenan led off with his left and missed. Sayers slipped down.

Nineteenth Round—Sayers tried a hit with his left, but missed, when Heenan gave him a bad blow on the jaw, closed with him, and fell on him with great force. (Cries of "Heenan will win.")

Twentieth Round—Heenan got Sayers against the ropes and threw him.

Twenty-first Round—No sooner was Sayers up than Heenan gave him a terrific blow on the nose with his left, and knocked him down. (Tremendous cheers for Heenan.)

Twenty-second Round—After a little skirmishing Heenan gave Sayers another knock on the mouth, and sent him over. Heenan was looking very badly, with his right eye entirely closed, and his upper lip terribly swollen. Still he had a look of determination about him, the nature and intention of which Sayers and his friends could not mistake.

Twenty-third Round—Heenan made a rush upon Sayers, threw him, and fell with great force upon him.

Twenty-fourth Round—In coming in Sayers made a feint and ducked, and fell under a touch on the shoulder.

Twenty-fifth Round—Tom gave Heenan a blow on the nose, when Heenan closed with him and threw him.

Twenty-sixth Round—Sayers commenced running round the ring, Heenan after him; and soon the Boy got in his left upon Sayer's jaw, when, after some sparring, Sayers gave Heenan a slight tap on the mouth, the latter giving Sayers a hard blow on the breast with his right. After a few feints Tom sent his right upon Heenan's left eye, and fell.

Twenty-seventh Round—Sayers gave Heenan another blow on the left eye, which now began to close. Some counter hitting on the nose and mouth, followed by both. Heenan rushed in and gave him "one, two" on the nose, ran him to the ropes and threw him. (Loud cheers for Heenan.)

Twenty-eighth Round—Heenan gave Sayers two blows with the right and left, and then a straight blow with the left, on the mouth, which sent him down. (Cries from Heenan's side, "Take Sayers away; he's too game a man to be punished any more.")

Twenty-ninth Round—Both went at it in earnest. Sayers sent in his left on Heenan's nose, but it was knocked down again by the counter hit. Heenan's left eye was now rapidly closing, and remarks were made all around the ring that if he could only keep that eye open he would whip Sayers, who was evidently very weak in the legs and had but little use of his right arm.

Thirtieth Round—Heenan knocked Sayers down as soon as he came to the scratch.

Thirty-first Round—Both tried some feinting very carefully, but Heenan got in his left on Sayers' mouth; the latter stopped another attempt with Heenan's left, but the Boy soon brought home that awful left upon Sayers' head, which knocked him down.

Thirty-second Round—Sayers tried his left, but was stopped, and Heenan's attempt met with a similar fate. Sayers seemed disinclined to get too near to Heenan, and missed one or two good opportunities of getting in a blow. When he did try it, Heenan stopped him cleverly, and gave Sayers three successive blows on the mouth and nose, which brought out the blood in a stream. Sayers rallied and made some quick work, but Heenan caught him on the nose and, after considerable sparring, got in his left on Sayers' eye. The latter tried again, but failed to reach Heenan, and the Boy gave him a straightforward blow which floored him again.

Thirty-third Round—Sayers put in his left and tried a little with the other; Heenan countered, and ran him against the ropes, gave him a blow with the left and brought him down. Sayers now was very weak and Heenan nearly blind, but otherwise apparently quite fresh, and determined as ever. At one time during this round Sayers "ducked" to avoid a blow, when Heenan pointed at him and laughed.

Thirty-fourth Round—Heenan walked up to Sayers' corner with the evident intention of making quick work with his antagonist. As Sayers presented he "Boy" went in hitting and countering, and soon caught Sayers and threw him heavily in his (Sayers') own corner.

Thirty-fifth Round.—Heenan gave Sayers a hard blow on the jaw with his left, and then rushed at him furiously. Sayers ducked and got away from him, and on falling, made a feint, stopping Heenan's left, and caught him with a hard blow on the nose. Heenan struck out a little wildly. Sayers slipped in a close and struggle. (Cries of "Foul.")

Thirty-sixth Round.—Heenan came up again to Sayers' corner, and caught him about the neck with his left arm, holding him against the ropes, and squeezing his neck as though he had in a vice. Here there were cries of—"Oh, that's murder!" and it really seemed as though Sayers' neck would be broken. Here Sayers' friends, seeing that he was getting the worst of it, rushed into the ring, breaking down the ropes, and everything became inextricably confused. The referee left the ring, and all the fighting was now done in a crowd. Two more rounds were fought, Sayers still the very worst of it; and after the last round, Heenan presented himself in the center of the ring, but Sayers failed to come up. Heenan's friends then threw up their caps and claimed the fight; and about this time a posse of constables, who had been trying for half an hour to get in, came into the ring, and the men were then declared, as the stakes and money pulled up. Mr. Dowling, the referee, who was near by, declared that he left the ring on account of its being broken into and the police entering, and that the fight was a drawn battle, and the men must fight again for the money and the belt.

REMARKS.

The fight lasted just two hours and six minutes, having commenced at half-past five and ended at minutes to five. The general feeling was in favor of Heenan, and it was remarked by a great many who had been shouting loudly for Sayers during the fight, that Heenan was entitled to the belt and the money. He has certainly astonished them all by his tremendous power and endurance and good nature, and the fight is considered one of the greatest which has ever taken place in England. Such remarks as "Heenan is the Champion of the World" were expressed, as the crowd were wending their way to the cars. He was a frightful picture to look at, but there is no doubt that had one or two more rounds been fought, Sayers would have been fairly and legitimately defeated, and the conduct of his friends in rushing into the ring is considered by very few fair play by Heenan's friends. Perhaps they will fight again, and perhaps not, but I learn they are to meet on Saturday at the office of Bell's Life to settle the matter in some way. Sayers was carried out of the ring in the arms of his seconds, in an exceedingly weak and helpless condition, and in this manner was borne by them to the train. Heenan, on the contrary walked out, and when beyond the ropes, in order to show how fresh he was, and that, although nearly blind, his limbs were still in tolerably good condition, he ran at the top of his speed a distance of a hundred feet and then walked to the train. By 11 o'clock all were on board, and at half-past 1 we arrived safely at the station in London, where a crowd of two or three thousand people was gathered, all of whom seemed anxious to learn the result. The sporting houses were crowded in the evening, and nothing but the fight was talked about after the fashion of the excursion train. But it is time to close my letter. I have been writing all night, and the mail is about leaving. In my next I shall advise you of the condition of affairs.

The Day After the Battle.

The New York Herald publishes the following letter:

SOUTHAMPTON, April 18, 1860—1 P. M.

The general topic of conversation in London this morning is the great combat of yesterday. The feeling in the minds of the public is almost unanimous in favor of Heenan. The breaking in of the ring was a concerted plan of the pickpockets to rob the Americans. The plan succeeded admirably; nearly every American losing his watch or pocketbook. The American account of the fight by Mr. Wilkes appeared this morning in Frank Leslie's extra. Mr. Wilkes has sent to Macdonald to collect all proper testimony, and will appear before the Pugilistic Benevolent Association this evening to demand the belt for Heenan. I saw Heenan last night at 11 o'clock; he was quite comfortable, and the swelling in his face had much subsided. He says if he had not been kept back by Macdonald he would have fought quicker and would have whipped him before the twentieth round, and the opinion is shared by all the Americans here.

Mr. Dowling has declared that all the bets must be null and void, and recommends us in England to subscribe a sufficient amount to purchase a belt for Heenan and to let Sayers keep his. The Americans say that he shall not receive anything but the Champion Belt, which he is entitled to. I hear nothing but the highest commendations in reference to Heenan's pluck and courage. Sayers was well known to possess endurance and courage; but Heenan compelled every man to pay tribute to his bravery. Heenan wants to fight Sayers immediately, but he will have to abide the decision of the referee. Morrissey is dreadfully put out; he had been with Sayers several days, giving him instructions in reference to Heenan's weak points. He had also bet very heavily against him, to the tune of $10,000. During the fight he was constantly applauding when Heenan was struck by Sayers. He has lost favor very much in consequence. My opinion is that they will not fight again. The authorities will certainly prevent it. It is not yet known what course the authorities will take in reference to Heenan's breaking his bond. He has forfeited his bail, which was subscribed by his admirers.

A Chinese merchant in San Francisco tersely gave an American friend his ideas on the Japanese Embassy's reception in this country, as follows:

"Japanese great men now—Americans want more Treaty—bye'by Treaty be signed, Japanese like any body—like Chinese—just like dam nigger."

The Great Fight for the Championship.

A TABULAR ANALYSIS OF IT.

Extraordinary Statement of the Referee.

From the mails brought by the steamship North Briton we extract the following:

The "fight" continued to attract great attention. The referee's decision in relation to the future bad not been announced.

The London Times says the supporters of both men were so satisfied, that a drawn battle had been determined.

The rumor that the English champion would have been defeated had the fight been allowed to go on is contradicted by the London Times, on the authority of the referee, who states that "they closed the conflict only in compliance with the wishes of the Americans." When the ring was broken the referee was forced away, and was outside the crowd round the combatants when the last three or four rounds were fought. A friends of Heenan insisted on his (the referee's) return to stop the fight, claiming, in accordance with the rules of the ring, that when the enclosure was broken into the combat should cease. They therefore made a passage for him to return to the men and stop them, which he accordingly did, in spite of the wishes of Sayer's supporters, who were confident of his winning in a few minutes more. No other hostile meeting will ever take place between the two men, as the supporters of each consider that the courage and endurance of both have been sufficiently proved, and they will therefore consent to the late contest being considered a drawn battle.

The London Times, in a leader on the great fight, remarks, "that nations without great qualities could not have brought together two men willing to pass through such an ordeal as the terrible fight of Tuesday."

MALTREATMENT BY PUBLIC CONSENT.

[From the London Star, April 18.]

We may describe in these terms the proceedings which took place yesterday between two persons known as Sayers and Heenan. Sayers has been engaged in many similar contests in this country, and we are not aware that anything disreputable has ever been alleged against him, except that which inevitably belongs to the unfortunate profession he follows. Heenan—for all we know to the contrary—stands equally well in the American circle in which he moves. Probably these fighters stand in personal character about as satisfactory as any of their class. What we think the public should make up their minds about is, whether these exhibitions are desirable for any purpose of maintaining the national courage or the national character. We are of opinion that there is plenty of scope for personal courage without these exhibitions; and that the national character would stand fairer without them.

In the old time, when "muscular Christianity" was more popular than now, the prize ring had its patrons among the clergy. It was said that when George Ingleston was about to fight a man named Pickard, in 1789, an ecclesiastical student of the amiable art of personal disfigurement went up to Ingleston and asked him "how he meant to win." Ingleston, not unmindful of the profession of his questioner, answered, by a parody of the Prayer Book, and said, "I shall win by giving my opponent divers pokes in sundry places." The parson was so delighted by the pious pugilist that he gave him a guinea on the spot. The fox hunting clergymen of those days, no doubt, found the prize ring a kind of kindred sport; but in this day the ring is not likely to become popular with the pulpit, unless some unfortunate aberration should restore the deservedly obsolete, or nearly obsolete, pastime.

The Saturday Review, which astonishes more than it edifies the town, lately proved prize fighting to be a part of the Christian system. Someone, in training, the boxer must observe "temperance, soberness and chastity." It happens, however, that a highway robber would be greatly assisted in his arduous and criminal work by the same cardinal virtues. We cannot say whether the Saturday Review could prove burglary to be part of the Christian system; but we may safely say that its premises would be sufficient for the purpose. A French writer, treating upon national sports, has remarked that only two countries in Europe deem it necessary to let rival contests of strength terminate in death, or run the risk of it, in order to keep alive the courage of the people—namely, Spain in its bull fights, and England in its prize fights. A man may learn fencing without killing his companion, and why should not boxing stop short of that deadly species of encounter which disgraced English civilization yesterday! We owe to the revival of the war spirit the sudden popularity of the brutal contest which has just occupied public attention. The most often quoted reason for prize fighting being tolerated is the sustenance it is said it gives to a national spirit.

There are many people in Europe where these contests are unknown, and no historian has remarked upon their want of courage, nor has any deficiency in this respect been felt in any of the wars in which they have unfortunately engaged. There was a time when the highest classes in England were patrons of the ring, under the very same pretext, that it kept up the public pluck. Since, however, these classes have restricted themselves to more refined pastimes, we have never heard it even suspected that they had degenerated in the capacity to endure or resent. It is said that in wrestling more accidents occur of a fatal character than in prize fighting; we doubt this. But, if it be so, wrestling is still less an outrage upon humanity, because these consequences are of the nature of accidents, while maltreatment and brutal disablement are the avowed aims of the boxer. If there be any consistency in the sentiment of humanity, every sport should be restricted within fatal limits, and so as to exclude any serious personal injury.

We believe the Sunday Times will contain no report of the battle at Farnborough, taking, with commendable taste, a stand against encouraging proceedings of so low a character. From such a quarter, having the authority which would secure attention to its suggestions, the public ought to receive some practical recommendations which would secure that boxing should be restricted to sparring, just as sword exercise is restricted to fencing. Fighting in the gratuitous way, the public have just witnessed is a relic of the old state of society which has effectually passed away. The railway traveler who takes a day's journey still provides himself with provision for a week's consumption. He does not understand the new system of conveyance without exposure, fatigue or delays. And in the same way we have fights got up under the impression that the police are not instituted, and that every man has to defend himself against daily ruffianism. But there is no such a thing as making ruffianism in order to put it down. The brutal scene at Farnborough yesterday is an illustration of this.

After many feints, lures, rumors and reports, and sale of tickets at three guineas each, and a yet higher sum for special privileges in the ring, Farnborough was at last fixed upon. Yesterday morning, at the early hour of half-past seven, the fight between Sayers and Heenan commenced, and a very sad sight was presented. Two men, endowed by nature with the highest qualities of physical strength and courage, resplendent with the beauties of health and natural development, prepared to abuse their great advantages and mutilate structures of so much perfection. No generous contest in a rival and harmless feat of strength; no sacrifice in the service of society; no excuse, even of passion, was the ground of conflict. It was a disgraceful, wanton and mercenary effort of mutual mutilation.

In the first round Heenan's nose was nearly broken.

In the second round Sayers was beaten in the face, and carried to his corner bleeding.

In the third Sayers was knocked down like a bullock.

In the fourth a violent blow upon the mouth knocked Sayers down again.

The fifth and sixth rounds were trials of skill.

The seventh was a frightful scene. With a fearful blow, Sayers cut Heenan's left cheek open, and blinded one eye. The blood spirted out from an immense gash. After twelve minutes of savage mutilation, Heenan knocked Sayers down again, with a blow on the mouth. Clusters of gentlemen—we ought to say little mobs—crowded the ring, who, in other society, were accustomed to explain the delicate structure of the eye, and cite the marvels of its structure as proofs of the wisdom of God. There, they cheered this hideous mutilation.

The eighth round lasted twenty minutes. Sayers, made to bleed at the mouth, was again knocked down.

The ninth round was a similar scene. It was now doubtful which would kill the other first.

In the tenth, Heenan threw Sayers heavily. Before this time Sayers' right arm was disabled; it was immensely swollen, and perfectly blue, and in this state he continued the fight.

In the eleventh, Heenan was struck in the mouth.

In the twelfth, Heenan, with a fearful blow, struck Sayers down.

In the thirteenth, Sayers was giddy and unfit to protect himself, and ought never to have been brought up; and Heenan, with a frightful blow on the nose, knocked him down again.

In the fourteenth, he was twice struck again on the mouth in an appalling manner, and knocked down.

In the fifteenth, Sayers was again beaten in the mouth.

In the sixteenth he was knocked down by a blow on the nose. By this time both men were frightful spectacles. Sayers, frequently knocked down at the ropes, was dangerously bruised. Heenan's other eye was nearly closed. We cannot follow the sickening narrative, as it was published last night, any further in detail. Sayers was sometimes thrown, his heavy antagonist falling upon him. Once Sayers was struck when falling. Both men were contused and swollen frightfully, and their strength and manly beauty were a hideous ruin and in bloody mutilation.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals never had a more revolting case to prosecute before the magistrates. It would be a mercy and a credit to English society to put prize fighters in the category of animals, and afford them the protection accorded to beasts. This shocking struggle lasted from ¾ until fourteen minutes to 10. It ended with the thirty-fifth round, when Heenan got his powerful arm around the neck of Sayers, whose neck everybody expected would be broken. The humanity of the mob was aroused at last. The ring was broken into with great violence, and the fight put an end to in fearful confusion. Two more rounds were actually fought in the crowd; but as the umpire was thrust out of authority, and the police made their way to the men, the fight was terminated, and is left undecided. We should not be surprised to hear if fatal consequences yet ensue.

Divested with the slang terms which conceal this moral enormity, the above is the naked picture of the scene at Farnborough—a scene more creditable to a nation of savages than to the English of the nineteenth century. What is the value of all those lessons in physiology, of those triumphs of science which enabled us to understand and preserve life, if this wilful destruction of the human structure is to be deemed—we won't say honorable, but tolerable? The whole function of the police and the best tone of civilization turn upon preserving persons from injury and exalting human life as a sacred thing. These exhibitions cannot be continued unless we flatly contradict the spirit of public education, which is the growing credit of the age. On Monday night, and during the whole night, numerous individuals were traveling, at the greatest inconvenience and cost, to be present at this fight. It had all the popular attraction of a public execution, and was attended, to a great extent, by the same class of persons. We decline to believe that Calcraft is a public teacher, or that the prize ring is to be included among the accredited agencies of public morality. Here is a satire on our civilization: neither Mr. Spurgeon nor Dr. Cumming can boast of a following like that of Tom Sayers. The revivalism is thrown into the shades by a prize fight. The event shows what the friends of popular education have to do.

ANALYSIS OF THE FIGHT.

The following table shows the number of times each of the combatants were knocked down and thrown, and the number of blows each received in the various rounds which were fought:

Rounds.	Sayers knocked down.	Heenan knocked down.	Sayers thrown.	Heenan thrown.	Number of times Sayers received blows.	Number of times Heenan received blows.
1	0	0	1	0	0	2
2	0	0	0	0	1	0
3	0	0	0	0	0	0
4	0	0	0	0	1	2
5	0	0	0	0	1	1
6	0	0	0	0	1	2
7	0	0	0	0	0	0
8	0	0	0	0	2	3
9	0	0	0	0	2	3
10	1	0	0	0	2	1
11	1	0	0	0	0	0
12	1	0	0	0	1	1
13	1	0	0	0	2	1
14	0	0	0	0	1	0
15	0	0	0	0	2	1
16	0	0	0	0	1	1
17	0	0	0	0	1	0
18*	0	0	0	0	1	0
19	0	0	0	0	1	1
20	0	0	0	0	1	1
21	0	0	0	0	1	1
22	0	0	0	0	1	0
23	0	0	0	0	1	0
24	0	0	0	0	0	1
25	0	0	0	0	1	2
26	0	0	0	0	1	2
27	0	0	0	0	1	3
28	0	0	0	0	1	1
29	0	0	0	0	1	1
30	0	0	0	0	1	1
31	0	0	0	0	1	1
32	0	0	0	0	2	0
33	0	0	0	0	3	0
34	0	0	0	0	1	1
35	0	0	0	0	2	0
36	0	0	0	0	1	2
37†	0	0	0	0	2	0
38	0	0	0	0	2	3
39	0	0	0	0	1	0
40	1	0	0	0	1	0
41	0	0	0	0	1	0
42	0	0	0	0	3	0
Total	6	0	13	0	68	49

* No blow was struck, Sayers having slipped down.
† Referee left the ring.

There were of course a greater number of blows given and received on both sides than the above table indicates, but as they were slight, and produced no material effect, there was no record kept of them.

The Great Prize Fight.

[Republished from Bell's Life in London, 18th.]

THE APPEARANCE OF THE MEN.

The spot selected was a meadow on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey, half a mile from Farnborough station, on the southwestern line, and close to Aldershot. Three trains of cars were loaded to carry the people.

All being in readiness, and the immense crowd being disposed of in tolerable order by the exertions of the ring-keepers who chose to do their duty, Tom Sayers appeared at the ring side, and having deposited his tile within the ropes, quickly followed it himself, attended by his old pal, Harry Brunton, and the accomplished Jemmy