

BOXIANA,

OR

SKETCHES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN

PUGILISM:

COMPRISING

THE ONLY ORIGINAL AND COMPLETE LIVES OF
THE BOXERS.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ELDON.

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Drawn by G. Sharples

Eng'd by Percy Roberts

TOM HICKMAN.

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E'en as a blazing meteor on high,
 Or trackless comet sparkling in the sky,
 Beyond the reach of learned sages' laws,
 To tell their orbits, or explain their cause—
 Bright as their glory, and as sudden, too,
 Tremendous HICKMAN starts to public view.
 With iron frame, and arms of wond'rous length,
 His wiry sinews boast a giant's strength.
 Like the great war-horse, 'mid the cannons' rattle,
 He laughs to scorn the terrors of the battle—
 Triumphs o'er science, courage, skill, and game!
 And vet'rans tremble at the Gas Man's name.
 Certain of vict'ry, smiling at defeat,
 Fearless of leary SPRING, or slaught'ring NEAT,
 While hardy Britons love the milling bout,
 The fame at least of "GAS shall ne'er go out!"

H. P.

THE character and *determined* points possessed by this once great pugilistic hero have been so fully detailed in page 287, and also the articles of agreement between HICKMAN and *Oliver*, in page 576, in the third volume of this work, that we shall commence without further preface to recount his battles:—

On Tuesday, June 12, 1821, at an early hour, the road was covered with vehicles of every description, and the numerous barouches and four were filled with *swells* of the first quality, to witness the GAS again exhibit his extraordinary pugilistic powers. The *todd-*

lers were scanty indeed. But, in addition to the *great folks* on the road anxious to participate in the sports of the Prize-Ring, the *Hero* of the Castle took the shine out of all of them, with his *stage* load of SOVEREIGNS, who had *condescended* to ride *outside* upon this occasion; and on Belcher passing the President of the Daffies, he sung out—‘Blow my Dickey, there never was such times as these, Jemmy; here, only look, I have also got SIX SOVEREIGNS *inside*, with their *Crowns*.’ “That’s not a bad *hit*,” replied Major Longbow, who was in company with the President, “Tom’s a *wonderful* man. I bet a hundred, *once!* ’Pon my soul, it’s no lie.” The Greyhound, at Croydon, was the rallying point for the SWELLS, and *Riddlesdown* was passed, and left to the Waggoners, in consequence of the Ould One’s *larder* being empty, and the accommodations rather *queer* at the last mill. The FANCY stand it once like *winking*; but, say they, “it is a good *flat* that is never *down*; and we must not be had a *second* time.” This ought to be taken as a friendly *hint* by all the *Bonifaces*; so as not to have the *huff* upon future occasions; and also to avoid too strong a *figure* when the bill is produced. The fight was a good *turn* for this road; the lively groups all in rapid motion; the *blunt* dropped like waste paper, and no questions asked, made all parties pleasant and happy. The delicate *fair-ones* were seen *peeping* from behind their window-curtains; the tradesmen leaving their counters to have a “*york*” at their doors; the country girls grinning; the joskins staring; the *ould* folks hobbling out astonished; the *propriety* people stealing a *look*, with all their notions of respec-

tability and decorum. Indeed, it might be asked, how could they help it? Who does not love to see a "bit of life," if they can't enjoy it. A *peep* costs nothing. The fun met with on the road going to a *mill* is a *prime* treat, and more *good* CHARACTERS are to be witnessed than at a masquerade. View the *swell* handle his ribands, and push his *tits* along with as much style and ease as he would *trifle* with a lady's necklace — the "bit of blood," from his fleetness, thinking it no sin to hurl the dirt up in people's eyes — the *drags*, full of merry coves — the puffers and blowers — the dennets — the tandems — the out-riggers — the wooden coachmen, complete *dummies* as to getting out of the way — the Corinthian Fours — the Bermondsey tumblers — the high and low life — the genteel, middling, respectable, and *tidy* sort of chaps — all eager in one pursuit — with Bill Giles's pretty little *toy*, giving the "*gc-by*," in rare style, and the whole of which *set-out*, it is said, *Dr*, the *table-lifter*, could remove from the ground, with the utmost ease,* — forming altogether such a *rich* scene, the "Blue Devils" are left behind, and laughter is the order of the day. Such is the portrait of going to a *mill*, till the *Fancy* get on the ground. It was 2 to 1 all round the ring, before the combatants made their appearance; and, at one o'clock, almost at the same time, *Oliver* and HICKMAN threw their hats into the ropes. *Oliver* was attended by *Harmer* and *Josh Hudson*, as his seconds; and the Gas-light Man was waited upon

* The pony-chaise, harness, seats, &c. did not exceed 112 lbs. in weight.

by *Spring* and *Shelton*. This trio sported *white top-pers*; and the colours, yellow for *Oliver*, and blue for the Gas, were tied to the stakes. On *Oliver* entering the ring, he went up to the Gas-light-Man, smiling, shook hands with him, and asked him how he did, which was returned, in the most friendly and pleasant manner, by HICKMAN. On tossing up for the side, to avoid the rays of the sun, HICKMAN said, "It was a woman, and I told you I should win it." The latter appeared in striped silk stockings; and, on stripping, patted himself with confidence, as much as to infer, "Behold my good condition." Some little difficulty occurred in procuring Umpires.

First round.—Considerable caution was observed on both sides; both of them dodged each other a little while, made offers to hit, and got away. The Gas endeavoured to plant a blow, but it fell short, from the retreating system adopted by *Oliver*. The Gas again endeavoured to make a hit, which alighted on *Oliver's* right arm: the latter, by way of derision, patted it, and laughed. *Oliver* was now at the ropes, and some exchanges took place; but in a close, *Oliver* broke away, and a small pause ensued. *Hickman* at length went to work, and his execution was so tremendous in a close, that the face of *Oliver* was changed to a state of stupor, and both went down. *Oliver* was picked up instantly, but he was quite abroad—he looked wildly, his left ear bleeding; and the cry was, "It's all up—he cannot come again;" and, indeed, it was the general opinion, that *Oliver* would not be able again to appear at the scratch. But the Gas did not come off without a sharp taste of the powers of the old one.

Second.—*Oliver* was very bad; in fact, he was *unnerved*. His heart was as good as ever; but his energy was reduced: he however got away from a hit. The Gas now put in so tremendous a facer that it was heard all over the ring, and *Oliver* was bleeding at the mouth. In closing, *Oliver* tried to fib his opponent, but it was useless; and the Gas held him as tight as if he had been in a vice, till they both went down.

Oliver was so punished and exhausted, that several persons cried out, "It is of no use, take him away."

Third.—The scene was so changed, that 20 guineas to 2 were laid upon Hickman. The latter smiled with confidence on witnessing the execution he had done; but the *game* displayed by Oliver was above all praise, and he appeared, after being hallooed at by his seconds, about a *shade* better, and he fought a severe round. The Gas received a terrible body hit, and some other severe exchanges took place. The *cunning* of Gas was here witnessed in an extraordinary degree, and with his left hand open, which appeared in the first instance as if his fingers went into the mouth of Oliver, he put the head of Oliver aside, and with a dreadful hit, which he made on the back part of Oliver's *nob*, sent the latter down on his face. A lump as big as a roll immediately rose upon it. The Gas in this round was very much distressed; his mouth was also open; and it seemed to be the opinion of several of the amateurs, that he was not in such high condition as when he fought Cooper, or he must have finished the battle. The Gas stood *still* and looked at his opponent; but Oliver could not take any advantage of it.

Fourth.—The Gas endeavoured to plant his desperate right-handed blow upon Oliver's face; but he missed it, and fell down; and Oliver, in trying to make a hit in return, fell over Hickman. The Gas laughed and winked to his second. It was, perhaps, a most fortunate circumstance that Hickman missed this hit, as it might have proved Oliver's *quietus*.

Fifth.—The left eye of the Gas was rather touched; but his confidence astonished the ring. Indeed it was a fine *study* for an artist: it was also a complete *picture* for an actor: and we were glad to witness some first-rate performers viewing it with admiration and attention. The *confident* look of Hickman energetically developed his *mind*;—or, in other words, it was a "mind's eye touch" forcibly depicting, "the victory is mine!" Oliver broke away, and he also jobbed the Gaslight man's *nob*; but as to any thing like hitting, it was out of him: and Hickman not only bored in upon Oliver, but punished him till he went down quite stupid. Hickman for any odds.

Sixth.—Oliver came up to the scratch very heavy, but he smiled, and got away from the *finishing* hit of his opponent; and, rather singular to observe, in closing, Oliver, by a sort of slewing throw, sent the Gas off his legs, and he was almost

out of the ring. The applause given to Oliver was like a roar of artillery. The Gas got up with the utmost *sang froid*.

Seventh.—Oliver put in a facer, but it made no impression; and the Gas with his left hand again felt for his distance, in this nouvelle and extraordinary way, against Oliver's nob, and the blows he planted in Oliver's face were terrific. By comparison, the strength and confidence of Hickman was like that of a giant over a boy.

Eighth.—Oliver came up almost *dozing*, and began to fight as if from instinct; he knew not what he was about. Hickman now made his left and right hand tell upon Oliver's head, when the latter went down like a log of wood. It was £100 to a farthing. "Take him away, he has not a shadow of chance." Indeed, it was truly piteous to see the courage displayed by this brave fellow, but yet of no avail.

Ninth and last.—Oliver, game to the end, appeared at the scratch, and put up his arms to fight; when the pepper administered by the Gas was so hot, that Oliver went down in a state of stupor. The Gas-light man said to his second, "I have done it, he will not come again." Oliver was picked up and placed on his second's knee; but he fell off on the ground, and when *time* was called, he could not move. Hickman immediately jumped up, and said, "I can lick another Oliver now;" but he immediately went up and shook Oliver by the hand. The latter remained in a state of stupor; but from medical assistance being immediately at hand, he was bled, and conveyed to the nearest house, yet Oliver did not come to himself exactly for upwards of two hours. It was over in 12½ minutes.

REMARKS.—In less than *three quarters* of an hour, thus had HICKMAN conquered, in succession, *Crawley*, *Cooper* (twice), and *Oliver*. In quickness, he came the nearest to the late *Jem Belcher*; but the GAS could not fight so well with both his hands. Perhaps it might be more correct to compare him with the late *Game Chicken*; yet the latter was a shy and more careful fighter than HICKMAN. It is, however,