

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,

but common justice to say of the GAS, that his confidence was *out-and-out*, and he went up to the head of his opponent, to commence the fight with as much certainty of success in his own mind as NELSON entered Aboukir-Bay. He thought himself *invulnerable* before; but this last conquest increased it so much, that he immediately offered, as a challenge to all England, once within four or six months, to fight any man, and give a stone. It is useless to talk against *stale men*; *Oliver* fought like a hero, and it was *chaffed*, "that a man must be made on purpose to beat the GAS." The latter was so little hurt that he walked about the ring, and also played two or three games at billiards at Croydon, on his way to London. Forty-five pounds were collected for the brave but unfortunate *Oliver*. The backer of the GAS was so much pleased with his conduct, that he ordered the *President of the Daffies*, who held the stakes of £200, to give HICKMAN the whole of them.

Oliver, on his return to London the same evening, after he had recovered a little from the effects of this battle, called in at the Greyhound, at Croydon, when the *Gas-light-Man*, in a manly, generous manner, presented him with a couple of guineas. The backer of HICKMAN also gave *Oliver* five guineas; and several other gentlemen who were present, were not unmindful of the courage he had displayed.

The decisive conquests of HICKMAN had placed him so very high in the estimation of the *Fancy*, and he was also upon such *excellent terms* with himself, that he entertained an opinion he could conquer any pugilist on the list. In conversation on the subject,

he often exulted that he was certain he could *lick Cribb*; and also frequently wished, "that *Jem Belcher* was alive, that he might have had an opportunity of showing the *Sporting World* with what ease he would have conquered that truly renowned boxer." HICKMAN asserted, he did not value size or strength; and the *bigger* his opponents were, the better he *liked* them. In consequence of this sort of *boasting* at various times, and also upon the completion of the stakes between *Randall* and *Martin*, in August, 1821, at the *Hole-in-the-Wall*, *Chancery-lane*, a trifling bet was offered, that no person present would make a match between HICKMAN and *Neat*. A gentleman immediately stepped forward and said, *Neat* should fight HICKMAN either for £100 or £200 a-side; and he would instantly put down the money. This circumstance operated as a *stopper*; and the match went *off*. In another instance, the backers of the Bristol hero sported £100 at *Tattersall's*, on Thursday, September 13, 1821, to put down to make a match; but the friends of *GAS* would not *cover*. It is certainly no match as to size; the friends of *Neat* observed, "but then *Neat* has no right to be *chuffed* about it, as his *blunt* for £200 is ready at a moment's notice."

The match at length was knocked up in a hurry over a glass of wine; a deposit immediately put down; and the following articles of agreement entered into:—

"Castle-Tavern, October 13, 1821.

"Thomas Belcher, on the part of *W. Neat*; and an amateur, on the part of *Hickman*, made a deposit of 25 gs. a-side, to make it 100 gs. a-side, on Monday, the 29th inst. over a sporting dinner at the above tavern. The money is placed in

the hands of the President of the Daffy-club. To be a fair stand-up fight. Half-minute time. The match to take place on the 11th of December, half-way between Bristol and London. An umpire to be chosen on each side; and a referee upon the ground. The battle-money to be 200 guineas a-side, and to be made good, a fortnight before fighting, at Belcher's."

Immediately on the above articles being signed, 5 to 4 was betted on HICKMAN. *Neat*, it was said, would be nearly two stone heavier than the *Gas-light-Man*. It will be recollected that both *Neat* and HICKMAN defeated *Oliver*; but with this vast difference, *Neat* won it after a long fight of one hour and thirty-one minutes; and, during the battle, it was once so much in favour of *Oliver*, that £100 to £3 was offered, and no takers; while, on the contrary, the GAS defeated *Oliver* in twelve minutes, without giving the latter boxer a shadow of *chance*. *Neat* had appeared only once in the prize-ring; he was a great favourite at Bristol, and one of the finest made men in the kingdom. He was also improved as to pugilistic science.

ROYAL TENNIS-COURT.—The name of the GAS, on Thursday, December 5, 1821, proved equally as attractive to the *Fancy* as the curiosity to witness a sight of *Neat* did a few days previous; and the result was, a prime benefit at the above place. The major part of the sets-to, as the Jews have it, were all "*chise*," and the GAS was loudly called for; when the Master of the Ceremonies, with a grin on his mug, said, "It shall be put on immediately." HICKMAN, laughing, ascended the steps with great celerity, made his bow, and put on the gloves, but he did not take off his flannel jacket. *Shelton* followed close

at his heels, when the combat commenced. The spirits and activity displayed by the GAS claimed universal attention: he was as lively as an eel: skipped about with all the agility of a dancing master; and his decided mode of dealing with his opponent was so conspicuous, that it seemed to say to the amateurs, "look at me; you see I am as confident as if it was over." The hitting was not desperate on either side, except in one instance, when the GAS let fly as if he had forgotten himself. HICKMAN appeared to hit more effectively than any boxer on the list: on his legs he was equally good; and although he was considered to *chaff* a little about his extraordinary qualities, yet his heart was never doubted being in the right place. Both *Shelton* and HICKMAN were loudly applauded. The GAS, previously to his quitting the stage, said, "He returned his sincere thanks to the amateurs for the honour they had done him by their numerous attendance on that day."

GREAT FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

BETWEEN NEAT, OF BRISTOL, AND THE GAS-LIGHT MAN, ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1821, ON HUNGERFORD-DOWNS, 67 MILES FROM LONDON, FOR 200 GUINEAS A-SIDE.

Movements of the Fancy on the Occasion—starting off for the Mill—Picture of the Road—Variety of incidents—the Amateurs (on the sly) offering up their Orisons—lively Moments of the milling Tribe and Daffy Club at Newbury—and Description of the Ring.

So much interest did this battle for the CHAMPION-

SHIP excite in the Sporting World, that several persons who could spare the time, and "take it easy," left the metropolis in the course of the preceding Saturday. On the Sunday, lots of one-horse chaises, filled with *comfortable* Coves, who could put their hands in their pockets, please themselves, and had got "Ball" in the stable, were seen passing through Brentford, Hounslow, and Colnbrooke, stopping now and then to give a turn, and take a *slug* or two, with some old sinner. Maidenhead, the extent of the first day's journey, was at length reached before the *darky* was completed, and, as the saying is, "it is an ill wind that blows no one any good:" the *bonifaces*, in the true sense of the word, "napt a good bit of blunt," from the liberality of the *Fancy*, in their orders for something "good for the tooth." The cloth had scarcely been removed at one of the small inns, when a true *Briton*, in order to get the best of the *ennui* which generally hangs about a country town, "tipped his company the double," giving the office to his pal (a regular good ould trump, and well known on the Pavé, near the Obelisk, in George's Fields, for putting down the *dust* at all times to serve a friend) to take a stroll through the "*back slums*," and to see what *game* was on foot at Maidenhead; but accidentally mistook their road and dropt into a Church before they could well retreat: and although it was far from their intention "to scoff," yet, contrary to their expectations, they remained "to pray," and made good use of this favourable opportunity, as well as diversity of scene, to brush off a few of their sins, till they were caught *napping* by their pals. Others

of the amateurs, who were alike *at fault* how to beguile an hour or two, were in like manner entrapped into a Meeting-house, and *twigged*, with as demure looks as any of the strait-haired fraternity, "doing good by stealth," till it was time to *peel* and tumble into their *dabs*. Monday morning, as soon as daylight peeped, the bustle increased on the road; but nothing particular occurred, except the *staring* of the good people of Reading at the *Fancy* as they passed through that place. At the entrance of the town of Newbury a strong muster of the *Yokels* stationed themselves throughout the whole of the day, grinning at the Amateurs as they arrived. Indeed, the road, on Monday, and all night, up to Tuesday morning, twelve o'clock, from the Metropolis, was thronged with vehicles of every description, to reach the destined spot. The roads leading from Oxford, Gloucester, &c. and likewise from Bristol, were in the same state, with Amateurs, anxious to reach the *rallying-point*, Newbury. All the inns were filled, and the beds were engaged some days previous; and it was a prime benefit to the above town.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, HICKMAN, with his backer and *Spring*, in a barouche and four, with *Shelton* outside, togged like a first-rate swell, drove rapidly through the town, the *Gas-light Man* laughing and bowing on being recognised and cheered by the populace, till they alighted at the Castle, Speen-Hill. Here he was visited by numerous *Swells*, to all of whom he declared his confidence of success, and that victory would crown his efforts in a short time. After the bustle of the day was over, the *President*

of the *Daffy-Club* took the chair, at the *Three Tuns*, in the Market-place, Newbury; which, as soon as the office had been given, became the HEAD QUARTERS; thither the Swells and the Sporting men mustered round the above *spirited* character, who was also the holder of the stakes. It was a complete betting-stand; and numerous wagers were made on the ensuing mill. In consequence of the Newmarket people, with Mr. Gulley and Mr. Bland at their head, taking *Neat*, the odds fell on the *Gas*: a few persons, who were *funking* a little, got off some of their money, but the principal part of the Amateurs stood firm, and many of them laid it on *thicker*, although Mr. Gulley, in the most candid manner, declared his opinion, "that if a fine young, strong, fourteen stone man could not defeat a twelve stone boxer, then there was no calculating on prize milling."—Tuesday morning, long before the *darkey* had brushed away, presented a *nouvelle* scene to the *Johnny Raws*, by the numerous arrivals of the Amateurs from London, who had been on the road all night, with their *peepers* half open, and their *tits* almost at a stand-still! About ten o'clock, Newbury presented an interesting appearance. The inhabitants were all out of their doors; the windows of the houses crowded with females, anxiously waiting to witness the departure of the *Fancy* to the mill. Indeed, it was a lively picture to see, in rapid motion, barouches and four, curricles, post-chaises, gigs, carts, stage-coaches, wag-gons, myriads of *Yokels* on horseback, Chaw-bacons scampering along the road, Corinthians and Bang-up lads showing their gallantry to the lovely fair ones,

as they passed along, which were returned by nods and smiles, indicating that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

The fun and gig was kept up by all the lads till Hungerford Downs, the long-wished-for spot, appeared in sight. It was a delightfully fine morning, the sun adding splendour to the scene, giving the whole a most picturesque appearance. The prospect was quite attractive. A charming country on both sides of the road; the town of Hungerford at a distance, with the spire of the church; the ring on the Downs, surrounded with waggons and coaches, marquees, &c. rising proudly like an amphitheatre, formed so pleasing a feature, as to render description no easy task. The spot was selected for this combat, under the judicious management of Mr. JACKSON, and the ring was so well arranged, that 25,000 persons, who were present, had all an excellent sight of the battle! Not the slightest accident occurred, and the whole was conducted with the greatest decorum. It was curious to witness the anxiety displayed by the above great assemblage of persons, waiting, with the utmost patience, without the slightest murmur, for two hours; the ring having been formed so early as eleven o'clock. Indeed, it was nothing else but a *swell fight*, and it required to be *well breeched* to be at it.

At a few minutes after one, *Neat*, arm-in-arm with his backer and *Belcher*, appeared in the outer space, and threw up his hat; but the sun being in his eyes, it did not reach its intended destination, when *Belcher* picked it up, and threw it into the ring; and, shortly afterwards, the *GAS*, in a white *topper*, supported by his

backer and *Shelton*, repeated the token of defiance, and entered the ring sucking an orange. He immediately shook hands with *Neat*, saying, "How are you?" Mr. JACKSON was the referee; and *Belcher* and *Harmer* were the seconds for *Neat*; and *Spring* and *Shelton* for the GAS. The odds had completely changed on the preceding evening; and, on the ground, *Neat* was backed 5 to 4, besides numerous even bets, and being taken for choice. Upwards of £150,000, it is calculated, has transferred *clies* on this event. The GAS weighed twelve stone, and *Neat* nearly fourteen. The colours, deep blue for GAS, and the *yellow-man* for *Neat*, were tied to the stakes.

First round.—Both of the combatants appeared in the highest state of condition; in fact, the backers of *Neat* and *Gas* asserted that they were equal to all intents and purposes for *milling*. The frame of *Neat* was a fine study and a high treat to the lovers of Anatomy; and the comparison between the pugilists reminded the *old Fancier* of the picture respecting *Perrins* and *Johuson* in combat, although not quite a parallel case. The *Gas*, on placing himself in attitude, surveyed his opponent from head to foot, and *Neat* was equally on the alert. *Hickman* kept *dodging* about, in order to get an opening to plant a determined hit; but *Neat* was too *leery* to be had upon this suit, and whenever the *Gas* moved, he likewise altered his position. On *Neat's* preparing to give a blow, the *Gas*, smiling, drew himself back; but immediately afterwards, as if resolutely making up his mind to do some mischief, he went right bang in, and with his right hand put in a *nobber*, *Neat* retreating. *Hickman* planted a second blow on his shoulder; he also put in a third hit upon *Neat's* left eye; and, elated with his success, he was on the rush to place a fourth blow, when *Neat* not only stopped him with a tremendous hit on his throat, but made the *Gas* stagger a little. *Hickman*, however, undismayed, attacked *Neat* with great activity, and the result was, the Bristol hero went down (more from a slip than the severity of the blow) between the legs of *Hickman*—the *Cockneys* shouting for joy, and the re-

gular *Fanciers* declaring "it was all right, and that *Gas* would win it easy." 7 to 4 on *Gas*.

Second.—Hickman came laughing to the scratch, full of confidence; but on his endeavouring to plant his tremendous right-handed hit on the throat of his antagonist, the length of Neat prevented it, and the blow alighted on his shoulder; the *Gas* again endeavoured to make it, when the Bristol hero gave Hickman so hard a blow on his *box of ivories*, that he *chattered* without talking, and went back from his position as if he could not keep it; he also was compelled to make a pause, before he again commenced the attack. The *Gas* got away, smiling, from a left-handed hit; when he rushed in with uncommon severity, and, after an exchange of blows, they both went down, but Neat undermost. Another loud shout for Hickman; the odds rising on him, and "he will win it to a certainty," was the cry. While sitting on the knee of his second, the *Gas winked* to his friends, as much as to give the office, "it was all right."

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

Fourth.—It was now discovered by the *Knowing Ones*, that they had not consulted *Cocker* upon the subject; it was also evident to them (but rather too late to turn it to their advantage) that Neat was as quick as his opponent—a better in-fighter—with a tolerable knowledge of the science, and not such a *roarer* as he had been said to be. The severe *nobbers*

the *Gas* had received in the preceding round, had *Chanciered* his upper works a little; and, on his appearing at the scratch, he again made a pause. He saw the length of his opponent was dangerous to attack; and he also saw that if he did not commence fighting, Neat was not to be *gammoned* off his guard for a month. Hickman went in resolutely to smash his opponent, but he was met right in the middle of his head with one of the most tremendous right-handed blows ever witnessed, and he went down like a shot.—The *Bristolians* now applauded to the echo; and the London “good judges,” as they had previously thought themselves, were on the funk. “How do you like it?” said one of the *swells*, who was pretty *deep* in it, to another. “Why,” replied he, “that blow has cost me, I am afraid, fifty sovereigns.”

Fifth.—Gas came up an altered man; indeed, a bullock must seriously have felt such a blow; he stood still for an instant, but his high courage would not let him flinch; he defied danger, although it stared him in the face; and, regardless of the consequences, he commenced fighting, and made some exchanges, till he went down from a terrible hit in the mouth.—(*The Bristol boys hoarse with shouting; and the faces of the backers of Gas undergoing all manner of sensations and colours like a rainbow.*) “That’s the way,” said Tom Belcher, “It’s all your own. You’ll win it, my boy: only a little one now and then, for the Castle.”

Sixth.—The mouth of the Gas was full of blood, and he appeared almost choking with it—when time was called. He was getting weak; but he, nevertheless, rushed in, and bored Neat to the ropes; when the spectators were satisfied, by the superiority displayed by the latter, that he was the best fighter. Neat punished Gas in all directions, and finished the round by *grassing* him with a belly puncher that would have floored an ox. This hit was quite enough to have *finished the pluck* of two good men. The *long faces* from London were now so numerous, that 100 artists could not have taken their likenesses; and the *Bristolian kids* were roaring with delight, and *chaffing* one to another, “Did’nt I tell thee what he could do. The *Gas* is sure to go out now!” “Not this time,” replied a few *out-and-out* kids from the Long Town, who endeavoured to *bash* it out in favour of Hickman, while any thing like a *chance* remained.

Seventh.—Spring and Shelton were very attentive to their man, and led him up to the scratch at the sound of time. The

Gas was sadly distressed, and compelled to pause before he went to work; but Neat waited for him. The *Gas* was about to make play, when Belcher said to Neat, "Be ready, my boy, he's coming." The Bristol hero sent the *Gas* staggering from him by a *nobber*, but Neat would not follow him. On the *Gas* attempting to make a hit, Neat again put in a tremendous blow on his mouth that *uncorked* the *claret* in profusion. The *Gas* recovered himself, to the astonishment of all present, went to work, and, after some desperate exchanges, sent Neat down. This change produced a ray of hope on the part of his backers, and "Bravo, *Gas*, you are a game fellow indeed." The anxiety of Tom Belcher to be near his man, occasioned Shelton to remark to Mr. Jackson, that if Tom did not keep away from Neat, according to his order, he should likewise keep close to the *Gas*. "Tom," said Shelton, "you had better come and fight for Neat."

Eighth.—The *Gas*, laughing, commenced the attack, but received such a giant-like blow on his right eye, that he was instantly convulsed; and such were the terrific effects of this hit, that Hickman, after standing motionless for about three seconds, appeared to jump off the ground, his arms hanging by his sides, when he went down like a log on his back, and the shock was so great his frame sustained, that his hands flew up over his head; he was totally insensible; so much so, that Shelton and Spring could scarcely get him off the ground. The whole ring seemed panic-struck. Spring vociferating almost with the voice of a Stentor to awake him from his stupor, with the repeated calls of "*Gas! Gas! Gas!*" The head of Hickman had dropped upon his shoulder. The spectators left their places and ran towards the ropes, thinking it was all over; indeed, the anxiety displayed, and this little confusion which occurred in whipping out the ring, had such an effect, that several persons observed, a minute had passed away. On time being called, the *Gas* opened one eye wildly, for he had now only one left, the other being swelled up as big as an egg, and bleeding copiously.

Ninth.—The battle was now decidedly Neat's own; and every eye was on the stretch, in expectation of the Bristol hero *going in* to administer the *COUP DE GRACE*, in order to put an end to the battle. All the experienced boxers of the London ring would have taken the advantage of this circumstance, and not have given the chance away; but Neat, in the most manly manner, waited for Hickman at the scratch till the *Gas*

felt himself enabled to renew *milling*. On recovering himself, his courage out-heroded Herod. He shook himself, as it were, to remove the effects of the overpowering stupor under which he laboured: and every person seemed electrified with his manner. He commenced the attack with much activity; and, after an exchange of blows, strange to say, he sent Neat down. (Loud shouts of applause; and the whole ring expressing their admiration at the almost invincible bottom Hickman possessed.)

Tenth.—The *Gas* came to the scratch staggering, his knees almost bending underneath his weight. He, however, showed the most determined inclination to fight, and contended like a hero, till he was hit down.

Eleventh.—The state of the *Gas* was truly pitiable, and, on setting-to, he scarcely seemed to know where he was; and made a short pause before he attempted to put in a hit. Neat's left hand again was planted on his *nob*, which sent the *Gas* staggering from him, the *claret* also following in profusion. Neat endeavoured to repeat the dose, but he missed his opponent; it might be considered fortunate that this blow did not reach its place of destination: as, in all probability, it would have proved the *quietus* to Hickman. The latter, after some exchanges had passed between them, was again hit down.—4 to 1.

Twelfth.—It was quite clear that the *Gas* was not yet extinguished; and this round was a complete *milling* one. The *Gas* followed his adversary, exchanging hit for hit; but it was STRIKINGLY evident, however desperate the intention of Hickman might be, his blows were not effective; while, on the contrary, the hits of Neat were terrific, and reduced the strength of his opponent at every move. Still, the confidence of the *Gas* was not to be shaken, and he returned to the charge, till Neat went down. (Tremendous applause.) "What an astonishing game fellow."

Thirteenth.—The *Gas* had scarcely attempted to make a hit, when the left hand of Neat floored him like a shot. The shouting from the Lansdown heroes, and the St. James's Church-yard kids, operated on the *listeners* of the backers of Hickman like a roar of artillery, reminding them of their folly, in not paying attention to weight and strength.—10 to 1—but all shy, and scarcely a taker.

Fourteenth.—It was now a *horse* to a *hen*, although Hick-

man seemed determined to contend the fight while he could move a hand. He was distressed beyond imagination, and his seconds were compelled to lead him to the scratch; the blood dropping from his eye in torrents, and his other *peeper*, starting, as it were, from the socket, staring wildly to obtain a sight of his opponent. On putting himself in attitude, he was quite upon a *see-saw*, and to all appearance, it only wanted a touch of the finger to send him down—"Give him a *little one* for me," said Shelton.—"I will," replied Hickman; "but where is he?" Some exchanges took place, till both went down.—Any odds.

Fifteenth.—The *intention* of Hickman was still for fighting; or, to speak more accurately on the subject, it should be called INSTINCT; for, as to recollection, it seemed quite out of the question. This round was short; and, after a blow or two, the *Gas* was again terrifically hit down. Loud cries of "Take the brave fellow away—he has no chance—it is cruel to let him remain." As Hickman lay on the ground, he appeared convulsed.

Sixteenth.—Shelton and Spring, when time was called, brought the *Gas* to the scratch. He stared wildly for a second, when he endeavoured to fight, but he was quite feeble and on the totter. His fine action was gone, and he now only stood up as an object for his adversary to hit at. "Take him away," from all parts of the ring, in which Mr. Gully loudly joined.

Seventeenth.—The *game* of the *Gas* was so *out-and-out* good, that it should seem he would sooner prefer DEATH than declare himself DEFEATED; something after the manner of a great warrior, exclaiming,

"Perish the thought! Ne'er be it said

"That fate itself could awe the soul of HICKMAN."

The *Gas* again *toddled* to the scratch, but it was only to receive additional and unnecessary *punishment*. He was *floored*, *sans ceremonie*. "Take him away," was again the cry; but he would not quit the field. "He cannot come again—it is impossible," were the general expressions of the spectators.

Eighteenth, and last.—On the *Gas* appearing at the mark, instead of putting up his arms to fight, he endeavoured to button the flap of his drawers, in a confused state; but Neat scorned to take advantage of his defenceless, pitiable situation, and, with the utmost coolness, waited for him to commence the

round. The *Gas*, as his last effort, endeavoured to show fight, but was hit down, which put an end to the battle, by his proving insensible to the call of TIME. The above contest occupied twenty-three and a half minutes. Neat jumped up as a token of victory, amidst the proud and loud shouts which pronounced him the conqueror. He immediately went and shook the hand of his brave but fallen opponent, before he left the ring. A medical man bled Hickman on the spot, without delay, and every humane attention was paid to him by his backer and his seconds. He remained for a short time in the ring, in a complete state of stupor, and was carried to a carriage on the shoulders of several men, and conveyed, with the utmost expedition, to the Castle Inn, Speen-hill, near Newbury, and immediately put to bed.

REMARKS.—To sum up the behaviour of the fallen hero in the fight, it is only common justice to speak of the *Gas*, that he *cut up*, without disparagement, *gamer* than any man ever before witnessed. His greatest enemy must join in this remark; indeed, if his countenance bespoke any thing like an index of his mind, the courage of HICKMAN was so great, that he appeared to feel ashamed, and to quarrel with his NATURE for deserting him. The immortal Nelson did not possess higher notions of true courage; nor did the determined Paul Jones ever act with more resolution to conquer or die than did HICKMAN. It is true, that heroic boxer was *floored*; but it is equally true the *GAS* was not *extinct*! “Give him,” said an old sporting man, “but a *chance* of any thing near his weight, and the odds will be in his favour, and he will again burst forth with redoubled splendour.” It cannot be denied that HICKMAN made himself numerous enemies by his *chaffing*; and, out of the FANCY, he was also viewed as a great talker, assert-

ing more than he could perform: but, in his battle with *Neat*, he has decidedly proved himself no *boaster*; and, in the eyes of the sporting world, although suffering in defeat, he raised his character much higher than ever it stood before, as a pugilist. His fault was, he thought himself like Achilles, INVULNERABLE: he likewise entertained an opinion that he could beat the best of the boxers on the list; and he laughed at the idea of weight, length, and strength being opposed to him. If any apology can be offered for HICKMAN, it is, that he did not stand alone in this view of his capabilities; and he was flattered, by the majority of the *Fancy*, to the very echo, who backed him, on the match being made, nearly two to one. There is a great similarity between HICKMAN and the late lion-hearted *Hooper*; high patronage, without discretion, ruined the former; and however boxers may possess good *nobs* for *milling*, it is too commonly seen they do not wear heads to bear sudden *elevation*. As a friendly hint towards all pugilists, we trust the above lesson will prove useful to them, and if they will but endeavour to prevent "putting an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains," all will go right. The *fists* of pugilists are only to be exercised in the Prize-Ring; and the *tongues* of boxers were never intended to excite *terror* in the unoffending visiter. We again repeat, (putting *chaffing* out of sight,) that HICKMAN had no right to be "down upon himself," as his DEFEAT reflected no *disgrace* upon him as a boxer. It was one of the most manly fights ever witnessed. No closing; no pulling and hauling each other at the ropes—but

milking from the beginning to the end. No pugilist whatever strained every point further to win a battle than the GAS did; and, although thousands of pounds have been lost upon him, his backers have no right to complain. The courage he displayed is beyond description; but it may serve in future to teach the FANCY the great danger in backing a *chicken* against a *cock*. The behaviour of *Neat* was the admiration of all present: it was unassuming and manly in the extreme. In a word, he is a good fighter, and is capable of entering the ring with any boxer on the list. He retired from the ring without any *marks*; but nevertheless, he received many heavy blows. It must be admitted, that the GAS was over-weighted; and the great length of his opponent's arms rendered all his attempts at hitting abortive; but it would not have been easy to find a man of his weight who could beat him. Bristol, in the person of *Neat*, still retains the Championship; but the latter hero bears his blushing honours with becoming modesty; and publicly asserted, at the Castle-Tavern, Holborn, on Thursday after the fight, that he took no merit to himself in having defeated HICKMAN. "The *Gas-light-Man*," said *Neat*, "was overweighted; but I think he can beat all the twelve-stone men on the list, and he is one of the *gamest* men in the kingdom; and although I have been a great deal *chaffed* about as a *nobody*, I will fight any man in London to-morrow morning for £100 a-side of my own money: there is none of them can *lick* me in twenty minutes."

Return of the Amateurs to Town—Sensation of the Fancy, both at Bristol & London, upon the Subject—

Neat at the Tennis-court—Generosity of GAS-LIGHT-MAN'S Backer—Liberality of Neat to his brave fallen Opponent—Reception at the Daffy-Club, and general Movements of the Milling Corps.

“Cleaning out” was the order of the day, and the cockneys returned to town with “pockets to let;” but yet no *grumbling*; nay, the contrary position is the fact; all the amateurs uniting that HICKMAN was entitled to praise, doing all that he could to win. The news arrived in London by pigeon, about half past three o'clock in the afternoon; but Mr. Milton, who is distinguished for the possession of fleet horses, arrived with the intelligence, at Hyde-park-corner, so early as a quarter after five o'clock. It is impossible to describe the anxiety of the great crowds of persons which surrounded all the sporting houses in the Metropolis, to learn the event. In Bristol, it was equally the same, and the editor of the *Gazette* of that place, thus describes it:—“Such was the intense feeling excited in this city, that the streets were crowded, as if an election contest was at its height, all inquiring the result, which was known here about seven o'clock.” The following sentences were exhibited by a boy, on a board, in the road:—

“Bristol illuminated,

“London in darkness,

“The *Gas* extinguished by a ‘*Neat* hand.’”

The Bristol hero arrived at *Belcher's*, the Castle-tavern, Holborn, on Wednesday evening, and made his bow to the Daffy-club. He was received with loud cheers, and the president gave the office for extra

goes of daffy upon this *milling* occasion; when health and success were drank to *Neat*. To obtain a seat was impossible. In order to give a turn to *Kendrick*, the *black*, *Neat* showed himself at the Tennis-court, on Thursday, December 14, and, on his mounting the stage, he was received with loud marks of approbation. The GAS-LIGHT-MAN, it appears, was very much hurt in his mind, on his recollection returning to him; but having received the consolation from his backer, that he had done every thing a brave man could do to win; and also being presented with a £50 note, as a reward for his courage; he became rather more reconciled to his reverse of fortune. *Neat* and the GAS-LIGHT-MAN met together at *Mr. Jackson's* rooms, on Friday, December 15, when they shook hands like true Britons, without any animosity whatever. *Neat* generously presented HICKMAN with five pounds. The latter afterwards acknowledged, that *Neat* was too long for him, and that, in endeavouring to make his hits tell, he almost over-reached himself, and was nearly falling on his face. HICKMAN also compared the severe hit he received on his right eye, to a large stone thrown at his head, which stunned him. *Neat* was afraid to make use of his right hand *often*, in consequence of having broken his thumb about ten weeks before, and which was very painful, and deficient in strength to him, during the battle.

ON THE RECENT DEFEAT OF HICKMAN.

The *flaming* accounts of the GAS are gone by,
 As smoke when it's borne by the breeze to the sky,
 The *retorts* of brave *Neat*, have *blown-up* his fame,
 And clouded the lustre that beam'd from his name.

His *pipes* may be sound, and his courage still *burn*,
 But *Neat* to his progress has given the *turn*,
 The *Fancy* may long be *illumed* by his art,
 And the *coal* that is sported due ardour impart;
 Yet never again can his *light* be complete,
 But sullied and shrunk by the *feelers** of *Neat*.

H. R.

In March, 1822, HICKMAN, in company with *Cy. Davis*, set out on a sparring expedition to Bristol, where he was most flatteringly received. The Bristol paper observes—"On Thursday morning, the sport at Tailors' Hall was particularly good. In the evening, upwards of 400 persons met at the Assembly-room, to witness the set-to between HICKMAN and the *Champion*, which enabled the amateurs to form a pretty correct notion of the manner in which the great battle was lost and won. The style of *Neat* exhibits the perfection of this noble science—it is the cautious, the skilful, the sublime. That of the Gas is the shifting, the showy, and the flowery style of boxing. The audience were highly gratified, and the sums received at the doors probably exceeded £120."

Another journal, in the same city, also remarks, that—"The puissant *Neat* and lion-hearted HICKMAN, attended by that able tactician, *Cy. Davis*, with *Santy Parsons*, and others of minor note, have, within these few days, been *showing off* in this city in good style. The benefits have been well attended, principally by *Corinthians*, for the *tip* was too high for other than

* Instruments used in gas works.

well-blunted coves. The sums received at the doors are said to exceed £120. This is really good interest for their *notes of hand.*

FIVES COURT.—HICKMAN had a good benefit on Wednesday, May 8, 1822, at this place; and, altogether, the amusement was excellent. The principal attraction of the day was the set-to between the GAS and *Neat*, and the former was determined to have “the best of it,” and he, most certainly, had “the best of it;” it is, however, equally true, that *Neat* has no *taste* for *sparring*, and he is not seen to advantage with the *gloves* on. The GAS was still a terrific opponent, and it was evident “the fight” had not been taken out of him. “Let those pugilists who meddle with him,” said an experienced amateur, “any thing near his weight, beware of the consequences; as he comes up to the *scratch*, with all the determined resolution of a *Suwarrow*, to obtain conquest, united with the courage of a *Howe*, to prove victorious:” or, perhaps, it might be more apposite in the words of the out-and-out *Richard*, to depict the feelings of the GAS:—

That dangers retreat, when boldly they are confronted!

But what sporting man connected with the ring, on viewing the GAS and *Neat* opposed to each other, could, in point of calculation, assert it was anything like a *match* between them; and *Neat*, with the most honourable and manly feeling on the subject, never did *exult* in the slightest degree, nor is it too much to say, that he never will *exult* upon the conquest he