

A FULL AND PAR-

OF

BATTLE

On Tuesday, 20th

SPRING & OLIVER

FOR 100 GUINEAS ASIDE, AT NEWMANN'S MEADOWS, HAYES, MIDDLESEX.

TICULAR ACCOUNT

THE

FOUGHT

of February, 1821, by



Yesterday was the beginning of the Gymnastic Sports, and at day-break in the morning the western road was all bustle with the usual equipages, from the lordly barouche to the sweep and costermonger's sets out intermixed with the *Bermondsey dennets* and *sedate rattlers*, and all seemed upon an equality. The *raincrites* as game as the *Norwich bull*, started after their Monday night's diversions, and no adequate idea can be conveyed of the confused scene when the Fanciers approached the ring. When a great event is on the eve of being decided, much interest is excited; from the diversity of opinion respecting this battle, on which the best judges were at variance, a corresponding interest prevailed.

The groupes of horse and foot which had assembled at Slough, Salt-hill &c. on Monday, disappointed in taking ground, as the *Beaks* sent for Oliver, and without offering to molest his person, took his word that he would not fight there.—The Magpies on Hounslow heath, was the next rendezvous, and from thence the cavalcade proceeded down a lane at Arlington Corner, where the ring was formed in a meadow, and tired horses and rickety vehicles were put up by hundreds; but here they were again stopped by Magisterial authority, and the next ring was formed at Hayes; but two thirds of pedestrians, and half the horses were beat,—The Commissary having made the ring, the men entered, and after *doffing* their hats and *slinging* them into the Ring.

Seconds—Crib and Painter for Spring and Tom Owen and Richmond for Oliver.—Guineas to Pounds on Oliver.

ROUND 1. Spring parried Oliver's left and right handed blow, and Oliver made play again, and placed a slight hit out of distance, when they closed, and after a short rally both went down without any mischief.

2 Oliver made a feint with his left hand to bring his adversary within reach, and Spring, fighting upon his superior length, broke away. Oliver placed two blows, but they were not within executing distance, a close followed, and Spring tried to hold his man, but Oliver got away, and in making a sally at Spring he was knocked down cleanly by a fresh hit on the mouth—Oliver gathered himself up instantaneously without the aid of his seconds and by his smile seemed to hold the event in disdain.

3. This round shewed the coolness with which the men fought; in placing their feet, by which Boxers measure their distance, (as the eye be must fixed upon the adversary's eye) Oliver stepped on Spring's toe, & feeling he had done so politely begged his pardon. Oliver made a scientific parry of Spring's lefthand. In a rally Spring drew the first apparent *Claret* from his adversary's mouth, and threw him—no betting.

4. Oliver made a left handed hit, which Spring got cleverly away from, and Oliver's right hand also fell short. Oliver placed a blow upon his adversary's head; and threw him in a close.—Betting about 6 to 4 on Spring.

5. Both threw away many blows, and it was evident Oliver had not length sufficient to place his hits Spring got his adversary's head under his arm, but the weaving system was upon an equality. Oliver was thrown.

6. Spring had all the best of this round. He hit his adversary twice upon the head, and Oliver had not length enough to return and he was thrown again.

7. Oliver made a rush, but he failed; and Spring hit him heavily upon the neck, and threw him a severe fall, which knocked the senses out of him, and which he never recovered during the fight. Owen, his second, rallied him with "Hallow Tom! what is the matter—are you going to sleep?" It is true he was in real sleep, but the voice roused him.

8. Oliver went in with desperation, and had the best of a good rallying round, but his blows were not strong enough to mark his adversary's face, and he was thrown. Oliver was much exhausted; and, without accident, Spring had secured the battle to a certainty—it was all the town to Milk street.

9. Oliver fought most gallantly, and had none the worst of the first part of the round. He placed three blows, but still he left no mark and was again thrown.

10. After placing a weak left-handed hit, Oliver was floored cleanly and deluged in blood. It was altogether a *red suit* for him. The hit cut him under the eye, which was nearly dislodged.

11, 12, and 13, There was nothing to observe upon. Oliver was beat, and he experienced falls enough to smash the hardest in these rounds.

14. This was a manly round, and Oliver tried most fearlessly to place his blow; but Spring got his head under his arm, and smashed it with such lunging hits in the *weaving* system, that it was a contused mass of crimson hue; and he received heavily also upon the body, and fell as a man would from a shot in the right place.

15. Oliver again displayed the most daring courage, but Spring had reduced his strength to *babyism*, and he again *waved* him at the ropes, until Oliver's backers called out, in the language of Shakespear—"Hold, enough! take him away!"

16, 17, and 18. The amateur could only feel pity for the vanquished courage of Oliver, who persisted in his daring resolution. He continued to stand up, or was rather led up to the *scratch*, reeling like a drunkard who had swallowed a couple of quarts of *Deady's primrose*, amidst the call of "Take him away," until the end of the 23rd round, when he became quite lost, and his seconds said "Enough!" for him.

REMARKS.—Spring won the battle, without a visible hit; he is a most cautious boxer, of much strength, which he works well in, and is like Randall, as busy with his feet as with his fists, with an eye like an hawk pouncing down upon his prey; and if he cannot finish with one hit, he has two or three others in reserve. Oliver is one of the bravest of men, but he could not get at his adversary. A liberal subscription was got for him. We do not recollect so many of the Nobility and Gentry, present for some years. W. H. & J. Parker, Printers, Hereford.