

Dan Mendoza v John Jackson 15 April 1795

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Firmly established as the leader of the fistic sport by his decisive victories over Humphries, Mendoza held his place by many well contested fights. Two defeats of "Bill" Warr Were among the most remarkable of his achievements. His meeting with John Jackson took place at Hornchurch on April 15, 1795

Mendoza's first impulse was to refuse the challenge. "Come, Dan," said Mr. Bullock in surprise. "What do you wait upon, man? It is found money." "Who said I was waiting upon anything?" returned the champion sullenly. "I will fight him."

To Bullock and others of his friends with whom he passed the evening the prospect of a match between Mendoza and the latest aspirant. John Jackson, promised nothing but another feather in their favorite's cap. Their confidence and assurance were well enough, but after the heartening company had left him alone his thoughts veered back to that first impulse of retreat.

Beyond a doubt when they told him that John Jackson desired a meeting with him he had been minded to turn aside from it. And this was a strange thing. He wondered if some grain of cowardice had lingered in him through these years to sap him now. He had seen Jackson some months before at a sparring saloon, a fine, stalwart athlete, a pink thunderbolt of a man, ruthless, fearless, dangerous. He remembered that as he looked upon Jackson he had felt a little nervous quiver somewhere. Jackson had used his own tactics, not bettered, but with battering power.



Since his early boyhood, when as a ragged Whitechapel waif he had launched his career by hammering a great slogging rough into submission, he had always faced a fight with a thrill of satisfaction. And now some lurking instinct was plucking at him, prompting him to avoid this meeting.

He was thirty-two years old, young as men are counted, but a veteran of the ring. For thirteen of those years he had fought constantly to win and to hold supremacy. It occurred to him with sudden force that throughout that period he had kept his winning record clear by ceaseless struggle against men of great strength and weight. Craft and skill had been pitted incessantly against brawn and muscle. And Jackson was a veritable Hercules, young and vigorous. Sharply he sprang to his feet, striking the table a blow that sent the empty tankards to dancing. The lingering patrons of the Inn glanced at him anxiously, but breathed again when he caught up his hat and plunged into the night..

Ten minutes later he burst into the rear parlor of Brown's. A bout was in progress between two youngsters and the cheering crowd that scrambled and shifted as the milling pair rushed from side to side had no eyes for him. Unnoticed, he elbowed to a smaller room at the side, where he stripped his upper garments to his shirt. He stepped out as the uproar subsided, one of the contestants having given up the fray. Before the circle of spectators was broken he moved to the center, and for the first time the gathering became aware of his presence.

“Who Fights ?” he demanded briefly,

they stared, astonished at the apparition. the champion stood erect, with loose hung arms and head advanced, sweeping them with a defiant glance. His face was flushed, his eyes were bright. “Who fights ?” he repeated.

The Golden Challenge.

"Don't look to me, Dan," said the victor in the recent set to, retreating in a panic not wholly assumed. "Find some one else to put your drubbing on." A young sport, no mean amateur himself, and a keen follower of the sport, thrust forward. "You're not drunk are you Dan", he asked coolly. Mendoza whirled on him "Come and try me", he said. "Not I" returned the other hastily. "I did but ask. But you must admit it is not like yourself to seek a battle for love or a bellyful. "

Mendoza took a small purse from his pocket and threw it to the floor with a sound of chinking gold. "That's for the man who will stand up to me until one of us can stand no more" he answered. Babble and confusion followed the announcement, each man in the crowd coming forward eagerly with suggestions, though evading the offer for himself. It was not every day that the fancy might see t h e champion in action, and loud were the urgings upon this or that boxer to pick up the gage. The young fellow who had first spoken hurried to the street. He returned almost immediately with a strange tow, a huge strapping fellow more than six feet in height, with bulging shoulders, a small round head and leering face.

"It's Jemmy, the chair man" he cried. "Her, you earn that". He caught up Mendoza's purse and pressed it into the giants hand. The chair man weighed the purse, grinned , nodded and stripped. Mendoza aglow with satisfaction, noted his adversary's bulk and lines approvingly. Measured against the newcomer the champion, with his scant five feet seven inches, looked like a terrier set alone to bait a bear. The circle quickly opened out, the men approached for the handclasp, and with a whirl of fists the battle was joined.

Three rounds they fought, when jimmy, the chair man, took a temporary leave of Consciousness and lapsed, a featureless, helpless hulk upon the floor.. Three rounds of delirium for the howling spectators and for Daniel Mendoza .At the end the champion, scarcely breathed, gazed upon his work and smiled. He had wiped out the reproach that the traitorous something within had cast upon him. Jackson ? why, he could beat Jackson hands down. Restored to full confidence, warmed in courage, once more sure of himself the great master of the science betook himself to home and bed with an easy heart.

On the day appointed for the match hundreds of the most distinguished patrons and amateurs of the sport were met in and about Hornchurch in Essex. The identity of the challenger had nearly proved as great an attraction as the fame of the champion himself , for John Jackson was highly regarded and had many and influential friends.

Born in London Jackson was the son of an eminent and wealthy builder and belonged to a class

which entitled him to the distinction of a scrupulous "Mr" in a society attentive to fine gradations . As a boy he had become a constant attendant at various sparring schools and he had developed into the most promising amateur of the time.His first professional encounter, at the age of twenty, was with Fewterel, a Birmingham champion, and he later lost a fight with George Ingleston, the redoubtable brewer , by breaking a bone in his leg. Since then he had undertaken no important battle until his ambition moved him to challenge Mendoza.

The Battlefield

The place chosen for the meeting was a meadow just outside the town sloping to a hollow at the center and forming a natural amphitheatre. A stage twenty four feet square had been erected so that all in the three thousand crowd who gathered in the meadow could have an excellent view of the proceedings. Close about this stage the favoured ones took position, forming a brilliant ring of uniforms and costumes .Among them were the Duke of Hamilton, Sir John Phillipson, Mr Clark, Mr Bullock, Mr Lee, Mr Fawcett, all noted for their active encouragement of the fistic sport.

Mendoza appeared, working slowly through the press, at one o'clock. He was followed by his seconds, Harry Lee, and Symonds as his bottle holder. Jackson attended by "Tom" Johnson as his second and Wood as bottle holder, came from another direction and the rivals climbed upon the stage at the same moment. They were greeted with crashing applause and stood bowing in recognition of the reception before seeking their corners. as previously arranged Mr Alexander was to act as Umpire for Mendoza and Mr Allen for Jackson. These two gentlemen having taken posts of observation close against the stage.

At five minutes after one the seconds signaled their readiness and the umpires gave the order for the opening of the fight. Instantly the boxers stepped forward with outstretched hands, ready for the salute. Betting was brisk, running five to four in favour of Mendoza.

The champion made as good a showing as ever as he advanced to the mark. Not remarkable at any time for a commanding presence or unusual grace of form. His condition was still apparently sound. limbs and body free from superfluous flesh and softened curves. He wore his customary expression of calm confidence which had daunted many an opponent ,with his head held up to all who saw him he was what he had been for six years the unequalled and invincible.

Jackson was much the more impressive figure, though the same could not be remarked of any of the champions adversary's in the past. He topped Mendoza by the third of a foot and out weighed him some twenty pounds. At this time he was just twenty seven years old, in the full flower of his youth and strength .His limbs were noticeably thicker and more heavy muscled than some of his competitor and he had the further advantage of reach. His posture was after Mendoza's own and like the master had learned to use both fists with equal facility. His face betrayed some excitement and spoke to those who knew him of supreme resolution.

"I shall win this fight," he had said before mounting the stage, "or stay In the ring until Dan knocks me out of it".

Mendoza, alert as only the successful general of a hundred battles can be to every line and gesture and expression of his opponent, read the iron determination behind Jackson's front without a qualm. He had quite banished uncertainty and rejoiced to find himself engaged again. Jackson should go the way that Sam Martin and Humphries and war had already gone at his hands. It would be a hard fight. Well he had stood a hard hammering more times than he could count. It was a fact, moreover that the prospect of physical suffering had at no time weighed in the slightest to him.

Starting the Fight.

He fell away lightly from the handclasp and tested Jackson's guard with a quick feint. The other was equally wary and Mendoza knew from the way he received the move that there would be no false starts, no wild openings. So much at least was behind him without a blow struck. Jackson, though standing fast was still in no hurry to begin a rush. It was clear he had come to battle with respect for his famous antagonist. They sparred cautiously at first and then more speedily. They circled slowly, joining in rally after rally, while the crowd roared its understanding of the cleverness and brilliance displayed on both sides.

Mendoza suddenly led off strongly with his left for the face, finding what should have been a chance for the real beginning of the conflict. But somehow he had misjudged. His fist was swept aside by Jackson's right and a jab to the ribs sent him reeling back a full pace. It was an error, that was all, a slight miscalculation of distance that anyone might make. Swiftly he returned and whirling in checked a right swing and got home a solid rap to the side of the neck. He sprung out, while a cheer went up. Again something went wrong. His feet had not been quick enough to manage his balance, his guard was a trifle slow in rising. Jackson stepped forward with a hard straight drive to the chin. It caught the champion fairly, lifted him clear of the stage and sent him crashing to the floor.

He tried to pick himself up nimbly before Lea ran up, but he was grateful for his seconds aid in reaching his corner. This annoyed him somewhat, but he felt no inward effects of the check. It was nothing unusual to lose the first round. Frequently it had been part of his plan to allow an antagonist such an advantage, deliberately counting on over confidence later. He shook the thought of the fall away from him as he sat on Lea's knee and Symonds refreshed him with wet cloths.

When the umpires called the half minute Mendoza sprang to the center with a vim that surprised his followers and as soon as both men were at the mark he smashed in a ripping right hand swing that made Jackson give ground. He followed it up determinedly, seeking to feel out some vital weakness in his antagonist's method, driving his advantage with all the whirlwind energy that had confused and baffled former adversaries. Three times he out generalled Jackson in the exchange and reached his man, the last with an up springing blow that cut the other's cheek to the eye.

The warmth of battle was on him and his blood sang in his veins. This, after all, was the thing he had lived for, to feel a mighty forearm yielding inch by inch to his superior prowess. His feet were sure and fast, he sprang in and out, dodging a sledge hammer swing that could have

knocked him over the rail, catching a drive on his arm and countering before the enemy had recovered. he forced Jackson to a corner then turned and hacked him along the side. He saw the blaze of anger grow in the man's eye, and still he hurled upon him, tempting him to a miss and a wrench, slamming in with a lunge to the jaw or a rattle of blows to the ribs. He exulted. Humphreys had been more difficult than this.

Then suddenly he read that Jackson was preparing to close for a wrestle. He welcomed the test. All the holds and angles by which a smaller man might bring a greater at his mercy in a clinch he knew. Never had he avoided the breast to breast struggle. But he made his knowledge of the other's intention count. As Jackson rushed for the grip he jumped in with a straight smash to the face. Jackson staggered, but his impetus carried him on and he flung his arms fiercely about the champion. Mendoza slipped quickly to one side, caught the other under the right arm pit and bent, his strength to throw Jackson on over his thigh. The move just failed of success. Jackson tore from the dangerous embrace, danced away and drove with his right. Mendoza saw the blow just the fraction of a second too late. He threw up his arm but the fist struck home under the ear and he dropped at full length.

The Terrific Blow.

He could not quite understand this latest error. As he sat, breathing hard, upon his second's knee he tried to map it out. He had calculated the direction and the force of that blow. It should have been merely a matter of dropping low with bent knees and warding it harmlessly over his head. The only possible explanation was that he had been slow, woefully slow, a strange thing indeed for Daniel Mendoza— Mendoza, the fastest man in the ring.

As he waited for the third round he resolved that, cost what it might, he would bring this session to a termination in his favour. He saw the line to take with Jackson. He must keep up lightning speed, jabbing at face and wind, holding the chances for those pile driving thrusts at a minimum. Looking across the stage he could see that the enemy had suffered. welts and splotches had risen upon the stout body and the cut on the face was troublesome. He himself was not scratched. Taking careful inventory he found that his only injuries could be traced to the shock and jar of the two terrible falls. He must ward carefully against more of the kind and the moral effect of turning the tables would be great.

It was Mendoza at his best that leaped into action at the break of the third round. The three thousand present gave tongue to unbounded admiration aroused by the champions masterly tactics. Jackson seemed to be intimidated by an onslaught that he could not check. Mendoza fought like a demon, and that was how he wished to fight. He would give no pause, no respite, until he had brought this mountain down with a crash and taught him what it was to lie at the feet of a champion. Jackson could not find him. The smaller man was there, there and here again within the space of a breath, swinging, feinting, lunging, dancing and springing with milling fists and light feet. Then he saw his opportunity. Jackson wearied or confused left a gap in the defence and Mendoza rushed in.

Once more he was too late. Just as the blow should have counted a ponderous arm caught it and a deft return hurled him to the other side of the ring. By a supreme effort he retained his balance

and flung to renew the attack .but he could not recover the lost advantage. Jackson met him strongly and Dan could see the flash of new courage and boldness in his eye, he had stopped the master in his greatest move and the knowledge of it spoke through every gesture. nothing discouraged Mendoza accepted the offer and met him manfully, knee to knee, taking a terrific swing that laid open his left side, another full upon the mouth, and seeking to work in near enough to respond in kind it was a magnificent rally, every blow with steam behind it and each man ready for punishment as the cost of landing a telling smash. Dan knew how heavy was the drain upon his strength, but stood to his work with tight gripped teeth. he must win this round or the other must crush him where he stood.

There was no breath for cheering in the crowd now and even in the heat and hammer of the fray Dan was conscious that the familiar, ever present buzzing had fallen away. men stood silent to see this thing, for they had never looked upon its like before, nor ever would. Odds , among those who remembered the business of laying wagers, had risen to two to one on Mendoza. and still the clash went on, neither man giving an inch.

Out Of His Game

Mendoza knew while the rally was on that he had been drawn out of his logical game. But the fixed idea of winning the round held him to it. He saw the blow coming, just as he had seen before, a right hand swing and a vicious one. He warded, but before he could more than graze the sweeping arm the fist had landed on his jaw and he found himself measuring his length upon the stage.

As Lea and Symonds dragged him to his corner Mendoza became aware of a sensation altogether new to his ring experience. He was angry, not with the roused spirit and tingling nerves that spur a man to great deeds, but with the vexed, irritated, unreasoning anger. Something was wrong and the recurring thought clouded about him that in spite of every spurt he had made the something was slow judgment and slow action at crucial moments. dance and whirl and shift as he might there had been the fraction of an instant in each round where he had failed. It made him furious with himself. Once more he clenched his teeth and swore that he would yet bring this giant down.

As he advanced for the fourth round and fixed his eyes upon those of Jackson he felt vaguely that, as man to man. They had just begun the real struggle. If a change had been wrought in Mendoza he could feel that an equal change had taken place in Jackson. The man met him with a glance of insolence and contempt, a deeper, primal challenge. In a dim way he could even fathom the reason for the new expression.

Jackson, the almost untried professional, had withstood every wile, trick and maneuver of the master and had found himself the winner of each round. Now he meant to go upon the offensive. Mendoza had not long to wait for the proof. Whereas he had taken the initiative heretofore. Jackson now sprang to the attack as they met at the centre. His Hailing arms fell with terrific force upon Dan's guard, beat it down and sent two smashing blows to the body. It was Mendoza's turn to give.He tried to tight cunning, but Jackson would not have it. The younger man brought his fresh strength to Its full play, brushed Mendoza's answering blows aside and came pounding

on in steady, unyielding advance.

Dan summoned every ounce of reserve force to meet it. Driven to meet ferocity, he drew upon his anger for answering ferocity and dashed into the combat, striving to hold his ground. But foot by foot he fell back. Twice they closed and wrestled without, advantage and twice they resumed hammer and tongs. Mendoza was cut in a score of places on head and body. Jackson did not escape without avenging wounds. At length Jackson brought the most desperate round of the battle to a conclusion by another drive that closed Dan's right eye and stretched him once more upon the stage.

Mendoza could scarcely force himself to think collectedly as he lay back upon Lea and panted for breath in the Interval. He had suffered terribly and had not inflicted half the same damage upon his adversary. The conviction of his own fatal slowness gained upon him, doubling his vexation and futile irritability. He tried to take comfort by recalling how he had polished off Jemmy, the chair man, but a few days before. It was with that thought in mind that he walked slowly to the centre for the fifth round.

Jackson led off with the same fierce resolution that had characterized his former attack. As Mendoza bent his skill to meeting it he watched carefully for an opportunity to close. It occurred to him that he had not been bested yet at the wrestling and that he might find an aid here. Dodging, he rushed past a wrenching swing and caught Jackson about the body. Jackson roared like a lion at grips with his prey, wrenched partly free and with his left hand reached out, catching Mendoza by the hair of his head. Vainly Dan sought to free himself. Jackson straightened his arm until he held his enemy helpless and upright before him. The forcing his head down he landed blow after blow with his right fist upon Mendoza's face. When he finally released his hold Dan dropped like a sack..

Lea was at the rail instantly, appealing to the umpires, urging a foul. but; the umpires would not listen. There was no provision in the articles against holding hair, only against gouging and kicking. The fight must go on.

The Bitter End.

Back on his second's knee once more Mendoza saw the whole situation plainly at last. All his life he had been matched against overwhelming strength and it was the latent knowledge that some day strength would conquer him which had made him shrink from this battle. It was because he had felt the coming of this hour and because he had instinctively recognized Jackson as the man who would usher it in for him. His victory over Jemmy had given him a new lease of confidence. Now the thing had happened, for he had hung almost senseless in a brutal. Iron hand and suffered the blows he could not ward. He was beaten.

It was the end. Mendoza knew it. But because he did not possess an ounce of cowardice he made no sign of surrender he could not longer lift a finger. His courage remained unshaken, ready to drag his weary body through every torture. Lea whispered to him, advising him to give up a losing battle. Mendoza would have struck him for that word if he had had the strength to spare. At the calling of the sixth round Lea had to support his principal to the centre of the ring. There

the champion braced himself, swaying on his legs, but with head raised, fists advanced, ready to do the utmost that was in him to do. His anger had passed. He understood now that his slackness of judgment and action had been the signals that years had taken their toll and that the time, for defeat was come.

Quite calmly he fastened every faculty upon his immediate task, not to make a parade of his manhood, but because that was the only thing possible to him. Jackson was smiling as he opened the round, for Dan's condition was apparent. Mendoza, seizing the chance as promptly as if he had just entered the ring, swept aside the too confident guard and smote the smiling mouth. It was a slight, thing, that buffet from a failing arm. but It gave Dan huge comfort. Jackson ceased to smile and attacked hardily.

Mendoza, almost blind, with laboring lungs met the advance as best he could, guarding and hitting where his waning strength would let him. The round was brief and ended like the others, with a straight drive that sent Dan to the floor.

The seventh and eighth rounds were repetitions of the sixth. Mendoza stood or staggered for a few moments and went down when it pleased Jackson to exert himself. The crowd understood. The fight was over. What remained was Mendoza's right if he chose to claim it. Cheer after cheer greeted him as he held doggedly on. His laurels were gone, but he was still the great master and he was showing finally the true foundation upon which his success as a fighter had been built. The three thousand honored him in a way that no throng had ever honored him before. It was an ovation such as few men who lost the battle have had.

At the ninth round both Lea and Symonds were needed in bringing their principal to the mark. They placed him and he tottered as he lost the support of their arms. He recovered himself for the last time and had scarcely strength enough left to lift his fists before his face. Jackson stood opposite, hesitating, unwilling to give the coup de grace to this gallant and stricken foe. Mendoza waited, expecting the blow. None came. With a faltering gesture of indignation he took one step forward, bringing up his right hand weakly and seeking to strike. Jackson hit him on the jaw and he fell. When his attendants reached his side he was unconscious. The crowd gave a final cheer for the new champion. Mr John Jackson and the great fight was over .it had lasted only ten and a half minutes.

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The Rise of Mendoza

A little more than a year after "Tom" Johnson's defeat of Isaac Perrins, in 1789, the champion, weakened by careless living, fell before "Big Ben" Brain. Brain, a courageous and hard hitting fighter . of the old school, though not classed by contemporary critics with such men as Johnson and Perrins in their prime, was still nominally in possession of the title when he died, in 1794. After his defeat of Johnson he did not appear again in the ring. While Johnson s still undisputed leader of the sport, a new group of fighters - developing, headed by Richard Humphries, "The Gentleman Boxer." Daniel Mendoza, who was beginning to win laurels, was regarded is the greatest rival of Humphries. After a casual set to by way of trial they fought three times, the result establishing Mendoza's superiority beyond question, long before the death of Brain. Mendoza was the actual and acknowledged champion.

Mendoza was the first man after Broughton, the father of pugilism, to found a definite school and to influence vitally the progress of the science. He left an indelible impression upon its history, and for nearly a hundred years his style, his maxims and his battles were studied, quoted and referred to as the legacy of the great master.

I saw them when they first flung fists at the Cock in Epping," said Colonel Hamilton, "and Humphries showed himself the better man. He doubled the lesson later at Odiham. I see but one outcome."

"I take it you missed their last meeting at Stilton." said his companion. Sir Thomas Apreece. "I was umpire for Mendoza there, as I shall be again to-day, and I can assure you that Dan has become formidable since those earlier thrashings you speak of."

The two gentlemen were walking near the race course at Doncaster. It was the Sellinger and Cup week and the town was crowded with the thousands who had come from all parts of England for the racing and the great fight between Humphries and Mendoza. Both were ardent followers of the fistic science, and as they had been called upon to act for the respective combatants, they had met to talk over the articles of agreement. That business having been completed, they found themselves with an hour on their hands until the time set for the contest.

"Humphries always has held that he was wrangled out of the Stilton fight." returned Hamilton "It has been a sore point with him ever since, and I have heard him rehearse It blow by blow. He lost on a foul, did he not?"

"He did, and should have lost earlier." said Sir Thomas stoutly. "At the twenty-second round Humphries dropped before a blow was struck. I called him beaten on the spot, but yielded in face of the clamor and because Dan was anxious to go on. Later Humphries repeated the offence so openly that there remained no doubt and his own umpire gave my man the decision."

"You will admit that Mendoza can hardly claim superiority on the strength of such a result," said Hamilton. "Their brief rally at the Cock proved nothing, but at Odiham Humphries won by straight fighting. The record is still in favor of the "Gentleman Boxer."

I think had you seen their last fight you would not be so confident;" answered Sir Thomas, thoughtfully. "This boy Mendoza, to my mind, will shortly show himself to be the foremost boxer of the day. He has come to the front wonderfully fast and has learned the lessons of years through a few hot engagements. He fought at Stilton in conquering style and was still strong at the finish.

"He fights like no one else we have ever seen. Such speed, such agility and such craft have never been exhibited within my memory of the prize ring. With him boxing is distinctly a science, not a matter of brawn, wind and courage, though all these he possess. There is something more, he covers himself with wonderful skill, shifts and foots with the rapidity of a cat, and is ever on the alert to gain legitimate advantage by a weakness or an error of his adversary. Keen and intelligent, he is quite the equal of Humphries in strength "

"All the better conquest for Dick," said Hamilton. "I am afraid you have placed your man to high. However, the question will be very shortly decided. There remains one point I wish to settle with you.

The Law of a Foul.

"Humphries has one decided fault, though not a willful one. He is uncertain on his feet, as he showed when he lost the Stilton fight on a foul. Now, as I understand it, the rule which says that a man must lose the fight if he falls before a blow is struck was designed to prevent a sly boxer from stealing some moments of respite at a crucial time. Humphries, on the other hand, is likely to stumble and fall wholly by accident. Would you be willing to extend some allowance to him if you were convinced that he did not mean to be unfair?"

"I should not hesitate to exercise my judgment, answered Sir Thomas promptly. "As you say. The article is commonly included in all agreements to close a loophole for cowardice. If the man was still strong and showed by his other actions that his intentions continued to be honest and manly I should give him the benefit of a wink. At Stilton I did not consider Humphries entitled to that advantage."

"That is all I could ask," said Hamilton. "Come, it lacks half an hour of ten, and if I know these Yorkshire tykes there will be no chance of approaching the stage unless we hasten."

They turned their backs toward the town, where the streets were already swarming and buzzing in the clear sunlight of a brisk September morning. As they advanced the crowd increased, all faces being turned in the direction of the Inn on the river bank where the fight was to take place. Countrymen were in the majority, and the broad hum of Yorkshire speech rose on the air "Surely not all these will pay half a guinea for admittance " puffed Sir Thomas as they elbowed and wedged their way into the center of the press.

"Not if they can find some thriftier way" said Colonel Hamilton smiling. "They are liker to tear the Inn away the Inn bodily"

At the expense of rumpled clothes and much effort they reached the door of the Inn and escaped the growing throng. passing through they entered the Inn yard which had been prepared as the scene of the combat.

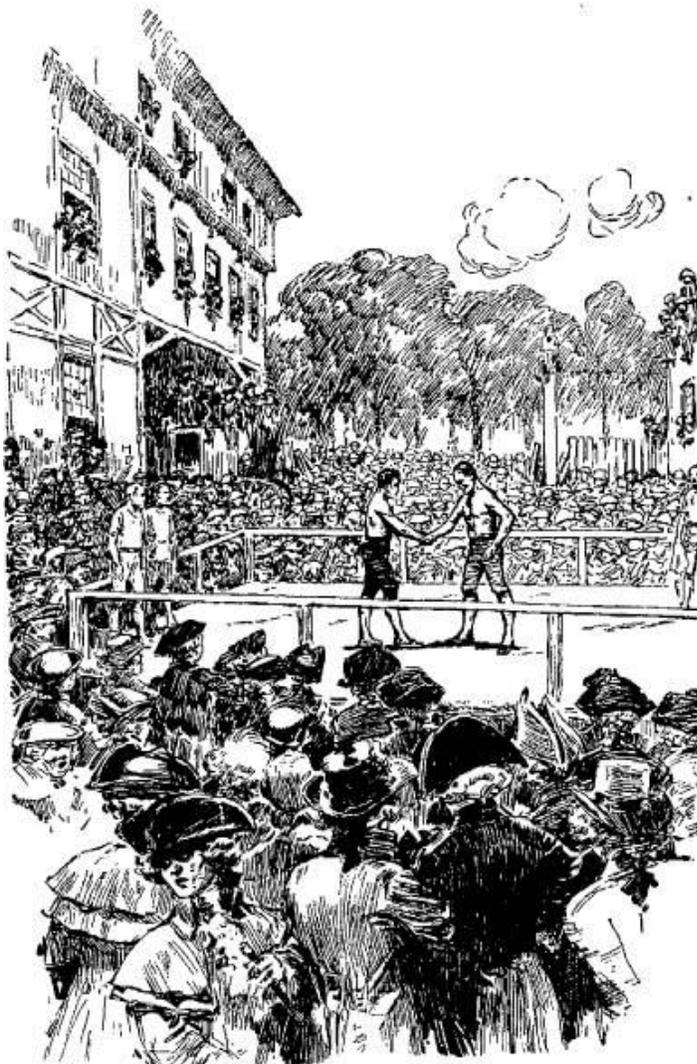
The rear of the Inn itself formed one end of the ground, which was closed on two sides by blank wall of dwellings. At the other end was the bank of the river Don, along which ran a stout palisade. In the center of this space a stage had been erected about four feet high and twenty four feet square, railed and sodded. Spectators who had gained admittance took their place about the ring and as the umpires entered betting was in progress among the supporters of the rival boxers. By ten o'clock some five hundred had paid their half guinea and were packed around the stage when Colonel Hamilton's predictions concerning Yorkshire thriftiness and pugilistic interest was verified. A ferry man, with a sharp eye to business, had been landing load after load of outsiders along the river bank at six pence a head. When they felt themselves strong enough in numbers a shout of "Heave Ho" rang out and to its rhythm they threw themselves against the fence. the timbers only resisted until the scores of solid shoulders caught the swing and then, with a crash, the fence settled inward and the wave of intruders swept in cheering. The Ferry man plied a roaring trade, and within ten minutes a thousand men were jammed about the earlier five hundred.

When Humphries, surrounded by his immediate supporters appeared from the inn at half past ten not a vantage point within eyeshot of the ground but held its clinging mass of spectators. Roofs, windows, fence wreckage, even the slippery verge of the river, swarmed with eager enthusiasts who gave him a rousing welcome. Humphries who seemed to be in the best of spirits, smiled and waved gaily, then plunged through the crowd to the stage. Catching the top most rail he swung himself up and over with an exuberant exhibition of strength and agility that brought forth a storm of applause.

Earned His Title

To Richard Humphries more than any other man the great contemporary advance of the sport in public esteem was rightly attributed. He had earned his cognomen of "The Gentleman" by careful and honorable conduct, and through social and mental accomplishments had drawn about himself a remarkable following. When Humphries was to fight Royalty and court did not hesitate to lend countenance to the science, and in his day it was accounted the fashionable thing for men of rank to study self defense under some star of the prize ring. Distinguished patronage gave pugilism an impetus that it had not enjoyed since Broughton, and greatly increased the standing of the profession.

Humphries had no serious competitor in his own class until the rise of Dan Mendoza. He had been quick to recognize the threat to his superiority conveyed by the rapid success of this new fighter and had singled out Mendoza out as one whose honours must be clipped.in their chance



For an Instant Their Hands Met, the Next They Had Fallen Warily on Guard

encounter at the Cock and their two subsequent battles a feeling of bitter personal rivalry and hostility had grown up between the men. Humphries was determined that on this occasion he would settle the other's pretensions once for all.

"The Gentleman Boxer" was about five feet eight inches in height, extremely graceful and well formed, with a handsome, intelligent countenance and a frank glance. He kept himself always in the pink of condition and carried not an ounce of superfluous weight upon his finely molded limbs and rippling muscles. As he stood on the stage in the Doncaster Inn yard he looked and acted the confident athlete, secure in his strength and knowledge of his game. He was attended by Ward as his second and Jackson as his bottle holder.

Another roar of cheers announced the arrival of Mendoza, whose reception was the warmer from the fact that the bulky, broad shouldered man who followed him as his second was none other than "Tom" Johnson, still the undefeated champion. Mendoza made his way to the stage and mounted soberly seeking his corner with Johnson and Butcher his bottle holder. The two combatants then stripped of their

coats standing stripped to the waist in thin silk trunks and hose and light pumps. Each tossed his hat into the air as a signal of readiness and defiance.

Daniel Mendoza, whose name will always come easy to the tongues of fight followers as long as trials of manhood endure, had now reached the height of his skill and the mature development of his technique, though full recognition of his powers was still to be accorded him. Born in 1763 near Whitechapel, of Jewish parents he first appeared as a public boxer in 1784 and soon afterward began to rise rapidly by a series of remarkable victories. At a time when theory and science waited upon strength and the ability to take punishment, he quickly established himself as an exponent of cleverness. He showed himself the first great ring general, discovering and demonstrating maneuvers that had never been practiced by any of his predecessors.

His style was extremely neat, precise and well thought out. His speed in hitting and getting away, his almost perfect guard and his ability at dodging and shifting while wearing out his opponent

were his best points. In many ways he might be compared with James J. Corbett. Like Corbett, he could land his blows almost at will, with greater accuracy than strength, and the tale of his fights usually showed that he made two hits to every one for his adversary. Like Corbett again he revived technique and stood at the head of a new school .indeed, until John L. Sullivan became the dominant figure in pugilism and forced his own methods by sheer weight of personality. Mendoza remained the model and guiding Influence In the sport. Many fistic enthusiasts will remember a time when rules, advice and tactics for fighters as laid down by Mendoza were still current and standard.

Mendoza's Physique.

Mendoza was not strikingly endowed physically beyond an unusually broad, solid and manly chest, with powerful arms. He was about live feet seven Inches In height, presenting a compact and graceful figure. He was noticeably weak in the loins, but possessed good wind and was seldom overmatched when struggling at close quarters.

Colonel Hamilton and Sir Thomas Apreece having taken up their position just below the ring, it was agreed between the seconds that the umpires should select a third to whom any difference of opinion might be referred. The two gentlemen accordingly named Mr. Harvey Ashton to act in this capacity, Betting grew brisk during the last few minutes of the interval, the odds being Five to four In favor of Mendoza. and readily accepted. It was believed by The supporters of Humphries that, although the Inferior of his antagonist in science, he could repeat his former victories by forcing the pace.

At a signal from the umpires the two men left their corners and advanced toward the centre of the ring, while the throng fell silent to watch them. Humphries wore an easy smile as he stood his side of the mark and extended his hand for the grip. Mendoza was calm and intent, fixing his enemy's eyes as he approached. for an instant their hands met, the next they had fallen warily on guard.

Humphries stood with his foot well apart and his arms up and out. It was his custom to lead with the right and stop with the left, and he depended upon the Weight of his body rather than length of swing for punishing blows. Mendoza's attitude was more natural. If not so impressive. His arms were held closer to his body, with his left slightly advanced, allowing him greater power at infighting, where he excelled.

"The Gentleman Boxer" had decided his own plan of campaign in advance, from his knowledge of Dan's tactics. No sooner had they drawn hack from the handshake than he began the set-to with great dash and spirit, launching a tremendous right hander, which Mendoza avoided by stopping aside. Mendoza seized the second of advantage to bore in with two swift jabs to the ribs, which drove Humphries back. Humphries recovered himself, however, and they rallied fiercely, Humphries recovering his lost ground landing twice on Dan's jaw. The Whitechapel Boy closed at this, and they wrestled desperately, Mendoza clinging to his adversary in the trip and taking part of the shock of the fall. Both men were up and to their corners nimbly, the crowd howling approval of the equal division of honors.

Humphries left his second's knee and sprang forward with undiminished vigor at the calling of the next round. He repeated his former manoeuvre with even greater determination, forcing Dan back with a ripping body blow that the latter only partly parried. Humphries scorned set upon making Mendoza suffer in this round and slashed home twice with his right, following up with a swing to the jaw. Dan met the attack manfully, covering himself neatly against the shower of blows and waiting his opening calmly. He had been rushed back almost to the rails when Humphries' first burst of energy betrayed him into lifting his guard. Mendoza ducked and rushed in, planting a jarring jab to the ribs and hooking another behind the ear. Humphries, staggered by, the last smash, ran in and closed, taking another clip to the ear before he made his hold. He tried a cross buttock, which Dan avoided, and they fell together, Humphries underneath.

Is Badly Shocked.

Humphries needed the attention of his second during the interval, plainly shaken by the decided check he had received. Mendoza's friends went wild over this showing, having feared lest Humphries overwhelm in the first few exchanges.

The "Gentleman Boxer" sat on this second's knee glaring at his enemy, while Jackson blew a fine spray into his ears and refreshed him with swab cloths. Mendoza was still grave and composed having apparently suffered nothing beyond a cut under his mouth.

When the half minute was called the men advanced to the centre quickly, but it was immediately apparent that Humphries had decided to change his method, having found the other too expensive. He led off with caution reserving himself for Dan's attack and the two sparred for some minutes without damage. This was exactly Mendoza's game. The crowd forgot to cheer and watched in breathless hush while the boxers went through some of the cleverest and prettiest maneuvers that had ever been seen in England.

They circled slowly, Dan closing in occasionally with a swift rattle of blows and seemingly invulnerable against the other's return. He goaded his man continually. Humphries was no match for him in such a test of dexterity, and twice, thrice and again Dan jumped in with one of his straight smashes to the jaw.

The last drove his adversary's head up and back, and Humphries, hopelessly outclassed in science, resumed his rushing, with a cry of anger. Mendoza, who had been waiting for just this result, dodged a terrific swing at his head and launched himself forward, planting a full blow straight upon his opponent's mouth with all his strength behind it. Humphries was carried fairly off his feet and crashed to the floor landing on his shoulders.

Ward and Jackson hurried forward and dragged him to his corner, while a frenzied burst of applause broke from the spectators, irrespective of partisans, in recognition of the masterly work of Mendoza. "What do you think of that?" asked Sir Thomas Apreece, turning to Hamilton with a twinkle. "I am almost ready to believe you were right," answered the Colonel, nodding. "But I shall first want to see how Humphries stands it."

To the satisfaction of his followers. Humphries stood it well. After the ministrations of his attendants he walked steadily to the centre for the fourth round and led off strongly, if with more caution. He was rewarded heartily, the throng recognizing his courage and nerve. He had not abated one jot of his confidence, which was ever one of his best traits, and as he shot over a snapping: left to the face it was apparent to all that "the Gentleman Boxer" was far from beaten. The blow drew the crimson, and Mendoza, after an ineffective jolt to the body, closed. They wrestled and fell, without advantage to either.

Humphries had recovered much of his strength at the opening of the fifth round. As usual, he commenced hostilities with a drive to the face, which Dan avoided deftly. Mendoza giving ground. Humphries followed him with great resolution and landed a lefthander to the ribs, which cut Dan's right side in landing, like the stroke of a sabre. The Whitechapel boy was wary and allowed his adversary to force the fighting. since he seemed so minded. He struck Humphries repeatedly upon the jaw and neck, but seemed unable to get power into the blows. The odds, which had risen enormously in Mendoza's favor, now fell again, for Humphries appeared to be fresh and willing.

After some minutes of sparring and shifting Dan Found an opening and stepped in to closer quarters. It was evident that Humphries method of keeping him off with outstretched guard was not to his liking, and he bored in with some tolling body smashes. Humphries divined his purpose, jumped back and whipped out another of his powerful cuts to the ribs. Dan was alert this time and caught the blow on his arm, at the same time countering with a handy smash to the enemy's face. Humphries stumbled and lunged to return the blow, falling as Dan skipped out of reach.

Closing In.

In the sixth round Humphries was clearly in need of respite from Mendoza's artillery, and he lost no time in closing for a wrestle, Dan tried to avoid him, and got home; two chopping Mows to the face before Humphries made good his grip. They struggled for nearly a minute, when Mendoza. who distressed his adversary exceedingly by jamming down his head and interfering with his wind, tripped neatly and fell on top.

There seemed no end of the resources from which Humphries drew his strength, and when time was called for the seventh round ho stepped up briskly, once more going on the offensive. At leading off he delivered a ripping right hander that Dan could not quite avoid. The blow swept along the left side of Mendoza's head, tearing the ear and laying the scalp open. The Whitechapel boy did not: seem worried, and after parrying two lunges, came back strong with a clip over the other's eye. They wrestled and fell and when Humphries was propped on his second's knee It was seen that his right eye was closed and out of commission for the rest of the fight. Odds on Mendoza jumped again.

At the opening of the eighth round Humphries started In for vengeance. Heedless of repeated but ineffective jabs to the body delivered by Dan he set the pace and again swung and lunged at the other's face, Mendoza was hard pressed and seemed unable to got In a telling check, while he gave ground slowly. Humphries followed him doggedly, scorning Dan's shower of body blows

and protecting his face while he drove forward. He landed four times on the left side of Mendoza's head, further mutilating the oar and cutting a gash above Dan's left eye. In pursuing this audacious attack he again overreached himself and fell. This round was distinctly in favor of Humphries. In spite of the fall and the fact that he had suffered heavily about the body, Mendoza had ripped open his enemy's side under the left arm in several places and both men wore badly in need of the ministrations of their seconds and bottle holders.

When they came to the centre again the knowing ones sized them for a final forecast. The speed of the fight up to now had been terrific, almost unprecedented, and apparently each had exerted himself to the utmost. But it was apparent to the experts that Dan had hardly more than breathed himself. His efforts had been directed to stalling the wicked rushes and attacks of the other, protecting himself against decisive blows and at the same time inflicting as much damage as possible. He was still in reserve, and though badly cut up had not suffered vitally.

Humphries, on the other hand, had tried his vigor severely. His wind distressed him. Dan's body blows had had their effect. One eye was useless. Several times he had lost his temper to his own injury. It was particularly significant he had lost the close of every round, falling underneath or alone.

Mendoza was as alert to these facts as any watcher, and the crafty fighter knew that his time was coming. When Humphries failed to open the next round with his old dash and vim, but began to fight, cunning Dan proportionately increased his aggressiveness. He worked in past the other's long guard and rocked him with alternate smashes, right and left. As Humphries, enraged, started after him again Mendoza caught him fairly on the jaw and sent him crashing to the floor.

The Terrific End.

Dan repeated his success in the next three rounds, sending Humphries down almost as soon as they began to rally. Humphries had gone decidedly weak and his helpers had to lift him to his corner each time. At the thirteenth round Humphries swung his arms in the air, stumbled over his feet and dropped. "Foul! Mendoza wins!" shouted a score of voices. Colonel Hamilton turned to Sir Thomas with a mute question, but Mendoza's umpire voiced the general sentiment.

"It was no cowardice that sent him down. Let him go on and win if he can." Sir Thomas had a cheer all to himself for that decision and the battle went on. After the twentieth round Mendoza forebore to exert himself in any great degree, for it was evident that Humphries could not last much longer. Ward and Jackson had almost to carry him to the mark after the calling of time and he was barely able to jab a few harmless blows before Dan downed him. Mendoza, though battle weary, was still able and collected and could walk without assistance. Several times Humphries fell before a blow was struck, but Sir Thomas would not take advantage of his weakness. At the twenty-fifth round Ward exercised his right as second and urged him to give up.

"No," said Humphries between his puffed and swollen lips. "I beat him twice and I'll beat him again, once I've got my wind back. Let me try it further."

The fury of defeat seemed to give him now lease of strength. Lifter this, and for three rounds he

pulled himself together, landing some telling blows and once, throwing Mendoza in a clinch. The throng cheered him unceasingly. Never before had "the Gentleman Boxer" so nobly proved his courage. but the tribute was for a beaten man. Given in the generosity of the crowd. The real applause was for Mendoza. still strong, quick, sure, fighting with constant precision and judgment. Not a man who saw him on this day but acknowledged him the deserving winner and the champion of the sport.

The end came quickly. Humphries, temporarily freshened by Butcher's grooming-, threw himself furiously upon his adversary as if to crush him by weight of onslaught. Dan leaped back and slashed in with an up springing blow that split the other's upper lip and cut his left cheek cleanly. Humphries dropped, and as Ward rushed to his side intimated that he was ready to quit. When Ward conveyed this intelligence to the umpires by an expressive gesture the spectators broke into a thunderous ovation, which Mendoza modestly acknowledged.

Humphries, when able to move, was carried through the crowd on the shoulders of his friends. Mendoza, after some patching, walked to the race course on the Town Moor and watched the racing. "There Sir Thomas Aprece and Colonel Hamilton saw him some hours later. "Was I right'." asked Sir Thomas, pointing out the calm faced conqueror. "You were right," said the Colonel. "He Is the master."