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ES' COPYRIGHT PUGILISTIC SERIES, No. 2.

LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
TOM HYER,



WITH PORTRAITS FROM LIFE OF HYER IN RING AND PRIVATE COSTUME,
JOHN MCCLEESTER AND YANKEE SULLIVAN.

COMPILED BY ED. JAMES,

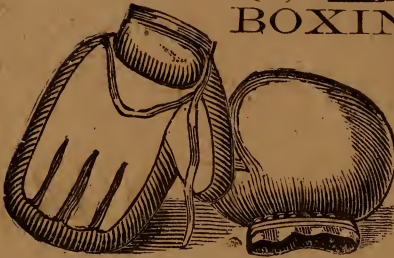
AUTHOR OF LIFE AND BATTLES OF DAN DONNELLY, LIFE AND BATTLES OF
JOHN C. HEENAN, BOXING AND WRESTLING, DUMB-BELL AND INDIAN
CLUB, HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MUSCLE, PRACTICAL
TRAINING, MANUAL OF SPORTING RULES, THE
GAME COCK, TERRIER DOGS, ETC., ETC.

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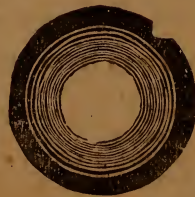
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| Wire Masks..... | per pair \$3 50 | Wicket-handle Fencing Sticks..... | 2 25 |
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they belonged to rival orders, were political enemies, and both too high strung to brook anything like a slur, or take an insult if it cost life itself. Country, on the night of the 8th of September, 1841, started from the Sawdust House, in Division street, kept by Sullivan, and made a bee line for the Fountain House, in Park row, for the openly avowed purpose of cleaning out young Hyer, at that time but twenty-two years old. Country challenged Hyer to fight it out in the City Hall Park (around which place McClusky had previously followed hack-driving for a living). Hyer told Country they could have a better show and not be molested by the authorities by selecting a spot a little less public than under the nose of the city officials and police, which was assented to, being too plucky a fellow to back down, although the "gang" were bitterly disappointed, if not prevented, from "heeling" the young American—a move which the champion was cool-headed and observant enough to foresee.

Hyer proposed going up the Hudson River next morning, and, unlike modern boxers, they met on the same boat, ostensibly to go to Albany, but in reality to get off at the first favorable spot and have their quarrel out. Caldwell's Landing being reached, the graduates of 28 Park row left the boat, and, after climbing a steep hill, hit upon a piece of level ground. No ring was made with stakes and ropes, but the men stepped into a scratch drawn on the ground by Jake Somerindyke, the well-known turf-man and pool-seller. Half-minute time was agreed upon, but all blows to be counted fair.

PROLONGED AND DESPERATE CONTEST

BETWEEN

TOM HYER AND COUNTRY McCLUSKY,

AT CALDWELL'S LANDING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1841.

HYER VICTORIOUS IN 101R., 2H. 55M.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Country McClusky stripped handsomely, weighing 160lbs., and in height stood 5ft. 10½in. Tom Hyer did not show such good condition, was about three inches taller, and had 16lbs. the advantage in weight. Hyer was seconded by Somerindyke and Reynolds, with Hamilton for bottle-holder; McClusky was seconded by Sullivan and Ketchum, Nesbitt acting as his bottle-holder. Hyer played a witting game, McClusky being the first to advance, and made a left-handed pass, which was stopped by Hyer, who caught him on the left check. Country then rallied sharply, a clinch followed, and he was thrown by Hyer amidst great cheering.

2. Both men came up eagerly. Country led off left and right, and succeeded in planting a heavy blow over Hyer's eye, which started the claret (first blood for Country). Hyer responded with a desperate rally, at the close of which he was sent to the ground by a body-blow from Country, whose right hand was severely hurt by the force with which he struck Hyer.

THE LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
TOM HYER,
ONCE CHAMPION OF AMERICA.

Although America can boast of few "native and to the manor born" who have adopted pugilism from choice or as a means of livelihood, we had in the person of Tom Hyer a representative perhaps never equaled. Hyer's father, furthermore, is believed to have been the "Father of the Ring" in this country, Jacob Hyer's battles with Tom Beasley in 1816 being the first authentic ring-fight or contest where rules were partially if not wholly observed. In this fight Tom's father stubbornly and courageously contended with a broken arm for several desperate rounds, the battle ending in a draw, showing that he, at least, had something more than what is called "Dutch courage" in his composition, for the old gentleman was of Dutch stock.

Tom Hyer was a native of New York City, born Jan. 1, 1819, stood 6ft. 1½ in., and in good trim weighed 180lbs. Like his father, Tom, too, was a butcher in his younger days, both having worked in Centre Market for a man named Mook. He was born with a love of fight, whether of man, dog or game fowl, which his good old mother tried her best to curb, and invariably blamed Tom's boy associates for leading him in this direction, when, to tell the truth, he was the head and front—not at all a boy to be lead, but a leader. His early turns-up were in defense of weaker comrades. Tom was not a bully, though—not a young fellow always looking for fight. The market folks were very partial to their fellow butcher boy, and in early life Hyer identified himself with the American party.

HYER'S FIRST PITCHED BATTLE.

The McCleester and Hyer fight arose out of a political quarrel, Country McClusky (as John McCleester was called) being a hot Anti-American party man of the Hibernian type, as well as a protege of Yankee Sullivan's. Some evil-disposed persons got up a story regarding the courage of the young bloods as the surest way of bringing them together. Neither Tom nor Country started the thing, but

3. Hyer stopped with his left, made a rush, clinched, and threw McClusky heavily.

4. Hyer quick with his left upon Country's fifth rib; Country answered on the breast, but caught a hard one on the jaw in return. A clinch and tussle ensued, during which they top-knotted severely. They closed and tussled again, and Country went down with Hyer upon him.

5. Hyer hit out slightly, and received on the collar-bone in return. He answered this by a tremendous body-blow; a clinch followed, and Country went heavily to the ground.

6. Country led off right and left, and brought Hyer to the ground in a clean and handsome manner by a subsequent body-blow.

7. Smart counter-hits right and left; Hyer caught a heavy body-blow; the men clinched, and Country went down heavily.

8. Several exchanges, a rally, and terrific fighting all over the ring. Hyer clinched, and, after a short tussle, threw Country with a dashing fall.

9. Country got in a heavy body-blow on the left side (his favorite point), which Hyer returned with tremendous force on the mouth, and received a severe jaw-breaker in return, immediately followed by another, somewhat lighter; then followed brisk exchanges, the last of which, from Country, brought Hyer down clean. This round lasted nine minutes.

10. Smart exchanges; a break; Hyer gathered cautiously, then let loose, and caught Country a terrible right-hander on the eye. Country then caught Hyer on the lip and forced him to the ground, hurting his right hand again with the blow, as in the second round.

11. Up to this time Country had the advantage, but he now gave evident signs of distress. Hyer, freshening with his punishment, struck fiercely and with tremendous execution. The last blow fell upon Country's eye badly. Hyer then ran in, clinched, threw and fell heavily upon him.

12. Wild exchanges, a rally, and Country went to the ground.

Five rounds of hard fighting and alternate success here followed, the last ending in a clinch, which resulted in Country falling.

18. On coming up this time, Country opened the ball, but was stopped left and right. Hyer returned, and Country caught two visitations on the mouth, returned by a body blow from Country in his favorite spot on the left, followed by a clinch and Country's overthrow.

19. Sharp rally, counter-hits ending in mutual blows, which brought both to the ground at the same time.

20. Hyer led off, but Country got away; slight counter; Country retreated, but rallied and got in a heavy body-blow; Hyer followed, threatening mischief. Country rallied again, reeled, slipped, and fell.

21. Heavy exchanges, a clinch, a break, hard hitting; another clinch, and Country down.

22. Desperate fighting, and both down.

The five ensuing rounds consisted of rapid exchanges of body-blows, and each round ended with a throw, three to Country and two to Hyer.

28. Country had bellows to mend, but Hyer's wind seemed to freshen. He tried to put in his left, but Country got away. Country then advanced, but made round hits, struck short, and was sent to grass by an ugly collar-bone blow from Hyer.



TOM HYER.
From a daguerreotype taken 1849.

29. Both came up manfully. Country led of this time, causing a brisk rally, which brought Hyer to the ground.

30. Country's friends, cheered by this, encouraged their man with "You've got him now, Country; give him one of those old Chatham-square fellows." "Yes, he has!" returned Hyer ironically, accompanying the remark by a tremendous visitation on Country's nose, which appeared to have literally split in two. The blow struck Country clean down.

31. Country showed his distress. The fight was now plainly Hyer's, and 20 to 5 was offered on him and taken two or three times. Hyer led off, a rally followed, ending in a clinch, and Country down again.

32. Terrible right-hand blow on Hyer's ribs, which were now dreadfully swollen from Country's repeated hitting; a clinch, hit again, and Hyer down.

33. A rally, clinch, and McClusky thrown.

34. Close fighting, hard hitting, and McClusky down by a neck-blow.

35. A rally, close hitting, and McClusky thrown, Hyer standing firm.

Eight rounds followed, mainly in favor of Hyer, in which he was down three times.

44. Heavy exchanges. Hyer gathered for a charge, let fly with tremendous force, and split Country's head completely open. This visitation was followed by another of the same sort, and Country was struck down.

45. Counter-hits, a rally, and both down.

46. Hyer led off on Country's ribs; Country returned with a round blow in the old spot on Hyer's left side.

47. Both hit, a rally, a clinch, and McClusky thrown.

48. Short, some hitting, a close, and both down.

49. A desperate rally, a heavy blow on Hyer's ribs, a rally, and both down.

50. Hard hitting. A rally, and Hyer down

51. A rally, clinch, and McClusky down.

52. Sharp fighting, Hyer down.

53. Wild fighting, a clinch, both down.

54. Hard fighting, a clinch, a break, counter-hits, Hyer down.

55. A short rally, McClusky down.

The next six rounds consisted of good exchanges of body-blows, those by Country in his old spot. In the 62d round Country caught a smacking cut on the cheek, which brought him to the ground. Varying success followed until

69. Country led off, but received in return on the ear; a close followed, they broke, Hyer made a pass with his right, was thrown off, and received a blow on the old place on the left side, which told so much as to start the blood through the flesh.

70. A rally, and Hyer dropped.

71. Light exchanges and Hyer down.

72. Hyer struck down, and Country floored by the recoil.

73. Both fatigued, Country suffering very much. Hyer advanced, and a mutual blow brought both to the ground. While they lay thus, Hyer, with a smile and good-natured remark of "Put it there, old fellow; you are a good man, but you can never lick me," heartily shook hands with his antagonist.

74. A rally, Hyer to work right and left, Country down.

75. Country down on his knees, up again, and knocked down. ❖

76. Hyer hit over Country's shoulder with his left, was caught, and struck down.

Then followed six rounds, manifestly in favor of Hyer, whose blows went heavily in, while Country, from his exhausted state, gave shoves instead of blows.

83. Country tried with his left and right, but got nothing in. Hyer advanced, struck out, and carried him down with a head-blow.

84. Wild exchanges, with no effect, Country down.

85. A rally; short, hard hits, Hyer down.

86. Hyer led off, hitting Country on the mouth and nose with his right, and repeating it on the ear with his left. Country down.

87. A dollar to a dime on Hyer. But Country's thorough game made a good show, and managed to carry Hyer down at the end of a brisk rally.

89. Poor Country came up gasping; the day was against him, and he was striking against fate. Country down.

90. Country showed groggy, but game. Hyer planted some heavy blows in his mug, and Country was down again.

91. Slight counter-hits, a rally, and Hyer was down with a light body-blow.

92. A short recovery. Sharp hits right and left, but ending with Country down flying.

93. Country was evidently in a helpless state, and able only to receive punishment. To save further unnecessary suffering, his seconds determined to draw him; but the indomitable John McCleester begged in the most earnest manner to be allowed one more round.

94. Country staggered up, made a pass with his left, was caught, and went down flying. Again his seconds would have drawn him, but he begged as before, and was allowed the *privilege* once more.

95. Wild hitting. Country, dreadfully jobbed, was sent down by a head-blow.

96 to 101. These last six rounds were terrific examples of desperate fighting, and only continued by the urgent pleadings of Country against the better judgment of his seconds. At the 100th round, Hyer, vexed with Country's obstinacy, exclaimed: "Oh, let him come in, let him come in; I'll kill him this time." Although this sort of talk is not according to the rules, there was no brag in the assertion, for Hyer then could hit Country wherever or whenever he pleased. Yankee Sullivan, therefore, insisted upon Country giving up the fight after Hyer had given his opponent the coup de grace in the way of a severe collar-bone blow. These 101 rounds occupied 175 minutes. Hyer seemed "good" for another hour or two. Although not fought strictly according to modern rules, this certainly was a well-contested battle, highly honorable to the pugilistic fame of both principals. They were unprepared by training, of course fought at catch-weights, and stood up under a burning sun.

The defeat of Sullivan's right bower was a sore blow to the so-called Yankee, but he was discreet enough to smother his wrath and control his temper until he had more confidence and more experience. Success upon success attended the Hibernian champion, with no reverses, and he began to look forward to the proud day to him, should he take down the champion of a country which was giving him and thousands of his countrymen such fine living and easy births. This,

to a thinking person, seemed a strange anomaly, but Jim Sullivan was not much of a thinker, and it made little difference to him, apparently, whether he was fighting in Ireland, Australia, England or America. He belonged to a race of "stickers," who show up wherever the green banner is unfurled, and no one knew this better than Sullivan in his checkered career, in the places above named.



HYER'S TURN-UP WITH SULLIVAN.

One night in April, 1848, with more liquor in his head than common sense, Sullivan thought he'd tackle the "big American loafer," as he styled Hyer, for he was literally spoiling for a fight. He accordingly sought for Hyer, for in those days the sports were easier to be found on such occasions than the present. To say that Sullivan found Hyer would be mild language. He got about the worst beating he ever got outside the ring in a shorter space of time than it takes to write about it. This turn-up took place at a saloon on the corner of Park place and Broadway. Stung to the quick, still vindictive and full of passion, which he seemed unable to control, Sullivan published the following card in *The N. Y. Herald* of June 1:

SULLIVAN'S CARD.

About six weeks since, while in the saloon on the corner of Park place and Broadway, in a condition rendering me unable to defend myself against any attack, I was assailed in a most cowardly manner by a man of the name of Hyer. On the strength of it accounts of the occurrence appeared in a number of the newspapers, false in every particular, and which must have been inserted by Hyer himself or his friends. If I had been worsted in a fair fight, and by a person who knew anything at all about fighting, or had the courage to fight like a man, I should have taken no notice of it; but I consider it due to my friends to inform them in this way of the real character of the occurrence. I am no "Irish braggart" or "bully," although I am an Irishman, and I believe I can show myself worthy of my country whenever I am required. If there are any who think they can make me "cry enough, like a whipped child," if 9 Chatham street is not too far out of the way, I will be happy to have them make the call and make the experiment. As for Hyer, I can "flax him out" without any exertion.

"JAMES SULLIVAN."

HYER'S SIGNIFICANT REPLY.

Yesterday morning it was falsely stated in one of the advertisements of *The N. Y. Herald*, signed James Sullivan, that I had assailed him in an unjustifiable manner, and at a disadvantage, about six weeks ago, in a saloon at the corner of Park place and Broadway. I wish merely to state that this fellow Sullivan assaulted me, and that I chastised him for it, as I can and shall do again on similar provocation to him or anyone else who improperly assaults me. I have only to add that Mr. Sullivan will find me always much readier to meet him anywhere than in the newspapers—anywhere, however, I am his master.

"THOMAS HYER."

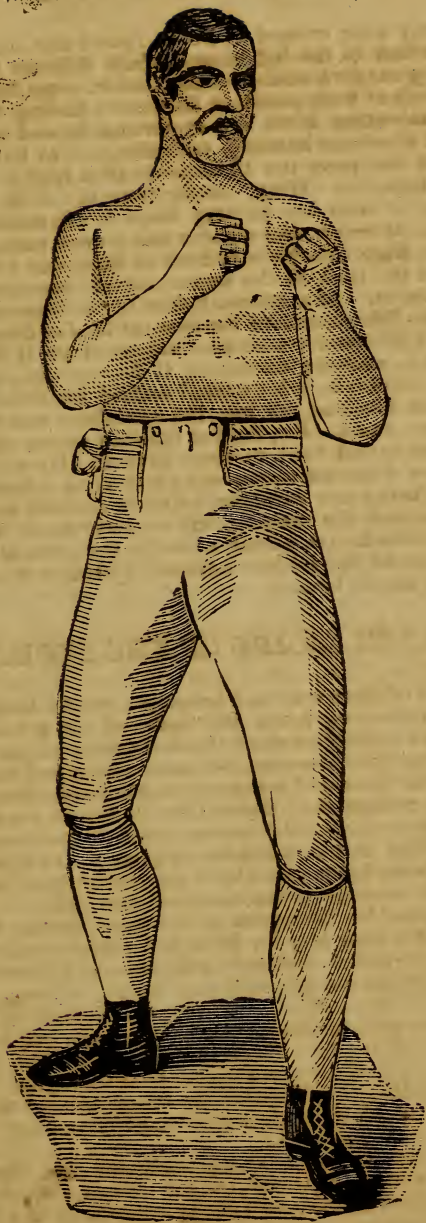
These documents created quite a flutter, but two months passed by ere things came to a focus. Mark, or "Topy McGuire" as he is familiarly called, having had a falling out with Sullivan over money matters, bantered Frank Stewart by offering to bet him \$20 that Sullivan would not make a match with Hyer. The bet was taken by Stewart, and the money put up in the hands of Bill Miner. A meeting was arranged to take place at 28 Park row on August 7, to make the match and the deposit up to \$100 a side. Tom was then tending bar for Bradford Jones, next door to the Bowery Theatre. Between the time of making this bet and the meeting to sign articles, Sullivan went around to Hyer's headquarters and told him he was informed that he (Hyer) had been carrying \$500 in his clothes to fight the winner of the Bob Caunt and Sullivan battle. A little jawing match took place, Hyer not denying the charge, and the upshot was they agreed to go on with the match.

At the meeting on Aug. 7 Hyer refused to fight for less than \$5,000 a side, which somewhat staggered the backers of the other side; but they were not to be bluffed this time, as on a previous occasion they had to take water when Hyer fixed his figures at but \$3,000 a side. The match was therefore arranged for six months from date, it being stipulated that neither should go down without being knocked down or thrown. This clause was McGuire's "put," knowing Sullivan's tumble-down tactics, and, instead of objecting, he said he would fight Hyer anyhow or any place, so long as he could get a fight out of him, so conceited was he of his ability to whip Hyer.

After each of the men had given sparring exhibitions—Hyer at Major's, corner of Grand and Elizabeth streets, in November (winding up with George Thompson), and "Yankee" at the Shakespeare, William and Duane streets, in September (with George Thompson, Hyer's trainer, in the wind up with Sullivan)—they went into active training. Tom selected Dodge's Hotel, McComb's Dam, for his quarters, and engaged the services of George Thompson and Joe Winrow, while "Yankee" Sullivan located at a road-house on Long Island, with Billy Wilson for his trainer, assisted by Tom O'Donnell. The great rivals gave a good account of themselves in their abstemious and thorough change of life, doing an amount of exercise daily which would astonish modern athletes, and the condition in which they appeared on the memorable day was good proof that their heart and soul was in the work. Their final public appearances previous to the fight were Hyer's sparring with Geo. Thompson on Jan. 10 at Major's Rooms, and Sullivan at the same hall on Dec. 21, when he wound up with Country McClusky.

INCIDENTS EN ROUTE TO THE BATTLE GROUND.

The location intended for the arena was Pool's Island, as its jurisdiction was disputed, or divided by the State of Maryland and the Government of the United States (Sullivan having the choice of ground); but the steamboats chartered were paralyzed by the authorities with writs against their captains, and one of them, the Boston, was hired by the State for the pursuit. While things were in this condition Hyer slipped away from his training ground and went to Carroll's Island, next to Pool's, Sullivan having arrived at Carroll's Island two days previous, and crossed to Pool's before Hyer's arrival.



JOHN McCLEESTER IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

effectual attempts of all Baltimore and Maryland to interfere with the boys of New York.

It was now settled that Hyer's boat should take the lead, and all hands, being rather wolfish by their numerous disappointments, agreed to drop upon the first convenient spot, whether it was in Maryland, Delaware, or Virginia. At 1½ o'clock, P. M., Feb. 7, they espied four or five small oyster smaacks, and, judging it to be a proper place, the crowd, to the number of some two hundred, debarked.

Sullivan was among the first who felt terra firma, and set out to reach the first available house on foot. Hyer, more prudent, preferred to avoid the trudging through the snow, and laid himself down in the bottom of a cart stuffed half full of straw, and suffered himself to be driven easily to the same place. Each took up his quarters in large rooms on either side of the main hall.

The principals, both in good spirits, took their seats by the cheerful fires, while their satellites, in reverential silence, grouped themselves around to listen to the least expression which might fall from those who were to be the heroes of the day.

GETTING READY FOR THE FIGHT.

The spot selected by Sullivan's friends was between the house and the farm. The stakes were then procured from pine billets found in the neighborhood, and for want of better gear the top-gallant halyards of the "Whig" were taken for the ropes. At ten minutes past four all was ready.

Sullivan emerged from the house, preceded by one of his seconds, who carried a pair of hot bricks for his feet while waiting for the signal to begin. As he approached the ring his appearance was hailed with cheers, and when he threw in his cap, which was a velvet one of a rich dark green, the most enthusiastic shouts were heard from his friends. He took his seat upon a chair, and with his feet upon the bricks waited for the entrance of his foe. In two or three minutes more Hyer came forth, borne on the brawny shoulders of his friend Dutch Charley, and as he neared the ropes he shied his caster, a foggy-looking piece of felt, into the arena before him. Another burst of clamor then rent the sky, and amid increased enthusiasm each man tied his colors to the stake. That of Hyer's was the spangled ensign of his country, while Sullivan's was a green fogle with oval spots of white. Both men sat down on their seconds' knees, and confronted each other while the final preliminaries were arranged.

While thus awaiting the summons to the ordeal, the seconds, Joe Winrow and John Ling, the first for Hyer and the latter for Sullivan, came forward and made the toss for choice of ground. This was won for Sullivan, who reserved the corner where he already sat, giving to his antagonist the bright setting sun directly in his eyes. The seconds took their corners, Tom Burns taking the place of the captured George Thompson, and Country McCleester supplying the absence of Tom O'Donnell. Stephen Wilson acted as Sullivan's bottle-holder, Larry Hyer, the brother of the lofty champion, being Tom's bottle-holder. Stephen Van Ostrand was chosen referee; H. J. Coulton was Sullivan's umpire; J. J. Way umpire for Hyer; Mike Walsh of *The Subterranean* and Joe Elliott of *The Herald* reporting the contest. At twenty minutes past four Winrow asked the ques-

tion: "Are you ready?" "Yes," said Sullivan, rising and beginning to strip off his outer clothes, followed by Hyer. In less than a minute they stood stripped to the waist, and attired in their neat fighting clothes.

We would here state that, being within a few minutes of sundown, some of Sullivan's sympathizers had tried to dissuade him from fighting, as it was likely to get dark before the fight could be finished. Sullivan wouldn't listen to this, but said that he could lick Hyer inside of 15 minutes. It is said that only \$35 was bet on the ground, and that aevens. Each seemed equally as finely developed in every muscle as their capacity could reach, and the bounding confidence sparkled fiercely in their eyes. Sullivan's round, compact chest, formidable head, contracted brows, fierce, glaring eyes and clean-turned limbs, looked the very incarnation of the spirit of an evil genius; while Hyer, with his broad shoulders and long, muscular limbs, seemed as if he could trample him out of life at will. He stood three inches over Sullivan, and exceeded him in weight about thirty pounds.

THE GREAT

\$10,000 CHAMPIONSHIP PRIZE-FIGHT

BETWEEN

TOM HYER AND YANKEE SULLIVAN,

AT ROCK POINT, MARYLAND, FEBRUARY 7, 1849

HYER THE WINNER IN 16r., 17m. 18s.

THE FIGHT.

According to rule, they were obliged to shake hands before they began; but they performed this ceremony warily, and at extreme arm's length. It was the business of the seconds next to do the same; but before they could reach the scratch to go through the idle ceremony the eager crowd shouted them back, and they gave way at once to the gladiatorial show.

Round 1. Sullivan, with his arms well up and every muscle swelling with its preparation, darted towards Hyer, who stood resolutely awaiting for him with his body well forward and in formidable readiness, and, coming up to him with a sort of run, let fly with his left at Hyer's head, but did not get it in. He then got away from a short attempt of Hyer to counter with his left; but Hyer followed the effort with an instant discharge of his right in Sullivan's forehead, which made a long abrasion of the scalp, but which, notwithstanding the power of the blow, showed neither blood nor discoloration at the time. Gathering himself for a return, Sullivan then rushed in at the body, and after two or three ineffective exchanges clinched his antagonist with the underhold and struggled for the throw. This was the great point on which was to depend the result of the fight. Sullivan relied mainly for success upon his superior wrestling, and it was calculated by his friends and backers that a few of his favorite cross-buttocks

would break his young antagonist in his lithe and graceful waist, and not only render him limpsy with weakness, but stun him with the falls. The most terrible anxiety, therefore, existed as to the result of this endeavor. In its fierce agitations the spectators, who stood in an outer ring of plank laid over the snow some feet distance from the ropes of the arena, involuntarily rushed forward and swarmed against the ropes. Two or three times did Sullivan knot his muscles with an almost superhuman effort, but all served only to postpone his overthrow; for, when he had spent his power by these terrible impulsions, his iron adversary wrenched him to the ground with the upper-hold, and fell heavily prone upon his body. This decided the largest part of the outside betting in favor of the upper man, and shouts of the most terrific joy went up for Hyer. The depression of Sullivan's friends was equal in degree, and they began to get an inkling that they had underrated their opponent.

2. As soon as time was called, both men hurried to the scratch, Hyer working to the upper slope of the ring, where stood the judges and the referee, and thus slanting the sun between his body and that of his opponent, instead of taking its beams directly in his eyes. As Sullivan came up this time, the blood from the scratch upon his forehead made crimson confession of its severity, and elated the friends of the tall one with shrieks of "First blood for Hyer!" Sullivan at this hosanna rushed desperately in, and, meeting Hyer where he paused to receive his charge, delivered a heavy blow with his right on Hyer's left eye, taking a counter on his opposing ogle in return. Sullivan kept close up, and both kept striking with the rapidity of two cocks as they fly together, rendering it almost impossible to see where or how the hits were discharged. It was evident, however, that the rally had not been attended with serious effect to either side. A feint from Sullivan and a dodge from Hyer intervened, when another rally followed, Sullivan taking in return for a couple of body-blows two severe discharges on the left eye by a sort of half upper-cut with the right hand, which brought the blood again. Sullivan then rushed in and clinched; he caught the underhold again, but his efforts were naught, and he was twisted to the ground as if he had been a man of grass, his huge antagonist falling upon him, as before, with his entire weight. Shouts for Hyer.

3. The hopes of Sullivan's friends were now fading fast, and indeed he seemed impressed himself with the idea that he was overmatched. He looked at his opponent with a sort of wild astonishment as he came up, but with a desperate courage, as if conscious nothing but the most reckless policy could help him; he rushed up to the scratch, and, gathering cautiously, after a wicked pass he softened his apparent intentions with a feint, but, finding Hyer would not be drawn out, he let fly right and left, and, catching Hyer with the latter blow upon the body (some say the neck), staggered him backwards a couple of steps and brought him to a sitting position on the ground. The shouts now went up on Sullivan's side, and amidst the uproarious glee he went smiling to his corner.

4. Both came up this time with the utmost alacrity, Sullivan encouraged by his success, and Hyer showing the utmost eagerness to get even. Sullivan hurried up and led off, without getting in, and Hyer, in his excitement, not only returned short, but open-handed. This excited the attention of the former's backer, who, while on the point of crying out: "Now you've got him, Jim," discovered that



YANKEE SULLIVAN IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

Sullivan was open-handed too. The warning, however, brought both of them to their senses and made them close their fists. Hyer then hit out left and right, executing with the latter on the old spot and taking a body-blow in return. Sullivan then ran in and clinched, but his hold did him no good, for he was thrown in the same manner as before, Hyer falling on him and lying across him for several seconds, until his henchmen could come slowly and take him off. Expressions of dissatisfaction here broke out from Sullivan's friends, and John Coulton, the umpire of that side, claimed "Foul," on the score that the upper man was not sooner removed. The question was put to Van Nostrand, the referee, who, however, decided "Fair."

5. Sullivan, who had suffered considerable in the last round by his eagerness to improve the advantage he had gained in the third, led off with the same reckless spirit and with the same desperate aim. He struck wildly right and left at the head, but, getting stopped, next tried the body. His incautiousness, however, received a heavy punishment in the shape of a tremendous right-hand paixhan on the left eye, which hit him down upon his hand, with one knee touching the ground. Hyer rushed forward to hit again, but, checking himself, he raised his hands as if afraid of being tempted to a foul blow, and, moving backwards, turned towards his corner. At this moment Sullivan's umpire, supposing the round at an end, dropped his eye to his watch and started his time. It happened, however, that, as Hyer had turned away, Sullivan, apparently wild, had risen and recommenced the round, whereupon Hyer turned upon him and pressed him by main strength to the ground. While this supplementary struggle was going on, the umpire raised his eyes, and, supposing Hyer had turned to attack Sullivan after the round had finished, as he had marked it, called out "Foul." The character of the renewal was explained to him, however, whereupon he withdrew his complaint.

6. Sullivan now began to show his punishment and fatigue in a slight nervousness of his legs; but still he ran boldly up for desperate fighting, as game as a pebble, and as resolute as if the battle was still within his reach. Several rapid exchanges were then made, Sullivan catching it on the right eyebrow in a counter to a body hit. Hyer then fought Sullivan to the ropes, and bent him backwards over them. Some sharp fibbing took place, which, proving rather unpleasant for Hyer, he seized Sullivan and threw him and fell on him with his arm across his neck. He remained in this position for some time, without interference by his seconds, who saw that it was to his advantage, whereupon a claim of "Foul" was made by Sullivan's judge. The referee, however, decided "Fair." It was likewise claimed that in rising Hyer had pressed improperly on Sullivan's neck, but the claim was not made out.

7. Sullivan, breathing short and exhibiting much fatigue, came up the same as ever, and Hyer, as before, stood on the slope to forbid his passage one inch upon his ground. The little man, as he approached his huge antagonist, seemed as if dispirited by the decision of the referee, while he was nearly spent with the severe exertions that he had made to hit and get away. But he hit with no effect, while the blows of his antagonist made the blood flow profusely down his face, although they had really less effect upon the unfortunate left eye than it seemed. Several exchanges were made, all against Sullivan when he rushed in again at his wrestling hold, and found the ground, as he had done in these close encounters every time before.

8. The hit in the eye which Hyer received in the second round now showed its colors, and puffed up over the surrounding flesh. Sullivan's left eye was no better; indeed, worse, and bore many testimonials in crimson crevices of Hyer's black and long knuckles. Sullivan again made play from the jump, but got nothing in. As he hit out the body, Hyer struck short with the left, as was his custom every time when he meditated mischief with his right hand, and then let go with his dexter mawley, driving the blood out from the left eye in a spray, but still not knocking his staunch opponent down. Sullivan, finding that he could not parry off these terrific hits, ran in again, but was thrown as before, Hyer falling on him, and lying with his breast across Sullivan's chest, neck and face. Hyer's seconds were again slow in coming up to take him off, upon which another appeal of "Foul" was made to the referee, who, however, decided "Fair," though he admitted he could not see at all times, in consequence of the crowd getting between him and the men, and jostling him about since the first round.

9. "Time" came round quick at this "call," as much of the thirty seconds were consumed while the men were on the ground. Both men came up bloody to the scratch, Sullivan being literally blotted with gore, while the clear crimson smoked on Hyer's chest from a lance-wound which had been made under his right eye to prevent it from closing out his sight. He was also dabbled with the brains which ran from Sullivan, and which painted his arms and bosom every time they closed. Sullivan walked up to the scratch this time with a freshened vigor, and showed the same determination as when he commenced the battle. Hyer, who was cool and apparently unfatigued, at once saw the real condition of his man, and, concluding that it was now time to change his tactics, led off for the first time. The Yankee seemed better capable of resisting this mode of warfare than making a successful aggression, and dodged two wicked-looking blows, but in endeavoring to return with a rush he brought Hyer to his usual defensive position. He then took Sullivan's blows without wincing or endeavoring to stop them, being satisfied to take advantage of the right-hand counter, which from the first had told with such terrible effect. Sullivan rushed in again to save himself from punishment, and was thrown, with Hyer on him.

10. Sullivan came up with his hands open and showing distress. He led off with ineffectual passes, which only served to provoke punishment, and give him the return of a wicked right-handed hit in the old place, which staggered him to the ground.

11. Hyer, strong on his pins, respiring regularly and evidently in possession of all his strength. He waited for Sullivan as before, and, though Yankee came up rather slower than before, Hyer was content to await his approach, rather than alter a method by which he was getting on so well. On meeting at the scratch a few rapid hits were made, which ended in a clinch and a wrestle to the ground, Hyer uppermost, but with Sullivan's leg locked over his until he was taken off.

12. This time both men came up quick, and Sullivan led off, hitting wildly and madly right and left, while his cool antagonist, watching his chance, took a short hit for the privilege of countering on the old spot. Sullivan, then rallying his energies, tried the Secor dodge, and endeavored to slip under Hyer's right arm to hit him from behind,

but he was stopped and caught by Hyer with the left on the top of the head with a round blow, which discharged him to the ground.

13. Up to this time all the fighting was done in Sullivan's corner making Hyer's boast good that he should not have an inch more than twelve feet to do his fighting in. This round commenced by sharp exchanges right and left, as if they had come together for the first time. At length Hyer, finding it was all his own way, rallied Sullivan sharply, and, driving him to the ropes, backed him over them and entered into a smart exchange of fibbing. Hyer caught hold of the ropes while thus engaged, when a man from Boston, by the name of Hennessy, seized his thumb, and bent it backwards from its hold whereupon Hyer let go, and, clinching Sullivan, wrenched him to the ground and fell upon him.

14. Sullivan giving out fast; Hyer, perceiving it, entered briskly on the offensive, fought him to the ropes, and fibbed him on them as before. After an exchange of this kind of work, Hyer jerked him from the ropes, and, clinching, wrestled him to the ground and fell upon him.

15. Sullivan shaky on his pins, and Hyer apparently as strong as ever. As Sullivan came up and attempted to hit out, he slipped. Hyer rallied him to the ropes, hitting him right and left in the pursuit, and bending him again over the ropes. During this struggle he caught his arm, and, bending it backward in its socket, gave it a wrench that must have caused the most agonizing pain; he then clinched and threw him to the ground and fell upon him as before.

16. When time was called, Sullivan was slow in rising from his second's knee, and it was evident that his fighting star had set, for the day at least. He walked in a limsey manner towards the score but when he put up his left arm the tremor which shook it showed that it was distressed by pain. Hyer did not wait for him, but, advancing beyond the score, let fly both right and left in Sullivan's face, who, though he could not return it, took it without wincing in the least. Hyer then rushed him to the ropes again, and after a short struggle there, threw him and fell heavily upon him, in which position Sullivan locked his leg over him again, as if he would hold him in his place. When he was taken off, Sullivan was found to be entirely exhausted, and when lifted up reeled half round and staggered backward towards the ropes. The fight was done. He could not come in again, and Country McClusky took him from the ring without waiting for time to be called. Hyer's second, Joe Winrow, as soon as this took place, advanced to take Sullivan's colors as the trophy, but being interfered with and denied by Johnny Lyng, Hyer rushed forward himself, and, seizing Lyng by the arm, enabled his friend to take the prize. The shouts then went up for the victor and the party commenced unthreading the stakes of their halyard for the voyage back. Thus ended a contest which had, up to that time, excited more interest than any other pugilistic encounter that ever took place in this country; but which, though it engaged thousands of minds for a period of six long months, was done up when once begun in seventeen minutes and eighteen seconds.

REMARKS.

The foregoing contest may be aptly termed a "hurricane fight." From the commencement to the close it was bitter, unremitting and d

terminated. On the part of Sullivan it consisted of a series of quick and almost superhuman efforts to out-fight and stun his antagonist from the start; while Hyer, who seemed to be thoroughly aware of his intent, contented himself with standing at the scratch and forbidding any entrance to his side by the tremendous counter-hits which he delivered in return for Sullivan's rapid visitations. He did not attempt to make parrying a leading feature of his policy, but for the greater portion of the time cheerfully met Sullivan's blows for the chance of countering back. He had evidently settled upon this as his policy for the fight, judging correctly that, if hit and hit was to be the order of the day, the weakest structure must go to pieces in the struggle. In addition to this, Hyer showed excellent skill in fighting, and his method of hitting short with his left, as a preliminary to the paixhan discharge of the right, in the style of a half upper-cut, could not perhaps have been excelled in the use he made of it by the best hitters who have ever shown themselves in the prize-ring. He was cool and self-possessed, with the exception of a moment or two at the opening of the fourth round, when he seemed either shaken by his fall or stung from his control by the cheers which greeted Sullivan for the handsome blow. Sullivan, on the other hand, fought wild and overeager. He did not display that shrewdness and care which has characterized all his previous fights, but seemed to consider himself in the ring, not so much to decide some three hundred thousand dollars, as to revenge upon Hyer, in the bitterest and most sudden manner, the personal hatred that stood between them. He hurried to the scratch at every round, and commenced leading off right and left, and, when obliged to take it more severely than he bargained for, invariably rushed in for a clinch, notwithstanding each succeeding round proved more conclusively than those which had gone before he could not throw his man, and that these reverses brought upon him the severest punishment of all. He was twisted to the ground invariably by the superior strength of his antagonist, and what, in view of this, was surprising to his friends, he would resist strongly every time, instead of slipping down as easily as possible to save his strength. There never was, perhaps, a battle in which there was so much fighting in so short a space of time; none, certainly, in which more resolute punishment was given and taken without flinching on either side. The history of the fight consists in the fact that Sullivan was overmatched; and, in the further fact, that Hyer showed himself capable of matching any man in the world.

CAREER OF YANKEE SULLIVAN.

Born at Bandon, near Cork, Ireland, April 12, 1813.

Height, 5ft. 10½in.; weight, 158lb.

Beat Tom Brady, 17r., 30m., Ireland.

Beat Steward, 2h. 8m., Australia.

Beat Dick Trainor, 73r., 1h. 45m., Australia.

Beat Johnny White, purse, 13r., 40m., Australia.

Beat George Sharpless, alias Bumbles, 27r., 1h. 5m., Australia.

Beat Hammer Lane, £100, 19r., 34m., Crookham Common, England, Feb. 2, 1841.

Beat Vince Hammond, \$200, 8r., 10m., Sept. 2, 1841.

Beat Tom Secor, 67r., Jan. 24, 1842.

Beat Billy Bell, 24r., 38m., Aug. 29, 1842.

Beat Bob Caunt, 7r., 12m., May 11, 1847.

Beaten by Tom Hyer.

Beaten by John Morrissey, for particulars of which see "Life and Battles of John Morrissey."

Found dead in a cell, San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1856.

ARREST AND ENTHUSIASM IN PHILADELPHIA.

Owing to Sullivan being taken temporarily to an hospital in Baltimore, as the triumphal American passed through Philadelphia *en route* for his native city, he was arrested, to await the result of Sullivan's injuries, but subsequently released on its being made known that his opponent's condition was not serious. So great was the excitement on Chestnut street around Sam Miller's hotel, where he made a temporary sojourn, and was carried in on the shoulders of some of the people, that all vehicles had to pass around the block, the street being one mass of enthusiastic Philadelphians, admirers of the renowned chief.

GREAT RECEPTION IN NEW YORK.

Upon Hyer's return to the metropolis he was received with the most joyful demonstrations by the people, while his headquarters, the Fountain House, in Park row, was brilliantly illuminated, and a transparency placed over the front of the house bearing the words:

 * TOM HYER, *
 * CHAMPION OF AMERICA. *

This remained for a long time ornamenting the Fountain House, and there were no more demonstrations from the opposing forces, leaving Hyer cock of the walk. Of course the wine glass was being filled constantly by his friends, and in his honor, and great was the rush and desire to take Hyer by the hand and crack a bottle with him. Seizing the golden opportunity, Dick Platt set Hyer up in business at The Branch, No. 40 Bowery, where he remained for some time, literally coining money—in fact, all the life was concentrated on the block between Bayard and Canal streets, with Hyer the lion of the day and night.

Hyer's success made his company sought for by politicians and statesmen as well as the theatrical, circus and sporting element, and being always dignified and high-toned, he was comparatively free from street and bar-room quarrels. An effort was made to get up a fight between Hyer and Matt Gooderson, a man of about his own size, for \$10,000 a side, but, as they were both Americans, mutual friends interfered and stopped it. Bill Foole was then a great admirer of Gooderson's, and was the principal one who tried to bring Hyer into it, while Isaiah Rynders used his powerful influence in order that they shouldn't fight. This little hubbub had one good feature about it, viz., drawing great crowds to their respective saloons—Hyer's on the



TOM HYER IN RING COSTUME.

Bowery, and Gooderson's on Chatham street. The partisans of the giant's had the satisfaction, however, of seeing them spar together at the Old Bowery Theatre, we believe, when it was such an even thing no one could boast of the superiority of either man. It is needless to say that Hyer and Gooderson remained fast friends ever afterwards.

So satisfied were Hyer's partisans of his invincibility that he was authorized to send a challenge to Bill Perry (the Tipton Slasher), then Champion of England, to fight for \$10,000 a side, the battle to take place either in England or Newfoundland, offering to give or take \$5,000 for expenses. Had Perry accepted the \$5,000 bait, the battleground was to have been St. John, N. F.

HYER'S TROUBLES WITH MORRISSEY.

The appearance of John Morrissey in New York after defeating Hyer's friend and trainer George F. Thompson, in California, was the signal for trouble in Hyer's camp, and he sought every way to pick a fight with Hyer, but Sir Thomas kept him at bay by giving him and all others to understand that he would fight for nothing less than \$10,000 a side. When Sullivan fought Morrissey [see "Life and Battles of John Morrissey"] Hyer took active sides with his old opponent—if not the cause of the fight itself—and went around in person and collected the money to pay Sullivan's fine and effect his release from Lennox Jail. It was on one of these occasions the gallant Tom put on the gloves with Izzy Lazarus at No. 4 James street, at the Falstaff Tavern.

Morrissey took great umbrage at Hyer's magnanimity for poor Sullivan, and was more ugly than ever towards THE CHIEF, being now backed up by the then rough element of this city. Meeting on the Union Course, L. I., at the running race between May Fly, Emigrant and Ellen Bateman, June 20, 1854, Morrissey went up to and offered to fight Hyer for fun; but Tom, being in ill health, declined to have anything to do with "Old Smoke."

Morrissey, who had been at loggerheads with Hyer for four years, owing to, it is said, Hyer retaining some money belonging to him; held as a bet, sent word to Hyer that he would like to see him at the Belle of the Union, 38 Leonard street, on July 19. As this was Morrissey's own saloon, Tom refused to go, inviting him in return to Dick Platt's, whither Morrissey went. A war of words ensued, Hyer proposing to meet at the Abbey, Bloomingdale Road and 103d street, at 1 o'clock on July 20, and they separated with that understanding. Fearing serious trouble, the Captain of the Fifth Ward police arrested Morrissey, and kept him locked up till after 1 o'clock, and only then let him go when he promised not to use firearms should he and Hyer meet before morning. When Hyer heard of Morrissey's arrest, he sent word to meet him at the same place at 5 A. M. that morning. Result of this fracas will be found in "Life and Battles of John Morrissey."

In September, same year, John Lyng, a Morrissey man, and Hyer had a growl, without any blood being spilled, however. On the 7th of January, '55, Harvey Young, Jim Turner and Lew Baker assaulted Hyer in Dick Platt's saloon, under what was then Wallack's Theatre, in Broadway, near Broome street. Baker fired one shot at Hyer, when Tom rushed in, and, seizing Baker's pistol, disarmed him, but refused to retaliate. About seven weeks after this Baker fatally shot Bill Poole, for particulars of which see "The Life and Battles of

Morrissey." Captain Rynders, the irrepressible political leader, and Hyer had a brief misunderstanding in April, '56, nobody being hurt.

TOM HYER vs. DOMINICK BRADLEY.

In August, 1856, Dominick Bradley of Philadelphia came on to New York to try and effect a match with Harry Gribbin; failing in which, he had the presumption to talk of fighting Hyer. A friend of Tom's, without his knowledge or approval, bet \$100 with a friend of Bradley's that Hyer would make a match, and the parties appointed Aug. 23, at Bill Hasting's, 208 Centre street, to settle matters. Of course it drew an immense crowd to Dublin Tricks' bar, and brought Morrissey again on the scene, he betting \$300 with Johnny Austin that Hyer wouldn't show up. It was a bad day for Jack Montgomery and Austin, for, when Hyer was sent for, he sent word back that he wished nothing to do with either Bradley or any of his crowd, which settled that.

A couple of years, strange to say, passed without any officious meddling of Hyer's business or person, until a big Scotchman named Jim Stewart had a taste of Hyer's mettle for an insult given him. This little scrimmage took place at the Dexter House, in Broome street, kept by Ez. White.

THE HYER AND HEENAN MATCH.

It is not generally known that Tom Hyer and John C. Heenan were on the point of being matched for \$10,000. Heenan had been assaulted in Boston by a party of roughs, instigated, as Heenan believed, by a sporting man named McCutcheon, a particular friend of Hyer's, and accused Tom at the Dexter House of having had something to do with the affair. The Benecia Boy challenged Tom, and he accepted, reserving to himself the right to name the sum, which he put at \$10,000 a side. Heenan, looking upon this as a bluff, said as much, whereupon Hyer consented to making it half that amount. To this Heenan assented, and the following April (1860) was fixed for the meeting. In the discussion both got excited, Heenan saying he could whip Hyer there and then, and they went into the street together; but on reaching the sidewalk, Hyer, believing that the crowd intended to double-bank him, drew his Derringer, threatening to shoot the first man who attempted to molest him, which kept the opposition at their distance and ended the whole affair. As Hyer was not the man as when he fought Sullivan, by long odds, and, moreover, forty years of age, while Heenan was but twenty five, it is not very likely they would ever have come together under any circumstances.

HYER'S LAST VENTURES.

In company with Sam Weiser as partner, we next meet Hyer in the saloon business in the vicinity of Laura Keane's Theatre (now the Olympic), but that was of brief duration. During the civil war he took a run on to Washington and did a little sutlery in Hooker's camp in the Winter of 1862. Here he contracted a severe attack of rheumatism from outdoor exposure both night and day, and otherwise abusing his constitution. He subsequently tried saloon-keeping in Washington, but soon gave it up through failing health. His last venture was in West Fourth street, this city, but he

continued to get worse, and finally got totally unfit for business, and gradually became a perfect wreck of his former self. From having once associated with Hyer when no finer specimen of physical manhood could be seen anywhere to watching or helping him to cross Broadway, leaning on crutches, almost doubled up, as helpless as a child, haggard, ill-clad, and never free from pain, it was enough to make one's heart ache. A few staunch friends, not overburdened with wealth themselves, stood by him in his adversity, so that he never actually came to want. He had one benefit at the New Bowery Theatre in '64, which was well attended, and, amongst other attractions, the late Dan Bryant appeared for him, the writer and a few friends occupying the same box as Hyer.

HYER'S LAST APPEARANCE AND DEATH.

The last appearance of Hyer in public was at a benefit given to him at the Stuyvesant Institute, New York, June 21, 1864, under the auspices of John, brother to Bill Poole, upon which occasion, with a crutch under his left arm and a stick in his right hand, he was led to the footlights, and introduced by his bosom friend, Al Conrey. Cheer after cheer greeted him, but, beyond acknowledging the same by a flourish of his cane, he made no remarks. On Saturday, June 25, Hyer, as usual, had been carriage riding in company with a friend, and about the last place he called at was at Ned Wilson's, then on the corner of Bleeker and Greene streets, from which place he was lifted into the carriage and taken to his home, at No. 155 East 35th street, arriving there about half-past twelve that night. He was somewhat exhausted by the intense heat, and, sitting down on the stoop, he called for ice-water, which was given him; soon afterwards he complained of being sick, and shortly after 2 o'clock A. M. he went to bed. Two hours and a half subsequently he woke up and asked his niece, Mary Harrison, then in attendance, for more ice water. He spoke no more after that, and died about 6 o'clock A. M. Sunday, June 26, retaining his senses to the last. His disease was pronounced to be dropsy of the heart.

THE FUNERAL.

On Tuesday, June 28, Hyer's funeral took place from his late residence, in 35th street. As he lay in his coffin, Hyer looked very natural, his face, though a little swollen, having the appearance as if he was in a quiet slumber instead of sleeping the sleep of death. Hyer's mother and wife were present. The pallbearers were Allen Conrey, Thos. C. Burns, Chas. Lozier, A. Wallace, J. Sturgis, W. Mount, Wm. Roche and Jerry Haley. The remains were taken to Greenwood Cemetery. The attendance was very small, considering the once prominent position Hyer held, and as a matter of record we give the names of the only parties, except the pallbearers and relatives of deceased, who followed the remains to the grave, viz., Izzy Lazarus, his sons Harry and Johnny, Capt. Lynch, Ed. Wilson, Harry Holcomb, Robt. Smith and Ed. James.

Morrissey the enemy of Hyer during lifetime was the first to propose relief for Hyer's mother and widow, heading the list with \$250, but there were not many to follow suit, about \$500 in all being raised. We close Hyer's life by mentioning this incident, now that Morrissey and Heenan have followed poor Hyer to their last resting-place also.

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