## GRANDSIRE PRIZEFIGHTER; GRANDSON HAS TITL



engerness.
After Gully had finally established

himself in the championship he voluntarily brought his brief pugliistic eareer to a close and retired. Engaging

in business as a tavern keeper, turf-man, racehorse proprietor and finally owner of extensive collieries, he was

returned to Parliament as representa-tive for Pontefract in 1832. His grand-son, Sir William C. Gully, was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1895

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here and there an opinionated partisan had already begun to fight over some part of the battle in pantomime, the curlous hung about the ropes to view the departure of the boxers and their

supporters, the fag ends of a great sporting event had been packed away into the notebooks of the ring report-John Gully, battered, weak and dis-

figured, but still smilling, as tradition decreed the victor must ever be, had been helped into his clothes and was leaving the ground through the press, supported by "Tom" Cribb, his late second. Hefore them as buffer elbowed Contain Barriary the cellunt Allenders.

Captain Barciay, the gallant Allardyce of Ury, patron of the manly ort and personal firend of Gully. They made their way slowly to the edge of the field, where Barciay's carriage was standing, and the champion was glad of aid in mounting the step. As Cribb

of aid in mounting the step. As Cribb and the Captain were about to follow him a tall, dignified man dressed in the height of fashion approached and sa-

"Weil, Jackson, will you bear us company on the road?" asked Barclay, waving toward the vacant seat.

The former title-holder, now the most popular instructor of puglilism in London, bowed his thanks. "I should be most happy if it were not for a certain pigeon pie to which I owe my duties this evening, Captain. But I heard some interesting talk back there at the ring a moment ago, and thought to

ring a moment ago, and thought to give you the benefit of it before you "I hope it is promise of good sport."

"As good as we have seen today at any rate," said Jackson, amiling. "I was miding Gregson's friends but now. As you must have seen, the man was not able to stand for some time nor to speak until he had been swabbed with gln and water. But the first words he spoke were remarkable enough to send

'And what were they?" asked the cap-

tain. "Why, he blinks around at Richmond

with the corner of an eye that was left him. 'Bill,' says he, 'what happened, lad? Was I beat'? It was a game thing

for a man in his condition not to know the day had gone against him. 'For sure, Massa Gregson, says Richmond. 'Well,'

Massa Gregson, says Richmond. 'Well,' says Gregson, and he was talking with a mouth like a draw purse, 'hat's just the start of it. Now we're introduced we'll have a session in carnest.'"

"Then he means to ask another match?" demanded Barclay.

"Just as soon as he can find backers and rest from his hurts."

"Here's news, Gully," said the Captain, turning to the champion, who was easing himself into the softest corner of the vehicle.

"I expected no less and could hope for

no more from 'Bob' Greggon,' said Gully. with a grin. "It would take more than

me post haste after you."

said Barciay

the crowd was breaking up into groups. Bets were being paid,

OHN GULLY, Champion of the World, and the Battle He Fought Which Gave Him a Decisive Victory-His Grandson, Knighted, Became Speaker of the House of Commons

GREGSON From "Pugilistica the History of British Boxing

The crowd scarcely breathed as the boxers fell on guard and began to spar warily, feeling for a safe play and warming slowly into action. Greggon proved to be surprisingly nimble on his feet and to be surprisingly nimble on his feet and there was promise of a clever exhibition before the real work of the battle was opened. Neither man exerted himself, but rapped in with light blows and feints. Gregson was at ease, secure behind his powerful guard. Gully was watching that guard closely. As he had hoped, the big fellow expected nothing serious so soon in the game and was attentive rather to pose and display than to aggression.

In Whirlwind Combat.

The thing happened between two winks, Gully was sparring along neatly, apparently quite willing to approach the issue gradually. He feinted with his right, swung lightly with his left and stepped

At the opening of the third round he started to force the pace. Gregson met his one aught with a well-directed. Straight drive to the chest, knocking Gully across the ring and pursuing flercely. The champion was forced to give ground before the determined attack, but waited his chance and slipped over two smashes to the face that drew crimson. Gregson, enraged, sought to close and Guily landed another rocking swing to the side of the head before they came to grips. The big fellow capted all his strength in the wrestle and Guily was no match for him. He snatched the champion off his feet and threw him handily.

Gully's Offense.

In the interval it was seen that Greg-

In the interval it was seen that Gregson had suffered severely, his head
swollen and bleeding. Gully felt himself uninjured, save for the weakening
blow to the loins, and was confirmed
in his intention to blind and bewilder
his adversary. At the opening of the
fourth round he took the initiative ence
more and attacked flercely, planting
two vigorous drives to the forehead.
Parrying Gregson's return, he balanced
himself for another blow, but slipped
on the wet ground and fell.
Gregson introduced the fifth round
with another of his pliedriver smashes,
Gully being unable to get in beyond
Gregson's extended left arm. The champion evaded the blow scientifically and
Gregson immediately stepped to the
clinch. The huge boxer now gave a
remarkable but unprofessional demonstration of his muscular superiority by
seizing Gully about the thighs and
lifting him several feet. From this
position he threw his man with great
violence. The move was generally considered to the center with renewed vigor
and awaited to silve the slower Gregson, whose
chest was laboring painfully. As they
fell on guard and railled Gully suddenly
repeated his tactics of the first round,
lashing out unexpectedly and landing a
smash to the right eye that had all his
knees under the blow like a stricken
buil. In the tenth round they closed
quickly and fell together.
Gregson was nearly blind as he advanced for the eleventh round. He put
his hand to his left eye in a dazed way
and looked at it, then, under the waip
of sudden anger, whirled up his arms and
started to mill Gully evaded him casily
and knocked him down with another
straight drive. In falling Gregson managed to stumble forward and get in a
backhanded blow to the side of the face.
Gregson led off the twelfth round with
a good, driving jolt to the chest. Gully violence. The move was generally con-sidered to be most unfair, and cries of disapproval came from all parts of the ring. The champion, however, reas-assured his friends by rising nimbly and walking to his corner with a

Both fighters were fresh and willing as they set to for the sixth round. They clashed immediately, standing knee to knee. Gully took several hard blows to the ribs and paid for them with slashes to the head, rallying manfully. The champion's superior science was here clearly shown, for he landed two to his opponent's one and parried Gregson's most threatening blows with great son's most threatening blows with great skill and decision. Gregson, finding himself still unable to plant a drive with all his power behind it, fell back to his stiff, left-armed guard, which kept Gully off in the danger zone and gave him his advantage of reach. The champion redoubled his agility, pressing hard and cutting Gregson's face repeatedly. Gregson lost his temper under these galling tactics and rushed, taking all chances. Gully was unabled. under these galling tactics and rushed, taking all chances. Gully was unable to stop him and gave back, while disputing every step. Gregson forced him to the ropes and when the champion made a final stand succeeded at last in planting one of his terrific left-handers to the side of Gully's head. Gully staggered into a clinch and tripped, pulling Gregson with him. In the struggle they fell through the ropes and landed outside the ring. Odds were

tripped, pulling Gregson with him. In the struggle they fell through the ropes and landed outside the ring. Odds were now two to one on the champion.

Gully, though shaken by the last blow, was greatly elated by the punishment he had inflicted and was confident that he had the battle well in hand. He began the seventh round with great spirit and dash. Gregson, who was winded, tried to fight shy and Gully made the most of the opportunity. Boring past Gregson's long guard, he smashed home to the head, following up with the same blow time after time. Six clean drives he landed, and at the next he caught his opponent fairly on the point of the chin, lifting him off his balance and sending him down. During this round Gregson had not touched him.

Gregson came to the mark for the eighth round bent upon revenge, a fearsome, battered, raging figure. He flung upon his man with a fary that Gully could not meet and drove him at will. The champion protected himself only at the expense of incessant watchfulness and a display of remarkable science.

while he was being carried to the corner Gully was conscious that he had received a sharp check and had suffered more than he could well afford, but the sight of his rival, panting on "Joe" Ward's knee, reassured him. The glant was in great distress with his wind and had lost the sight of his left eye. His face had been hammered to a pulp and his head was greatly swellen. All the champion's spirit came back to him as he noted the situation. He saw that Gregson's effort had been made in desperation and that he would never be so dangerous again.

End of the Battle.

End of the Battle.

backbanded blow to the side of the face. Gregson led off the twelfth round with a good, driving jolt to the chest. Gully countered with a flush hit to the mouth that again sent the other down. Gully was leading off the thirteenth round when he slipped and fell.

The game was now wholly in Gully's hands, and the next two rounds he conducted in conquering style. Gregson was confused and used little judgment in guarding or countering. In the sixteenth round, however, under the advice of his second, he closed quickly, attempting to bring his strength into play. Gully tried to avoid him and in se doing gave Gregson an opening which the big fellow improved with a telling swing that snocked the champion down.

In the 17th round Gregson again yielded to anger and started a wild, battering attack. Gully hit him and got away almost at will, for Gregson had lost most of his speed and could not follow up. After suffering heavily in a rally Gregson tried to retreat in his turn, but Gully ripped in a stinging drive, caught him again, caught him again.

his turn, but Gully ripped in a stinging drive, caught him as he was about to fall, hit him again, caught him again, until Gregson dropped, almost senseless. The next ten rounds were short and were simply successive sappings at Gregson's fortitude and great courage. The champion was no longer in any danger. The end was in sight. It was simply a question of wearing Gregson down to a point where flesh and bone could go no further.

At the opening of the 17th round Gully bored in and suddenly slipped a swift swing under the left ear. Gregson went down in a heap and was carried to his corner as helpless as a sack.

ried to his corner as helpless as a sack. He was supported toward the center for the 28th round, but was unable to make the distance and sank to the ground. The efforts of his attendants were unavailing, and after the elapse of the half minute Gully was declared the winner. The battle had lasted one hour and a quarter.

Before putting on his clothes, Gully stepped to the ropes and motioned for silence. The cheering crowd gave him his opportunity and he addressed the leading patrons of the ring in the front ranks.

"I thank you for your approval and ried to his corner as helpless as a sack.

front ranks.

"I thank you for your approval and kindness," he said. "I wish to say that I shall now retire and take up business at the Plough, in Cherry street, where I shall be glad to entertain you. I have fought with a partly disabled left arm, and I do not think that Gregson can demand further Twice Gregson beat through his guard, but he got away without heavy damage. Gregson, pounding with his tremendous arms, found his prey escaping brave and willing fighter."



GULLY

From "Pugilisti

the History of

British Boxing

mortal man to convince him he had the worst of it. However, I'll hammer him again if he wants it, and glad of the HE WAS SUPPRORTED TOWARD THE CENTER FOR THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ROUND, BUT COULD NOT There you are, Jackson, what more could you ask?" chickled Barclay as he entered the carringe with Cribb.

The Last Buttle.

Should round out his puglistic career.
He was conscious of nothing remarkable in such a brief and brilliant ring "Nothing more, certainly, and you'll somit the Lancashire lad deserves an-

"He does, if ever a man did," said Bar clay, answering the other's salute as the horse plunged forward. On the road the horse plunged forward. On the road the three men discussed the news. They agreed it was quite in keeping with the character of the courageous Gregson to seek another fight while yet blind and staggering under one defeat.

"It should be a good fight," said Gully, "and I am as anxious to bring it on as he is." "Why?" asked Barclay, in some sur-

For the same reason a soldier looks forward to the last engagement of a cam-paign," returned Gully. "This time I felt him out. Next time I shall crush him. After that I shall leave the ring."
His two friends stared at him while he nursed his suffened left arm into a more comfortable position. "What's that? What for should y' leave the ring?" Because then I shall have the cham-

plonality beyond all question," said Gully. "Look now, I was not made to be a boxer

awaited his next encounter with Greging of his father, a master butcher, but at the age of 21 had become convinced that his great attength and agility fitted him for quick success in the ring. Like Jackson, he had scorned to work his way by slow and painful degrees up through

be his third appearance in public, history as the one he mapped out for himself. Quite simply, he had turned to the sport as the easiest and most congenial method of gaining a foothold n life, money and friends and reputa-

Possessed of a good mind, a ready wit and a strong character, he say that as a champion he would have nany opportunities for advancing himself. He knew that he was capable of achievements beyond those of pugilism. He could make the title a stepping-stone. Men of wealth and position were ardent followers of the science and did not hesitate to use their influence in aid of favorite boxers. Gully planned to draw such men about him and cultivate them.

He was well equipped for his immediste task. Indomitable courage was his and a body that never shrank from pain. His technique was not remarkable, but he was quick to learn and adopt the methods of the best fighters of the day. It might be said that John Gully's entire training in pugilism was acquired during the course of his fat acquired during the course of his 64-round battle with "Hen" Pearce. This notable adaptability was his most striking characteristic. The annals of

"Look now, I was not made to be a boxer all my!life. A boxer I started and a boxer I'll stay until there's no one dares say I'm not the champion. Then I'll put the honor from me, instead of walting until yourself. Tom, or someone else, tears it away."

"Ambition," suggested Barciay.

"Ay," said Gully, quietly. "That's what some call it. All I wait for now is a decisive victory. What's left for a man when's he's at the top? Nothing but a fall at the end. I'm for climbing onto another ladder before I'm shaken off of this."

It was in this spirit that John Gully awaited his next encounter with Gregson. Born in Bristel, in 1783, Gully had fellowed the calling of his father, a master butcher, but at the age of 21 had become convinced that his great strength and aslility fitted him for quick success in the ring. Like Jackson, he had scorned to work his way

meet, to put down stakes and arrange

The champion answered: "Mr. Gregson, I accept your challenge, but wish you would make the match for 250 instead of 200 a side. I shall not delay a moment in returning to town to make the necessary arange-

ments as to time, place, &c."

On December 22, 1807, the two boxers, accompanied by backers and friends, met by agreement at the Coach and Horse, St. Martin's lane, and discussed the terms for the coming fight. It was decided that the wasterness to the coming fight. decided that the exact spot should be determined as conditions indicated, since the authorities were likely to interfere, but that the battle should take place near the scene of a racing meet in the following Spring. These ar-

des were drawn up: "Major Morgan, on the part of Gregson, and Mr. Jackson, on the part of Gully, agree to deposit 50 guineas each-this day and a further deposit of 50 guineas on the first day of March, 1808. or forfelt the first 50 guineas; and on the Monday following the Craven meet-ing the remainder of the stakes to be made good by the contracting parties or the 100 guineas to be also forfelted; and that the Hon. Berkeley Craven be requested to hold the stakes on the day

of battle.
"Conditions of the battle:
"First-The battle to take place on the Tuesday following the first Spring meeting between the hours of 10 and nd-To fight in a roped square

of 40 feet. "Third-Neither to fall without a knockdown blow, subject to the deci-sion of the umpires. "Fourth—Three umpires to be chosen upon the ground, viz. two and one in reference.

"JOHN JACKSON.

fought a preliminary, in which Cribb proved the victor after 25 rounds.

It was well along in the afternoon when Gully and Gregson entered the ring and began to strip. A soaking shower had left the turf soft, and both prepared to fight in silk stockings without shoes. They wore white silk breeches. Harry Lee was to act as second for Gregson and the veteran "Joe" Ward filled a similar position for Gully. Captain Barclay was selected as deciding umpire. A few moments before the calling of time Gregson was able to place a final bet of £50 upon himself. roved the victor after 25 rounds.

upon himself.

When the combatants advanced toward the mark for the handeless the gathering the mark for the handclasp the gathering feil silent, every eye measuring the appearance of the rivals. Gregson was a gigantic man, built on massive, rugged lines, six feet one and a half inches in height and weighing lie pounds when ready for action. He was big boned and big muscled, hard as iron and trained by the cunning of Mendoza, under whose care he had placed himself, to the pink of candition. He bors himself resolutely of condition. He bore himself resolutely and with confidence. Gully was about six feet in height and

weighed some 20 pounds less than his adversary. His figure was not notably symmetrical, nor did it seem to promise a high degree of athletic skill. He was thick limbed and solidly put together, but lacked any remarkable development of the chest or arms. He showed, at first

the chest or arms. He showed, at first glance, to great disadvantage against Gregson, but those who had seen him fight knew that the seeming was misleading. Suppleness, agility and great strength were the qualities that lay back of his squared and sturdy form.

The champion himself approached the combat with perfect coolness and possession, gauging the huge bulk and brave bearing of his antagonist keenly. He was aware that Gregson had worked hard to prepare himself for the return match and that he was believed to have improved wonderfully in science. He was

Gregson's throat and sending him to the sod gasping and crimsoned Not a cry or murmur had come from the throng during the first absorbing rally. This skillful, masterly move brought a spontaneous yell of applause and odds rose from even to six to four on the champlon. Gregson sought his corner without assistance and sat upon his sec-ond's knee frowning and shaking his head. Gully observed him with a quiet smile. He had carried out his acheme to perfection, just as he had known he

At the end of the half minute Gregson stepped to the center eagerly. His man-ner had changed, and every watcher knew that he would not be taken unawares again. The big boxer was angry, alert and resolved to even scores. Gully read his purpose easily enough and was quite willing to meet him knee to knee. The effect of that first advantage would not be lost and it only remained to hold the lead thus gained. They sprang into the second round with equal vigor.

Gully connect with a feint and Greggen

second round with equal vigor.

Gully opened with a feint and Gregson rushing in, slammed a tremendous drive of his huge right. The champion side-stepped, evading a blow that would have crushed his jaw. Gully quickly found that wisdom indicated close quarters, where the giant could not find him with the full steam of such smashes, and pressed into a flerce rally. Gregson found himself hard put to it to guard himself, so quick and well-judged were the champion's blows, but on taking a light tap to the ribe brushed aside the other's defensive arm and landed a hard other's defensive arm and landed a hard clip to the side of the head. He was not too slow at following up, and a second lungs ripped Guily's ear. The champion stood up to his punishment and slashed some telling blows to the body, when, as they were milling with spirit, Gregson auddenly whirled on his feet and ham-mered home a terrible backhanded blow on the loins as he drew to one side.

Gully's strength was mapped and he tottered, but was able to save himself by closing and wrestling. Gregorn bore him hack, but was unable to make a clean fall of it and they came to the ground together.

The champion determined to play for Now the average salary has been found.

Religious Rambler in Boston Herald. | age amount invested, so that a very sim-N increasing rumble of discontent A is being heard in ministers not ings, and through the church paings, and through the church passes and the subject of ministers' sal-

High Cost of Living Hits Preachers

hit the cierical profession hard. Incomes have not increased, but every thing else has, including the demands upon the preachers. With an average income of less than a skilled mechanic, and a position that demands an expensive style of life, the clergy are scarcely to be censured for airing their problem

within their own circle.

Along with the question of salary goe the allied one of some form of pension for old age, which is now being mooted in practically all denominations. Even the Baptists, who have always stood strong for independency and individualism, are taking action upon this subject. The Massachusetts conference of Baptist whiters have voted to make provision. ninisters has voted to make provision secutive years in the pastorate in the state. The same subject was vigorously put before the last meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

The ministry has

The ministry has always been rated among the learned professions. Theology used to be called "the queen of the sciences." Yet statistics seems to show that that the average income of preachers throughout the United States is less than \$500 a year. To offset this, many bodies, like the Presbyterians of Canada and the Episcopalians of Massachusetts, are stipulating that no minister may accept a call to a church unless guaranteed at least \$500 a year. In some cases this minimum sum is fixed at \$1000. In some cases this

Some denominations pay a higher average than others. Yet it has recently been pointed out in the Congregational-ist that whereas 15 years ago the average Congregational minister's salary was \$1125, It was in 1908 only \$907, with Brad-street's reporting an increase of 55.7 per

cont in commodity prices.

One study of the income of several hundred clergymen of 11 denominations showed that 58 per cent are graduates of both colleges and theological seminaries. The Home Herald thus tabulates the replies, as representing the statistics of the preachers—a better showing, as is seen, than the general and more compresenting the statistics of the preachers—a better showing, as is seen, than the general and more compresents of the preachers—a period of the preacher

The United States census may give more reliable figures on the whole subject of preachers' pay. "The Watchman has figured out one set of statistics to show that the minister's salary barely pays interest on the financial investment he has made. It says: "In several hundred

gether.

The champion determined to play for his opponent's face and eyes as the most to be about \$500. This gives a financial well to dispose of 30 to 40 pounds of sweet potatoes to resident Am

ple business calculation proves that the minister gets in his salary only a modpers, upon the subject of ministers' sal-his personal service entirely gratuitously aries. The increasing cost of living has ceives absolutely no income above this moderate income on his investment. If the average minister invested in securities paying a moderate rate of interest, the amount he spends for his education, he would have as large an income as he does now, and without any labor whatever. In other words, he could live the life of a gentleman of leisure and live as well as he does now. The plaint of the preachers is that

their congregations have falled to share their own prosperity with the pastor. The story is told of one minister who was talking with a rich and stingy dea-con on this subject. The latter plously remarked: "A preacher should not work

for money, but for souls."
"Yes," was the quick answer, "but I can't eat souls—and, besides, it would take 1600 such as yours to make a square

his bitter personal experience: "What the churches want today isn't a minister who can milk the goats.

The common seer that it is the "call" of a larger salary which ministers frequently hear when they move has been taken up vigorously by one of the many elergymen who are now writing on this

"One statement surprises me. I am sorry to record that I believe that eight out of ten of our ministers move at the call of money rather than at the call of God. Have we say way of knowing when the call of money (as it is called) is not the call of God? Does not the call of a larger salary usually mean a larger field. larger field, a larger equipment, oppor-tunity to get more of the things needed to do the Lord's work and a work for

God to do as much as in the field left?
"I am getting to be more in sympathy with the statement of a brother minister, who said out of a full heart: "I am ready to go to a new settlement and live in a dug-out if my people live in the same; I am willing to make any sacri-fice they are making; but I am no longer to serve a congregation where all but a small minority of the people I serve have better homes, better clothes and far more luxuries than I can afford." Incidentally, it has developed that in the inadequate salaries of the clergy lies one substantial reason for the dearth of candidates for the ministry. Thoughtful church men are discussing remedies. They say that the new emergence of the laity, if it amounts to anything, will re-

suit in putting church finances on a more businesslike busis. The consolidation of small and competing churches, which is apparently in-evitable, will make possible larger sal-aries of the preachers who remain, while it will also have a tendency to elevate the standard of the ministry. As it now stands, the material comfort of undreds of preachers would be they would go to the foreign mission