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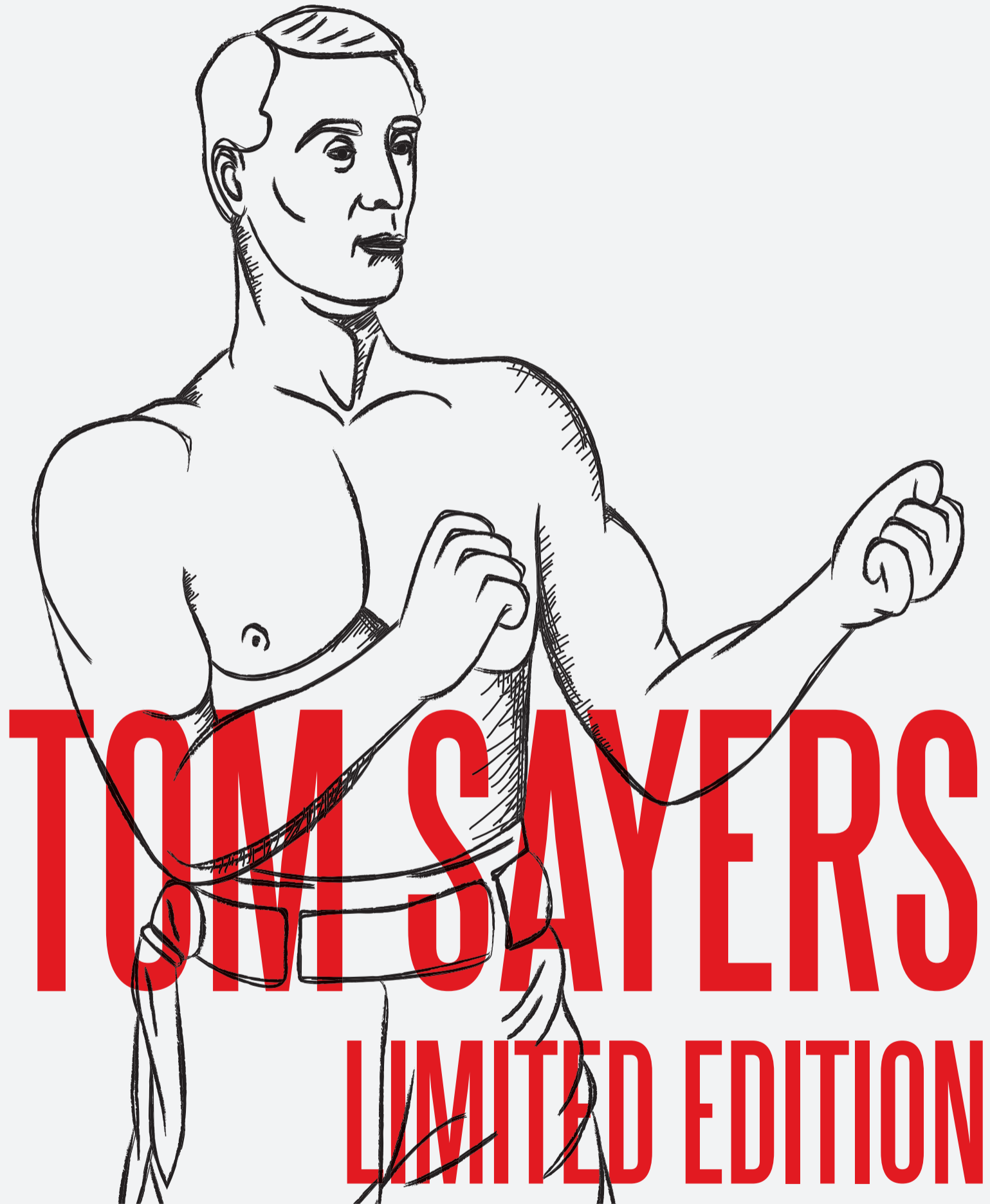
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DECEMBER 2016

THE
CAMDEN
WATCH COMPANY



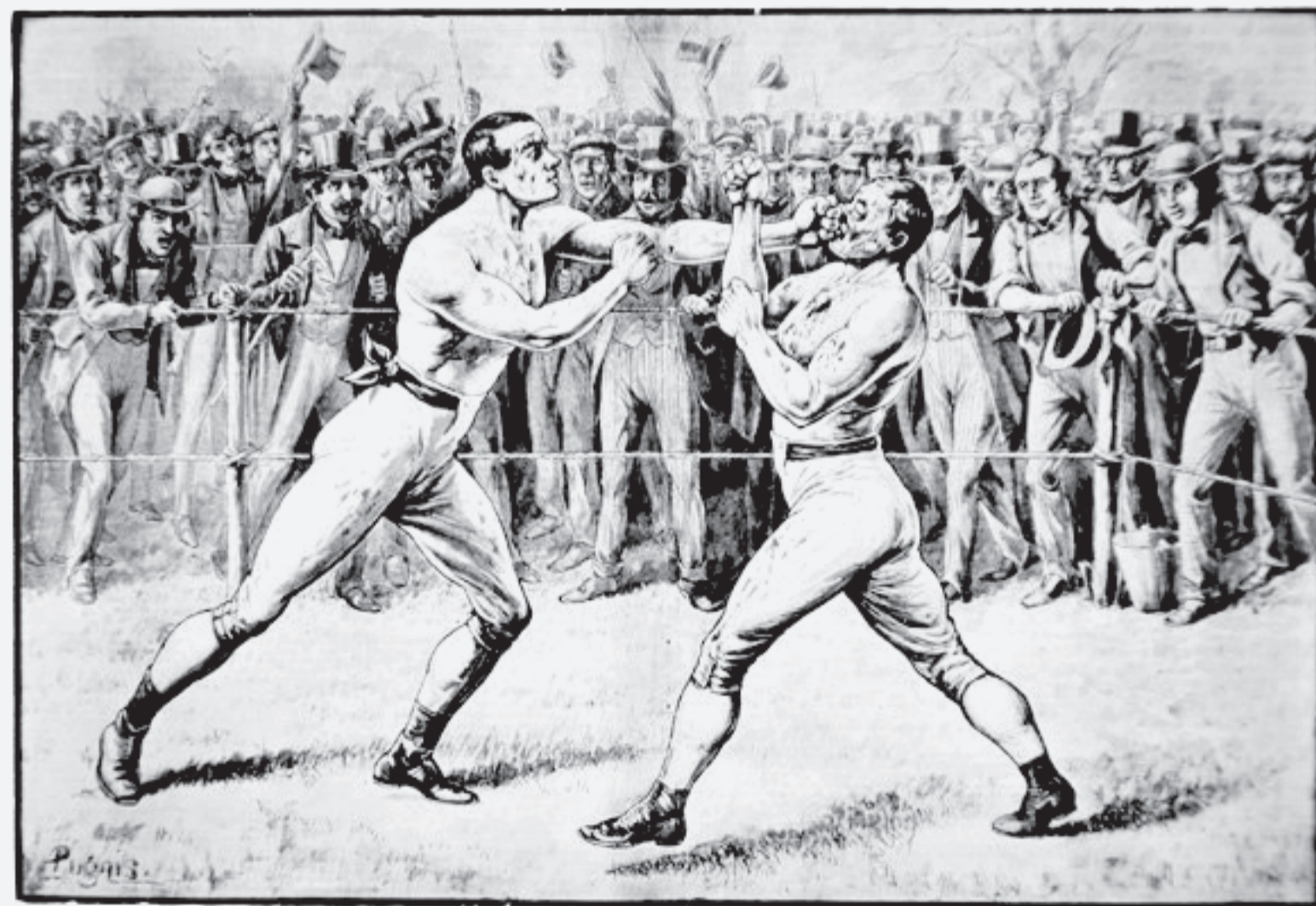
CREATORS OF FINE TIMEPIECES DESIGNED IN THE HEART OF CAMDEN TOWN



A NO.88 SPECIAL EDITION LIMITED TO 200 PIECES

ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

**TOM SAYERS
IS IN TOWN**



AND HE'S NOT LEAVING WITHOUT A FIGHT

THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD

**BUT WHO THE
DEVIL IS HE?**



KING'S CROSS STATION IN LONDON AS FEATURED IN THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS IN 1852

The year is 1847 and Thomas Sayers, an illiterate bricklayer from Brighton, has just moved into his new home in Camden Town. He's spent the past year living around King's Cross, and it is rumoured that he worked on the construction of the Roundhouse in Chalk Farm and King's Cross railway station.

Sayers is 21 and has decided to settle down with his sweetheart Sarah Henderson, six years his junior, with whom he has two children, aptly named Sarah and Tom. Sarah's father is against the union and refuses to give permission for the pair to marry, so the children are both named as illegitimate.

He is not an especially tall man, measuring 5 foot 8 inches from tip to toe, but he's strong and stocky and earns himself quite a reputation partaking in the highly illegal and clandestine activity of bare-knuckle boxing.

1849. Sayers decides to turn his talent into a career and fights in his first 'professional' underground match.

He fights Abe Crouch and wins.

He continues to fight and continues to win.

In 1853, he challenges his toughest adversary to date, Nat Langham, the English middleweight champion.

Sayers fights and loses.

It is his first and only defeat. Ever.

So, Sayers loses but he fought well and his reputation as a great fighter remains intact. What's more, his young sweetheart Sarah is now old enough for them to marry, but his happiness is short lived when his new wife runs off with another man.

In the midst of the turmoil of his private life, Sayers decides to invest in setting himself up as a publican. He fails. Meanwhile he is also having trouble finding further opponents to fight as no man

of his size will fight him.

In a last desperate attempt to retain his boxing career, Sayers decides to challenge the leading heavyweight of the time, Harry Paulson.

Few pay Sayers any heed, although there exists no formal rules it is widely understood that men should fight men their own size, and Sayers is by far the smaller of the two boxers.

Yet still Sayers remains confident, and in January 1859 they fight.

Sayers fights and wins. In fact, he wins comfortably.

And herein begins the string of fights that will elevate Sayers to the status of legend.

The greatest bare knuckle boxer England has ever known. And yet his biggest fight is still to come.

A BOXING WE WILL GO

A BOXING WE WILL GO

A poem, and later a boxing song adopted by 'The Fancy', written by Victorian journalist Pierce Egan for the book 'Boxania'. Published around 1810 when Britain was at war with the Napoleonic Empire (which also included parts of Italy).

VERSE ONE

Come move the song and stir the glass,
For why should we be sad?
Let's drink to some free-hearted lass,
And Crib, the boxing lad.
And a boxing we will go, will go, will go,
And a boxing we will go.

Italians stab their friends behind,
In darkest shades of night;
But Britons they are bold and kind,
And box their friends by light.
The sons of France their pistols use,
Pop, pop, and they have done;
But Britons with their hands will bruise,
And scorn away to run.
Throw pistols, poniards, swords aside,
And all such deadly tools;
Let boxing be the Briton's pride,
The science of their schools!

FOR THE FULL POEM HEAD TO [CAMDENWATCHCOMPANY.COM/PAGES/ABOXINGWEWILLGO](https://camdenwatchcompany.com/pages/aboxingwewillgo)

“PSST...
CAN I GET
A TICKET
TO THE FANCY?”

FIND OUT WHAT THIS
MEANS & MORE OVER HERE



THE
CAMDEN
WATCH COMPANY

PROUDLY PRESENTS

THE

TOM SAWYERS

LIMITED EDITION

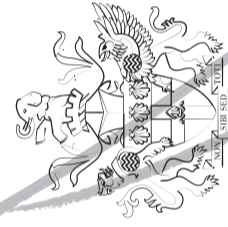


LIMITED TO TWO-HUNDRED PIECES

**DEDICATED TO ONE OF THE
GREATEST BARE-KNUCKLE BOXERS OF ALL TIME**

AND A BOXING WE WILL GO, WILL GO, A BOXING WE WILL GO

ESTABLISHED MMXIII



NOT FOR ONE BUT FOR ALL

ETYMOLOGY OF THE *Fancy*

The 'Fancy' were aristocrats who followed the sport of boxing in the 18th and 19th centuries. They organised the training, the matches, and most importantly, the finances.

To go through the mill.

Meaning: To experience a very difficult or unpleasant period in your life.

Origin: To go through a very tough fight, 'milling' being another term for boxing.

The gloves are coming off

Meaning: There is going to be trouble.

Origin: Gloves were worn during sparring or training, but the gloves were taken off for the real fight.

To win hands down

Meaning: To win easily.

Origin: Wherein an opponent is so easy to beat that a boxer hardly needs to raise his hands to beat him.

To throw your hat into the ring

Meaning: To make or accept a challenge

Origin: Boxers used to mark their arrival at the ringside by throwing their hats into the ring.

FANCY

PRONUNCIATION: Brit. /'fæn.si/ noun *informal*

1. Enthusiasts for a sport, especially boxing or racing, considered collectively.

The ranks of the 'Fancy' had their own set of words and phrases that were used amongst themselves, some have fallen out of favour but some are still very much in use today.

To throw in the towel

Meaning: To give up.

Origin: Wherein a boxer is losing and his corner throw the towel into the ring to show they concede.

To be on the ropes

Meaning: On the verge of defeat, likely to fail.

Origin: A boxer pushed up against the ropes of the ring by his opponent was likely in trouble.

Saved by the bell

Meaning: To be saved at the last minute from doing something you don't want to do.

Origin: To be saved from a losing fight by a bell that signals the end of a round.

Up to scratch

Meaning: Good enough, up to the standard.

Origin: Boxers had 30 secs between rounds to get to a line (often *scratched* in the turf) in the centre of the ring.

THE BIG FIGHT



By 1859, boxing was no longer in favour with the British public and was disregarded by anyone outside the ranks of the fancy. Yet when rumblings from the other side of the Atlantic came of a young boxer eager to fight and unable to find an opponent within the US, the curiosity of the British public was once again piqued.

The American was none other

than John C. Heenan, reigning American boxing champion, even if it was by default when the previous champion retired. He challenged Sayers to a match, and of course, Tom being Tom, despite being eight years older, forty pounds lighter and five inches shorter than Heenan, accepted.

On the morning of April 17th 1860, so many eager spectators flooded London's stations that

special trains had to be chartered, and special tickets were even sold, tickets that read simply to 'nowhere'.

The trains then stopped between two stations, allowing the fans time to hop off the train and search for the few men in the crowd who looked like they knew where they were going.

The final destination was a field in Hampshire, Farnborough to be

precise, where the two men stood ready and waiting to fight.

For over two hours, the two men fought, too closely matched for either to gain the advantage. By now, Sayers was fighting with a broken arm, Heenan was blinded in one eye, and the much-anticipated match was slowly turning sour.

After 37 rounds, Heenan causes havoc by attempting to illegally strangle Sayers against the ropes and the crowd go berserk. They cut the ropes, storm the ring, and the fight descends into utter chaos. Despite this, they still continue for a further five rounds, until the police enter the ring and the fight is called to a halt. The referee finally calls a stop at two hours and twenty minutes.

The battle is declared a draw.



After the fight, a public subscription was raised for him and he received the sum of £3,000 on the condition that he never fights again. Sayers accepted the money, enough for a comfortable retirement in Camden Town.

He invested some of the money and went into the circus business, unwisely as it would seem, and could often be seen riding his carriage around Camden seated next to his trusted Mastiff, Lion.

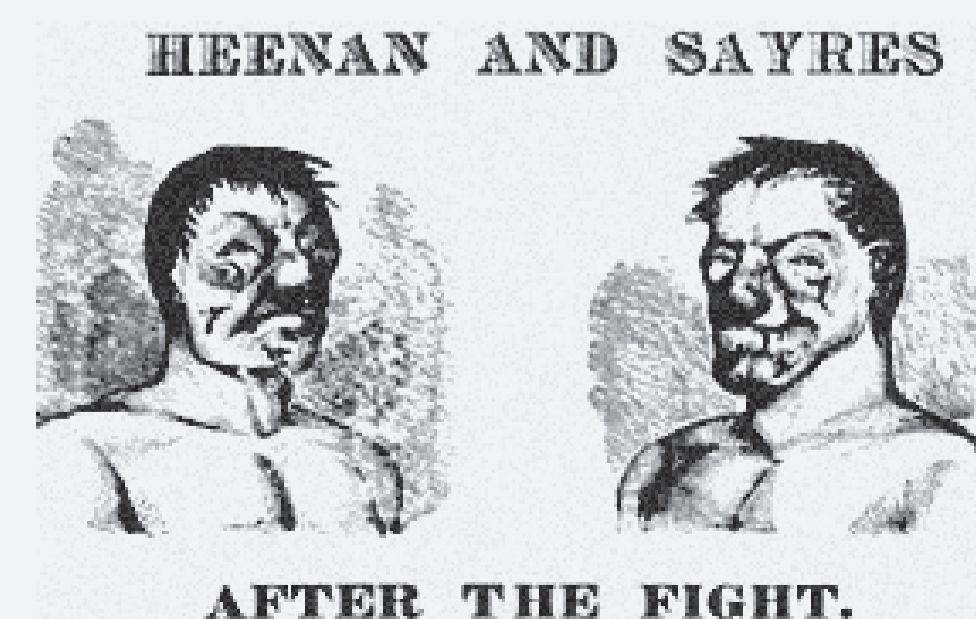
Although, as was always the case with Sayers, his happiness was short lived. He had begun living with another woman but the relationship ended bitterly. Sayers fell ill, first with Tuberculosis and then with diabetes.

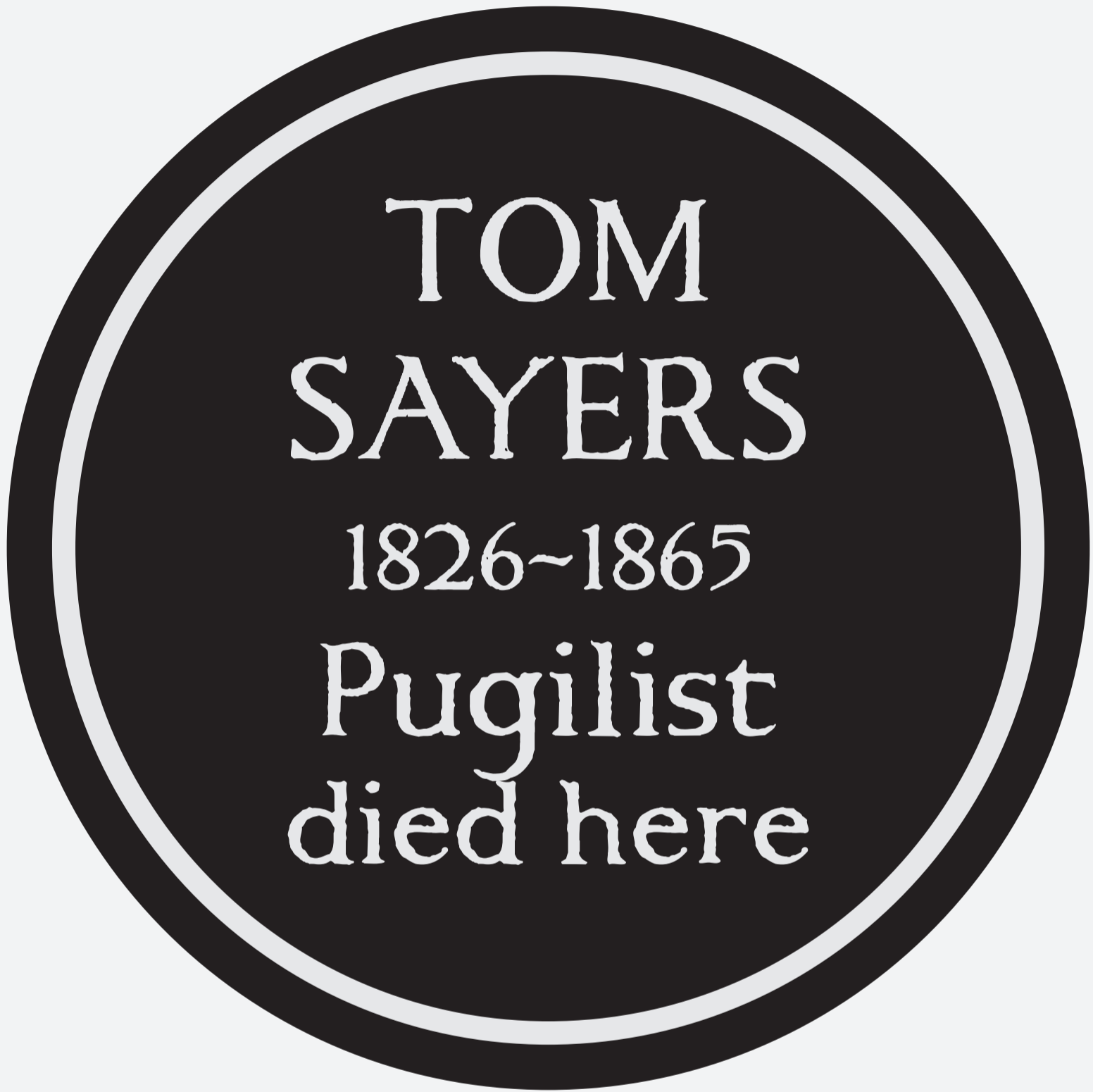
Sayers passed away at 257 Camden High Street on November

8th 1865, at the age of 39, and English bare-knuckle boxing died with him.

A week later, Sayers' funeral was held. Shopkeepers in Camden Town closed, crowds gathered and by 2pm 100,000 mourners had assembled. The cortège set off towards Highgate cemetery, led by the chief mourner Lion (Sayers' dog) and followed by a train of coaches, carts and carriages. In fact, the cortège was so long that by the time it reached Highgate, the other end still hadn't left Camden Town.

To this day, Sayers' grave is guarded by his faithful companion Lion.





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