name John Fitzpatrick of New Orleans." (Great applause.)

Charley Mitchell—I don't know the gentleman just named, but I think if the other side want to fight the one we have named ought to satisfy them.

Charley Johnston would not agree, saying if the Kilrain party would not take John Fitzpatrick they did not want to fight. At this juncture Mitchell proposed that they toss up to see which of the above named gentlemen would act as referee, but this did not seem to be the wish of the Sullivan side, though the crowd favored the idea. Then Prof. Butler proposed the name of a New York man, who, however, did not prove acceptable to the other side, and after considerable wrangling over the matter Charley Mitchell finally said they were willing to accept Mr Fitzpatrick, and the announcement was received with cheers. Mitchell then went over and examined the spikes in Sullivan's shoes, Cleary doing the same to Kilrain.

Referee Fitzpatrick—I am not very conversant with the rules. This will be a fair contest of the merits of the two men, and I will do the best I can. In regard to the question that has been spoken of, as to what time the thirty seconds between the rounds shall commence, I decide that it commences from the time the man falls.

W. E. Harding at this moment stepped up to Kilrain, and placing $1,000 in his hands, told him it was sent by Mr. Fox for him to bet with Sullivan. Kilrain at once went over to Sullivan and offered to bet him that sum that he would win the fight. The bet was immediately taken up by Sullivan, and the money ($2,000) deposited in the hands of the referee.

Both men being now stripped, the great superiority possessed by Sullivan over his antagonist in the matter of size and development, was apparent to every one present in the muscles of his arms standing out in big welts, his driving power appearing tremendous, and he seeming in the very best of spirits.

THE BATTLE BY ROUNDS.

Kilrain Adopts his Trainer's Tactics to Avoid Punishment.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—At 10:10 the principals and seconds advanced to the centre of the ring, and formed a Maltese cross in shaking hands, the latter retiring outside the ropes and the principals to their respective corners. At the call of time Kilrain and Sullivan advanced to the centre of the ring, the latter wearing a confident smile and Kilrain looking serious, and the great battle for the world's championship began.

ROUND 1.—Kilrain immediately made a rush for Sullivan, feinting with his left, suddenly clinched Sullivan and threw him heavily to the turf, securing first honors and loud applause. Time, 15 seconds.

ROUND 2.—Both men advanced promptly at the call of time, Sullivan immediately leading with his left, catching Kilrain heavily in the ribs. The men then clinched and Sullivan secured the second fall amid loud cheers from his partisans. Time, 30 seconds.

ROUND 3.—Kilrain rushed on Sullivan, at once clinching and catching the big fellow

SULLIVAN'S FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

around the neck, but the latter immediately broke away, and got in a short-arm blow on the neck. In this round Kilrain struck at least half a dozen apparently powerful blows below the belt, which the referee, from his position, could not see, but which were greeted with hisses by the crowd, it appearing and being so proclaimed by Sullivan's friends, that Kilrain wanted to lose on a foul. The round closed by Kilrain going down from a light blow on the neck.

ROUND 4.—Both men sparred cautiously for an opening. Kilrain, after one or two feints on the part of Sullivan, ru hed in, and Sullivan, securing a cross-buttock hold, tried to throw the Baltimore boy, but he broke away and landed a stinger on Sullivan's jaw. Both men then sparred cautiously, Kilrain succeeding in getting in a light blow on Sullivan's neck. The round, which was in favor of Kilrain, ended by the latter falling to avoid punishment.

ROUND 5.—Sullivan opened with a feint with his left, upon which Kilrain immediately retreated. Sullivan followed him up and Kilrain made a vicious lunge at his head, which, however, fell short, Sullivan swung his terrible right at his opponent's jugular, he too falling short, and Kilrain countered harmlessly on his neck. The round ended by Kilrain going down near his own corner, his aim appearing to be to a old punishment, pursuing the same tactics adopted by his trainer, Mitchell, in his "foot race" in France.

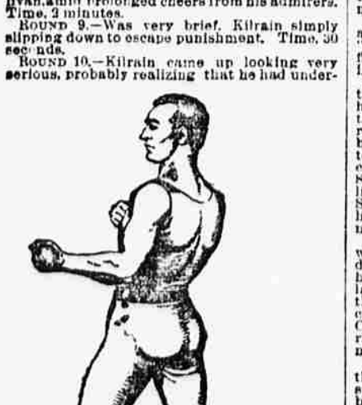
ROUND 6.—Sullivan commenced operations by landing heavily with his left on Kilrain's jaw. They then clinched and fell heavily, Sullivan on top. At the conclusion of this round Kilrain was carried to his corner, while Sullivan walked to his unassisted. Time, 2 minutes.

ROUND 7.—Both men sparred cautiously for an opening, but neither cared to indulge in some sharp short-arm work, Kilrain getting in three or four good ones on Sullivan's ribs and a sharp right hander on Sullivan's right ear, drawing the blood. First blood claimed and allowed for Kilrain. Time, 1½ minutes.

ROUND 8.—Sullivan came up bleeding from the cut on his ear, having the appearance of an enraged bull, and immediately rushed at Kilrain, and, after a few passes, succeeded in breaking down his guard, sending Kilrain to grass with a heavy right-hander in the mouth. First knockdown claimed and allowed for Sullivan, amid prolonged cheers from his admirers. Time, 2 minutes.

ROUND 9.—Was very brief. Kilrain simply slipping down to escape punishment. Time, 30 seconds.

ROUND 10.—Kilrain came up looking very serious, probably realizing that he had under-



KILRAIN'S FIGHTING ATTITUDE.

taken a huge contract, and, as he showed no disposition to come to the centre of the ring, Sullivan impatiently exclaimed, "Stand up and fight like a man! I'm not a sprinter; I'm a fighter." As soon as Kilrain came near him, Sullivan made a pass, but it fell short, and Kilrain countered on his stomach, his blow evidently lacking force, doing Sullivan no apparent damage. Sullivan made a rush at Kilrain, when the latter turned and hugged him, both being against the ropes. The big fellow here got in some light blows on Kilrain's ribs, which by this time resembled somewhat the color of raw beefsteak. Then they clinched, Kilrain throwing Sullivan and falling heavily on top of him. Time, 2 minutes.

ROUND 11.—Sullivan opened with his left, which Kilrain neatly countered, Sullivan landing a light one on Kilrain's neck, following it with a vicious blow, which Kilrain ducked, the latter rushing and hugging Sullivan. The boy from Boston was now bleeding quite hard, and Kilrain got in an ugly undercut on Sullivan's ribs. Sullivan in return got in a good one on Kilrain's neck, which staggered him, and many in the crowd here called upon Sullivan to go in and finish him. The big fellow then planted a heavy one on Kilrain's neck, the latter retreating, Sullivan following him up and endeavoring to land one of his terrible knock-out blows, succeeded finally in gaining a square knockdown by a right-hander in the neck. At the termination of this round Sullivan did not even take his seat, while Kilrain appeared to be very much distressed. Time, 3 minutes.

ROUND 12.—Kilrain started this round by hugging Sullivan, the latter breaking away and getting in a good left-hander on Kilrain's neck. Kilrain proved a tricky fighter, evading successfully Sullivan's right-handed swings for the knock-out spot, clinching Sullivan and attempting to throw him, but without success, and upon breaking away made a pass at Sullivan, but his blow lacked force. The round ended by the men falling heavily, Sullivan on top, his left arm locked tightly on his opponent's throat, Kilrain had to be carried to his corner, evidently in distress. Time, 2 minutes.

ROUND 13—Sullivan had an ugly glare in his eye at the opening of this round, as if he was determined to "do" Kilrain, and succeeded in landing lightly on Kilrain's ribs, the latter countering on his stomach. Kilrain during this round spiked Sullivan in one of his feet, causing it to bleed quite profusely, and aimed a blow which would have been a foul had it taken effect. Sullivan here got in some telling blows on Kilrain's ribs and chest, Kilrain countering on the neck with a blow which staggered Sullivan, but did not seem to cause much damage. Kilrain in subsequent interchanges went down to avoid punishment. Time, 2 minutes.

ROUND 14.—Sullivan appeared very cool. While Kilrain retreated Sullivan in vain attempted to land on his jugular with any force. Kilrain committed another palpable foul, Sullivan countering on his neck with his dangerous right, the round closing in a clinch. Sullivan slipped and fell under the ropes. Time 1½.

ROUND 15.—Kilrain again resorted to his sprinting tactics, Sullivan exclaiming, "Come and fight." Kilrain made a pass at Sullivan's stomach, Sullivan avoiding it and planting a round one on Kilrain's neck, Sullivan making another vicious lunge, which Kilrain dodged, and he in turn rushed Sullivan against the ropes, but effecting no damage. Sullivan's face meanwhile wore a confident "you-cant-hurt-me" expression. He backed Kilrain into his corner, and aimed a vicious blow at him, which Kilrain cleverly avoided and ran away from his antagonist. Sullivan again appealed to the referee to induce Kilrain to face the music, saying to Kilrain: "Why can't you fight like a man?" Kilrain rushed at Sullivan, the latter countering right and left, landing on Kilrain's ribs and jaw. Sullivan tried to land a hard one, which Kilrain cleverly avoided by rushing in and clinching, Sullivan planting short-arm blows on the neck and ribs. Both men indulged in short-arm blows, Sullivan playing for the neck; Kilrain falling to avoid punishment.

ROUND 16.—Kilrain led, planted a reminder on Sullivan's ribs and retreated. Sullivan remarking: "You fight just like Mitchell." Both sparred cautiously, Sullivan finally landing on Sullivan's stomach. Some lively infighting followed, Kilrain breaking away and promenading around the ring out of Sullivan's reach. A clinch followed, Sullivan throwing Kilrain.

ROUND 17.—Sullivan feinted and Kilrain dodged, clear across the ring. They again clinched, both falling, Kilrain landing on Sullivan's cheek before the fall, drawing the purple. Time, 3 minutes.

ROUND 18.—Sullivan appeared with the blood trickling down his cheek. Kilrain feinted, Sullivan trying to counter, and Kilrain slipped down without being struck, Sullivan claiming a foul, which, however, was not allowed. Time, 1½ minutes.

ROUND 19.—Kilrain rushed in and hugged Sullivan, the latter saying: "You're no fighter. You are a wrestler." Kilrain planted his right on Sullivan's ribs and then retreated around the ring. Sullivan followed and planted a blow on Kilrain's ribs which could be heard all over the enclosure. Kilrain landed lightly on Sullivan's ribs, and then went down from a light blow. Time, 2 minutes.

ROUND 20.—Both men sparred for an opening, Sullivan leading and landing again on the objective point, Kilrain's ribs, the latter slipping down to avoid punishment. Another claim of foul was made by Muldoon, which was not allowed. Time, 45 seconds.

ROUND 21.—Kilrain opened with a light one on Sullivan's stomach, Sullivan retaliating on the neck, Kilrain countering on the jaw, slipping and falling. Time, 1½ minutes.

ROUND 22.—Sullivan tapped Kilrain lightly on the ribs, and the latter went to the earth to avoid punishment.

ROUND 23.—Kilrain began retreating, with Sullivan in pursuit. Sullivan again landed heavily on the ribs, when they clinched and fell, Sullivan with his knee across Kilrain's throat. A strong claim of foul by Kilrain's seconds was not allowed. Time, 30 seconds.

ROUND 24.—Sullivan landed a swinging right-hander on Kilrain's neck, the latter hugging and then breaking and running around the ring, Sullivan following in his corner without receiving a blow. Time, 1 minute.

ROUND 25.—Sullivan led for and countered on Kilrain's ribs, Kilrain going down. Time, 30 seconds.

ROUND 26.—Sullivan came up smiling derisively and feinted. Kilrain again retreating around the circle, followed by Boston's pride. Kilrain landed in Sullivan's stomach with his right, and rushed in and threw his burly antagonist amid loud and prolonged cheers. Time, 40 seconds.

ROUND 27.—Kilrain began the round by landing heavily on Sullivan's ribs and then clinched. Sullivan, after the breakaway, made an ugly blow for Kilrain's neck, which the latter skillfully avoided, receiving it on the back of the neck. Sullivan then planted another ugly blow on Kilrain's ribs, Kilrain countering lightly on the head, Sullivan cross-countering heavily on Kilrain's neck, the latter going down. Time, 2 minutes.

ROUND 28.—Kilrain led, clinched, and broke, then landed lightly on Sullivan's neck, Sullivan feinted, and a clinch ensued in Kilrain's corner, the latter playing lightly on Sullivan's ribs. A vicious blow was evaded by Kilrain, and then Sullivan landed heavily on Kilrain's ribs, the latter seeking grass. Time, 2½ minutes.

ROUND 29.—Kilrain landed on Sullivan's neck. Sullivan feinted, and then landed lightly on Kilrain's neck, the latter going down. Time, 1 minute.

ROUND 30.—Sullivan made an ugly blow at Kilrain, and the latter went down to save himself. Time, 20 seconds.

ROUND 31.—Sullivan landed lightly on Kilrain, the latter counteringe heavily on Sullivan's cheek, who retaliated with interest on Kilrain's ribs and cheek, knocking him down. Time, 50 seconds.

ROUND 32.—Kilrain rushed in and clinched, but Sullivan worked on his ribs, Kilrain going down from a slight blow. Time, 1 minute and ¾.

Cleary then demanded of the referee that he make Kilrain fight.

ROUND 33.—Kilrain immediately went to grass from a severe blow in the mouth. Time, 6 seconds.

ROUND 34.—Kilrain landed on Sullivan's breast, and the latter laughingly remarked, "I'm not hurt," and immediately landed with effect on Kilrain's ribs. Sullivan following him all over the ring and finally knocking Kilrain down in his (Sullivan's corner, landing quickly on the mouth, chest, and neck. Time, 1 minute.

ROUND 35—Kilrain landed on Sullivan's cheek, Sullivan feinting, being met by a right-handed blow on the cheek, the round closing with sharp in-fighting and Sullivan throwing Kilrain and falling heavily on him. Time, 1½ minutes.

ROUND 36.—Kilrain beat a hasty retreat around the ring, causing Sullivan to say, "Why don't you fight like a man?" Sullivan finally landed on Kilrain's neck, the latter going down in his corner. Time, 1 minute.

ROUND 37.—Kilrain tapped Sullivan lightly on the head, and then retreated, Sullivan holding his arms while waiting for Kilrain to come to the scratch, the crowd jeering and hissing Kilrain. The latter landed lightly on Sullivan's breast and retreated. Sullivan again stopped to the middle of the ring, calling on Kilrain to come up and fight. Kilrain made a lunge at Sullivan and clinched. Kilrain played on Sullivan's ribs and then went down in his corner. Sullivan again appealing to the referee to make him fight. Muldoon claimed a foul, which was not allowed. Time, 3 minutes 20 seconds.

Round 38.—Kilrain showed signs of distress while retreating around the ring, but Sullivan declined to follow. The referee here told Kilrain he would have to fight. He came up and landed lightly on Sullivan's jaw and breast then made a pass at Sullivan's stomach and clinched, the crowd crying "Rats, Rats." "Cur, Cur," at Kilrain for not toeing the mark. Kilrain went down to save his bacon. Time, 4½ minutes.

ROUND 39.—Sullivan followed Kilrain around the ring, calling to the referee to make him stand and fight. Kilrain went down without being struck, and Sullivan claimed a foul, which was not allowed.

ROUND 40.—Sullivan landed heavily on Kilrain's ribs, the latter ending the round by falling.

ROUND 41.—Slight exchanges and Kilrain fell to avoid punishment.

ROUND 42.—Sullivan opened heavily. Hard infighting followed, Kilrain going down from a slight blow, Sullivan stumbling over him, and Kilrain's seconds made loud claims of foul, which the referee would not allow.

ROUND 43.—Sullivan landed on Kilrain's ribs, and after a few passes Kilrain went down without receiving a blow. Sullivan himself appealed to the referee, claiming a foul. Not allowed.

ROUND 44.—As soon as he reached the centre of the ring, Sullivan began vomiting freely, and it looked as if his stomach was weakening. Kilrain asked him to make the fight a draw, but Sullivan refused, and responded with a heavy blow on Kilrain's ribs, knocking him down.

ROUND 45.—Sullivan smashed Kilrain in the ribs, then landed on his jaw, knocking him down and stamping on him. A loud claim of foul was not allowed.

ROUND 47.—Kilrain landed on Sullivan's stomach, Sullivan counterfeiting on the ribs with his right. A clinch followed, Sullivan falling heavily on Kilrain, the latter's seconds claiming a foul. Pony Moore accused Referee Fitzpatrick of having money on the result, and the latter called Moore a liar.

In the 48th and 49th rounds Kilrain fell to avoid punishment.

ROUND 50.—Sullivan led viciously, Kilrain returning lightly and running away, Sullivan following and begging Kilrain to fight. The latter went down from a slight blow.

The seconds of Kilrain knew their man must lose after this round, unless a chance blow could save him. Sullivan, although slightly winded, was able to deal sledge-hammer blows, and Kilrain was gradually growing weaker, his blows had no strength in them, and his left side was evidently giving him considerable pain. He pursued his usual tactics of retreating whenever Sullivan advanced, and the jeers of the crowd against the alleged champion of the world became more and more marked. Kilrain would smile, but there was a ghastliness in his alleged good humor that was painful to witness. His strength was surely going, and none knew it better than Kilrain.

ROUNDS 51 TO 56.—Kilrain resorted to retreating tactics, to the disgust of the crowd, going down repeatedly without a blow to avoid punishment.

In the sixtieth round Kilrain went down without receiving a blow, and loud cries of foul were heard on every side, but disallowed.

In the 65th round Johnson offered to bet $500 to $50 that Sullivan would win, but could not find a taker.

ROUND 66—Kilrain led with the right, but missed, Sullivan feinted, then led, landing slightly, Kilrain going down.

ROUND 67.—Kilrain retreating, Sullivan followed, and knocked him under the ropes with a left hander in the ribs.

ROUND 68. Sullivan ended the round by knocking Kilrain down with several upper and under cuts.

ROUND 69.—Kilrain was knocked down with a severe right-hander in the jaw.

ROUND 70.—Kilrain very weak, Sullivan landing repeatedly. Kilrain tried to throw Sullivan him by catching by the legs, then slipped and fell.

Round 71.—Kilrain growing weaker, feinted, and ran away, Sullivan finally knocking him down with a blow in the ribs.

ROUND 72.—Sullivan forced the fighting, leading, and landed slightly several times, Kilrain again going down to avoid punishment.

ROUND 73—Kilrain retreated all around the ring. The round ended with Kilrain going down to avoid punishment.

ROUND 74—Kilrain led, landing slightly on Sullivan's face, the latter finally went down with a slight blow.

ROUND 75.—Kilrain went down with a light blow in the jaw and was cautioned by the referee.

When time was called for the seventy-sixth round Mitchell ran over to Sullivan's corner and asked if he would give Kilrain a present provided they would throw up the sponge. Sullivan answered: "Not a d——d cent; let him get up and fight like a man." Mike Donovan, seeing the condition of his principal, to save him further punishment threw up the sponge, and Sullivan had again proven his title as the champion of the world.

The scene about the ring at the conclusion of the mill will be remembered by those present if they should live for a hundred years. One portion of the grand stand fell before the fight was half over, but fortunately nobody was seriously hurt. There was comparatively little betting at the ring side, about $10,000 being placed, mostly with large odds, on Sullivan. Jimmy Maguire is the largest winner of any of the New York contingent, landing very nearly $10,000.

When Donovan threw up the sponge the men returned to their former quarters in this city to-night. Kilrain arriving at 6:30 in charge of Prof. Denny Butler, and going directly to the Southern Athletic Club House; and Sullivan, who took a later train, reaching his temporary home at 35 Rampart street at 8¼ o'clock. Kilrain's body is one mass of bruises, particularly the left side, which gives him intense pain. It is said that three of his ribs were broken, but this was denied to-night by friends although there is little doubt that he is seriously injured internally. His nose is badly broken, his lips cut, and both eyes blackened. His left ear was also split, and he is not very handsome at this present moment.

Sullivan's left eye is as big as a hen's egg, while underneath the right eye, which is as a black as a raven's wing, is an ugly cut inflicted by Kilrain in an early stage of the fight. His ears are badly battered, and he received some severe punches on the stomach and ribs.

The hotel corridors are jammed to-night by persons eagerly discussing the fight, and the impression is universal that Sullivan is the peer of any fighter in the world. He fought for almost seventy rounds with a broken finger on his right hand, landing blow after blow with the member, although the pain incident to such a proceeding must have been excruciating. Bat Masterson, Pat Duffy, Bud Renaud, John Fitzpatrick, Jack Hallinan, Billy O'Brien, Dominick McCaffrey, and other good judges say that Sullivan is invincible. Bud Renaud has advised both Sullivan and Kilrain to get away from town as quietly as possible and at as early date as they can bear travelling.

KILRAIN LAYS IT TO MITCHELL.

He Says He Was Sent Into the Ring in Poor Condition.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—After the fight Kilrain was bundled up in a black shawl and hurried to a carriage in waiting. Kilrain, Donovan, Butler, Murphy and Mitchell drove rapidly to the train and entered their car. Sullivan, Muldoon, and Cleary entered the first coach.

When Kilrain had seated himself he was soon surrounded by a host of sympathizing friends, who consoled him for his misfortune. Kilrain wept like a child, and continued exclaiming, "I'd him beaten."

A large crowd had followed the hacks and remained standing around the coaches in which Sullivan and Kilrain were. Mr. Stevenson, who had been Kilrain's friend throughout, remained by his side and sponged him, occasionally giving him a drink of whiskey and water. Kilrain would not be consoled, but continued to bemoan the loss of the battle.

Prof. Donovan, who seconded Kilrain; Prof. Dennis Butler of the Southern Athletic Club, and Johnnie Murphy, bottle holder, remained beside their principal, one relieving the other in ministering to his comfort and relief. None felt the defeat of Kilrain more than did these people, and Prof. Donovan stated that though Kilrain did not want to throw up the sponge, he concluded to do so, for his principal was exhausted from the heat and exercise, as well as from the punishment he had received but had so nobly stood. Charley Mitchell, Kilrain's trainer, held himself aloof from him, however; but there were many other friends of Kilrain there to take his place, among them Harry Raymond, Geo. W. Dasch, and Leon Levy of Philadelphia.

As soon as the two gladiators and their friends had seated themselves in the coaches, the train moved off at a rapid rate. Kilrain appeared to be suffering more from mental than physical injuries, and was very gloomy. At times he would brighten up a little and smile, but these occasions were rare. His face did not betray the great punishment he had received at the hands of his big antagonist. He had a cut under the nose across both lips, and his left eye was slightly discolored and swollen. His right hand had been injured by a blow on Sullivan's head, and his left instep had been cut by the spikes on Sullivan's shoes, which cut through the leather of Kilrain's left shoe. He had received terrible punishment about the ribs, and doubtless suffered considerable pain, but he gave no voice to it. He claimed to have been more overcome by the heat than by the blows of Sullivan.

Referring to the fight, Kilrain said that he had not been trained properly, and that he was not in condition when he entered the ring, and this seemed to be the impression of every one who saw him when he entered. He would work and get some money together again, he said, and would once more make a trial for the championship. He had Sullivan "done up" twice, he continued, but he had not been properly trained and was unable to take advantage of this, but he was willing to fight Sullivan again. He punched Sullivan several times and didn't seem to hit him, and he labored under the impression that something must have been done to him; in other words, that he had been drugged. He didn't have the strength of a cat, but could stand any amount of punishment. He couldn't inflict any, and he could see that his blows were not hurting Sullivan. He complained of the manner in which Sullivan had deliberately jumped upon him with both feet while he was down, but he shouldn't find fault with this, as he had trusted too much to his friends. One of those around him exclaimed, reproachfully, "Some of your friends, you should say." "Sullivan was done for twice," he said, "but Kilrain was also, and couldn't take advantage of his adversary's condition."

Kilrain lay down on the seat, with his feet stretched across to the opposite seat, and coats being placed over him, he fell asleep.

When the train was crossing the trestle, about eighteen miles from the city, Mitchell for the first time entered the car and Kilrain awoke. At the sliding, about a mile beyond Gentilly, while the train was at a standstill, Kilrain reproached Mitchell for the condition he was in when he entered the ring. Mitchell replied, and quite a crowd gathered around the two men in the coach. Mitchell attributed Kilrain's defeat to its being one of his off days.

A number of sporting men who knew Kilrain well, and had seen him in training at Baltimore, remarked that something must have been the matter with him, for they had never seen him hit so feebly as he did to-day.

Johnny Murphy said it was not Sullivan who knocked Kilrain out, but the sun, for Sullivan did not hurt him much. Kilrain's condition, he thought, was mysterious, and he was overtrained besides.

Prof. Butler declared that he had announced his belief in Kilrain, and he stuck to him through thick and thin. Mitchell dropped him like a dog when the fight went against him, but this would not be the case with his other friends.

When the train reached the station at the head of Press street two carriages were procured for the Kilrain party and Kilrain, Stevenson, Donohue, Murphy, Butler, Mitchell and Pony Moore were driven up town. Kilrain was conducted to a Russian bath, and afterward went to his quarters at the Southern Athletic Club and retired to rest.

THE CRUSH AT THE TRAINS.

Many Beating Their Way on the Roofs and Trucks of the Cars.

NEW ORLEANS, July 8.—At 10 o'clock last night New Orleans was the liveliest city in the Union. Men from every State elbowed the local sports as they hurried hither and thither, preparing to make their way to the Ferdinand street depot, from which the three great special trains to the battle between Sullivan and Kilrain were announced to depart at 1:30 and 2 o'clock. Carriage after carriage rattled over the stony streets through the French quarter, with its latticed windows and low flat roofs and spreading verandas, and a cluster of dark-eyed beauties peering over the rails to obtain a glimpse of the men. A wild story was afloat to the effect that the special car containing the $15 ticket bearers and the representatives of the press would leave the Crescent City at 11 o'clock instead of two hours later, as announced by Bud Renaud during the early morning hours, and as a consequence an hour before midnight found 2,000 men at the Ferdinand street depot. They were then advised that no change in the time of the train's departure had been made, but the train master informed everybody that the first train would leave the Rampart street station, some four blocks below. Such a stumbling and tumbling as took place in that short half mile, which was made over the railroad track! Many who were foolish enough to wear good clothes on such an excursion had them ruined by the oil and filth they met at every turn, and once they reached the Rampart street station a new dilemma presented itself. The yard was surrounded by a board fence ten feet high, the means of ingress being through a two-foot door, which was guarded by two representatives of the Queen and Crescent Railroad, who answered every inquiry by saying that nobody would be permitted to enter the yard until midnight; and once more the crowd had to stand huddled together and take the chance of being killed by the locomotives that were running about on the tracks in the yard before the depot proper. The engines were for use in hauling the fifty car loads of sporting men to Richburg, Miss., 165 miles away.

Every moment the original thousand was augmented by hundreds until every foot of available space in Rampart street for a hundred yards each way was crammed and jammed with desperate men, who, if the occasion demanded it, were prepared to maintain their own rights, and in some cases violate those of others at the muzzle of guns, as revolvers of every calibre are called south of Mason and Dixon line. Those in the throng sweltered in the close night air, and the policy of the Queen and Crescent was denounced for not placing an efficient staff at the gate to take tickets and permit them to pass through to their seats in comfort. Tim McGregory, the St. Joe Kid, at length elbowed his way through the crowd, and, as he afterward said, "sang a sweet song" to the biggest and surliest of the gatemen. The Kid's blandishments, whatever their nature, were successful, for in a moment he was inside and taking a survey of the accommodations. Returning to the door the Kid, who has a soft spot for newspaper men, gave Ganymede a "great talk," to use his own words, and Ganymede, stepping forward as McGregory prompted him, called in turn the name of each correspondent. After some minutes of hard pushing and crowding they were safely within the building, and, under the guidance of a porter, were shown to Manager Bud Renaud's private car, No. 51, which had been reserved for them and a few of Mr. Renaud's personal friends.

The newspaper men had hardly ceased congratulating each other when the noise of a scuffle reached them over the ten-foot fence, and for five minutes the air was filled with oaths. The police had charged the crowd, whose patience had at last become exhausted and had tried to carry away Ganymede, his companion, door and all. Luckily Renaud appeared at about this time and assured everybody that the gates would be speedily opened. This was almost immediately done, and the way that mob poured through the narrow door was a caution. Coats were torn and hats smashed, and a general pandemonium reigned. At length every seat in the twenty cars was occupied and hundreds were standing in the aisles and hundreds more on the platforms, and there was no overflow between the lines of the cars. The Redlight Club members of the Board of Education, Police Commissioners, civil Justices, and other dignitaries of the State, including Attorney-General Wood, were soon on board the special, and at 1:20 Engine 210, famous as the machine that had carried Sullivan and Kilrain through Mississippi safely when that State was bristling with Sheriffs, soon had the eighteen cars under way. Capt. Jamieson, picturesque and dangerous looking, distributed his twenty regulators all through the train, taking Renaud's special car under his own wing.

Before the train had gone a quarter of a mile it was learned that the tops of every car had almost as many passengers as the inside of it, while the tracks were lined with men and boys, desperate enough to risk their lives to get to the ring side. Capt. Jamieson grabbed one young ruffian by the leg, and shouted, "Come down!" He and his men speedily had 200 of the hardest-looking men in New Orleans, both black and white, ranged along side the track, and another sort was made, but before the train had pulled half its length several shots were fired outside, and the Northerners grew apprehensive of danger. Eight miles further on another stop was made, this time at the beginning of the twenty-two-mile trestle bridge over Lake Pontchartrain. The whiskered Mississippian in charge of the train called on his men to make a fresh search for stowaways, and as many as before were rooted out. Jamieson, declaring as he nervously fingered at the brim of his sombrero: "Somebody's going to get a shaking up." These words were hardly out of his mouth when a bang came a fusillade of pistol shots mingled with shouts, and every Northern man dropped to the floor or hid behind the seats, expecting every minute to see the window panes riddled by bullets. The engineer lost no time in pulling the throttle wide open, and away the train went over the bridge, the crack of pistols mingling with the curses of those who were left on the road eight miles from New Orleans, in the inky darkness, for by this time dense clouds obscured the moon. A majority of the shots fired were discharged by Jamieson's regulators to frighten the tramps, but there were three or four fired by persons who were in the business, and who were determined that if they could not go to the fight they didn't propose that anybody else should, the engineer of the train, a short, thick-set man with black chin whiskers, being the target. Fortunately he wasn't hit, and everybody on board, especially the Northern contingent, was glad when they were beyond the reach of pistol and ball.

The train made very slow time through Louisiana, passing Pearl River station, where a company of militia were in waiting at 3 o'clock. Nicholson, Miss., where two companies of Mississippi Rifles were in camp under orders from Gov. Lowry to correct the fighters if they had to blockade the track, was reached just as the first glimpse of the coming day was visible in the east. The guards gave a shout of defiance or greeting as the long train went by at the rate of 30 miles per hour. Sullivan and Kilrain had given them the slip early in the day, and they were probably just as well pleased that their jurisdiction did not extend far enough to warrant them stopping the train with some of the most prominent men of Louisiana and Mississippi aboard, to say nothing of the Northern and Western delegations. Some persons say that the train was flagged, but if this is so the engineer utterly disregarded the signal and continued his way through forbidden territory.

When the morning was light enough to observe objects a glance out of the window revealed coat tails flying in the breeze in long rows the entire length of the train. Despite Capt. Jamieson's vigilance, there were hundreds of men beating their way on the train, and one young desperado, who evidently feared nothing, was astride the hog chain, or iron rod which runs from end to end of a railroad car just outside of the line of the wheels. He was lying flat on his stomach, grasping the iron rod firmly with both hands and with feet locked securely above the bar, and that man had ridden for four hours without a change of position. His was only a single case.

As soon as Bud Renaud heard that he was carrying several hundred passengers that were not swelling the receipts, he seized the bell cord and stopped the train. Instantly there was a wild scamper for the cover of the pine trees, but the manager shouted:

"Come back and get on the train and ride like white men! I don't want anybody killed."

It was then found that the top of every car was covered with men, and many remained there, as there was no room for them elsewhere. All along the route the natives gathered at the small way stations, and looked wonderingly at the procession of the bad men as they whirled past them. Little children clasped their hands, frightened at the sight of so many cars, and the cheers of the passengers being new to them. Renaud stopped the train on one of the heaviest grades on the road, and although the driving wheels of the engine revolved at lightning-like speed, the train didn't move an inch. The engineer came back and expressed his opinion about the fool that would stop a train in such a place, and finally he had to cut the train in two, pull one section to a switch five mile away, and return for the other. It was therefore a few minutes before 8 o'clock when the sawmill at Richburg was reached, where the ring was pitched. Every man grabbed a camp stool, and before the train had come to a standstill the crowd was swarming through the pines on the way to the scene of the battle.

Full Text of the Articles of Agreement.

The articles of agreement governing fight, the full text of which is given below, were drawn, signed, and sealed in room 137 of the Rossin House, Toronto, on Jan. 7, 1888. In the room were Charley Johnston and W. H. Germaine, representing Sullivan, and also the Sullivan himself. William E. Harding and Parson Davies appeared in Kilrain's behalf. On April 15 a large crowd of sporting men, friends of the interested parties, met at the *Clipper* office, and the final deposit of $5,000 a side was put up, Al Cridge of the bookmaking firm of Cridge & Murray was elected final stakeholder. Kilrain subsequently also deposited the *Police Gazette* belt with him. On June 8 Frank Stevenson won the toss for choice of battle ground at Charley Johnston's store in Brooklyn.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

Articles of agreement entered into this 7th day of January, 1889, between Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, Md., and John L. Sullivan of Boston, Mass. Said Jake Kilrain and said John L. Sullivan hereby agree to fight a fair, stand up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, by which said Jake Kilrain and said John L. Sullivan hereby do agree to be bound. Said fight shall be for the sum of $2,000 a side and the belt, representing the championship of the world, and shall take place the 8th of July, 1889, within 200 miles of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, the man winning the toss to give the opposite party ten days' notice of the place. Said Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan to fight at catch weights. The men shall be in the ring between the hours of 9 and 12 A. M. or the man absent shall forfeit the entire money. The expenses of rooms and stakes shall be borne by each party share and share alike.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of $5,000 a side is now deposited with sporting editor of the New York *Clipper*, who shall be stakeholder. The remaining deposit shall be made as follows: The final and last deposit of $2,000 a side on the 15th day of April, 1889, in New York city, when the final stakeholder shall be agreed upon at the last deposit. If not agreed upon before, the referee to be appointed at the ring side. The toss for choice of battle ground to be on the 8th day of June, between the hours of 8 P. M. and 10 P. M., at Charley Johnston's store on Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., by the principals or their representative. Said deposits made as above to remain in the hands of Wm. Arcadi, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down.

In case of magisterial interference the referee, if appointed, or stakeholder, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day, or in the same week, and the money shall be given up unless by mutual consent, or until fairly won or lost by the fight. Due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place of giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereunto attach our names.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN,
JAKE KILRAIN, per W. E. H.
Witnesses: L. B. Allen, John W. Barnitt.

AT THE HOMES OF THE FIGHTERS.

Boston Jumping Out of Its Skin With Joy, But Baltimore Very Sad.

BOSTON, July 8.—The goody-goody people of Boston have come to the conclusion that the city is going to the dogs. They have seen to-day as much interest over a prize fight as was manifested last fall over the result of the Presidential election. Newspaper row has been crowded all day with excited, enthusiastic, shouting men and boys, who waited the news of the great battle. Whatever apathy there may have been in Sullivan's native city previous to the fight was lost sight of to-day in the great demonstration which greeted the news of his victory. Boston fairly bubbled with life and excitement. The crush in front of the newspaper offices was so great that general business was suspended and everything was given over to the gossip of the prize ring. Little else was heard in the hotel corridors or in the stores. When business men met on the street their first question was, "Have you heard the result of the fight?" In the motley crowd that blocked the sidewalks in front of the bulletin boards were seen men of all walks in life, all showing an interest in the mill utterly foreign to the general sentiment in regard to the fighters. The same man who yesterday expressed the hope that both men would be killed was one of the first to put on his hat to-day and run around the corner to see how the fight was decided. Boston men did not enthuse over the preparations for the mill, for they were laboring under the impression that Sullivan's recent excesses and his serious illness of a year ago would make it impossible for him to do any fighting. This idea was so prevalent that men outside of the regular clique of sporting men gave the fight no second thought. Even this morning there were bets offered that there would be no fight. But as the hour of noon approached and the announcement was made that Sullivan and Kilrain were actually hammering each other there was a revulsion of feeling, and staid business men woke up to the fact that the honor of Boston was at stake—as much of it as could be encompassed by the ring that held the pugilists. Then there was a rush for the newspaper offices. There was plenty of Sullivan money on all sides, but Kilrain's friends had not courage enough to back their opinions with cash. All the betting talk was not by any means confined to professional betting circles. Club men and society fellows stood ready to back the big fellow for any amount. Nearly everybody sang the champion's praises without saying anything about his indiscretions. There were some pessimists who saw nothing redeeming in the meeting of the two athletes, and these slashed vigorously into the big fellow and his antagonist, hitting below the belt and larruping both men regardless of rules. Fortunately those pessimists did not parade their views in Newspaper row; had they done so, even the large force of police could not have saved them from the decisive chasers of the enthusiasts who were packed between the buildings like sardines.

As early as 8 o'clock this morning the sidewalks around the newspaper offices were black with people, and the crowd increased until travel was impossible. Then an extra force of police was called out to assist people who wanted to get through the crush. At 10 o'clock the first bulletin was shown, and its appearance raised a loud shout of joy. It read: "Sullivan has knocked out Kilrain in eight rounds." The enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds. Hardly had the cheers died away when there was another wild yell from a doorway. This was from a single throat, and it was the same throat which, years ago, cooed a lullaby to soothe the ruffled feelings of the infant John L. Michael Sullivan, the aged father of the champion, had stood in a doorway ever since the newspaper offices were opened waiting for some news of the battle. As the hours dragged along he had several times attracted attention, but nobody understood the cause of it. He dared not go into the newspaper office, and he waited where he could hear the shout of victory. His glad ears read the news of victory in the ringing cheers of the multitude, and then the father could not rest