THE PRIZE RING.

Battle Near Cincinnati Between Mike McCoole and Aaron Jones.

McCOOLE THE VICTOR.

Thirty-four Rounds Fought in Twenty-six Minutes.

Jones Knocked Senseless in the Last Round.

Incidents of the Fight and Details of the Rounds.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE HERALD.

HAMILTON, Ohio, August 31, 1867.

The fight between Michael McCoole and Aaron Jones came off at Busenbeck's Station, thirty-one miles east of Cincinnati, this morning, and was won by McCoole in twenty-six minutes, thirty-four rounds having been fought. Jones was knocked out of time by a hit between the eyes. He lay insensible a long time afterwards, and fears of his recovery were entertained by his friends. He is not badly hurt, and, with the exceptions of a slight swelling on his right cheek and on the mouth, and the split in the forehead from the blow that felled him as if he had been struck with a pole-axe, had no other marks. McCoole was cut about the eyes, nose, and mouth; but he appeared more than a match for Jones from the beginning.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FIGHT.

The fight was immediately brought about by a challenge issued by McCoole, who styles himself the champion of the United States. In this *dif*, Mac proposed to meet any man in this country for $2,000 a side. The championship claimed was won by him in a fight with a pugilist named Davis, which occurred near St. Louis on the 19th of September, 1866. Davis was a man of great muscular power and qualities of endurance, but had no scientific acquirements whatever. The struggle was merely one of brute strength and endurance of punishment on both sides, and Davis, after having fought thirty-four rounds and taking as well as giving a great amount of punishment, was forced to succumb, and McCoole by this victory took possession of a silver belt, which was a part of the stake fought for, and which was supposed to confer the honor of champion of America on its holder. Evidently inflated with pride at this comparatively easy victory, Mac retired to his drinking saloon in St. Louis, and thence issued his advertisements to the "pugs" of the country, defying the best of them to a passage at arms in a twenty-four foot ring. This gauntlet was taken up by the noted English pugilist shortly after it had been issued, and after the usual palaver and chaffing, the parties, with their backers, met at Cincinnati on the 31st of last May and signed articles of agreement.

SKETCHES OF THE MEN.

The principals in this mill are well known to the sporting fraternity as pugilists of great strength, endurance and experience, the reputation of the victor extending throughout the United States, and that of the loser being well established in England.

MICHAEL MCCOOLE is of Irish extraction, about thirty years of age, stands over six feet in height and weighs in the neighborhood of one hundred and eighty pounds in condition. He came to this country at a very early age. In his earlier days he worked in a tannery, but gave up the trade of a currier to work at steamboating on the Mississippi river and its tributaries. In this connection he was often necessarily involved in personal encounters with the rough and pugnacious class of men among whom he was known. Here his vast strength and capability of receiving punishment without flinching enabled him to come out almost invariably the victor, and he was looked upon as a dangerous customer for any one to tackle. His first regular appearance in the prize ring was with a St. Louis man named William Blake, but who had assumed the cognomen of "Dublin Tricks." This match was for $200 a side and was fought at Twelve Mile Island, near Louisville, Ky., where McCoole was then residing, June 27, 1859. Blake was a big, well built man, weighing about one hundred and eighty-six pounds, while his opponent was some seven pounds heavier. The fight lasted thirty-one minutes, when Blake was knocked out of time in the twenty-ninth round by a heavy hit on the body, and McCoole acknowledged the winner. In this fight he showed himself to be a thoroughly game man, a heavy hitter, but thoroughly devoid of science. His victory, however, gave him a local reputation, and as he was frequently in New Orleans in the ordinary course of his avocation of boatman he was there matched by some of his friends against Tom Jennings, a pugilist belonging to that city. Jennings had just returned from the North, where he had been trying to get on a match with Ned Price or Aaron Jones. The former was suffering from an injured hand, while the latter, who had not been living the abstemious life of an anchorite, wanted four months' time to get into condition, and this period Jennings could not or would not agree to wait. McCoole was matched against him for $500 a side, and the fight came off a few miles from New Orleans, May 2, 1860. McCoole labored under many disadvantages in this fight; for, just as he was on the point of embarking in the steamer he had engaged, the boat was seized by the authorities and Mac was obliged to walk, in company with his trainer, a distance of some miles through the swamp and canebrakes to get to the place of fighting. On arriving there he was without a second, but making an appeal to the assembled crowd, nearly all of whom were Jennings' partisans, he said he had come to fight and only wanted a fair show; that as he was without a second he would have to be indebted to some one among them to act for him in that capacity. His manly appeal caused a revolution of popular feeling in his favor, and Johnny McCarthy, of St. Louis, volunteered his services. The result of this fight was that Jennings, although he inflicted some damage on his opponent, had not the stamina to withstand the heavy body hitting of McCoole, and after fighting thirty-seven rounds, in thirty-three minutes, was unable to come up to the call of time, and the latter for the second time, was proclaimed the victor. His Western friends afterwards expressed a willingness to match him against Heenan for $3,000 a side; but nothing was effected, in consequence of the departure of the latter for England to fulfil an engagement he had entered into with Howes and Cushing's Circus. The circumstances connected with his next match, with Joe Coburn, for the championship and $2,000, are these:—Coburn had issued a challenge to make a match with Ed. Price; but the latter, having engaged in lucrative business in Washington, had no ambition to re-enter the ring. Coburn then turned his attention to the other side of the Atlantic, challenging Joe Goss for $1,000 a side, the fight to come off in the British provinces. Goss accepted the offer; but before the negotiations were concluded he found a match nearer home in the person of Posh Price. The friends of McCoole now thought it a good opportunity to step in, and on the proposition being made for a match with Coburn, the latter promptly acceded to the terms mentioned, and articles were signed on the 2d of February, 1863. The fight took place at Charlestown, Cecil county, Md., when Coburn proved too active, cunning and leary for his bulky, gigantic opponent, and won the day in sixty-seven rounds, lasting one hour and ten minutes. For the next three years McCoole was but little heard of in pugilistic circles, but was eventually dragged into a match with William Michael Davis, the California boxer. They met at Rhead's Point, Mo., for $1,000 a side and a belt, fortune favoring McCoole once more, as he gained a victory over Davis in thirty-four rounds in thirty-four minutes, September 19, 1866.

Aaron Jones is a native of Albion, having been born near Shrewsbury, on the 1st of March, 1833. He is about five feet eleven inches in stature, and weighs, in condition, in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His first encounter was with Harry Orme, and came off December 18, 1849. It was for £10 a side, and lasted two hours and forty-five minutes, during which time forty rounds were fought, Orme proving the winner. On the 24th of September, 1850, Jones achieved his first and only conquest, his opponent being Bob Wade, whom he fought for £10 a side, defeating him in forty-three rounds, in one hour. After this Jones remained on the shelf for nearly two years, and then he came out with the avowed intention of redeeming his lost laurels by a second bout with Harry Orme. The latter was nothing loath, and they fought for £100 a side. The police were very officious on the occasion and the men were much harassed. They fought at two places twenty-three rounds in thirty-three minutes, and on the referee naming a third place Jones refused to renew the contest, May 10, 1852. Jones then challenged Tom Paddock, which challenge was accepted, and they met on July 18, 1854, fighting one hundred and twenty-one rounds in two hours and twenty-four minutes, Paddock proving the winner. A second match ensued for a like amount (£100 a side), and Jones and Paddock met the second time on June 26, 1855, when Paddock was again victorious in sixty-one rounds, one hour and twenty-nine minutes. Jones' next appearance was in a forfeiture of £70 to the Tipton Slasher. His memorable battles with Tom Sayers, which have made his name more prominent than his other engagements, took place, the first on January 6, 1857, and the second on February 10 of the same year. Darkness put an end to the first battle, after sixty-two rounds had been fought, in three hours. This match was for £100 a side. The second engagement, a bet of £100 a side was added, and Sayers came off with flying colors, after contending eighty-five rounds, in two hours. This was Jones's last appearance in the prize ring. In the fall of 1858 Aaron Jones was sent for to train John C. Heenan for his memorable battle with Morrissey, since elevated to a seat in Congress. After the engagement, Jones, in company with Heenan and others, went on a tour South, but met with ill success, and at the breaking out of the war Jones, who was South at the time and unable to leave, became identified with the Confederates, and appears to have had a snug berth on the staff of General Beauregard. At the close of the war he came North, and was received with open arms. Time passed on, and although there was some talk about matching him against Davis and Elliott, nothing came of it further than a little talk in the newspapers.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

The present match was arranged on the 31st of May, in Cincinnati, after three or four months' controversy. The articles of agreement were as follows:—

Articles of agreement entered into between Aaron Jones and Michael McCoole, whereby they hereby enter into an agreement to meet and fight (according to the new rules of the London prize ring and to be strictly governed thereby), at a point within fifty miles of the city of Cincinnati, on Saturday, the 31st day of August, 1867; both parties to be informed of the hour and place of meeting three days before the time thereof. We do hereby confirm and enforce this agreement, by placing in the hands of ——— four first deposit, of $500 each; the second deposit, of $250 each, at 71 West Third street, Cincinnati, on Saturday, June 29, 1867; and the third and last deposit, of $250 each, at the Asteroid Saloon, No. 195 West Sixth street, on Saturday, August 24, 1867, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M. Choice of ground to be passed for by the parties making this agreement, at said Asteroid Saloon, between the hours named for making the last deposit. Referee to be chosen on the ground; and, in case of any necessity for a postponement of the fight, to name the time and place for the next meeting. Both parties making this agreement to appear in the ring between the hours of 9 A. M. and 12 M. Either party failing to appear shall forfeit all claim to the battle money.

Signed and witnessed this 31st day of May, 1867.

MICHAEL MCCOOLE,
AARON JONES.

Both men soon afterwards went into active training, Jones at the Buckeye House, about six miles below Cincinnati, on the banks of the Ohio, under the watchful eye of the experienced James Cusick, and McCoole at the Abbey House, near the race track at St. Louis, with Bill Blake and Michael Trainor as assistants. The principals were each the recipient of benefits—Jones in Cincinnati and McCoole in St. Louis—a short time before the day fixed for the contest.

THE START FROM CINCINNATI.

Commencing at midnight last night the Hamilton and Dayton depot was the theatre of unexampled excitement. The hurrying of hacks, the rattle of omnibuses and the rumble of street cars created a tremendous din. The depot was soon filled with a restless and eager throng, but the long lines of empty cars were kept locked, and not till half-past two were they opened. About thirty of the cars in the depot were devoted to the excursion, and in five minutes after they were unlocked every seat was taken and the aisles were crowded with persons unable to obtain seats. There was a great deal of noise, shouting, jostling, hurrying and bustling, but no disorderly conduct was noticeable. By three o'clock not less than one thousand eight hundred persons were on the train in the depot. Before starting two of the managers of the excursion, accompanied by a posse of police, passed through the cars and compelled all to show tickets or budge. A very few were found unprovided, and these preferred "shelling out" five dollars to leaving the train.

At half past three the train glided away on its journey. The cars moved in two trains, every car of which was densely filled. The members of the press were congregated in one car, filling it to repletion. Representatives were present from New York, St. Louis, Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit, Dayton, Cleveland and many other places. The night was crisp, clear and cool, and in the sky not a cloud was visible. What ever element of the roughs or fancy was on board it did not make itself obnoxious nor even conspicuous. The proportion of respectability was in the majority, so that it would not have been easy to have told from appearances what mission the excursion party was on. About a quarter before six we ran into Hamilton. It being then broad daylight here a stop of twenty minutes was made, and a crowd of passengers made a peaceable but eager raid upon a German beer saloon for their morning bitters.

ARRIVAL AT THE GROUND.

The train started again, and a few minutes after six reached the point of debarkation, which is Busenbink station six miles north of Hamilton and twenty-eight miles from Cincinnati, and is situated in Butler county. The site for pitching the ring was a pretty grove of oak and walnut trees on the west of the railroad but three minutes' walk from the track. The grove was carpeted with a springy, even turf. When the first train arrived a large number of buggies was seen hitched around the grove, the locality having been found out in spite of precaution. Several hundred of these keen guessers were on the ground when the delegation from Cincinnati began to arrive. On debarking from the train the crowd swept over to the grove in a dark, eager mass. The more agile rushed to the twenty or thirty trees supposed to be most eligible, and such a scratching and scrambling has not been seen since the day when we all gathered hickory nuts.

THE MEN.

Jerry Donovan, Jones' trainer, appeared on the scene, and while the men under his direction commenced to drive the stakes and form the ring the crowd amused itself with the struggles and tribulations of the climbers. Aaron Jones spent last night three and a half miles from Busenback's, at the house of farmer Elliott Jones, ate a spring chicken last night, and at ten minutes to ten o'clock, he went to bed and was fast asleep in exactly eight minutes. McCoole was domiciled at Middletown, four miles away, and also rested very well.

THE BETTING.

There was but little betting. All bets taken this morning were even, though Jones was rather the favorite for all three events of first blood, first knock down and final victory. McCoole and friends were very quiet.

MOVEMENTS OF THE CROWD.

At twenty minutes past eight o'clock the men had not yet arrived. Some of the spectators had retired down for naps on the outskirts of the crowd. It was wonderful to see how many lookers on had ensconced themselves in the trees, one little sugar tree, less than ten inches in diameter having eighteen perched on its slender branches and in its forks. A few additional spectators were arriving on foot and by vehicles. The chuckaluck stands increased to three in number; and one enterprising fruit pedler opened a shop on a board, but nobody seemed to have preconceived that "we roughs" had any use for sandwiches or such. By actual count the reporters numbered sixty-one.

THE WINNER.

During the waiting for the men, Mr. Clark, of St. Louis, announced that, on behalf of Mr. Elliott, of Cleveland, he is authorized to challenge the winner of this fight for $1,000. No prominent pugilist was present from abroad except Barney Aaron.

ARRIVAL OF THE SECONDS.

At twenty-five minutes past nine A. M., Jones' seconds—James Cusick and Jerry Donovan—entered the ring, the latter carrying Jones' fighting shoes—a pair of light calfskin, high lacing—provided with two spikes in the sole and one in the heel. McCoole's seconds—Denny O'Brien and Sherman Thurston—soon followed. Rufus Hunt, of New Orleans, was selected as referee; Dan Ryan and Jack Looney, both of St. Louis, as umpires. The referee made a little speech, saying, "I have been chosen by the unanimous consent of both parties as referee for this fight, and I intend to see that the best man wins." (Great cheers.) J. A. McCullock was appointed time keeper.

ARRIVAL OF THE PUGILISTS.

At a quarter past ten A. M., after a tedious wait, during which ale, bottles, sponges, &c., were brought into the ring, Aaron Jones at last appeared, amid great cheering, and threw his hat into the ring. He stepped after with a little step, but seemed somewhat anxious. He was dressed neatly in a dark coat, light pants and hat and white cravat. By this time the sun flooded every place in the ring, so there was but little choice for corners. Aaron took a seat in a corner awaiting his antagonist, while one of his backers held an umbrella over him to shield him from the now fervent rays of the sun. He won the choice of corners and took the one presenting his right shoulder to the sun five minutes after McCoole sent his black felt hat scudding into the ring. He looked just as anxious as Jones, with whom on entering the ring he shook hands in rather an embarrassed manner. McCoole had on heavy winter clothing, well buttoned up. He took his station in the opposite corner, and was also shielded by an umbrella. In walking costume particularly McCoole's superior size was evident. Jones' hands were stained a deep walnut, but McCoole's were not, and, at the latter's request, Jones sucked his knuckles, to show that no poisonous drug had been used in dyeing them.

PREPARING TO FIGHT.

After eyeing each other and the crowd for some time, the seconds commenced disrobing their men. McCoole's hands and arms were both considerably larger than Jones'; in fact, he is much larger all over, legs, arms, chest and shoulders. McCoole's costume was blue drawers, hemmed with green, and white stockings; Jones in white drawers and hose. McCoole wore as his colors a sash of red, green and white, and Jones a sash of white silk. On removing his shirt Mike McCoole's gigantic proportions were revealed. He approached Jones with $1,000 for a bet, which was accepted. Jones then advanced and offered to bet McCoole $100 that he would knock him down first. McCoole said he had no more money to bet. Jones then bantered the crowd, but no one accepted.

The Fight.

ROUND 1.—As soon as time was called the seconds stepped out of the ring and the principals advanced nobly up to the scratch. The contrast between the men was very great, Jones being very graceful in his position with his hands well up, while McCoole had a stooping way of advancing, his hands being very low. Aaron sparred away as McCoole approached him, and the great size of McCoole over Jones evidently made him a dangerous customer. They moved about for a few moments when McCoole let fly his left hand which brought up on Jones' right cheek and the latter fell flat on his back, and McCoole walked off to his corner. Two events were gained by this, the only blow of the round—first blood and first knock down blow. There were loud cheers for McCoole and Jones' bets that he would gain both events were thus lost.

ROUND 2.—The men were up promptly at the call of time and after a few dodges by Jones they came together, Jones getting in left and right, the former on Mike's forehead and the latter on his neck. Mike, however, returned the compliment by giving Aaron a shot in the side of the head with his right hand, and Aaron went down and Mike walked to his corner.

ROUND 3.—McCoole, as soon as time was called, sprang on his legs and walked rapidly up to Jones, the latter striking out with his left and right at the head, both of which reached their destination and brought the blood from McCoole's right eye. Jones also put in a right hander on McCoole's forehead and received a hard one on the side of the head. Jones then handed a good left hander on McCoole's nose and fell, the latter again walking to his corner.

ROUND 4.—As they came up this time both were bleeding, Jones from the right eye and McCoole from the left eye and nose. Mike made several wicked rushes for Jones, the latter dancing away from him as he approached. Jones got in his left on the side of McCoole's head while the latter landed his heavy right hander on the top of Jones' head, and the latter went to grass. McCoole was now offered at odds, without takers, as his great strength seemed to be almost too much for Jones to get away with.

ROUND 5.—Jones was very cautious as he approached the scratch, as Mac was now evidently warming up to his work and was determined to force the pace. He rushed at Aaron with his right hand at the body, but this was avoided, and Jones gave him a hard rap at the root of the ear with his right. Mac then threw out his right at Aaron's side, which reached the place. Then Aaron got in his left and right, the first on Mac's nose and second on the left side of his neck. Mac gave Aaron a Roland for his Oliver by bringing him down by a right hander in the left side. This was a lively and well fought round.

ROUND 6.—After considerable sparring and retreating on the part of Aaron, followed up by the most grotesque attitudes of McCoole, who would change his position and make ludicrous feints with his right hand, he at last put in three right hand blows, closely following each other, in the left side of Jones, just under the armpit. Jones gave him a rap in the side of the head and then went down on his knees. McCoole left him and walked away to his corner laughing.

ROUND 7.—There was considerable sparring this time on the part of Jones, who was very cautious about receiving the visits of his powerful adversary, who also showed more activity on his feet than he has exhibited in his former fights. They countered each other in the mouth, both drawing blood, when Mac danced in his right on Jones' breast and the latter went down. Mac walked to his corner.

ROUND 8.—This was a very short round. McCoole rushed in and planted his right hand on Aaron's breast, when the latter fell on his knees, and Mike was carried to his corner by his seconds when there was no need of such help.

ROUND 9.—This was another short round. No sooner had the men faced each other than Jones planted his right hand on McCoole's left eye, from the force of which blow he fell on his back, and McCoole walked away, having missed a vicious upper cut with his right hand.

ROUND 10.—McCoole forced the fighting, and as he came in Jones struck him a hard blow on the left shoulder with his right, but was not quick enough to get away without one in return. Jones did not use his left hand, but dashed in with his right, when Mac threw out his right at Aaron's side, which reached the place. Then Aaron got in his left and right, the first on Mac's nose and second on the left side of his neck. Mac gave Aaron a Roland for his Oliver by bringing him down by a right hander in the left side. This was a lively and well fought round.

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ROUND 11.—This was also a very short round. As McCoole bored in, Jones met him with a right-hander full on the nose, and, getting away from Mac's return, fell. Neither man seemed to make any effort to stop blows, but when Aaron could not get away he had to take the things of Mac to a certainty. This round was soon over.

ROUND 12.—Jones was now again very cautious. He sparred away from Mac as the latter approached, and as an opening showed itself, he dashed his right hand on Mac's neck and then went down. The round was over in an instant.

ROUND 13.—This was a hard fought round. It commenced by Jones getting his left hand well in on Mac's left temple, following it up with a noser with the right. Then Mac planted a heavy one on Jones' breast, when the latter put in two heavy hits with his right on McCoole's nose, which spurted the blood copiously all over his face. After getting the best of this round, Jones managed to hit out his left and fall before Mac was ready to hit.

ROUND 14.—Aaron led off this time with his left on the nose, starting the blood afresh, and then giving Mac a right hander on the side of the head, go down leisurely. The round was soon over.

ROUND 15.—Neither of the men struck a blow during this round. As McCoole approached Jones, the latter, while attempting to get away, tripped in the high grass and went on his back. Cries of "foul" were raised by McCoole's friends, but on an appeal to the referee he ordered the men to go on with the fight.

ROUND 16.—McCoole's face was very lumpy and bleeding freely when he came to the scratch, and his eyes began to give indications of closing, while Jones had but a small mouse on his right cheek bone and a few red spots on the left side. Only one blow was passed in this round, which was a right hander on the left ear given by McCoole, which laid out Jones instantly.

ROUND 17.—McCoole missed his right hand, and for fear of there being some more of the same kind on hand, and being close up to the rope at the time, without a chance of retreating, threw out his left at nothing and went down on his knees. He was hissed by some of McCoole's partisans.

ROUND 18.—Jones planted his right heavily on Mac's nose, and immediately fell to avoid punishment, narrowly escaping, however, a warm one that was intended for his ribs.

ROUND 19.—McCoole marched in a determined manner up to Jones and missed twice, while the latter got three blows into McCoole's face and then went on his knees.

ROUND 20.—McCoole's face was now swelling about the eyes, and many were under the belief that Jones would eventually shut them both up, and McCoole seemed to be laboring under the same impression, for he rushed at Aaron as if he intended to annihilate him. They both struck together, but neither blow reached the spot it was intended for, and Aaron went down.

ROUND 21.—McCoole led off, forcing Aaron before him, and delivered a hard one on the latter's breast; then Jones had the best of the fighting, getting his right in on Mac's nose, then again on the forehead, and a hard one in with the same hand on Mac's left eye, after which performance he fell on his knees to avoid, or get Mac to hit him when down.

ROUND 22.—McCoole came up bleeding at the left eye, and rushed at Aaron fiercely. He changed his position, then worked his right arm back and forth, then let it fly at Aaron's left side; for which Jones gave him a so under on his previously damaged left eye. Jones went down as soon as he delivered the blow.

ROUND 23.—After dodging and sparring about for a short time, Jones planted his left on McCoole's nose, and dropped on his knees, the crowd giving him another shower of hisses. McCoole's features were now getting out of shape, and his lips were in mourning and swollen, and he was pushing the rush now with vigor.

ROUND 24.—As soon as time was called McCoole was up and at the scratch, where, after a little manœuvring Jones planted a left hander on Mike's nose. This brought the giant forward with his right, which landed on Aaron's mouth, which bled freely. Afterwards Jones got in another left hander on the nose, in payment for which he was presented with a rib roasting right hander, which brought him (Aaron) on his knees.

ROUND 25.—Aaron, after dancing about out of McCoole's way, threw his right in sharply on the left side of McCoole's jaw, when Mac gave him a heavy right hander under his left arm, and Aaron again went to prayers.

ROUND 26.—McCoole missed his mark, and Aaron took a short liberty with his left on the right eye, which helped to increase the swelling; but, like almost every similar occasion during the fight, McCoole had always one to pay for one received, and he gave Aaron a rap in the ribs, when the latter went to grass. The round did not last a minute.

ROUND 27.—A little sparring, and Jones finding an opening, planted his left again on Mike's damaged nose and retreated very rapidly. The latter followed him up closely, hitting out and missing, when, at the ropes, he came suddenly on Aaron and pushed him down. There was considerable speculation around the ring as to which would be likely to win, and notwithstanding the great strength of McCoole, it was supposed by some that Jones would blind him. Aaron, however, was showing signs of distress, and seemed more inclined than ever to keep away from his big antagonist.

ROUND 28.—McCoole came up bleeding from the rap on the nose which he had received in the previous round, and as he approached Jones twisted his shoulders and body into ungraceful shapes, and rushing on him (Jones), again knocked him down.

ROUND 29.—This was a spirited round. As they commenced business by exchanges—compliments in the shape of left hand facers, their left and right at the head, and to settle the matter, McCoole struck Jones a heavy body blow which knocked him through the ropes. The last blow was the most severe of any received by Jones thus far in the fight.

ROUND 30.—Jones sparred away from McCoole, although the latter was now on his mettle and kept Aaron moving briskly to get out of his way. Mac did not seem to care about Aaron's blows, and rushed in, regardless of results. McCoole, after several unsuccessful attempts, landed his right hand on Jones' breast and the latter went down.

ROUND 31.—McCoole opened this round with the right hand in the side, the left on the forehead, and then again with the right in the side. Aaron sent his left in with vigor on Mac's damaged left eye which sent the blood spurting down his cheek.

ROUND 32.—McCoole, still forcing matters, led off and missed; then Jones followed suit with the same result, and McCoole missing again, Jones went down, and McCoole walked to his corner muttering something about Aaron's not standing up and fighting like he did.

ROUND 33.—After the usual amount of dodging to keep out of McCoole's way, Aaron planted his right on McCoole's left orb, and instantly fell, fortunately escaping a terrific right handed delivered at his body.

ROUND 34 AND LAST.—Aaron led off as McCoole approached him, and fanned his right on the latter's head, when Mac dashed out his right at the body, which took effect, and as Aaron was in the act of falling McCoole was ready with another terrific hit with the same hand which took effect between the eyes of Jones. This latter blow knocked him senseless, and when time was called he could not respond, and his second threw up the sponge. McCoole was then declared the victor amid loud cheers.

DURATION OF THE FIGHT.

The time occupied in the fight was twenty-six minutes. Jones was unconscious for a long time after the fight was over, and when the trains left for Cincinnati he had not recovered, but was in the care of a medical gentleman who was out to see the fight.

It will be seen by the above report that very little left handed hitting took place, and there was no attempt by either party to parry blows, Jones relying more on his feet than his hands to protect his head; and we wondered the more at this from the reputation he bore as an accomplished British boxer.

PRESS TELEGRAMS.

A Subscription for Jones.

CINCINNATI, August 31, 1867.

The excitement in the city to-day on the announcement of the result of the Jones and McCoole fight was intense. The trains from the ground returned this afternoon about three o'clock, bringing McCoole, who on the way down passed through the train and raised a subscription for Jones, heading the list with $50. He is apparently uninjured, having but a slight cut above his left eye. Jones was unconscious for ten minutes after the fight was over. He has two ribs broken and the frontal bone crushed in. He was conveyed to Hamilton in a carriage, where he now remains. McCoole forced the fighting all along, and Jones apparently acted on the defensive.

Condition of the Pugilists—McCoole Challenged by Jim Elliott.

CINCINNATI, August 31—Midnight.

Aaron Jones, the loser of the prize fight, was to-night conveyed to his place of training at Shady Grove, four miles from this city. The medical examiners say that two of his ribs have sustained compound fractures from the terrific blow received at the hands of McCoole in the twenty-ninth round. The blow which finished the fight was received by Aaron Jones upon the forehead, and produced concussion of the brain and vomiting. A slight congestion of the lungs also ensued. Jones' condition is not regarded as extremely critical; but he will require care and good nursing for his recovery.

Jim Elliott, ex-champion, arrived in the city to-night, and met McCoole, and challenged the latter for a fight for any sum from $1,000 to $10,000. Some braggadocio ensued at the meeting, and McCoole agreed to give a definite answer to-morrow.

McCoole's left eye is wholly closed from the fight. His forehead is badly cut and cheek swelled, but he expresses himself as feeling well and in condition to fight again to-morrow. He gave a supper to his friends to night.

THE TURF.

Trotting at the Fashion Course Yesterday.

A small number of persons, mostly professionals, assembled at the Fashion Course yesterday afternoon, attracted by the appearance and probably farewell race of the once popular Hummingbird in competition with Jenny Becker, entered by Mr. McElroy. For some reason the regular race of the day did not begin at three in the afternoon as usual, and the interim preceding was occupied by a run made up for the occasion between a couple of less famous and almost nameless steeds, the winner rejoicing in the title of Rhubarb, and the loser being entered by A. C. Witson. Rhubarb, though not in remarkably good condition or training, won the race by winning the first two heats—the third heat being of that professionally termed dead, and the time being 2:46. Both black, of nearly equal weight, and hardly distinguishable the one from the other, scored with remarkable accuracy and went off with the word—Rhubarb having the inside and being just a nose ahead. The first quarter was made in forty-two seconds, Rhubarb being a length ahead, and the half in 1:28, the untrained black, with the name suggestive of drugs, still leading. In the third quarter Witson's black broke into a run, and gained with considerable rapidity on Rhubarb—the two entering upon the home quarter neck and neck, and Rhubard, after a last quarter of excellent trotting, coming home nearly a length in advance of her competitor. The time was 2:45.

The second heat, also won by Rhubarb, was attended with considerable sensation among the professionals who had risked, and whereas at the beginning betting had been four to one in favor of Witson, no sooner had Rhubarb demonstrated her mettle than the order of the wager was reversed. The following is the mathematics of the second heat:—

First quarter	0:42
Second quarter pole	1:23
Home quarter	2:44

Rhubaro, coming in a length in advance, was therefore declared the winner.

The third heat was not counted, owing to a break on the part of Witson's entry, the time being 2:46, and one heat of the regular trot being interlarded between.

The regularly announced race for the stakes of $2,500 was entered upon about four o'clock, and won by Jenny Becker, the time of the two heats being respectively 2:47 and 2:48. Jenny Becker was, thereupon, declared victor, and, after some disputation on the part of the disappointed, carried off the laurel in triumph. No further sport being anticipated, the few and generally interested spectators effected a retreat, some slightly relieved in pocketbook, and others a fifty or a hundred more plethoric in that respect.

THE NATIONAL HORSE FAIR AT SPRINGFIELD.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., August 31, 1867.

The most gratifying and successful exhibition of horseflesh of various grades has closed here to-night, having extended over a period of five days. During this time some sixty or seventy thousand people have visited Hampden Park and viewed with delight and admiration the hundreds of beautiful animals which were brought here from all sections of the country. With the exception of a single day the weather has been unexceptionably fine, and the exhibitions were admirable. To-night the crowds have left for their homes with many happy memories of the pleasant success of the fifth National Horse Fair of Springfield.

The exhibition opened to-day with a display of saddle horses, and among the number was one fine animal, owned by J. Z. Coby, of Pittsfield, which was formerly owned by the rebel General Pemberton, and captured during the siege of Vicksburg. Afterwards there was an exhibition of several fine ladies' saddle horses, two, three and four year old gelding colts, stallions, tandem and tridem teams, in which there were some fair trials of speed; and then followed a display of fourteen and fifteen hand matched horses and stallions, between five and eight years of age. None of these animals were in any way remarkable.

There was quite an interesting race for purses of $150 and $50 between horses that had never beat 2:27, which was contested for by Emuresa, entered by William Woodruff, of Cambridge; McClellan, by R. A. Champlin, of Boston; and John Ferris, entered by J. J. Bowen, of Medford. The first heat was closely contested between McClellan and Empress, and won by the former in 2:38¾. The second heat was more close and exciting, both horses breaking and took nearly all the way around, until within the last eighth, when McClellan took the lead in consequence of the Empress breaking, and came in winner in 2:34¾, making the first half in 1:16½. The third heat was a clumsy one, all the horses breaking badly, and although McClellan was the first at the end of the mile, the heat was awarded to Ferris in 2:38½. The fourth heat was little better, but was won by McClellan in 2:40. The first premium was then awarded to McClellan and the second to Ferris.

The principal and most exciting race of the day, if not of the Fair, was one for a purse of $1,000 late this afternoon, which was contested for by Lady Thorne, entered by Dr. Ralph, of Philadelphia, and Lucy, entered by Morris Holcomb, of Hartford. In drawing for positions Lucy won the pole, and when the word was given both started evenly; but Lady Thorne soon took the lead, but only to keep it for a moment; for Lucy made a rapid and steady gain, and passed the half-mile pole half a length ahead in 1:15½. For the remaining half the two seemed to be nearly even until coming in on the last eighth, when Lady Thorne broke badly and allowed Lucy to win the heat easily in 2:31. On the second heat Lucy took the lead and kept it finely, about two lengths ahead, until the end of the first half mile, when Lady Thorn crept up, and the two passed the half-mile stake about neck and neck in 1:15½. Lady Thorne continued to gain rapidly, and Lucy making a bad break, she shot half a dozen lengths ahead and came in in 2:30¾. The third heat was all one way—in favor of Lady Thorne. She took the lead by four or five lengths at the start and kept it all the way around, making the half mile in 1:15½ and the heat in 2:32. The fourth heat was but a repetition of the third, time and all; and the first premium was awarded to Lady Thorne and the second to Lucy.

The closing up of the whole show was a running race for purses of $125, $75 and $37, which was contested for by General Williams, entered by Paul Wood, of Nova Scotia; Major Mahan, by Mr. Downing, of Boston; and Rurica, by W. W. Chenery, of Belmont. It was one of the closest and finest of the week's races. They were all in advance at one time or another during the first heat, and for a distance of half a mile the three were almost abreast; but in the last eighth the contest seemed to narrow down between General Williams and Mahan, the former coming in first by the least perceptible distance in 1:53. The second heat was equally exciting, being first between Rurica and Williams; but on the last half Williams fell back, and Rurica kept his even gate, while Mahan seemed to spring, as if by magic, and just before reaching the end he shot a length ahead and made the mile in 1:54, Williams coming in last. The third and last heat, too, was one of great interest and excitement, and was narrowed down between Williams and Mahan, the latter taking the heat by half a length in 1:54.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The Mutual Club, of New York, Victorious Over a Philadelphia Club.

PHILADELPHIA, August 31, 1867.

The match between the Mutuals, of New York, and the West Philadelphia Club took place to-day on the grounds of the latter, in West Philadelphia. Owing to the Mutuals being completely used up by continued playing and travelling, they did not play up to their standard. There were but few spectators, owing probably to the distance of the grounds from the city.

MUTUALS.	O.	R.	WEST PHILADELPHIA.	O.	R.
Pike, 3d b	2	4	Wesner, 1 f	2	4
Hunt, c. f	2	3	Myers, s. s	2	2
Bearman, 1st b	5	1	Fisher, p	4	2
Waterman, 2d b	1	5	Dorsey, c. f	2	3
Dwyr, s. s	1	4	Osterheldt, r. f	3	2
Zeiler, r. f	2	3	Bechter, 1st b	1	2
Jewett, c	4	2	Hellings, 2d b	1	3
McMahan, f	2	3	Able, c	4	1
Peters, p	1	3	Maguire, 3d b	2	3
Total	21	28	Total	21	21

INNINGS.

Clubs.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
West Phila	3	1	2	3	2	9	3		23
Mutuals	4	0	5	1	6	4	8		28

Umpire—Mr. Heyhurst, of the Athletics.

FUNERAL OF JOSIAH O. STEARNS, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW JERSEY CENTRAL RAILROAD.

ELIZABETH, N. J., August 31, 1867.

The funeral of Mr. Josiah O. Stearns, late Superintendent of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, was attended at noon to-day by an immense concourse of persons. The stillness of a Sunday marked the city, and the stores were generally closed, all the bells tolling. The services were held at St. John's church, and were conducted by the Rev. Stevens Parker, rector of Christ's Church, of which Mr. Stearns was a vestryman, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. S. A. Clark, rector of St. John's, and D. F. Warren, rector of Trinity. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Among the prominent persons present were Messrs. Thomas A. Scott and H. J. Lombard, of Philadelphia; E. A. Packer, of New York; Samuel Smith, of Paterson; Robert H. Sayre, of Bethlehem; Hon. F. T. Frelin