State, under his administration, raised and equipped and sent into the field 220,000 men. To facilitate his labors in this undertaking, President Lincoln had commissioned him major general of volunteers, erected New York into a military department and given him the command of it.

In the Gubernatorial election of 1862 Governor Morgan was not a candidate, having withdrawn in favor of General James Wadsworth. In February, 1863, he was chosen to represent the State of New York in the United States Senate for a term of six years, commencing March 4, 1864. His course there was characterized by the same striking qualities that marked his career in the State Senate. He held important positions on Committees on Commerce, on Finance, and on Pacific Railroads. In February, 1865, on the retirement of Mr. Fessenden, President Lincoln nominated Mr. Morgan to the office of Secretary of the Treasury; but the nomination was withdrawn at Mr. Morgan's request. Since the expiration of his term as Senator he has enjoyed the well earned repose of private life. Nevertheless he has not abated his interest in public affairs. In 1872 he was chairman of the National Republican Committee, and has since acted as chairman of the State Central Committee. Though now in the sixty-sixth year of his age Mr. Morgan is in the possession of good health and a strong constitution. In appearance he is tall, dignified and well proportioned, with a somewhat aristocratic bearing, but respected for the sterling qualities he is known to possess.

SHERMAN S. ROGERS.

The nominee for Lieutenant Governor, Sherman S. Rogers, is in the fiftieth year of his age. He was born in Bath, Steuben county, where his father, Dr. G. A. Rogers, practised medicine for many years. Mr. Rogers moved from Bath to Buffalo, Erie county, upwards of twenty years ago. He is now a member of the law firm of Rogers & Bower, of Buffalo, and is looked upon as one of the leading lawyers in the western part of the State, his main practice being in the higher courts. He has never been what is commonly called a politician, although he has always as an individual taken an active interest in the success of the republican party. When Governor Hoffman appointed the members of the Constitutional Commission of 1873 and decided to make it a non-partisan commission Mr. Rogers was one of the first republicans to whom he tendered an appointment. Last fall Mr. Rogers was elected State Senator from the Thirtieth district in place of the late John Ganson, democrat, carrying the district by an overwhelming majority. He is an eloquent speaker, and greatly distinguished himself in the State Senate last winter, where from the very beginning of the session he proved himself to be one of the most valuable members of that body. It is rather an interesting coincidence that his uncle, Robert Campbell, in whose office he studied law, ran for Lieutenant Governor on the same ticket with Edwin D. Morgan when the latter ran for Governor in 1859.

GEORGE F. DANFORTH.

George F. Danforth, the candidate for Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals, is about fifty years of age. He is a native of Massachusetts, but came to this State many years ago and settled in Rochester. He was educated at an Eastern university, and is generally acknowledged to be one of the best lawyers in the country. He has never held office.

DANIEL C. SPENCER.

The nominee for Canal Commissioner is well known in Livingston county, where he has lived for years. He has always been more or less well known in politics in his section of the State, and his nomination will, it is believed by those who know him best, add considerable strength to the ticket.

CHARLES S. TROWBRIDGE.

The nominee for State Prison Inspector is a resident of Brooklyn and owes his nomination to his personal popularity, which secured for him the solid support of all the Kings county delegates, who presented his claims in so strong a light that his nomination was secured without any difficulty.

THE NEWS IN THE CITY.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel vestibules were crowded with republican politicans and others last evening, all anxious to learn the latest news from the Convention. The telegraph office was besieged from early in the afternoon by persons who bothered the operators half to death with all sorts of questions relative to the proceedings, and in order to put an end to the confusion in the reading room it was found necessary to put up on the glass panels of the partition which shuts off the telegraph office from the main room brief despatches relating to the doings of the Convention. In the afternoon, when the announcement of the withdrawal of Cornell was received and posted up, it created considerable talk, but apparently but few were surprised. Speculation then became rife as to whether Morgan or Evarts would secure the prize. The crowd had not long to wait, and the bulletin stating that Morgan had received 242 votes on the first ballot appeared to give universal satisfaction, although several expressed their regret that Evarts had not been nominated. There was great excitement in the room while the crowd were waiting for the result of the balloting for Lieutenant Governor. Pomeroy's admirers were evidently in the majority, and so when the news finally came that Senator Rogers had been nominated there were many, who probably had never heard of Mr. Rogers before, who openly declared that the better man of the two candidates for the second place on the ticket was the one who did not get the coveted prize. However, the general opinion was that Rogers would be a great strength to the ticket. An Erie county man declared that Rogers would carry that county by at least 6,000 majority, especially if Dorsheimer, who hails from there, should be run by the democrats against him. Most of the democrats who were present, and they were in considerable force, affected to look upon the nominations as ones "easily to be beaten," but their looks belied their words. Many of them frankly confessed, however, that it would be no child's play for the democrats now and that "hard work" should be the watchword from this time forward.

IN BROOKLYN.

Last night there was general rejoicing in Brooklyn over the nomination by the Saratoga Convention of Edwin D. Morgan for Governor. The headquarters of the War Veterans' Union Club was profusely decorated with flags of all nations, and all republicans throughout the city were congratulating each other on the outlook. The various Hayes and Wheeler campaign clubs displayed more or less bunting in honor of the event.

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEES.

There was but little business other than the usual routine transacted at either of the committees yesterday. The republican committee members were so absorbed in the Saratoga Convention that but few of them had a thought for anything else. Secretary Chandler and Postmaster General Tyner arrived at the committee rooms during the evening. Mr. Chandler stated to a HERALD reporter that he had "nothing for publication" when the reporter called upon him, but when questioned as to the truth of the reports that had been published in the papers that he intended to resign either his Secretaryship or the Chairmanship of the National Republican Committee, he replied laconically, "They are all bosh." Carl Schurz called at the headquarters in the afternoon, before taking his departure for Cleveland. He is to deliver his first speech of the campaign there this evening, in German. He is to speak also in German on the 25th at Toledo; at Sandusky on the 26th, and at Dayton on the 28th. He will make his first speech in English at Cincinnati, during the first week of September.

KINGS COUNTY DEMOCRACY.

Last night the Democratic General Committee of Kings county held a meeting at their headquarters, corner of Remsen and Court streets, Brooklyn, for the purpose of indorsing the delegates to the Assembly district conventions, to be held to-day, to elect delegates to the Saratoga Convention. The committee adjourned at an early hour.

REPUBLICANS FOR TILDEN.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., August 22, 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

In the issue of your most valuable paper of Saturday, the 19th inst., I read an article written from New Lebanon, in which the writer says he has his doubts about the Lebanon republicans living on the borders of Berkshire, to the number of twenty three, coming out for Samuel J. Tilden and reform. Let me say to this man (perhaps he does not wish to know, if he does he can have their names) one of Tilden's old townsmen, a republican, raised the first flag for Tilden that was thrown to the breeze in old Massachusetts. Also ten or twelve Lebanon republicans have hung out a Tilden and Hendricks flag on the main street, at their own expense—over $100. Old and leading republicans have come out for Tilden and reform. Also the chairman of the republican club has come out for Tilden and formed a Tilden and Hendricks club. He is also from Lebanon. Your correspondent also says that there are no republicans in Lebanon who will vote for Tilden, which is false, as I know of many who have told me they should vote for him. If this old town don't show them next November who the Tilden men are, then I am mistaken. Five hundred majority for Tilden this town goes—so the boys say. TILDEN REPUBLICAN.

NOMINATED FOR CONGRESS.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., August 23, 1876.

The democrats of the Eighth district have nominated Colonel W. W. Garth, of Madison county, for Congress.

FAIRBURY, Ill., August 23, 1876.

The independents of the Eighth district yesterday nominated George W. Parker, of Iroquois, for Congress.

LEXINGTON, Ky., August 23, 1876.

J. C. S. Blackburn has been nominated for Congress by the democrats of this district.

WHEELING, W. Va., August 23, 1876.

Ben Wilson was renominated for Congress from the First district of this State, at the Democratic Convention held at Parkersburg to-day.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., August 23, 1876.

The republicans of the Third district to-day nominated Professor G. W. Atherton, of Rutgers College, for Congress.

CINCINNATI, August 23, 1876.

The democrats of the First (West Virginia) district have nominated Colonel Benjamin Wilson, of Harrison county, for Congress.

DESPERATE PRIZE FIGHT.

Mike Gillespie, of Philadelphia, Vs. "Fiddler" Neary, of New York.

GILLESPIE THE WINNER.

Twenty-One Rounds in Nineteen Minutes.

THE "FIDDLER" TERRIBLY PUNISHED.

EDGE MOOR, near WILMINGTON, Del., August 23, 1876.

Half a mile from this little way station, on the Baltimore and Washington Railroad, and bordering the banks of the Delaware River, Mike Gillespie, of Philadelphia, and Martin (alias Fiddler) Neary, of New York, met in the prize ring this morning, and fought at catch weights for $500. It resulted in favor of Gillespie, who whipped the boasting Neary so badly in twenty-one rounds, occupying nineteen minutes, that his nearest relatives would never have recognized him. It was Gillespie's first fight, and he has made a name among his pugilistic brethren that few novices ever reached.

During the past three weeks or more this match was the subject of much comment among the sporting fraternity of Philadelphia, and considerable money was posted on the result. Like many of the important fistic contests that have been arranged and brilliantly carried out in the Centennial City it originated in the saloon of Johnny Clark, who is ever ready by word or money to aid the good cause of sport. Gillespie and Neary met there incidentally the evening that the proposition for a fight was made and accepted, and, talking of their own merits, they at once planked down the first deposit, the money being found by friends. Then there was no hitch nor trouble, nor delay. The Fiddler's experience in the ring, though unpleasant, was considered of some service to him. He was badly whipped two years or so ago at Cook's Sunnyside Hotel, near Flushing, Long Island, by Pete Croker, yet many argued that he must have improved, but the sequel tells a different story. The fraternity conjectured that Gillespie would have no easy task before him, but none ever dreamed that he could so soon beat, as he did, the Fiddler's face into a state of cranberry jam. Thorough training on the part of Gillespie fitted him finely for the struggle. He was patient, docile and obedient during the eventful period that Sam Collyer had him under strict discipline. Neary, on the contrary, was over confident, and as he expressed it, "I've got a puddin,' and I'll slaughter him without trouble," exercised but little of that prudence which fits a fighter for a long and tearing battle. Patsy O'Hara brought him into the ring in tolerable fix, yet insufficient for the occasion.

"Philadelph' is a darlin' place to get off a scrap," said one of the square-jointed roughs of the gathered Corinthians at midnight. "They is Christians here, they is, and blast my soul if they knock the 'ead off yer for henjoying yerself in a way that can't hurt nobody, not heven han hunborn child, as the cops do in York." And Philadelphia is certainly a "darlin'" place to successfully start a prize fight. Nowhere in the world is their better management, and nowhere that I ever heard of are the authorities so thoroughly hoodwinked. "We gives 'em the double, we does, on the day," explained a fighting friend, with shoulders like the stern of a yacht, "and we puts it one day ahead just to hevade the authorities; perhaps they may thinks of 'untin' us up to-morrow night, but then hit will hall be hover," and the deep planning pugilist doubled himself with laughter as he thought of the possible chagrin of the police of the City of Brotherly Love when they learn that the battle took place to-day, instead of to-morrow, as originally set. Thus the "tip" was given to few, and some who planked their $5 for the "excursion down the Delaware" were left out in the cold, and they are now wishing the managers of the fight somewhere else than in Niagara or Saratoga. Several embarked on the stanch tug Rebecca, at the foot of Reade street, near midnight; while others left the aristocratic Continental, and, after much wandering through dark streets, found themselves on the ferry-boat running to Kane's Point. The writer was among the number. Landing on the dark and noisome street on the Jersey side of the river were found others seeking the same end, but none were clamorous. Going up the street and turning hither and thither between piles of lumber to a neighboring dock the crowd, still as death, awaited the boat that was to take them to their destination. It was a long wait, but when she had been given up by the backer of Neary, and many of the more profane were letting loose their vials of wrath, her lights were seen, and soon she was at the wharf, guards deep in the water with the pressure of the human beings thirsting to see a fight.

Not sufficient room being on the tug an open canal boat, clumsy and heavy as a Dutch galliot, was found at the wharf and made fast to the tug, being impressed into the service for the time being. "We'll bring yer old scow back," shouted the veteran boxer to her captain, but in less time than it takes to write it the tug and canal boat were in the stream and on their way. It was half an hour after midnight. The city and its lights but slowly receded, as the tide was unfavorable. A few of the bolder jumped from the lumbering scow to the tug, but were driven back, and for a moment it looked as if the clear night that hung its folds over the Delaware would be made hideous by a general fight. Good counsel prevailed, and the deep-chested intruders were kept on the scow. It was a poor place to stay for four or five hours. Six inches one way or the other and one would go into the river or down her deep hold. Out in the dark waters and one's chances of being picked up were slim. Down the hold and bruised bodies or broken skulls would result. Just so on the tug. There was no room of any consequence, and the boys, refraining from skylarking and sparring, settled down to commendable decency. There was no bar, but pocket flasks were innumerable, though, be it said to the credit of all, not a drunken man was on the boat or around the ring. Most everybody had money, and had liquid poison been dealt out to all who wanted the fiery stuff the consequences might have been dreadful. About three o'clock the leaders were stretched prone upon the upper deck of the tug or on the stern of the scow. They lay like logs, tumbled promiscuously together, and more than one snoring boxer could be heard above the puff, puff of the high pressure engine. All this while the fighters were asleep on the tug and watched by their trainers.

The large-hearted captain of the Rebecca had coffee made near morning and given many of the gang. Sandwiches were also distributed, and empty stomachs filled and much growling thereby stopped. Down the river yet two hours more the Rebecca slowly made her way, and astern of her were other tugs carrying select parties of politicians and aristocrats to the scene of the contest. Half-past four o'clock, the breaking morning aroused the slumberers. The principals were also awakened, and animation and excitement took the place of the comparative stillness of the hour before. At five o'clock the tingle of the engineer's bell told the story of a stop. The shore was near at hand, and a landing soon made at a stone dock in good repair. Inquiries ascertained that it was Dupont's Dock, where all the powder made in his mills, a mile or two away, is shipped. Wilmington is but five miles off, and the railroad not a quarter of a mile back from the river. At the head of the dock are two moderate sized iron storage buildings set on high stone foundations, and back of them, obscuring the view of the railroad tracks, is a field of waving corn. The picture was not without its effect. Along the solid dock tramped the crowd, and of them stalwart and deep-chested lads discussed the probability of interruption. "Yer'll get the collar every man man here; they'll send a company of soldiers and shake us back; better go somewhere else," said one. "If yer wants the fight to come off this here is the place," yelled back others. And so the ring was pitched on the green sward between the two powder houses. The regular ropes and stakes were forgotten, but new sticks were cut and one of the tug's smaller lines did service to enclose the ring. It was a single one, and just as day was fairly ushered in, and the gray, dull clouds in the east were tinged with scarlet and blue the ring was ready. It was just twenty minutes to six by Philadelphia time. The crowd instantly gathered, but there was room enough and to spare for all, so there was that absence of pushing and swearing for good places so usual. Ned Hastings, the ring keeper, stepped into the centre of the enclosure as soon as the last stake was driven home and the rope adjusted, and thus addressed the boxers and fighters, the politicians and saloon keepers:—

"These sticks and ropes ain't very strong, gentlemen, and we want you to be careful and not knock them down."

They heeded the remarks, be it said, and many squatted on the grass. There was evidently serious business on hand by both parties, and just at six o'clock the gladiators walked up the dock from the tug, and waited a moment or two behind the crowd, when Neary boldly threw his cap over the rope and walked into the ring. Shouts came from a score of brazen throats, but Patsy Hogan, of New York, with his usual excellent judgment, asked Ned Hastings to make another speech, this time to the effect that "Wilmington and the railroad station being so near they could excuse the double-throated howlers," and Hastings did make his little speech with effect. A fight was meant and wanted, and the 250 stalwart spectators became decently quiet. Three minutes after Neary stepped into the ring Gillespie followed, vaulting across the roped barriers with ease and grace. The 500 eyes were fastened like leeches upon their faces and a hundred comments could be heard on the right and left. Now Johnny Clark, astride the rope, said in a voice all could hear, "I'll bet $20 that Neary wins this fight," but there was not the old snap in his offer and fire in his eyes, for Johnny himself believed that he was wrong all the time. "I'll take yer bet and here's what talks," answered one of the rougher hewed crowd, and the money was posted in acceptable hands. Other bets followed, and just as the coin was being tossed in the air for choice of corners Clark again, deliberately looking around, shouted, so as none could mistake him, "I'll match a man that never fought in his life against the winner of this fight for $500 a side. Does anybody want it?" And Johnny, waiting for a response, but not receiving any, added, "And I'll bet $5 on first blood and $5 on the first knock down, and I will give anybody this choice." "Well, I am blowed if that hain't Christian generosity," exclaimed a Chestnut street lawyer, and Clark laughed at the expression as he found takers for his offers.

Collyer won the toss for corner, and selected the rising ground. This done, the trouble of obtaining a referee was in order. Two minutes decided that. Patsy Hogan was requested to serve; but as Patsy don't attend to much else than his butcher business in Gotham nowadays, he declined with thanks. Then Dan Dougherty, of Philadelphia, was proposed, and Dan, being agreeable to both parties, consented. "Never was there a better man," said a dozen, as Dougherty took his position by the centre post. Then Neary requested Billy Madden, of New York, to act as his umpire, and Billy, wanting to accommodate, did so. Andy Hanley, also of New York, served likewise for Gillespie, while Sam Collyer and Billy McLean were announced as Gillespie's seconds, and Butt Riley and Patsy O'Hara looked out for the Fiddler. The colors were at once tied on the top of the stake near the referee—plain green handkerchief for Neary, and white, with green border, for Gillespie.

Without loss of time, with the exception of the spikes in Fiddler's shoes being too long, in which the latter exhibited a nasty temper, the men commenced to strip. Neary's dress was white stockings, flesh-colored tights and green handkerchief around the waist. Gillespie wore white drawers, buttoned at the side, and over his white stockings were drawn brown socks, while his waist was also ornamented with a green handkerchief. Wrapped in blankets, the fighters looked at each other until the seconds shook hands, when the referee called "Time" at 6h. 08m. 30s., and the men stood face to face, ready to hammer each other out of all semblance to humanity.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—The crowd eagerly scrutinized and drew comparisons between the rival gladiators as they stood prepared for the struggle. Neary stood in a slipshod manner, his head not quite erect, but his hands were in fair positions. Gillespie's attitude was a little stiff and constrained, and lacked that freedom essential to gracefulness. Although not devoid of that nervousness inseparable from the novice, his looks did not betray a want of confidence, while a pleasant expression was upon his countenance. In muscular development they compared favorably. The Fiddler's face was flabby, but his big chest and loins showed strength. Gillespie's flesh was much whiter than Neary's, and it seemed soft, but the sequel proved differently. Gilespie was in the finer fix of the two. All this was taken in at a glance, for no time was wasted, Neary opening the exercises by a left hander which fell short of Gillespie's body, the latter immediately returning a plumper on the Fiddler's left eye with his right, but it left no mark. Then one or two exchanges followed and they clinched, and in the wrestle Gilespie went under with Neary on top of him. The round was very short. Clapping of hands greeted both.

ROUND 2.—Gillespie looked more confident than before and the Fiddler had a smile on his face. The latter resumed operations as soon as he got within distance, catching Gillespie on the ribs, for which he received a plunging crack with the right on the jaw, which must have made Neary's teeth jingle. They then got into close quarters and rattled away, ding-dong fashion, with both hands, administering heavily, when they struggled for the fall, which ended by Neary being thrown. The Fiddler's face was flushed when he was taken from the ground. Collyer and McCan were very handy with their man, and Sam began to encourage him by saying, "That's it, my boy; that's the way to smash him. You'll lick him, sure. Remember, old fellow, the hours of hard work we've had to come here and do this."

ROUND 3.—Both looked clean. Neary again assumed offensive operations, delivering a telling blow on Mike's right side with his left, but he received better than he sent, for Mike's right went plump in the Fiddler's face, which caused him to wince. The latter made a second essay in a vicious upper cut, but it did not prove effective, when Gillespie sent his left again on his opponent's left eye. Struggling for the fall both went down together. Cheers now were heard for Gillespie, and Collyer could be heard yelling, "Why, you'll lick him in half an hour."

ROUND 4.—Both quick to respond. Gillespie was first to commence work, and as soon as he had measured his distance out went his left and, striking Neary on the head, made him shake. The Fiddler let drive with his right on Mike's body and again with his left on his face, but Gillespie squared things by a cross counter full on the Fiddler's nose which spread it all over his face and cut it down the centre as if split by a bowie knife, the blood spurting all over his chin and chest. In the clinch and struggle Neary was thrown. First blood was awarded to Gillespie.

ROUND 5.—Both were mischievous expressions. The Fiddler was anxious and at once dashed out his left on Mike's ribs, but it was not hurtful, and then launched his left on his head, but Mike was quick to return with his right, rapping the Fiddler on that damaged nasal organ, which started the blood afresh. This brought on rapid exchanges, Neary getting one or two on his opponent's body. Gillespie in the struggle was under, Neary falling heavily on him. The Fiddler bled profusely upon being lifted from the ground.

ROUND 6.—The backers of Gillespie were now overjoyed, and McLean and Collyer told their man he couldn't lose it. Both came up determined. The Fiddler, as usual, set the ball in motion by sending his right into Mike's body, and it hurt, yet the matter was adjusted by Gillespie delivering a vicious right hand upper cut, which took effect in the Fiddler's throat, and then before he could recover, followed it up with a smasher on his bad nose. They then embraced and Gillespie was thrown.

ROUND 7.—Mike hadn't a scratch and he came up with a most determined expression. The Fiddler first essayed with his left and reached Mike's body, when the latter let fly left and right, in one, two order on each eye, and repaid it with still more interest by a counter crack on the Fiddler's very sore nose. The Fiddler didn't want any more just then and went down to avoid further punishment.

ROUND 8.—It looked dollars to cents in favor of the Philadelphian. Neary came up shaking and seemed despondent. Gillespie took the initiative, sending home a terrifier on the Fiddler's body with his right, the latter essaying to repay the compliment on the eye, but it glanced off, and Mike rapped a second one on the flattened nose of his opponent, leaving again the imprint of his knuckles. Exchanges with both hands ensued, when they came together with Gillespie the best of the fall.

ROUND 9.—All the rounds had been very short. When they were called the contrast between the men was as great as it could possibly be. The Fiddler's face was bleeding from half a dozen places and it looked knocked all out of shape. His left eye was getting bad very fast, and his nose lay flat on his face. Gillespie's face was without a mark, not yet exhibiting the punishment received. They both got to work as soon as they faced each other, Neary shooting out his left on Gillespie's nose—the first time he had reached it, and then sent his right like a piledriver on Mike's body. Mike got a light left on the Fiddler's lip, and then they closed, Gillespie getting Neary's head in chancery; but matters were brought to a terminus by the Fiddler throwing Gillespie on the broad of his back and falling with his whole weight on him. The round was much in favor of the Fiddler.

ROUND 10.—Both came sprightly to the scratch and, delivering simultaneously, cross countered with effect, Neary finding a convenient spot on Mike's head, and the latter dropping an ugly one on the sore jaw. The Fiddler sent in another right hander on Gillespie's body, but got still another on that bruised jaw in payment, and yet a third on his badly cut eye, which made matters look serious for the Fiddler. Rushing in upon each other terrible punching ensued, Gillespie getting full in Neary's face, the latter on the body, when they embraced, struggled and fell together. Neary was a sickening sight on being picked from the ground, as blood covered his face and breast. Gillespie's seconds were boiling over with joy, and Collyer said, "Mike, you've got him dead to rights."

ROUND 11.—Gillespie's face still clean, though a little flushed. The Fiddler's left eye was closing. They sparred for an instant, when Neary plunged his left heavily in Mike's stomach, and, aiming his right at his left eye, got countered full on the forehead. One or two more counter hits followed, but were not serious, when Gillespie sent in another on the head. Coming together they went down together very heavily. Neary was still badly bleeding from his numerous cuts.

ROUND 12.—At the scratch together the Fiddler was first to lead, getting his left on Gillespie's breast, but the blow was weak. He then quickly sent his right under Mike's left eye, which the latter not relishing, he planted a left upon Neary's body and then rushed in. They went down together, the round, however, being in Neary's favor.

ROUND 13.—The Fiddler, as before, commenced the bombardment, getting in a left and right-hander on Mike's body. Gillespie sent a vicious left at the Fiddler's damaged eye in return, but it fell short. They fell together. The round was in favor of the Yorker, but the punishment he inflicted was not serious.

ROUND 14.—The fighting was fast telling on the Fiddler, for he came to the line puffing and unsteady. His punishment, too, had been of the most serious character. Mike noticed it, and with a view of hurrying matters along to a finish sent out his left on Neary's face and received in return a cross counter on the body. The Fiddler essayed the second time to reach Gillespie's right eye, but he failed and got a smack in payment over the damaged left optic, cutting it afresh. A terrible struggle ensued, during which Mike in going down with the Fiddler on top, novice like, caught hold of the rope.

ROUND 15.—They had now been fighting fourteen minutes. Fiddler made the body again his point of attack and landed rather heavily with his right. In return he was treated to a terrible left-hander full in the face, then a right-hander on the body, both of which told so seriously the Fiddler went down to get out of harm's way. It now looked as if the end was fast approaching.

ROUND 16.—The Fiddler was first to lead, hitting Gillespie on the body with his left. Gillespie then, beat on mischief, gave the Fiddler both left and right on the flattened and bleeding nose, and then preparing for more serious work, Neary fell to escape. The latter's left eye was now apparently quite useless.

ROUND 17.—Heavy odds on the Philadelphian, though both responded with alacrity and seemed equally confident. Neary sent his right into Mike's chest, and, the latter rushing in, there was half-arm hitting, when in the struggle Gillespie was thrown.

ROUND 18.—Collyer cautioned Gillespie about wrestling so much. The latter, from the expression of his countenance, now meant serious business. The Fiddler sent his left at Mike's head, but got a terrible counter hit over the right eye, which was not at all relished. Neary essayed the same thing a second time and for his foolishness received another heavy counter on the right eye, which began to bleed. Mike then sent a left flying in Neary's jaw, when the latter hit Gillespie twice in the face, right and left, marking him for the first time, his face being scratched just below the left eye. Gillespie was thrown.

ROUND 19.—A hard fought round, give and take, from the instant they got within range. It was both hands by each, the worst of it being in the centre of the ring. Gillespie did the most execution. The Fiddler was under in the fall and bleeding terribly.

ROUND 20.—The Fiddler seemed weak on his legs; his left eye could hardly be worse, while his right optic had a big mouse under it. They sparred for a second, when Gillespie started the music by a terrible right-hander on Neary's jaw that sounded all over the ring like the crack of a whip. It took all the fight out of him, as with a feeble effort at Mike's head with his left he went down. Neary was losing blood very fast.

ROUND 21, AND LAST.—They came to the scratch, Gillespie confident as ever and the Fiddler rather reluctantly. Gillespie went straight to the mark and sent a left-hander that covered the Fiddler's bad nose all over, and then, not responding, he sent them into him, one, two, three, on both eyes and jaw, fighting the Fiddler down. Before he could fully get up from the ground Patsey O'Hara threw the sponge in the air, a token of Neary's defeat, coupling it with the remark, "I am disgusted." It was now 6h. 27m. 30s.

They had battled but nineteen minutes, but in that time Neary had been fearfully punished about the face. Both eyes were blackened, the left about closed; his nose split open, his lip treated likewise, his cheeks badly bruised and his forehead all lumpy. Gillespie's face was almost without a scratch, and he had one or two lumps near his left temple. He was bruised in the body, no doubt, but the whole punishment received by him was insignificant.

Gillespie fights with excellent judgment, and he is shrewd and cautious. He went at his work like a veteran, and covered himself with fistic honors. Neary has neither judgment nor shrewdness. He put himself up before a cleverer man than he, as a chopping block, and was made to pay the penalty.

Gillespie is twenty-six years old, five feet eight and a half inches high, and weighs in the ring 134½ pounds. Neary is twenty eight years old, five feet five and a half inches, and weighs 143 pounds.

The excursionists arrived back in Jersey and Philadelphia in good time. The fight was the quietest in many respects that ever came off in this section of country.

CARL BURK'S ADVENTURE.

WHAT THE CAPTAIN OF THE CONTINENTAL SAYS ABOUT IT—SUPERINTENDENT WALLING'S OPINION.

If the remarkable story told by Carl Burk of his perilous adventure on board the Sound steamer Continental on Monday night proves true it will bring to light a new and horrible phase of crime, and one that will awaken a sense of insecurity among steamboat travellers. It seems highly improbable that a man could be assaulted, robbed and thrown overboard from the deck of a steamer crowded with passengers and no knowledge of the fact come to those on board. But, considering the late hour of the occurrence and the straightforward story told by Burk, there is no good reason to doubt his statement, and the matter should be thoroughly investigated. He gives a clear account of his doings through the day and up to within half an hour of eleven o'clock, when he parted from his friend to board the Continental, which left at that hour. The time when the outrage occurred would allow the steamboat to reach the point where he was rescued by a passing schooner, and he could hardly get there by any other means. However he was in the water, it was fortunate for him that he was an expert swimmer and a muscular man. If the same had happened to a weaker man the story would probably be told in a few words from the Coroner's office.

A diligent search by Detective Hey failed to elicit any clew by which to work out the case. Burk was in the habit of carrying a large wallet filled with papers, but containing very little money. The only place he exposed it to view was in a restaurant where he took supper. He stoutly denies that he was under the influence of liquor that night, and his statement is confirmed by the friend who passed the evening with him. He further said it was unreasonable to suppose that he could have remained afloat for an hour in such a condition. He left for New Haven yesterday by the cars, saying no amount of money would induce him to go on board the steamboat again. When leaving he promised to write to the detective and give all the aid he could to discover the ruffians who robbed him.

Captain Peck, of the Continental, yesterday made the following statement:—

CAPTAIN PECK'S STATEMENT.

My first knowledge of the matter was on my return to New York on Tuesday afternoon, when I was waited upon by Detective Hey in company with Burk. I at once instituted an investigation, the result of which makes me conclude that the man was not thrown overboard as claimed.

That he was found in the water one mile away from land is, of course, indisputable, and I will not deny his being on board my boat, although I am not satisfied that he was. The watchman of the steamer is a faithful and vigilant officer, and one of his most important duties is to closely scrutinize passengers as they come on board. This is rendered necessary to prevent persons from stealing free passage and also to stop disreputable characters from making the trip. The watchman was confronted with Burk, but failed to recognize him. The purser and the hall boy also failed to recognize him, and it seems to me that one of them would have remembered his face had he been on board. He admitted not having purchased a ticket and his name was consequently not on the register. I carefully examined that part of the boat where he claimed to have sat when thrown overboard. It was on the promenade deck aft, on the starboard side, near the bulkhead. About ten feet away in the centre of the deck a lamp is always kept burning at night so that the watchman can see who is there. The decks and the railing were recently painted a light color, and the railing is a frail netting work. Had there been such a struggle as Burk describes, or even an ordinary tussle, evidence of the same would be plainly visible on it, but none could be found by either Detective Hey, Burk or myself. The paint on the deck would also have exhibited marks, but none are there. At ten minutes to one o'clock, about the time when he claims to have been thrown overboard, I visited that part of the deck and saw some half-dozen men sitting around talking and smoking. I next visited there at half-past two, but found nobody on deck, although just inside the cabin, about eight feet away, I noticed a family that apparently had been unable to obtain rooms. It consisted of a gentleman and two ladies, and two or three children. This family would have heard the noise of a struggle had any taken place. Another thing that makes his story improbable is the fact that the railing and guards of the lower deck project nearly three feet from the outside railing of the upper deck, making it almost physically impossible for two men to throw a person off Burk's physique and weight into the water clear of the lower deck.

Burk claims that he scratched the face of one of his assailants, but I am positive that no man with a scratched face passed on shore in the morning, neither was any such person seen by the watchman throughout the night. Another very suspicious circumstance in Burk's story is that he has already made three or four contradictory statements. He stated to me that he did not know whether he had passed Blackwell's Island before the occurrence; yet he told a HERALD reporter that the Island and other places in the river had been pointed out to him by a stranger on board. He made another statement about the same matter in his version to the police. My theory of the entire matter is that if Burk was on board the Continental he jumped overboard either in a fit of temporary insanity or while under the influence of liquor. I am certain that he was not thrown overboard. During my long service as a captain on the Sound I never knew of a person meeting with foul play or losing property on any of our lines, for we carefully exclude from our boats all disreputable characters. There have been one or two cases of suicide clearly proven, but nothing more. I shall, however, not rest until I get at the bottom of the affair.

ANOTHER VIEW.

The above statement of Captain Peck does not entirely agree with his statement to a HERALD reporter who visited the Continental in company with Detective Hey and Burk. He then said that on the night in question he remained in the pilot house till half-past twelve, when, as customary with him, he made a tour of the vessel to see that the lamps were all secure. At that time he saw about half a dozen men on the promenade deck. He came there again about a quarter-past three o'clock and there was no one around. Captain Peck accompanied Burk and the detective to the spot where Burk says he was sitting when attacked and cross-questioned him at length about how it occurred. He also questioned the colored boy in charge of the staterooms about how many times he was on the promenade deck during the night. The boy made contradictory replies.

If Burk was on board the Continental, which the Captain admits is possible, and fell or jumped overboard, they would, no doubt, have found the valise which Burk says he had with him. That he had not paid his fare is no evidence that he was not on the steamer. It is a common occurrence for passengers to wait till retiring before buying their tickets. As to his contradictory statements about Blackwell's Island, Burk said to Captain Peck in presence of the reporter that the strange man was telling him about that place, and when speaking of the struggle did not say he scratched his assailant's face, but that he grasped his whiskers and thought he might have scratched him.

Superintendent Walling stated to a reporter yesterday that no new developments had occurred in the mystery. He was inclined to believe, however, that the story related by Burk was a fabrication.

THE COAL QUESTION.

Result of the Disruption of the Late Combination.

EFFECT ON THE TRADE.

Views of Retail Dealers and the Large Consumers.

PROSPECTS FOR THE WINTER.

The news of the breaking up of the great coal monopoly has caused a wide feeling of satisfaction among consumers, but among the retail dealers themselves there is some dissatisfaction, as shown below. It has been long conceded on every side that it was a monstrous combination, which had dictated arbitrary terms to householders, miners, manufacturers and others since 1872. The double audacity, however, in the face of hard times and distress in the coal regions, to advance the price of anthracite and to stop production was too much for one of the members, and the result was a complete rupture of the combination and a coal war added to the strife among the freight railways to be recorded among the memorable commercial events of 1876.

A HERALD reporter yesterday made extensive inquiries in all directions throughout the city as to the effect of the large sales of coal advertised to take place on Tuesday next, the stocks on hand now, who are likely to be the largest consumers, and the result given below will keep the people reliably informed on this important subject.

One of the largest retail dealers of coal was visited at his office on Broadway, and he gave the reporter his reasons for closing out his business as follows:—"The coal business has been most unsatisfactory for several years to all persons who wished to deal honestly and to use some judgment in their affairs. In the first place, we coal dealers desired, like all business men, to make some calculation as to the future course of prices; to know when to buy, and generally whether it would be prudent to lay in large or small stocks. Well, I discovered I was dealing in the dark; I could use no brains in my business; the Board of Control would meet every month and fix a price at which they would sell, and thus we could only know from month to month how to trade; we could make no operations with safety beyond thirty days. In the second place, there are so many dishonest dealers in the business that a man who gives short weight has constantly the advantage. If a consumer wanted to buy the "long" ton of 2,240 pounds some of my neighboring traders could undersell me fifty cents or more per ton, but the buyer would be lucky if he got an average of 1,800 or 1,900 pounds. This thing was tried in Philadelphia last year, and I wish some energetic citizen or officer would expose the same rascality here. It appears that the coal dealers combined against the Reading Railroad Company in the Quaker City, for some real or imagined grievances, and got a bill introduced into the Legislature inimical to that company and threatening its charter. Franklin B. Gowen, the President of the road, sent agents around and purchased a ton of coal from all the complaining dealers and had it secretly weighed by sworn weighers and then exposed the dealers before the Legislature at Harrisburg, turning the tables on the enemies of the road. If a citizens' association could be formed to expose "short weight" coal dealers here it would be the best thing to breaking up the Board of Control. I have left the business."

THE HOTEL PROPRIETORS,

being large consumers of coal, were many of them visited. Mr. Allen, one of the proprietors of the Astor House, stated that they used in their establishment in the neighborhood of 2,500 tons annually of Wilkesbarre coal. He had contracted for it with certain parties, and having foreseen the breaking up of the coal combination had a stipulation made that they should be supplied at the market price. He thought it was a good thing that such a monopoly was broken and that coal would be much cheaper. Of course the price of such a necessary article enters largely into the expense account of a hotel, and that was about the only thing they purchased the price of which had not been reduced to suit the hard times.

The proprietors of the St. Nicholas Hotel use about the same quantity of coal as the Astor, and they also contract for it. The Metropolitan is a large consumer of anthracite, and they buy as they need the article. Mr. Lewis Leland, one of the proprietors of the Sturtevant House, on Broadway, said that every hotel man must rejoice at the breaking up of the coal monopoly. They had reduced the price at the Sturtevant to boarders on account of hard times, and almost everything consumed could be bought at a great reduction, except coal. In their establishment they burned about 1,200 tons annually, and the price of the article naturally entered largely into their calculation of expenses.

AT THE POST OFFICE

the auditor said that they had contracted this year for 3,500 tons of Lehigh coal at $5 40 per ton; last year they bought 4,000 tons, for which they paid $6 10—that is, 2,240 pounds to the ton. The party with whom they made the contract foresaw the breaking up of the combination, and therefore made a price much lower on that account. Doubtless there will be a panic in coal for a short time, on account of the quantities that will be forced on the market by rival companies; but the price, it was believed, would settle down to about $5 per ton. At the Sub-Treasury, in this city, the Assistant Treasurer said they had issued proposals for their supply of best Lehigh coal, and had accepted the lowest bid, as usual.

Messrs. Murray, Ferris & Co., agents