Goss and Allen Meet in Kentucky.

THE GREAT MILL.

Troops Interrupt State Fighting.

The Ring Transferred to Another County and the Bloody Battle Concluded.

Twenty-one Rounds in One Hour and Fifty Minutes.

Claim of Foul.

Robbery,

Rowdyism, and Probable

Goss Awarded the Fight on

Others Arrested Allen Newport.

Murder at Liberty.

Scenes and Incidents Around the Ring.

There is an innate love of physical prowess in human nature. This was strongly developed during the training of Goss and Allen for the prize-fight which took place resterday on Kentucky's soil, in defiance of the laws and almost literally in the presence of the military of the proud old Commonwealth. Every day there went out with the throng which constantly besieged "Forest Home" and 'Cedar Grove' men whose Bibles were more familiar to them then even the records of the men they went to see, and it would not take much of a stretch of imagination to believe that these men would "pat the red brawn" and "bet their sesterces upon the blood" of the gladiators whom they visited, with an air of half-secrecy, under a little different state of civilization. Indeed, we believe that the taste of the average English-speaking man would lead him to witness combats "to the death," were such allowed, until our largest theaters would be too small to accommodate the blood-thirsty crowds seeking "the games," no matter what the price asked for admission. This being an admitted fact, can we wonder that there are apologists, with cogent reasons, too, for the Prize Ring? It stimulates physical culture, is the primary argument. It teaches men to adjourn their petty social quarrels to the green sward, where the best man may win and the worst man not suffer in life or limb, instead of resorting to knife or pistol, is a secondary plea. And so the reasoning goes on just as the fact stands that every man loves the very idea of two trained athletes standing up under the sunlight, stripped so that every muscle can be seen in full play, to exhibit their skill, strength and their gameness—yes, that last is the quality for which all the world has an instinctive love. then there comes the other side of the questionthe following of thieves and lonfers, the side-fighting, and the murders which are ever in the wake of professional pugilists, until decent people, however indifferent as to how much two big lubbers hammer each other by mutual agreement, sicken of the whole thing, and the Law steps in, rigorously, to punish not only those who practice "the manly art" for a pecuniary consideration, but even those who

It is hardly to be wondered, therefore, that the crowd which witnessed the fight yesterday comprised many of our leading citizens in every profession and occupation in life, and, while an excellent element was in the majority, that these shrunk back from prominence and allowed the "Fancy" proper, loud, reckless, defiant and partisan, to give the motley assemblage an ugly seeming, which it would not have had if the merits of the audience

had been tolled off man for man. THE STORY OF THE BATTLE,

look upon said manly art approvingly.

Shorn of details and technicalities, for those who do not care for the elaborate accounts which we give below, may be briefly given as follows: Mr. Joe Goss of England yesterday fought Mr. Tom Allen, also of England, but hailing from St. Louis, Missouri, and wearing American colors in the ring, for \$2,500 a side, and "the Championship of America," if there be such championship. Goss won technicality, an allowed claim of Allen unintentionally striking Goss "foul," the latter had already lauded when in a sitting position on the turf. The victory was won in twenty-one "rounds," and in one hour and fifty minutes. Goss showed great gameness and manliness, and the sympathy of the crowd was with him, but he was overmatched and was probably a whipped man from the first, barring technical interference. He was fearfully beaten about the head and face, and his eyes were almost closed while the chief injuries inflicted by him on Allen were caused by body blows. Allen fought at one hundred and seventy-four and Goss at one hundred and sixty-five pounds, but in the ring the disparity did not seem great. The laws of Kentucky are stringent on the subject of prize-fighting, and Governor McCreary had ordered out the militia to prevent the contemplated fight. At the first ring selected the battle was interrupted after the seventh round by the Acting Adjutant-General of the State, in command of a company of militia from Covington. No arrests were made, however. Three rounds were fought after the arrival of the soldiery, and the party adjourning to another county the "mill" was finished without further official interruption. On the return of the trains, Allen was arrested in Newport and lodged in jail, while Goss and his seconds avoided the same fate by leaving the train in South Covington. There was considerable disposition to find fault with the result of the fight among citizens, and a very general sympathy with Allen, but the experts at the ring-side generally agree that the blow struck was "foul," though unintentionally so, and that the referee had no alternative, whatever might have been his sympathics, under the rules. THE PICTURESQUE

Entered largely into the day's proceedings, and gave an æsthetic element to the day's proceedings. As the train, with a special car for reporters, pulled out of the Miami Depot and went upon the Newport Bridge it was just half past five o'clock, and there was a beautiful dawn. The whole of Nature seemed in harmony, and fighting was the last thing suggested by her. Then the train was separated and a portion of it backed down again to the depot to take on the principals and their seconds. Allen entered the pay-car, a sofa was found for him, and the great athlete lay down at full length, carefully guarded from interference by his seconds. Goss entered the Reporters' car, Jack Brown, a friend, preceding him with cap drawn over his eyes, in order to deceive the police if there were orders for his arrest. THE "PITCHING OF THE BING"

At the first fighting-ground would have served an artist, and probably did so serve one or more, as illustrated papers were ably represented upon the ground. The driving of the neatiy-prepared stakes. the roping and the "gwying" with ax and sledgehammers in the hands of men to whom the "squared circle" was evidently an old, old story, was done amid the twitter of early birds and surroundings of good-natured badinage among the bipeds interested which suggested a church picnic rather than battle "to the death." The hay-stacks in the vicinity seemed especially provided for secured seats, while knowing ones, many of them promi-

nent young men about town, scaled the tall trees,

armed with flasks and sandwiches, and, like crows, made every limb black with noisy life. The

MILITARY INTERFERENCE Was, however, the graphic feature of the occasion. Had the first fighting ground been selected at some point, say half a mile from the railroad track, the mili could have been settled then and there, for it was on their way to Sparta that the Covington Light Guard sighted the crowd or "mob" on the hill-top, and halted the train. The cry came from the tree-tops, "The Militial The Militia!" But no man turned his eye away from the stripped gladiators until a line of boys in blue, the Covington Light Guard, twenty-seven strong, commanded by Captain Cook, deployed into line and "ordered arms" a hundred yards from the ring. Then reporters and others interested in the matter went down to interview the "Light Guards." who were under control of Acting Adjutant-General Logan. During the absence of the latter at the ring the boys-most of them were but boys—were steady. Many of them would, without doubt, have liked to be at the ringside as spectators, but all were evidently fully impressed that they represented the Law and the Commonwealth, and were ready to die on the altar of duty. They were nervous with that nerrousness which makes raw troops dangerous, and those who lightly "kidded" them about the "short-guns" of the mob had assuredly not been spectators of the New York July Orange riots. Why they made no arrests is comprehensible. THE DEPARTURE.

THE GATHERING OF THE UGLY-MUCS. Some of them, came Wednesday, and Thursday

the "tidal wave" of visitors from other cities began to roll in with a swish. There were old sports worn out and almost ready to pass in their chips and commence a new deal in the other world, and there were young sports who had never seen a prizefight, but talked as though they made their living in the ring. There were genteel sports, and rough, dirty-looking sports. Indeed, the gang was the best and most variegated collection of bums ever seen on this continent. Most of them hadn't much money, but expected to pick some up before the screp was settled. However, if they hadn't much money, they had lots of gall, and expected therewith to somehow push through. All Thursday afternoon and in the early part of the night the sweet daisies hung around the street corners and the saloons discussing the coming fight, in past, present and future tenses, as well as the indicative, potential, subjunctive, imperative and infinitive modes, as well as the first, second and third person. I will fight, he will fight, they may fight: they shall fight, to fight, to have fought; and so on ad infinitum. Adjectives and verbs not included in parlor literature were dealt in largely by the loafers to give force to what was said. Any stranger would have known that a prize fight was dawning in the neighborhood, or that a Penitentiary had been given a holiday. After both the fighters had been whipped about twenty-five hundred times in the mind's eye of the "boys," the sun had gone down behind the hills west of Millcreck, and the darkness brought foy to the hearts of the

AT THE DEPOT. Shortly after midnight stragglers began to desert their up-town stamping-grounds and take up their line of march toward the Little Miami Depot. The night was beautiful, with a full, bright moon over head, and just enough fleecy clouds between it and the earth to make the liquid light quiver and ripple like the zephyr agitated surface of a lake. During the early part of the night few rode in hacks, because the better class of ticketnot start to the holders did before half-past-two o'clock. Few of the early birds to the feast had money enough to pay for a hack, and many of them badn't the tangible means to pay for a cheap whisky. Yet not one rugged heart within one of those dirty, hairy breasts was void of a hope that the Devil would help them to, in some way, reach the grounds. Such was the crowd that collected at the depot to take the early train which was advertised to leave at two o'clock. A train of thirteen cars stood in the depot when we arrived there at one o'clock. Early as it was, the area was full of plug-uglies, and the air was thick with the odor of them. A posse of fifty policemen was scattered around, and kept the bile in the boys from bubbling. Ten minutes before two o'clock Eph Holland's carriage rolled up, and the Master of Ceremonies jumped out, and was followed into the depot by the rabble like school-children on the trail of an elephant. Immediately Colonel Holland's adjutants, among whom was the terrible Barney Aaron, opened one car and attempted to get in ticket-holders. But the mob of moneyless roughs made a rush, and neither Barney nor his backers could hold them back. They poured into the car like water into a jug. Some, in their impatience and desperation climbed through the windows, and others climbed to the car roof. It is safe to say that, if they make such a rush on the Pearly Gates at the Day of Judgment, Archangel Pete will have to call on the militia to keep them out. It became evident that the gang would win, and right here Colonel Holland executed a splendid coup d'état, which, in English, means "shenanegan." The car-doors were thrown wide open, and it was announced that tickets would be collected when the train got to Newport. Very few orderly, respectable persons got on, and many of them, when they saw the company they were in, got off again to wait for a later train. The consequence was that about seven of the eleven cars wers filled up with three or four hundred of the rapscallion

beaten party, and that not one of them would see the fight, as will appear further on in our account. THE LAST DEPARTURE. It was a relief to the more respectable people gathered at the depot to see the train of roughs pull out. It made a change in the atmosphere that was healthy. The crowd that gathered in afterward was, we might say, with a few exceptions, remarkably good. Our readers have all seen the green scum which rises to the surface of stagnant water. The scum of the prize-fighters was gone, and the rest of the crowd was very respectable. Among them were some of the most respectable citizens of Cincinnati. Mostly they were young men, but here and there could be seen gray hairs and the gleam of spectacles, showing that age could not always quell the fires of youth. They sneaked in with a half-embarrassed air, and the expressions of surprise of friends meeting friends were heard on every hand. It was surprising, however, to find how few were really going to the fight. It was apparent to the listener that three-fourths of the crowd got up at three o'clock in the morning simply to see the rest off. But when the doors of the cars were opened it seems that nearly every body "changed his mind," and the squabble to get inside was never excelled at a circus. When the train finally pulled out there was not left a corporal's guard of that vast throng which came down "to see the train off."

clement before one could say Jack Robinson. This

was exactly what was wanted, and at just twenty

minutes after two the train of pimps and dead-

heads pulled out of the depot, and were soon after-

ward pulling slowly over the Newport bridge,

Great was the jubilance of the gang to think how

successfully they had beaten the managers. Little

did they dream that they themselves were the

While the crowd waited it was a study to watch the throng. The scene was ghoul-like, and the very atmosphere was full of the mysterious. One man carried two large coils of telegraph-wire, white four or five operators had their instruments under their arms ready to fix up telegraphic communication with the ring as soon as it was formed, so that the news of how the fight progressed could be sent over the country every few minutes. It was exactly five o'clock when the train of twelve cars, packed with the excursionists, pulled out, and was soon climbing the grade of the Newport Bridge, with an engine pulling in front and another pushing in the rear. Day had dawned, and

"Cast one longing, lingering glance behind," and went home. The Preliminaries.

the few left at the depot

About six o'clock the two trains containing the men and the excursionists came to a halt in front of a hill twelve miles from this city and one mile from Independence, in Kenton County, Here all hands were notified to get out, and in a few moments the ascent of the hill was commenced. Right

and the contract of the state of

stacks the ring was pitched under the supervision of Barney Aaron, who was assisted by Jack Brown. The ground upon which it was located belonged to Herman Von Rickofer, and was not the best in the world for the purpose intended, as it had an incline to it that was hard on the down-hill man. It stood fully sixty feet above the railroad track, from which it was plainly visible. As soon as the ring was ready, the men were notified, and at precisely fifteen minutes to seven o'clock Goss, attended by Johnny Dwyer and his trainer, Jim Cusick, made his appearance at the ring-side, and modestly shied his castor into the ring. was received with a few cheers, and, walking around the ring, he selected a shady corner for his temporary quarters. A chair was placed in the corner, upon which he sat while his fighting shoes were put on. At three minutes past seven Allen, accompanied by Tom Kelly and John Ryan, of St. Louis, put in his appearance. Tom threw his slouch hat over the ropes, but the wind caught it and it fell outside the ring. This is considered a bad omen by old-school fighters, who will now be more positive in their delusion than ever before. A chair was handed to Allen, upon which he seated himself while the preliminaries were being arranged. Eph Holland, who was Master of Ceremonies, now called "Blacky" Edwards into the ring to notify men that they had just thirty minutes in which to choose a referee. and that in the event of their failing to agree upon a suitable person for the position, the duty of naming him devolved on him. The first man named for the place was Johnny Keating, the light-weight fighter, but Johnny declined to serve, though mutually acceptable to the men and loudly called for by the crowd. Dad Ryan was next named, but he said he would not serve for twice the amount of the battle-money. Jack Conway was next voted for by the crowd, who seemed to have an idea that it had an authoritative voice in the matter. Just here Theobaud Bauer, who was one of Goss' especial adherents, and slightly under the influence of liquor, got into a fight with Pat Malloy about a place at the ring-side. From words they came to a clinch, which caused quite a commotion. Malloy and a man named Jones downed Bauer, and while on his back one of them kicked him in the face. Red Leary rushed to Bauer's assistance, and in a moment he had his assailants scampering down the hill like scared sheep. While the stampede was in progress some one fired a pistol, the ball from which struck Malloy in the posterior, jufficting a slight flesh-wound. This row was the only one that occurred at the ring-side during the fight, and was soon quelled. At the expiration of half an hour the men had not agreed upon a referee, and Blacky Edwards named Eph Holland as chief functionary. Eph positively declined the proffered honor, stating that he was the friend of both parties and bad been selected by them to manage the affair. "So much the more reason for your serving," said Dad Ryan. The crowd roared and howled for Holland to serve, and Dad Ryan gave him another talking too. at the end of which he suddenly said: "Very well, I will serve, then, and I notify you men before you put up your hands that I will give the fight to

Allen and Goss now advanced to the center of the ring, where Joe tossed up a copper to decide who should have choice of corners. Allen won the flip and took the south west corner, that being the highest ground They now commenced to strip, being assisted by their seconds. They had donned their fighting togs in the cars, and had their ordinary street clothes over them. When partially undressed Goss stepped over into Allen's corner with a roll of greenbacks of the value of \$1,000, and offered to bet it on the result. Allen, nothing loth, produced an equal amount, and the bet was made. Jack Brown was Goss' umpire, and Dad Ryan officiated in the same capacity for Allen. John Leary now offered to wager \$1,000 that Goss would win the fight, and said something about the being between Cincinnati and St. Louis. "Hits the Heast hagin the West," yelled a bold Britisher. "It's not a match betweeen Cincinnati and St. Louis, or of the East against the West, but one between Tom Allen and Joe Goss, said Tom Kelly. This remark evoked a round of applause. By this time the men were peeled, and presented a beautiful appearance. Both were white flannel knee-breeches and white stockings. Goss' colors were white, with a broad blue border, striped and cross-barred with white. Allen wore a small American flag for his colors, and the wrists of both men were encircled with strengthening plasters. As soon as the last rubbing down was concluded. Eph Holland said, "Are you ready?" "Yes," was the response of both men. "Shake hands then," said Eph, and a moment later the "six hands across" of men and seconds was given. and the seconds returned to their corners, while the men stood up at 7:82 for

the best man."

THE FIGHT.

Round 1-Allen was the tallest, heaviest and longest man in the reach, and, in addition to these advantages, was four years younger than his op-ponent. Goss looked compact and rugged. The skin of his face was as tight as a drum-head and both looked in tip-top fettle. . As they threw them- Alien with the left on the mouth, and selves into position the disparity in their sizes was more apparent than real, Allen weghing 174 pounds eye. while Goss was fully 165. It was a comical sight, and about as appropriate a commentary on the present status of the prize-ring in this country as could be made, to see two old bald-headed men whose surviving locks were as gray as a badger, standing up in a ring to contest for the championship of America. Goss held his left hand rather low, with his right well across his mark. Allen kept his left well extended, his right covering his body and his head thrown back out of danger. was at once seen by Allen's position that he meant to act on the defensive and make a waiting fight of it. Goss fiddled away for a lead for fully a moment but could find no opening. He then gradually worked around to the other side of Allen and tried to get him to lead; Tom was too wary and refused to be drawn out. Four times were these tactics repeated, and four times did Allen's caution defeat them. After fully ave minutes had been cut to waste in these maneuvers Tom saw his opening and dashed out his left, catching Goss slightly on the mouth. A slight show of blood followed, and Allen claimed,"first blood," Goss licked it away with his tongue, and the claim was not allowed. Allen's partisans cheered him loudly. After some more cautious fiddling, both countered on the nose, after which they broke away. Both cantious, though Goss was making the pace. Joe seemed disinclined to run against Allen's left, and Tom seemed to have a reverential respect for Goss' right. At length Tom again stabbed Joe in the mouth. Goss rushed in and they engaged in a short halfarm rally, in which Jack was as good as his muster. It was ended by a clinch in which Allen was thrown heavily. Time, 13 minutes.

Round 2—Goss worked like a beaver in his attempts to induce Allen to take the initiative, but his efforts were futile, for Tom had made up his mind

to act on the defensive, and he was not to be coaxed into leading. The men indulged in a long bout of sparring, which was ended by Allen planting a little one on Goss' car; Goss,in the attempt to counter, slipped down, but instantly jumped up and resumed the round. Joe got a chance and gave Allen a tap on the nose, but the blow lacked steam. Counter-hitting, Allen barely on the breast, Goss getting it in on Allen's chin. Allen, gauging his distance cleverly, let fly with his left on Goss' mouth, and this time a tiny stream of the ruby appeared. (First blood for Allen.) He led again with the left, but was short. Goss planted a good thump on Allen's breast and Tom countered on his mouth. A rally, in which Allen got on to Goss' nose, and the latter retaliated on the mouth. Allen caught Joe on the chin and nearly knocked him down. Joe planted heavily on Allen's neck and napped a little one in return on the right eye, which brought blood. A rally, in which Allen gave Goss fits, and Joe slipped down to avoid punishment. Time, 12 minutes.

saying, "I thought you were a-going to lick him in fifteen minutes?" Joe slapped Tom on the right ear, and Allen missed the return. Tom got a pretty one on the breast, but paid it back with interest on the nose. Joe missed a well intended left-hander, but pursued and planted one on Al-len's chin. A rally, a clinch and a fall over the ropes—Allen under.

Round 3-Goss' friends now began to chaff Tom

Round 5-Goss gave Tom a good one on the car. ing along the railroad track, hurrying with all speed to the ring.

Round 5—Allen missed a left-hander, and Goss failed to counter. The soldiers by this time were being drawn up in line of battle, about fifty yards from the ring, and constornation seized a number of the speciators, who fled precipitately from the ring side, taking shelter behind the hay-stacks and on the neighboring hills. Some called to the men to stop fighting, while others encouraged them to keep on. Joe hit Allen on the body, and napped a terrible one on the face in return that started the blood in streams. Joe got in two very fair body-blows in succession without a return, but in making a third hit for the body he napped a terrible smash on the face. Gots missed a wicked right-hander, which Tom

eluded by jumping away. A rally, which was ended by Goes knocking Tom down. Mr. W. G. Lobben, Acting Adjutant-General of the State of Kentucky, now advanced to the ring and informed Mr. Holland that the fight must be stopped, but

little attention was paid to his behest Round 6-Allen got in a terrible right-handed smash on the face, Goss bleeding like a stuck pig-A rally, a clinch, and Allen thrown. Round ?-The men advanced to the scratch and commenced sparring, when Mr. Lobben notified Mr. Holland that unless the fight was stopped

in two minutes, he should make his men fire on the crowd. This had the desired effect; the men were separated and ordered to dress. Time, 35 min-It now looked as if the fight would have to be made a draw; but Eph Holland angrily denounced both men as a pair of duffers who could not fight a

bit, and announced that he would make them fight it out, if it took a week to get a place.

The crowd was ordered on board the cars, and when all were embarked, a fight occurred between John Leary and Barney Aaron on one side and Jones and Malloy, the assailants of Bauer, on the other. It resulted in Malloy's having a terrible head put on him. The train then moved down the road, about eight miles, to the farm of P. Lane, about a mile from Walton in Boone County, where the ring was pitched on a level piece of turf, much better than the first location. In a few moments the men were sent for and entered the ring. The Sheriff of Boone County, Mr. Ben. K. Sleet, stopped forward and notified Mr. Holland that the light must not proceed: It was evident that the Sheriff was not sincere in his objections, and after he had been given three cheers several times by the crowd he was given a good seat and intently watched the fight. The ring was immediately upon the adjoining line of the Southern Railroad. At 10:45 a. m. Goss shied his castor into the ring. Allen followed a moment later. Goss was badly marked on the forehead and cheek, and his right eye showed signs of closing. Ailen, with the exception of a slight semtch on the mouth and a little "mouse" on the right cheek, was unscathed.

Round 8-It was just eleven o'clock when the men stood up to fight. Goss led with the left, but Allen stopped it; he was again short with the left. Allen planted his right square on the stomach just below the belt. Goss' seconds' claimed a foul, but the referee contented himself with cautioning Allen, and ordered them to fight on. Allen, short with the left, a second endeavor was more successful, and fell squarely on Goss' nose. Counter hits, Goss on the nose, Tom on the face; Joe planted a good one on the body and dodged the return. Goss hit Allen on the right check, and napped a left-hander on the face in re-turn. Goss rushed in and hit Allen on the body, caught him round the neck, and in the tussle which ensued Allen went down to avoid punishment. Time, nine minutes. Round 9-Goss missed his left, and, as he fol-

lowed Allen, said: "So you want me to do all the fighting, do you?" He feinted with the left and planted a terrible right-hander on Allen's body. This blow sounded all round the ring and was hailed with cheers by Goss' adherents. Goss worked away at Allen again, but just as he got him where he wanted him Allen broke away, and Joo reproachfully said, "Do you want me now to come all the way again?" Allen laughed and said, "That will be all right, Joe." Allen let him have a little one on the nose. Goss after him, gave him a terrible right-hander on the ribs, Allen returning a right-handed spank on the face. Goss got in a good left-hander on the face, but, endeavoring to repeat the dose, was countered eleverly on the nese. Allen led with the left, and with his right caught Joe heavily on the chest. Tom again banged away at Goss' bad eye. Joe came forward to counter; Allen hit him a terrible blow on the chest. Goss reeled on the ropes perfectly bewildered. Allen nearly fell from the effect of his own blow; he caught himself, however, and in the clinch that ensued as Goss endeavored to throw himself on the ground he gave Joe a couple of sounding whacks on the

body. In the fall Goss was under. Round 10-Goss hit Tom on the eye: Allen countered cleverly on the face. Allen gave Goss a ter-rible smash on the forehead; Goss hit him terribly on the body in return. Allen led with the left, but Joe got away very eleverly. Counter-hits, Allen on the face, Goss on the car. At this junture a woman named O'Gorman, who keeps a bar-room in Walton, passed forward to the ring-side. Eph Holland cried a halt to the fighters and made them shake hands with the lady visitor. As Allen returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. O'Gorman returned to the center of the ring Mrs. marked, "What a fine man Tom is! See the hair on his breast!" Counter hits full on the face. Goss rushed in, planted heavily right and left, and bored Tom down on the ropes, where they were sepa-

Round 11-Offers to bet \$100 to \$75 on Goss were now made but found no takers. Joe missed twice with the left in succession. Not to be deterred be went at Allen right and left, and Tom turned tail and ran away. As he turned Goss followed him and caught him a neat left-hander on the right eye. Joe again planted on the face, and also got in a good one on the body. Allen ran away. Joe followed him up, and Tom led him another foot-race: Goss gave him a good one on the ear—Allen for the first time bleeding. Joe planted his left on the right eye. Counter hits on the jaw. Goss again planted a good one on the eye: Allen slow in return; a rally and clinch; both down side by side. Round 12-Goss' left eye was now swollen terri-

a corner, and, just as he was about to go for Goss, Barney Aaron, who saw that his man was in danger, claimed that Allen had something in his right hand. The referee ordered Allen to open his hand, and the claim was found groundless. Goes went for Allen's face and body, but missed both. A long spell of sparring. Goss planted his left on the ribs; Allen returned on the face. A reguiar slaughtering-match now took place in the middle of the ring. Allen seemed to have much the best of the fighting. The round was ended by Goss going down, Allen on top. Goss' left eye was now fast closing.

Round 18-As the men came together Allen

bly. In working round the ring Allen got Goss in

anxiously looked into Goss' eyes as if to see how much daylight remained in them. Joe stabbed was poulticed in return on the bad right Allen saw his opening, and, gath-himself in shape, gave Joe a terrible left-hander on the nose, and repeated the dose before he could get away. Goss went for the body right and left, and Allen ran away. As they came together, Goss planted his right square on Allen's face. Allen winced a little, whereupon O'Leary remarked, "That's right, Joe; go for him; he doesn't like the gast!" Allen replied, "I'd like to know who does, if he can avoid it." Allen planted one in on the breast; Goss in getting away slipped down. Round 14—Goss missed a left-hander intended for

the face, but succeeded in planting his right on the body. Joe next planted his left on Allen's nose. Tom rushed in, and a half-armed rally ensued. Tom ducked to avoid punishment and Goss caught him around the neck. In the struggle for the fall, which was won by Goss, Allen caught him by the britches and a claim of foul was made by Goss' seconds. Holland cautioned Allen and the fight pro-Round 15 - The round opened with long spar-

ring. Allen missed with the left and Goss countered heavily on the body, and Allen again turned tail and ran away. Joe succeeded in getting a light tap on Allen's face. Tom returned the compliment by planting a fearful smasher on Joe's bad eye. Tom planted right and left on the eyes, and then a terrible slogging bout began. Allen had much the best of the fighting, and sent Joe down Round 16-Allen led, but missed. Joe's counter also fell short. Allen turned and ran all round the

ring. Goss struck him a slight blow on the back; and in the pursuit slipped down. Round 17-Allen napped it in the face. Both rushed in for slogging, and, after about two minutes of it, Allen knocked Goss down over the bucket

Round 18-Goss' face presented a terrible appear-

ance. His right eye was almost closed, and his left was fast following suit. His forehead was all bumps and lumps, and there was a lump on his left cheek-bone as big as a goose-egg. Tom was also bleeding from half a dozen cuts. Allen hit him in the face. Goss gave it to him right and left in the body. A struggle for the fall; both on the ropes. While there Allen punished Goss severely. In the clinch Goss was down, and the seconds

claimed that he was struck while on the ground. Fight on," was the referce's fiat.

Round 19—This was a rattling slog from the word go. Allen had much the best of the fighting, and fought Goss to his knees, and while in that position struck him in the face. Barney Aaron claimed foul, but the referee decided that the foul was uninten-

tional. Goss' adherents seemed wild with rage at this decision, and Barkey Aaron was unstinted in his denunclation of Eph Holland. "I want the public to see a good fight," said Holland, "Damn the public," said Barney; "It's my money I'm fighting for, not the public." He was ultimately pacified in a measure, and time was called for Round 20—Goss was going blind very tast. A little ralley and a clinch, and Allen thrown. Round 21 and Last-It was seen that without an accident it was impossible for Goss to win.

though the brave fellow, as game as ever, took his punishment with the greatest good nature. As soon as he faced his man he went for him right Allen retaliated on the mouth. A break away, a pause and a walk around. Allen planted a sockdologer on Goss' mouth, knocking him down. As Goss sat on the ground, waiting to be picked up by his seconds, he applauded Allen's hit. Here a cry of "The militia are coming," was raised, and sure enough a company of soldiers was seen marching along the railroad track havening with all speed. but when it alighted it was clearly a foul. Without waiting for Goss' umpire to claim the foul Holland exclaimed, "I give this fight to Goss on the ground that he has been struck a foul blow." Goss' friends hailed the decision with joy, while Allen's denounced it as a fraud. Allen stood in the middle of the ring protesting against the decision, when Red Leary walked over and, offering to let the battle proceed, bantered Allen to fight on for a fresh stake for \$1,000 a side. Allen declined on the ground that he could not have fair play, and so the fight ended and a break was made for the cars. Time in last ring, 1 hour and 15 minutes; length of fight, I hour and 50 minutes.

REMARKS.

It was evident to any impartial observer that had: the fight been fought out on its merits Allen in front of a grove of trees and a couple of hay- Goss missed a wicked right-hander, which Tom would have you without doubt. It was merely a

القرائد والمنافلة والمعامل أووراء فالمحارية أفاه وهوا عرارة أأووا والواليان والمرازع المرازع

question of a few minutes when Goss would have Newport, and threatening that they would be been totally blind. Allen displayed excellent generalship, and though his tactics were not of the most manly character, still, he evidently knew his man and fought to win. Bad the fight not ended on & technicality he would have won the battle almost without a scratch. Goss is not the fighter that was expected. His left is of little good to him, and that terrible right seems to have lost its cunning. He is, however, one of the gamest men who ever pulled off the shirt, and the fairest and most honorable fighter we ever saw in a ring. THE RETURN.

A crowd of several hundred people was loafing around the Little Mami Depot about half past two o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the trains returned. Slowly and almost sadly the two trains from the scene of the fight came winding down the north end of the bridge, the one following closely after the other. The slow ringing of the engine bells sounded almost funereal. The cars which less than thirteen hours before went out filled came in with a deserted appearance. A few men were scattered here and there through them. I reminded the writer of the return of some of the depleted veteran regiments, returning from the late war. A rush was made on the first train because of the report that Allen was aboard. The few returned spectators left the cars and struck off for up-town with a look of disgust on their faces, Kentucky's yetlow clay smeared all over their boots and pants, and the fragments of oaths hanging in vollers from their lips. Half an hour later the bummer-train pulled across, more deserted, if possible, than the other two. Until the fall of night the bridges and ferries were peppered with the foot-sore and hungry prize-fighters on their way home from the landing back of Coving-IN COVENETON.

A DAY OF TURMOIL AND EXCITEMENT.

From early morn to dewy eve, and away into the night yesterday, Covington was alive with excitement. Every body was asking every body else continually for news, and speculation was on tiptoe all the time concerning the success or failure of the Governor's interference. The first news came between eight and hine o'clock, stating that seven founds had been fought, when, the Covington Light Guard arriving, the fight was broken up and the crowd was dispersed. This excited considerable enthusiasm for the young home heroes, but the question, Why didn't the morning, but they boarded it anyhow. They they arrest the parties? puzzled the public mind and somewhat dampened the enthusiasm. And when afterward it was known that the ridiculous plea of "no authority" was the only excuse for the failure to arrest, there was a general feeling of profound disgust. All day the sentiment of curiosity as to the result was seasoned with a universally expressed hope that the fight would be prevented, the impudent insult to the peace and dignity of the State resented and the offenders captured and caged to await rigorous dealing at the hands of the

is also one of the Light Guard, and had gone out with his company on the six o'clock train from Newport, came into town in quest of Sherid' Percival, and, with the news that the fight had begun near Independence and was supposed to be then progressing in that vicinity, the two at once returned to Independence. Rumors wild and startling, though improbable,

About ten o'clock Deputy Sheriff Greer Cox, who

filled the air all the morning. One story went the rounds that four or five of the Light Guards, including Captains Wood and Seely, were killed; another that Wood alone had fullen a victim; another that Marshal Bolan was dead; another that the Deputy Sheriff of Boone County was among the martyrs to peace, decency and duty; another that George Asmann was badly wounded. The Arrests.

About noon it was known in Covington that the Light Guard boys had arrived safely in Newport,

and many fatherly, motherly and maidenly appresame time a bustle arose on the streets; horsemen were seen galloping, and pedestrians with muskets posse assembling, and in a very few moments some twenty men, well armed, were at the Kentucky Central Depot, and aboard a special train and off for South Covington, or the Flats, behind "the mule," in command of Engineer Sullivan. This expedition was in charge of Deputy Sheriff Furber, and went out with the object of halting the Short-Line trains as they passed the junction and arresting principals, seconds, all abettors, and any body else amenable to the violated law. The train bearing Allen, Goss and the rest came along about the middle of the afternoon, was flagged, boarded and taken possession of by this poste, and only allowed to proceed to Newport upon the statement of the conductor that other trains were close behind and a collision was to be apprehended. At four o'clock Tom Allen was brought over to Covington from Newport and arraigned before Mayor Athey sitting as an Examining Court, where he waived the preliminary trial, and was held over to answer at the Criminal Court. He was then committed in default of ball, fixed at \$4,000. THE ARREST OF BAUER

Was one of the later and most interesting of the incidents in Covington. Hon. W. W. Cleary was at the Suspension Bridge, and, recognizing him in one of the squads making their way to Cincinnati, pointed him out to a policeman, and he was quickly pulled. He was quite indignant in his merany thing beyond witnessing the fight. When and instantly answered, "If any man says that, he Attorney Cleary prosecuted, and insisting upon stiff ball, the figure was fixed at \$2,000. After some little delay a bond was procured with with M. L. Roberts, of Covington, and John P. Joyce, of Cincinnati, as sureties, the popular understanding being that Mr. Bowler, of Cincinnati, was indemnifying Mr. Roberts. It was concluded on nearly all hands that Bauer was wrongfully acten o'clock. Messrs, M. J. Dudley and Hallam & Hallam appear as his attorneys.

for Tom Allen, sympathy begotten by the wellsettled conviction that he had been cheated of his way. He talked freely last night, alleging that he was not to be permitted to win the fight under any circumstances. He denounced Eph Holland in unmeasured terms as a thief, scoundrel, &c., but withal was quiet and free from excitement. The their hairy breasts, and determined not to be only marks of the battle visible on him were a very slight discoloration under one eye, a cut of small pretensions on his upper lip, and a the appearance of so greedy and reckless a gang, hand just the least bit swollen. He bathed his had barred their doors and had prepared themhand freely in hot water, and recommended the seives to defend their little homes. The remedy highly as an emollient. His step was springy, and he declared that he had no body hurts | to speak of. His talk was of the most modest, genflemanly sort all the time, and he declared that the old woman would be after him when he got home, and that this was his last fight positively. - 1. f. In Newport. The excitement was fully proportioned to the

size of the town. Sheriff Jones swore in a large posse early in the morning, and all was in readiness for mighty deeds of law and valor. Telegrams arrived during the day us follows: Judge Geo. G. Perkins or Mayor A. S. Berry:

I have received information that several hundred roughs from Cincinnati, who went out to attend the Goss-Allen prize-fight, this morning, wounded several citizens of Kentucky, at Liberty Station, and then started back to Cincinnati, and will arrive in Newport about 10:40. I request you to take all lawful steps to secure the arrest of the offenders.

J. B. McCheary, Governor.

ELLISTON, September 7, 1876. Mayor and Chief of Police, Newport: Penn Garvey shot at Liberty. Some man on extra and you will get the man. R. HILLORAS.
Sheriff, Gallatin County. train did shooting. Crowd boisterous. Arrest all

ELLISTON, September 7, 1876. A. S. Berry, Mayor, Newport:

Man that shot Garvey on Train No. 5-Descrip-tion: About five feet; dark complexion; has on plaid coat; been shot in one arm. Arrest him. Mayor Berry took vigorous measures to intercept all fleeing violators of the law, placing ample

guards at the various avenues of egress to Covington and Cincinnati. No resistance was offered to this except at the railroad bridge, where the watchman put on some airs and warned the Mayor's guards away, but without avail.

Mayor Berry also sent a message to Receiver mcLeod, of the Short-Line Road, requesting that

stopped by force if not so ordered. To this very reasonable request Mr. McLcod sent the following

"Louisville, September 7, 1876.
"If the Mayor undertakes to tear up the track, or do other injury to the property in charge of the Receiver, let him understand that he will be held civilly and criminally liable. "JOHN McLEOD, Receiver."

Train No. 5 arrived with the Light Guard, sundry persons returning early from the fight, a few roughs, &c., but nobody answering to the description of the shooter of Garvey.

The excitement increased as the day wore on and when the train bearing, Allen came it was at fever-heat. The victorious, but losing pugilist, though the train was closely watched, slipped off unobserved, and was well on his way down Sarafoga street and west on Bellevue street toward, the ferry when he was observed and recognized by Special Policeman John Welsh and by him and Policenian William Hays, of the Newport regular force, arrested, taken before Judge Perkins, of the Criminal Court, and remanded to Kenton County under guard of a strong detachment of the Covington militia. Word soon after came that the Louisville militia

had taken charge of the Elliston party, and the Covington boys were then permitted to retire. These young gentlemen conducted themselves throughout as true soldiers and true gentlemen and Mayor Berry considerately furnished them with a substantial dinner to fill the aching void left by absence from two regular meals previous, and refresh them from their twenty hours' watch ing. They would have come home with still more and brighter laurels, mingled maybe with some cypress leaves, however, if they had been under command of a decisive, resolute, fearless man. This is no reflection upon Captain Wood for he had yielded his command to another not a member of the company. GOSS ESCAPED

closely pursued by Sheriff Percival, taking a skiff and navigating his way to Cincinnati. He and his little party stopped at Livezey's mill to get a larger skiff, but were refused.

By leaving the train at South Covington, crossing

the flats and hollows and hills to Licking River,

THE LIGHT GUARD BOYS Report that every possible obstacle was thrown in

their way by railroad and telegraph authorities. They were refused permission to board the train in were deliberately misled by the operator at Newport, and starting for Elliston, were only prevented from going on down there, clear away from the tight, by accidentally seeing some of the attendant crowd as the train sped past the place where the mill actually took place. Then Captain Wood had to use force to compel the conductor to halt, and only succeeded in obtaining a halt three miles below this last point. ON AND OFF THE TRAINS.

As the trains neared the crossings of the Short-Line and Kentucky Central Roads they came to a sudden halt, and a panic overtook the courageous spectators! The bold militia, armed with shotguns, again appeared on the horizon to mar the pleasure of the innocents! If the trains had been turned inside out by dynamite they could not have been emptied more suddenly or effectual. The boys took to the fields with charming alacrity, and every by-path and road enjoyed the patronage of dusty pedestrians. Joe Goss and his help-meets struck for the Licking Bottoms, and were soon lost forever to the admiring gaze of bold Kaintuck's militiamen. Some of the crowd, not wishing to walk five miles, recovered confidence and mounted the trains as they moved off. The ride was a peoceful one until they entered Newport, when a grand ovation awaited them. Crowds of excited people, men, women and children, lined the sidewalk, and along the road the omnipotent militiaman, with his double-barreled shot-gun, was monarch of all he surveyed. The trains were searched for the principals, but neither could be hensions were thus set sweetly at rest. About the found. They moved on again until near the bridge, when they halted and Tom Allen got out, and jumping into a hack, was were seen hurrying to and fro. It was a Sheriff's driving off, when some soldiers discovered the prize and brought their shot-guns to bear. Tom surrendered, and was escorted to Jail by a curious mob of several hundred people. The hackman drove off, and three police grabbed him, or tried to, when a lively skirmish ensued. Cabby appealed to bowlder arguments, and the police drew their revolvers. While this was going on the train moved up the approach to the Railroad Bridge, and some of the boys showed their appreciation of the officers who were tackling the hackman by showering down stone-coal from the cars. Guards in uniform were stationed with bayonets at the foot-passages of the bridge, and the weary pedestrians who had been over "visiting friends" in Kentucky paused as they came up, hanged their hats on the bayonets of the military as a peace offering, and sat down to rest. The arrest of Allen seemed to appease the indignant Commonwealth of Kentucky, and the train moved off without further molestation, those on board denouncing a military

A MURDER AT LIBERTY. THE PERFORMANCES OF THE ROUGHS WHO DIDN'T SEE THE FIGHT.

The ten car-loads of shoulder-hitters, prigs and cut-throats who fought and kicked their way into the first train at the Little Miami Depot at midnight, as above described, were, by the orders of the managers of the Goss-Allen mill, run off down the track about fifty-five miles, clear out of the way of the curial way, and volubly protested his innocence of prize-fighters. The reliable characteristics of most of this crowd for robbing even a hungry dog Mayor Athey told him he was charged of a meatless bone were so well known by with aiding and abetting he sharply Eph Holland and his contemporaries that it was thought they could be sent well down into lies, and daresn't take it up." Commonwealth's Kentucky, where their relentless "picking" propensities could be developed at the expense of the peasantry rather than at the expense of the "bloods" and the "suckers" of the prize-ring. These managers of the mill gave Cincinnati the benefit of an emetic, as it were, so that at least one thousand dwellers in the slums, together with a very few decent men who took the train by accident, were spewed over the small towns along the Louisville cused, and sympathy was awarded to him freely. | Short-Line. This train, after a six-hours' run, was His examination is set for to-morrow morning at | brought to a stand at a place called Worthville which is just flity-five miles from Cincinnati and located on the Kentucky River. There was also a great deal of sympathy expressed | Here the greasy and deluded crowd supposed they were to witness the fight. Here, to speak biblically, they had come for broad, victory and his money, and was lying in jail, while but on receiving an intimation that they had possithe fellows that swindled him were out of harm's bly made a mistake and were to be offered only stones-that they had passed the place assigned for the battle-they became enraged and

WOLFISHLY BUNGEY. With the bitterness of disappointment swelling cheated out of prey entirely, they set about sacking the town. Most of the inhabitants, frightened at family of Sheriff Joe Merick, however, had neglected to take this precaution, and in his house, therefore the gang had free access. They burst into the house pell-mell, and, in the presence of the terrified family, grabbed whatever they could lay their hands on. Among the things plundered were three gold watches, twenty dollars in money, and all of the Sheriff's official papers, which could not possibly be of any value to the plunderers. From the Sheriff's premises they rushed into the Worthville Hotel, kept by a man named Burgess, and completely gutted it, leaving not the least vestige of any thing to cat, drink or smoke. Preserves, canned truit, cigars and whisky: were all gobbled by these voracious thieves. After completing the circle of Worthville the train

was again boarded and a start was made back for Cincinnati or for some place where the Goss-Allen entertainment was progressing or was about to progress. They stopped off at the first place they came to, however, which was Liberty, a station fortynine miles from this city, and here the work of plunder was again begun. As in Worthville most of the inhabitants immediately barricaded their doors and prepared themselves for resisting an invasion. They were as terrified as were the loyal inhabitants of Ohio during Morgan's raid, and many of them were as patriotic in hiding themselves in their kitchens and closets. THE DUFFERS Had but a few moments at their service in this

place, since they did not own the engineer and since he was determined to go on as soon as the morning express from this city passed him there. The hotel kept by J. Carrey, jun., a gentleman well known in some of the Cincinnati business circles, had not been barricaded like the other hotel of the town, and so the gang attacked it. They swarmed in at the doors and wintrains bound for Ciucinnati be ordered to stop at | dows and literally filled the house. The dining-

room table had already-been set for breakfast, but in a less time than it takes to tell it, not a crumb was left nor a silver spoon. The larder was invaded and the canned fruit and jellies devoured, and then a grand dive was made for the bar-toom. which is located in a small ohe-story building about thirty feet from the hotel. This they immediately filled, but they had been anticipated by three plucky Kentuckians, Captain William Divine, a conductor on the Short-Line, J. S. Ellis and Johnny Grant. These three men were friends of Garvey, and determined to defend part of his property if possible. At this juncture a duffer from this city, named Bill Scalley, entered the rear door, and, with a slung-shot attached to his wrist, demanded drink, Divine refused him, and Scalley made a lunge with his weapon, when Divine drew a revolver and fired, hitting Scalley in the wrist. Then Garrey, who had been endeavoring to save at least a little of his property in his house, entered the rear door and at once put Scalley out and erected a barricade. : A window alongside this door was closed and fastened by Garvey, and then he turned to help the boys oust the gang from the front door, but had taken but two steps when Scalley plunged a loaded revolver, carrying a ball of thirty-eight or forty-two caliber, through a rear window and fifed, inflicting a probably FATAL WOUND

below Garvey's right shoulder-blade. Garvey was then picked up by his three friends and helped into the hotel. While on the way the crowd followed like a pack of famished wolves, every one crying, "Rob him!" "Get his swag!" "Don't let the duffer escape us!" But Divine "! Ellis and Grant were enough to defend him, a... the money, which he had to a considerable quantity, they did not get. Doctors were summoned to Garvey's assistance immediately. They probed the wound to the depth of six inches, but could flud no ball. Last evening when our reporter left Mr. Garvey his abdomen was swelling terribly, and he experienced considerable pain in the act of breathing. He was very hopeful of his recovery, however, and expressed a warm desire to meet the man some day who had so foully attempted his murder. Meanwhile the Cincinnati morning train had ar-

rived with morning papers, and as young Will Don-

aldson, the newsboy, jumped upon the depot plat-

form he was mobbed, and before he had time to

realize his condition every one of his fifty papers

was circulating around among the spoilers. The

Near the middle of the back and about four inches

"beef-eaters" had them all, and the boy, poorer but wiser, jumped back on the train, glad even to escape with his life and a whole skin. The morning train had no sooner passed than the gang, full of victuals and plunder, boarded their train, and were off for the next station, which is about nine miles this side of Liberty, and called Sparta. With them the oldest son of the wounded man-and, by the way, Mr. Garvey has six children, the youngest yet a babehad shipped with them, determined to identify his father's would-be murderer to some officer further up the road. At Sparta intelligence had been re-

ceived by telegraph from Worthville stating that a

load of desperadoes was on the way to that place;

that they would stop at Liberty, where there is no

telegraph station, and that they were

PLUNDERING IN EVERY TOWN. The people, assisted by Sheriff Dick Morrow, of Gallatin County, immediately organized themselves for defense, and the first building protected was the hotel. Arriving at Spartn, the travelers again disembarked, and went for this hotel, but a posse was too much for them. Meantime Garvey's son had informed the Sheriff that his father's murderer was aboard in company with a slick looking negro who had been an efficient spoon-stealer at the hotel. Morrow, accompanied by Constables Lon Ford and Erra Webster, went for Scalley, and arrested him, but the crowd quickly surrounded the officers and rescued their "friend." Then the train started, and Dick Morrow, brimful of pluck and determination to have his man, jumped on, single-handed, and rode to Elliston, the next station, where he alone again arrested Scalley and where the crowd again rescued him.

row, resolved upon having something to show for his pains, snatched two of those most prominent in SCALLEY'S RESCUE, John Kelly and Tim Quinn, and held them while

The train was by this time moving out, and Mor-

the train moved off. He held them at Elliston's until last evening, when he took them off to Warsaw, the county seat, and lodged them in jail. They will be tried for assisting a criminal to escape, and, in view of the present excited state of the Kentucky mind, they are quite liable to fare hard. Scalley is now in the city, but he is liable to be wanted some day by the Liberty people. From Elliston's the train proceeded without further adventure to Covington and Newport, where each individual member of the shoulderhitting fraternity gradually sneaked out of the ears and over to this city by bridge and ferry, leaving the train to enter the Little Miami Depot well nigh empty and almost unattended. AROUND THE RING.

Along about the eighteenth or nineteenth round,

AN EPISODE, A WOMAN ON THE SCENE.

a ripple of surprise ran through the crowd, caused by the appearance of a woman on the scene. She was a tall, angular woman, of probably forty-five or fifty years, with an all-pervading voice and a bluecotton umbrella, and as she dismounted from the buggy in which she rode and walked up toward the ring, the boys made a respectful passage-way for her benefit. "I came to see this 'ere fight," said she, "and I want to speak to the men." Joe and Tom, who were just then executing a pas de deux in the attempt of one to get in a blow on the other, stopped a moment, marched across the ring and spoke to their visitor, both of them shaking hands with her, while Colonel Eph., with his well-known gallantry for the sex, welcomed Mrs. Gorman-for that was her name-to the entertainment. She tock her place well up to the corner where Goss belonged, and was a close and interested spectator during the remainder of the fight, commenting on every thing that occurred, and clapping her hands when any thing took place to awaken her admiration. At length, when the fight was over and Goss declared victor, she manifested her sympathies with Allen by crawling between the ropes into the ring and shaking hands with him. After this part of her duty had been performed, she gathered up the meck-looking masculine who had come along with her, presumably her husband, pushed him into the buggy and drove off, Talk about the dawn of weman's rights! When she can go to a prize-fight and shake hands with the principals, and cheer and clap hands like a b'hoy, her day is not far off.

THE FIRST INTERRUPTION.

About the first startling incident which occurred at the morning meeting was a little unpleasantness between Theo. Baner, the French wrestler, and a man named Pat Malley, from Covington. Bauer, who was present as one of Goss' teachers, was very demonstrative, and in trying to crowd his way to a place at the corner occupied by Goss, he gave some offense to Malloy, who struck him with his fist. Bauer clinched his antagonist in a moment, and another man, a young fellow named Jones, sailed in to help Malloy. A rough-and-tumble scrimmage followed, in which the two men succeeded in knocking down Bauer, and commenced kicking him in the face. Bed Leary, a well-known sport, next appeared on the scene to assist Baner, and drawing a pistol, struck Malloy and Jones three or four smart blows over the head with it, when a moment later two or three others joined in, and one whose name could not be ascertained-a man described as being large and tall, and wearing a light felt bat-drew his pistol and struck Malloy over the head with it, and, as he (Malloy) started to run down the hill, fired a shot at him. Mailoy dropped to the ground, then gathering himself up ran a few steps further. and fell again; then once more got up and hurried away still further, taking refuge behind a tree. The report of the pistol startled the crowd gathered around the ring and in a second there was a scramble, fully one-half of those who had been watching the principals in the ring rushing to the scene to find out what was going on, and in the hubbub the man who had done the shooting was allowed to escape; or, at any rate, succeeded in eluding identification: Bauer, by this time, had regained his feet, and, with Red Leary, was preparing to carry on the fight outside the ring vigorously, when some of his friends and those of Goss interfered and succeeded in quieting him. ...

In the mean time Malloy, the man who had been shot, was enabled to examine into the extent of his injuries. Some it to say that his wound lay in direct range with his coat-tails, and, though only a flesh-wound, prevented his sitting down with the ease and comfort which is essential to the proper enjoyment of a prize-fight. He sat there on the grass in a one-sided position for some time, and as

his acquaintances would come along he showed them the wound and explained how it all came about. Afterward he sought asylum in a neighboring farm-house, where necessary surgical aid was obtained for him. This incident, trifling though it may seem, was one of the startling episodes of the

morning. THE PRINCIPALS

We understand that Eph Holland, Joe Goss and "Blacky" Edwards, with some of the seconds and umpires, were not in the city last night. If they were, knowing ones were unable to find them. It was reported, probably, truly, that the whole party were taking a little much-needed repose and recreation at Forest Home. It is not at all improbable that some of them, under the existing state of things, will visit the Centennial immediately. If Mr. Allen was bailed out last night not more than one of his numerous friends found it out, and the veracity of that one is questionable. Notes.

The Fight beat the Buffalo Hunt two to one. Did you see the fight?

There was no perceptible decline in the price of fish yesterday. Did you go on the first train?

'Twas wonderful what an amount of Gossip there was on the streets last evening.

We knew the fight would end with a few when we saw Colonel Richard Holland put that fried chicken in his valise Wednesday evening.

When did you get back?

When did you get out?

Who bailed you? Black yer boots, Mister? ... The Kentucky militia fought nobly.

--- Facilis est descensus Avernt; Sed revocare gradum Superasque revertere ad auras; Hic labor, hoc opue cst."

Which, being freely translated, means: "To go down into Kentucky is easy, but to get back again is-well, hard." There is nothing like having soldiers at a prize-

fight. It is a grand thing for a State to be well protected with soldiers. A Straw. That East Liberty train that was run off from the fight yesterday was polled going down. The votes stood: Hayes, 517; Tilden, 32.

Johnny Dwyer wishes us to state that he will

fight Tom Allen or any other man, betting for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 aside. Man and money ready at the Empire Saloon. Old ring patrons say that it is a habit of Tom Allen to strike foul blows. He doesn't mean it,

but he can't help it. Every battle that he has fought in America has been distinguished by these