EVENING COURIER & REPUBLIC.

PUBLISHED DAILY AT NOS. 176 AND 178 WASHINGTON ST., BY JOSEPH WARREN & CO.

VOLUME VII. BUFFALO, N. Y., FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18, 1867. NUMBER 15

THE RING.

Great Fight for the Championship of America and $1,000, between Sam. Collyer and John McGlade.

Collyer the Victor in 47 Rounds.

SKETCH OF THE PUGILISTS.

&c., &c., &c.

The *World* of Wednesday publishes a long account of the great fight for the championship, between Collyer and McGlade, which occurred near Harrisburg, Pa., on the morning of the 15th inst.

Sam. Collyer, the victor, is a Baltimorean, 32 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high and weighs 129 pounds. He has served in the Union army. His ring record shows that he beat Ball Bolster in 1864, in 45 rounds; beat Mike Carr, March 16, 1866, in 14 rounds; beat Barney Aaron, last June, after a severe contest of more than two hours, winning the championship. He has also received forfeit from several bruisers. He trained for the present fight under Addison Jones and Johnny Roche. He is a native American.

John McGlade, his competitor, is an Irishman by birth, 34 years old, 5 feet 7 inches high, and weighs 128 pounds. Before coming to this country, he had been victor in three fights. In July, 1861, near Chicago, he was beaten by Jerry Donovan, in 9 rounds; beaten by Scotty, December 30th, 1861, in 46 rounds; drew with Johnny Roche, November, 1864, in 12 rounds; beat Dick Johnson, 1865, in 32 rounds. He has trained for this fight under Dan. Kerrigan.

The pugilists, their backers, and the spectators, rendezvoused at Harrisburgh, Pa., last Monday. Tuesday being the day of the inauguration of Gov. Geary, the crowd of hard-looking customers entered the city without suspicion. At 6 o'clock, Tuesday morning, the bruisers started for Goldsborough, the scene of the fight, where they arrived 8 A. M. From this point we give the *World's* account:

THE RING

was after a short time carefully pitched under the supervision of Oyster Jack, of Philadelphia. There was outside the inner ring another, so that the crowd might be effectually kept back. All this time the snow continued to fall heavily, and the ring space was with difficulty cleared. At 11 o'clock all was ready, and the men alone were waited for.

ENTRANCE OF THE MEN.

Soon Collyer's castor whirled into the ring, and the Baltimorean himself quickly followed amid loud cheers. McGlade was but a few moments behind, and similar demonstrations greeted his appearance. Both men were well wrapped up. At this time there were present not less than one thousand spectators. Amongst the fashionables were conspicuous Joe Coburn, Billy McMullen, Sam. Davis, Harry Hill, and Professor Kit Burns, Johnnie Monaghan, Barney Aaron, Aaron Jones, Jim and Dan Kerrigan, Mike Costello, Butt Riley, Johnnie Roche, and other of the *elite* of the P. R.

THE COLORS.

Collyer showed for colors a handkerchief, brown and lilac centre and white border. McGlade displayed a white centre and pink border.

THE SECONDS.

Each man was accompanied by his seconds. For Collyer, Michael Heeney and Johnnie Roche; for McGlade, Kit Burns and Johnnie Monaghan. Each took a seat in the ring, and both were heavily wrapped up, Collyer wearing a Buffalo robe round his shoulders, and a squirrel's skin cap.

REFEREE.

The choice of referee was proffered to Harry Hill and Joe Coburn. Each refused to act, and after some little delay a sporting gentleman from New York, who did not wish his name disclosed, consented to act. Johnnie Roche won the toss for Collyer; and accordingly the men took their places, and the seconds went to their work of preparing their charges.

THE CROWD

had by this time increased in numbers, and the snow storm in violence. The trees in the neighborhood had adventurous sports perched on all their branches, and several wagons, drawn close to the outer ring, were heavily laden with spectators. Three horsemen occupied a good position, and watched the proceedings with interest. One was no less a person than the sheriff of the county, and of the other two, one was an antiquated sport, the other a village Esculapius, the last present with an eye to business. Several females, ever curious, were also amongst the crowd, which, considering the occasion, was a most orderly and good-humored one.

APPEARANCE OF THE MEN.

All was ready, and the men stripped and came forward amid loud cheering. Collyer looked in the best condition of the two; there did not seem to be an ounce of spare flesh on his body, and the muscles of his chest and arms stood out like knotted ropes of iron. He is but 24 years of age, but the training made him look much older. His face had an exceeding pleasant and decidedly unprofessional expression, and altogether the admiration of the spectators was not ill bestowed.

McGlade did not appear to have trained so well, although with his physique none could find fault. He had a jaunty and confidential air about him, but his face was hard, coarse-looking, and unintelligent, presenting in this a strong contrast to his antagonist.

Kit Burns was in ecstacies over his man, and inquired of all if "he wan't a beauty of a masher."

While the preliminaries were being arranged, Collyer went over to his adversary's corner and offered to bet two hundred dollars on the result, which offer was gladly accepted.

ALL READY.

The crowd began now to become impatient, and called loudly for the opening of the fight. Bets were offered, but takers seemed shy. At length Kit Burns gave the signal to commence hostilities by standing in the middle of the ring with his coat off, and his sleeves rolled up, and saying 'we're ready. All right, gents; come, get out of this ring.' Cries of 'clear the ring,' 'get out of my view,' sat down in front,' followed, and Oyster Jack shouted 'order! now gents.' The referee took his watch in his hand, took his position at the side, and said 'now, gentlemen, this match is to be on the merits of the men, and if there is anything done wrong they will be punished for it.' Bets were offered on various sides of the ring with odds on Collyer, with few takers. At a quarter to twelve the men advanced to the scratch drawn in the snow from the opposite corner, and, with their seconds, all shook hands across it. The seconds then stripped their men as rapidly as they could. Three cheers were given for Sam Collyer, and others for McGlade. All things being ready the referee called 'time,' and the men advanced with their hands up to the scratch. Collyer had a very pleasant and McGlade a very vicious look of the eyes.

'Now keep quiet,' said Johnny Roche, 'and we will show you a nice little fight.'

THE FIGHT.

Round 1.—After a very little preliminary parrying, McGlade led off rather confidently with his left getting in gently on Collyer's right cheek, and receiving a light counter on his own cheek. Some quick exchanges followed which ended in Collyer's landing a stinger straight into the mouth of McGlade as he was smiling; it threw him against the ropes, from whence he went to grass, or rather to the snow. Collyer's hand was a little cut, and the effect of the blow was shown in the fact that McGlade took one of his front teeth from his mouth and threw it on the ground.

Round 2.—McGlade in the first exchange of civilities lit on Collyer's left eye, without doing much harm, and Collyer, in return, threw a very sudden tap with his right one to McGlade's nose, causing him to get out of the way of another by going down against the ropes. There were cries of "first blood," but no blood was visible. Kit Burns got excited, and rushed across the battle-ground, shouting "foul play," and examining Collyer's hands for hidden weights or poisonous chemical applications.

Round 3.—McGlade came up laughing, as though he was rather surprised at the result of the preceding rounds. Collyer took McGlade's "Adam's apple" as a mark, and sent in a shot with his left just under it. McGlade got in on Collyer's mug, and the latter followed by a swinger from the right mauler on McGlade's left cheek that "made his eyeballs jingle." The men clinched and fell, Collyer on top; matters looked rather bad for McGlade. Even at this stage of the mill Collyer's friends were cheering rather sarcastically.

Round 4.—Fighting had thus far almost all been done on McGlade's side of the mark.—Collyer was again first to the scratch. With, as before, but very slight ornamental sparring. McGlade commenced business by swinging his right with a terrific force into the left side of Collyer's neck, and again put another of the same sort under his armpit. He escaped a return blow by getting down laughing. Cheers for McGlade.

Round 5.—Collyer comes up quickly and advances boldly beyond the scratch to force the fighting. McGlade shy, backing off and smiling viciously; Collyer drives him to his own corner, making him get to work. He got away from one of Collyer's rushing blows by almost backing against the ropes; Collyer dodges a return, and, before McGlade recovers the defensive, deals him a sockdollager on the breast-bone, knocking him over against the ropes all in a heap. First knock down allowed for Collyer.

Round 6.—Collyer first to the scratch, drawing McGlade to his corner; with slight advances Collyer gets in on McGlade's face and the latter returns a blow on the breast; a clinch and they go down—McGlade on top. Cheers for McGlade.

Round 7.—McGlade's left goes in on Collyer's neck. Quick exchanges, McGlade's left lightly on Collyer's mouth. Another blow of McGlade's falls short, and Collyer gives him a heavy one on the jugular, sending him on his plus.

Round 8.—Vigorous peppering right and left by both men anywhere it happens. They go around the side of the ring in this way, with thumping and dodging, Collyer driving McGlade; the latter getting too much of it, finally goes down in Collyer's corner.

Round 9.—McGlade's left and Collyer's right each meet out on a mission, passing each other without salutation, and each landing on the other's breast with a heavy thud. McGlade sparred to protect himself awhile, and then dropped laughing. Groans, hoots, cheers, oaths. Cries, "Give it to him, Sam;" "Oh, he's played;" "A thirty minutes' fight;" "He's desperate." "Give him h—l;" "Strike with both hands."

Round 10.—Collyer sent out three effective successive blows without any compensation, the first on McGlade's conk, the others on his breast, McGlade fighting wildly and knocked flat as a flounder by the last. Collyer's backers hilariously cried, "Oh, oh, he bit him one for me then!" "Make him laugh, the——;" "Spike him this box;" "Come down on his proboscis;" "Oh, look at the big-faced sucker," with much more to tally, unfit for publication.

Round 11.—It was evident that Collyer had it all his own way. Very little betting, because it seemed a sure thing, and then, at every odds. McGlade led out with his right, but fell short on account of Collyer's knack of getting out of reach. He tried a second time, and again expended his muscle on the air, and a third time with similar result, Collyer merely getting away; they then clinched, and Collyer lifted him off his feet, got two or three half-bits about his neck and chin, and threw him heavily. Cries, "Give it to him, Sam!" "Oh, that makes him sick!" "Oh, look at the big-headed cuss laugh!" Chaos of cries mostly unfit to print.

Round 12.—Both send out the left, McGlade putting his down on Collyer's chest, and the other coming down on McGlade's left temple, breaking the peeling. McGlade again strikes a heavy blow, which lands in the air. Collyer fetches his right into sharp contest with McGlade's ribs, and, clinching him, throws him heavily. Cheers for Collyer, "Fifty to twenty on Collyer." A little blood shows itself on McGlade's left temple, but he is quickly covered with blankets and it is not noticed or claimed.

Round 13.—McGlade received terrible punishment in this round. He seemed unable to defend himself, and Collyer's fists fell around his head and body like a swarm of hornets. As had become his habit, McGlade led with a heavy blow, which fell short. Collyer took him at the disadvantage, and put in his right and left, the right doing the best duty, with frightful rapidity all over McGlade's knowledge-box, peepers, lugs, smeller, and gob, all catching it. Easing himself on McGlades chest and neck, he again returned to the ring, until McGlade went down in a heap, weak and crazed.

Round 15.—The fight had thus far occupied but twenty minutes, the rounds being mostly short, sharp, and decisive. McGlade had lost heart in this round. McGlade first got in on Collyer's breast with his left. Collyer then gave him two blows between the eyes in succession, causing him to fall backwards, partly in an attempt to get away, and as he commenced to fall Collyer planted a terrible flow over his nose and mouth, knocking him flat. As his seconds picked him up a stream of the ruby ran down his face profusely. Claim of first blood, which was allowed, of course. Cheers and curses, frightful profanity, three cheers for Sam Collyer.

Round 16.—Collyer, following up his antagonist, sent his right out twice without hitting, McGlade leaning so far back as to escape them. At Collyer's third attempt McGlade leaned so far back that he stumbled and fell backward against the ropes into his corner, knocking over and partially spilling the water pail used by his seconds. McGlade's face began to look swollen and bloody.

Round 17.—McGlade led out with his left, which Collyer easily escaped; he followed by leading out with his right, which Collyer again escaped, McGlade fell forward by the force of his own efforts. Hoots and shouts of derision: cries, "Oh, you're lovely," "Sam will win it in less than an hour." "fight him with both hands, Sam." "Sam Davis, I don't want any more after that."

Round 18.—McGlade again strikes short, Collyer lightly; McGlade swings a heavy blow to the back of Collyer's neck, trying to catch him, but falls under him. Cries of "three cheers for Sam Collyer;" "he will win it without a black eye;" "Oh, McGlade is played;" "that's played out;" "take him home!"

Round 19.—McGlade led out with his right, and struck nothing but the air. Again derisive laughter. Collyer followed him into his corner, peppering him well, where he went down.

Round 20.—McGlade came up puffing, and got his left on Collyer's chest heavily. Collyer got him almost into his corner, and giving a fair righthander on the nose sot him spinning before he fell.

Round 21.—McGlade, after a short blow, landed his left on Collyer's chest, Collyer at the same time coming in on McGlade's bugle with his right, knocking him down. Wild delight, cheers and derisive shouts, "oh see that smack on the nose," "see the claret," "look at that mug."

Round 22.—McGlade got his right on Collyer's chest. Collyer put his right on McGlade's neck and between his eyes. After some wild sparring they clinched and fell. Collyer on top.

Round 23.—McGlade slow in coming up at the call of the time. Collyer goes over the scratch to him. Crier, "don't go no further than the scratch." Some gentle feints. McGlade makes half a blow with his right, thinks better of it and draws it back, laughing, and in many similar ways betrays his misgivings and lack of confidence in himself. Collyer alights airily on his snuffler trap, and he goes down smiling.

Round 24.—McGlade being pushed by Collyer, led out with a light one on the latter's breast; tried it again, and fell short. Collyer struck at him with his right, and McGlade went down to escape punishment. (A voice: "Be careful of foul, Sam; that's what they're after now; don't strike him when he's down.")

(At this point the cars of the Northern Central Railroad passed along by the side of the ring, and the crowd gave a tremendous cheer.)

Round 25.—McGlade came up puffing but apparently quite as strong as ever. He made a short blow; again Collyer got in smartly on the left side of his head and got his arm round his neck, but McGlade slipped through it to the ground, smiling at his success.

Round 26.—Collyer forced the fighting and got in a strong one on the breast with his right, McGlade down.

Round 27.—Collyer forced the fighting and rattled his oponent in a lively and reckless manner right and left until he fell.

Round 28.—McGlade put out a heavy blow with the left, aimed for the chest, but Collyer got out of the reach easily. McGlade rattled again in a spirited manner and left a stinger on Collyer's ear. Cheers for McGlade. They clinched straining for the mastery. Collyer finally got two or three half-arm hits on McGlades nob, and the latter went down smiling as limp as an India-rubber stove-pipe. Hoots, groans, cries, "Ah, ah, you're staggering, old boy."

Round 29.—McGlade driven to defend himself led out with a strong and beautiful sockdollager, which wasted its sweetness on the desert air. Collyer, after getting away from it, came back with his left straight as a bullet, into McGlade's mouth, filling it with blood and keeling him off his foundations.

Round 30.—Continued complaints and claims of foul were now made to the referee that McGlade was not up in time. "Fight on, fight on," said the referee. McGlade, taking but little care to protect himself, received one on the side and the mouth and on the nose, and, trying to strike heavily with his right, staggered and fell. Cries, "Oh, take him home!" "Oh, that's fizzled!" Great excitement, venting itself in profanity, and occasional suggestions as to "busting snouts."

Round 31.—Collyer struck his opponent on the chest, and McGlade put in one that sounded solid on Collyer's side. Collyer got two successively on one side of McGlade's jaw, and sent out the third, but McGlade fell away from it upon the ropes, nearly injuring himself against a post.

Round 32.—After two or three given and taken a cry of foul was raised by McGlade's friends, who claimed that Collyer's seconds stopped a blow of McGlade's. "Fight on," said the referee.

Round 33.—Excitement was at its height.—Fists were shaken across the ropes, and epithets, the least opprobrious of which was "loafer," were bandied. "I can bust your snout," said one. Simultaneously two young gentlemen whipped off their coats in a twinkling, and went sparring into the ring at each other.—Great excitement ensued. The utmost physical persuasion of referee, seconds and peace makers in general were hardly able to restore peace. It was thought by some that there was a determined effort on the part of those who would lose through McGlade's defeat, to break up the fight and make it a draw. The round resembled the previous one.

Round 34.—As the men approached the scratch the excitement broke out with increased vehemence. Men sprang into the ring from all sides. Half a dozen from McGlade's side rushed ferociously at the obnoxious individuals on the opposite corner. A number of pistols were drawn and flourished. There was a terrific rushing, shouting, and scuffling; one man with a dirk knife tried frantically to slash some one over the head with it. A tall man, said to be Alexander, from Baltimore, was chased by a stout, blonde, gentleman, with a sort of horse pistol in his hand. Just at the elevation outside the ring, the tall man turned and confronted the other, and received two murderous blows over the forehead from the handle of the pistol. He fell lifeless, for the time, and motionless to the ground. His friends lifted him up and carried him into the road, saying that he was killed, but it was understood he recovered afterwards. However that may be, the fight went on.

Round 35—Went by default, it being impossible for the combatants to get at each other through the excited crowd. The referee was firm and knew his business, and the men came to the scratch all right.

Round 36—From this to the forty-seventh, the rounds were almost a repitition of each other. McGlade was continuously complained of for not coming up to time. McGlade grew weaker and weaker, though even on the forty-sixth round he was able to deliver a very hard blow. He was continually taking punishment without much return, and going down at every round to escape it. Collyer's science and skill was too much for the New Yorker, and at the forty-seventh round the sponge was thrown up amid great cheering.

The fight had lasted fifty-five minutes, showing the short and decisive nature of the rounds.

After the fight Collyer went up to McGlade and shook hands with him and embraced him, as an evidence of continued good feeling towards him. Perhaps he had better cause for good feeling than McGlade, for he will be over his bruises in a day or two, and he went home to Baltimore with his friends, with no especial scars to indicate that he had been engaged in a prize fight. He has won four fights in four months, and possibly he may be getting used to it

The fight was then given in favor of Collyer, after 47 rounds, occupying 55 minutes in duration. When the two men appeared in the ring, although there was a very apparent difference in the condition of each, still that difference was not so striking as to cause one to give the fight to Collyer without some considerable doubt. After the first round it was seen that McGlade's sparring was less scientific than his opponent's, although his blows, when they did take effect, were likely to be damaging; but it would seem that he had not the agility of Collyer, who retired quickly from an attempted onslaught, causing nearly all McGlade's blows to fall short. The fighting proper throughout was done almost solely by Collyer, and that in his adversary's corner, McGlade seldom following up his antagonist. The number of times McGlade went down, on no provocation but the plea of avoiding punishment, created a great diversion in Collyer's favor, throughout, as one who knew his part, and knowing, would perform it. In fact, after the sixth round, the expressions of disapprobation at McGlade's conduct became loud, even among his own backers. Occasionally it would seem that he was animated to a more spirited attack upon his opponent; but when he did get an advantage, which was seldom, he failed to follow it up, and seemed to be always making for the ropes. An excuse was offered for this by his seconds, who say in the early stage of the fight two of his ribs were broken from a left hander of Collyer, which prevented his forcing the fight at all, but this statement would seem to lack foundation, as the case stands. Collyer is a fighter, and one of considerable ability, and McGlade was foolish ever to have accepted his challenge. McGlade would seem to have few claims to a position as a mediocre member of the P. R. He has some pluck and no small endurance, but beyond this, very little can be said in his favor.

The appearance of the men after the fight was widely different from that usually the case.—Apart from one or two abrasions on the body and a few discolorations. Collyer did not seem to have suffered any injury save a slight cut over the left eye. With McGlade the case was different. His nose was fearfully mashed, his lips were horribly pulled up, and his left eye seemed to be rapidly closing. None of these in themselves were sufficient to have caused his seconds to throw up the sponge and there were many who accused him of being less plucky than he is generally given credit for being.—Collyer, from the first, was confident of success, and his opponent none the less so. The former, it is said, had staken every cent he was worth on the result, which, happily for him, has turned out in his favor. McGlade seemed to lose heart after the second or third round, and one peculiarity about his sparring was that all his blows seemed to be aimed at Collyer's body, and soon got so low as almost rendering them liable to be claimed as foul. The conduct of the spectators was much better than is usually the case at prize-fights, although a good share of profane, obscene, and abusive language was indulged in. The attempt made to break in the ring was frustrated by the determined action of the referee, who made the men be brought up by their seconds. A more unbiassed umpire could seldom be found. Collyer returned on the 3 P. M. train to Baltimore, and, though under fear of arrest, the police refrained from meddling with him. He by this fight stands out as champion of the light weights of the United States and as such will probably entertain proposals from any who may desire to dispute his title.

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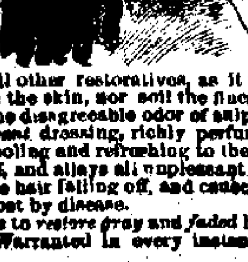

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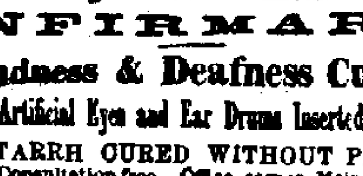

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Small quantities can now only be obtained at the Drug Stores of O. H. P. CHAMPLIN, Arcade Building, and at R. JENNER'S, 326 Main street, who still possess the pure article, well matured by age. oc14tf

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