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James, Ed

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Life and

Battles

of

Yankee

Sullivan

1880

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THE
AND BATTLE
OF
TANKEE SULLIVAN



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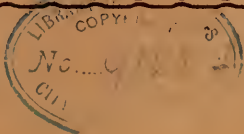
AUTHOR OF LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM HYER, LIFE AND BATTLES OF
JOHN MORRISSEY, LIFE AND BATTLES OF DAN DONNELLY, LIFE AND
BATTLES OF JOHN C. HEENAN, LIVES AND BATTLES OF THE
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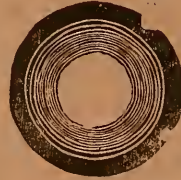
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YANKEE SULLIVAN.

career of the Corkonian was rather summarily stopped by his being arrested in Liverpool, Eng., convicted of felony and transported to Sydney (then a penal settlement in Australia) for fourteen years, when Sullivan was twenty-three years old. For nearly three years he wore the prison uniform, and, being of a very ungovernable temper, he was more than once subjected to the "cat-and-nine-tails," and publicly lashed on his bare back. With desperate men desperate measures have to be used, and the practice of publicly lashing is still in vogue in parts of the State of Delaware. We do not believe in Sullivan's case it did the least good, or tended to curb his combative spirit.

SULLIVAN'S FIGHTS IN AUSTRALIA.

The British Government got rid of their desperadoes by transportation in those days, and among the number so treated were not a few of the pugilistic fraternity, where, under assumed names, many of them became wealthy merchants and land owners. Perry the Black, it is thought, might have become Champion of England only for his transportation to Australia, from whence he got no ticket-of-leave.

It was customary for land owners to farm out the convicts by paying the Government a stipend therefor, and a certain large tract owner, amongst others, hired Sullivan as a farm-hand. Other land owners hired others pugilistically inclined, and it was no uncommon thing for these sports to get up a pitched battle between two of this class. As such, Sullivan fought and defeated Steward in 2h. 8m.; Dick Trainor in 73 rounds, 1h. 45m.; John White in 27 rounds, 40 minutes; and George Sharples, alias Bumble, in 27 rounds, 1h. 5m. Whether all or any of those mentioned sailed under their original colors, not being or ever caring to say much on the subject to Sullivan while alive, we cannot say. Bumbles, christened so from his cloven foot, was a hard customer to discomfit. Sullivan used to say: "Ned, it would have been heart good to have been hit by Bumbles!"

We have been supplied with the following information about the Bumbles fight by a friend of mine, Sidney at that time: "Sullivan went to the fight with Brady, alias Ginger; he was hired out by the Government; there was another convict, called Bur

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LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
YANKEE SULLIVAN.

James, alias Yankee Sullivan (whose right name was Frank Murray) was a native of the village of Bander, near the city of Cork, from which port the Emeralders take their departure for the shores of the United States, and where passengers are landed, whose destination is the Green Isle, going from this country. Doubtless from witnessing the bustling scenes in the Cove of Cork—ships and steamers coming from and going to the Promised Land of America—the young fellow had a very early longing to see “that foine country,” and inwardly resolved to do so when he should grow to be a man. In the meantime he did the best he could.

“the face is index of the mind” was never, perhaps, better exemplified than in the case of our freckled, red-haired, pug-nosed hero. He was as fond of a dog as a bull-dog, and while yet in his teens he saw fame made in the only way open to him to make it—the prize ring.

His first encounter was with Tom Brady, a scien- tific pug-nosed man, and he took the “consate” out of Brady in ten rounds, lasting half an hour. This date has been preserved, was fought in his native land to associate with the English prize ring.

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

he was quite awake to in as well as out fighting. In the struggle for the fall Lane got his man down.

6. Lane came up laughing, and hit out with his left, but was stopped. He made a feint with his left and succeeded in planting slightly with his right on Sullivan's nose, which he followed up after another cunning dodge by a visitation from his left. Sullivan, nothing daunted, followed him up to the corner, caught his left hand with his right, and with his left gave him a whack on the jaw. Lane broke away and commenced a fierce rally, hitting out left and right. Sullivan stopped both blows on the points of his elbows, and in an instant it was observed, from the swelling of his right forearm, that Lane had sustained severe injuries. He, however, let go his left at the body, and dropped his right to his side. It was obvious he had lost the power of using it; still he jobbed with his left, which Sullivan rushed in and seized with his right, and in the close Lane fell, Sullivan upon him. Although the injury to Lane's arm was only visible now, the mischief was done in the fall in the third round, and that the subsequent use of his arm increased the fracture till further exertion became impossible. The bone called the radius was completely fractured.

7. The extent of the injury to Lane's arm was not generally known, but on coming up it was soon seen that it was powerless; in fact, he rested it on his body, and at once commenced fighting with his left. He jobbed Sullivan dreadfully on the nose, from whence he drew lots of claret. He repeated the dose in quick succession three or four times. From the rapidity, straightness and force of the blows (Sullivan being unable to stop them) the hits were terrific, and severe cuts on the brow and cheek followed the previous visits on the nose. The Yankee exhibited a woeful spectacle. Sullivan's friends now called on him loudly to go in and fight, as Lane had but one arm. He responded to the call, and followed Lane as he retreated, jobbing, to the corner. Sullivan attempted to close, but Lane slipped down. It now became the question with Lane's backers, from the state of his arm, whether prudence and humanity should not suggest the propriety of submitting to the consequences of this melancholy accident. Lane, however, resisted the suggestion, said he could lick him with one hand, and, on time being called, came up to the scratch laughing.

8. Twice did Sullivan, who confined himself to the defensive system, stop the Hammerman's terrific left, whose right continued pinned to his side. Lane retreated, to draw his man, jobbing him as he advanced. Sullivan hit short at the lame arm, but missed, when Lane caught him heavily in the body with his left, and then, to the astonishment of the ring, repeated the like heavy blows, with the same hand, on the mouth and body with the rapidity of lightning. Sullivan appeared quite bewildered and hit short, but, being called upon by his seconds and backers to go in, he followed their advice, but missed a right-handed hit, and Lane went down laughing.

9. Sullivan had now sufficient to do to stop the left-handed hits of his gallant one-handed opponent, who, however, continued to pepper him with increased vigor and effect, till, on Sullivan boring in, he fell at the ropes to avoid a struggle.

10. Lane again led off with his left and retreated; Sullivan, amid the bellowing of his friends, followed him to the corner, caught the



HAMIER LANE.



JOHN MORRISSEY.

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

Englishman as his servant. The man Bumbles was lame of one foot, but that did not affect him in any way in walking or running; it was a cloven foot, and Bumbles was a little larger than Ginger, as this man called him that Sullivan was hired to, and this Englishman was boasting that his man Bumbles could whip any man they could produce for £100. George Williams, alias Sloppy, was a convict also, and said to the gentleman they were living with that, if he would give them a chance to get away, he knew an Irishman could whip Bumbles; and this led to a match. Williams trained Sullivan, and he whipped Bumbles after a very hard fight."

SULLIVAN'S ESCAPE FROM AUSTRALIA.

Yankee Sullivan made his escape from Sydney, Australia, on the ship Citizen, Capt. Lansing, to New Zealand. From thence he went to Sag Harbor, Long Island, in the ship Hamilton, Capt. Hearn. This was in the year 1839. On escaping he adopted the name of James Sullivan. He remained in this country nearly a year, and during that time is said to have defeated a man named O'Connor. Knowing the advantage of a British reputation, and with an eye to finally settling in the United States, Sullivan, in company with Harry Gill, returned to England in 1840, in the steamship President, which was lost at sea the following year, having on board amongst its passengers Tyrone Power, the Irish comedian.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

On his arrival in London, under the soubriquet of Sullivan, his old pals and their leader, Peter Taylor, gave him shelter and a warm hand. If anything, his fame made him more lionized than ever, as far as this country was concerned, without exciting undue attention from Inspector Forrester and his staff of detectives at Scotland Yard. A challenge was issued in *Bell's Life* by Sullivan to fight any 154lb. man in England for £100, which was a very much like the act of a novice. Sullivan's reckless spirit to go back to the States was banished from. He was fortunate to get up again, for, if he had, this biography would have been written.

conqueror of Izzy Lazarus, and his friend, backed Hammer Lane

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

against Sullivan, for whom Harry Gill found the principal part of the money.

SCIENTIFIC AND GALLANT BATTLE BETWEEN YANKEE SULLIVAN AND HAMMER LANE. SULLIVAN THE CONQUERER, 19 ROUNDS, 34 MINUTES.

The celebrated prize fight between Sullivan and Lane, at Crookham Common, Eng., Feb. 2, 1841, fought in the same ring as Nick Ward (Sullivan's cousin) and Ben Caunt, was the battle which gave Sullivan his first reputation; it was for £100, and Sullivan was seconded by Peter Taylor and Harry Holt; Lane by Johnny Broome and Bob Fuller. Sullivan did not, as is generally supposed, fight in the American colors on this occasion, or any other, but sported a green silk fogle with yellow spots. Lane's color was of purple with a yellow border.

THE FIGHT.

Sullivan was no sooner at the scratch than he threw himself into a form which proved there was nothing of the novice in his pretensions. He led off vigorously with his left, which was prettily stopped, and he in turn stopped Lane's left and right. Good stops followed on both sides. Sullivan popped in his left, but did not get quite home, while Lane in the counter caught him on the nob. "Kid him!" cried some of Sullivan's friends, and he tried the feinting dodge, but Lane was not to be had. Sullivan waited steadily, his hands well up, when Lane broke ground, and hit away left and right. A rally followed, in which there was some pretty exchanges, without much advantage on either side, when Lane, from the state of the ground, slipped and fell. Loud cheers for the Yankee.

2. Sullivan, of whose pretensions no mean opinion was now formed, came up steady and waited for the attack. Lane led off with his left, but was well stopped. Some lively exchanges followed, left and right, on the nob, when Lane popped in a body hit with his right, and a short rally, again slipped down, laughing.

3. Good counter hits with the left, one of which caught Lane in the mouth, and another dropped on Sullivan's nose, which immediately showed a mouse. A lively rally close to the ropes followed, in which it was observed that Sullivan hit open-handed. Lane closed with his man, falling himself, with his right arm under his left.

4. On coming to the scratch the dials of both were set to zero. A tinge of blood was perceptible on Lane's lip, and Sullivan's teeth were on the ivory. Sullivan again stopped Lane's first effort, and Lane in return gave him another smack on the morrow. The fight continued on both sides. Lane dropped his left on Sullivan's right, and a change of blows. Sullivan hit short with his right, and Lane cut, but missed. Lane in getting away slipped and fell.

5. Counter hits with the left, and good exchanges followed, in which mutual fibbing took place.

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

strong on his legs. Owen Swift and the backers of Lane, now feeling that to protract the fight would be inhuman towards Lane, gave in for him, amid loud cheers from the friends of the Yankee, who was proclaimed the victor in 34 minutes.

CAREER OF HAMMER LANE.

Born at Birmingham, Eng., Dec. 15, 1815.

Height about 5ft. 8in.; weight, 150lbs.

Beat Harry Ball, £40, 21 rounds, 35min.; Smethwick, Nov. 18, 1832.

Beat Hewson, £20; Smethwick, Nov. 25, 1833 [dispute, and fight finished next day].

Beat Jack Green, £50, 23 rounds, 28min.; Shirley, March 17, 1835.

Beat Tass Parker, £50, 48 rounds; Kensale Corner, Sept. 15, 1835.

Beat Owen Swift, £100, 104 rounds, 2h. 3m. Four Shire Stone, May 10, 1836

Beat Jack Adams, £50, 16 rounds, 42min.; Woodstock, Aug. 23, 1836.

Beat Tass Parker, £100, 96 rounds, 2 hours; Woodstock, March 7, 1837.

Beat Byng Stocks, £100, 10 rounds, 22min.; near Bices-ten, Jan. 15, 1838.

Beaten by Jem Molineux (black), £200, 53 rounds. 1h. 12m.; near Worksop, June 9, 1840.

Beaten by Yankee Sullivan.

Beaten by Tom Davis, £100, 40 rounds, 1h. 7m.; Nor-
man's Heath, June 25, 1850.

Draw with Jack Grant, £20, 34 rounds, 50min.; Kings-
wood Common, June 28, 1864.

Died at London, Eng., Aug. 19, 1865; aged 50.

All Hammer Lane's fights took place in England. His right name was John, and he had four brothers, three of whom—George, Jem and Tom—were professional pugilists. Tom Lane made a draw with Johnny Walker, who was in the United States some time. Tass Parker fought three times with the Tipton Slasher. Jack Grant is the same man who contended with Tom Sayers. Owen Swift defeated Izzy Lazarus, long a resident of New York City. Jack Adams was vanquished twice by Swift. Byng Stocks conquered Johnny Hannon, the same party who whipped Johnny Walker twice. Ned Painter, the referee, was the same person who fought Jack Shaw, Sambo Sutton, Tom

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

offending weapon in his right hand, and was about to administer pepper with his left, when Lane got down to avoid. Sullivan's friends claimed foul, but the claim was instantly resisted as perfectly groundless.

11. Lane gave his adversary a poke in the bread-basket and retired. Sullivan followed him at score, and caught him with his right on the nob, but open-handed. Lane, having retreated to the ropes, could not get farther, on which Sullivan seized him with both arms. Lane, perfectly powerless, could not get away, but, in trying for the fall, instead of falling on him, Sullivan fell wide of his mark, to the great amusement of the spectators.

12. A strong feeling of sympathy for the fate of Lane now pervaded all quarters, but still he came up as game as a bull-dog. Counter hits with the left. Lane, endeavoring to follow up his favorite suit, hit short. In a second attempt he was more fortunate, and jobbed Sullivan dreadfully as he came in three times in succession, spinning the claret from his mug like sparks from a pyrotechnic centre. Sullivan rushed in ferocious, but Lane got down.

13. Lane popped in a body blow with his left and retreated. Sullivan, who was nearly stunned by these repeated visitations to his head, rushed in, hit open-handed with his left, and Lane got down.

14. Lane pursued his jobbing system, hit between Sullivan's guard, and muzzled him. Sullivan fought wildly and missed left and right, when Lane drew back, met him as he came in, and gave him a tremendous smash on the optic. Sullivan was flabbergasted, when Lane dropped him with a slashing hit on the nose.

15. Sullivan came up a splendid ornament for a butcher's block. He stopped Lane's left, but hit short in return. In the counter-hits he was more successful, and, being provided with a piece of oakum in his hand, he kept it closed. Counter-hits with the left. Lane, three times in succession, popped in his favorite jobbers. Sullivan followed him up to the corner, when Lane slipped under the ropes, laughing, and exciting the admiration of the surrounding throng.

16. Sullivan's left daylight all but extinguished. Lane popped in his left, but was short. Counter-hitting with the left, in which Sullivan, having contrived, by the advice of his seconds, to keep his hands shut, caught Lane a tremendous whack on the left brow, cutting him severely and dropping him close to the corner.

17. Counter-hits with the left. Lane popped in his left twice in succession on the head and body. He retreated, but on trying to repeat the dose Sullivan stopped him, and was trying to return the compliment when Lane slipped down to avoid. "Foul" was again claimed, which showed the desperate apprehensions entertained by Sullivan's seconds, but was again rejected by the referee (Ned Painter).

18. Still did Lane come up with unflinching courage, and delivered with his left on the head and body, retreating. Cries to Sullivan: "Go in and fight!" Sullivan obeyed the mandate, and caught Lane a heavy jobbing hit under the left eye. Lane down, bleeding.

19 and last. Lane came up with less vigor than in the former rounds, when Sullivan rushed in to fight, receiving a smack from the left, but returned with severity on the old spot, and Sullivan was again down, Sullivan, although dreadfully punished, being still

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

Spring, Tom Oliver, etc., the last named being the man whom Dan Donnelly conquered. For particulars of this great national contest see the Life and Battles of Dan Donnelly.

He was next matched with young Molineaux, a fighting negro, who had defeated Lane, but it ended in the darkey paying forfeit. Sullivan next visited his native land, and became matched with Mike Mahoney, then champion of Ireland; but they never met in the ring, owing to the Irish champion dying with hydrophobia from the bite of a mad dog.

SULLIVAN'S RETURN TO THE STATES.

The notoriety our hero obtained by the victory over Jack Lane caused Sullivan to be spotted, and he got the office to leave if he did not wish to be picked up and be sent back to Sydney, James not having even so much as asked "By your leave, gentlemen," when he left the Penal Colonies. He therefore packed up his duds and once more set sail for "the shores of Ameriky." Arriving in New York, about Summer of 1841, he was taken under the wing of George Overs, better known as the Manchester Pet, who gave Sullivan bed and board at his sporting drum, until such time as he could shift for himself.

His first benefit, at what was then called the Shakespeare Rooms, now the Newsboys' Home, was a tremendous ovation, and placed lots of American coin in his corduroys. Sullivan sparred with Country McClusky, who afterward fought Tom Hyer, and together they visited Philadelphia, where another benefit was gotten up with like success.

We find "Ginger" installed boniface of the Sawdust House, in Cherry street, then full of sailor, dance and boarding houses. He there became identified with No. 15 Engine, known as the Spartan Band, and located in Pell street, off the Bowery. In those days the do-as-you-please racket characterized the New York fire-laddies, and every company had its fighter, and Jim Sullivan was installed bully of No. 15.

Sullivan, at different times, also kept in Walker street, east of the Bowery, Madison street, 19 and 82½ Chatham street, S. E. corner Centre and Franklin streets.

It was while keeping 41 Madison street that Sullivan's wife burned to death, under the following circumstances,

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

which led to his arrest on the charge of murder. While very much intoxicated he quarreled with his wife, who was also addicted to drink, and during his assault upon her while in bed a lamp was upset, the poor woman's clothes caught fire, and she was burned so badly that she died the next day. The case never came to trial, however, owing to the political influence wielded by Sullivan.

SULLIVAN'S FIRST FIGHT IN AMERICA.

After spending about six months in and around New York, Sullivan took a trip to the Quaker City, on a pleasure and business tour. At that time an Englishman named Vince Hammond, who had been keeping a sporting drum in Philadelphia for some time, was vain enough to think he could take down the famous conqueror of Hammer Lane. Yankee was highly pleased when Hammond's friends offered to back him for \$100 a side, and a match was clinched at once. The fight was at catch weight, and took place on League Island, near Phila., Sept. 2, 1841.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Sullivan looked out for a fighting man. Hammond was not in as good trim, nevertheless he was thought able to give a good account of himself. On getting to the scratch Hammond sent in his right, which reached Yankee's upper lip, just hard enough to cut the inner skin and send the blood trickling down his teeth. Having the interest of his backers at heart, and wishing to save them the large sums bet on his winning "first blood," Sullivan instantly clenched his lips, and drew the blood in ere it was perceived by the friends of his opponent. Then, with the rapidity of lightning, he let fly at Hammond, giving him a tremendous cut, splitting open his cheek, and drawing an abundance of the ruby. The force of the blow sent Hammond reeling, and, as he staggered back, Sullivan, clapping his hands in delight, cried out "first blood," retiring to his corner in great glee.

2 to 7. Sullivan afterwards had the fight all his own way, as he was enabled to hit Hammond almost whenever he pleased, without receiving much punishment in return. Hammond's face was literally cut in gashes, the blood running in all directions, and dying not only his own but the body of Sullivan. After fighting but eight rounds, in ten minutes, Sullivan was declared the victor. Yankee proved himself a clever tactician in this battle, and also gave evidence that he was not deficient in cunning, as the incident shows.

CAREER OF VINCE HAMMOND.

Born in Shropshire, Eng., 1805.

Height, 5ft. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; weight, 150lbs.

Beat Jack Gallagher, Baton Rouge, La.; 7 r., April, 1835.

Beaten by Yankee Sullivan.

Died at North East, Md., 1870.

10. Sully got in some body sounders, which were followed by rapid and heavy exchanges. Yankee then fibbed Bell to the ropes, and drove him through, clean.

11. Bell led off, got in a heavy hit, staved off a sharp rally, clinched, and received a heavy throw.

12. Bell went in well—pressing Sully, who could not stop the visitation of three or four severe blows. Sully rallied, got in a terrific blow on Bell's eyes, and then rushed in—both down.

13. Sully led off, but was stopped—a rally—a close—a fierce struggle at the ropes, which ended by Billy throwing Sullivan over.

14 to 22. Bell hitting right and left, and Sully on the retreat—a wild rush and close by Bell, who caught Sullivan in his arms and tried to heave him over again—no go—Sully seized the rope, and locked him fast—they were then separated and carried to their corners, during loud applause for Bell. Sullivan now put forth all his strength and generalship, while Bell seemed to have out-fought himself, for he got worsted in nearly all the next eight rounds.

Round 23. Sully put in three severe cuts, and Bell went heavily to the ground. Cries of "He's gone!" "Take him out!"

24. "Time!" being called, Bell couldn't come—Sully still fresh, and scarcely hurt, claimed the fight, after a contest of 33 minutes.

SULLIVAN'S IMPRISONMENT IN NEW YORK STATE.

Quite a damper was put upon the P. R. and Sullivan's career by the fatal fight between Chris Lilly and Tom McCoy in September of the same year, the former killing the latter. Sullivan was in Lilly's corner, not as a second but as an active partisan of the sailor. Lilly escaped from the authorities. His friend was less fortunate, and the pet of the Hibernians was arrested and convicted in Westchester County of being an accessory to the death of McCoy and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Political influence was brought to bear, after Jim had served a short time, and he was pardoned out by the Governor on condition that he should engage in no more prize fights. This he complied with as long as that particular Governor remained in office.

HOW SULLIVAN DEFEATED BOB CAUNT.

In January of 1847 Bob Caunt, brother of the ex-champion of England, Ben Caunt, arrived in New York, and had hardly got his sea legs off before he was asked and consented to stand up in front of Sullivan for \$300 a side. Jim was keeping at that time at No. 9 Chatham street, and during the intervening time between January and May literally coined money, as once more he was throwing down the gauntlet to an Englishman of considerable reputation, as he had six years previously done in the case of Hammer

Lane. The American boys gave him their sympathies, and the Hibernians their entire hearts and most of their spare cash. The parties who made the match for Caunt selected a spot near Harper's Ferry, Va., far enough distant from New York to insure the Britisher fair play and prevent any afterclaps of imprisonment. About 800 people went to see the fight. On this occasion Sullivan, who stood 5ft 10½ in., weighed 150lbs., and he was seconded by Tom O'Donnell and Johnny Lyng. Caunt's weight was 164lb., and he was waited upon by Jim Sanford and Mason Bennett. Betting, 100 to 40 on Sullivan, who had for his banner a bright green fogle, while Caunt's waist was encircled with a bluebird's eye.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. At the call of time Sullivan was so eager to commence work that he crossed the line and walked up to Caunt, his hands well up. As he reached Caunt the latter stepped back, hitting out with his left, which fell lightly on the breast of Sullivan, and then took another back step. Sullivan, following, led with his left, which Caunt stopped very finely; but Sullivan stepped up closer to him and succeeded in planting a smashing hit on his mouth, which started the blood in profusion (first blood for Sullivan). Caunt had by this time reached the ropes near his corner, and he made an effort to fight his way out, and he struck out left and right at Sullivan's head, but made very little impression, the blows of Yankee telling at every effort. There they fought to a close, when Sullivan succeeded in getting him on his hip, and threw him heavily, falling upon him. (This event, so unexpected, dampened the hopes of Caunt's friends, they relying much on his wrestling capabilities.)

2. Caunt led off and fought away with his left and right hands, Sullivan rushing after him, stopping his blows, and dealing out in return some of his beauty destroyers. Caunt retreated, striking Sullivan twice on the head, and taking a couple of hard ones in return. They made a turn round, Sullivan's back coming near the ropes; and as he rushed at Caunt, apparently full of venom, and determined to make the fight as short as possible, Caunt managed to get his right hand to tell on his head, staggering him for a moment to the ropes; but Caunt did not follow him in time to profit by this advantage, for Sullivan recovered himself and was at him again, shooting in his left and right fearfully on the face of Caunt, who fought on, doing all he knew, until they closed, when, in the struggle for the fall, Sullivan fell through the ropes and Caunt hung on them. (The ropes were very loose, and gave way so easily that Sullivan might attribute his fall to them more than to any manœuvring of his opponent.)

3. Sullivan jumped from his second's knee and quickly walked to the scratch; Caunt likewise appeared in a hurry, and as soon as the got in hitting distance fighting commenced, when some very firm stopping was made by both parties. Caunt would hit and retreat, Sullivan rapidly following him and nailing him severely in the face,

which was swelling very fast, and the blood flowing out of the Englishman very freely. They struck three times together—counter hits in the face. Sullivan's hits were very hard, while those of Caunt's, except the first one, amounted almost to nothing. A rally then ensued, and Sullivan threw Caunt and fell beside him. Caunt's face was now dreadfully mangled, the left cheek puffed up to an immense size, and a hole under the right eye was visible that had been made in this round.

4. Caunt came up, evidently determined to do something to try and turn the tide, which was strongly against him. Caunt rushed at Sullivan and was met with a flush left-handed hit on the upper lip and a hard right-hander on the side of the head; but, nothing daunted, he dashed out both hands, hitting Sullivan twice, although without much damage. A sharp rally then ensued, and as they closed Sullivan slipped and fell, Caunt, on his feet, standing over him; he then turned and walked over to his seconds.

5. On coming to the scratch Sullivan fell back, evidently to draw Caunt, but it would not do; he then went up and hit at him, and as soon as Caunt made fight he retreated again, when, finding these tactics did not take, he came up and dashed away at his opponent, who in turn gave way, Sullivan following him and punishing him severely. Caunt turned his head to spit out some blood, which Sullivan took advantage of, and struck him a tremendous hit on the front of the face, and rushed at him with his left and right handers, hitting very severely. Caunt rallied and caught Sullivan on the cheek and head. Sullivan dashed at him, Caunt retreated with his hands very low down, and appeared for the moment to forget what his business was in the ring. His seconds shouted at him, and he roused himself. Sullivan fought him to the ropes, where, in a rally and close, both of them, from the loose manner the ropes were put up, fell over on the outside.

6. Sullivan made a rush, and went to work with both hands, Caunt giving some and taking much. Sullivan rushed in so desperately at Caunt, who kept backing out, hitting as he retreated—his blows when they did reach doing but little injury—that he gave him no time to consider what to do. He drove him to the ropes, where they had a struggle, and Sullivan, supposing he had knocked him down, turned to go to his corner, but his attention being called to Caunt, who had staggered to the ropes and who was leaning on them, apparently unconscious, he rushed back and made a terrific lunge at Caunt with his left, which Caunt dodged. Sullivan struck him with his left hand, and Caunt got hold of him, and they had a struggle and both went down.

7. As Caunt rose from the knees of his second he was unsteady on his feet, while Sullivan seemed as fresh and vigorous as at the beginning; and as he came near Caunt he laughed at and derided him about the damaged condition of his face. This seemed to arouse Bob, who opened the ball, and at it they went, hit for hit, Sullivan driving him before him all around the ring until they reached the corner where the umpires were stationed, when Sullivan backed Caunt on the ropes; and the hitting on both sides here was very sharp, but that of Caunt was not strong enough to beat him back, and Sullivan punished him dreadfully. They then closed and had a struggle on the ropes, both of them hanging over them, doing nothing for a mo-

ment; after which they got away again, and Caunt put his leg around Sullivan's to throw him, holding him at the same time around the neck with the left hand. Sullivan endeavored to extricate himself, and in the effort Caunt fell, and "Foul" was shouted out by the seconds of Caunt and one of the umpires. "Fair!" shouted the other umpire, and the referee was appealed to. During this confusion the word "Time" was called by a dozen voices, and Sullivan went up to the scratch to renew the fight, and called for Caunt to come up, but Caunt's friends ordered him not to move from his place, that he had won the fight.

Sullivan's attendants, after waiting about sixteen seconds, took him in their arms and passed him out of the ring, claiming the fight for him, which the referee granted.

CAREER OF BOB CAUNT.

Born in England, 1824.

Height, 5ft. 10½in. Weight, 168lbs.

Beaten by Nobby Clark, £50, 7 rounds, 15m.; Kentish Marshes, Oct. 22, 1844.

Beaten by Burton, £100, 23 rounds, 48min.; Balsham Road, April 17, 1849.

Beaten by Yankee Sullivan.

Clark fought Tom Paddock, an old antagonist of Sayers. Burton fought a draw with Tass Parker, and was beaten by Jack Perry the black, who was looked upon as a formidable candidate for the English championship—then held by Bendigo—so much so that it is believed he was a victim to a plot which consigned him to banishment to Australia, where he defeated Hough some years later, G. Hough being a man of 6ft. 2in. in stature, and weighing near 200lbs.

TOM HYER'S VICTORY OVER SULLIVAN.

While victory perched on Sullivan's banner, there was a power at work to try, if possible, to turn the tables on Jim, certain parties seeing millions in it, if anyone could be found capable of downing the wily gentleman from Cork. The countrymen of Sullivan's were completely blind to the possibility of defeat, and the Irish-American element were even more so. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that, when a banter was thrown out by Topsy Maguire to feel his quondam friends on the Hyer question, Yankee's friends should back up their opinions with the dust. What added fuel to the flame was the two rivals, in politics and pugilism, meeting and having a rough-and-tumble fight in a restaurant on Broadway, opposite the Hall. "They *must*

fight," was the cry of the partisans, and Sullivan was so enraged and confident that he not only covered Toppý's bet to make a match, but agreed to the unheard-of stake proposed, \$10,000, and bound himself not to go down unless thrown or knocked down—the first match of the kind ever made here, although a similar contract was signed and carried out between Caunt and Brassy in England. The philosophical paper-seller, Toppý, now a New York reporter, never showed such diplomacy before, and he laughed in his sleeve at involving Sullivan in so dangerous a trap. Sullivan's best hold was trickery, and after Hyer's great fight with Country McCleester, Sept. 9, 1841, with an advantage of 3 inches in height and 30lbs. in weight, and six years younger, this to say the least, to a calm looker-on, looked like braggadocia. Sullivan, however, was all fight, like Sayers, height, weight, reach and youth being out of the question; in fact, he knew no such word as fail.

The eventful day came around, and both were glad, so confident were both of the result. Sullivan met Hyer on the 7th of February, 1849, after desperate efforts on the part of the Baltimore authorities to stop the fight, at Rock Point, Md. The weather was bitter cold, and the ground was covered with snow. Not over one hundred persons witnessed this memorable contest. Hyer's seconds were big Tom Burns and Joe Winrow; those of Sullivan's were Country McCleester and Johnny Lyng. The umpires were Henry Colton for Sullivan and J. J. Way for Hyer, Steve Wilson holding the bottle for Jim, and Larry Hyer for his brother Tom. The stakeholder was J. B. Frink, and the referee Steve Van Ostrand. Sullivan's colors were a green bird's eye, Hyer's the red, white and blue. Hyer won the first fall and first blood in the first round, but was brought to a sitting position in the third with a left-hander from Sullivan on the jaw. Hyer eventually won the battle in sixteen rounds, lasting 17min. 18sec., Sullivan being taken from the ring by John McCleester in a weak and demoralized condition.

People who saw the fight who have survived both principals say that Sullivan was stupefied by being thrown on his head early in the fight. Others are still strong in the belief or prejudice that Sullivan sold the battle. When it is taken into consideration, however, what a large stake

it was, the bitter animosity between them. Sullivan's contract about going down, Hyer's previous remark that he would give Jim but twelve feet to do his fighting in, etc., we are of the opinion that for once Yankee Sullivan met his superior in fair stand-up fighting. Had Jim been permitted to play the tricks he did on Secor and others, the story might have been different. For further particulars of this unexampled contest see the *Life and Battles of Tom Hyer*.

A little incident about Tom Hyer's California experience as a Forty-niner will not be amiss here. When Barnum's giant, Goshen, was a boy, he tended bar at the Eldorado Saloon in Frisco, and was astonished almost out of his growth by Hyer's attempting to drive a horse, on whose back he was mounted, clean through the bar-room from off the street. Several shots were fired at Hyer, and he was glad to retire, leaving shortly after for the more congenial localities of Park Row and the Bowery.

In March, 1852, Sullivan sent out for the Lazarus boys—Harry and Johnny—who had with their father, Izzy, taken London and Paris by storm as pugilistic phenomenons. After visiting the various sections under Sullivan's guardianship, the lads, who were aged respectively fourteen and twelve at that time, returned to England in June, and in September of the same year revisited New York with their parents, where Izzy, the father, and Harry, the eldest son, died—the former Sept. 26, 1867, the latter Jan. 3, 1865, from a stab inflicted by Barney Friery at No. 12 East Houston street.

HOW SULLIVAN LOST HIS FIGHT WITH MORRISSEY.

After John Morrissey's defeat of Bob McLaren, alias George Thompson, in California, he came East for the purpose of fighting Hyer. This, however, was not to be, and, thinking Morrissey spoiling for a fight, Jim Sullivan, who had become a bosom friend of Hyer's in the meantime, took the job off Hyer's hands, and said he would fight just once more. Both being Irish rather mixed the gang up, but, with Morrissey's usual good fortune, he found lots of supporters. This match was, like the other, at catch weight, and for the championship. The battle was for \$1,000 a side, and took place at Boston Four Corners Oct

12, 1853. Morrissey stood 5ft. 11½in., was about eighteen years the younger man, and fully 30lbs. heavier than the Old Man. Morrissey's colors were the red, white and blue, Sullivan's a black fogle with black cords. The seconds of Morrissey were Tom O'Donnell and Awful Gardner (the converted pugilist), Sullivan being looked after by Andy Sheehan and Billy Wilson.

They fought 37 rounds in 55 minutes. Sullivan got first blood in the first round, and otherwise sadly disfigured Morrissey, dropping in every round except the last, when a general melee ensued, and when time was called Morrissey toed the scratch while Sullivan was engaged in a sort of free fight on his own account. The referee, Charley Allaire, awarded the battle and stakes to John Morrissey. Johnny Lyng was stakeholder; Bill Poole acting as umpire for Sullivan, and Alec Devo for Morrissey.

The real facts were that Sullivan could not finish Morrissey, such was the latter's gluttony, and hence the breaking up of the fight in a row. This even Morrissey's enemies admit, and, had it not been so, the money would never have been given up without legal protest. The Life of John Morrissey has further particulars of the affair.

SULLIVAN'S APPEARANCE, ETC.

Anyone who ever saw Jim Sullivan once could never forget him, and in every city he visited he became a conspicuous object of peculiar interest. His close-cropped, bullet-like head, not unlike the head of a ram, except the horns; fierce, glaring gray eyes; high cheek bones, flat nose, determined mouth, square chin; close-shaved, freckled face; reddish-brown hair, prominent ears and thick neck, made him the beau-ideal of a fighter. His close-fitting, bottle-green velvet cut-away coat, tight-legged corderoys, high cut vest, spotted scarf and cluster diamond pin, protruding shirt collar and straight broad-brimmed plug hat, were decidedly Sullivan-like. He carried very little flesh, had a jaunty, springy, devil-may-care air, and when not in liquor was a clever sort of man, with an open heart for those not always too worthy. Jim Sullivan gave the writer, while at 82½ Chatham street, instructions in the Manly Art in return for our wielding the pen in his interest, and he was never so happy as when he had on the mittens.

CAREER IN CALIFORNIA.

Not relishing the atmosphere of prison life, incurred from his fight with Morrissey at Lennox, Mass., Sullivan did not remain long around the scene of his principal exploits, but, leaving his saloon, at No. 82½ Chatham street, to be run by his brother-in-law, Patsy Hurley, took the steamer for California. He struck San Francisco, but again got the restless fever, and migrated to the Sandwich Islands, locating at Honolulu, and while there being engaged to teach the noble art to King Kamehamaha, who himself was one of the b'hoys, living in clover, with ebony princesses for company. He again went to the Golden Gate, where he became a great politician and gambler, and as such, with his pugilistic reputation, he was a power and terror for miles around. Upon the formation of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco Sullivan was living at Sacramento and not aware that a price had been set on the heads of Billy Mulligan, Dutch Charley and himself by the Vigilanters, under the leadership of Chief Meyers, who took the law in their own hands.

The assassination of James King, of William, at the time editor of *The Bulletin*, for alleged slander, at the hands of Jim Casey, a noted gambler, was the signal for the Vigilanters to form, and Casey was at once handed over to the sheriff, Dave Scannel. He was not allowed to lie long in jail; the Committee, being refused the keys of the prison by brave Scannel, the doors were broken in and the unprotected Casey taken out, together with Charley Cora, imprisoned for fatally stabbing Col. Stevenson, and for whom, through the exertions of Belle Cora and \$20,000, a new trial had been granted. Both were marched to the Committee Rooms, guarded by mounted armed men, with cannon bringing up the rear, and swung from cross-beams in sight of the infuriated mob. This caused all those spotted to give 'Frisco a wide berth, on foot, horseback, by steam, or any way they could, for the safer city of Sacramento, which had not caught the Vigilance fever. Had Sullivan stayed there he would have been safe enough, but he insisted upon going to his friend Casey's funeral in spite of the protestations of Ned McGowan, Tom Riley and others having influence over him at ordinary times. He went to the funeral and was arrested that very afternoon. J. C. Heenan and James Cusick had more sense,

DEATH OF SULLIVAN.



and gave San Francisco a wide berth, as did scores of others, equally as good friends of Casey.

No one was better known than Sullivan in 'Frisco, and he was arrested the day he arrived, and at the point of the bayonet marched to the rooms of the Committee. A strong guard was kept night and day, some of the shrewder but less principled members of the gang joining hands with the Vigilanters, to save their own necks when they saw the Committee meant business. The time Sullivan is alleged to have committed suicide by opening an artery in his left arm with a table knife (not a very likely article to allow such a man to have in such a crisis) one of the Committee men on guard was a well-known New York gambler, named Jessel, with whom Jim had quarrelled and licked in a gambling place on the corner of Chatham and Chambers streets. This man swore vengeance when the time come. That time had come—the old grudge was renewed. A fierce quarrel ensued in trying to handcuff him, and Sullivan attempted to break his back by taking him across his knees, chained as he was. Others rushed to the relief of the guard, who thereupon, rushing at Sullivan with his bowie knife, cut a terrible gash in his arm, and he was left to bleed to death.

This occurred May 31, 1856. This information we obtained from a man who occupied the adjoining room to that of Sullivan's, and was corroborated by many parties well known to us.

In 1858 there was a strong reaction at the outrages the Committee had been guilty of, and under the auspices of Jim Molloy an immense sporting exhibition was got up in San Francisco, at which all the leading sporting men assisted. The object was to raise money to erect a monument to the memory of Sullivan, which was done, and upon his tombstone was engraved the following unmistakable, outspoken verdict of a large majority of the people of that city.

"Sacred to the Memory of James Sullivan, who died at the hands of the V. C. Aged 45 years."

This monument still stands, unaltered, at the Mission Dolores Catholic Cemetery of San Francisco. Sullivan was married to a woman in California, by whom leaving one child. We believe, however, that everyone of his kith and kin have since passed away.

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