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JOHN L. DEFEATED.

A Ferocious Encounter Between the Two Great Pugilists of the World.

A PITIABLE SIGHT IN THE ARENA.

Detailed Account of How It Happened, —Corbett Gets a Little Fortune.

By Telegraph to the News.

SULLIVAN BEATEN.

The Championship of the World Won by Corbett.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 7.—The laurels have shifted. John L. Sullivan has had some new assailant, so has Jake Kilrain. One has been knocked off the pedestal of pugilistic championship and the other climbed into his place.

The California heavyweight, Corbett, has knocked out the champion, John L. Sullivan, and won, besides, some $25,000. It seems as if Corbett won easily. The impression left is that Sullivan was at no moment in sight of success. Are the facts what were the conditions of the men? Corbett, the winner, at the moment of victory, was keen, quick, alert and unmarked by bruise or blood. His face was aglow with steady interest. His face were a half smile and he was ready to attack his foe with ferocious zest had his foe been able to die. This was the condition of the man.

Sullivan was reeking with blood, swollen and bruised. These were the evidences of defeat, and it was when these had been established that the uncle shifted and a new man was born into the championship.

Why was Sullivan defeated? He had himself contributed to the causes of his downfall. Had his life had no excess Sullivan would have been able to struggle more effectively to retain his prestige. He is credited with being a man at 24 as boastrous of utmost use at that age. His face is furrowed not alone by years but also by the methods of his living. His ponderous body bears the traces not alone of time but of his living. His strength is not comparable with that of his foe, it could not be. There was a circumstance of age and wide freedom which could not be trained away without impairing the man.

Sullivan, too, was over-confident. He had been condemnatious of needful measures for his perfect condition. He was Sullivan, and Sullivan could not lose in battle. Corbett has taught him otherwise, and Sullivan, standing with eight years less of life's inevitable wear, he had conserved his powers, perfected his methods of their use, meanwhile, confident that he would become captain of his mind. He has a capital of brawn and muscle on which to build up a fortune of victory and reputation. It may not be carelessly said that Corbett, at twenty-six years of age, is a better man than Sullivan was at that age. But assuming they were as equally good men as equal as the sculptor of his victory comes back to the fact that while some men of thirty-four may whip some men at twenty-six, the elder man being victor must be one who added his own methods of diplomacy to those which silent years so surely employ.

Sullivan came forward tonight into the glare of twenty electric lights, his muscles in perfect state of those who will not train now. He easily believed in himself, why should they not? The champion believed in himself. While they yelled with worshipping plaudits, he sat down in his corner and with easy indolence scanned the powerful fellow opposite. Somehow the change in humor in the eager attention trainers follow upon their champion and tonight while Sullivan enjoyed this, his heavy form sagged down as he sat smiling the greetings of his friends. Sullivan's abdomen swells of flesh on his abdomen filled far over the edge of his firmly drawn belt. It should not have been the vanity of age, for the man tonight should have been in the prime of his years. Was it the distraction nearly following wine suppers and hot dinners of rich food? Who shall say?

While sitting thus under the eyes of onlookers whose scrutiny was sharpened by their money interests, Sullivan was in turn studying his foe. And what did he see? In the opposite corner, out of which all victors in the Olympic Club have gone to victory, there sat a beautiful fellowship of human flesh and bone. Sullivan saw the smiling and confident face. He saw a neck that had poise and strength. He saw a chest deep enough to hold a bathtub. He saw a pair of outward shoulders, there piled masses of muscle and glided beneath the skin; he beheld outstretched upon the ropes, while the trainers did their service, a pair of arms, long as those of a windmill, banded with driving muscles, with the blood and nerve of youth. The champion beheld a foe whose aspirations were clean cut, round in its case. There was no address to clog his lungs or impair the freedom of his action. Like a racer was Corbett's torso, solid, balanced physically at every point, unless, indeed, his lung skin, which seemed a trifle light for his muscular shoulders and body. But those who doubted the power of his under-limbs could not know how the steel they had been tempered to resist without breaking under stress and tension. Doubters learned later what iron there lay along the slender columns that should uphold the man.

The Sullivan people came to the ring first. They took carriages at the hotel before 7 o'clock, and drove leisurely down with a string of backs. Sullivan looked strong and fine as silk, etc. He walked with a jaunty air and seemed so easy with the line of people entering at the time that no one noticed him. In the toes for corners Corbett won and choose the lucky one that Dixon and McAuliffe fought in. Corbett followed in the wake of the champion, coming in fifteen minutes later. When his party pulled up in front of the door step the street was cleared and the crowds opened into the building. Corbett came in first with a light step and a face wreathed in smiles.

The first sign of the coolest for the championship of America came in the person of police captain Barrett, who went into the ring five minutes to 9 o'clock. The scales on which the gloves were weighed were laid beside the center of the pool. Ex-Mayor Guilfoil who acted as master of ceremonies entered the ring a few minutes later and made a speech warning the spectators to be careful and not violate any rules of the club.

Sullivan entered the ring first, dressed in green tights and blue shoes and socks. He looked to perfect condition. Corbett followed a moment later, looking pale and finely drawn beside his bulky antagonist. He wore an air of confidence, however, and smiled and nodded to acquaintances around the ring, though he was said by some people to be a little nervous. Police Captain Barrett stepped to the centre of the ring and presented Professor John Duffy as referee from Lowell and Indianapolis. John Donaldson and Billy Delaney were announced as Corbett's seconds, with Bat Masterson as timekeeper. Charles Johnson and Jack McAuliffe were seconds for John L. Sullivan, and Frank Stone time keeper. The gloves were weighed and found to be according to law and they were given to the fighters. In the parley which was held in the centre of the ring Corbett and Sullivan were cautioned by the referee not to use their heads in fighting. Sullivan said he would not. Corbett said he would be careful. Both men were ready to fight like men. At the finish what were the conditions of the men? Corbett, the winner, at the moment of victory, was keen, quick, alert and unmarked by bruise or blood. His face was aglow with steady interest. His face were a half smile and he was ready to attack his foe with ferocious zest had his foe been able to die. This was the condition of the man.

When Sullivan fell the referee began to count and Sullivan moved, rolled over, got on one knee and both hands and tried to rise, while Corbett advanced to punish him more should he succeed. But it was useless. The great bulk of which had been the champion reeled and again went down, and the "ten and out" of the referee told that the battle was over. A more pitiable sight is seldom seen. Corbett leaped then and helped to lift Sullivan to his chair. Sullivan could not recognize him. His head rolled helplessly. Corbett shook the hand and he did not know it. His ear had set. A new one had risen.

DETAILS OF THE FIGHT.

First round—The battle commenced at 9:15. Both men stepped lightly to the center of the ring. Sullivan immediately became aggressor. He made a left lead and was stopped. Corbett caused all about his opponent, eyeing him closely. Sullivan made a rush but Corbett stopped it with a straight left hander, but Jim would not bite. Sullivan looked vicious as he played for the opening. He attempted a left-handed stomach punch but the blow fell short. Corbett followed his man but the latter slipped away. The gong sounded and not a blow was landed by either man.

Second round—Sullivan was still the aggressor. Sullivan uppercut Jim and touched him again with his left hand for a little later. Jim eyed his man closely, and when Sullivan would rush the Californian would sidestep. Sullivan landed a heavy right on his shoulder but received a stomach punch in return.

Third round—Corbett backed away from a heavy lunge and Sullivan followed him about the ring, trying for his stomach. Jim's head missed a heavy left-hander and Sullivan landed a light left on the mouth which brought blood and a smile from the champion. Sullivan looked very lively.

Ninth round—Sullivan was pulling and both exchanged good lefts. Sullivan received a fight one on the ear and got another on the nose, but exchanged smiles a little with his right. Jim landed a heavy left on the nose and both men hugged each other in a clinch. Sullivan was missing many blows now, though when he did hit it was twice as heavy as his antagonist's. Jim had the better of Sullivan.

Tenth round—Sullivan attempted a left on the blow was very short. He followed his opponent, however, and both exchanged lefts. Corbett's right found the champion's head and the left got there a moment later, but the champion landed on the head in return. This was a great fight so far and Corbett apparently had the admiration of the crowd as he was doing the most of the work when the round closed. Corbett was hastily cheered.

Eleventh round—Both landed good blows and Sullivan got behind second from the force of a left. Corbett showed great ability even at clinching his more bulky opponent. Sullivan was extremely cautious though he got a crushing clinch on the nose. Jim tried to deliver a heavy right and missed and the champion was forced to the ropes to avoid it. Sullivan received a punch in the stomach from the left and got it again a moment later.

Twelfth round—Sullivan was last to respond and when he did he got a left in the stomach. He got it again very heavily and a repetition a moment later. Sullivan landed a fairly good blow with the right, though he got a heavy left in return. Jim landed another on the stomach and ran away. The calling Californian landed a good left on the head, but the champion stopped a right with his shoulder. Sullivan made a second rush and Corbett stopped him in the stomach with a left. The champion's head was forced back twice from two heavy left handers and the round closed with both of Corbett's hands in Sullivan's stomach.

Thirteenth round—Jim was first up again, nudging the usual left hand from the champion. He stepped away from a left a moment later and the men boxed scientifically for the opening. Sullivan could not draw his antagonist on with left hand feints, but he barely touched his body with a left. The men's toes touched, they stood so close, and Sullivan attempted to land a left on the mouth in return. Jim landed a heavy left on Sullivan's head and the latter went to his corner looking tired.

Seventh round—Corbett walked right up to Sullivan and barely avoided a left hand punch, the champion trying for the jaw. Corbett also tried for the jaw but the jury Corbett was not there. The champion landed two light blows on the head and Corbett sent in a hot shot from the left. He jabbed Sullivan's nose continually on the nose in the round and blood flowed freely. Jim was cheered to the echo for his skillful fighting. Sullivan was forced on the ropes by a heavy right on the jaw and just as the gong sounded received a heavy left on the jaw.

Eighth round—Sullivan landed a light left on the stomach and received a left on the mouth. Jim was now the aggressor. Sullivan hit Corbett in a clinch and the audience yelled "foul." Both exchanged heavy lefts, but Jim's head missed a mighty right. Jim barely escaped a right and sent a left on the champion's stomach, forcing him to the ropes. Jim landed a heavy left on the mouth which brought blood and a smile from the champion. Sullivan looked very tired