

SULLIVAN ON THE FIGHT.

He Thinks That Mitchell Will Give Corbett a Great Battle.

It Will Be a Long Fight, and It Is Hard to Pick the Winner—If Corbett Wins He Must Meet Jackson—
—Sporting News.

In his dressing room, after the play, yesterday afternoon John L. Sullivan chatted for a time in his own peculiar style. He has not the art of "chatting" down to a fine point. It is a trifle out of his line. A word is enough of an answer for some questions, and at the next he will explode. As his valet rubbed him down yesterday he looked wonderfully big, and very fat. He says he has been much heavier, and that he weighs now only 257 pounds—but they are evidently very heavy pounds. Aside from the surplus of fat, Sullivan is undoubtedly in good condition. His eye is bright, and there is not a mark or blemish on his body. Sullivan considers himself an actor now, and would rather talk of the stage than of the prize ring. "None of the theatrical companies were doing what they should do this season," he said, and added that it had not been nearly as good with him as last. "Still I'm not losing any money," said he, "and I have no kick coming. What the people want nowadays is a play at which they can take off their coats and collars, and just laugh from the time the curtain goes up until it goes down. They don't want to follow any plot. I'm going to have a new play myself next year."

When the conversation had been switched to fights and fighters the big 'un was asked his opinion of the coming Mitchell-Corbett fight. "That is going to be a long fight," said he, "and it is very difficult to pick the winner. Both men are quick and both of them are scenced. Now, they talk about Mitchell being too old. That is rank rot. He is only 32, and that is not too old for anything. Now, I am 35, and I never was better in my life. The only trouble with me is that I flesh up and don't train hard enough. There is the whole thing in fighting—is training. It would take me a year to get into form now. Mitchell is in fine form, I understand. I have not seen him for a year, but he has changed much since I knew him first. He has filled out and got much bigger and stronger. The last time I saw him he weighed 204 pounds. He is a powerful man and a good fighter."

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Sullivan thinks that the big fight will be held at Roby, Ind. "The club has got its fight with the governor won," said he, "and he cannot prevent the fight being held. If he orders out the militia the club can get an injunction, and the governor will find that he cannot ride over the supreme court. I don't take any stock in the talk about the fight being taken across the water," he continued. "I don't think Corbett would ever consent to it. He would have friends enough to prevent his doing so. They can talk all they want to about brotherly and sisterly feeling, but it is the history of the ring that an American never had a square deal in England."

"I suppose that Jackson will claim a go with the winner, which ever it is?" was suggested, and then Sullivan got excited. "Well, if Charley Mitchell wins it won't do him any good to challenge him," he burst out. "Mitchell is like I am. He would not fight him. He would not fight any one but a white man. He never has and why should he commence?" and with a few more words he indorsed his own and Mitchell's position in the matter. "But if Corbett wins," he went on, "he will have to fight him. The black fellow can fight. I ain't saying he can't; but, I say, let them fight among themselves. But Corbett has fought him once, and if he wins he will have to fight Jackson, or give up his claims to the championship," and then in highly ornamental language Mr. Sullivan expressed it as his most decided opinion that a white man who would meet a black man in the ring ought to get whipped, and whipped very badly.

Asked about Dixon, he said good humorously: "Well, I'll tell you, I guess we will have to build something to whip him. There ain't anything built to his size that seems able to do it."

"McAuliffe?" he went on. "Ah, there is the boy. He will make 'em all guess who comes his way. He is undoubtedly the best of his weight."

Asked jokingly if he would referee the Corbett-Mitchell fight, if asked to, he said he could not think of it, and that his theatrical engagements were such that he was afraid that he would not get to see it.