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PINKNEY ROLLINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

JOHN'S WIFE.

BY EMMA BASSETT.

A young wife stood with her hand on her broom,
And looked around the little room.
"Nothing but toil, forever," she said,
"From early morn till the light has fled.
If you were only a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow."
Pegging away, spoke shoemaker John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And quietly passed her hand o'er his hair.
"You never have time for me, now," she said,
And a tear drop fell on the low bent head.
"If we were only rich, my dear,
With nothing to do from year to year,
But amuse each other—oh, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be."
Looking up from his ledger, spoke merchant John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A stately form, in velvet dressed—
A diamond gleaming on her breast:
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"Till I sometimes wish that I were dead.
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be once more the poor man's bride,"
From his easy chair, spoke gentleman John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

[From the New York Globe.]

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

What it Costs to Eat, Drink and Sleep "Respectably" in New York.

Incredible as it seems, there must be more than 10,000 families in this city who keep up an establishment in fashionable style, and spend at least $10,000 a year. Ten thousand families—a hundred millions a year! The figures will seem impossible, but here is incontrovertible proof. The number on Fifth avenue exceeds 750; those on Madison avenue exceed 570. There are between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets alone forty-five side streets that will fairly average 150 houses between Sixth avenue and Fourth avenue, the boundaries of fashion. These alone would give 7,000, and with Fifth and Madison avenues over 8,000. And now we have to include Lexington avenue, Park avenue, the streets beyond Fifty-ninth street, and the other fashionable localities scattered over the city—and the number of four-story brown stone front houses will easily reach 1,300, which would leave our calculation far too low. Some of the men who keep up these establishments are poor. There is many

A POOR FELLOW ON A SALARY

of perhaps $5,000 a year—for a man of $5,000 a year is poor in New York—who lives in a new brown stone front house on a fashionable side street. He has to keep, at the very least, four servants: a cook, a scully maid, who helps her and may do at the same time the laundry work, an up-stairs girl and—if he has children (poor people mostly do have children)—a nurse. He pays $3,000 rent for the house, and, after he has paid his servants, has nothing left to live on. Nevertheless, it costs him $10,000 to live. How can he do it? He does do it, no matter if he can or no. People live recklessly in New York, and in the vain struggle of emulation they go far beyond their means. They starve themselves, as some Italian nobles do—to keep up grand state before the world. Your readers will scarce believe it, and here in many a family the food is scanty because of the carriage being elegant; that many a lady on Fifth avenue has nothing to wear at home because she gives parties in which she likes to be gorgeously dressed. There is nothing of the morbid extravagance of New York in your staid city. People in St. Louis do not, as a class, make fools of themselves because they see others fool away a great deal of money. Here they do, as a class.

FASHIONABLE HOTELS.

There are ten hotels here, kept on the European plan, in each of which some 100 persons board. These families pay for a suite of rooms, consisting of parlor and bedroom, from $15 to $30 a day. This price is paid, no matter whether the guests stay a week or two years. In the Grand Hotel there are a few suites which are higher—$300 a week. But the average is not so high. You can get two good sized rooms in most of the European hotels for $200 a week, or $10,000 a year. In regard to your meals, you pay for peas 50c; for a cup of coffee 50c. An examination of the restaurant bills in one of these hotels gave the following result: Average for breakfast (one person,) $3; for dinner, $10 or $11; for supper, about $5 or $6. A whole family can live somewhat cheaper, for of some of the dishes, as for instance beef, an order for one will bring enough for two. But on the whole, the result is the same. A family of three persons, living economically, spend easily between $30 and 40 a day on their meals, which would amount in the year to more than $10,000.

$10,000 FOR TWO MEALS AND $10,000 FOR TWO ROOMS,

makes $20,000. Most of the families boarding in these hotels keep carriages; they give little dinner parties—evening entertainments they are excused from in consideration of these good dinners; they spend the summer in Europe, or at watering places; their girls have the most fashionable dressmakers and best masters. It costs them $40,000 or $50,000 to eke out their existence. They might have a grand brown stone front house for $10,000 a year, but then they would be afflicted by a dozen servants. You ask one of the boarders of the hotel, "Why don't you keep house?" and you will find that in most cases a woman is at the bottom of this extravagance. Either she is in "delicate health," or she cannot get along with the "help." And so they leave their home, and its privacy and independence, to get into two apartments, and to pay for them a price with which they could rent a palace. But the society of the hotel recompensates them. There are

HANDSOME YOUNG LORDS

and dashing young bucks of the Union League club coming there all the time, who are sure to admire them when they come down to dinner in grand state, and who will keep them company if they should get lonely in the absence of their husbands. It is a delightful life to one who likes to do nothing. A woman in "delicate health" will find here rest and deliverance from all household trouble. There are plenty of good rocking chairs in which they can recuperate by the delightful motion. The only burden of theirs is dress. They submit to the trouble for the sake of evading others, and gladly dress three times a day for the company of admiring young gentlemen and curious young ladies waiting for their appearance in the restaurant.

LUXURIOUS LESSONS EASILY LEARNED.

Two of the most extravagant of these hotels have been but recently built, and their number is still on the increase. It is now ten. They depend more on permanent boarders than on transient custom, which is absorbed by the great many hotels on the American plan. Only those people who would not like the best of American hotels for being too cheap and too democratic, or Europeans who prefer to live in their accustomed style, go to the European hotels. There they can

SPEND EASILY FIFTY DOLLARS A DAY.

We have been apt in learning the art of luxurious living from Europeans, and in these European hotels no one sits down to a dinner without his wine. Great many have a friend to dinner, and then it is the easiest thing in the world to spend $25 at a dinner. Grand Dukes and Princes, stopping at the Buckingham Palace Hotel, may pay as much; but it is for a week or two. Here people pay the extravagant prices for years; they make it an every-day matter. Indeed, New York is the only place where such a thing is known. Neither London nor Paris has such boarding hotels, although the first named Democratic city vies with the splendor of our hotel aristocracy in its very "swelly" clubs. In the summer the boarders all go away. They go to Europe, to Newport, or Saratoga, or their country seats. Of late it has become more and more the fashion to go to Europe in preference to a watering-place. In New York it has become a regular item of the household, $5,000 for a three months' trip to Europe. There are many families here who have not missed a single summer for eight or ten years, if we except last year.

AMERICAN COUNTRY SEATS IN EUROPE.

Traveling abroad becomes cheaper the more American families learn the ways of Europe, and some of our wealthy men earnestly think of buying a pretty place on the Rhine or on the lakes of North Italy, whither they could go every summer. The plan is feasible, and will be tried soon by several gentlemen who have found it convenient to provide new places of residence for their families while in Europe. It would have obvious advantages with regard to the noble sport of Count hunting, which our ladies of Fifth avenue delight in. A lady whose husband died recently, just left her home on Fifth avenue to go

ABROAD IN SEARCH OF A DUKE.

She will go to Italy where the commodity is to be found in plenty, and thinks of buying a pretty villa, and living there until she achieves her object. How her friends here will envy her, how they will chafe at Madame la Duchesse. It has been noticeable how large a number of New York ladies go to spend considerable time in Europe without the protection of males. Married ladies take their grown-up daughters, and leave their husbands behind to earn the money they are going to spend, just as they go to Saratoga without their husbands. Americans trust their wives everywhere; and let them willingly stay at a hotel, go to Saratoga, or dash off to Europe, as they please. They all contribute to the glittering show of Vanity Fair, in which New York has now only two rivals—Paris and London. We owe it to them that it now costs

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO LIVE "RESPECTABLY,"

that is to say on Fifth avenue. In this sum we do not include the rent of the house, which would certainly swell the amount to $30,000. How this enormous sum of the interest of which may a family of refined tastes could subsist—is expended, is easily demonstrated. A first-class establishment on Fifth avenue has eleven or twelve servants; a man cook, with three female assistants, scullery-maid, etc.; a man that waits on the table; a laundress; a coachman and a footman—the latter may help waiting on the table, as his duties on the box are not very arduous—a stable man; two or three girls for the up stairs work, and, if there are children in the family, a nurse. The

OUTLAY IN CARRIAGES AND HORSES

alone amount to $10,000 a year. The three or four carriages which these families keep, one for morning, one for evening, one for the afternoon, one for the drive, the park, etc., want renewing very often in New York, where the different styles succeed each other as rapidly as fashions do, and where carriages are not kept so long in the family as in Europe. There my lady's coach that was bought ten years ago is good enough still now; here Mrs. Snooks wants one at least every year. Then comes the change in horses. Every one wants to have a faster span horses, and fancy prices are paid for horses which are an enormous expense. If anything $5,000 will be below the average spent on the change in horses, and the same amount for stable expenses; renewing of carriages, buying new ones, etc., is quite reasonable. With regard to the other expenses, they depend on individual tastes and habits; but they all have the best masters for their children; at least half a dozen big parties in winter; the most fashionable dressmakers for the young ladies; their country seat or their three months' trip to Europe; they have to feed twelve servants, and where will the $15,000 be when they come to the end of the year?

THE UPPER FIVE OF THE UPPER TEN.

Of such families—families that spend between $25,000 to $30,000 a year—there are about a thousand in New York. It would be impossible to assertain the exact figures, but the above figure is a result of considerable research, and to be relied on as very near approximating the fact. Easier it it to give a very close figure as to the families spending between $50,000 and $60,000 a year. There are about sixty or seventy such families. Our figures would stand thus: 10,000 or 13,000 families that spend $10,000 a year; 1,000 that spend between $20,000 and $30,000 a year, and 60 or 70 whom it costs $50,000 a year to live. These are the figures that explain those gorgeous dresses you see at parties; those princely apartments with all the luxuries of the East and West; the endless tide of magnificent carriages and horses that flow in the park; that gay and splendid life which has made New York the Paris of America—a city of luxury and frivolty.

The organ of the intractable Democracy of Ohio, the Napoleon North West, says Governor Hoffman is "played out." The Republicans set a trap for him and caught him. This great newspaper puts up one Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and puts down two, as follows: "It is our firm belief that Mr. Pendleton is by far the strongest man spoken of for President. As to Hendricks, he has no strength out of Indiana, and he owes all the little prominence he has to the puffs of the Republican press. Hancock is not to be thought of. He was a party to the military murder of widow Surratt."

FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT

Twenty Persons Killed and Fifty Wounded.

A despatch from Boston on the 26th ult., says: A frightful accident occurred on the Eastern railroad at 8.15 P. M. The Beverly accommodation train started behind time, and while stopping at the station at Revere a Bangor express train overtook it, killing twenty passengers outright and wounding some forty or fifty more. The cars took fire, and two or three were consumed. Most of the wounded are scalded and their limbs fractured. A large number of physicians and surgeons were in attendance. The killed and wounded belonged mostly to Lynn and Salem. In the depot lie twenty-one dead bodies, eighteen men and three woman.

At the time of the collusion, the accommodation train for Beverly had its red signal behind, and the red signal was hoisted at the mast-head of the signal post for the express train to hold up, which it did at Everett, but subsequently proceeded, and was under full headway when near Revere station, the engineer evidently not being aware of the proximity of the Beverly train until, perhaps, within sixty rods of it. He then whistled "down brakes," but not soon enough to avert the calamity.

On came the express train at great velocity, and the engine struck the rearmost car in full in the centre, forcing its way in a telescope manner two thirds the length of the car. The smoke stack was instantly knocked off and the boiler penetrated all of the distance named, into the rear car; the rear part of the latter being smashed into a thousand splinters, throwing the debris out on either side of the engine. Of the rear half of the car not a fragment as big as a house window could be found. The fore part of the engine was utterly demolished; its pistons bent, and its rods broken. The car was crowded with with people, every seat being occupied and many standing in the aisle. In among these the locomotive rushed as quick as a flash, just as the Beverly train had started, mangling and killing in the most frightful manner. Simutaneously with the collision the head cape of the boiler was broken, and in an instant the wretched sufferers were shrouded in a cloud of hissing steam, and deluged with boiling water, which brought death to many of the wounded and fatally injured others who would probably not have been otherwise seriously injured. The lamps sprinkled their contents, and the fire, if there was any, was undoubtedly extinguished by the water and steam.

Bithough the Beverly train was just moving when the collision took place, its motion did not prevent injury to the cars in front of the last. The cupplings between the two rear cars broke, and the platforms of all of them were jammed up together, with the smoking car overlapping the baggage car, and the roofs and timbers were inextricably mixed and interwoven. Fortunately the wreck was not so great but that the passengers succeeded in getting ont quite speedily. It is well that they did so for the kerosene lamps were upset and the contents spilled upon the upholstery, and, in an instant, the smoking car was in a blaze. Three of the cars were soon enveloped in flames. The work of rescuing the victims was at once begun, assistance being soon furnished from Charleston, and, at a late hour, from Boston.

Dozens of the poor creatures were jammed with the wood and iron work, and could not be gotten out. The axe was applied vigorously, and soon a rope was applied to the sides of the car, all the remaining framework was pulled asunder and the dead and mangled bodies were taken out carefully and speedily and placed on the platform. Some were pinned with splinters; some had arms and legs broken, and others were mangled beyond recognition. A coroner't jury was summoned to-day by Dr. J. B. Forsyth, of Chelsea, which, after viewing the bodies, adjourned until to-morrow afternoon.

The total number of injured is between thirty and forty, most of whom are likely to recover. The dead were removed from the scene of the accident this afternoon. Dr. Garnett was recognized to-day at noon. He was killed by his chest being crushed. He was the well-known pastor of the Arlington-street Church. He was formerly a collegian of the late Dr. Bheney and a man whose loss will be severely felt by the community.

Dr. Mason, of Cambridgeport, was also a man of note, and greatly beloved by his congregation.

Public sentiment throws a fearful responsibility upon the conductor and engineer of the express train. The engineer escaped with a few bruises by jumping from the train.

The acomodation train was three-quarters of an hour late, which fact, it is said, was known to the managers of the express train.

Bathing Under Difficulties.

Out in Ohio, some time since, twenty Baptist clergymen, who were attending a convention, went down to a secluded spot on the river bank in the afternoon for the purpose of taking a swim. These score of brethren removed their clothing and placed it upon the railroad track close at hand, because the grass was wet. Then they entered the water and enjoyed themselves. Presently an express train came around the curve at the rate of forty miles an hour, and before any of the swimmers could reach dry land all their undershirts and socks and things were fluttering from the cow-catcher and speeding onward toward Kansas. It was painful for the brethren—exceedingly painful—bacause all the clothing that could be found, after a careful search, was a sun umbrella and a pair of eye glasses. And they do say that when those twenty marched home by the refulgent light of the moon that evening, in single file and keeping close together, the most familiar acquaintance with the Zouave drill, on the part of the man at the head with the umbrella, still hardly sufficed to cover them completely. They said they felt conspicuous, somehow, and the situation was all the more embarrassing, because all the Dorcas societies and woman's rights conventions, and the pupils at the female boarding schools, seemed to be prancing around the streets and running across the route of the parade. Most of the brethren are now down on immersion and altogether in favor of the use of water only in sprinkling.

Gen. Garibaldi has been invited by the citizens of Rome to take part in the fetes to be given there on the 20th of September, to commemorate the entry of the Italian army into the Eternal City. He will certainly be present if his health will permit.

B. C. Cook, Representative in Congress from the Sixth Illinois District, has resigned. The vacancy will be filled at the November election.

The Weekly Pioneer.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1871.

GENERAL NEWS.

A man walking on the beach below San Francisco, on the 11th instant, noticed a bag lying in the water, and, drawing it out and opening it, was horrified to find that it contained four ghastly human heads.

Ford C. Barksdale, editor of *Our Society*, a New York journal, was committed to the Toombs Saturday, to await examination for the alleged passing of a forged check.

Charles Lyndsay, aged 21, was drowned in an attempt to save two boys who were thrown from a boat in Bristol harbor Sunday. He swam with one boy to the shore, but, in returning for the other, his strength failed and he sank.

Joe Baxter, who served two terms in the Ohio penitentiary, was arrested in Cincinnati Saturdad night, and held for a requisition from Missouri. He is charged with robbing a United States express messenger six years ago of $30,000.

A white man named Lyon was shot and killed last Thursday night in Wilson county, Tennessee, by a negro into whose house he was attempting to force his way. Lyon was in disguise, and accompanied by some fifteen others, all masked.

About 2 o'clock Sunday while a young man, a resident of Chelsea, was standing on the platform of a car, viewing the ruins at Revere, the car started and threw him off. He struck his head upon a rail, and it is supposed he is fatally injured.

Jacob Lansing, treasurer of Christ Church, New York, is reported to be a defaulter. An examination of his accounts reveals a deficit of $6,000, which may swell to a much larger sum. Mr. Mr. Lansing is a merchant, and has hitherto borne a good reputation.

Sunday night, at 209 Canton avenue, Baltimore, Peter Fowble assaulted his wife and daughter-in-law with an old navy cutlass and inflicted severe wounds about their heads and faces. He was arrested and committed. While the turnkeys were searching him for concealed weapons, previous to locking him up, he suddenly drew a pistol, and, placing the muzzle at his mouth, pulled the trigger. The weapon, however, was not discharged and was wrested from him before he could renew his attempt at suicide.

Advices from the West Indies state that the fire which recently visited Point a Pietre, the capital of the island of Guadaloupe, destroyed nearly the whole town, including the banks, treasury, and custom-house. Sixteen blocks were consumed, and the entire northeastern portion of the city, known as la Petite Terre, was totally devastated. The church, court-house, hospital, and theater were saved. The safes of the banks were found uninjured after the fire, but it is feared that the contents were abstracted, and money would be wanting for rebuilding the city.

Sunday morning Coroner Hermann made a *post mortem* examination at the Morgue, New York, of the body of an unknown woman, discovered on Saturday in a trunk left at the Hudson River railroad depot for Chicago. The verdict was that the cause of death was inflamation of the bowels, brought on by abortion. The corpse is that of a young woman, eighteen or nineteen years of age, with pleasing features, five feet two inches in height. A driver was arrested on suspicion of taking the trunk to the depot, but proving himself ignorant of the contents of the trunk, was discharged from custody. The houses of well-known abortionists are now under strict surveillance.

The Erie Pennsylvania mail train, bound west, collided with the Empire freight train going east, between 7 and 8 o'clock, Saturday morning, about one and a half miles west of Westport station, in the middle division of the Philadelphia and Erie railroad. Six persons were killed and about twenty injured. The passenger train was about an hour late in leaving Williamsport, and was running at the rate of thirty-five miles per hour. The trains, meeting on a sharp curve, were not visible to each other till they were only a few yards apart, and their speed was not checked. The baggage and smoking cars of the mail train were telescoped—all but a few feet. An official investigation shows that the accident was caused by the neglect of the conductor and engineer to obey orders.

A despatch from Charleston on the 27th ult., says: Since last Friday, three new cases of yellow fever are reported, none of the cases previously reported has resulted fatally. The first excitement occasioned by the appearance of the disease is subsiding, and the community is quiet.

Returns of the West Virginia election continue to be received very slowly, and it will be two weeks before the full official figures can be given. It is believed, however, that the convention has been carried by a small majority.

The boiler of the steamer Ocean Wave exploded at Point Clear wharf, near Mobile, on Sunday afternoon. About two hundred excursionists were on board the steamboat, and over fifty of them are supposed to have been killed or injured. The Mobile Register attributes the calamity to the "rottenness" of the boiler.

Three men, named Underwood, Hastings, and Balon, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat at South Orange, Mass., on Saturday.

The flour mills of Bennett, Knickerbocker & Co., at Jackson, Mich., were burned Saturday. Loss, $100,000.

James Rogers, defaulting cashier of the Pejebscot National Bank of Brunswick, Me., has been committed in default of $20,000 bail.

The Cunard dock, at Jersey City, was robbed on Sunday night, by river thieves, of $15,000 worth of property.

The loss by the great fire at Point-a-Pitre, Gaudeloupe, is estimated at from six to eight millions of dollars.

Boston and its vicinity suffered from a violent storm on Sunday night. In Arlington, the steeples of the Orthodox and Unitarian Churches were blown down, and several buildings were partially demolished. The damage is estimated at from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars. Much damage was also done at Malden, Everett, Medford and Newton.

A daughter of Charles Randlett, of Portland, was accidentally shot at Charleston, Me., a few day ago, by a little boy who was playing with an old musket, and died of her injuries.

No additional cases of yellow fever were reported in Charleston yesterday, and fears of an epidemic are subsiding. There are said to be only a dozen cases of the fever existing, and most of these are very mild.

A despatch from Memphis reports that thirty masked negroes rode into Commerce, Miss., on Thursday last, and remained on Friday, "but beyond threats had committed no violence at last accounts."

At Flushing, Long Island, on Saturday, a jury, composed entirely of colored men, was empanelled to try an Irishman charged with assault. The accused protested so earnestly against being tried "by negroes wholly," that the Court discharged the jury, and ordered a new panel.

The application for an injunction to restrain the sale of Missouri Pacific Railroad property at St. Louis, to satisfy tax bills, has been refused so far as State, county and school taxes are concerned. The matter of the remaining taxes is held under advisement, to be decided in October.

A fire at St. John, N. B., on Saturday, destroyed Moore's nail factory, Lordley's furniture factory, and a spice mill. Total loss about $30,000. The fire throws seventy-five workmen out of employment.

The British steamer Linda ran ashore on High-head, near Yarmouth, N. S., on Sunday night, during a fog, and is expected to become a total wreck. Her crew were saved.

It is announced from Washington that the first $200,000,000 of the new 5 per cent loan have all been taken.

The Virginia Conservative State Convention met at Richmond on the 30th ult.

Thomas Hooker, who was Superintendent of the New Jersey Life Saving Stations under General Jackson's administration, died recently at Tom's River.

The U. S. ship Congress, which went to Greenland with stores for the Arctic ship Polaris, has returned to Newfoundland. The Polaris, having deen supplied, sailed northward on August 17th.

A despatch from Charleston reports "a few new cases" of yellow fever, and three deaths among those previously reported. It adds that that "opinion is still divided as to the probablity of the disease assuming the proportions of an epidemic."

Serious Indian troubles are reported in Southern California. On Monday evening an attack on the settlement of San Louis del Rey was expected, and the settlers were preparing for defence. A general rising of the Indians was feared, the rebel leader Olegario being its instigator.

Thirty-five dead bodies have been recovered from the wreck of the steamer Ocean Wave, near Mobile.

The number of deaths from the Eastern Railroad disaster has reached 32. It is believed that several of the injured will die.

The funeral of Rev. Dr. Garnett, victim of the Eastern Railroad disaster, took place in Boston Wednesday. The funeral of Rev. Dr. Mason, another victim, took place in Cambridheport Thursday.

At Baltimore, on the 29th ult., Wm. L. Porter was shot dead at 2 o'clock in the morning, by George Phillips, while stealing rope from vessels in the Union Dock. A three year old son of Patrick McCort was run over and killed, in the afternoon, by a a cart driven by Richard Savage. Phillip Mongel, a fresco painter, aged 51, fell through a hatch in Maryland Institute, a distanee of 25 feet, and fractured his skull so that he died in half an hour. Mongel leaves a wife and eight children.

At Memphis, Wednesday, Captain J. Theodore Adams, a dry goods cleak, was shot dead by J. W. S. Browne, a pressman, whose daughter he had betrayed and refused to marry. Browne gave himsetf up. Mr. Browne was the orginal proprietor and publisher of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and is the son of the Rev. Samuel J. Browne, one of the early pioneers of Ohio.

At Morganfield, Ky., on Saturday night, three hundred men took from the jail a white man and negro accused of felonious assault upon a woman, and hanged them on a tree outride the town.

At Boxbury, Mass., on Monday, Thomas Scully and Thomas Kilday, employed in a bone factory, got into a fight, and Scully knocked Kilday into a kettle of boiling fat. It is thought that Kilday will die. Scully is in custoday.

John Drivin was arrested in St. Louis on Monday for the murder of his son-in-law, Samuel Vanderslen.

The parlor of one of the hotels in Richmond, Va., was the scene of an excitement on Tuesday morning, which threatened at the time sanguinary results. The story is thus told by the *Enquirer*: "The wife of a boarder had discovered in her husband's pocket a letter from another woman, which indicated that their relations were not of the character to be borne with by a wife. While she was talking over the matter with the landlady, it was announced that there was a lady in the parlor who desired to see her husband. She went down, and there found the lady who had written the note. They soon discovered their relative positions, and a terrible encounter took place. The husband interfered, but only made matters worse, as each thought herself the most deeply wronged. A crowd was collected from the street in the house by the noise, and the excitement reached its climax, when both ladies drew pistols and seemed bent on shooting one another, themselves and the husband, who had taken a seat and quietly given up all as lost. The interference of outsiders alone prevented bloodshed."

William Hickman was arrested in Utah Territory on Monday, charged with murdering a Spaniard last year. He was formerly a Mormon of good standing, and the "Gentiles" say that his arrest will lead to disclosures in other crimes.

At Washington, on Monday night, a man named Clary was found by a detective on a street corner, with his throat cut and bleeding profusely. His wound was dressed, and he was taken home, but refused to give any information which would lead to an arrest.

The Governor of New York has respited Buckhout, the White Plains murderer, until September 15. Buckhout was recommended to mercy by the jury that convicted him.

Sequal to the Story of the Man Who Would Set the Pacific Ocean on Fire.

The Horrible Secret Did not Perish With Summerfield.

We publish in the Weekly Pioneer sometime in June, an account of the *terrible secret* possessed by the accomplished Gregory Summerfield, who would set the Pacific Ocean on fire unless he was presented with a million dollars—and his tragic end. We to-day publish the sequl to this strange story, the proclamation of the Governor of California, offering $10,000 reward for the capture of Bart Graham, who obtained the secret, clasped as it was in the bony fingers of Gregory Summerfield's corpse, after he was thrown off the cars of Cape Horn (U. P. R. R.) and in the dylng confession of C. P. Gillson it will be seen that the terrible secret did not perish the day that Summerfield met a fearful death. The Sacramento Union of the 10th ult contains the following:

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOVERNOR—TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.—By virtue of the authority in me vested, I do hereby offer the above reward of $10,000, in gold coin of the United States for the arrest of Bartholomew Graham, familiarly known as Black Bart; said Graham is accused of the murder of C. P Gillson, late of Auburn, county of Placer, on the 14th ult. He is five feet ten inches and a half in hight, thick set, has a moustache sprinkled with gray, grizzled hair, clear blue eyes, walks stooping, and served in the late civil war, under Price and Quantrell, in the Confederate army. He may be lurking in some of the mining camps near the foot-hills, as he was a Washoe teamaster during the Comstock excitement. The above reward will be paid for him, *dead or alive*, as he possessed himself of an important secret by robbing the body of the late Gregory Summerfield.

By the Governor:

Given at Sacramento, this the 5th day of June, 1871.

H. G. NICHOLSON, Secretary of the State.

The proceedings of the coroner's inquest on the body of C. P. Gillson are given. The witnesses testify to the facts below set forth; and the verdict was murder against Graham.

The deposition of the attempting physician, after giving the general facts with regard to the sickness of the patient and his subsequent demise, proceeded thus:

"I found the patient weak and suffering from the loss of blood and rest, and want of nourishment; occasionally sane, but for the most part flighty and in a comatose condition. The wound was an ordinary gunshot wound, produced most probably by the ball of a navy revolver, fired at the distance of ten paces. It entered the back near the left clavicle beneath the scapula, of the fifth and sixth ribs, grazing the pericardium it traversed the mediastinum, barely touching the œsophagus, and venacava but completely severing the thoracic duct, and lodging in the zyphord portion of the sternum. Necessarily fatal; there was no reason, however, why the patient could not linger for a week or more: but it is not less certain that from the effect of the wound he ultimately died. I witnessed the execution of the paper shown to me—as the statement of the deceased—at his request; and at the time of signing the same he was in perfect senses. It was taken down in my presence by Jacobs, the assistant district attorney of Placer county, and read over to the deceased before he affixed his signature. I was not present when he breathed his last, having been called away by my patients in the town of Auburn, but I reached the bedside shortly afterward. In my judgment no amount of care or medical attention could have prolonged his life, more than a few days.

KARL LEIBNER, M. D.

THE STATEMENT OF THE DECEASED

was then introduced to the jury as follows:

People of California vs. Bartholomew Graham—statement and dying confession of Charles P. Gillson, taken in *articulo mortis* by George Simpson, notary public: On the morning of Sunday the 14th day of May, 1871, I left Auburn alone in search of the body of the late Gregory Summerfield, who was reported to have been pitched from the cars at Cape Horn, in this county, by one Leonidas Parker since deceased. It was not fully light when I reached the track of the Central Pacific railroad. Having mined at an early day on Tompson's Flat, at the foot of the rickety promitory now called Cape Horn, I was familiar with the zigzag paths leading down that steep precipice. One was generally used as descent, the other as an ascent from the rocky cannon below. I chose the latter, as being freest from observation. It required the greatest caution to thread the narrow gorge, but finally reached the rocky beach, about one thousand feet below the grade of the railroad. It was now broad daylight, and I commenced cautiously to search for Summerfield's body. There is quite a dense undergrowth of shrubs thereabouts, lining the interstics of the granite rocks so as to obscure the vision even at a short distance. Brushing aside a thick manzanita bush, I beheld the dead man, at the same time another person arrived like an apparition on the spot. It was Bartholomew Graham, known as "Black Bart." We suddenly confronted each other, the skeleton of Summerfield lying exactly between us. Our recognition was mutual. Graham advanced and I did the same; he stretched out his hand and we greeted each other across the corpse.

Before releasing my hand, Black Bart exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "Swear Gillson, in the presence of the dead, that you will will forever be faithful, never betray me, and do exactly as I tell you as long as you live!"

I looked him full in the eye. Hate sat there cold and remorseless as stone. I hesitated; with his left hand he raised the lapels of his coat, and grasped the handle of a navy revolver.

"Swear!" again he cried.

As I gazed, his eyeballs assumed a greenish tint, and his brow darkened into a scowl.

"As your confederate," I answered, "never as your slave."

"Be it so!" was his only reply.

The body was lying on its back, with the face upward. The vultures had despoiled the countenance of every vestige of flesh, and left the sockets empty. Snow, and ice, and rain had done their work effectually upon the exposed surfaces of his clothing, and the eagles had feasted upon the entrails. But underneath, the thick beaver cloth had served to protect the flesh, and there were some decaying shreds left of what had once been terrible but accomplished Gregory Summerfield. A glance told us of all these things. But they did not interest me so much as another spectacle that almost froze my blood. In the skeleton grip of the right hand, interlaced with the clenched bone, gleamed the wide-mouthed phial which was the object of our mutual visit. Graham fell on his knees and attempted to withdraw the prize from the grasp of its dead possesser. But the bones were firm, and when he finally succeeded in securing the bottle, by a sudden wrench, I heard the skeleton fingers snap like pipe-stems.

"Hold this a moment while I search the pockets," he commanded.

I did as directed.

He then turned over the corpse and thrusting his hand into the inner breast pocket, dragged out a roll of manucripts, matted closely together, and stained by the winter's rains. A further search eventuated in finding a roll of small coin, a set of deringer pistols, a rusted, double edged dirk, and a pair of silver mouted spectacles. Hastily covering over the body with leaves and branches cut from the embowering shrubs, we shudderingly left the spot. We slowly descended the gorge towards the banks of the American river until we arrived in a small but sequestered thicket, where we threw ourselves upon the ground. Neither had spoken a word since we left the scene above described. Graham was the first to break the silence, which to me had become oppressive.

"Let us examine the phial and see if the contents are safe."

I drew it forth from my pocket and handed it to him.

"Sealed hermetically, and perfectly secure," he added. Saying this he deliberately wrapped it up in a handkerchief and placed it in his bosom.

"What shall we do with our prize?" I enquired.

"Our prize." As he laughed derisively, and cast a most scornful and threatening glance toward me.

"Yes," I rejoined firmly, "our prize."

"Gillson," retorted Graham, "you must regard me as a consummate simpleton, or yourself a Goliah. The bottle is mine, and *mine* only. It is a great fortune for one, but of less value than a toadstool for two. I am willing to divide fairly. This secret would be of no service to a coward. He would not dare to use it. Your share of the robbery of the body shall be these manuscripts; you can sell them to some poor devil of a printer, and pay yourself for your day's work.

Saying this he threw the bundle of manuscripts at my feet; but I disdained to touch them. Observing this, he gathered them up safely and replaced them in his pocket. "As you are unarmed," he said, "it would not be safe for you to be seen in this neighborhood during daylight. We will both spend the night here, and just before morning return to Auburn. I will accompany you part of the distance."

With the *sang froid* of a perfect desperado he then stretched himself out in the shadow of a small tree, drank deeply from a whiskey flagon which he produced, and pulling his hat over his eyes, was soon asleep and snoring. I approached the ruffian and placed my hand on his shoulder. He did not stir a muscle. I listened. I heard only the deep slow breathing of profound slumber. Resolved not to be balked and defrauded by such a scoundrel, I withdrew stealthily the phial from his pocket, and sprang to my feet just in time to hear the click of a revolver behind me. I was betrayed! I remember only a flash and an explosion—a deadly sensation, a whirl of the rocks and trees about me, a hideous imprecation from the lips of my murderer, and I fell senseless to the earth.

When I awoke to consciousness it was past midnight. I looked up to the stars and recognized Lyra shining full in my face. The constellation I knew passed the meridian at this season of the year after 12 o'clock, and its slow march told me that many weary hours would intervene before day-light. My right arm was paralyzed, but I put forth my left and it rested in a pool of my own blood. "Oh, but one drop of water!" I exclaimed faintly, but only the low sighing of the night blast responded. Again I fainted. Shortly after daylight I revived and crawled to the spot where I was discovered that day by the kind mistress of this cabin. You know the rest. I accuse Bartholomew Graham of my assassination. I do this in the perfect possession of my senses, and with a full sense of my responsibility to Almighty God.

C. P. GILLSON.

GEO. SIMPSON, Notary Public.
CHRIS. JACOBS, Ass't. Dist. Att'y.

Morrill & Co.'s drug mill, at Cincinnatti, was burned on Monday night. Loss $20,000.