The Sun.

VOL. XL—NO. 219. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873. PRICE TWO CENTS.

END OF MICHAEL NIXON.

A BILL POSTER'S LIFE FOR THE LIFE OF A TRUCKMAN.

The Culprit's Last Request—A Face which had Become Hateful to Both Himself and his Wife—Father Duranquet's Good Work—Death Disarmed of his Terrors.

Michael Nixon, the bill poster, was hanged in the Tombs yard yesterday morning, for the murder of Charles H. Pfeifer, in Chatham square, on the evening of the 21st of January. Nixon on that evening was in his little wagon driving down the Bowery. He overtook Pfeifer on horseback directly in his path. A whiffletree was attached to the horse. Nixon called to Pfeifer to clear the track and let him pass. Pfeifer could not, as the cars were in the way, and Nixon became angry and threatened to shoot him. From the Bowery Theatre to Chatham square the two men shouted at each other. There the bill poster endeavored to pass the other, but Pfeifer's horse reared and dashed against the wagon, forcing it to the sidewalk. Then Nixon drew his revolver and fired, the ball entering the left side of Pfeifer's nose, near the eye, and lodging in his brain. Pfeifer was taken to the Park Hospital. He died ten minutes afterward. Nixon whipped up his horse and drove to Lindeman's saloon at East Broadway and Catharine street, but remained there only a few moments, as he heard that the police were after him, and hurried to his home, 44 Baxter street. Thither the officer went and found Nixon hidden in a cupboard. Detective Van Buskirk pulled him out. Nixon said, "Van, you are not going back on me?" "No, Mike," replied the detective, "I am not going back on you, but tell us all about this and we'll see what we can do for you." "Oh," said Nixon, "a big fellow was going to strike me, and I gave him

A PIECE OF LEAD

with this," at the same time showing a small four-barrelled revolver. The weapon was taken from him and he was escorted to the Oak street police station, and thence to the Tombs. It was two days before the man who had been shot was identified. Nixon said he shot him in self-defence, and he surely would be acquitted. His wife and children, who were destitute, frequently visited him. At such times he wept and prayed that some one might take pity upon them and save them from starvation. Some of his old political friends, who had used him on many occasions at elections gave his family money. On the 31st of March his trial was begun in the Over and Terminer. His counsel tried hard to show that he killed Pfeifer in self-defence, that he was first attacked with the whiffletree, but the jury did not believe the story. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged yesterday. After the sentence, when he was taken from the Court House to the Tombs, his strength failed him, and it was necessary to almost carry him into the prison. The Tombs physician, Dr. Lewis, administered brandy down his throat, but it seemed to have no effect upon him. For several days he lay seemingly lifeless on his cot in a cell set apart for condemned men. He spoke to no one and could not eat. It was thought that he could not live until the day fixed for the hanging. He gradually recovered from the shock and Father Duranquet infused new life into him, and he was visited by the Sisters of Mercy. He became resigned to his fate, and grieved only for his wife and children. When he was informed that there was no possibility of his obtaining a new trial, he always shook his head and said, "My counsel can do nothing for me.

I HAVE NO MONEY, AND MUST DIE."

He was quiet, and never gave the prison keepers trouble. He asked no favors, but sat in his cell or in the corridor with his head bowed, day after day, as though in deep thought. His wife visited him every day and took him such delicacies as her limited means afforded. He saw none of his old associates—bad ones they were—but sought only the company of the clergy and the good Sisters.

All this week he attended mass every morning. His counsel exerted themselves to save him from the gallows, but neither the courts nor the Governor would interfere, and they told him he must die. He said that he never expected that their efforts would be successful, and that from the first he gave up all hope. On Thursday morning he asked Warden Johnston to permit him to see his children. The request was granted, and a bright little girl of eight, a boy of six, and a babe of six weeks in the arms of its mother soon arrived at the prison. He met them in the counsel room, and embraced the little ones and bade them be good. Then he took the babe in his arms and clasped it to his breast, and covered its face with kisses. He gave it back to his wife and turned away overcome. He was led back to his cell. On the way

HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE GALLOWS,

erected in front of the entrance to the female prison. He said nothing, but stepped into the corridor and met Father Duranquet near his cell door. They entered, and prayed for nearly an hour. Then he went into the corridor, lighted a cigar and chatted pleasantly with his keepers. At half past 4 his wife, his wife and three women, Nixon's relatives, visited him. Father Duranquet was there. Nixon maintained the utmost composure. His wife wavered, and it was thought she would faint. He said, "I was never so well prepared to die as I am now, and I probably never shall be again. I have work in disgrace to do in death to die, but I would not change my lot with any living man. I am reconciled to my God, and I feel that my hour has come in His own good time. It might have been worse for me if I had lived longer. You must try and live down the disgrace of my death." Then he turned to the deputies and said, "I have one request to make. When I am gone—and it will not be long now—I want you to tie up all my little things, my pictures and trinkets, and give them to my wife here, and also my crucifix, which I want sent to the Sisters of Charity." The deputies promised that his wishes should be complied with. He was the owner of five large lots in Islip, L. I. Some days ago he had the deeds transferred in the name of his little daughter, and they are intrusted to his lawyers for safe keeping. He told his wife of this arrangement, and cautioned her to guard the property well. "It will be worth something," he said, "by the time she is of age."

BIDDING HIS WIFE FAREWELL.

At nine o'clock he saw that he must say farewell. Husband and wife clasped each other in fond embrace. She fondled him and sobbed as though her heart must break, and his calmness forsook him, and he, too, wept like a child. He tried to speak, but his voice failed him. At last he released himself from her hold, and, looking into her eyes, said, "Keep up good spirits, and all will be well." Then he asked Deputy Sheriffs Seebacher and Hanbury to escort her from the prison, and they did so, leaving him alone with Father Duranquet. Nixon and his spiritual adviser entered the cell and prayed. About ten o'clock he stepped into the corridor again, sat down, and smoked a cigar. He talked with the deputies for about half an hour upon all subjects, hardly mentioning the ignominious death which was so soon to overtake him. He did not seem to fear it, but said he would meet it bravely. Then he accompanied Father Duranquet into the cell, and emerged from it about eleven o'clock, and smoked another cigar. At midnight a table was spread in the corridor, and Nixon, Father Duranquet, and the deputies sat down to a hearty meal of beef-steaks, roasted potatoes, boiled eggs, and home-made bread. Nixon ate a small piece of bread and drank two cups of coffee. He declined a cigar which was offered him, saying that it might interfere with his devotions.

HIS LAST REQUEST.

At one o'clock he said: "If an investigation could be had about the witnesses who testified against me, it would be found that I had been wronged in some instances. I don't think the District Attorney has acted quite right by me."

Father Duranquet approached, and Nixon, as though repenting of having allowed a moment's consideration to such matters, said:

"It's all right, Father; I am ready to die, and willing to die."

Then he turned to Messrs. Hanbury and Seebacher, and said:

"I have one last request to make, and I promised my wife that I would ask it. I want you to ask Sheriff Brennan not to allow Detective Van Buskirk to come to my execution. I don't think that he has treated me right. He has hunted me down. I forgive him, but I don't want to see him in the morning, and my wife don't want him to be here. I don't care if all the rest of New York is here."

Then he went to his cell and prayed again. At half past 1 he shook hands with the deputies and Father Duranquet and went to bed. He scarcely moved during the night. Before retiring he gave orders to be called at half past 5. At that time Deputy Sheriff Hanbury aroused him. Then he knelt with Father Duranquet and asked God to have mercy on his soul.

THANKING THE SHERIFF.

At half past 6 Sheriff Brennan arrived and spoke kindly to Nixon, who said: "I want to thank you now for the favors you have extended to a condemned and a poor and wretched man. I have received nothing but kindness since I have been in your hands, and from Warden Johnston and his keepers. I have one request to make. Please don't let Van Buskirk witness my execution."

"Your request shall be faithfully respected," said the Sheriff, and he left Nixon to his devotions.

A short time afterward Nixon and the priest went to the chapel. There high mass was said, and Nixon partook of the Holy Communion. Father Cazean and Miss O'Reilly assisted at the mass, Deputy Warden Finley officiating as acolyte. The women and children prisoners were spectators. Father Duranquet preached an eloquent sermon. When Nixon returned to his cell a good breakfast was awaiting him. He declined to eat anything.

Fewer passes were given out than at the Foster hanging. By half-past seven o'clock a long line of persons who had passes ranged themselves in Franklin street and awaited the opening of the gates. Police from the Fourth and Sixth wards and City Hall, under command of Superintendent Kelso, guarded all the entrances to the Tombs. Fifty policemen were stationed some distance from the gallows to prevent the crowd as it surged in from flocking about it. The deputy sheriffs, headed by Sheriff Brennan, took positions near the hideous instrument of death. The keys of the prison were surrendered by Warden Johnston to the Sheriff, and deputy sheriffs were stationed at the entrances. Sheriff Brennan and Under Sheriff Joel O. Stevens entered Nixon's cell. He was praying with Fathers Duranquet and Cazeau. The prayers ended, the under-sheriff said:

"THE TIME HAS COME,

Michael, when you must leave this cell forever." Nixon bowed his head and said, "I am ready to die. My Saviour was crucified, and this is nothing." The under sheriff asked whether he desired to say anything when under the gallows. Nixon replied that he did not. An assistant then pinioned his arms, adjusted the black cap and slip noose, and the procession was formed. Sheriff Brennan stood at the right of Nixon and Under Sheriff Stevens at the left. Fathers Duranquet and Cazeau followed; then a number of deputy sheriffs. At three minutes past nine o'clock they stepped into the yard. The sun shone out brightly for a moment and then was obscured by a cloud. All uncovered and their heads as the solemn procession marched to the gallows. Nixon was attired in an old suit of black, white shirt, and paper collar. He wore no neck tie. He carried an ebony crucifix in his hands and prayed steadily at it. He walked firmly, and betrayed no emotion whatever. Some of the prisoners in their cells put looking glasses through their windows to give them a view of the hanging. Two or three glasses were visible from windows in Murderers' Row. The crowd in the rear of the policemen surged forward as Nixon knelt under the beam, Father Duranquet on his left and Father Cazeau on his right.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

Three men who stood in front of the executioner's box went within it. Under Sheriff Stevens stood a little to the left of the centre of the beam and Sheriff Brennan a few feet further away. The priests and Nixon prayed for a moment. Then he kissed the crucifix and arose. He raised his eyes and looked at the New Haven Railroad freight depot opposite. Then he closed them and Father Duranquet taking the crucifix from his hands pressed it to his lips. One of the executioner's assistants stepped up to him and mechanically hooked the noose on to the long rope. Father Duranquet again pressed the crucifix to Nixon's lips. Nixon was still calm. He shook hand with Father Duranquet, then he closed his eyes and said, "Pray for me; pray for me." The black cap was drawn over his face and he was ready. The priests turned away and all was hushed. At five minutes after nine Under Sheriff Stevens, who carried a handkerchief in his right hand close to his breast, lowered his hand with a jerk. The eye at this small hole in the executioner's box saw the movement, the axe descended on the rope and Michael Nixon flew into the air. His weight, 145 pounds, falling little over 100 pounds, and the force of the fall was not very great. His feet were about three feet from the flooring. The body swayed to and fro, the breast heaved and the fingers were closed. Then he extended his hands and raised his feet. A few movements of the legs and the body hung motionless.

DEAD.

At eleven minutes after nine Drs. Nealis and Vandewater felt his pulse. It was still beating. Dr. Nelson Place, Jr., and other physicians felt the pulse, and at 9:18 they pronounced Michael Nixon dead. At thirty-three minutes after nine the body was lowered into a plain black box. The physicians, deputy sheriffs, and others crowded around, and when the black cap was removed gazed at Nixon's features. There was no discoloration. The eyelids were not closed, and the mouth was partially open. Then the policemen and deputy sheriffs filed out of the prison yard into the street. An inquest was held over the body by Coroner Hermann, and the jury rendered the following verdict: "We find that Michael Nixon came to his death from strangulation by judicial hanging May 15, 1873." A permit was given for the removal of the body, and it was taken to Nixon's old home at 44 Baxter street. The wife swooned when it was carried into the scantily-furnished room, but she soon recovered consciousness, and kissed the lifeless lips fondly again and again. A great crowd gathered about the house. Nixon is to be buried on Sunday.

Long after the body had been taken away knots of men and boys were standing near the Tombs talking of the hanging. Many tried at an early hour to obtain admission to the yard through trickery. One man presented a pass written by Sheriff O'Brien at the time of the hanging of John Real, and several handed in passes which entitled the holders to witness Foster's death.

THE WAKE.

A large crowd congregated last night in the neighborhood of 44 Baxter street, where a wake was being held over the murderer Nixon's remains. The alley leading to Nixon's apartments being dark, a lantern was hung on a post to guide those who entered it, and a policeman stood at the head of the alley to keep out unruly visitors. About a score of Nixon's friends spent the night with the body.

NIXON'S WILL.

In the name of God, Amen.

I, Michael Nixon, of the City and County of New York, being of sound mind and memory and consider my life uncertain, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament. That is to say, first, after all my lawful debts are paid and discharged, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Catharine Nixon and unto her heirs, executors and assigns forever, all that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the village and town of Islip, County of Suffolk, State of New York, being lots Nos. 47, 48, 49, and 50 in block No. 1, on a certain map made by R. B. Wheeler, Surveyor, filed in the office of the Clerk of Suffolk county, and entitled "Map showing the outline of a tract of land at Islip belonging to William Nicoll, as laid out in city lots," together with all my right, title, and interest in and to the same, and to all the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Second, I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife, Maria Nixon, her heirs, executors, and assigns forever, all my moneys, dues, debts, bonds, interest in the billboard business, bill board signs, materials appertaining thereto, and all the rest, residue and remainder of my property, both personal and real, of every kind and nature whatsoever. Likewise I make, constitute and appoint my beloved wife, Maria Nixon, to be executrix of this, my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made; and I do further ratify and request that my said wife, Maria Nixon, shall not be required to furnish any bond or security for the performance of her duties as executrix herein.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal this 15th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1873. MICHAEL NIXON.

One of the Worst Criminals in California Hanged.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.—Gov. Booth was requested to grant a reprieve for a few days to Charles Mortimer, sentenced to be hanged at Sacramento City to-day, to enable the sheriff to call a jury to try the question of the sanity of the condemned man. The Governor, however, refused to interfere with the execution of the sentence, and Mortimer was hanged at the hour appointed. He was convicted of the murder of Mary Gibson. He was either insane or simulated insanity with singular persistency. He did not, or pretended not, to recognize his brother, the minister who attended him, his counsel, nor any other person. He seemed not to comprehend his position; his countenance exhibited no emotion, and he did not utter a word. Mortimer had the reputation of being one of the worst criminals in California.

The Rev. Father Spreckles and Coroner Stillman of this city and Sally Wendell their way down the hill to the Delavan, paid their bills and started for Brooklyn—disgusted.

When the conference report was presented on the Appropriation bill, Senator D. P. Wood moved that a new conference committee be appointed on the Remington arms provision that was stricken out in the House. It provides that this company shall furnish $90,000 worth of arms to the State. Mr. Wood said that the militia were on the verge of mutiny because they could not get decent arms.

Mr. Johnson moved to agree with the House action.

Mr. Allen opposed but the motion was carried 17 to 8, and D. P. Wood, McGowan, and Murphy were appointed on the part of the Senate. The agent of the Remington Company arrived last night; and his presence may have something to do with this action. The House when the bill came down there refused to concur, and unless there is a great change in its sentiment the steal will be killed despite the high official influence.

NEWSPAPER BILLS.

The bill to provide for the payment of the newspaper claims against the city of New York was considered in Senate Committee of the Whole. The first section was amended so that the work for which pay is claimed shall have been ordered by persons having legal authority to direct it to be done. Section five was amended so that the commissioners shall hold no other city or county office.

Senator Benedict moved that the Gilbert Elevated Road bill be recommitted to the Railroad Committee, with power to report complete. This was objected to.

A large delegation of brewers and Germans called on the Governor this morning to protest against his signing the Excise Bill, unless lager beer and cider were exempted.

Mr. Rose called up his resolution to adjourn sine die on the 23d inst., and to await the call of an extra session to come back and consider the proposed constitutional amendments. The question was divided, being first taken on the proposition to adjourn (if the Senate concur, which it is not probable they will which was adopted. The motion providing for an extra session was defeated.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

This evening the Senate took up the constitutional amendments. They adopted an amendment fixing the salary of members at $1,500, and struck out sections 15, 17 and 18; also the salaries of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Comptroller. The committee then rose and recommended the adoption of the Constitution as amended. The amendments were finally referred to the Judiciary Committee to put into proper form for transmission to the Assembly.

M'GUIRE'S EXPLANATION.

HE RECITES ANOTHER CHAPTER OF CORNELL LAND GRANT.

Somebody Enchered on the Brooklyn Charter—Setting the Day for Final Adjournment—The Constitutional Amendments.

ALBANY, May 17.—In the Assembly this morning Mr. McGuire rose to a question of privilege, and said that his attention had been called to a letter and a telegram published in the New York newspapers, in which his name was mentioned and his action criticised. He hoped that the explanation he should make for his action in this body would have equal publicity. It was said in one of these communications that what he had said in debate on Monday evening was instigated by improper motives and disappointment because Ezra Cornell had prevented him or some one else from getting their fingers into the treasury of the State, and that what he did say was wholly false. He was not responsible for the choice language in which this was expressed, and should only follow example if he used similar language. The gentleman from Westchester (Mr. Husted) would bear him witness—and it was his duty to corroborate him in the assertion—that from time to time he had urged him not to press this bill upon the Legislature, and had proposed that they should get together and draw a bill that should protect the interests of the State as well as Mr. Cornell's, saying at the same time that it would be the most unpleasant duty of his life to oppose this measure on the floor of this House, as he should be obliged to.

MR. M'GUIRE'S POSITION.

But this proposition was refused by the friends of Mr. Cornell, the bill was put forward, and now Mr. Cornell appears in the public prints and says that he (McGuire) had some feeling of malignity to gratify. He deemed it necessary to make this statement. He denied that he had ever attempted to put his fingers into this fund, and he knew nobody that had ever done so. He did not know to whom Mr. Cornell referred. If he referred to Mr. Charles Cook, who lives in a rural cemetery, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, and, jackal-like, wants to dig him up and defame his memory, he could enjoy that pleasure if he so desired. Mr. Cornell in his communication said that he was charged with defrauding the United States and the State of New York. Every gentleman who was in the House on Monday evening knew that he did not charge Mr. Cornell with any such thing. What he did charge Mr. Cornell with was this:

THE PITH OF THE MATTER.

It was admitted by Mr. Cornell's organ, the Ithaca *Journal*, that the timber lands referred to were worth $60 per acre, and it was currently reported that these lands had been sold to some of Mr. Cornell's personal friends for $4.50 per acre. This was the real pith of the matter—the disposition of valuable public lands for a nominal price. In the letter of Mr. Cornell on the material portion of the discussion in regard to this particular point not one single word is said. Upon all that was material Mr. Cornell remains silent, and confines his denials to charges that were never made. He said that the letter of Mr. Thomas N. Rooker, published in connection with the letter of Mr. Cornell, and who was a personal friend of Cornell's, fully corroborated all that was said by him on Monday evening. He said that the opinion was universal throughout the State that the friends of Mr. Cornell refused to agree upon a bill by which the interests of the State could be protected.

MR. HUSTED TELLS HIS LITTLE STORY.

Mr. Husted rose to a question of privilege, and said that he introduced the bill thinking that it was a good one, and he still thought so. After its introduction Mr. McGuire asked him if it was his bill, and he replied that it was introduced by him.

Mr. McGuire replied that he should be compelled to oppose it, and he (Husted) told him that when it was reached in committee of the whole he would have an opportunity to do so, and if he could be convinced that it was a bad bill he too would oppose it. That was all that had ever passed between Mr. McGuire and himself about this bill until last Thursday, when Mr. McGuire informed him that he was going and would not return until Monday morning, and asked that the bill should not be reached during his absence. Mr. Husted promised him that it should not be moved on Saturday, and it was not. He said he had never spoken to Ezra Cornell about the bill, and that he once asked Speaker Cornell to refer it to the sub-committee, which the Speaker refused to do, preferring that it should take the regular course.

During the discussion Speaker Cornell called Mr. Beebe to the chair. At its close he resumed it, and business went on.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

In the Senate this morning Mr. Johnson called from the table the resolution appointing a committee to inquire into the College Land Scrip Fund.

Mr. D. P. Wood said that at the request of the Comptroller, who was now overworked, he would move to substitute the Attorney-General in his place.

Mr. Lewis moved to amend that the Governor appoint the commission, as he could see serious objections to the commission named in the resolutions. The men named had not the time to earnestly investigate.

Mr. D. P. Wood agreed with the Senator, and would accept the amendment.

Mr. Fenton had not just particular about the commission. He was anxious that the subject should be thoroughly investigated. Whoever made the appointment, the state of the public mind was such on this question that the people would wish to be kept aware of sufficient men. He had every respect for Mr. Cornell, but if the charges made were true, then he should be branded with obloquy.

Mr. Woodin could not understand the eloquence of the Senator. No one objected to the resolution. A committee was wanted who would not either whitewash or blackwash. All that was wanted was a fair investigation.

The Senate adopted the resolution giving the Governor the power of appointment.

GOING FOR THE BROOKLYN CHARTER.

The Brooklyn charter was reported from the conference committee, and gave rise to a long discussion. A compromise had been effected by which the Tracey party were routed, and all the present officers in the city are to serve out their terms with the exception of the Excise Board, which is consolidated with the Police Board. Senator Benedict moved to disagree with that provision, but it was lost. He then spoke of the charter as a whole, and endorsed it as in the main democratic and a good one. He said that the politicians who at the beginning of the session were determined to have a partisan charter for Brooklyn, had been utterly routed and defeated, and the combination of high-toned men in both parties had been heeded. This defeat of the politicians, he said, was in a great measure due to the efforts of Senator Perry.

Mr. Roche said that the people of Brooklyn were greatly indebted to Senator Perry for the charter, which in the main he believed to be a good one. The charter would give to the people instead of the politicians the distribution of the municipal offices, and therefore was just and democratic.

IN THE GOVERNOR'S HANDS.

The conference committee report was agreed to and the Senate having also concurred, the charter now goes to the Governor. When the result was announced, Alderman McCourty, the Hon. William A. Fowler, and Alderman Richardson retired to the lobby, threw their hats to the ceiling, invited everybody over to Congress Hall and opened several baskets of wine. Ben F. Tracy and his few remaining followers, looking sadly and solemnly, wended their way down the hill to the Delavan, paid their bills and started for Brooklyn—disgusted.

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DEACON RICHARD SMITH AND HIS GREAT MISFORTUNE.

LOOK HERE UPON

THIS PICTURE

Deacon Richard Smith,
of Cincinnati, the Truly Good Man.

AND ON THIS!

Samuel Romeo Reed,
Deacon Richard Smith's Most Wicked Partner.

In compliance with a public hankering after knowledge about Deacon Richard Smith of Cincinnati, we have procured an accurate likeness of that truly good man, and herewith lay it before the millions of people who daily gather intellectual light and substantial information from the columns of THE SUN.

The great distinction of Deacon Richard Smith is that he is a truly good man. Our readers will observe that his portrait fully indicates this noble quality of his character. There is not a line nor a feature of that manly physiognomy which does not bear the stamp of true goodness. But inasmuch as this goodness is not merely a gift of nature in Deacon Richard Smith, but has been cultivated and developed through many trials and frequent conflicts, it has taken on somewhat of a belligerent character. Every one has heard of fighting parsons, and now here we have the picture of a fighting deacon; and Deacon Richard Smith of Cincinnati is the man. In order to do full justice to this side of his moral constitution we have had him drawn in a pugilistic attitude; but let no scurrilous doubter fancy that this means that this truly good man is too much given to quarrelling. This would be grossly erroneous. He is combative, but always against things that ought to be fought and put down, such as wickedness in general; while toward good people however humble, and his friends especially, he is kind, generous, and truly good.

In speaking of Deacon Richard Smith, we have sometimes found it necessary to dwell upon the embarrassments that especially surround and beset him, and test and strain his goodness to an extent that is happily unknown to most other men. These peculiar afflictions consist of a number of wicked partners with whom by a mysterious dispensation he has become mixed up and loaded down in his business relations. This fact has naturally excited universal sympathy for the sufferer, with a lively curiosity to know what manner of men these wicked partners are. In order to satisfy this curiosity we have now procured the portrait of the wickedest among them—Romeo Reed is his name—and print it above alongside of the truly good man he has so deceitfully injured. Look at them together, fellow citizens. Mark the manly openness of the one and the smooth insincerity and treacherous hypocrisy of the other. Behold the one plotting wickedness and the other zealous and unfaltering in his purpose to knock wickedness down. The one a sincere deacon, the other a surreptitious infidel holding opinions he is too cowardly to avow; the one the soul of truth and honor, the other ignorant of honor and incapable of truth. What a contrast! The one is the bane and the other the antidote; and is it not a tragical circumstance that obligations of business and money should tie together two such antagonistic yokefellows? The good man is deeply, sadly tried by it, yet he suffers no moral injury from the connection; while the bad man is so bad that he derives from it no moral benefit.

One of the most beautiful qualities of Deacon Richard Smith is his confidence. Meaning no harm, he suspects none. His nature is affectionate; and it is of this amiable peculiarity that the wicked partner takes advantage to work his hidden deeds of mischief. And what a monster he must be thus to delude the friend who confides in him and trusts to his keeping, not his money, but his reputation—

For he that filches from me my good name,
Takes that from me which not enriches him,
And makes me pauper indeed!

That we may disseminate all the news on this great theme, we copy below an authentic biography of Deacon Richard Smith originally published by *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and written no doubt by some devoted, intimate, admiring friend of his. We are happy to believe that it does at least partial justice to some of the more salient features of his truly good history. But of the wicked partner we have not been able to obtain any biography. He has evidently lived in a clandestine, subterraneous, vespertilious way, as suits wickedness, and nobody knows the facts about him. And in looking at that slippery, deceitful, wicked face, nobody will want to know. But all will join in advising Deacon Richard Smith at once to separate from such a wicked partner; and as Reed is now in Europe, it would be a good plan to dissolve the partnership in his absence, and send him adrift before he has a chance to do any new mischief to such a universal favorite as Deacon Richard Smith.

Why don't the people of Cincinnati take measures to erect a statue to this truly good man? We shall be proud to contribute one hundred and seventy-five dollars toward such a patriotic undertaking.

Deacon R. Smith.

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

The Hon. Richard Smith, senior editor and proprietor of the Cincinnati *Daily Gazette*, though not conspicuously mentioned in Hudson's "History of American Journalism," ranks among the cleverest and most industrious members of his profession.

Born near the city of Dublin in 1816, while yet a lad he came to America. His wanderings were arrested in Clermont county, O., the birthplace of President Grant, the people of which are as proud of the adopted as of the native son. Young Richard was known as a modest, perseveringly studious boy, and a prize Sunday-school scholar.

When of an age to choose a calling he selected the trade of a carpenter, and removed to Cincinnati. Many buildings in the old Queen City of that city remain to attest the superiority of his workmanship and his indefatigable industry.

"Man proposes; God disposes." Richard was not to shove the jack-plane for ever. An elder brother in the grocery line was also a member of the newly organized Merchants' Exchange, and young Richard was insensibly drawn into association with the merchants. He won upon their esteem, as he does upon all who know him, and in 1849 was made Superintendent of the Chamber of Commerce. Five years after he was chosen Secretary of that body, and served acceptably for ten successive years.

It was during this period that the telegraph became practically useful to the merchant as well as the journalist. By virtue of his relations to the Chamber, Mr. Smith was made the first agent of the Associated Press of Cincinnati; and it is one of the pleasant traditions of the time that he persevered in transcribing the first Presidential Message sent over the wires, then a most tedious and difficult process, falling into a gentle but profound slumber as his pencil reached Polk's closing words—"God and liberty."

His telegraphic relations with the press kindled in Mr. Smith the ambition to become a journalist, and the opportunity occurred when Gen. Schouler withdrew from the *Gazette*. He fortunately obtained a proprietary interest in it. Up to that date the *Gazette* devoted itself chiefly to politics and literature; Whig tariffs and border romances; stump speeches and home-spun poetry. Mr. Smith revolutionized things. He moved the office from Main to Fourth street, opposite the Post Office. He appreciated the value of steam and electricity. Special despatches and correspondence were introduced, and the *Gazette* became a newspaper in its best sense.

Mr. Smith surrounded himself with able men. That lively paragraphist, the Hon. Joseph H. Barrett, was of them, till he unfortunately wrote a "Life of Abraham Lincoln," which compelled him to accept the office of Commissioner of Pensions. Mr. Samuel R. Reed was picked out of the ruins of the *Penny Press* and set on the tripod once more. A dark-eyed and slender-limbed graduate of Oxford was engaged to write letters from Columbus at $5 a week, ultimately to become the editor-in-chief of the *New York Tribune*.

Journalism did not consume all of Mr. Smith's energies. He was found an active and ever-present element in the religious, educational and business interests of the city. The Central Presbyterian Church flourished under his management, till an unfortunate pecuniary misunderstanding led to his withdrawal. He never was actually installed a deacon, but such was his faithfulness to all the means of grace, the devoutness of his walk, and the sweetness of his conversation, that the soubriquet of the "Good Deacon Richard" was given him by popular consent; and by that designation he is more widely known than Dr. Holland's "Deacon Daniel Grey."

In politics, originally a Free-Soil Whig with conservative tendencies, Mr. Smith naturally became an uncompromising Republican with abolition proclivities. He has, however, occasionally alarmed the purely partisan by eccentricities of independence. His free trade notions displeased the pig-iron princes. Disbelieving in Grant's ability as a captain during the war, he doubted his capacity as a statesman in time of peace. He did not like him as a General nor admire him as a President. The efforts of Senators Morton and Sherman, however, reconciled the editor to the President in 1871-2, and since then Mr. Smith has shown no disposition to play inharmonious tunes upon his organ.

Personally, Mr. Smith has resolutely declined honors and offices. He was persuaded, however, to stand for Congress in the Second Ohio District, in 1867. He had the support of the entire religious and secular press, but local jealousies and Gen. Sam Cary's horny-handed eloquence defeated him. Admiring friends, however, persisted in bringing his name into public effect. In the lobby what it was expected he would accomplish upon the floor of Congress; and such was the influence of his integrity there, that Congress, at his request, raised the Newport Railroad bridge thirty-nine feet in spite of Tom Scott and the whole Pennsylvania Central interest.

Mr. Smith has been always active in good works—foremost in all benevolent enterprises. When Chicago was devastated by fire, he was first on the ground with supplies of clothing and food. A gigantic soup house arose, as if by stroke of an enchanter's wand," under his energetic direction, and it was a sight for angels to watch him, amid snow and sleet and the never-ceasing prairie winds of November, viewing the progress of the work of ladling out the cheap and nourishing diet to famishing hundreds.

Mr. Smith has prospered. The direction of the *Gazette* is still controlled by him and his rising son, a graduate of Yale, but the details of labor are performed by his associates. From his beautiful retreat in Clifton he looks out upon the busy world with the calmness of a philosopher. Popular admiration has given his name to a noble avenue leading out to his residence, and the city lavishes its resources upon its adornment. Bowling along this superb highway, the tourist sees at hand, amid venerable trees, broad lawns and dashing fountains, the home of an able journalist and good man, of whom, when he shall have been gathered to his fathers, it may be truly said,

"——The actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Deacon Richard Smith Drinks Nothing.

Cincinnati Correspondence of the Missouri Republican.

The story of Deacon Smith's trials in Maysville is a dismal one. He had been invited to address the freemen of that Kentucky village on the issues of the campaign. His fame as a truly good and pious man in going abroad over the earth had reached Maysville, and had made a deep impression upon the mercurial mind of that roystering locality. And so Maysville determined to honor her distinguished guest by total abstinence during his sojourn in her midst. The deacon proceeded thither according to appointment, and spoke his piece with immense *eclat*. But the busy tongue of scandal, which never rests, and which, like death, leaves a shining mark such as the head of the good deacon, unanimously contrived to cloud his fair fame with an aspersion. Scarcely had he returned to Cincinnati when it was reported upon the streets that the Deacon had not appreciated the honor Maysville had sought to confer upon him by her phenomenal abstinence. He was represented as having unbosomed himself to his old time friend, the Hon. Thomas Sherlock, in this wise on his return:

Mr. Sherlock—Good morning, Deacon Smith, how did you find things at Maysville?

Deacon Smith—Pretty well, all but one circumstance. You see, Halstead and Dana have so industriously circulated the impression of my exceeding piety, that those simple-minded Kentuckians dared not ask me to join them in any of their bibulous hospitality. Will you believe it? I was as dry as a fish, and I couldn't get so much as the distant aroma of the popular beverage of Kentucky, even in Maysville. It is not always advantageous to be far-famed for stern virtue.

Now I believe this story to be a device of the enemy. And I am surprised that the deacon's valued and steadfast friend, Mr. Halstead, has suffered this story to assume a painful currency upon the streets without visiting it with indignant contradiction.

Deacon Richard Smith Opposed to Extravagant Expenditures.

From the Indianapolis Evening News.

Deacon Richard Smith, that truly good man of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, has at length baffled the insidious malevolencies of his wicked partners and attained an altitude of distinction which is so justly his due. His portrait has been given to the world by Frank Leslie, and in connection with it a biography of the genial but pious Deacon is published, which shows his rise and progress from the time he ran about in "ridiculous round-abouts," as Watterson so pathetically put it. The truth that virtue is its own reward and, that a rolling stone gathers no moss, is the plainly taught lesson of this beautiful and symmetrical life. We regret, however, that the Deacon could not have had this boon done him by *Harper's Weekly*. It was certainly due him as an ally and fast friend, to say nothing of an evidence of appreciation of his career. But perhaps the good Deacon could not afford the price. We understood him to say last summer that it cost the godless Halstead $500 for his portrait and biography, and judging from the appearance of the Deacon's paper we don't believe he could afford to pay more than $250.

Shooting his Brother-in-Law.

ST. LOUIS, May 16.—Charles W. Guthrie shot and killed his brother-in-law, Charles W. Weaver, here last night. About a year ago Guthrie married Miss Weaver, having been in partnership with her father. Last January the wife died, and Weaver suspecting foul play, had the body taken up and examined by the Coroner. About the same time Weaver attempted to shoot his son-in-law, but missed him. Guthrie brought suit two days ago to recover the casket and shroud enclosing his deceased wife, from the Weavers. Last night Guthrie met two of the young Weavers in the Western suburbs, and in an altercation drew his revolver and killed one of them, and then gave himself up to the police. All the parties are respectable.

How Justice Scott Treated a Complainant.

Before Commissioner Smith yesterday, Bernard McGill, of 676 East Fourteenth street, complained that he was badly beaten on the 5th of May by a barkeeper and a confessed gambler; that he got a warrant from Justice Scott, which was given to Officer Thos. E. Willard of the Essex Market Court to serve, and that the officer not only did not arrest the persons accused, but offered him $5 on behalf of the men to withdraw the complaint. The men afterward appeared in Court, and when he (McGill) was giving his testimony, the Justice told him he lied, and put the men under $500 bail to keep the peace. "That did not satisfy me," said McGill, "for the beating I got, so I went before the Grand Jury and had them indicted."

LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

DASHES HERE AND THERE BY THE SUN'S REPORTERS.

Some of the Letters that are Read in the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

Many of the letters which were opened in the Fulton street prayer meeting yesterday at noon smacked of irreverent waggery. One, on a postal card, requested prayers for the city of Hartford. Another asked the meeting to pray for the Mikado of Japan. A shabby-genteel young man, who confessed himself a drunkard, desired the brethren to pray for himself and Cornelius Vanderbilt. A letter from Texas read as follows:

OFFICE OF DISTRICT CLERK OF BURLESON COUNTY, TEXAS, CALDWELL, May 7, 1873.

*Brethren of Fulton street Prayer Meeting.