THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE.

THE CITY'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM ENTIRE DESTRUCTION.

Twenty Blocks Burned—Loss between Four and Five Millions—A Graphic Description of the Conflagration.

CHICAGO, July 15.—Our citizens reviewing the situation this morning congratulate themselves that they have again escaped the destruction of the most important business portion which seemed at one time imminent. This time the fire originated in a low frame building used for storing rags, and adjoined an oil factory that stood between Fourth avenue and Clark street, in Taylor street. The great fire of 1871 originated in a stable. In both cases, therefore, the fire began in the centre of a neighborhood occupied by wooden buildings. There was a stiff southwest breeze blowing, so that by the time the flames had consumed the small dwellings, stables, carpenter shops, and building filled with oil, paper, and rags, and reached State street, where there were substantial business houses, they were like the heat of a furnace, and all consuming in their power. Thus the conditions for a great conflagration were not wanting.

THE LIMITS OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

The fire burned a small portion of Clark street, near Twelfth street, where it originated, thence took Third and Fourth avenues, between Peck court and Twelfth street, and burned them as far as Harrison street; State street was burned from Harmon court to Van Buren street; Wabash avenue, from 432, near Peck court, to 267, near the corner of Van Buren street; and Michigan avenue, from Harrison to Van Buren street, a short distance. The business buildings burned on the east side of State street number 89; on the west side, 96; on the east side of Wabash avenue, 26; on the west side, 34; on Michigan avenue, 12; on the east side of Clark street, 14; on the north side of Polk street, 8; on the south side, 4; on the north side of Harrison street, 12; on the south side, 16; on the south side of Twelfth street, 13; on the north side, 22.

THE HEAVIEST LOSERS.

The most prominent among the business losses are the St. James Hotel, Wm. Bademann, druggist; the Remington Empire Sewing Machine Company; E. Remington & Sons, gun and pistol manufacturers; P. Smith & Co., carriage manufacturers; Rapmessen Bros., boots and shoes; C. Charles, lamps and chandeliers; Bliss, carriages; A. Wheeler, hardware; G. M. Cheney, sale stables; the Prussing Vinegar Works; Schwarere & Huber, stoves, &c.; B. E. Givanden & Busted, rugs, &c.; P. M. Platt, clothing; P. H. Mayer, L. C. Chase & Co., saddles and harness; A. Schreferstein & Brother, furniture manufacturers; M. W. & F. Tester, furnaces, ranges, &c.; Frost & Co., wholesale liquors; John D. McLean & Co., stoves and ranges; H. Neuberger, furniture; Kai Bramer & Flood, hardware, stoves, &c.; Senz & Beck, billiards; Peters, Muench & Co., blacksmiths; Mandel Brothers, dry goods; the Berg House; Buckminster's restaurant; P. M. Almonacistis' materials; B. A. Murphy, cigars, &c.; Lehman & Strickland, poultry and game; John M. Lawry & Co., meat; Joel Blagdow, Pekin Tea Company; W. L. Cole, blacksmith; Henry Deihl, boots and shoes; E. D. Moseby, grocer; Sinclair Bros., hardware and stoves; Mrs. E. Berg, milliner; E. J. Malcolm & Co., stoves and tinware; Weber & Luckhardt, druggists; P. E. Balter & Co., grocers; C. A. Jeremiah, tailor; C. E. Lohman, photographer; H. C. Klein & Schmidt, watches, &c.; J. Wingrave, Jr., & Co., gas fixtures; the Adelphi Theatre; Pennoyer, Shaw & Co., carriage manufacturers; W. C. Spencer & Co., cutlery, &c.; Cowperthwait & Co., publishers; Wentworth, Ainsworth & Co., publishers; S. C. Griggs & Co., publishers; the Post office; Barnes, Hinkell & Kearney, painters; Miss A. E. Regan, umbrellas, &c.; F. M. Fossell, photographer; *Our Fireside Friend*, *Northwestern Lumberman*, *New Covenant*, Chicago Terra Cotta Company, Davis Sewing Machine Company, Mrs. Gaughin, milliner, Pat Neill, liquors; Chicago Fine Art Institute, M. Root, artist; Schureman & Hand Mantel Company, J. L. Schureman, S. B. Vowell, Leonard W. Volk, William H. Decorn, Leonard W. Volk, sculptor, &c.; James Morris Arnold, artist; and Daniel H. Bigelow, artist; A. T. Brooks, artist; Laurits Halst, artist; Arthur Pickering, artist; J. R. Robertson, figure and portrait artist; Fine Arts Institute Academy; Thomas Brown, drugs; R. C. Anthony, livery stables; A. J. Hopkins, veterinary surgeon; Bailey & Byrne, China and glassware; Boomer & Jenks, furnaces; Star Galvanized Iron Cornice Company's Works; Louis Jaeger & Brother, wines and liquors; Bangs Bros., hardware and stoves; W. Smith & Co., manfel and mantels; P. Lederer & Co., real estate; State Street Savings Bank; Charles Bernhardt, surgical instruments; H. Brinkworth, pork packer; L. Kallmeier, stocking and sock manufacturer; Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific freight depot; Gale & Phillips's Manufacturing Company; Hart & Carter, livery stables; Alsway & Larson, painters; Hart & Gooch, carpenters and builders; H. Willets, carriages.

HOTELS BURNED.

Atlantic, southwest corner Van Buren and Sherman streets; Berg House, State and Harrison streets; Michigan Avenue House, corner of Congress and Wabash avenues; St. James, corner of State and Van Buren streets.

Churches burned or damaged are Kehilath Bnai Skolen Synagogue, 382 Wabash avenue; First Baptist Church, 428 to 430 Wabash avenue; Kehelath Anshe Mizarde, Jewish synagogue; and the Olivet Baptist Church (colored).

Among the residences burned were those of H. Vanderbilt, Judge Drummond, the Hon. J. Scammon, J. K. Forest, City Clerk; E. G. Hall, corner of Peck court and Wabash avenue. This last was very elegantly furnished. Mr. Wales saved his library.

The colored people are greatly afflicted in the loss of their church, and many of their dwellings in Clark street.

The area burned covers fifteen squares. Taking out lots and half blocks here and there and keeping the whole, the area is about half a mile long, and from one to three in width, and embraced business and cabinet and palatial private residences. The losses are: Clark street, $200,000; Fourth avenue, $175,000; Third avenue, $250,000; State street, $1,200,000; Wabash avenue, $1,000,000; Michigan avenue, $150,000; Taylor street, $40,000; Polk street, $40,000; Harrison street, $50,000; Congress street, $75,000; Van Buren street, $50,000; the court between Wabash avenue and State street, $150,000. Total, $4,225,000. The insurance cannot yet be ascertained.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRE.

The following description of the progress of the fire is furnished by the *Times*:

Nearly east of the cabin where the fire originated was the large brick oil refinery of Fitch Brothers, the interior of which, with its large tanks full, was ablaze before the arrival of the engine company. The intense heat emitted by the burning of its inflammable contents was intense, and when the walls fell, but a few minutes after the first stream began to play upon it, the whole neighborhood, for a radius of thirty rods, seemed burst into flame in one blaze. Just north of the rag shop was a large and a half story filled with hay, which flamed up in an instant, and the flying wisps of burning hay fired roofs nearly a block away.

With such rapidity did the fire spread that two horses in this barn were turned to death before they could be rescued. The eight or ten engines in the First District were speedily on the ground, and the most of them took their station in Clark street, when Marshal Benner attended with clerk, the northern spread of the flames. Engine No. 21 had taken position in Sherman avenue, and a vigorous fight with the fire was begun. At this point ten minutes after the first alarm, the pine cabins stretching eastward toward Fourth avenue were all in blaze for nearly half a square.

MORE HELP SUMMONED.

At 4.40 o'clock, eleven minutes after the first alarm, Assistant Marshal Sweeney turned on the second alarm, and engines from the greater part of the South Division and from several of the west side engine houses were soon on the spot. The heat of the half acre of blazing pine shanties was terrible and the breeze stiffened and increased, bearing destruction to the dry roofs in its path. A large part of the augmented fire force was concentrated in Fourth avenue, half way between Taylor and Twelfth streets, where they worked with energy.

In twenty minutes after the first alarm the roofs of the buildings in Fourth avenue were all burning for a width of a dozen buildings north of No. 285. At 4.51 o'clock, eleven minutes after the second alarm, a general alarm was sounded by Assistant Marshal Bradley. This warning brought to the depot the entire fire force of the city. At the time the alarm was struck seven of the west side engines were at a small fire at Ashland avenue and Twenty-second street, and they were retarded half an hour.

THE FIREMEN RETREATING.

Unless than half an hour the engines that were then in Fourth avenue, directly in the path of the fire, were compelled to retreat, and all success in getting away except Engine Company No. 21, which rendered valiant service, was delayed a minute too long, and the flames bursting upon them before they had attached their horses to the engine they were compelled to abandon it, and the handsome steamer was twisted and half melted in the fiery furnace.

The fire had swept diagonally across the block to the corner of Taylor street and Fourth avenue, and was rapidly eating its way through the remainder of the block fronting on Clark and Taylor streets. The Marshal stationed engines in Clark street, and every effort was made to stay the northern progress of the flames along that thoroughfare, but the cabins were ripe for destruction, and no sooner had the torrents of water extinguished the fire in one building than it would burst into flames still further to the south-east into flames.

FIRE ALL AROUND.

But the most of the Marshal's attention was directed to the front of the fire, and every energy was exerted to stay its eastward march. At Taylor street and Fourth avenue much time was concentrated, and every effort was made to keep the fire on the west side of the avenue, but the driving wind was laden with burning brands, which fell on the roofs beyond and kindled them in an instant. The Olivet Baptist Church was the first building to go on the east side of the avenue. In little over an hour after the first alarm, the fire had swept over the space between Clark street and Third avenue, and had reached Polk street on the north. The southern boundary of the burned district extended east in almost a straight line, running nearly parallel with Twelfth street about 300 feet north of it. The men of the Marine No. 1 were said to fight the fire from the front, and to contest as stiffly as possible its onward march toward the better built portion of the city. The front line of the fire was nobly battled with by the fire boys, who were doing their best and bravest. When the gale to which was due most of the mischief, carried destruction over their heads and enclosed them on either side with a wall of fire, they pulled up stakes and went to the front again, where the unequal battle was renewed. But their efforts were powerless to save the

ACRES OF DRY PINE ROOFS

to windward, and the fire swept wherever it pleased, hardly turned from its course an inch by the efforts of the department, until it reached State street, which the flames then attacked. Having reached State street the fire was in its glory. Two-story frames was the rule and a substantial structure the exception. The flames leaped from building to building, now and then skipping a structure or two to facilitate their progress, but never neglecting to bring up the rear and make clean work of it.

The most that could be done was to prevent it spreading southward, and this was accomplished. A steamer was stationed at Hanum court, which forms nearly the southern limit to State street, and the boys connected therewith did valiant service. They fought the fire into its very teeth, and to enable them to do so they made a barricade out of a theatrical signboard, which was held in front of the pipemen, and thus the fire was approached so closely that the signboard took fire. The wind increasing in fury it broke through the alley dividing State street from Wabash avenue.

For the first time, about 6 o'clock, the flames began to threaten the adjoining aristocracy. Thousands of dollars' worth were consumed every minute, and the danger of utter destruction became more imminent. More help was wanted, and accordingly telegrams were sped over the wires to Milwaukee, Racine, Joliet, and other places. They read: "Send us your fire department." In the course of the night came responses in the shape of stalwart men with apparatus, and they did valiant service in fighting the flames to a smaller and smaller limit.

MICHIGAN AVENUE IN DANGER.

The fire having reached Wabash avenue, with the aid of a strong breeze in the southwest, Michigan avenue seemed doomed to destruction; in fact the thought of saving any portion of it, from Eldridge court to a point at least as far north as Harrison street, was abandoned, and, yet, contrary to all expectations, every house in that block save one, stood the storm. Every house in Wabash avenue parallel to this was destroyed; but the narrow alley between the two avenues stood as a barrier, as if it had been an intervening mountain. Every house in Michigan avenue was vacated, the street was lined with trucks backed up against the windows; but about 9 o'clock most of the people moved back again, the ordeal was safely passed, and our bandsome lake front was preserved. The fire having reached the eastern limit, the flames found their way northward three blocks abreast. There was little use in trying to fight the fire in the face of the wind which increased in violence every moment. In the vicinity of the conflagration a gale was blowing. The heat was so intense that the firemen could not stand within one hundred feet of the burning buildings, and it was speeding hence it had to be fought on the flank, there being little hope of saving Michigan avenue. The policy seemed to be to fight it into the lake by closing on its sides. This plan was adopted, though efforts were not abated to save Michigan avenue. At 6 o'clock all danger that it would make its way further southward was over, and the force there employed was soon despatched to the more threatening points, though it was not safe to leave the whole line exposed.

CHECKING THE FLAMES.

At 8 o'clock the fire was checked at Clark street, and there was no fear that it would pass westward. After that two engines covered the entire field from Polk street south, in Clark, around by Twelfth street to Wabash avenue, where the engagement was growing hotter and hotter every moment. When the southern and western ends of the fire had been made secure, the northern and eastern lines of attack were reinforced, and the enemy confined in narrower and narrower quarters in Harrison street. The flames were forced to give up Fourth avenue and Third avenue at Van Buren street, and were driven out of State street, the St. James being the last building to succumb. When the fire reached that point the interest in its progress became intense. It was moving along both sides of State, between Harrison and Van Buren streets. On the west side stood a massive row of four or five story marble fronts. On the east side was the St. James. Beyond the St. James, northward, was an open space several hundred feet square. There was hope that if a stand was made at this hotel the flames would be prevented from crossing this open space. On the west side there was no such barrier, and it was certain that the whole row would go, and then, crossing Van Buren street, the fire would make its way to the Palmer House.

WHAT A FIRE-PROOF WALL SAVED.

Opposite the St. James stood a four-story marble front, containing about four numbers. This was divided from the building south by a single but twenty-five feet wide. "A mere bagatelle," said everybody; and nobody anticipated that this little space could check the flames, but it did it. Fortunately a splendid fire-proof wall had been reared in the south. Madly the flames beat against it, and went clear over the building, setting fire to the St. James; but this wall stood the test, and though there was fire to the south and fire to the east, and not a pint of water to quench it, the building stands there at this writing a savior of untold millions. It was the citadel of the conflagration. Its surrender would have given the whole city to the raving enemy. Instinctively every one in sight of the scene appreciated the importance of the position, and when the building to the south tumbled with a thundering crash, and was thereafter harmless, a shout from 50,000 throats rose high above the roar of the conflagration.

ANOTHER CRITICAL MOMENT.

While this building stood the brunt and onslaught of what might be called overwhelming odds a four story brick house, seemingly out of all danger, at Wabash avenue and Van Buren street, caught fire from the Palmer Hotel. An upper window had been left open and a curtain was set on fire by a stray spark. In a moment the whole interior already filled with hot air, was a sheet of flames. It seemed inevitable that now two more squares must fall. But fortunately the wind blew from the west that and the adjoining building, and the fire had reached its northern limit.

Having hitherto shunned Michigan avenue, the fire now turned upon it, making its way along Congress street and consumed the Occanic building, a structure recently occupied as the Fremont House, and two others, and then was finally and effectually squelched just in time to save those noble structures, the Matteson and Gardner houses, and the Exposition building. The wooden church of the German Evangelical Church, Scotland and Third avenues, was set on fire by sparks and the church was almost destroyed, and the flames reached the wooden buildings immediately south of it. At this point an effort was made to blow up some buildings with dynamite. Mayor Mason, Chief of Police Jameson, and Capt. A. McGregor. A keg of powder was placed in No. 28 Polk street, a two-story frame building. The destruction of the building was complete. Powder was next placed in the building at the southwest corner of Polk street and Fourth avenue, but in this instance, the powder was not strong enough to blow that building to atoms, and it was left to be fired by the slow coal oil. Other buildings were blown up in the vicinity, but they were mostly of an inferior sort. One planing mill was destroyed with some valuable machinery and patterns. The loss is estimated at $60,000.

During the progress of this fire two attempts at incendiarism in the same neighborhood were discovered and frustrated. In one case kerosene was used.

Another alarm was sounded from the corner of Wabash avenue and Madison street about 6 o'clock P. M., but the fire there was soon subdued.

How the New York Insurance Companies are Affected by the Fire.

The announcement in the newspapers yesterday of the Chicago fire caused intense excitement in the city for a time, and stocks declined from one-half to two and one-half per cent. Soon private despatches informed the brokers that the fire was under control and the losses but a trifle over four millions, and those who had previously been nearly panic-stricken recovered their confidence when they learned that the destruction of property fell over two hundred millions short of the big fire of 1870. In the afternoon the market recovered its tone.

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Germania	20,000	Newport (Providence)	1,300
Republic	7,000	Tradesmen's	6,000
Underwriters' Agency	57,000	Commercial	5,000
Hoffman	2,500	Hamburg and Bremen	52,850
Atlantic	4,000	Lorillard	4,000
Continental	50,000	Farragut	7,000
Hanover	20,000	N. Y. and Yonkers	13,000
North British and Mercantile	20,000	State	1,500
Howard	$20,000 to $25,000	Firemen's Fund	1,500
Manhattan	7,000	Adriatic	25,000
National	3,000	Lancashire of London	15,000
Citizens'	20,000	Phenix of London	15,000
Irving	7,500	Niagara	6,000

According to this statement the losses of companies here can scarcely reach one million. Insurance men say that the total loss to assurers will not exceed $1,500,000.

KATE STODDARD'S CASE.

A Scene in the Brooklyn Sessions—Insinuations Against Judge Moore—Another Patient for the Asylum for the Insane.

The Brooklyn Court of Sessions was again crowded yesterday at the conclusion of the inquiry into Kate Stoddard's sanity. The prisoner entered quietly and seemed in good humor. She asked several of the court officers to obtain for her a copy of some newspaper containing the depositions of the physicians. Having secured one she sat quietly while the affidavit of Dr. Norton Folsom, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, was read. This affidavit related to the prisoner's behavior while she was an inmate of the Taunton Asylum for the Insane. The Doctor added that she was still insane when she escaped from the asylum. During her stay in the asylum she at times required a straight jacket.

After this affidavit had been read Judge Moore announced his decision as follows:

An order will be made committing her to the State Lunatic Asylum. It will be made as soon as an answer is received from the authorities of the Poughkeepsie Asylum.

Judge Moore then directed the doors to be closed to prevent the crowd from following the prisoner back to the jail. Kate, however, told the officers she would not go until she spoke to Judge Moore, and stepping to the bar she began:

Kate—I am told that my case is disposed of, and that I am judged guilty of homicide. I understand that the testimony of one of the physicians, Dr. Browne, I think, that he says I committed a homicide, and that I am a dangerous person to be at large. I want to know whether that question has been decided, and by what authority you or anybody pronounces me guilty of homicide?

The Court—That question was not passed upon at all. I do not say whether you are guilty of the charge against you or not. I do not say that you are guilty. We do not decide that question now. That would have no weight with me.

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Kate (turning away)—I don't think the truth will have much weight in such a court as this, any more.

The Court—Perhaps not.

The prisoner then moved away; but before reaching the door turned and scornfully addressed the Court.

Kate—I will like to know whether the articles belonging to me and in the hands of the Property Clerk are to be given to me again?

The Court—What articles are they? I think the District Attorney will give you anything that belongs to you.

Kate—There are two looking glasses and several other articles. I have asked for them repeatedly, and they will not give them to me. There is also some money of my own earning; I want that too.

The Court—I have no doubt the District Attorney will give you your property.

Kate—I know he will not, because I have repeatedly asked for it. I have heard that the looking-glasses have been sold by auction. I am anxious to get what is left before another auction takes place.

As she was led away to the jail, and although the crowd in the court room was held until she had got out of the way, another quickly collected and followed the officers and their charge.

A DULL NOT FOUGHT.

The Cuban Revolution in a New York Police Court—Gentlemen Held to Bail.

Yesterday morning Mr. Henry A. Riley, who has a law office at 4 Park row, hurriedly entered the court room at Jefferson Market and had some earnestly whispered conversation with Justice Murray. A few scratches with his pen, and a paper was handed to Officer Bloodgood, who took it and went away. About the same time Señor Juan Bellido de Luna, editor-in-chief of *La Independencia*, a newspaper advancing Cuban interests, was at his desk at 40 Broadway. He had before him a challenge from Señor José Ferrer de Conta, editor of *El Cronista*, a political enemy. Carefully pigeonholed in front of him was a paper with the words, fresh from the pen, "La I will and testament." As señor Luna was explaining Officer Bloodgood entered. Said he, "My Lord Chief Justice—

"The same," said the editor, pushing his spectacles back on his forehead.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the officer, "but you'll have to come with me."

Luna jumped up and scanned the warrant through and through over his spectacles. "Well, of all the cowards that ever lived, that José Ferrer de Conta is the worst," exclaimed he, as soon as he could comprehend his arrest for meditating a duel. "It's a put-up job to get himself and me arrested, so that he may crawl out of the reach of my pistol. Riley is his friend, and they have hatched up this way of escape."

Then Señor Luna put on his hat and went to the Jefferson Market court room. Cuban friends flocked in to learn the cause of his arrest. He told them that to-day he was to have been in Canada with Conta and their seconds, José Govantes and Pio Rozazo. The weapons were pistols. But Conta had played a shameful part. Wouldn't he be branded as a coward in the next leader in the *Independencia*?

The entire forty-second duellists were taken before Justice Murray in the afternoon, and the principals gave bail in $1,000 each to keep the peace. The quarrel grew out of Conta's publishing on the 7th ult. a *resumé* of Luna's life for a few years past in both Havana and this city. Luna replied in so personal an editorial on the 9th that Conta challenged him to mortal combat. All requisite arrangements had been made, their worldly affairs had been put in as good shape as a few days' time would permit, and all concerned were to have started last night for Canada.

Mrs. Chancellor Walworth's Death.

Mrs. Chancellor Walworth's death is announced in a despatch from Saratoga. She was the wife of the late Chancellor Walworth, who died in 1867 at the age of eighty, and who was one of the most distinguished citizens of the State, being identified with the Temperance, Tract, and Bible Societies. Mrs. Walworth was the mother of Mansfield Tracy Walworth, the author, who was killed by his son Frank.

Costly Wife Beating.

Thomas Garrett stood at the bar of the Yorkville Police Court yesterday, to answer a charge of assaulting his wife, Mary Ann Garrett. Mrs. Garrett's testimony showed that Thomas had beaten her at several other times, and that in palliation for one offence he decided to her a house worth $20,000. For another assault he assigned to her an insurance policy for $5,000; and a long ago he settled again by paying her $1,000 in cash. Garrett was released on his own recognizance.

Weekly or monthly payments. Furniture, carpets, bedding. B.M Cowperthwait, 168 Chatham st.—*Adv.*

were mostly of an inferior sort. One planing mill was destroyed with some valuable machinery and patterns. The loss is estimated at $60,000.

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Hoffman	2,500	Hamburg and Bremen	52,850
Atlantic	4,000	Lorillard	4,000
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The Court—Perhaps not.

The prisoner then moved away; but before reaching the door turned and scornfully addressed the Court.

Kate—I will like to know whether the articles belonging to me and in the hands of the Property Clerk are to be given to me again?

The Court—What articles are they? I think the District Attorney will give you anything that belongs to you.

Kate—There are two looking glasses and several other articles. I have asked for them repeatedly, and they will not give them to me. There is also some money of my own earning; I want that too.

The Court—I have no doubt the District Attorney will give you your property.

Kate—I know he will not, because I have repeatedly asked for it. I have heard that the looking-glasses have been sold by auction. I am anxious to get what is left before another auction takes place.

As she was led away to the jail, and although the crowd in the court room was held until she had got out of the way, another quickly collected and followed the officers and their charge.

A DULL NOT FOUGHT.

The Cuban Revolution in a New York Police Court—Gentlemen Held to Bail.

Yesterday morning Mr. Henry A. Riley, who has a law office at 4 Park row, hurriedly entered the court room at Jefferson Market and had some earnestly whispered conversation with Justice Murray. A few scratches with his pen, and a paper was handed to Officer Bloodgood, who took it and went away. About the same time Señor Juan Bellido de Luna, editor-in-chief of *La Independencia*, a newspaper advancing Cuban interests, was at his desk at 40 Broadway. He had before him a challenge from Señor José Ferrer de Conta, editor of *El Cronista*, a political enemy. Carefully pigeonholed in front of him was a paper with the words, fresh from the pen, "La I will and testament." As señor Luna was explaining Officer Bloodgood entered. Said he, "My Lord Chief Justice—

"The same," said the editor, pushing his spectacles back on his forehead.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the officer, "but you'll have to come with me."

Luna jumped up and scanned the warrant through and through over his spectacles. "Well, of all the cowards that ever lived, that José Ferrer de Conta is the worst," exclaimed he, as soon as he could comprehend his arrest for meditating a duel. "It's a put-up job to get himself and me arrested, so that he may crawl out of the reach of my pistol. Riley is his friend, and they have hatched up this way of escape."

Then Señor Luna put on his hat and went to the Jefferson Market court room. Cuban friends flocked in to learn the cause of his arrest. He told them that to-day he was to have been in Canada with Conta and their seconds, José Govantes and Pio Rozazo. The weapons were pistols. But Conta had played a shameful part. Wouldn't he be branded as a coward in the next leader in the *Independencia*?

The entire forty-second duellists were taken before Justice Murray in the afternoon, and the principals gave bail in $1,000 each to keep the peace. The quarrel grew out of Conta's publishing on the 7th ult. a *resumé* of Luna's life for a few years past in both Havana and this city. Luna replied in so personal an editorial on the 9th that Conta challenged him to mortal combat. All requisite arrangements had been made, their worldly affairs had been put in as good shape as a few days' time would permit, and all concerned were to have started last night for Canada.

Mrs. Chancellor Walworth's Death.

Mrs. Chancellor Walworth's death is announced in a despatch from Saratoga. She was the wife of the late Chancellor Walworth, who died in 1867 at the age of eighty, and who was one of the most distinguished citizens of the State, being identified with the Temperance, Tract, and Bible Societies. Mrs. Walworth was the mother of Mansfield Tracy Walworth, the author, who was killed by his son Frank.

Costly Wife Beating.

Thomas Garrett stood at the bar of the Yorkville Police Court yesterday, to answer a charge of assaulting his wife, Mary Ann Garrett. Mrs. Garrett's testimony showed that Thomas had beaten her at several other times, and that in palliation for one offence he decided to her a house worth $20,000. For another assault he assigned to her an insurance policy for $5,000; and a long ago he settled again by paying her $1,000 in cash. Garrett was released on his own recognizance.

Weekly or monthly payments. Furniture, carpets, bedding. B.M Cowperthwait, 168 Chatham st.—*Adv.*

PROGRESS OF THE SCANDAL

APPREHENSIVE FEELING AMONG MR. BEECHER'S FRIENDS.

The Interest in the Case Increasing—The Way Mrs. Tilton came to Appear Before the Committee—Mr. Tilton's Accusations Against Mr. Beecher.

There was a feeling noticeable among the friends of Plymouth Church and its pastor in Brooklyn yesterday, which, if at all changed from that which has prevailed since Theodore Tilton's letter to Dr. Bacon, is graver, intenser, and more seriously apprehensive of the results. The separation of Mrs. Tilton from her husband and the desolation of his household are apparently uppermost in the minds of those who have known Mr. Tilton and his surroundings. Mr. Edward Ovington, Jr., at whose house, at 148 Hicks street, Mrs. Tilton is staying, said yesterday morning that he had learned from Mrs. Tilton that the first impulse to appear before the committee was from her own conscience. After weeks of meditation on her husband's course she determined to ask her friends' advice as to the propriety of appearing before a committee from Plymouth Church. She was intimate with Mr. Ovington's family, and naturally advised with them.

"I think it is but justice to Mrs. Tilton," said Mr. Ovington, as he sat in the centre of Cupids, Pandoras, Venuses and Don Quixotes in bronze and Parian marbles in his warerooms yesterday, "to declare with emphasis that she appeared before the committee entirely voluntarily and no one pressed her to do it; and I can say that it requires no persuasion now from any quarter to stand on the side of truth, honor and justice."

In a note to the Brooklyn *Argus* Mr. Ovington yesterday said:

I wish to state also, upon my knowledge of the facts, that Mrs. Tilton informed Mr. Tilton, on Saturday morning last, that in consequence of the course he had taken, "henceforth their paths were apart."

This was on the morning after Mr. Tilton had been before the investigating committee and refused so say anything further, unless there was further provocation from Mr. Beecher.

MRS. TILTON

was examined by the committee on Thursday, it is said, in the house of Mr. Augustus Storrs, at 34 Monroe place. Mr. Horace B. Claflin, Mr. Storrs, Mr. Cleveland, Mr. O. V. White, and Dissident Church Members, were in Mr. Storrs's back parlor. Mr. H. W. Sage presided. In the examination Mrs. Tilton answered questions which Mr. Beecher's counsel, presumably Mr. Shearman, the Clerk of Plymouth Church, put to her before she went to Mr. Storrs. On her return to her home Mr. Tilton says she told him that acting on the advice of Mr. Shearman, who in many things reflects Mr. Beecher's wishes, she had been before a Plymouth Church committee and had undergone a routine examination related beforehand.

A friend of Mr. Tilton's says Mr. Tilton supposed his wife to have been spending the day with the Ovingtons. In the morning she drove to Coney Island with some members of the Ovington family, and expressed her wish to exculpate Mr. Beecher as far as possible. When they returned in the evening she was told that an investigating committee would assemble that evening to begin an examination, and she said that she would tell all her friends thought proper. Some one visited Mr. Beecher, and he sent word to his friends with whom Mrs. Tilton was staying that he could not see her, but would send his lawyer to her. This lawyer, Mr. Shearman, it is said prepared her for the examination.

MR. TILTON

knew nothing of the committee's existence until then. On Friday morning he received a summons from the committee to appear before them. He said he had nothing more to tell under the circumstances than had already been told.

On Friday evening after he returned home he related to Mrs. Tilton what he had done, and said when Mr. Beecher provoked him further he would do more. He did not know at that time of Mr. Beecher's letter of July 27. His wife did. She anticipated that on the publication of that letter he would send for her husband and talk seriously into the subject. She asked him, her friends say, if he would put forward another accusation if Mr. Beecher appointed a committee. He said that he certainly should, for with that he would convince that he had a perfect right to tell everything that he knew. Mr. Ovington says, that his wife told him that "henceforth their paths were apart."

Mr. Tilton wrote the letter on Monday, and on the same day Mr. Sage, the chairman of the committee, appointed next Monday evening to receive his "full and detailed statement," over his signature. Mrs. Tilton on Saturday went to Mr. Ovington's, and is still there. Her husband at once went to work to prepare the promised document. Late on Tuesday night a reporter found him familiarizing old papers and letters, as if searching for testimony.

Yesterday morning he was writing in his library and perspiring over his written pages. To a reporter he said that Mrs. Tilton told him on Thursday night that she had been asked to give her name to the world, and was needed and the trouble in Plymouth Church, and that she said she did it, and was willing to do anything for the cause of peace and religion.

NO COMPROMISE.

When asked if he knew of a compromise which was talked of by Mr. Beecher's friends and suggested by Mr. Moulton, wherein a mutual understanding between Mr. Beecher and himself would end the scandal, he said: "I know nothing of what is to come. My present duty is to make the sworn statement which I have promised to the committee of the exact facts in the case. When I complete this statement I shall accompany it with my oath as to its accuracy. I have tried for four years, using my best wit, which has proved small, in endeavoring to cloak and conceal the facts, which are now to be divulged. The responsibility for divulging them belongs to Mr. Beecher and not to myself. I have rather keep them buried. Mr. Beecher has commissioned six men of his own church to examine into facts which, when they are made known, will put an end to his ministry, show him to have been guilty of a degree of criminality which the world will hold suspects, and to have attempted to shield himself by putting forth another man's breast as the armor which was intended to receive the blow. As to compromises, I know nothing. I shall accept none. It is a day of battle and death."

After this was said Tilton led him to shut himself up in his library, and in the afternoon a maid servant stood at the door to say to visitors that he was "not at home." The house looked desolate. The English ivy and smilax were withering in the rustic hanging baskets, for want of water, and a dried rose bush sat on a front window sill. The shutters were all closed save in the third story. Mr. Tilton's three children are still with him.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

are to receive Mr. Tilton's