STOKES SENTENCED.

Last and Most Eventful Day of the Great Legal Drama.

OPENING SCENES.

The Court Building Guarded at All Points by Strong Platoons of Police.

STOKES IN THE TOMBS.

His Preparations and His Start Under Guard to Receive the Last Sentence of the Law.

HIS APPEARANCE IN COURT.

Speech of Mr. Tremain—He Asks that a Distant Day Be Fixed for the Execution—A Bill of Exceptions To Be Prepared.

THE DREAD QUESTION.

What Have You Now to Say Why Sentence of Death Should Not Be Pronounced Against You?

STOKES' SPEECH.

"I Violated No Law of the Land; I Never Fired Off the Pistol at Saratoga from Which Fisk Met His Death; I have Been Convicted on False Testimony and Public Clamor."

THE SENTENCE.

That You Be Taken to the Prison from Whence You Came, and that Upon the 28th Day of February Next You Be There Hanged by the Neck Till You Are Dead.

INTERVIEW WITH STOKES AFTER SENTENCE.

OPENING SCENES AND EVENTS.

Stokes in the Tombs—His Preparations for the Day—His Start Under Guard to Receive Sentence—His Appearance in Court.

At about nine o'clock yesterday morning Edward S. Stokes called an attendant to his cell, on the second tier of the Tombs Prison, and said to him—

"Jim, I want some breakfast as soon as you can get it, as I have to go to Court at ten o'clock."

The attendant asked Stokes what he wanted for breakfast, and Stokes musingly said:—

"I think that I will have some broiled steak, some shad and a pot of tea, that's all—and some potatoes."

The breakfast was brought, and Stokes, notwithstanding that he had passed a somewhat restless night, ate heartily. He was then shaved cleanly and he dressed himself quickly, but without any confusion. He wore a white linen shirt, of spotless hue, and had a handsome diamond pin, valued at $1,200, in his bosom. He put on a dark tie, with crimson mixture; black trousers, black kid gloves and a short inside coat. Over all he wore a handsome dark blue overcoat, trimmed with astrakhan on the collar and edges all around. Stokes never looked better, and under any circumstances he is a handsome man; but his spirits did not seem to be at all depressed, although he knew perfectly well that he was going to receive sentence of death in a Court not half a mile distant from his cell. At a few minutes before ten o'clock

SHERIFF BRENNAN AND HIS DEPUTY,

William H. Shields, both of whom have manifested the greatest confidence in the prisoner during his long confinement, as far as any attempt at escape or other evasion of the law might be regarded, came to his cell and the following

DIALOGUE TOOK PLACE.

Sheriff BRENNAN—Good morning, Ed. How do you feel this morning?

STOKES—Good morning, Sheriff (with a smile). Oh, I feel pretty well. Good morning, Billy (to Deputy Shields). How do you feel?

Deputy SHIELDS—Very well, Ed., thank you.

Sheriff BRENNAN—Well, Ed., if you are ready I suppose we better get down to Court as soon as possible.

STOKES—I am ready now, Sheriff. Go ahead.

The party, together with Horace Stokes, the younger brother of the prisoner, walked through the courtyard of the prison, and after passing the wicket found themselves outside of the door on the Franklin street entrance. A carriage was in waiting. The four stepped into the vehicle and were whirled down Broadway to the New Court House, Stokes got out and with a firm step walked toward the Broadway entrance of the Court House. The building itself was surrounded on all sides by immense masses of people waiting to get a glance at the prisoner; but he did not seem to notice them, and at the Broadway entrance the crowd was rather thin—as a crowd is always blind when it has no leader—and no one believed but that he would go in at the main entrance, as if the Sheriff were in charge of some curiosity from a circus and not a poor human being about to receive the last sentence of the law. Stokes was neither manacled nor handcuffed, as he gave his word of honor that he would walk alone without any thought of escape. He was taken into the private room of the Sheriff's office, and there smoked a cigar and walked up and down the office, as he always does when he has room to take exercise. He seemed impatient of the delay while waiting for the Court to be in sitting. None of the ladies of his family were present, although it was reported erroneously that his mother came to hear the sentence delivered—a report without any foundation in fact.

THE COURT ROOM.

At half-past ten o'clock Judge Boardman, his face tinged with a look of sadness, entered the Court and took his seat on the bench. Judge Noah Davis, well known as the late United States District Attorney, and lately elected Judge of the Supreme Court, occupied a seat at the right hand of Judge Boardman.

THE PRISONER CAME INTO THE COURT ROOM at this moment, accompanied by the Sheriff and some of his deputies, the Sheriff sitting directly behind Stokes, while the deputies sat on either side of the prisoner, as they had done during both trials.

THE OUTSIDE CRUSH.

The scene around the Court House was really terrific at this moment. Some ten thousand people were assembled in Chambers street and in the City Hall Park, vainly endeavoring to get a chance to see the prisoner or to gain admittance even to the inside of the building—an admission which would have been wholly useless to them had they got inside, as they would have had to pass half a dozen platoons of police stationed as guards at as many points in the building before they could have got to the main guard at the door of the court room. The crowds were very fierce, and even well-known members of the bar and reporters had to fight their way in inch by inch and foot by foot. There are always in such scenes of excitement a miserable lot of scamps, who announce themselves as reporters, so as to gain admission, and this occasion was eagerly seized by them as an opportunity. One of the HERALD reporters was informed when he arrived that eleven persons had already passed in as HERALD reporters. The excitement was really tremendous. Money was offered in large sums to get a peep at the prisoner, and ladies fainted in the crush and were taken out to get a breath of air. Inside the court room was packed like a herring box. Ladies stood on benches and chairs, and the Court officers pushed hither and thither manfully to make them sit down. These ladies were straining their necks like cranes, and did not seem to mind the discomfort so long as they were able to get a look at the top of the prisoner's head.

Mr. Lyman Tremain sat within a few feet of his client, and Mr. Townsend and Mr. Dos Passos were within a few feet of Mr. Tremain. Mr. Beach was directly in front of the counsel for the defence, side by side with Mr. Fullerton, and Assistant District Attorney Fellows sat in front of all the other lawyers, looking directly at the Judge on the bench. The upper tiers of benches were heaped with a swarm of humanity.

A BILL OF EXCEPTIONS.

There was a marked silence in Court as Mr. Tremain rose to speak of the bill of exceptions which he intended to present. The dread drama was about to begin, and one could fancy the sound of the rolling up of an invisible curtain from before the judgment seat. He asked the Court to facilitate matters so that the exceptions might be presented. The giant form of Tremain steadied itself for a moment as he rose, and the great massive head turned around the Court, and the piercing eagle eyes fastened on the Judge for a moment. He spoke in a subdued tone, and looked at the prisoner but once. Townsend whispered to Stokes, Dos Passos, who has quite a dandified appearance, whispered to Townsend, and Stokes nodded calmly and quietly back. Stokes looked better than he has at any time since the killing of Fisk, but under his eyelids there were two black rings, which came of two rather sleepless nights in his cell. Yet, withal, his fortitude was wonderful. It was not the swaggering bravado of the man who in his extremity feels that he must make a theatrical display to cover the hollowness within. There was nothing of the Corsican swagger or insolent manner of Pierre Bonaparte, who stood before the tribunal at Tours, his hands stained with the blood of Victor Noir. On the contrary, he seemed quiet and calm and sought no notice from any, but awaited his sentence with a self-possession that rivalled that displayed by many of the bystanders in the court room.

It was an awful moment when District Attorney Fellows rose up in the room and in a subdued voice demanded judgment on the prisoner's head, claiming with official exactness a forfeit life for the iron maw of justice.

Every head was bent forward as the clerk, Mr. Sparks, in that peculiarly grating voice of his said, walking forward to a table:—

"Edward S. Stokes, stand up that you may hear the sentence of the Court pronounced upon you."

Stokes rose slowly, but without an effort. The ladies on the chairs put their arms and elbows on the shoulders of the strong men beneath him and they placed their handkerchiefs to their eyes, saying "Poor fellow, poor fellow!"

Stokes looked upon the Judge and the Judge looked upon Stokes. The eye of Stokes was steady, but the sufferings and harrowing confinement of twelve long months had told upon him. His face was as pale as the face of the dead, but the lip or eyelid did not tremble or twitch for an instant. The Clerk said:—

"Edward S. Stokes, have you anything to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?"

Stokes looked up and threw his head back and straightened his shoulders and "faced the music," as he would have said himself in his happier days before a harlot had crushed the strong will and lion heart of the man. He spoke slowly and not very loud, and hesitated but once. He declared solemnly that he was innocent of the crime of which he had been convicted, and that he had not intentionally violated any law of the land. He spoke of a mistake that a juryman had made, and pronounced the evidence on which he had been convicted to be false from beginning to end. Then, in a broken voice, he concluded by asking the Judge to make the time which would elapse before the execution of the sentence as short as possible. The latter part of his address was uttered in a broken voice. The bright world and the sunlight seemed to fade away, and darkness came down on this young man, with his handsome face, exuberant spirits and thousand attractive qualities to make him happy. At that moment, as the venerable Judge, his beard white with the frost of nearly seventy winters, and his eyes half-dimmed with blinding tears, began to collect his scattered notes on the desk before him. It is probable that Stokes was thinking of his wife, the woman whom he had sworn to love and protect, and of his little daughter of ten years, the only child he has, and whom he devotedly and passionately loves, and who are now separated from him by the ever moaning and trackless sea, and to whom, ere this journal shall be read by thousands of people, sorrow and shame has come in the shadows of the lofty Pyrenees—a sorrow and shame that is life-long, and a stain that can never be wiped out on this side of the blue floor of Heaven.

SENTENCED.

Judge Boardman began to speak the burning words preparatory to the actual sentence with a distinct but saddened utterance. And let it be said of this gentleman, who is not much known to this city or its citizens, that seldom or ever has a judgment been delivered or a sentence pronounced with the solemnity and eternal fitness that characterized the remarks of Judge Douglas Boardman. The listener might have transferred himself or herself a hundred years back; might have walked up the Gemonian steps of Old Newgate; might have entered the hall of Lost Footsteps, and there, amid the horse-hair wigs and breeches and rapiers of the lawyers, the voice of the sitting magistrate, lord of the Old Bailey, and the terror to house-breakers and horse-thieves might have been heard relegating the unhappy criminal to Tyburn Tree and St. Giles' Court. For in those days the Newgate Magistrate always pointed a moral in his judgment on the thieving wretch, and yesterday Judge Boardman followed this classic model. He told the prisoner that all that wealth and affection could do had been done for him, and that the verdict had been wrung from this judgment of the jurors. He said that he was himself unconscious of having urged the law against Stokes in any way, and that the sentence of the law would be given as much to make an example as for any other reason. He spoke of the dishonor and disgrace that would rest on all belonging to his family and friends, which nothing but death could wipe out. He spoke of the causes which led to crime, of appetites unrestrained and of passions fierce, vindictive and unbridled. And then came the terrible ending of all the breaking up of the waters, and the prisoner at the bar, in all the flush of a manhood of thirty-one years, and with the thought of how many beggars in the streets were happier than he—so dear is life to all—heard the dread and mandatory words of sentence peal forth in his ears, fraught with all the fearful and thunderous majesty of a law that decides that he who sheddeth man's blood his blood shall be shed. The sentence was as follows:—

"Edward S. Stokes, in obedience to the requirements of the law, this Court orders and directs that you be taken hence in the custody of the Sheriff of the city and county of New York to the prison from whence you came, and that you be there confined in close confinement by said Sheriff till the 28th day of February, 1873, and that upon that day, between the hours of eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon, you be hanged by the neck till you be dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

As the Judge approached the latter part of the sentence several women began to cry and many were sobbing audibly. Strong men turned aside, and, as they knew what was coming, placed their fingers in their ears, vainly trying to shut out the words of doom. To many a man and woman came a gasping sensation in the throat, and as the Judge closed his sad address one universal murmur of sympathy swept through the Court. The bearing of the prisoner was so undaunted, his carriage was so free from the maudlin weakness which is usual in criminals convicted of a capital offence, his youth and all his frailties came up and seemed to plead for sympathy, and he received it instantaneously. While the sentence was being delivered he stood still and mute and listened with attention, but never quailed. The firmness and steadiness of the man were noticeably wonderful. The crowded audience swung to and fro for a moment, a hum spread all over the Court, and at a sign from the Clerk the Court was still as the grave.

LEAVES THE COURT.

Then Stokes turned half round and looked for something. Not finding it he said politely,

"Billy, won't you be kind enough to give me my hat?"

The hat was given him and he placed it on his head, and the Sheriff stood by him and the deputies gathered around their quarry.

As the prisoner arose to go the people who had been sitting in the jurymen's seats made a rush, the men on the upper benches made a rush, the people inside of the enclosure made a rush and the crowd near the door made a rush. Also the women made a rush to get a look at the face of the condemned, and in consequence of all these simultaneous rushes there was a blockade and the passages were choked. The policemen and court officers made a dash and a struggle ensued, in which the crowds got the worst of it. Finally a passage was cleared, and Stokes, accompanied by Sheriff Brennan, Deputy Sheriff Shields and other officers obtained an entrance into the Supreme Court, Chambers, from whence they gained access to the private room of the Sheriff's office. As soon as the crowd had dispersed in some degree—there were certainly ten thousand people outside—a carriage came to the part of Broadway fronting the Court House, and into this carriage Sheriff Brennan, Shields and Stokes entered, and they were driven without any observation to the Tombs, at the Franklyn street side of the building. Under the gloomy archway Stokes passed, in all probability, never to repass again. While in the Sheriff's office the condemned man enjoyed a Havana cigar, which seems to be a solace for all his sorrows.

LAST DAY OF THE GREAT LEGAL DRAMA.

The Proceedings Yesterday—Sentence of the Prisoner—Stokes' Address in Court.

At half-past ten yesterday the Court of Oyer and Terminer was opened at the usual hour. The long-protracted trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jr., on the 6th day of January, 1872, was brought to a close by the passing of sentence of death upon Stokes for that murder—just one year to the day from the date of the fatal shooting. It were needless to say that the court room was crowded; that there was a great rush of thousands to witness the closing scene, one hundredth part of whom could not possibly even be admitted within the building or get a view of the closely guarded doors of the court room; or that inside the temple of justice itself the scene was a most solemn one to all, but terrible in its solemnity to the doomed one there, the centre figure of all the great crowd, the only one who, when all these proceedings are at an end, may not go his own way, but under strict guard, with sentence of death upon his head, shall be escorted back to his solitary cell.

Judge Boardman, having taken his seat on the bench, and counsel being all in their places, the prisoner was brought in by Sheriff Brennan and his deputies, the Sheriff remaining close beside his prisoner during the proceedings.

A BILL OF EXCEPTIONS TO BE PREPARED.

There was deep silence in the Court when Mr. Tremain, senior counsel for the prisoner, rising, said:—

YOUR HONOR—Counsel for the prisoner have bestowed their most careful and serious consideration upon the case of their client, during the short time that has intervened since the verdict was rendered. In this hour we dare not, if we could, we would not if we dared, compromise, waive or jeopardize any of those valuable rights and privileges that are still secured to the prisoner by the laws of his country. Nor would we be so indifferent to our professional reputation as to make any application to this Court which we believe could not be granted. We are painfully aware of the entire inability of the Court of Oyer and Terminer to grant a new trial upon the merits in a criminal case. Great power, although often recommended, has not been conferred by the Legislature before the highest Court of Criminal Jurisdiction. And although in the Court of General Sessions, just across the Park, the power is given in cases of murder and all cases of crime to grant a new trial upon the merits, that power does not exist here, and, therefore, if we should hope in a civil case for relief on the merits and if we should expect in case the power existed that one might with some degree of hope, appeal for relief on the ground that a verdict for manslaughter or even acquittal would better promote the ends of public justice, we are painfully aware of the impotency of the Court in this matter. We cannot, however, shut our eyes and hearts against the painful apprehension that the existence of other homicides in this city, and the appeals made by the prosecution, grounded upon that state of facts, might have excited an injurious influence against this prisoner here; but, however, we are satisfied that the Court, as the Court of Appeals has determined, has no power to interfere and grant a new trial for any error or supposed defect. I desire, however, to say that on anything that might fall from my lips I have no intention of impugning in the slightest degree the entire integrity and honesty with which the jury have discharged their duty. There is, therefore, but one single mode of relief afforded by the law to this prisoner in the Courts of this State, and that arises upon the exceptions which have been taken during the progress of the trial to Your Honor's rulings, admitting or excluding evidence, or to your charge, or refusals to charge the jury. If any right exists here, I desire that Your Honor, as I know you will, afford every facility to this prisoner in case he shall be so advised to obtain a review by the Appellate Court of these decisions. Of course it does not become me to say anything more at this time, nor have we been able to give the case any consideration to justify me in saying more than this. The counsel for the prisoner entertain strong hopes that after a more careful and deliberate review of some of the rulings than Your Honor was able to bestow upon them in the pressure and haste of the trial some relief may be obtained, and here arises a question of practice. We have been embarrassed by a decision which was made by the Supreme Court of the Sixth Judicial district, in which it was held by the Court that a bill of exceptions in a criminal case, unlike a bill of exceptions in a civil case, could not be signed or settled out of Court, but that it must be done by the Court of Oyer and Terminer, for which purpose it was proper that the Court should continue in session, or, if necessary, to adjourn to an early day for the purpose of signing and sealing the bill of exceptions. In this case we desire to call Your Honor's attention, that the matter may be put in such form that in case the prisoner or his counsel should desire to obtain such a review nothing done here should interfere with that right. And, as Your Honor knows, the testimony was very voluminous. I presume the District Attorney will be willing that a settlement should be made without the service of a copy, but upon the reporter's notes, with such modifications as may be necessary. We simply desire now that Your Honor, in view of this difficulty, would fix some early day when we may meet here in this Court for the purpose of settling and signing the bill of exceptions. We have considered the question as to the time that may be desired. We are fully aware that owing to the pressure of time, we ought not to waste a single day, and therefore we shall give our immediate attention to the preparation of this appeal. We believe that in the course of ten days from now it may be put in a state of readiness for Your Honor's signature, that the settlement may be completed, and I have only to ask, if Your Honor thinks the passing of sentence will not interfere, that you will fix an early day, say some day next week, for the purpose of settling the bill of exceptions. And now, asking Your Honor to give the prisoner the longest time allowed by statute, I shall leave my client's case with Your Honor, thanking you for your patience, learning, dignity and impartiality, and feeling the consciousness that we have done all that faithful and devoted counsel could do, honorably, properly and conscientiously to avert the terrible sentence which the verdict of the jury renders it necessary you shall pronounce.

Mr. FELLOWS—In regard to the time suggested, I have only to say that as soon as the bill of exceptions shall be prepared we shall be ready to examine it and suggest such amendments, if any, as we shall deem proper. I have now, your Honor, only to renew the motion of Saturday night, that the judgment of this Court be pronounced upon the verdict.

STOKES' SPEECH.

Mr. Sparks, the clerk, having asked Stokes why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced upon him, the prisoner, speaking in a calm, low tone, said:—

I have nothing much to say, but that I am innocent of the crime of which I now stand convicted. I did not intentionally violate any law of the land. I would also say that I noticed in one of to-day's papers a report of an interview with one of the jury—Bolles, I think—in which he stated that it probably would have been better I should not have gone upon the stand; that the pistol through which Fisk met his death I had never fired off, when the jury all knew I had fired it frequently and repeatedly with Colonel Fellows at Saratoga. I can only say, if that be true, that I never fired off that pistol at Saratoga, and it never had been discharged by me but twice. I know that all the testimony given for the defence was viewed lightly by the jury. I feel convinced of that; and I know that public clamor has been raised from the frequent murders that are taking place in the city of New York. I know the evidence upon which I was convicted was false from beginning to end, and counsel for the prosecution knew it, but the District Attorney never alluded to it. I have nothing so say but to ask you to make the time of the sentence as short as possible.

During the delivery of these remarks, which were uttered so faintly that but few persons in the audience heard them, the prisoner paused several times as if he was carefully weighing every word. There was nothing of nervousness, however, in his manner, and at the conclusion of his remarks he turned his eyes full upon Judge Boardman, and signified his readiness to receive sentence.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH.

Judge Boardman at once proceeded to address the prisoner and pronounce sentence in language as follows:—

Edward S. Stokes, you have been defended by most eminent counsel, with extreme skill and devotion. You have been supported and strengthened by the sympathies of loving relations and ardent friends. All that wealth, affection or industry could do for you has been cheerfully and well done. A jury, carefully selected, of intelligent, upright gentlemen, have listened patiently and kindly to your own account of the most terrible act, as well as to the other evidence put in on your behalf, and they have found you guilty of murder in the first degree—the highest crime known to our law—in having caused the death of James Fisk, Jr., one year ago to-day. This verdict was wrung from their judgment—not prompted by their hearts. I am certain I do each juror but justice in saying and assuring you that his concurrence in this verdict was the most painful act of his life. The result is not the fruit of unkindness to you, but a just respect for and obedience to the law and to the evidence in the case, even upon your own testimony. I am constrained to say that all the evidence sustains their conclusions and justifies their verdict. I am not conscious, so far as I am personally concerned, that I have urged the law in any respect against you. During the progress of the trial I have endeavored in all cases of doubt to give you the benefit of such doubt. To me remains the painful duty of pronouncing the judgment of the law, not alone as the punishment of your crime, but also that by your example others may take warning. I am sad at your unhappy fate, so young, so attractive in person, with so many fountains of joy yet untasted; still greater my sorrow to witness the unmerited disgrace you have brought upon your family and friends, for your disgrace is reflected upon them, who are pure—your dishonor, unjustly, it is true, but inevitably, stains their truth and virtue. It is a frightful legacy to leave after you—a spectre that death alone can vanquish. It were idle for me, if it were proper, to trace the path from innocence to crime, to tell the tale of appetites unrestrained, of passions fierce, vindictive and unbridled. I cannot do it. Let the time which the law gives you be devoted to reflection on the past, to repentance of your sins and in preparation for that great change so fearfully near to you. Do not delude yourself with uncertain hopes of pardon or clemency. Edward S. Stokes, in obedience to the requirements of the law, this Court orders and directs that you be taken hence in the custody of the Sheriff of the city and county of New York to the prison from whence you came, and that you be there confined in close custody by said Sheriff till the 28th day of February, 1873, and that upon that day, between the hours of eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon you be hanged by the neck till you be dead, and may God have mercy on your soul.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

Stokes heard the sentence unmoved, nor even throughout the reading of the death warrant—directed to the Sheriff—by Mr. Sparks, did he evince any change of manner or emotion of any kind. The death warrant was then handed to the Sheriff; the Sheriff touched Stokes on the shoulder; the deputies stood up; the sad party, the escort and the condemned man, turned their backs upon the judgment seat so fatally confronted a moment before by one of them, and made their way through the crowd to the ante-room and so to the Sheriff's Office and to the Tombs—a living tomb for a time at least to him, the youthfullest, and, but a short year and a day or two ago, the fullest of life, health and hopes, of any of them.

So ended the Stokes trial.

STOKES IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.

His Opinion of the Verdict and What He Thinks of Beach and Fullerton—He Says That the Jury Had Their Minds Made Up and Their Opinions Fixed Before They Heard the Evidence—But He Does Not Think That They Were Bribed and Never Said So—He Was Convicted by Perjured Testimony He Says.

A reporter of the HERALD called at the Tombs yesterday afternoon, shortly after sentence had been pronounced on Edward S. Stokes, for the purpose of having a talk with him in regard to the verdict of the jury. When Stokes was brought forth from the Court, after the dread sentence of the law had been passed, he was not taken to his comfortable cell on the second tier, but to a cell on the first tier, back of the desk at which commitments are received and in what is known as Murderer's Row. In this row of cells all those condemned to death are confined while awaiting their execution; but at present there are no condemned prisoners in this row, with the exception of Stokes. This cell is number four in the corridor on the ground floor, and on the left-hand side looking to the south quadrangle of the prison.

Stokes went quietly to the new cell provided for him in his usual gentlemanly manner, and said, "Well, I believe I have to change my quarters this time to another cell." A small rosewood table was placed in his cell, but otherwise it was destitute of all furniture but a flock bed. There was no chair, even; but these deficiencies will no doubt be remedied to-day, as there is no desire in the prison officials either to starve him out or freeze him out. Besides, money is a potent deity, even in the Tombs, and no doubt Stokes will have a washstand and a chair to-day, or any other luxuries that he may desire. Stokes, on meeting the HERALD reporter—whom he has often met before—greeted him warmly, although he could only give him two fingers through the bars of the iron wicket.

"Well, Ed, I am sorry to see you here. How do you feel?" (Stokes seemed to be in most excellent spirits, but was not at all boisterous in his manner. He was dressed in a yachting jacket and black trousers.)

STOKES—Well, I feel better than Beach or Fullerton, I am sure. They have locked me up here, but they have not been able to deprive me of the heart in my breast. Although they have deprived me of my liberty they have not deprived me of my feeling of right.

REPORTER—Well, Ed, I want to ask you what you think of the verdict of the jury. You did not expect such a verdict, did you?

STOKES—Why, I am simply astonished at the verdict. I expected from the jury an entire acquittal. It was the severest shock I ever received in my life. I never dreamed of such a verdict. I could not understand how the jury could give such a verdict.

REPORTER—What cause do you assign for the sudden change in the jury after the new evidence had been introduced of Jenny Turner, Henry De Corley and others in regard to the finding of a second pistol?

STOKES—A malicious and false report has been started that I have said that the jury were bribed. I said no such thing at any time or to any person. It is a mere slander, like all the other slanders in this case. But it is a well-known fact that they all declared, when they were sworn in as jurors, that they had each and all an opinion, and that they would be able to give a verdict on the evidence. The fact is that they could not do anything of the kind, and they did not give a verdict on the evidence. They brought in a conviction on false testimony, injected into the case by the ingenious lawyers for the prosecution. It was all as false as hell.

REPORTER—Do you refer to any particular witness, Stokes?

STOKES—Why, I must refer to Thomas Hart in particular. Now, look here; Hart says and swears to it that I was at the south side of the stairs when I fired the two shots. Dr. Marsh proved incontestably that the ball entered the right side of Fisk and passed into the left part of the abdomen. Mind you, Fisk is coming up the stairs and I am at the north side according to Thomas Hart. If so, how could a ball enter the right side of Fisk, I would like to know, and pass on to the left and lower part of his body. Why, any reasonable man will tell you that it is impossible. The position of Fisk, as described, and the posture of myself, sworn to by Thomas Hart, render such a shot impossible. I never was at the north side of the stairs. It was from the south side that the shot was fired (during this conversation Stokes illustrated the action as if he had been firing). He swore falsely, that man Hart, and he knows it, too.

REPORTER—What of the other witnesses?

STOKES—Just look at the manner in which the prosecution treated Miss Jenny Turner. They asked her all sorts of degrading questions. They asked her if she had been employed in a concert saloon, and the fact was the poor girl had never been inside of a concert saloon since she was born; and also they tried to insinuate that she had committed a theft from the Morse's, That was a shame. Mrs. Morse dare not prove any such thing.

REPORTER—Was she corroborated by any one else?

STOKES—Why, certainly she was. Did not Charles K. Hill corroborate her and Henry de Corley and even some of the witnesses for the prosecution itself? One of the witnesses for the prosecution tells a false story—I mean the man named Curtis. He swears that he was on the third floor when he heard the shots. Now listen to the rest. He swears that he left the third floor and came down to the second floor and went below all the lengths of the stairs leading to the street, where Fisk was shot. All this was done in a crowded hotel—one of the most crowded and public in New York. Then, he swears that he helped Fisk, with other persons, up the stairs slowly—mind, he swears slowly. When he had assisted Fisk to the top of the stairs he swears that there was no man or woman on the corridor or on the landing, or anywhere near the head of the stairs. How is it possible that there was no one present during all this time, I would like to know. Is it possible that at this time in a crowded hotel, and guests transient and permanent going to and fro, that he should be the only person to hear the shot in the whole house? Is it not inconsistent with truth on the face of it? Does not Jenny Turner swear that there were as many as twenty-five persons at the top of the stairs when Fisk was assisted up to the head of the staircase? That is the kind of testimony that a jury has convicted me on. Oh, I tell you that God Almighty will justify and bring the truth out yet. Do you think that any one but an idiot would believe that a man could, on hearing the shots, come from the third story to the street and that no other persons would assemble during all that time? And Mr. Beach very quietly asks Curtis if he saw Jenny Turner at the top of the stairs, where she was certainly standing, and of course Mr. Curtis says "No," at once. Mr. Powers, too, and Mr. Crockett, they both swore to having the pistol. Each of these two men, it seems, found a pistol, and they can't tell anything else. I wonder which of them really found the pistol, or did they both find it at different times in the one place? It was also said by Mr. Beach that the defence had suborned Miss Turner as a false witness to give false testimony. Now you are pretty well acquainted with this case, and you know of your own knowledge that I did not know where Miss Turner was or anything about her. You also know that about two months since that I received a letter informing me of the whereabouts of Miss Turner, and if I show you a copy of the letter you can tell whether or not if that letter was not brought to me in the Tombs, in the consultation room, and given to me. This letter told me where Miss Turner was at a time when the poor girl was keeping out of the way to avoid being locked up in the dismal House of Detention. This is a copy of the letter; read it.

Here Stokes showed to the reporter a copy of the letter, the original of which this writer certainly saw delivered by a reporter to Stokes in the Tombs about two months since. It was addressed to a well known police officer in this city, and the seal of the yellow envelope in which it was enclosed had been broken by the person to whom it had been addressed. The letter is as follows:—

LEE, Mass. (date torn off).

To——

DEAR SIR—There is stopping at our place one Jenny Turner. She is an important witness in the Stokes case. Fisk's friends have intimidated her from coming to New York. If you desire further information I will give it to you.

J. P. MOORE, Deputy Sheriff.

STOKES (continuing)—You know that I received that letter and that I knew nothing about the young girl at the time or her whereabouts. There was another witness who came on the stand. I refer to Captain Byrnes. He went on the stand and tried to contradict De Corley, the parlor man, but he did not succeed. He was a witness for the prosecution on the first trial, and when my pistol was handed to De Corley by the District Attorney he positively swore that my pistol was not the pistol handed to him by Miss Grace Hall. Now, mind you, he never came on the stand during the first trial to contradict De Corley, Mr. Powers, the proprietor of the hotel, and Mr. Crockett, one of the clerks, both swear that they each handed the pistol to Captain Byrnes. Now, the question I would like to ask is, Which of these gentlemen handed the pistol to Captain Byrnes. One of them must have sworn falsely. Captain Byrnes went to De Corley and got from him a description in writing of the pistol which he (De Corley) found. Where is that writing now? Captain Byrnes was asked for it on the last trial, but could give no satisfactory answer; he didn't know exactly where it was and could not produce it. And if there were not really two pistols in this case why was Captain Byrnes so particular in getting a written description of the one which De Corley found. My pistol was found buried in the back of the sofa. So help me God, I never went near that sofa, and didn't know it was in the room—the pistol was put there after I had been searched. The jury slighted the testimony of my witnesses. What do they think of Thomas Hart's testimony? His testimony was impeached by James Brennan and James Gill, from the House of Detention. I have sworn myself, if that is at all to be considered, that he was not there. Miss Jenny Turner swears that he was at the back of the hall and could not have reached the head of the stairs until after the shots were fired. Charles K. Hill and Peter Coughlan swear that he was not there, and these two last were witnesses for the prosecution, as was also Henry De Corley, who swore that Hart was not there. And Jenny Turner corroborated them all.

REPORTER—How did you feel when you came back to the Tombs on Saturday night?

STOKES—I seemed to be in a dream. When I entered my cell I thought the whole prison was rolling from under my feet. I never was so astonished in my life as I was by that verdict. Month after month you see the most deliberate murderers escaping by disagreements of juries where the evidence against them is as clear as the hand before your face, and here is a trial in which the evidence all through is of the most conflicting nature and the jury only hesitate three hours. Why, if this last trial had been like my first one, where the evidence was not at all favorable to me, the jury need not have left their seats at all, but might have rendered a verdict against me right in the jury box where they sat. Jesse M. Bolles, one of the jurymen, spoke of my pistol practice at Saratoga with Colonel Fellows; that I had fired this pistol in a shooting gallery there. The pistol I fired at Saratoga was the pistol they used in the gallery at practice, and I never had used this pistol at Saratoga in any way. They had a man named Kimball ready to bring on the stand to prove that I had uttered threats to Mr. Parker. I may have been introduced to Mr. Parker, but I never uttered threats against Fisk to any person, living or dead. The prosecution made one point which they seemed to think a great deal of—that was that I told the hackman to drive to the Grand Central Hotel, and that I knew Fisk was a frequent visitor there. Mrs. Morse herself testifies that he never was there but six times to visit her, and two or three people told me that he was sick during that week. As for telling the driver to go to the Grand Central I can only explain it in this way:—I have always told a hack driver to go to a hotel when I wanted to go to a particular street if a hotel was located near it. For instance, if I wanted to go to Barclay or Vesey street I would tell the driver to take me to the Astor House, and if I wanted to go to Prince or Houston street I would tell the driver to stop at the Metropolitan, or if I wanted to go in the vicinity of Madison square I would tell him to let me out at the Fifth Avenue Hotel or Hoffman House. But now all I have to say is this, if I were looking for and lying in wait for Fisk that day, and if I knew his whereabouts as well as the prosecution say I did, I could just as well have found him at the Grand Opera House or in its neighborhood. I did not intend to kill him, and the meeting with him as I did was purely accidental, as I hope for salvation.

This terminated the interview, and the reporter left Stokes to his solitariness. At four o'clock the prisoner was locked up in his cell, without communication until morning. Two deputy sheriffs are on detailed duty outside his cell.

IMPORTANT FROM BOLIVIA.

President Morales Shot by His Nephew, Commander La Faye, of the Army.

History of Events Leading to the Commission of the Deed.

Details of the Tragedy—Public Consequences of the Event—The Republic Tranquil—A New Government Chosen by Congress—Scenes in the Hall of Parliament—A Rough Session and Its Probable Fruits.

LIMA, Dec. 13, 1872.

General Agustin Morales, the President of Bolivia, was murdered in La Paz, on the 27th of last month, in a private quarrel which he provoked while intoxicated. The assassin was his own nephew, Commander La Fayé, of the Bolivian army.

PROMOVANT CAUSES TO THE BLOODY DEED.

To fully comprehend the particulars of this shocking affair it is necessary to briefly relate the exciting occurrences which took place on the four days immediately preceding the catastrophe, and the effect which they produced towards hastening the end. Morales for some weeks had been on bad terms with Congress, the misunderstanding growing out of the decided opposition on the part of the Legislature to the designs of Morales respecting the Aullagas silver mines. This immensely valuable property, belonging to the rich family of the Artichi, had long been coveted by the President, and he improved the supposed existence of a breach of the mining laws by the owners to propose that Congress should confiscate the estate for the benefit of the nation. The Assembly, however, refused to listen to the project of the Executive, clearly perceiving the ulterior designs of General Morales. From this circumstance an open rupture was feared between the two opposing parties.

On the 24th of November the President was banqueting in the palace, celebrating with his followers and captains the second anniversary of the overthrow of Melgarejo, his deadly foe. The furious character of the man was excited to almost madness by the recollection of his victory and by the copious libations he offered in memory of the event. Rising from the table, he staggered to the building occupied by Congress, at that moment in session, and meeting some of the Senators and Deputies in the lobby, commenced assailing them with threats and vile abuse for their persistency in thwarting his plans. Fortunately, he was persuaded, on some pretext or other, to withdraw from the scene, and he retired still breathing oaths of future vengeance.

CONGRESS ALARMED.

The members of Congress were naturally enough alarmed at the aspect of affairs, the session was suspended and a general consultation was held to decide upon the course to be followed. In the midst of the conference Colonel Daza, one of Morale's creatures appeared at the door of the hall, accompanied by a few troopers and a military band. The guard on duty endeavored to prevent the entrance of the intruders, but was obliged to yield to superior force. Advancing towards the centre of the chamber, Daza drew his sabre, an action instantly imitated by his companions, and broke forth into a most indecent and profane tirade against the representatives. When his vocabulary of abuse was exhausted he turned to his musicians and ordered them to play funeral marches as a prelude to a coming tragedy. The Congressmen were exhorted by the President of the Senate to remain tranquil in their seats, and to calmly await the fate which appeared to hang over them. With covered heads the members obeyed their leader; the people in the galleries groaning and hooting at the soldiery, but unable to take a decided stand. Daza wavered—his object possibly was only to intimidate—and after a moment of irresolution retired from the scene. He immediately reported progress to the President, who doubtless had imagined that the very appearance of an armed force would have been sufficient to terrify the Senate and the House of Representatives into abject submission, or would have forced them to incontinently raise the session. The rage and desperate fury of Morales rose to fever heat, but no further steps could be taken that evening, save placing guards at the outlets of the city to prevent the escape of the Congressmen and to conceal the news from the country at large. The night was passed in fear and anxiety by the citizens of La Paz; ominous rumors were heard on every side that the President intended a coup d'état, although those most intimately acquainted with Morales scouted the idea, since after the terrible lesson given in Lima in July few aspirants to power in South America would venture on an undertaking so fraught with appalling memories. The people remained perfectly quiet, and the only sign given of the universal agitation was by the presence of groups of affrighted men throughout the streets of the town.

Morales was invisible.

CONFERENCE AND A CALM PRECEDING A STORM.

The following day had been fixed for the formal dissolution of Congress. Early in the morning Corral, the Prime Minister of Morales, invited the members of the Legislature to a conference, in which he endeavored to patch up a peace. But the wiles and diplomacy of the Minister were as naught before the dignified bearing and determined position of the outraged representatives. They resolutely declined to enter into any negotiations with the Executive until their wounded honor was satisfied, first by an explicit apology from Morales, and a guarantee of future freedom from insult; the immediate dismissal of Daza from the service, and the promotion of the officer who so bravely had struggled to defend his charge against indignity. Corral would not assent to these demands, and the condition of affairs was even more difficult than before; the breach was widened, the cloud of danger increased, and no one knew when the storm would burst over the unhappy Republic. The people behaved exceedingly well, refusing all counsels tending toward open revolt. The conduct of the President was condemned in the most energetic terms. The insults heaped upon their representatives were regarded as personal injuries to themselves.

Corral hastened to Morales and communicated the fruitless result of his mission.

Morales, again provoked to blind fury, threatened to execute his emissary on the spot, and Corral, flying for his life, found safety and refuge in the Legation of the United States, where Colonel Markbreit, the American Minister, received the fugitive with the utmost kindness. In the afternoon Morales, at the head of his army, proceeded to the halls of Congress, which he discovered untenanted, the Senators and Deputies fearing to risk their lives in the hands of the desperate President. Here, before his troops and the few people gathered together through curiosity, Morales read an abusive address, calling the members traitors to their country and their trust, and declaring the sessions of Congress at an end.

On learning this new and arbitrary action

THE CABINET RESIGNED,

leaving only General Sanginez to continue as the adviser of the Executive, and for his fidelity Sanginez received the appointment of Prime Minister. Morales, now reduced to absolute frenzy, gave himself up to unbounded debauchery and soon became hopelessly intoxicated. Deserted by his former friends, regarded with hatred by the people, his prestige lost with the army, the unhappy chieftain knew not where to place his confidence or how to shape his course. The natural violence of his character carried away the remnant of intelligence which he possessed, and the monomaniacal terror he experienced as to his personal safety added to the horrors of his situation. Brandy became his sole comforter.

The morning of the 27th dawned over the city—a day fixed by Heaven for what is called a

NECESSARY SACRIFICE,

for the disappearance of a creature only calculated, in his present state, to work evil to his country and his fellow men. Morales was somewhat quieter in the morning; those near him, however, perceived that he was laboring under extraordinary excitement, perhaps the prelude to delirium tremens. He visited the different barracks, but was received with marked coldness. At times his uncontrollable temper would master him, and he broke out in curses and imprecations; at other moments he was silent and comparatively calm. The same perfect quiet continued throughout the city. The people were anxiously awaiting the end of the singular drama being enacted before them and the last act was drawing to a close.

At nine o'clock at night Morales was in his own apartments, pacing up and down and every instant applying to the bottle for relief. One of his aides-de-camp entered with a sealed letter. Morales snatched it from him, read it and rushed furiously to the guard room, where the officers on duty were stationed. The letter had informed the President that that very night his aides proposed binding him and placing him in a secure prison. Although no signature was attached to the document, the President looked upon it as a warning, and, excited by liquor, mad with passion and totally oblivious to consequences, assaulted his aides with insults and blows. Two of the officers received the buffets and oaths of General Morales without making reply. His nephew and aide,

COMMANDER LA FAYE,

remonstrated with him, pointing out the fact that he was maltreating the only friends remaining to him. Upon La Fayé Morales then turned, and striking him twice accused him of treachery and deceit.

La Fayé fell back a few paces, drew his revolver, and firing six times

SHOT MORALES,

wounding him once in the face, thrice in the head and twice in the breast. The wounded man remained standing for a moment, then gradually sunk on an adjacent sofa, where, in a short hour afterwards, in the arms of his daughter, he breathed his last. La Fayé instantly proceeded to his barracks, turned over the command to his adjutant, and before the story of the murder was made public had fled from the city.

Until the next morning the fate of the President was not known, and then

CONGRESS HASTILY ASSEMBLED,

elected the Council of State, with Don Tomas Frias as the chief, naming this gentleman as ruler of the destinies of Bolivia, according to the stipulations of the constitution. The people eagerly gave in their adhesion to the new order of things; the only shots discharged during the crisis of four days were those which put an end to the life of an unworthy President.

THE BODY OF MORALES,

lay in state for the customary period, and was then buried with the honors due to his rank. Frias, the new Chief Magistrate, is a species of Bolivian Thiers. Advanced in years, he has always been noted for his conservative ideas, and throughout his long life has manifested great ability in the different public positions he has honorably filled. The respect entertained for him by the country is universal and profound. From violence and terrorism proceed, in this instance, peace and confidence.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE MURDERED MAN.

The biography of Morales is common with that of many military men in South America. Raised to his position by the force of arms, employing all the arts of treachery and deceit at his command, and staining his record with fearful acts of cruelty, he fell a victim to his own unbridled temper. During the first portion of his administration his efforts towards forwarding the interests of the Republic received due praise, but at last his own personal projects banished the public good from his mind, and eventually led to his tragical death.

PUBLIC COMMENT.

It will be seen from the foregoing narration that the murder of the Bolivian President proceeded from events of a purely personal character; no political motives militated in the affair. Within ten years three of the rulers of Bolivia have met their deaths by the pistol—Belzú slain within twenty feet from the spot where Morales gasped out his life by his favorite, Melgarejo; Melgarejo shot in Lima by his son-in-law, and Morales, the dethroner of Melgarejo, assassinated by his nephew. There seems to be a fatality hanging over these officers. Balta, too, only in July last, killed in his bed by his brother in-law. When will the massacre end?

COMING CONSEQUENCES.

Associated with Frias in the Council of State are the distinguished names of Salinas, Sanjines, Vargas, Raña, Aguirre, Bosque, Del-Carpio and Baptista, the latter filling the post of Vice President. Elections will be called for a President and new Congress in the course of a few months. The awful lesson given by the people of Lima in the defence of their rights and liberties against the audacious attempt of the Gutierrez was the deathblow to militarism in South America. Had it not been for the terror which this warning inspired in the furious nature of Morales he without a doubt would have likewise endeavored to grasp the supreme power and declared himself Dictator. Such a course would have necessarily led to the ruin of Bolivia. But the firm attitude of Congress, the openly expressed disapprobation of the people, and the sword hanging over his head deterred the unhappy President from such an endeavor. The seeds are sown deeply, and the Bolivian people have, it is said, gained a new right to the respect of the world.

NEWS FROM CHILE AND PERU.

THE CAUSE OF CUBA IN THE CAPITAL.

Enthusiastic meetings to aid the Cuban patriots have been held in Lima.

SANITARY SCIENCE AT THE CONGRESSIONAL CENTRE.

In consequence of the unhealthy condition of Lima the removal of Congress to another place is talked of.

CHILE.

Telegraphic communication is now complete between Chile and all the northern portion of the Argentine Republic.

Eight of the Caracoles mines in Chile have yielded in nine months 105,855 quintals of metal, worth $2,200,000.

COLOMBIA.

Frontier Filibusterism from the Border of Venezuela—Revolutionary Movement in Cauca—The River Inundations in Bogota—Sudden Death of an Interesting Traveller.

PANAMA, Dec. 28, 1872.

Two generals, Meza and Lopez, crossed the frontiers of Venezuela into the territory of San Faustino, belonging to the United States of Colombia, with about one hundred men, ill treated the Colombian authorities there and carried off cattle and other plunder. The news created great excitement. It is generally supposed the Venezuelan government was not aware of the conduct of the said generals and will rectify the matter.

REVOLUTIONIST AGITATION IN CAUCA.

A revolution has broken out in the State of Cauca against the administration of General Mosquera, who is President of that State and of the liberal party. On the 2d inst. the State was declared to be in a state of war. The Bishop of Pasto and the Church party have sided with the revolutionists, being dissatisfied that the management of the schools of Colombia has been taken out of the hands of the priests.

THE SITUATION ON THE ISTHMUS.

In Panama the government has again put up at public auction the right to sell ice, which at present is a government monopoly. The cession is for five years, and the price restricted to fifteen cents a kilogram.

Politics on the Isthmus for the last week or two have been in an unsettled state, not so much from any contemplated struggle between liberals and conservatives as from divisions in the liberal party itself.

RIVER INUNDATION.

There has been a great inundation of the city of Bogota, caused by the overflowing of the two small rivers that run through it. Much property was destroyed and several lives lost. The damage done is calculated at $150,000. Subscriptions were being set on foot. This is the first time such an occurrence has happened there since the establishment of the city at the time of the conquest.

STEAMSHIP AFTER A GALE.

The steamer Henry Chauncey, on her voyage from New York to Aspinwall, met with a severe gale on the 12th inst., which increased to a hurricane. The steamer behaved well, and the passengers were so well pleased with the efforts of Captain Gray and his crew that they presented him with a complimentary letter and a gift of $600 for Mrs. Gray.

DEATH AFTER VOYAGING ON THE DEEP.

Among the passengers by this steamer was a Miss Mora, of Costa Rica. She had accompanied the family of President Guardia to Europe and was on her return home by way of New York. There she contracted diphtheria and died at Aspinwall on the 23d.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The sale of the ice monopoly at Panama has been postponed until the 30th.

The dry season has set in, with cooler weather, the minimum o the thermometer being 42 degrees.

The steamship Montana, from San Francisco, arrived at Panama on the 27th inst. She brought the news that the steamer St. Louis, of the same line, and engaged in the Central American trade, was at Acapulco having her boiler repaired. The Montana, therefore, called at the Central American ports on her way here, and will do the same on her return northward, leaving here on the 31st.

General Correoso, who was appointed Colombian Minister to Central America, will leave on his mission by the first steamer.

From the interior of Colombia there is no news of importance.

FIRE IN WILLIAMSBURG—LOSS $7,500.

Near midnight Sunday a fire occurred in the fancy goods store of Charles Sabbath, 337 Grand street, Williamsburg, causing a loss of $3,000 on stock and fixtures; insured in the Liverpool and Commercial for $2,700. The flames also spread to the adjoining cigar store of Mr. E. Monday, whose loss on stock and fixtures is estimated at $3,000; insured in various companies for $2,000. Mrs. O'Brien, owner of both buildings, estimates her loss at $1,500; insured for $800 in the Citizens'.