

JAMES FISK MURDERED

He is Deliberately Shot Down in the Grand Central Hotel.

Edward S. Stokes the Author of the Desperate Deed.

Fisk Twice Wounded and Reported as Dying.

His Ante-Mortem Statement Taken by the Coroner.

The Murderer Promptly Arrested on the Spot.

Exciting Scenes in and About the Hotel.

The startling intelligence that EDWARD S. STOKES had shot and mortally wounded JAMES FISK, Jr., flew like lightning through the City yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock, the unenviable notoriety of both persons imparting unusual facility to the seven-leagued boots of busy Rumor. For some time past the respectable dwellers in our City have been shocked and disgusted with the unavoidable publicity of their licentious amours; unavoidable, because they have been discussed in the Police and Law Courts. No sympathy with plaintiff or defendant was possible. It was a mere loathsome exhibition of depravity and cupidity such as, thank Heaven, does not often bring a blush to pure maiden faces or cause the ears of pruriency to tingle with its filthy recitals.

The sequel has come. The natural consequence of a vicious life has happened. A man lies dying—murdered; and his enemy—his murderer—is now discussing with himself the folly of his crime in a prison cell. And what of the wretched woman who has caused all this trouble? What a counterpart of her position is that of the unhappy woman whose evidence will, in a few days, cause a human being to swing on the gallows, for the murder of Mr. HALSTEAD, in Newark! It is a scene, dramatic yet real, horrible, but true, from which humanity turns and hides her eyes, and shudders at the remembrances of its contemplation. Here is a man who for years the world has called by the hardest and most opprobrious names, sent with scarcely a moment's warning to his endless doom, and by one who, to say the least of it, is no better than he should be. And why? Because a vicious state of society, an immunity in wrong-doing, a sort of licensed freedom in dealing with other men's money, (for which dishonesty is a charitable epithet,) has given opportunities to the unscrupulous. What a voluminous comment on this tragedy is the presence of Wm. M. TWEED and other Tammany officials at the bedside of the dying man.

THE DETAILS.
The details of this tragedy, which in many of its features is unparalleled in the history of crime in this City, were gathered from the most authentic sources, and are given in the following narrative, without exaggeration or coloring. It was almost impossible to extract the simple truth from the numberless rumors which were flying in every direction about the City all of last evening, but by persistent effort the facts, as they will be developed by the judicial proceedings which must follow this deed of blood, have been elicited.

In another column will be found a report of the proceedings yesterday, in the Yorkville Police Court, in the long-continued libel suit of Mrs. MANSFIELD against Col. FISK. The plaintiff and EDWARD S. STOKES were both present in that Court-room from 10 o'clock in the morning until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Both were upon the witness-stand, and subjected to examination by the opposing counsel. By a strange coincidence, it happened that STOKES was interrogated as to whether he had ever threatened FISK in any way. He seemed somewhat embarrassed by the question, but finally said that he had never threatened him otherwise than with legal proceedings. During all the time he was in the Court-room STOKES was entirely self-possessed, with this one exception, and did not in any way betray the deadly purpose which he executed two hours after leaving the Court-room with Mrs. MANSFIELD. His whereabouts during those two hours are as yet the subject of rumor, but there is good authority for saying that about 3 o'clock he was seen in a coupé which was standing in front of the Grand Opera-house, at the corner of Eighth-avenue and Twenty-third-street, with the exception that he is known to have been at Delmonico's. The next that was seen of him, so far as is yet known, was a few minutes before 4 o'clock, when he was walking carelessly up and down the main corridor of the Grand Central Hotel, on the parlor floor. This corridor is one story above the street, is parallel with Broadway, and at its northern end is reached by the ladies staircase from the street. Passing and re-passing the head of this staircase, STOKES glanced furtively down the stairs each time. His actions at the moment attracted little attention, as there was nothing striking or unnatural about them. Dressed with great elegance in clothing of a light color, a tall, well-formed, well-featured imperturbable man, there was nothing in his appearance not in keeping with the place or to excite suspicion in a casual observer.

While STOKES thus loitered, watched and waited, at 4 o'clock Col. JAMES FISK, Jr., drove up in a carriage to the ladies' door. Stepping out of his carriage and walking briskly across the pavement, he passed through the outer door of the hotel. When he had done so, he spoke to JOHN T. REDMOND, the porter on duty at the door, asking him if Mrs. MOSS was in REDMOND replied that she was not, but that he believed her daughter was in her grandmother's room. FISK then said, "Tell her I am here," but he started up the stairs before the porter. Up seven steps from the street there is a small landing. Reaching this, FISK happened to glance upward, and there saw the imperturbable, well-dressed man, whom he instantly recognized as EDWARD S. STOKES, standing at the head of the stairs. This man had his right arm resting on the standard at the head of the stairs, and FISK noticed that there was something in the right hand. Before the victim could see that this something was a pistol, without a word having been uttered by either of the men, STOKES, seeming to take deliberate aim, fired. FISK fell upon the landing, uttering the simple exclamation "Oh!" but immediately got upon his feet again; and as he did so, STOKES fired again. The first shot had taken effect in his abdomen; the second

crushed through the fleshy part of the left arm, above the elbow. Then he staggered, turned, as if to take refuge in flight, and, partly alighting, reached the bottom of the stairs, where he fell.

After firing the second shot, STOKES paused for a single instant, as if to look upon his work; then turned and walked leisurely away. Reaching the door of the ladies' parlor, a few paces distant from the head of the stairs, he stepped inside, and threw his still smoking and blackened Derringer pistol upon the sofa. He instantly stepped back into the corridor, and, walking more hurriedly, passed to and down the grand stairway, which leads up from the main hall and office of the hotel. Just as he gained the hall and was opposite the office, headed to the rear entrance, as if seeking to escape into Mercer-street, the alarm was raised that a man had been shot upstairs. Hearing this, STOKES started upon a run, and Mr. POWERS, the proprietor of the hotel, who was behind the desk of the office, cried out, "Stop that man." Just as he had reached the entrance to the barber-shop of the house, and when he was only a few steps distant from the door opening into Mercer-street, STOKES slipped and fell. Before he could regain his feet he was seized by some of the men attached to the hotel, who were in pursuit of him, and was led back to the porter's bench at the foot of the grand stairway, where he was compelled to sit down, and where he was carefully guarded by his captors until the arrival of the Police.

THE WOUNDED MAN.
All this had occupied but a moment of time, and meantime the wounded man had again staggered to his feet at the bottom of the stairs, and, assisted by REDMOND and others, had managed to ascend the stairs, and was taken into room No. 213, just at the head of the stairs, and was laid upon a bed. Covered with the blood which gushed from his shattered arm, the attendants, who knew only of this comparatively trivial hurt, but were startled by the sight of blood, rushed off for assistance. In a moment the room was crowded, but among the first comers were Drs. FISHER and TRIFLER, both of whom live in the hotel. They immediately cleared the room and proceeded to examine the wounded man. Col. FISK was entirely calm and rational, did not complain of pain, and gave a concise but perfectly clear account of how the wounds had been received. The injury to the arm was found to be merely a flesh wound, but the first shot had taken a more deadly course. They saw its orifice five inches above the umbilicus and two inches to the right of the median line. From its appearance, they were of opinion that it was mortal. Prof. JAMES R. WOOD and Dr. JAMES WHITE were sent for and arrived in a few minutes. As soon as they reached the room Dr. WOOD proceeded to probe the wound. The bullet was found to have taken a course inward, downward and to the left, penetrating the walls of the abdomen. Although the wound was probed to the depth of five inches, the bullet was not found, and its location is yet undetermined. The physicians all agreed that the abdominal wound was of a most serious character, and that the condition of Col. FISK was most critical. Its result would, however, be a question of some hours, and as after a time the sufferer seemed to rally greatly, hopes were entertained that he might ultimately recover.

IN THE POLICE STATION.
While a full knowledge of what had been done was being learned upstairs STOKES had been handed over to the Police, and, followed by an immense crowd, had been taken to the Fifteenth Precinct Station-house, a few rods away in Mercer-street, in charge of Capt. BYRNES. On arriving at the house he was arraigned before the desk. Capt. BYRNES, stepping to his place behind it, said: "I am about to ask you some questions, and you can answer them or not, as you please." STOKES answered instantly, firmly, and in a natural voice: "I must tell you at once that I will answer nothing." Capt. BYRNES said: "Will you give me your name?" To which STOKES said: "Certainly; my name is EDWARD S. STOKES. I will give you that, but nothing more." He was then, by order of Capt. BYRNES, taken back and locked up in an ordinary cell, where he was soon afterward visited by his counsel, Hon. JOHN MCKEON.

As soon as STOKES was secured at the Police Station, Capt. BYRNES, having been informed by the attending Surgeons that Mr. FISK was in a dying condition, at once dispatched an officer to summon Coroner YOUNG to attend for the purpose of taking the ante-mortem statement of the wounded Colonel. Coroner YOUNG was soon in attendance, and after being closeted for some time with Capt. BYRNES in his private office, proceeded to the hotel, and, accompanied by Capt. BYRNES, was shown into the room where FISK was lying. Dr. E. T. T. MARSH, Deputy Coroner, was also soon in attendance. A jury, consisting of Isaac W. England, of No. 141 East Thirty-ninth-street; Charles F. Moore, of No. 143 West Twentieth-street; William O. Chapin, of No. 278 Eighth-avenue; John L. Hall, of No. 178 Jay-street Brooklyn; Edward C. Moss, of Grand Central Hotel, and Dr. E. T. T. Marsh, of No. 41 West Ninth-street, was impaneled in the form, and the solemn act of obtaining the deposition of a man suddenly stricken down by the hands of an assassin, and brought to the verge of the grave was then proceeded with. At this time there were gathered at the bedside of the dying man the jury mentioned above, while in the outer room could be discerned "Boss" TWEED, JAY GOULD, and other Erie associates in close consultation. At the bedside stood Prof. JAMES R. WOOD and Dr. FISHER, closely examining the features of the patient, while at the foot of the bed loomed up the tall and sombre figure of DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, the eminent counsel retained by FISK in the Erie suits. Seated at a table, which had been drawn up near to the bed, were Coroner YOUNG and Dr. MARSH. The patient was lying on the bed extended on his back; his left arm through the fleshy part of which a bullet had passed, was lying outside the covers and propped up on a pillow.

A DYING MAN'S STORY.
All the preparations being in readiness, Coroner YOUNG arose and asked Mr. FISK if he was ready to make his statement. The patient answered in the affirmative. Coroner YOUNG proceeded with the usual questions as follows:
Q.—What is your name?
A.—JAMES FISK, Jr.
Q.—Where do you live?
A.—No. 313 West Twenty-third-street.
Q.—Do you believe that you are about to die from the injuries you have received?
A.—I feel that I am in a very critical condition.
Q.—Have you any hopes of recovery?
A.—I hope so.
Q.—Are you willing to make a true statement of the manner in which you received the injuries?
A.—I am.
FISK was thereupon sworn, and made the following statement:

This afternoon at about 4 o'clock I rode up to the Grand Central Hotel. I entered by the private entrance, and when I entered the door I met the boy of whom I inquired if Mr. MOSS was in. He told me that Mrs. MOSS and her youngest daughter had gone out, but he thought the other daughter was in her grandmother's room. I asked him to go up and tell the daughter that I was there. She came through the other door, and we went upstairs, and had gone up about two steps, and on looking up I saw EDWARD STOKES at the head of the stairs. As soon as I saw him I noticed that he had something in his hand, and a second after I saw the flash, heard the report, and felt the ball enter my abdomen on the right side. A second after I heard another shot, and the bullet entered my left arm. When I received the first shot I staggered and ran toward the door, but noticing a crowd gathering in front, I ran back on the stairs

again. I was then brought upstairs in the hotel. I saw nothing more of STOKES until he was brought before me by an officer for identification. I fully identified EDWARD S. STOKES as the person who shot me. JAMES FISK, Jr.

After FISK had appended his signature to the statement he became very faint, and the attending surgeons were obliged to give him stimulants.

The jury having heard the deposition of Mr. FISK, rendered a verdict:

"That JAMES FISK, Jr., came to his injuries by pistol-shot wounds, at the hands of EDWARD S. STOKES, at the Grand Central Hotel, Jan. 6, 1872."

THE CURIOUS CROWD.
While this proceeding was being had in the room of the wounded Colonel, quite a crowd of celebrities had gathered in the adjoining corridor, anxiously awaiting the result. Among these gentlemen were noticed Mr. M. R. SIMONS, Managing Director of the Narragansett Steamship Company; Mr. WHITE, Treasurer of the Erie Railway; Mr. D. D. FIELD, Jr.; Coroner HERBERMAN, who had been summoned by the friends of Mr. FISK, but did not arrive until Coroner YOUNG had taken charge of the case, and a number of the guests of the house, attracted thither by curiosity.

The ante-mortem deposition being concluded, and the jurors having signed the official blank, Coroner YOUNG proceeded to the Station-house, where he again took possession of the Captain's room, from which the reporters were carefully excluded. What occurred in this room is not known, but several witnesses were present, including REDMOND, the young man who was at the door of the ladies' entrance when Mr. FISK entered the hotel. Whether these witnesses were examined or not could not be ascertained, although Coroner YOUNG informed the TIMES reporter that he had not officially taken any statements from these persons.

THE MURDERER.
After some time had been spent in these Star Chamber proceedings, Sergt. CARPENTER was sent to bring STOKES up from the cell in which he had been confined since his arrest. A buzz of excitement announced the approach of STOKES, and all eyes were riveted on the prisoner as he marched behind the Sergeant through two files of reporters who filled the main office of the Station-house. STOKES sustained the trying ordeal well. He walked firmly and quickly behind his escort, his eyes downcast, as though anxious to avoid rather than to attract observation. STOKES is a tall, well-built man, about thirty years of age, with a remarkably pleasant countenance. He looked and acted like a well-bred man, and was fashionably attired. His apparel consisted of an overcoat, light in color but heavy in texture, a dark walking-coat and vest, light pantaloons, and high silk hat. His hands were covered with light kid gloves, and he carried a slight, natty cane, which completed his outfit. Nonchalantly, but without any bravado, he stepped into the Captain's room, and was presented to Coroner YOUNG. The latter official informed him that he had taken the ante-mortem deposition of his victim, and, as required by law, desired to ask him certain questions, but he was at liberty to answer or not. STOKES promptly replied, "I have been advised by my counsel not to answer any questions or make any statement in regard to this affair, and I must, therefore, refuse to answer." The Coroner thereupon made out a commitment for STOKES and placed it in the hands of Capt. BYRNES. STOKES was then escorted back to his cell.

Subsequently, despite the fact that Superintendent KELSO had directed Capt. BYRNES not to allow the members of the Press to interview the prisoner, the reporter of the TIMES was accorded the privilege of visiting Mr. STOKES in the cell in which he had been locked up. The prisoner was found leaning against the bars of his cage, conversing with Coroner YOUNG. After an ordinary introduction, the reporter asked Mr. STOKES if he desired to make any statement for publication in relation to the shooting of Mr. FISK.

The prisoner promptly replied: "By the advice of counsel I decline to make any statement at present. Mr. MCKEON, who is my counsel, has so advised me, and of course I shall abide by his advice. I have already refused to make a statement to the Coroner." Our reporter then bade Mr. STOKES "good night," and withdrew. The prisoner will be taken to the Tombs this morning, to await there the death or recovery of his victim.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEWS.
At the Grand Central Hotel, late into the night, the halls and corridors were alive with excitement. Policemen were stationed in the hall leading to the room where the wounded man had been carried, and also on the staircases to prevent the crowd from rushing up stairs to gratify their curiosity. The news spread rapidly through the streets and soon became a topic of conversation in bar-rooms and other places of public resort. Many who heard it thought at first that it was a joke, and could scarcely be made to believe it. Meanwhile the Grand Central Hotel began to fill with an excited throng. Knots of people gathered together in the hall and bar-room, and discussed the startling event. Anybody who had anything to tell about the shooting soon found a large audience who pressed around him with attentive ears. Mr. POWERS, the proprietor of the hotel, and his clerks, were followed around everywhere by those anxious to hear what they had to say about the assassination. Very good naturedly they repeated over and over again what facts they had to narrate.

Mr. FISK's friends, hearing of his shooting, hurried to the hotel on foot and in carriages, and soon a large number of Erie Railroad employes and others interested in Mr. FISK's fortunes were present. The feeling among these was one of strong indignation. Said one, pouring out a volley of oaths, "Let's us to go the Station-house, and take STOKES and hang him." It seemed to want but little urging to make these men follow the lead of the speaker. Considerable sympathy was manifested even by those who would have been glad to have FISK punished by legal measures. While the crowd in the office kept increasing during the night, the floor above was kept clear of all except guests of the hotel or those who had business there.

Mr. Wm. M. TWEED visited the wounded man, and staid by his side for nearly an hour. Mr. JAY GOULD, Col. FELLOWES, Mr. HEPBURN, and his counsel, Messrs. CHARLES S. SPENCER and DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, were also among those who called.

Mr. SPENCER relates a story that STOKES, with Col. FELLOWES and several others, were dining at Delmonico's yesterday, after the trial, and that during the repast Judge BARNARD came in and said in STOKES' hearing that the Grand Jury of Oyer and Terminer had found an indictment against him. STOKES soon after left, and was not heard of again until the shooting took place.

Mr. JUDSON JARVIS, Order-of-Arrest Sheriff, was met in the hotel office. He also told the reporter that he had received information at his office before leaving that the Oyer and Terminer Grand Jury had found an indictment several days ago against STOKES for blackmailing in the Fisk-Mansfield matter. Mr. JARVIS said that he could not vouch for the authority of the information. It came to him second hand.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.
At 11 o'clock last night, a consultation was held at FISK's bedside between Drs. CARNOCHAN, WOOD, SAYRE and WHITE. It was determined that no further exploration of the wound should be made until 8 o'clock this morning, when the surgeons will again meet for consultation. The condition of the patient is reassuring, and some slight hopes of

his recovery are entertained. At 2 o'clock this morning Mr. FISK was sleeping soundly, and it is hoped that he will pass a quiet night, as he has been placed under the influence of hydrate of chloral.

MR. FISK MAKES HIS WILL.
Shortly before midnight Mr. FISK sent for Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, one of his lawyers, and executed his will, in presence of Dr. FISHER and three other witnesses. He provided liberally for his wife, who had been telegraphed for, and will be here to-day. The condition of Mr. FISK was unchanged up to that time, and he was calmly sleeping at 3 A. M.

THE WITNESSES.
The following witnesses have been secured by the Police:

THOMAS HART, Grand Central Hotel; BENJ. ALLEN, of No. 12 Fourth-avenue, driver of the hotel stage; JOHN T. REDMOND, the youth who opened the door for Mr. FISK, and PATRICK McDONNELL.