

## BY TELEGRAPH.

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## AMERICAN.

New York, 20.—Advices from Santa Domingo report a peculiar affair. On the evening of June 28th, John Platt, of Yonkers, N. Y., a carpenter was stopping at the hotel San Pedro, where ex-President Secare, who had just returned from exile under amnesty, was also a guest. The authorities suspected Secare of plotting against the Government, and sent a squad of soldiers to arrest him. The ex-President fired at his would-be captors, blew out the light and made good his escape through the dark corridor. Platt, aroused by the noise, stepped out in the hall. The General, though only twenty feet distant, mistook him for the fugitive and nine muskets were at once fired at him. Five balls took effect and he fell dead. The killing caused considerable commotion among the resident Americans.

DOUGLAS, 20.—Six persons were drowned in the Walnut river, seven miles below here, yesterday, Anson Carman and wife and Mrs. Jane Carman, their son's wife, drove into the stream, which had risen during the night from the recent rains, and were swept out of sight of a second wagon, which came to the ford a few minutes later. In the second wagon were Mr. and Mrs. Koates and Mr. Jay Carman. They drove into the stream and were carried away also. Only three of the bodies have been recovered.

PITTSBURG, 20.—Seven thousand people assembled at McKee's Rocks this afternoon to witness the final heats in the Teemer regatta. The weather was oppressively hot, but the water was as smooth as glass. The event was the three mile professional scull race for a purse of \$800. The entries were: Teemer, Gaudaur, Ten Eyck, McKay, Hamm and Hosmer. At the word "go" all took to the water together, but Teemer rowing the fastest stroke, quickly went to the front. Before the contestants had gone thirty yards, however, Gaudaur drew up to Teemer, and passed him at the end of the first mile, turning the buoy three lengths in the lead, with Teemer second, Ten Eyck third, Hamm and McKay a tie for the fourth, and Hosmer bringing up the rear. On the home stretch Teemer made an effort to close up the gap, but Gaudaur pulled away from him, and crossed the line four lengths in the lead. Time, 18 minutes and 32 seconds; Teemer second, in 19 minutes 35 seconds, and Ten Eyck third in 19 minutes.

In the double skull race between Gaudaur and Hosmer and against Hamm and McKay, Gaudaur took the lead at the start and maintained it to the finish, in 18 minutes and 41½ seconds.

The time made by Gaudaur, Teemer and Ten Eyck in the professional scull race is the fastest ever made, beating Teemer's record of 20.01½, made at New Orleans last year.

At the conclusion of the regatta the police raided the gamblers, who were operating all kinds of games along the course. Their goods were seized and a large number arrested.

WINNIPEG, 21.—In the Riel trial at Regina yesterday, the prisoner being asked to plead, said, after some hesitation:

"I have the honor to answer that I am not guilty."

Counsel requested an adjournment in order to prepare on affidavit setting forth the importance of having certain witnesses for the defense. Adjournment was granted until to-morrow. The prisoner is very quiet.

MILES CITY, Mont., 21.—The Tongue River Cheyennes are headed by Chief White Bull, who has forced Black Wolf to join him. Two Moons and Brave Wolf are leading chiefs on the Reservation. The Tongue River Indians have had a fracas among themselves; the result is not known. Major Logan reached here yesterday and will be joined by 2 companies of cavalry from Custer to-morrow. The Crow agent, Armstrong, left yesterday for his agency.

GALVESTON, 21.—A San Antonio special to the News says: A private letter from Kinney County states that hostile bands of Indians, taking advantage of the withdrawal of cavalry from this district, are at large on the frontier. The writer states that two Mexicans at the mouth of Pinto Creek and eight at Las Vegas and about twenty at other points, have been killed in the Trans-Rio Grande near the border, by Indians, and that a band of 15 raiding warriors has been in Kinney near Brothers ranch. So far as learned no loss of life attended the Indian raid in Texas.

Mr. MC GREGOR, N. Y., 21.—The fatigue that followed his ride yesterday afternoon was no great that General Grant slept eight hours of almost natural sleep during the night. After taking food at two o'clock he was awake scarcely an hour, and slept continuously and with good effect from midnight this morning. At 8 o'clock he was aroused, but is yet dozing through forenoon. His pulse this morning is more frequent and somewhat weaker than last night.

CHICAGO, 21.—Last night was the most oppressive experienced in this city in a number of years. At an early hour this morning a light breeze came from the Lake, which has blowing stronger all morning. As a result of the intense heat yesterday, there was a large mortality among the hogs at the stock yards.

MOUNT MCGREGOR, 21.—Though

General Grant was greatly exhausted by the jolting ride in his chair on Monday afternoon, it was believed this morning that the eight hours of natural sleep obtained by him last night had restored a portion of his lost energy. The belief was supported by his refreshed and somewhat brighter appearance. His pulse had scarcely the volume it had at 11 o'clock last night, and as the morning wore on the doctor thought he detected evidence of a feverish condition. But the forenoon was passing so quietly as to give strength to the belief that the General was resting and further recuperating from the effect of the trip, which had been undertaken at his solicitation and by his expressed desire, and after an assurance by himself that his strength was equal to the accomplishment of his purpose. Towards noon, however, there grew in the physician's mind a conviction that the dozing quietude was more of an extreme and growing lassitude than of peaceful repose. At midday there was a slight change in the sick man's condition, which was marked by increased weakness and less cognizance of what was going on about him. The change was so slightly marked, however, that no unusual alarm was felt by the family, though it was deemed advisable to report the same to Dr. Douglas, who at the time was at the hotel. Accordingly Jessie Grant walked up the slope to speak to the Doctor, who came down to the cottage. The General was less quiet, though he desired rest. He informed the physician that he had declined alcoholic stimulants, because he believed they served only to heal his system without imparting strength. He expressed himself as feeling that he could endure his condition of weakness but a short time longer, and then requested the physician to administer an hypodermic injection of morphia. Dr. Douglas was not much inclined to grant this request, because he believed that sleep and rest produced by artificial means would too rapidly drain the vitality of the patient. Besides a lethargic tendency was developing and Dr. Douglas preferred that the patient should take food rather than opiates. The sick man, however, declined and insisted upon the administration of morphia. At length, to satisfy him, Dr. Douglas administered what Grant believed to contain three minimums of the drug. As a fact that quantity was not administered, but a slight portion, diluted with the usual three drops of liquid, was injected into the General's arm. The sick man grew quiet and seemed to sleep, and then it was the physicians left the cottage and reported the patient exceedingly weak. It has since transpired that the General was attacked this forenoon with hiccoughs, and this disturbing and rapidly weakening, as well as significant factor was present in the afternoon and with added frequency. The sleep which followed the giving of the morphia was followed by renewed hiccoughing. Attempts were made as the afternoon was waning to give the General food. He joined in the endeavor, but the quantity retained was very small. When the current of a goblet full of liquid was passing the General's throat, its overweight distended the throat and the food passed down, but when the last few mouthfuls were being drained from the glass, the weight and fullness of the liquid was not sufficient to distend to parts, and they closed because the muscular power of the throat was insufficient to keep any open passage. The result was the reason of the choking and coughing, with the ejection of a portion at each attempt to administer food. The condition of the patient may be appreciated when it is known that within perhaps fifteen minutes after the attempt to administer nourishment to him the General would suddenly look up with a momentary look of bewilderment and inquire of his attendant, "When are you going to give me that food?" Half an hour might elapse and again the sick man would look up as though he had forgotten something, and would ejaculate: "When are you going to give me the food you spoke of," and when told that he had just received food but that more would be given if desired, the General would again fall into a half unconscious doze and mutter, "never mind, never mind."

The afternoon was sultry and almost breathless, with the thermometer as high as 85 degrees. There were no reviving elements in the atmosphere and the sun went down after a day of stifling discomfort, even to persons in good health. The General remained in his room, and was not dressed during the day. He did not move, except to rise when the pillows (kept constantly beneath him to prevent bed sores) were beaten up and aired. Several times he walked feebly to the cot in the sick room, while his resting place was being thus aired and freshened. So the afternoon wore on, and at 6 o'clock Dr. Douglas came to the hotel to dinner. The Grant family were then dining.

Dr. Newman came up to the mountain on the train arriving at 6:15 p. m. He joined the general's family at the table and there Dr. Douglas reported the General's condition. He said the patient was in a critical condition and he would hazard no prediction of the future, not even of the night. Dinner concluded, Dr. Newman and Dr. Douglas returned to the cottage. A light breeze had sprung up with the going down of the sun and the hope was expressed that the cooling air of the evening might revive the patient. Colonel Fred Grant had been at the cottage but a little while after his return from dinner, when he was said to have expressed the belief that his father would not survive the night. The family were conscious that a critical season was near, and suspense and illy-suppressed anxiety prevailed in and about the cottage.

Colonel Grant gave orders that all manuscripts and all literary effects at the cottage should be at once packed up and made safe, as no more work on the General's memoirs would probably be done there. Twilight was deepening into dusk when hurried movements were observed within the cottage. Servants flitted from room to room. Dr. Douglas was with the patient and family at alternate intervals, and some event seemed imminent. The nurse was seen to wheel one of the General's large chairs from the sick room to the cottage parlor. Dr. Douglas and Col. Grant soon supported the sick man from his apartment and settled him in his great chair. The nurse had cushioned it with pillows. Mrs. Grant took a place beside her husband and fanned him almost incessantly. Dr. Douglass said the General had been brought into the parlor so that he might benefit by the freer air. Though the sick man was coherent when he spoke in whispers, he spoke but little, and was sinking surely.

Dusk had given way to darkness, the General seeming to take little note of the occurrences about him. He still sat with his face toward the door, while the nurse and Mrs. Grant waved fans before his face. Critical moments were passing. U. S. Grant, jr., was summoned by wire, and all felt the end might at any time occur. Mrs. Grant whispered to Dr. Newman shortly before 9 o'clock and asked him to offer prayer. The clergyman knelt beside the General and offered up prayer, while the family and physicians stood around about with bowed heads. For an hour the patient's pulse had been fluttering and weak, and soon after 9 o'clock it steadied and grew a shade firmer. Then he lowered his feet and crossed his knees. Next he raised his hand to his face and rested his cheek against it. Dr. Douglas was beside him, and as these changes took place he glanced up significantly into the faces of the family grouped about the chair. Finally, as the hour of 10 o'clock drew near, General Grant looked up and spoke to Nellie. Then he indicated his purpose to write and did so. These were instructions to his family. Handing one note to Col. Fred, the General looked up into his face with his large eyes, that had in them a pitiful expression. "I have already attended to that, father," returned the Colonel as he bent over the General. The latter addressed other members of the family. His pulse was growing steadier. The night had passed beyond 11 o'clock, and half an hour later the sick man demonstrated that he is the General to the last.

The family were sitting on the piazza or standing near the windows and entrances. The General beckoned Dr. Douglas to him. "Tell them all to go to bed," he whispered, "there is no earthly use of their sitting up any longer." Dr. Douglas stepped out on the piazza and delivered this message of command. It was obeyed by all except Col. Grant, who will remain up during the night. At midnight the cottage was quiet.

1 o'clock a. m.—Dr. Douglas states that since his rally Gen. Grant has received a hypodermic injection of brandy. This has brightened him. His pulse is now quite regular and shows some firmness. He is awake and perfectly conscious. The rally, however, was made without any stimulants. Indeed, the General refused any when offered. An effort is being made to tide over the General till the arrival of U. S. Grant, Jr.

In the bulletin issued at 10 o'clock in the evening, Dr. Douglas said that he had known patients in the General's present condition to survive two days.

At 2 o'clock the General is in the same condition as at 1 o'clock. Mrs. Grant is fanning him, with the nurse in attendance. Dr. Douglas has retired.

NEW YORK, 21.—Dennis Sullivan, 60 years old; James Reynolds, 39 years, and James Shaughnessy, 60 years of age, died to-day in this city from sunstroke. Michael Shoon, a resident of College Point, L. I., also died from sunstroke to-day. The day was extremely hot and uncomfortable, with no appearance of cooler weather. The mercury at noon stood at 90 degrees, and at 3.30 at 97. Up to 1 p. m. to-day for the past 24 hours, 188 deaths have been reported at the Bureau of Vital Statistics.

Pittsburg, 21.—This has been the hottest day of the year, the mercury at 1 o'clock this afternoon standing at 90 degrees. Four cases of prostration from heat have been reported. At 1 o'clock one of them, a mill laborer, died in a few minutes. In several of the mills the employees were compelled to quit work this morning and the mills were closed down. Among the street car horses there is great suffering, and on some of the roads the number of trips has been reduced at least one-third.

At St. Louis the mercury still ranged from 93 to 96 degrees throughout the day. Fourteen prostrations were reported up to 3 p. m., five fatal. During a phenomenally heavy, but short local rainstorm, two men were killed by lightning. Several other persons were severely shocked. Another scorching is expected to-morrow.

New York, 21.—Two police officers, shortly after midnight, came upon a man rolling in his own blood on Fourth Avenue. Picking him up they found a gaping wound in his throat, through which his blood was rapidly oozing.

The police took him to the station house, where the man bled to death. Almost with his last breath he said his name was Thomas Murphy, 35 years old, and accused Thomas Deppy of being his murderer. He had struck him down with a pitcher, smashing it over his head in a quarrel. Deppy was arrested.

MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y., 22, 9 a. m.—The actual condition of the patient is pronounced unchanged since the last bulletin, except that General Grant is said by Dr. Douglas to be growing weaker. Some food has been taken and retained this morning. The patient is sitting with slightly inclined head, conscious and clear of mind. Dr. Douglas has sent for Dr. Sands. Dr. Douglas anticipates the end during the day or evening.

The early morning hours at the Grant cottage were cool and refreshing on the veranda where an incandescent electric light was burning all night. The thermometer marked at 2 o'clock this morning 72 degrees. This was equal to the temperature maintained in the sick room, while General Grant remained in New York, and added to it was the morning sweet smell of pine trees that bend over the cottage, roof. Between 2 and 3 a. m. the gray tint of another day crept up the horizon beyond the green mountains, perhaps the last day of the sick man sitting within the cottage parlor. About and around the cottage all was still and quiet, except for the occasional twitter of some belated bird in the branches of the pines. Occasionally the nurse walked out upon the piazza for fresher air and a glimpse of the night.

Once, at nearly 3 o'clock, Mrs. Grant came out upon the veranda and seated herself in one of the many deserted willow chairs that were scattered about the piazza. Suddenly there came the sound of

## A RATTLING, LABORING COUGH

from within. Mrs. Grant left the piazza quickly and seated herself by the General's side, slowly fanning the sick man's face. The cough was not severe, but only incidental. The morning had passed three o'clock, and the time had come to administer food. The nurse touched the shoulder of Dr. Douglass as he lay asleep on a couch in the same room. He arose and administered food and afterwards cleansed the General's throat. As the physician laid aside his appliances again, General Grant leaned forward in his chair and signified a desire that the lamp should be brought, it was held at the sick man's shoulder and at the moment the General turned his face toward the light and upward to bid his nurse bring his pad and pencil. This wish was not at the time understood, and turning a trifle further the General repeated his wish. The scene at the moment was a picture. In the shadows as flickering calm rays fell across the face of the General, it became grim, and Rembrandt with strong rugged lines broken down with pain and suffering.

On his head was a skull cap, beneath which straggled the hair that clung about the emaciated neck. A dark dressing gown covered over the patient's form and a handkerchief encircled his neck. The gray of the close cut beard seemed white. The lines on the cheek and forehead were deep; the eyes clear and steady, showing the General's reason was clearly at his command.

## DR. SANDS CALLED.

At five o'clock, Dr. Douglas was aroused to send a summons for Dr. Sands. The General moved restlessly and his eyes for a few moments gazed intently away through the trees. Then he settled down in his chair and dozed. The message to Doctor Sands was sent only that the responsibility of the case, at the close of the night, should be shared by a member of the medical staff, and not with the thought that any aid could be rendered by any person at that time. The General was given stimulants, but he grows weaker hour by hour.

The morning is clear and the mercury at 11 o'clock registered 80 deg. All visitors are to-day kept from the cottage and a Sabbath-day quiet prevails about the spot. Dr. Douglas and Dr. Newman are with the family and the day is one of quiet waiting. The General sits as he did last night, his eyes closed much of the time, but coherent and clear whenever he speaks. U. S. Grant, Jr., is expected this afternoon. The family circle will then be complete.

## THE PEN HEAVIER THAN THE SWORD.

1 p. m.—Dr. Douglas has just left the cottage. He says the General sits with his head inclined forward and his eyes closed the greater part of the time. His pulse is very weak and fluttering. The patient once during the morning made an attempt to write, but succeeded only in writing the date. The effort being greater than was warranted by his little remaining strength. He had spoken at intervals, but his voice was very feeble. During the forenoon food was taken and retained. With the declining day, the physician believes the General will also rapidly decline.

## A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

Mount MacGregor, 4 p. m.—The physicians met at once with Dr. Douglass in consultation; having left the cottage it was stated that Doctor's Shady and Sands had found General Grant in the critical condition already stated by Dr. Douglass and announced in these dispatches. No one of the staff is willing to make any prediction be-

yond 24 hours, which period it is deemed impossible the General may survive, though the probabilities, as now indicated, are that a less space of time marks the limit of the General's life. A change for the worse is anticipated as the day closes. The pulse is now over 100.

## HIS PULSE AT 130.

MOUNT MCGREGOR, 5 p. m., 22.—The pulse is said, unofficially, to have been 130 within an hour past. There is no marked change since 4 o'clock.

## SINKING.

6.50 p. m.—He is sinking. The development of the General's weakness during the afternoon was particularly noticeable from hour to hour, but between 3 and 6 p. m. there was clearly, but not violently marked, increased weakness. At 3 o'clock it was possible to measure the pulse beats, but at six o'clock one of the physicians stated the pulse beats could not be counted because they were so frequent and feeble. During the afternoon the blood tide had so quickened that it more rapidly wore the system and exhausted the frail basis, if existed, upon which might be placed hope that the General might rally. The point was reached at 6 o'clock when there was little to be expected from attempts to administer anything. Soon after 6 o'clock Harrison came from the cottage and told Dr. Sands and Shady that Dr. Douglas desired to see them at the cottage. They went the doctors, remaining a short time and then coming to the hotel. It is believed the condition of the patient was found to have been as stated above, and that while the temperature was nearly if not normal, the respirations were near 30 per minute. The family, beginning at 6 o'clock, came to the hotel, to enter in twos, the others remaining in the cottage. In the meantime the family dined in a private room, set apart for their use, at the hotel, in that at this critical time they might be secluded from the curious observation of the many visitors and guests whom the General's condition from hour to hour, has been the topic of the day. The closed and silent cottage all the day suggested mutely the achievement of the last scene in General Grant's earthly existence and upon guests and visitors had settled a sense of nearness of death, as there seemed to be a hush upon the mountain and around all that upon it. As the sun went down a cool breeze like that of last night sprang up, and again those on a mountain endeavored to person themselves and others that the night would bring renewed strength to the patient and help him to ride through the night. But such was the opinions of the doctors, who were prepared to attend the General's death bed at a moment's notice or to pass through hours or into the night unprepared to find the patient alive at morning. At 7 o'clock, however, the three physicians were at the cottage. Harrison came to the hotel and Dr. Douglas, who went at once to the cottage alone to the cottage. Soon after 7 o'clock another messenger from the cottage summoned Drs. Shady and Sands. They repaired to the cottage, closely followed by Dr. Newman. The doctors and clergyman from the hotel were, however, so quiet that they knew they had been summoned to the cottage. Arrived there, they found the General evidently sinking. Dr. Douglas seemed restless. "Why do you like to lie down, father?" asked Col. Fred Grant, who noted this restlessness. The General no yet and at the same moment essayed to rise unassisted, but the effort was great, and he sank into the chair. Was Colonel and the nurse aided him to arise and then supported him to the reclining position and laid partially on his back and one of the physicians has since remarked, "The General now left his chair for the last time. The belief is that Gen. Grant has length lain down to die. The family are all gathered at the side of the sick man, and again Dr. Newman, at about the same hour as last night and at Dr. Grant's request, knelt beside the General and prayed. Their heads were bowed and the silent tears were on the cheeks of the men as well as the women. The doctors sat somewhat apart and the family was near its fast-sinking head, and the after an hour death seemed less rapidly gaining on the man it pursued just nine months to-day. It is just nine months ago to-day that General Grant walked into Dr. Douglas's office to seek his professional aid for a cancer that has done what war and war could not. Later the doctors and clergymen strode out upon the piazza and sat near the parlor window and Jesse Grant joined them at times. But the other members of the family remained in the sick room and watched and waited while the General answered "yes" and "no" to several questions. Time passed slowly, indeed, and at length, at 8:15 o'clock, Dr. Douglas left the cottage.

"How is it Doctor?" was asked him. "HE IS DYING," said the gray-haired physician. "Will he live an hour?" was asked again. "Oh, yes, and possibly more, but he is passing away," was the response, and after passing a little time at the hotel Dr. Douglas returned to the cottage.

At 9 o'clock the General's pulse was