

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH.

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### CHEER UP.

Cheer up! And struggle on though tempt-  
ations low.  
Around the path thy footsteps have to tread;  
Bow not before fortune's mighty power,  
But with ambition proudly lift thy head;  
Though disappointment blight thy bright  
aim,  
Sink not—the darkness fall soon will be  
past.  
Aim high if thou would'st win a noble name,  
And fortune kind may smile on thee at  
last.  
Cheer up! though enemies around thee  
throng,  
And peerless march upon thy onward  
way;  
Thou art yet young—thy form is stout and  
strong.  
So heed not what thy foes may rudely say;  
But first be sure thy're walking the right  
track.  
And fix thine eyes on Fame's far dizzy  
height.  
Then go ahead—no one can pull thee back,  
If thou art led by principles of right.  
Cheer up! Though others sink upon each  
side,  
A glorious fate may be awaiting thee;  
Men cannot tell until they are laid,  
What is their fate, or where their destiny.  
Then brother, onward—boldly breast the  
gale.  
This is a fast and a progressive age;  
Cheer up! Thou'lt read "there's no such  
word as fail."  
Thy name may yet adorn Fame's bright-  
est page.

### ACCOUNT OF THE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON.

Sad Story of Domestic Affliction and Bloody  
Revenge—The Legal Proceedings—Trial of  
Mr. Sicksles—Visits of his Father and his  
Mother-in-Law.

The Washington correspondent of the  
New York Times, of the 28th ult., describing  
the tragedy of Sunday last, says:

During the whole of the last session of  
Congress the tall figure of Mr. Key was  
constantly to be seen in President's square,  
opposite Mr. Sicksles' Washington residence;  
and Mrs. Sicksles was constantly in his com-  
pany at all places of public entertainment.  
In the interval of the Congressional recess,  
Mr. Key made a short visit to New York,  
still without exciting any absolute suspicion  
of positive impropriety in the mind of Mr.  
Sicksles; although other friends of the un-  
happy lady, and among them her mother,  
repeatedly warned her of the fatal precipice  
on the brink of which she was permitting  
herself to trifle. It was hoped that the af-  
fair would come to an end itself, and that  
one or both of the parties most nearly im-  
plicated, would perceive the real drift of  
their conduct in time to avoid its almost in-  
evitable consequences.

But on the re-assembling of Congress,  
and the return of Mrs. Sicksles to Washing-  
ton, Mr. Key's attentions, and the scandal  
consequent upon them, were revived with  
greater ardor than before. Mr. Key was a  
particularly noticeable man in point of per-  
sonal appearance; tall, well-formed, a much  
more athletic man than Mr. Sicksles, and  
especially fond of exercise on horseback—  
He rode an iron grey horse; and scarcely a  
day has passed since the return of Mrs.  
Sicksles to the Capital, on which his tall fig-  
ure, his white riding-cap, well-trimmed  
moustache, and iron-grey horse might not  
have been seen two or three times in the  
course of the morning on the circuit of Presi-  
dent's square, or at the door of Mr. Sicksles'  
house, which stands quite alone on the  
north side of the square, and is a very con-  
spicuous building of white stucco. It was  
but on Tuesday last, (so swift and fearful a  
dream does the whole story seem,) that, on  
visiting Mrs. Sicksles, Tuesday being her day  
of reception, I found Mr. Key there, his  
horse waiting for him at the door. The  
rooms were filled with a pleasant company;  
the soft Spring sunlight poured in at the  
open windows; and Mrs. Sicksles herself, in  
all her almost girlish beauty, wearing a bou-  
quet of crocuses, the firstlings of the year,  
seemed the very incarnation of Spring and  
youth, and the beautiful promise of life—  
What is the twilight; what the house that  
then was the synonym of hospitality, the  
root frank, and generous and easy!

In the early part of the week before last  
Mr. Sicksles went on to New York. During  
his absence the busy spies of Society ob-  
served that the attendance of Mr. Key at his  
house was even more unremitting than usual.  
Mr. Sicksles returned to Washington on  
the morning of the day of the Napier Ball,  
and from that time up to Friday last nothing  
occurred to make the matter of his wife's  
relations with Mr. Key more than ordinari-  
ly prominent in his mind. So far was he  
from manifesting anything like inordinate  
or tyrannical suspicion, that he allowed  
Mr. Key to escort Mrs. Sicksles as usual  
on Pennsylvania avenue, and I saw them,  
in company with Mr. Henry Wikoff,  
at the theatre on Wednesday night. On  
Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Sicksles entertained  
a large party at dinner. Over that party and

brilliant company how near and fearful a  
doom impended!

On the next day (the day before yesterday)  
Mr. Sicksles received from some enemy of  
mankind an anonymous letter, stating with  
precision so minute as to make suspicion  
imperative, that Mr. Key had rented a house  
on Fifteenth street above K street, from a  
negro woman, and that he was in the habit  
of meeting Mrs. Sicksles there two or three  
times a week, or oftener. The person and  
dress of Mrs. Sicksles were accurately de-  
scribed, and the usual time of the interview  
specified. Accompanied by a friend, Mr.  
Sicksles went to the house designated and  
found every statement of the anonymous  
writer corroborated. Mr. Key had taken the  
house; and he had constantly met there a  
lady answering very closely in description  
to Mrs. Sicksles.

Mr. Sicksles still clung to the hope that the  
person who had stooped to the baseness of  
making such charges under the veil of se-  
crecy, might have thoroughly deceived him,  
and that Mrs. Sicksles was not the lady in  
question. He accordingly requested his  
friend Mr. George Woolridge, of New York,  
to watch the place from the window of a  
house just opposite.

On Saturday, no meeting took place, and  
the woman in charge seems to have stated  
that none had entered since Wednesday.  
On Saturday evening, Mr. Sicksles, resolv-  
ed no longer to play the spy upon his honor,  
determined to confront his wife directly with  
his terrible suspicions. At first Mrs. Sicksles  
strongly denied her guilt; but on her hus-  
band's asking her whether, on Wednesday  
previous, she had not entered the house  
on Fifteenth street, in a certain particular  
dress, and concealed by a hood, she cried  
out "I am betrayed and lost!" and swooned  
away. On recovering her senses, she ad-  
mitted her guilt, and besought mercy and  
pardon. Mr. Sicksles calmly said he would  
not injure her, since he believed her to be  
the victim of a scoundrel, but that he had a  
right to a full confession. Two ladies in the  
house were sent for as witnesses, and in  
their presence, Mrs. Sicksles made a full  
confession in writing, stating that her connec-  
tion with Mr. Key had commenced in April  
last under Mr. Sicksles' roof, but that Mr.  
Key had since hired the house in Fifteenth  
street, in which they had constantly met. Mrs.  
Sicksles' confession was made in the midst  
of the bitterest contrition and misery—  
Her husband simply asked her to give him  
back her wedding ring, and desired her to  
write to her mother to come and take her  
from his house forever. Mrs. Sicksles made  
no objections, admitting the justice of her  
punishment in the most affecting language.  
Her mother will arrive to-morrow to remove  
her from the fearful scene of guilt, remorse  
and blood.

Once having quitted the presence of his  
wife, Mr. Sicksles gave away to the most  
terrible emotion, and passed the night in a  
state bordering on distraction—a feeling  
which was worked into madness this morn-  
ing on seeing the cause of his misery, Mr.  
Key, with gay audacity pass opposite the  
window of his wife's room and waved his  
handkerchief—the usual signal for assigna-  
tion.

Asking Mr. Butterworth, who was at his  
house, to follow Key and engage him in  
conversation so that he would not get out of  
sight, he rushed up stairs for his pistols, and  
quickly following, found Butterworth and  
Key together, at the corner of Sixteenth  
street, when the tragedy took place.

On coming up, Sicksles walked directly to  
Key, and said, "You have dishonored my  
bed and my family, you scoundrel—prepare  
to die!"—at the same time drawing his pis-  
tol. Almost simultaneously Key placed his  
hand inside his vest and drawing what ap-  
peared to be a pistol, but what was really  
an opera-glass, said, "You had better not  
shoot!"

Sicksles at once fired, Key at the same time  
threw his glass at him. This shot only  
grazed Key, slightly raising the skin of his  
side, and he immediately leaped behind a  
tree to avoid another shot. Sicksles follow-  
ed, and Key, catching his arm, endeavored  
to prevent him from firing, but Sicksles dis-  
engaged himself, and firing again, shot Key  
in the upper part of the right thigh, close  
to the main artery.

Falling on his hip, and supporting him-  
self with his hand, he cried, "Murder! don't  
shoot!" Sicksles still following, firing again,  
with his pistol close to Key, the ball pass-  
ing through the body below the breast.

In the meantime the report of the pistol  
and Key's cries startled those in the neigh-  
borhood. Mr. Thomas Martin, a clerk in  
the Treasury Department, who happened  
at the moment to be leaving the Club, rush-  
ed back, and calling out, "Key is murdered!"  
Mr. Doyle, Mr. Upshur and Mr. Tidball, who  
were in the Club at the time, proceeded  
hastily to the spot, when they found Sicksles  
standing over the body of Key, with his  
pistol presented at his head, and which he  
tried twice to discharge, but which snapped  
both times—and Mr. Butterworth standing  
by composedly.

On Mr. Doyle's touching Sicksles on the  
shoulder, the latter at once desisted, and  
turning around, said "Gentlemen, this man,  
has dishonored my bed!" Upon this he  
took Butterworth's arm, and walking from  
the spot with the most perfect self-pos-  
session, proceeded to Attorney General Black's  
and delivered himself into custody.

On Mr. Sicksles' leaving, Messrs. Doyle,  
Tidball, Upshur and Martin conveyed the  
body, which still held faint gasps of breath-  
ing, to the parlor of the Club-house, when  
the Assistant Surgeon General was at once  
in attendance, but Key was beyond medi-

cal skill. He breathed but twice after being  
laid upon the floor.

When Martin and Upshur raised Key from  
the ground, the former inquired if he had  
anything to say. Key made no reply, and  
was evidently unconscious.

In a few minutes the news spread over  
the city, and the streets became thronged  
with visitors to the scene of the terrible  
event, and groups were everywhere noticed  
engaged in excited discussion about it. The  
Club House was speedily surrounded by an  
immense crowd, eager to view the body of  
the ill-fated Key. Many of the leading  
gentlemen of Washington drove up in their  
carriages, and in about a quarter of an hour  
the brother-in-law of the deceased, the Hon.  
Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, arrived.

At about 3 the Coroner's inquest was held  
in the parlor, where the body lay, when suf-  
ficient facts were elicited to show that de-  
ceased was killed by Daniel E. Sicksles, and  
a verdict was rendered accordingly.

The parties involved in this sad story all  
lived within the immediate circle of our  
daily Washington life; two, at least, of them  
being also well known in New York as well  
in the Federal Metropolis. Key was about  
forty two years of age, tall in stature, about  
six feet, with an easy and fashionable air,  
but by no means prepossessing in appear-  
ance otherwise. His face had a sickly hue,  
and he had been for some time suffering  
from heart disease, or imagined he was,  
which gave him a soured and discontented  
look. Otherwise he was extremely popu-  
lar, and those who knew him best said his  
eccentricities of manner covered a very  
kind and generous heart. His father, Fran-  
cis S. Key, was the author of the National  
song, the "Star Spangled Banner." He was  
a widower, with four children. On his  
marriage he narrowly escaped a duel with  
Colonel May, who conceived that he had  
unfairly ousted him from the affections of  
the lady who became his wife, and who  
was a beautiful and charming woman.

Mr. Sicksles, the member for the Third  
District of New York, is a native of this  
city, and was originally a printer by occu-  
pation. He is a man of nearly forty years  
of age; of good presence and graceful man-  
ners. As a member of the State Senate, as  
well as in the House of Representatives, he  
had made himself remarked by a quiet un-  
usual coolness and self possession, which  
gave him great advantage in debate, and  
had acquired for him a well-deserved repu-  
tation as a rising young leader of the Dem-  
ocratic party. In 1853, Mr. Sicksles was  
married to his wife, now ruined and heart  
broken, then a young and fresh from her  
school life, and capable then as now  
for something especially soft, lovely and  
youthful in the type of her very peculiar  
beauty. She is of Italian origin, and pos-  
sesses all the Italian lustre and depth of  
eye, united with a singular candor and deli-  
cacy of feature.

Mr. Sicksles had seen her grow up from  
childhood, and was attached to her with an  
almost idolatrous affection. Shortly after  
their marriage, Mr. Sicksles was appointed  
Secretary of the American Legation at Lon-  
don, in the household of Mr. Buchanan, and  
his beautiful bride won universal admira-  
tion abroad, not more by her charms of  
person and her manner than by the gayety  
and innocent joyousness of her character—  
On their return to America they resided for  
some time on the Bloomingdale Road, in a  
charming home overlooking the Hudson  
River; and, on his election to Congress, Mr.  
Sicksles took his present home on President's  
square. It faces directly the Club house to  
which was brought to-day the corpse of the  
man who himself had slain all that made  
the life of that mansion, but a few days  
since so gay among the gayest, and so hospi-  
table among the most hospitable, of the  
home of Washington.

Mrs. Sicksles may be 22, and has two  
children. She is the daughter of Baglioli,  
the celebrated music teacher, of Fourteenth  
street. Amid the general gloom which this  
sad affair has cast over the city, many a  
sorrowful thought is cast towards her  
who guilty surrender to the wiles of a  
villain has resulted so tragically, for she has  
been much liked, and those who have  
known her will grieve sorely at the neces-  
sity of giving her up as lost. Few women  
are better calculated to win their way in  
polite society, or to contribute more to its  
vivacity.

Popular sympathy, as usual in such cases,  
is almost unanimously with Mr. Sicksles,  
the provocation being deemed ample justifi-  
cation for the deed, and when the facts are  
yet unknown come to be developed, this  
feeling will grow still stronger, and read a  
fearful lesson to those who may attempt  
to invade the honor and happiness of an-  
other's home.

A few of Key's personal friends profess  
to disbelieve his conduct to have been ac-  
tually criminal, and maintain that it was  
the result merely of inordinate personal  
vanity which led him to seek the appear-  
ance of being a favorite with the lady in  
question. Their theory is utterly disproven  
by the confessions of the now heart-broken  
victim.

When Mr. Sicksles surrendered himself  
to Attorney-General Black he requested such  
disposition to be made of him as was prop-  
er. The Attorney-General sent for a mag-  
istrate, who, with the Chief of Police, came  
speedily. Soon after the Mayor arrived,  
announcing the death of Key, and Mr. Sicksles  
was conducted in a carriage to the jail,  
where he now is, awaiting an examination.  
I called upon him this evening and found  
him surrounded by several colleagues and  
other sympathizing friends. He was evi-

dently laboring under strong mental excite-  
ment, and his haggard countenance present-  
ed marked evidence of the effects of the  
fearful emotions which have harrowed his  
very soul during the last twenty four hours.  
Nevertheless, his manner was calm and  
collected, with his nerves steady. Of course,  
I did not question him relative to the affar.  
He volunteered the remark, however, that  
it was unavoidable, and that he could not  
have done otherwise. He added: "Satis-  
fied as I was of his guilt, we could not live  
together upon the same planet."

The Hon. Robert J. Walker and Messrs.  
Carlisle and Ratcliff have been retained as  
his counsel. They will bring him before  
Judge Crawford to-morrow on a writ of  
*habeas corpus*, and move his discharge upon  
bail. There is little doubt that it will be  
allowed, and he released from custody.  
The general opinion seems to be that no  
Grand Jury will ever indict him.

Key left no property. His family con-  
nections it is understood are able, and will  
provide for his children. Some of Key's  
friends intimate threats of summary ven-  
geance against Sicksles if he appears in  
public where they can reach him.

**THE CORONER'S INQUEST.**  
R. H. Coolidge, Surgeon of the United States  
army, the first witness examined, testified as  
follows: I have made all the examination  
necessary, except a *post mortem* examina-  
tion. I was sitting in my room to-day,  
at No. 320 H. street, and heard three suc-  
cessive pistol shots; I thought nothing of it  
till I saw persons running; seeing this I  
ran to this room—this is, in the Club House,  
where the inquest was held—and there I  
found Mr. Barton Key lying in the present  
position; he was pulseless, and his heart had  
ceased to act, but he partially breathed  
there; there was nothing medical or surgical  
to be done for him; he was dead; on exam-  
ining the body, I found a pistol or gunshot  
wound in the upper or front part of the  
right thigh, near the main artery, and  
another wound of the same character on the  
left side, between the false ribs, the ball  
having passed through the body, and made  
its appearance at a corresponding point on  
the other side, remaining under the skin;  
in addition to these two wounds, there is a  
slight bruise on the right side of the body,  
near the ninth rib; this was evidently from  
a pistol ball glancing; there is also a slight  
bruise on the middle finger of the left hand;  
I believe his death was produced by these  
wounds.

Dr. R. K. Stowe examined the body with  
Dr. Coolidge, and testified in substance to  
the same effect, adding that either wound  
was sufficient to produce death.

Joseph L. Dorso testified as follows—I  
was walking on the opposite side of Pen-  
sylvania avenue, and heard the report of a  
pistol; I turned quickly to the sound, and  
saw Mr. Key jump on one side, saying  
something I did not hear; after he jumped  
on one side I saw Mr. Sicksles raise his pis-  
tol to fire a second time; as he raised his  
pistol Mr. Key grabbed him; they tussled  
for a while, and got off the pavement; Mr.  
Key followed him up for a short distance,  
apparently to prevent him from getting  
another shot; Mr. Sicksles got from him,  
raised his pistol, and fired a second time;  
before he fired deceased shouted several  
times, "Don't shoot," they were then about  
twelve feet apart; after the second fire de-  
ceased got behind a tree, as if to hold him-  
self up; Mr. Sicksles reached round the tree  
and fired a third time; deceased fell; Mr.  
Sicksles then stepped upon the pavement  
and put the muzzle of the pistol to de-  
ceased's head and snapped it and burst the  
cap; it looked to be one of Colt's revolvers;  
I saw no weapon in Mr. Key's hand; after  
Mr. Sicksles snapped the cap he stood over  
deceased and appeared to throw something  
away; some one then took hold of him and  
led him away, and I followed till he went  
to Attorney-General Black's, where he was  
afterwards arrested.

Richard M. Downer sworn—While stand-  
ing at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue  
and LaFayette square, talking with Mr.  
Key, at about two o'clock to-day, Mr. Sicksles  
approached, and called Mr. Key by name,  
and said—"You scoundrel, you have  
dishonored my family;" he was about ten  
paces from Mr. Key. (Here Mr. Butterworth  
was asked by the jury if he was aware of  
an intended collision, and he refused to  
answer, saying that it was sufficient to state  
simply that Mr. Sicksles shot Mr. Key, who  
fell dead.) He then said that, simultane-  
ously with the first fire, Mr. Key attempted  
to draw something from his pocket, which  
I supposed to be a pistol; I afterwards found  
in the street an opera glass; Mr. Sicksles  
fired three times. Mr. Butterworth gave  
his testimony apparently in a reluctant  
manner.

Edward DeLafield, of New York, and  
Francis Doyle testified in the main to the  
foregoing facts as to the shooting.

**VERDICT OF THE JURY.**  
The verdict of the Coroner's jury was that  
Mr. Key came to his death by pistol balls  
fired by Daniel E. Sicksles, whilst stand-

ing on the southeast corner of Lafayette Square,  
the wounds therefrom causing his death in  
a few moments.

**ANTECEDENTS OF MR. KEY.**  
Key, who was United States Attorney for  
the District of Columbia, was a nephew of  
Chief Justice Taney, about forty-two years  
of age, tall in stature—about six feet—with  
an easy and fashionable air, but by no  
means prepossessing in appearance other-  
wise. "His face had a sickly hue, and he  
had been for some time suffering from  
heart disease, or imagined he was, which  
gave him a soured and discontented look.  
Otherwise he was extremely popular, and  
those who knew him best said his eccen-  
tricities of manner covered a very kind and  
generous heart. His father, Francis S. Key,  
was the author of the song, the "Star-Spang-  
led Banner." He was a widower with four  
children. On his marriage he narrowly es-  
caped a duel with Colonel May, who con-  
ceived that he had unfairly ousted him  
from the affections of the lady who became  
his wife, who was a beautiful and charm-  
ing woman."

From the Washington Evening Star, Feb. 28.  
**REMOVAL OF THE BODY.**  
After the inquest was over, the friends of  
the deceased, about 9 o'clock, P. M. caused  
the body to be removed to his own house  
on C street, between Third and Four-and-a-  
half streets.

This morning, a post mortem examina-  
tion took place on the body by Drs. Cool-  
idge of the United States Army and Robert  
K. Stowe, which lasted several hours, the  
result completely corroborating the state-  
ments made by those gentlemen before the  
Coroner yesterday.

The deceased leaves four interesting child-  
ren—Lizze, Mary, James and Alice—whose  
ages vary from four to twelve years.

**THE ARREST.**  
Mr. Sicksles was arrested at Judge Black's  
residence by officer J. H. Suit. When the  
officer made known his business, Mr. Sicksles  
requested to be taken to his residence  
on the west front of Lafayette Square, for  
the purpose of obtaining some papers &c.  
The officer permitted him to do so, accom-  
panying him to his own door, and when ar-  
rived there, officer Suit fearing that some  
further violence was premeditated by his pris-  
oner extracted of him a promise that he  
would do no violence to any person in his  
house. He was then permitted to go to his  
wife's room to obtain the papers which he  
desired to get possession of. In the mean-  
time the greatest excitement prevailed with-  
out, and a large crowd of persons collected  
in front of Mr. Sicksles' house.

Shortly afterward Capt. Goddard, accom-  
panied by the Mayor, arrived at the house  
and entered, and in a few minutes the officers  
with Mr. Sicksles came out, entered hacks,  
the Mayor, Marshall Selden and Capt. God-  
dard accompanying Mr. Sicksles in one car-  
riage, and Officer Suit and Mr. Butterworth  
following in another, and passed down H  
street in direction of the City Hall, a large  
crowd of men and boys following along the  
side pavements and shouting. Opposite St.  
John's Church Mr. Sicksles put his head out  
of the carriage window and smilingly re-  
turned the salutation of a friend who stood  
on the corner, Mr. S. apparently being per-  
fectly self-possessed.

**AT THE JAIL.**  
Among others who saw Mr. Sicksles after  
arriving at the jail was Deputy Marshal  
Phillips, who addressed him and regretted  
the circumstances in which he was placed.  
Mr. S. replied that no one could regret the  
occurrence more than himself, but that after  
learning what he had learned, the course  
which he had taken was the only one he  
could take, and that Mr. Key and himself  
could not both live in the same world.

Capt. Goddard then had an examination  
of the case. The only evidence taken was  
that of Mayor Berret, who testified to the  
death of Mr. Key, and Mr. Butterworth,  
who stated that just before the shooting he  
met Mr. Sicksles on Pennsylvania avenue,  
a little east of the corner of Lafayette Square,  
and nearly opposite the State Department;  
that he had a few words of conversation  
with Mr. Sicksles, who left him as Mr. Key  
came down Madison Place towards the State  
Department; that they met at the corner  
of Lafayette Square, when Mr. Key extended  
his hand to Mr. Sicksles, saying, "How are  
you?" Mr. Sicksles, refused to take his  
proffered hand saying, "You have dishon-  
ored my home and my family," and ap-  
plied to him some epithet. Mr. Key  
put his hand to his side pocket, for the  
purpose, as witness supposed, of drawing a  
weapon, and Mr. Sicksles at the same time  
put his hand into his pocket, from which he  
drew a pistol; as Mr. Key raised his hand  
to throw at Mr. Sicksles the article he took  
from his pocket, (which was an opera glass,  
Mr. Sicksles fired his pistol and shot Mr.  
Key; the latter staggered a little back, but  
soon made at Mr. Sicksles, who stepping a  
few feet backward, fired a second shot into  
Mr. Key's body, and Mr. Key reeled back to-  
wards Maynard's house, with one hand on the  
railling and one knee on the pavement ex-  
claiming "you have shot me," and then cried  
murder." Sicksles then fired a third shot into  
his body, and left him, after which Mr. Key  
was taken to the "Club House," near by,  
where he expired in a few moments.

On hearing the above evidence, Capt. God-  
dard committed Sicksles to jail for a further  
hearing.

Should no *habeas corpus* for another hear-  
ing, with a view to obtain bail for Mr. Sicks-  
les, be asked for to-day, Capt. Goddard will  
commit him fully without further hearing.  
It is understood that Mr. Sicksles has en-  
gaged as counsel, David Paul Brown of  
Philadelphia, E. M. Stanton of Pittsburg,

Samuel Chilton and Daniel Ratcliff of this  
city.

**WASHINGTON, March 1.**  
The following course has been resolved  
upon to-day, by the counsel of Mr. Sicksles,  
in relation to the judicial proceedings grow-  
ing out of the recent killing of Mr. Key:  
Mr. Sicksles having been committed on  
Sunday, the further examination before the  
committing magistrate will be waived for the  
reasons that the Criminal Court commences  
on Monday next, and being in confinement  
he will be entitled, without delay to an im-  
mediate and final trial. The further exami-  
nation before a committing magistrate would  
involve a long investigation into this distress-  
ing circumstances, without any final result,  
and might protract the period of get-  
ting the case before a jury.

Numerous offers for bail have been pour-  
ing in upon Mr. Sicksles ever since he has  
been committed, but having voluntarily  
placed himself in the hands of public justice  
he prefers patiently to remain until his act  
shall be finally pronounced upon by a jury  
of his country, after a full and complete hear-  
ing of the case; whilst this may subject  
him to some inconvenience, his own feelings  
and those of others involved, whom he is  
willing as far as possible to spare, will be  
saved the repeated discussion of the unhap-  
py circumstances attending this case.

The father of Mr. Sicksles arrived last  
night, and had a painful interview with his  
son.

The mother of Mrs. Sicksles, also visited  
him this morning, in company with Surveyor  
Hart, and was so overcome by her feel-  
ings as to faint.

**STATEMENT OF MR. BUTTERWORTH.**  
WASHINGTON, March 1.—Mr. Butterworth  
has published a minute statement, so far as  
he is connected with the occurrence, in which  
he says, that when he left Mr. Sicksles' house,  
he had no thought of meeting or seeing Mr.  
Key—his object being to see a Mr. Stewart.  
He had no arms with him, and did not know  
Sicksles intended to take arms. He (Sicksles)  
left the house after Mr. Butterworth, and  
without any suggestion from Mr. B., came  
towards the Club House. When Mr. Key  
saluted Mr. Butterworth, the latter did not  
know that Mr. Sicksles was approaching, nor  
did he see him until he turned to leave Key.  
It is not true that he sought or detained Key,  
who first addressed Butterworth.

**FUNERAL OF MR. KEY.**  
BALTIMORE, March 1.—The body of Mr.  
Key was brought from Washington this af-  
ternoon, and buried in the Presbyterian  
ground in Green street, in the same grave  
with his wife. The funeral was attended  
by his friends from Washington and this  
city.

The excitement occasioned by the terri-  
ble tragedy has not diminished to-day—  
Large crowds have surrounded the prison  
where Mr. Sicksles is confined, earnestly dis-  
cussing the sad event. As facts are disclo-  
sed indignation deepens against Key, the se-  
ducer, and sympathy manifests itself with  
Sicksles, the betrayed.

It appears that it was on Thursday night  
that the anonymous letter reached Mr.  
Sicksles, apprising him of his wife's treach-  
ery. Simultaneously Key received a simi-  
lar letter, warning him to desist from his pur-  
suit of Mrs. Sicksles. During Friday and Sat-  
urday Sicksles fully substantiated the truth of  
the charges made.

In making her confession Mrs. Sicksles de-  
clared that Key succeeded some months  
since in seducing her to yield to repeated  
interviews by threats of exposure. In this  
way intercourse was kept up. The negro  
woman who had charge of the house which  
Key had hired, was confronted with Mrs.  
Sicksles, and identified her as the lady who  
had accompanied Key.

On Sunday morning Mr. Sicksles, in spite  
of the occurrence which had taken place,  
had calmly resolved upon divorce from his  
wife, as stated, the sight of Key in the square  
opposite, making the customary signals, in-  
furiated him to madness, and the bloody se-  
quel followed.

At nine o'clock last evening Mr. Sicksles  
was removed to his cell, where he was  
shortly after visited by Rev. Mr. Haley, who,  
in a Christian spirit came to offer him con-  
solation. Under the effect of his exhorta-  
tions Mr. Sicksles gave way to his emotions,  
and implored him to visit his wretched wife,  
and let him know of her condition. He did  
so, and found Mrs. Sicksles in the utmost  
agony of mind. On her knees she implor-  
ed her husband's pardon, and besought him,  
he would save her from madness, to return  
the wedding ring which he had previously  
torn from her hand.

The Reverend gentleman executed the  
commission, and carried back with him be-  
sides a letter expressive of her despair. It  
was some time past midnight when the  
Rev. Mr. Haley returned to the prison and  
communicated what he had witnessed—  
Under the advice of this gentleman Mr.  
Sicksles consented to give up the ring, and  
was furthermore induced to write letters to  
his wife of the most affecting description.

To-day Mr. Sicksles is in a state of complete  
mental prostration, and though throngs of  
persons have visited the prison, he has re-  
fused to see any but a few of his most inti-  
mate friends, with whom, however, he has  
been unable to converse. He paces the  
corridor of the prison in silent grief, fre-  
quently pressing his head between his hands.  
He shrinks with dread from every allusion  
to the horrible event of yesterday.

Mrs. Sicksles is confined to her bed by se-  
vere illness, and refuses to see any one  
whatever. The moment she is able she is  
to leave Washington for her father's house.  
Numerous rumors are afloat concerning  
all the parties, having the effect to aggra-  
vate the facts already painfully distressing,  
and many of the reports are pure fiction.—  
*N. Y. Herald, Feb. 28.*

**WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.**—The dinner party  
at which Mr. Sicksles received the anonym-  
ous note which informed him of his wife's  
dishonor was a representative dinner party,  
representative of Washington society, of  
which the strange contrast and scandalous  
features will be fully brought out upon the  
trial, without doubt.

I saw him (Sicksles) in jail yesterday  
evening. Although superficially calm, for  
the most part, and courteous as usual, and  
even jocose, he appeared to be laboring  
under great excitement, which occasionally  
broke through the coverings of manner.

He seemed to me to feel the deed which  
he had just done as the discharge of a duty  
which he owed to society, rather than the  
outburst of affectionate jealousy. "I could  
not live on the same globe with a man who  
had thus dishonored me," he said, more  
than once. He was still armed with a re-  
volver, not having been searched by the  
jailer.

And yet those who knew him and his  
wife, as children, speak of their attachment  
as dating from that period, and as having  
been true and strong ever since, upon his  
part. As boy and girl they loved, and since  
their marriage in 1852, not a cloud has  
darkened their happiness until this man  
Key, last session, aroused the husband's  
suspicions, and was forbidden his house,  
although not till long after the intrigue had  
become the talk of Washington, and the  
woman had been warned by friends.

But Key did not desist from pursuing her,  
whom he, an accomplished libertine, a  
man of fine presence and captivating ex-  
terior, had marked for his own. He was  
seen with her on the avenue; at parties, in  
the dining room of her husband's house,  
eating salad in the morning, Mr. Sicksles  
being away.

At Mrs. Douglas' ball, three weeks ago,  
he made love to her in a distant corner of  
the crowded rooms, while Mr. Sicksles was  
dancing with the widow, Mrs. Conard.—  
Previously to that time he had hired a poor