

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**

**LeRoy Southmayd Killed by a Falling Boulder.**

On Tuesday afternoon, a painful interest was aroused in the city by the arrival of James Corkwell from the upper gulch with the news that our esteemed townsman, LeRoy Southmayd, had met with an accident that would probably prove fatal. Dr. P. J. Ragan was found, and at once proceeded in hot haste to the scene, when it was found that the report was too true, and that Mr. Southmayd's lease of life was of very short duration. As is well known, Mr. Southmayd was the owner of one of the upper gulch placer mines, and begun work about six weeks ago, with most favorable prospects for a good summer's work. It seems that there are a great many large rocks on the bed-rock in some parts of the claim, some of which require to be blasted before they can be removed out of the way. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Southmayd and Theo. Harrison, his foreman, were engaged in drilling a hole in one of these rocks, which lay immediately under the steep bank on the side of the claim, when, either by the sun thawing out the ground, or the jarring caused by the striking of the drill, a stone at the top of the bank, and about the size of a man's head, became detached, and without the slightest warning, fell a distance of about fifteen feet, directly upon the head of Mr. Southmayd, who was holding the drill while his assistant was striking. He was at once removed by the workmen to the cabin, and Corkwell dispatched for surgical aid. On the arrival of Dr. Ragan, he found Mr. Southmayd in an unconscious condition, his pulse beating about 44 to the minute, and watery blood was oozing from his ears, as well as from a lacerated wound of the scalp, in the region of the union of the posterior angle of the parietal bone with the occipital bone on the left side of the head. Dr. Ragan administered some restoratives without effect, and ordered the immediate removal of the patient to his home, where all that could be done for him, but to no avail, and he died at half past 10 o'clock the same evening, without having once recovered consciousness. The cause of death was concussion of the brain, with, possibly, a fracture of the base of skull.

On the 30th ult., Dr. I. C. Smith, coroner of Madison county, held an inquest at the residence of the deceased, at which the evidence related in detail the facts substantially as above stated, and the jury returned the following verdict:

TERRITORY OF MONTANA, } ss.  
COUNTY OF MADISON, }

An inquisition holden at Virginia City, in the county of Madison, on the 30th day of May, A. D. 1883, before Ira C. Smith, M. D., coroner of said county, upon the body of LeRoy Southmayd, now lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed, the said jurors, upon their oaths, do say that the said deceased, LeRoy Southmayd, came to his death on the 29th day of May, A. D. 1883, by a blow from a rock falling from a bank, and that the rock falling, and the deceased's consequent death, were accidental. In testimony whereof, the said jurors have hereunto set their hands the day and year aforesaid.

O. B. BARBER, Foreman.  
W. H. THOMAS,  
O. BAKER,  
PRESTON JACK,  
PETER HARTWIG,  
PHILIP CONREY.

LeRoy Southmayd was born in Jay, Essex county, N. Y., February 28th, 1833, and removed to Minnesota in 1853. Thence he went to Kansas, and remained there until 1859, when, with his brother, Capt. W. C. Southmayd, he followed up the "Pike's Peak" adventurers, remaining in Colorado until the discovery of gold in Montana—or Idaho, as it was then called—attracted attention, when he joined the stampedeers, and was among the first settlers in Alder gulch. Since then, he has been almost exclusively engaged in mining operations near Summit, and was so engaged when he met with the unfortunate accident which resulted in his death. In 1866, on one of his visits east, he was married to Miss Sarah Bartlit, of his native town, who, with three children, survive his untimely loss.

The funeral of the deceased took place from the Masonic temple on Thursday afternoon, the obsequies being conducted by Virginia City Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar. During the solemn and impressive ceremonies of the order in the temple, the spacious hall was filled to its utmost capacity with sorrowing friends of the deceased and the bereaved family; and when the remains, led by the Sir Knights in uniform and followed by the members of the Masonic lodges in their regalia, were conveyed to the graveyard, they were accompanied to their last resting place by nearly every resident of Virginia, besides a large number of friends from the surrounding country, who had gathered to pay the last sad tribute to the memory of a worthy citizen and friend.

In the death of Mr. Southmayd, this community loses one of its most estimable members, and his wife and children a devoted husband and father. May He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" comfort them in their deep affliction.

Little Virgie was an interesting, prepossessing child, the pet of her parents' hearts, and her loss has left an aching void which words of comfort may vainly strive to fill. It is no mere conventionality to say that the entire community mourns with the sorrowing parents in their bereavement. May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb comfort their stricken hearts with the assurance that

These lovely buds, so young and pure,  
Called hence by early doom,  
Went forth to show what precious flowers  
In Paradise would bloom.

*Daughter of  
Mr. & Mrs.  
LeRoy Southmayd  
aged age  
4 1/2 years*

**LINES**

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Southmayd and family on the death of their little daughter, Virgie, in kindest sympathy by the author. S.

Our darling Virgie quickly sped  
From sad illusive scenes away,  
By angel ones so gently led  
From earthly night to heavenly day.  
The silent unseen messenger  
Whispered low and bade her come,  
And unobserved by all but her  
His soft arm bore her from our home.

With folded hands upon her breast,  
With life-like sweet and placid brow,  
So gently passed her soul to rest,  
We scarce could realize 'twas so.  
At even time e'en yet we feel  
That to our circle she must come;  
And though submissively we kneel  
We miss the loved one from our home.

Our angel one is now at rest,  
We would not call her back again;  
Nor beck her from the Savior's breast  
To tread with us a world of pain.  
No, rather we would seek to go