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From Harper's Magazine.

Driving Home the Cows.
Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river lane;
He turned them into the river lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face:

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go!
Two steadily were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the dogs were loud in the meadow-
camp,

Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startle him.

Three since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchard sweet with apple bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble tether drove them home.

For New's had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool, and late,
He went for the cows when his work was
done;

But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one.

Brindle, Brown, Speckle, and Bess
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Dropping the butter-cups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind!

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the cringing hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes
For the heart must speak when the lips
are dumb.

And under the silent and evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

Pat.—One of our exchanges says a lady
of refinement sent the editor the following,
with the request to publish, hoping it would
"do some good." We guess there are some
such "pet" in these parts:
My husband dreamt—he dreamed a pleasing
dream,

For sunny smiles across his face did beam,
He dreamt of me, for oft he murmured "Pet!"
I pressed him to my heart—close, closer yet,
To drink into my ear the precious word—
Alas! it was PAT-RO-LE-UM I heard!

SINGULAR PRAYER.—A minister while
praying the other day, got off the following,
with reference to intemperance among offi-
cers, civil and military:

"O Lord, may intemperance cease in the
land! Especially may it cease among offi-
cers, but, O Lord, if they are determined to
get drunk in spite of all the warnings to the
contrary, we beseech Thee not to permit
them all to get drunk at one time."

Victim of a Substitute Broker.

H. C. Trumbull, chaplain of a Connecticut
regiment, in a description of the "Bull Pen,"
in which deserters from the Potomac army
are confined before execution, gives the fol-
lowing heart-rending picture:

The saddest case is the latest. A boy not
yet sixteen, born and brought up in the up-
per part of New York city, was met in the
street by a hellish broker, and enticed away
to Connecticut to be sold as a substitute.—
Like a tired, homesick school-boy, deter-
mined to play truant, he started to run home.
Being arrested, he again slipped off; but was
once more caught, as he exercised no
shrewdness in his flight. Being tried and
sentenced to death, he was put into the con-
demned cell in the evening, to be shot the
following morning. His boyish grief, when
told he was to die, was heart-rending.

With unaffected naturalness he sobbed
out his lament over his own bad lot, and
for the dear ones at home. "Me, so young,
to go outside the breastworks, and—see the
cuffs and grave there, and then be shot!
I don't want to be killed. Won't the Gen-
eral pardon me!" Once convinced that it
was too late to obtain a reprieve—no official
short of the department commander having
the power to grant it, and there being no
time to obtain it from him, and having cried
his cry out, he quieted like a weary child,
and intended to all the chaplain could say
to aid in preparing him for the eternal future.

Kneeling on the sodden, swampy ground
under the dripping roof of that gloomy cab-
in, in the dark and stormy night, he folded
his tattered hands, and meekly said his lit-
tle evening prayer, and committed himself in
seeming confidence to his Heavenly Father's
care. He could not read, but he had been
taught in one of the blessed mission schools
of New York, and seemed to have a simple,
child-like faith in God. Probably he had
not been addicted to vicious habits. He
said, when asked about the way he spent
his evenings, that he "always worked in the
factory daytimes, and when evening came
was tired, and went to bed early." His
father and mother prayed with him, and
taught him to do right. "If your life should
be spared," asked the chaplain, "would you
love God and try to serve him?" "Why,
yes," he answered, "I always did love him,"
as though, in his child-like trust, he had no
cause of animosity with the Father to whom
he had been drawn in grateful confidence.
After his first hard cry, the thought of death
did not seem to occupy him.

Just before he went out to be shot he
turned to the chaplain and asked, as a boy
curiously. "If I die to-day, will my soul
go right to heaven to-day?" Arriving at the
field of execution he was not at all disturbed
by the terrific preparations. He walked up
to the open grave and looked inquiringly
into it with out a shudder, and then he turned
to gaze at the firing party as though he
saw only kind-hearted comrades there. He
kneeled again to pray as calmly as if he
were to lie down in his own little crib at
home. Just as his arms were being bound
a bird flew by, and he twisted his head
around to follow with his gaze the bird in
its flight, as though he should like to chase
it; then he looked back again at the bright
muskets with soft and steady eye as before.
"Let me kneel on the ground and rest on
the coffin," he said as they fixed him in po-
sition. "No, kneel on the coffin," was the
order. So kneeling there he settled himself
down into a weary crouching posture, as
though he were to wait thus a long and tire-
some time. He had hardly taken his place
before he fell back dead, with every bullet
of the firing platoon directly through his
chest—three through his heart. He uttered
never a groan, nor did his frame quiver.

Even such boys as that are here shot if
they desert. But are they guilty above
those who send them here?

PRECOCIOUS CHILD.—"Tommy, my son,
what are you going to do with that club?"
"Send it to the editor of course."
"But what are you going to send it to the
editor for?"

"Cause he says if anybody will send him
a club, he will send them a copy of his
paper."

The mother came very near fainting, but
retained consciousness enough to ask:

"But, Tommy dear, what do you suppose
he wants of a club?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful
orchin, "unless it's to knock down those peo-
ple what won't pay what they owe him."

A Miracle by the Pope.

A notable miracle has just been performed
here, which may be regarded as one of the
weapons with which the church chooses to
assert its power and its rights. The Prin-
cess Olescaichi has long been suffering from
what was pronounced to be internal cancer.
On the morning of the Austrian ball her
death appeared so imminent that several of
our grand ladies had almost resolved not to
be present. The princess, however, who is
a Pole, a most excellent and devoted lady-
sent to the Pope, requesting his intercession.
His holiness offered up prayers for the prin-
cess, through the mediator of St. Chrysos-
tome, who has a most magnificent church in
the Trastevere. The princess recovered,
and instead of being placed in her coffin, got
into her carriage, drove to the Vatican, saw
the pope, who was at dinner, and thanked
his holiness for the cure. This miracle is
the event of the day.—Letter from Rome.

A WOMAN KILLS HER BROTHER IN LAW.
—The southern part of Macon County, Illi-
nois, is reported to have recently been the
scene of an occurrence almost worthy the
pages of a romance. A soldier's wife from
that vicinity, went to Decatur, a few days
ago, to obtain from the Express office a pack-
age containing four hundred dollars, which
had been sent to her by her husband. Be-
ing unable to prove her identity, she was
unable to obtain the money, but subsequent-
ly returned with her brother-in-law, who
furnished the required proof. On returning
home the woman retired to bed, placing the
package under her pillow, when, some time
during the night, a man entered her cham-
ber, by breaking open the door, and demand-
ed the money. There being a fire in the
fire-place at the time, sufficient to light the
room, the woman threw the package on the
floor, and as the ruffian stooped down to pick
it up, she dealt him a blow with the poker that
broke his neck. The neighbors were ar-
rived, and, on washing the dead man's face,
the robber proved to be her brother-in-law.

DR. M.'S.—A pious negro, while say-
ing grace at the table, not only used to ask
a blessing on all he had upon his board but
would also petition to have some definite
dish supplied. One day it was known that
Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting
that he would pray for the same at dinner,
a wag provided himself with a small meas-
ure of the vegetables and stole under the
window, near which stood the table of our
colored christian. Soon Cato drew up a
chair and commenced:

"O massa Lord! will you in dy provident
kindness, condescend to bless ev'ryting
'fore us; and be pleased to stow upon us
just a few taters—and all de praise."—(Here
the potatoes were dashed upon the table,
breaking plates and upsetting the mustard
pot.) "De'n em, massa Lord!" said Cato
looking up with surprise. "Only just lift
em down a little easier next time."

A MEMORABLE DAY IN UTAH.—Sunday,
Jan. 22, was a memorable day in Utah.—
On that day a Christian society was organ-
ized and services held under the shadow of
the Mormon Temple, greatly to Brigham
Young's wrath. Gen. Connor, a Catholic
himself, is determined that religious liberty
shall exist there, and he has the power and
the spunk to enforce his views. The Salt
Lake Vidette, a daily paper also under his
protection, lays about its blows with a per-
fect looseness. It is a terrible thorn to the
Mormons, but the commander insists upon
freedom of the press as well as religious
liberty. The leading Mormons have threat-
ened to tear down the house of any one who
harbors a "gentile," but they dare not carry
their threat into execution.

SORGHO SUGAR.—After experimenting for
five years, says the Missouri Republican,
Mr. Robert Moore, of Bloomington
Illinois, has discovered a method of crys-
tallization, by which the syrup from Imphe-
and Chinese sugar cane can be advantage-
ously reduced to sugar. Sugar from sorghum
has heretofore been produced on a small
scale, but no success has attended the efforts
to manufacture it extensively, and to bring
it into market at reasonable prices. During
the past year Mr. Moore has made about
600 pounds of sugar, and samples of it show
it to be of a very good quality.

GOOD SENSE.—A philosopher was once
consulted as to the best method of destroy-
ing one's enemies, and he gave for an an-
swer: "Make him your friend." Red or
black Republicans will please make a note.

An Indian Love Story

In General Scott's recently published au-
tobiography, among his experience in the
Black Hawk war, occurs the following ro-
mantic episode:

The summons for the conference was now
given to all the tribes, and obeyed, and the
grand council of war for the settlement of
the treaties commenced. While these were
pending, a demand came up from a judge of
Illinois some sixty miles below, for an In-
dian murderer, his name unknown, but who
had been distinctly traced to the camp of
the great body of the Foxes, whom the
chiefs had contrived to hold in neutrality
during the recent hostilities, influenced
mainly by Keokuk, not a hereditary chief,
and only a brave warrior, the senior-bearer,
orator and treasurer of the tribe. The de-
mand was communicated to this remark-
able person. After a little musing, the pain-
ful truth of the story seemed to flash upon
him: With candor he stated the ground of
his fears. A young brave some twenty
years of age, the son of a distinguished
chief had long sought to marry a hand-
some young squaw, the daughter of another in-
famous chief; but the maiden repulsed the
lover, applying to him the most opprobrious
epithets—quaw—he never having taken a
scalp, killed a grizzly bear, nor, by surprise,
robbed an enemy of his arms, horse or wife.
Hence she said her lover was not a brave
but a woman. Her sympathies were how-
ever, with Black Hawk—her only brother
having run off with that reckless chief.

All these particulars were not yet known
to the wise treasurer; for he had only been
surprised at the change of conduct in the
belie savage, who had so suddenly married
her lover. Keokuk, in good faith, said he
would inquire, for his great care had been
to save his people from the destructive war
and entire spoliation with which Black
Hawk had caused them to be threatened.

The next day he called at headquarters,
and whispered that his fears had proven
propnetic, that the happy bridegroom had,
for the benefit of the confederacy, confessed
himself to be the guilty party, and was at
hand; but begged the General to repeat, in a
full council, the demand, etc. This was ac-
cordingly done, and when Scott's peroration:
"I demand the murderer!" was interpreted,
the young Apollo stood up and said: "I am
the man!" With a violent stamp and voice
Scott called out: "The guard!" A sergeant
with a dozen grenadiers rushed in, seized
the offender, and carried him off.

When the blacksmith began to place and
rivet irons upon him, he struggled furiously.
It took several of the guard to hold him
down. He said he did not come forward to
be ironed; he did not wish to be tried; that
he preferred to be shot at once. He was
taken to the Illinois court, then in session,
put on his trial, and notwithstanding the
strong circumstantial evidence, and that it
was proven he had acknowledged the killing
in a hand-to-hand fight, a tricky lawyer, well
provided with the means of bribing, no
doubt, by the chiefs of the confederacy, ob-
tained from the jury a verdict of not guilty.

The acquitted had yet to pass another
 ordeal—one of fire and water. A swift
horse, half way between the court and the
Mississippi, a few hundred yards off, had
been provided for the occasion, but frontier
men always have their rifles in hand and
their horses ready. The lawyer hastened
his client out of court, and gained for him a
good start. "Fly, young man, or your dear-
bought Helen will soon be a widow!" In a
minute, followed by some warring shots,
he was in the saddle. In another, horse
and rider were plunging into the great Pa-
ther of Waters, swimming side by side.—
Now came up furiously a dozen riflemen
who threw away their lead at the too dis-
tant game.

The latest news of the romantic act or re-
presented him as the happy father of a thriv-
ing family of "young barbarians," by a more
than a Dactian mother, all beyond the Mis-
sissippi.

It is not a court at all, but an unlawful
combination of trespassers, usurping the
functions of a court, guilty of a crime, and
not exercising any authority. * * * A
military commission of officers too worthless
for field service, ordered to try, and organ-
ized to convict."

Mr. Robinson's Account of the Assault upon Secretary Seward and Son.

WASHINGTON, April 18.
George F. Robinson, a soldier and nurse,
who was in attendance on Secretary Sew-
ard on Friday night, has related circum-
stantially the proceedings in the chamber,
from which it appears that it was through
his brave and determined endeavors that
the consummation of the murderous designs
of the fiend were frustrated. According to
Robinson's narrative Fred Seward, Major
Seward, and Mr. Hensell were all wounded
on the stairway as heretofore mentioned in
the correspondence. As Robinson opened
the door to learn the cause of the distur-
bance without, the man struck at his breast.
In his hand he had a long knife, the blade
of which appeared to be about 12 inches in
length and one inch in width. Robinson
determined to oppose his progress and raised
his arm to parry the blow. The conse-
quence was that a wound was inflicted in
the center of his forehead, close to the hair,
which he wears turned back. The knife
glanced, and the clenched hand in which
the man held the knife came down upon
Mr. Robinson's face and feiled him to the
floor.

Miss Seward at this juncture escaped from
the room and ran to the front window,
screaming "Murder!" The assassin leaped to
the bed where Mr. Seward lay, still appar-
ently in a helpless condition, and gave a
terrible blow at his face. He missed
his mark, however, and almost fell across
Mr. Seward's body. By this time Robinson
had recovered, jumped on the bed, and
caught hold of the assassin's arms. While
he was thus attempting to hold the assassin,
the latter struck Mr. Seward on the left side
of the face and then on the right side. They
both got on their feet, Robinson still keep-
ing a firm hold of him. The assassin reach-
ed his left arm over Robinson's shoulder and
endeavored to force him to the floor. Find-
ing he could not handle Robinson in that
position, he dropped his position, which had
hold of Robinson's right arm with his left
hand and struck behind Robinson caught
knife. They still continued the struggle
for a few moments, Robinson moved towards
the door, which was open, with the inten-
tion of throwing him over the banisters.—
When they had nearly reached the door,
Major Augustus Seward entered the room.
Robinson called on him to take the knife
out of the assassin's hand. Major Seward
immediately clutched the assassin. The
latter then struck Robinson in the stomach,
knocking him down, broke away from Maj.
Seward, rushed down stairs.

During the scuffle, when he cannot say,
Robinson received a wound quite serious,
some two inches in breadth on the upper
part of the right shoulder blade. Another
a little lower down on the left shoulder.

While struggling with the man near the
bedside, he had seized the wrist of his right
hand, in which was the dagger, and did not
release his hold until knocked down by the
assassin near the door, and after Major Sew-
ard has come to his assistance. He re-
turned to the room after he found that the
assassin had escaped, and found that the
Secretary had got off the bed on to the floor,
dragging with him the bed clothes, and was
lying in a pool of blood.

Upon going to the Secretary he found no
pulse in his wrist, and stated to Miss Sew-
ard, who had re-entered the room and asked
if her father was dead, that he believed he
was, but upon a second examination ascer-
tained that his heart was still beating. The
Secretary then said, "I am not dead; send
for the police and a surgeon, and clear the
house."

He then placed the Secretary in bed, tel-
ling him he must not talk. Mr. Seward did
not speak after that. Mr. Robinson remain-
ed with Mr. Seward until 11 o'clock the
next morning, when he was removed to the
Douglas Hospital. Every attention is be-
ing paid to this brave man by the attendants
of this institution, and his condition is very
favorable.

TAKING IT LITERALLY.—"Father, I think
you had a fit in the pulpit to-day," said a
little son of a clergyman. "Why, what do
you mean?" "You said, 'One word more,
and have done.' Then you went on and
said a great many more words. The people
expected you'd leave off 'cause you promised
them. But you didn't, and kept on preach-
ing a long while after the time was up."