

# THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. 7.

JASPER, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

NO. 14.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT JASPER, DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY CLEMENT DOANE. OFFICE—CORNER OF MACDONALD AND WEST STREETS.

TERMS—STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Single Subscription, for fifty Nos., \$1 50 For six months, 1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING. For square of 10 lines or less, 1 week, \$1 00 Each subsequent insertion, 75 cts Longer advertisements, at same rate.—A fraction over even square or square, counted as a square. These are the terms for transient advertisement; a reasonable deduction will be made to regular advertisements. Notices of appointment of administrators and legal notices of like character to be paid in advance.

ASSOCIATING CANDIDATES: For Township officers, each \$1.00 For County " " 2.50 For District, Circuit, or State, 5.00

**Attempt to Assassinate General Jackson.** Now that an assassin has deprived the nation of its Chief Magistrate, the following account of an attempt upon the life of Gen. Jackson, during his second term, will be found interesting. We extract it from the first volume of Col. Benton's Thirty Year's View.

On Friday, the 30th of January 1835, the President with some members of his Cabinet, attended the funeral ceremonies of Warren B. Davis, Esq., in the hall of the House of Representatives—of which body Mr. Davis had been a member from the State of South Carolina. The procession had moved out with the body, and its front had reached the foot of the broad steps of the eastern portico, when the President, with Mr. Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Mahlon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy, were issuing from the door of the great rotunda—which opens upon the portico. At that instant a person stepped from the crowd into the little open space in front of the President, levelled a pistol at him, at the distance of about eight feet, and attempted to fire. It was a percussion lock, and the cap exploded, without firing the powder in the barrel. The explosion of the cap was so loud that many persons thought the pistol had fired; I heard it at the foot of the steps, far from the place, and a great crowd between. Instantly the person dropped the pistol which had missed fire, took another which he held ready cocked in the left hand, concealed by a cloak—levelled it—and pulled the trigger. It was also a percussion lock, and the cap exploded without firing the powder in the barrel. The President instantly rushed upon him with his uplifted cane; the man shrunk back; Mr. Woodbury aimed a blow at him; Lieut. Godney of the Navy knocked him down; he was secured by the bystanders, who delivered him to the officers for judicial examination. The examination took place before the chief justice of the district, Mr. Cranch; by whom he was committed in default of bail. His name was ascertained to be Richard Lawrence, an Englishman by birth, and house-painter by trade, at present out of employment, melancholy and irascible. The pistols were examined, and found to be loaded; and fired afterwards without fail, carrying their bullets true, and driving them through inch boards at thirty feet distance; nor could any reason be found for the two failures at the door of the rotunda. On his examination the prisoner seemed to be at his ease, as if unconscious of having done anything wrong—refusing to cross-examine the witnesses who testified against him, or to give any explanation of his conduct. The idea of an unsound mind strongly impressing itself upon public opinion, the marshal of the district invited two of the most respectable physicians of the city (Dr. Cassin and Dr. Thomas Sewell), to visit him and examine into his mental condition. They did so; and the following is the report which they made upon the case.

[We omit the report of the physicians, which is to the effect that Lawrence was of a morbid, melancholy disposition, who had been induced to believe that the financial condition of the country was owing to Gen. Jackson's veto of the bank and his war on the currency, and that if he was once out of the way no matter who might be his successor, business would improve and money become plenty.] It is clearly to be seen from this medical

examination of the man, that this attempted assassination of the President, was one of those cases of which history presents many instances—a diseased mind acted upon by a general outcry against a public man. Lawrence was in the particular condition to be acted upon by what he heard against Gen. Jackson—a workman out of employment—needy—idle—mentally morbid; and with reason enough to argue regularly from false premises. He heard the President accused of breaking up the labor of the country; and believed it—of making money scarce; and he believed it—of producing the distress and believed it—of being a tyrant and believed it—of being an obstacle to all relief; and believed it. And coming to a regular conclusion from all these beliefs, he attempted to do what he believed the state of things required him to do—take the life of the man whom he considered the sole cause of his own and the general calamity—and the sole obstacle to his own and the general happiness. Hallucination of mind was evident; and the wretched victim of a dreadful delusion was afterwards treated as insane, and never brought to trial. But the circumstance made a deep impression upon the public feeling, and irresistibly carried many minds to the belief in a superintending Providence, manifested in the extraordinary case of two pistols in succession—so well loaded, so coolly handled, and which afterwards fired with such readiness, force, and precision—missing fire, each in its turn when levelled eight feet at the President's heart.

**Henry Ward Beecher's Address at Fort Sumter.**

We have not space for the lengthy address of Mr. BEECHER, delivered upon the occasion of raising the Union flag over Fort Sumter, on the 14th inst., but it is eloquent and forcible throughout, and generous in sentiment. We give the following extracts to show its character and spirit:

Wherefore have we come hither pilgrims from distant places? Are we come here to exult that northern hands are stronger than southern? No! but to rejoice that the hands of those who defend a just and beneficent government are mightier than the hands that assailed it. Do we exult over fallen cities? We exult that a nation has not fallen. We sorrow with the sorrowful, we sympathize with the desolate, we look upon this shattered fort and yonder dilapidated city with sad eyes, grieved that men should have committed such treason, and glad that God has set such a mark upon treason, that all eyes shall dread and abhor it. We exult, not for a passion gratified, but for a sentiment victorious: not for temper, but for conscience; not, as we devoutly believed, that our will is done, but that God's will hath been done. We should be unworthy of that liberty intrusted to our care, if, on such a day as this, we sullied our hearts by feelings of aimless vengeance and equally unworthy if we did not devoutly thank him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," that he hath put a mark upon arrogant rebellion ineffaceable while time lasts. Since this flag went down, on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men!

The soil has drank blood and is glutted; millions mourn for millions slain, or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion; towns and villages have been raised; fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness. It came to pass as the prophet said, the sun was turned to darkness and the moon to blood. The course of law was ended, the sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation, industry was paralyzed, morals corrupted, and whole states were ravaged by avenging armies. The world was amazed and the earth reeled. When the flag sunk here, it was as if political night had come, and all beasts of fury had come forth to devour.—That long night is ended, and for this returning day we have come from afar to rejoice and give thanks. No more war, no more accursed secession, no more slavery that spanned them both. (Great applause.) Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag. It says government hath returned hither; it proclaims, in the name of vindicated government peace and protection to loyalty, humiliation and pain to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The nation, not the states, is sovereign restored to authority. This flag commands, not suppli-

es. There may be pardon, but no concession. [Great applause.] There may be amnesty and oblivion, but no honeyed compromises. The nation to-day has peace for the peaceful, and war for the turbulent. The only condition of submission is to submit.

There is the constitution, and there are the laws, there is the government. They rise up like mountains of strength that shall not be moved. They are the conditions of peace. We do not want your cities nor your fields, we do not envy your prolific soil, nor heavens full of perpetual summer. Let agriculture revel here, let manufactures make every stream musical, build fleets in every port, surprise the arts of peace with genius second only to that of Athens, and we shall be glad in your goodness, and rich in your wealth.

All that we ask is unwavering loyalty and universal liberty, and that in the name of this high sovereignty of the United States of America, we demand, and that with the blessings of Almighty God, we will have.—Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bow was planted on the cloud, and with a solemn fervor beseech God to look upon it, and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail. Why need any eye turn from this spectacle? Are there not associations which, overleaping the recent past, carry us back to times when over the north and south the flag was honored alike by all! In all our colonial days we were one in the long revolutionary struggle, and in the scores of prosperous years succeeding.

When the passage of the stamp act, in 1765, aroused the colonies, it was Goddard, of South Carolina, that cried with prescient enthusiasm, "We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men. There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on this continent, but all of us, said he, Americans." That was the voice of South Carolina—that shall be the voice of South Carolina. Faint is the echo, but it is coming; we now hear it sighing sadly through the pines, but it shall yet break up on the shore—no north, no west, no south, but one United States of America. In the awful convention of war, the people of the United States have debated, settled and ordained certain fundamental truths which must henceforth be accepted and obeyed; nor is any state or any individual wise who shall disregard them. They are to civil affairs what the natural laws are to health—indispensable conditions of peace and happiness. What are the ordinances given by the people, speaking out of fire and darkness of war, with authority inspired by that same God who gave the law from Sinai among thunders of trumpet voices?

1. That these United States shall be one and indivisible; 2. That states are not absolute sovereigns, and have no right to dissolve the republic; 3. Universal liberty is indispensable to republican government, and that slavery shall be utterly and forever abolished. Such are the results of war; these are the best fruits of the war. They are the foundations of peace. They will secure benefits to all nations as well as to us. Our highest wisdom and duty is to accept the facts as the decrees of God. We are exhorted to forget all that has happened. Yes, the wrath, the conflict, the cruelty, but not those overruling decrees of God which this war has pronounced as solemnly as on Mount Sinai. God says: Remember, remember, hear it to-day, under this sun, under that bright child of the summer banner, with the eyes of this nation and of the world upon us. We repeat the syllables of God's providence, and recite the solemn decrees—No more disunion, no more secession, no more slavery. I charge the whole guilt of this war upon the ambitious, educated, plotting, political leaders of the south. They have shed this ocean of blood. They have desolated the south. They have poured poverty through all her towns and cities. They have bewildered the imagination of the people with phantasms, and led them to believe they were fighting for their homes and liberty, whose homes were not threatened, and whose liberty was in no jeopardy.

These arrogant instigators of civil war have renewed the plagues of Egypt, not that the oppressed might go free, but that the free might be oppressed. A day will

come when God will reveal judgement and arraign at his bar these mighty miscreants, and then every orphan that their bloody game has made, and every widow that sits sorrowing, and every maimed and wounded sufferer, and bereaved heart in all the wide regions of this land, will rise up and come before the Lord to lay upon these chief culprits of modern history their awful witness, and from a thousand battle-fields shall rise up armies of airy witnesses, who, with memory of their awful sufferings, shall confront these miscreants with shrieks of fierce accusation, and every pale and starved prisoner shall raise his skinny hand in judgement. Blood shall call out for vengeance, and tears shall plead for justice, and grief shall silently berken, the heart smitten shall wait for justice, good men and angels will cry out, How long, O Lord, how long will thou not avenge!

And these guiltiest and most remorseless traitors, these high and cultured men with might and wisdom used for the destruction of their country, these most accursed and detested of all criminals, that have drenched a continent in needless blood, and moved the foundations of their times with hideous crimes and cruelty, caught up in black clouds full of voice of vengeance and lurid with punishment, shall be whirled aloft and plunged downward forever and forever, in an endless retribution, while God shall say, Thus shall it be with all who betray their country; and all in heaven and upon earth will say, Amen. But for the people mired in the multitude drafted and driven into this civil war—let not a trace of animosity remain. The moment their willing hands drop the musket and they return to their all-giance, then stretch out your own honest right hand to greet them. Recall to them the old days of kindness. Our hearts wait for their redemption. All resources of a renovated nation shall be applied to rebuild their prosperity and smooth down the furrows of war.

From this pulpit of broken stone, we offer to the president of the United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom. To the members of the government associated with him in the administering of perilous affairs in critical times: to the senators and representatives of the United States, who have eagerly fashioned the instruments by which the popular will might express and enforce itself, we tender our grateful thanks. [Aplause.] To the officers and men of the army, who have so faithfully, skillfully and gloriously upheld their country's authority by suffering, labor and sublime courage, we offer here a tribute beyond the compass of words. Upon these true and faithful citizens, men and women, who have borne up with unflinching hope in the darkest hour, and covered the land with their labors of love and charity, we invoke the divine blessing of Him whom they have so faithfully imitated. But chiefly to Thee, God of our fathers! we render thanksgiving and praise for that wondrous providence that has brought forth from such a harvest of war the seed of so much liberty and peace. We invoke peace upon the north; peace be to the west; peace be upon the south. In the name of God, we lift up our banner and dedicate it to peace, union and liberty, now and forever more; Amen.

Mr. Beecher was frequently interrupted by loud cheers and applause.

A movement is on foot to establish a theological school in Washington City for the education of colored Baptist ministers. About fifty of these preachers have been found in and around Washington, whose names have already been enrolled as pupils. It is believed that an attendance of from twenty-five to forty can be secured from the west. Prof. E. Turney, D. D., is to be their teacher.

You often say, "How much good I would do with my money if I were as rich as this man, or the other." How much good do you do now with what you have? "Oh, if I had only time, what would I not learn," says another. [How do you spend the time you have?

For the Jasper Courier. Farther Investigation of the Copperhead Question.

Mr. EDITOR:—We notice in your issue of April the 8th, that Copperhead has presumed to hie once more, but rather weakly as if he had almost gone up the spout. Now we propose to investigate his case, and administer a second dose of medicine, prepared by the same pharmacopoeist, which we think will be sufficient.

He proposes sending some of the ladies a sitting of eggs; now the public have drawn the inference which is perfectly sensible, that eggs are a natural production of his. I shouldn't wonder if Copperhead proves of great value to the people of Ireland, in the line of producing eggs. The ladies however utterly refuse to have anything to do with the matter, and declare that he may sit upon his own eggs, and hatch his own snakes, as they have no fowls sitting at present, and do not wish to enter into the business of copperhead raising.

He is astonished at the strange appearance of his eyes, but snakes always do have a strange appearance. I suppose he forgets when he sees other serpents, how he looks upon them with so much contempt, that he is only getting at his own image.

He speaks of sense, truth, and human nature. How absurd for him to talk of such things, when he has more conception of ideas of their real meaning than a Grass-hopper or June-bug has of Astronomy. He is so good to think that I am composed of good material; if so then I am in a more desirable state than he is, for if he was taken through a process of chemistry and all the rottenness extracted, the people of Ireland would be compelled to emigrate on account of the flagrant odor.

He is of the opinion that it would be a curse to the Copperhead to have a mate; I it is a curse to him, then God pity dear snakes who have one!

He inquires how the maid retired from the scene when he had concluded his devotion. She retired with more responsibility and much more imposing appearance than he will when the people of Ireland get their tar and feathers ready for him.

He informs us that there are no men in Ireland. We would scarcely suppose so much; if there were then there would not be a greese spot left of him.

As to the schism that sent him up for a few days, we will save him the trouble of proving that. As it has been proved once in open court to his honor's satisfaction, we presume it requires no additional evidence. He asks what is more honorable than going to prison. Of course we supposed he was a low in the scale of honesty and manly spirit that he imagined he had been filling of honorable position.

He says the lady likes brains, I suppose by this he means she admires sensible people. Then it is an evident fact that she does not admire him to a dangerous degree. He says he does not respect persons, impossible! How could one who does not respect himself, respect others? He also reminds us that he is ignorant of scripture. True! why did we forget that! But we will be more careful in the future, and will avoid offering such insults to copperhead, for we doubt exceedingly whether he ever saw a spelling book or not, much less the word of God.

He refers to a lady who had to leave the State. Now if there is any such lady in this county, I will venture he is the only one who knows any thing about her; and farther, if any woman ever met with mistreatment she speaks of, it has been through the low cunning devices of himself, or some other brute equally as low, who has no respect for himself, or feeling for humanity. Such wretches should be hung as high as gibbets, and then sink as low as the traitor drunk which to my honest conviction is about fifty degrees below the lowest pit of perdition.

He assures us that he will poke his head out of his hole some of these days, and I am of that opinion myself. Snakes generally do, but fear to venture further lest they should meet a woman, and by imprudence go down to an untimely death.

He warns us that we will receive a kicking in the course of human events. We hope, however that he will empty a human to do the kicking, as serpents are not in possession of feet.

Well, as it is growing late, and feeling weary with talking to so insignificant a reptile as copperhead, therefore I lay me down to sleep, and dream. I remain, INDIANA, April 29th, 1865.