

# The Cass County Republican.

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DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1864.

WHOLE NO. 305.

## The Republican,

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Commercial Streets.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law, and General Col-  
lecting Agent. Back Pay, Bonuses and Pen-  
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sies procured on reasonable terms. Special atten-  
tion paid to the collection of Claims. Office in  
Brick Store, corner of Front and Commercial  
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THE UNDERSIGNED having located perma-  
nently in  
ALWARD'S BOOK STORE,  
is prepared to execute all jobs in the line of  
Cleaning and Repairing  
WATCHES, CLOCKS,  
JEWELRY,  
in a manner that cannot fail to give satisfaction.  
Persons having work of this kind to be done are  
respectfully requested to

"Give Him a Try."  
ALL WORK WARRANTED.  
By an arrangement with Messrs. SNOW and  
ROBINSON, of Kalamazoo, I am prepared to fill  
orders for WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY,  
SILVER WARE, ENGRAVINGS, &c., at Kala-  
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N. B.—I also keep on hand an assortment of  
Jewelry, Clocks, &c.  
which I sell at reasonable rates and warrant.

T. B. CAMPBELL,  
Dowagiac, Feb. 5, 1863. feb 5-43y1

COSTAR'S  
VERMIN  
EXTERMINATORS

For Rats, Mice, Raccoons, Ants, Bed  
Bugs, Moths in Furs, Woolens, &c., In-  
sects on Plants, Flowers, Animals, &c.  
Put up in 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 Boxes, Bottles, and  
Flasks. 25 and 35 sizes for HOTELS, PUBLIC  
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"Only infallible remedies known."  
"Free from Poisons."  
"Not dangerous to the Human Family."  
"Rats come out of their holes to die."  
Sold Wholesale in all large cities.  
Sold by all Druggists and Retailers every-  
where.  
See that "COSTAR'S" name is on each Box,  
Bottle and Flask, before you buy.  
Address HENRY B. COSTAR,  
Principal Depot, 432 Broadway, N. Y.  
Sold by all wholesale and retail Druggists,  
Dowagiac, Mich. feb 11-43w

ONLY \$6  
AT  
ALWARD'S BOOKSTORE.

## Weariness.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.  
O little feet, that such long years,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load!  
I, nearer to the wayside inn,  
Where toil shall cease, and rest begin,  
Am weary, thinking of your road.  
O little hands, that weak or strong,  
Have still to serve, or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask!  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary, thinking of thy task.  
O little hearts that throbb and beat  
With such impatience, fervid heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires!  
Mice, that so long has gnawed and burned.  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.  
O little souls, as pure and white,  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine!  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

After Murfreesboro—A Story that has the  
Disadvantage of Being True.

"I must pass the lines, Colonel."  
"I am sorry, my dear madam, to  
deny your request; but our orders can-  
not be departed from," was the answer  
of the gray-haired officer who sat be-  
fore the camp-table and addressed a  
young girl who stood just inside the  
tent.

"And can it be possible that men  
who profess to have human sympathy  
can issue such orders?"

"Certainly, young lady. Why not?  
The soldier has every attendance, and  
the presence of an amateur nurse could  
not fail to irritate and trouble him,  
therefore retarding his recovery."

"Colonel, this is no argument, but  
sophistry. I have asked permission to  
pass that I may seek one whom your  
own surgeons report as mortally wound-  
ed. Do you intend that he shall die  
without a friend by his side who can  
carry his last message to his far-off  
home, and to the old mother who will  
prize it beyond all other words that  
will be spoken to her in this life?"

The old man leaned his head upon  
his hand to conceal the tears that were  
trickling down his cheeks, but in a mo-  
ment he roused himself.

"The case is very hard," he said,  
slowly; but the good soldier wants only  
his comrades about him when his life  
is going out. Some one among them  
will bear his dying message. You  
must not urge me young lady; I am a  
soldier and cannot depart from my or-  
ders. I have no discretion."

The girl turned away with a white  
face and clenched hands and walked  
silently out from the camp. Many a  
cap was touched respectfully to her as  
she passed, for her errand was known  
to the soldiers, and however much they  
may have acknowledged the necessity  
of the harsh order that shut her away  
from the wounded man whom she  
sought, there was many a one among  
them that would have lacked the firm-  
ness of the old colonel, when he denied  
the passionately worded plea of the  
blue-eyed girl who had just gone away.

The smoke of the terrible struggle  
at Murfreesboro had not yet cleared  
away, and though a week had passed  
away since the day of the battle, order  
had not yet been brought from the ter-  
rible chaos. The dead were buried,  
but living were scarcely yet the recipi-  
ent of the care necessary to keep those  
who were struggling between death  
and life on the right side. The hospi-  
tals were crowded, and the surgeon's  
knives, that testing steel to the bravery  
of the soldier, was busy in every ward.

As invariable occurs immediately af-  
ter a battle, crowds of civilians, bent  
on every imaginable arrend, flocked to  
the camp. Relatives seeking the dead  
and the living; news-mongers, and pa-  
per correspondents, anxious to pick  
up anything of incident to feed the  
hugry appetite of the public; peddlers  
and camp followers; thieves and gam-  
blers, all in one heterogeneous mass,  
sought entrance within the federal  
lines. It was this influx that brought  
the order under which Eleanor Price  
had been denied the privilege of seek-  
ing in the hospitals Lieut. Frank Gor-  
don, her playmate in childhood, her  
unflinching champion in school days,  
and affianced husband in manhood.

In the long roughly constructed  
shed, improvised for a hospital, with  
dying men on every side, with horror  
and disorder, so that it could not be  
shut away from the sight, lay the figure  
of a man, young and with well out  
features, but gaunt and haggard.  
Above the hunk mattress upon which  
he was stretched hung the coat that  
had just been removed from his body,  
and upon the well worn and weather-  
beaten straps that showed its owner of  
the rank of first Lieutenant. He had

been divested of no clothing except  
the coat, and the gray army shirt was  
open upon the breast revealing the fact  
that his wounds, whatever their nature,  
were there. No blanket covered his  
limbs, and the tightly closed, colorless  
lips and dimmed eyes, spoke little hope  
for the life of Lieut. Frank Gordon.  
Five days he had lain, this way, trem-  
bling upon the verge of eternity, and  
pronounced by the attending surgeon  
past recovery. What little could be  
done in the fearful crowding of thou-  
sands of lacerated men upon the hands  
of the attendants, and the deficiency  
of hospital aid, had been done, but the  
care to smooth the path of death was  
not there. Right and left, and in  
every direction, he saw strong men  
turn aside their heads and die in very  
dispair, with lesser wounds than his  
own; and then, with a sickening ter-  
ror, he sank back upon his rough and  
careless couch, with a prayer that his  
spirit might be called while his eyes  
remained closed to the misery around  
him.

"With letters from Nashville to the  
general in command? Give them to  
my orderly and he will give you back  
the general's answer."

"You must excuse me, Colonel, I am  
under orders not to let these letters go  
out of my hands unless into those of  
Gen. Rosecrans. If you say I cannot  
go up to headquarters, then I must re-  
turn and report the fact."

The old colonel seemed to consider  
a moment and eyed the young officer  
who stood before him well over, before  
he answered.

"It is against orders, Lieutenant, to  
pass any one, but I can't see that these  
orders extend to all officers in the ser-  
vice bearing dispatches, I think you  
may go up. What did you say the  
name was?"

"Smith Gordon, 12th Michigan, at  
your service."

"Gordon! Gordon!—I've heard that  
name before, I think. Orderly, haven't  
we a Gordon with us?"

"Lieut. Frank Gordon, on staff sir,  
Shot in breast, sir. Died this morning  
in hospital No. 2, sir," answered the or-  
derly, with the sententiousness of a  
veteran.

"Ah-h-h, yes," responded the Col-  
onel, slowly. "I remember. Hallo, Lieuten-  
ant, what's the matter? You look  
pale. You're not frightened at the  
idea of a man dying in the hospital,  
are you? Here orderly, a drop of  
whisky for the lieutenant. Maybe  
you've never been under fire, young-  
ster; if it's so—you're excusable—it's  
a dirty business. Take a swallow of  
whisky; it'll do you good. It's none  
of your infernal commissary stuff. I  
send up to my place for my whisky.  
Won't take any, hey? Well, I don't  
know but you are right. Whisky is a  
bad thing in the long run. Shall I  
send my orderly up with you? No.  
Very good, if you think you can find  
the way. You look rather young for  
this kind of business. Good morning."

And the young man took his way  
alone in the direction of headquarters,  
until he came to a turning of the street  
that hid him from the eyes that were  
looking curiously out from the colonel's  
tent, then he struck off in an entirely  
new direction, stopping one or two sol-  
diers whom he met by the way, to ask  
questions of the route.

Within an hour afterward he pre-  
sented himself before the attending  
surgeon of Hospital No. 2.

"Doctor, is Lieut. Frank Gordon  
buried yet?"

"Buried," questioned the doctor.  
"He died, I believe this morning.  
If his body still remains here doctor, I  
should like to see it."

"Buried," the doctor queried again.  
"I don't think he's dead yet, Lieuten-  
ant. We don't bury anybody here un-  
til they are dead, sir, though we don't  
give them much chance afterwards."

The doctor did not watch the great  
gasp given by the young lieutenant  
who stood before him, or probably he,  
too, like the colonel, would have  
thought that the air of a hospital did  
not agree with the boyish-looking offi-  
cer.

"We have to get rid of them very  
soon, Lieutenant, after the breath is  
out, to make room for new comers; but  
we give them the best care we can,  
while the life is in. Frank Gordon  
isn't dead yet, but I am sorry to say,  
poor fellow, that there is no hope for  
him. There was a rumor this morn-  
ing that he had slipped away from us,  
but I am glad to say that half an hour  
ago he was still alive.

In a few moments they stood by the  
pallet of the dying man.

"Gordon, here's a friend inquiring  
for you," said the doctor. "I will leave  
you with him, lieutenant."

It was well he turned his back to de-  
part as he spoke, or he might have been  
witness to an inexplicable scene. The  
wounded man raised his eyes languid-  
ly and instantly started to a sitting po-  
sure, then in a minute more they were  
in each other's arms, the wounded man  
unable to say more than a single ex-  
clamation, the other speaking hastily  
in reply to the doctor's protest.

"We are brothers. Pardon me doc-  
tor."

"Yes—but, my dear sir, this will  
never do—the excitement might kill  
him at once."

"Oh, no; I shall stay here and nurse  
him. There Frank, lie down and be  
quiet. You must mind me if I am to  
be your nurse."

The wounded man lay down once  
more, but over his pale face a flush had  
spread that looked something like re-  
turning health. In his eyes burned a  
sacred joy that made him forget the  
hospital and its surroundings, and cen-  
tered upon the face of the young offi-  
cer who stood holding his hand.

"Now, doctor, you must let me be  
nurse. I will not trouble you a bit,  
and will take your patient entirely off  
your hands. He must get well for my  
sake."

"With all my heart," responded the  
doctor. "Gordon, I'm glad you've  
got somebody to look after you. It's  
tight work to give anybody their just  
due. I hope your nurse will do you  
good. If you want anything of me,  
and if the thing's possible, I'll do it."

And so the doctor walked away.

"Oh, Eleanor, why did you come to  
this place? It seems like a dream—  
But you must go away; you cannot  
stay in this terrible spot."

"Yes Frank, when I can take you  
with me, but not before. And now re-  
member darling, this is my first lesson  
as nurse. My name is not Eleanor, but  
Lieutenant Smith Gordon of the 12th  
Michigan, and I am your brother. You  
will call me Smith, but remember that  
my position here is safe, unless you  
betray it. Now, then, one kiss  
only to seal the bargain, and then re-  
member that men don't kiss each other."

Towards evening when the doctor  
made his rounds, he was astonished to  
be able to report that there was a  
manifest improvement in Lieutenant  
Frank Gordon, and congratulated his  
brother on the good effect of his nurs-  
ing. The servant of the last had ar-  
rived and according to the direction had  
been admitted with the young officer's  
luggage, from which had appeared a  
pair of blankets, a clean shirt, and  
many little necessities and luxuries  
that the doctor declared to contain life  
in their very looks.

The days sped away, and each was  
marked by the improvement of the  
man who had been given up to death.

Unceasingly by his side sat the never  
wearying young officer, sometimes in  
deep and whispered conversation, some-  
times reading such books and papers  
as could be had to while away the  
time. Much was the favor accorded to  
the firm, quiet manner of Lieutenant  
Smith Gordon, that could not be got  
by the command of those higher in  
rank and louder in tone.

We are come to the end. At last  
the day arrived when the wounded  
officer could leave his couch and go  
out once more into the open air, and  
then it was upon the arm of the young  
lieutenant that he leaned for support.  
Pale they were both—one from the  
weary confinement of the hospital pal-  
let, the other from watching beside it;  
but upon the face of both shone a hap-  
piness that could be generated only by  
love. We claim the privilege of lis-  
tening to these walks.

"The life you have saved, Eleanor,  
shall henceforth be devoted to you  
only."

Had there been lookers-on as well  
as listeners, there would, at that iden-  
tical moment, have witnessed the ex-  
traordinary spectacle of two persons  
in the uniform of the Union service,  
clasped in each other's arms—the taller  
pressing kisses upon the lips, cheeks,  
eyes and forehead of the other, and  
within a week after, if they had seen  
the columns of the Cincinnati pa-  
pers, they would have seen this para-  
graph:

MARRIED.—On Thursday last, by  
the Rev. Mr. —, Lieutenant Frank  
Gordon, U. S. A., to Eleanor, only  
daughter of Samuel Price of this city.  
Our story is told.

Praise may be as hurtful as  
censure. It is as well to be cast into a  
pit as blown into the air.

## Our War Bounty Loan.

A Bill to Provide for the Interest on  
the War Bounty Loan as passed by  
both Houses of the Legislature.

SECTION 1. The People of the State of  
Michigan enact, That there shall be  
levied upon the taxable property of the  
State, for the year eighteen hundred  
and sixty-four, in addition to all other  
taxes, the sum of thirty-five thousand  
dollars, and the same is hereby appro-  
priated for the payment of the interest  
on the war bounty loan, if so much  
shall be required; if not, the balance  
shall be and the same is hereby appro-  
priated to the purchase of any of the  
interest-bearing bonds of this State.

A Bill Authorizing a War Bounty Loan.

SECTION 1. The People of the State  
of Michigan enact, That the Governor  
and State Treasurer be and they are  
hereby authorized and directed, in the  
name and in behalf of the people of  
this State, whenever it shall become  
necessary for the purpose of paying a  
State bounty, authorized to be paid to  
volunteers in the military service of the  
United States, by the provisions of any  
law of this State, to negotiate and con-  
tract for a loan or loans for such sum  
or sums as may be necessary for the  
purpose herein specified, not exceeding  
five hundred thousand dollars in all,  
on the most favorable terms that, in  
their judgment, can be obtained, re-  
deemable at the pleasure of the State,  
at any time within, or at the expiration  
of twenty-five years from the first day  
of May, eighteen hundred and sixty-  
four, at a rate of interest not exceeding  
seven per centum per annum, payable  
semi-annually, on the first day of May  
and November in each year. Such  
loan shall be known as the "War Boun-  
ty Loan of the State of Michigan," and  
the bonds issued under the provisions  
of this act, shall be exempt from tax-  
ation. The proceeds of said bonds  
shall be paid out in no other manner  
than is provided by law for paying a  
State bounty to volunteers mustered  
into the military services of the United  
States.

SECTION 2. For the purpose of effecting  
the loan or loans by this act authorized,  
the Governor and State Treasurer are  
hereby empowered and directed to cause  
to be issued, bonds of the State of  
Michigan, from time to time, as they  
may deem necessary, in sums not less  
than five hundred dollars each, to be  
signed by the Governor, and counter-  
signed by the Secretary of State and  
State Treasurer, with the seal of the  
State affixed thereto, and with coupons  
for the interest thereon attached. The  
principal and interest of said bonds  
shall be payable in the city of New  
York. The bonds shall be drawn in  
favor of the Auditor General, and when  
endorsed by him shall become negoti-  
able in such manner as the Governor  
and State Treasurer may deem prop-  
er.

SECTION 3. All moneys arising from the  
sale of the bonds, by this act author-  
ized to be issued, shall be paid into the  
treasury of the State to the credit of  
the war fund, and shall be drawn there-  
from upon the warrant of the Auditor  
General, which warrants may be issued  
upon proper vouchers or estimates of  
the Quartermaster General of the State,  
certified by the Governor, for the pur-  
pose of paying such a State bounty as  
may be authorized by law.

SECTION 4. The bonds issued under this  
act shall be numbered and registered  
in a book provided for that purpose, and  
kept in the Auditor General's office,  
which register shall contain the number  
and amount of such bonds, the rate of  
interest thereon, and where payable.  
Whenever any bond shall be paid the  
same shall be immediately canceled by  
the Treasurer, or other person paying  
the same, with a canceling hammer;  
the Auditor General shall also keep a  
full record of all the bonds taken up and  
paid, in a book provided for that pur-  
pose; and immediately after the record  
shall have been made as aforesaid, the  
bonds so paid shall also be cancelled,  
by writing across the face of each, which  
cancelment shall be signed by the Au-  
ditor General and State Treasurer,  
and said bonds thus cancelled shall be  
filed in the office of the Auditor Gen-  
eral.

SECTION 5. The faith of the State is here-  
by pledged for the payment of princi-  
pal and interest of the bonds which  
may be issued under the provisions of  
this act.

The Ethiopian Humorist has  
sagely remarked that two of the most  
striking characters delineated by the  
immortal Shakespeare were *Cash-lover*  
and *Devil's-de-money*.

## Idaho!

Idaho is bounded on the north by the  
British Possessions, on the south by  
Utah, on the east by Dakota, and on  
the west by Washington Territory.  
The route thither, as now traveled, is  
a long, tedious and roundabout jour-  
ney, being almost due west to Salt  
Lake City, and thence 500 miles due  
north to the confluence of the Big  
Horn with the Yellowstone river.

Captain Fiske, of the United States  
Army, who has just returned from  
Idaho, where he has been making sur-  
veys and explorations under the au-  
spices of the Government, was in the  
city yesterday. He states that a route  
is quite feasible through Central Min-  
nesota to Big Stone Lake, on the east-  
ern border of Dakota, thence nearly  
due west through Dakota and Idaho  
to the mouth of the Big Horn of the  
Yellow Stone river, in which vicinity  
the richest gold fields abound. He will  
recommend the Government to con-  
struct a road as above indicated, and  
establish military posts along the route.  
This would shorten the distance nearly  
one half of what it is by the way of  
Salt Lake City.

On Saturday evening last, as we are  
apprised by telegraph, the St. Paul  
Chamber of Commerce, fully alive to  
the interest of the city and State, made  
an appropriation for publishing a map  
of the above route through Minnesota.  
This will be a great advantage to em-  
igrants, and be the means of enriching  
the inhabitants who live upon the  
line of the contemplated road.

Captain Fiske speaks decidedly in  
regard to the rich deposits of gold in  
Idaho. He has visited that region  
twice, and has had ample opportunity  
to inform himself upon these matters.  
He states that he saw nine hundred  
dollars worth of gold taken from a  
single panful of earth, and is confident,  
from what he could learn at reliable  
sources, that there has already been  
mined \$25,000,000 in gold.—None of  
this treasure has as yet been shipped  
out of the Territory, for want of prop-  
er and safe escort. If anything like  
this amount has been taken out in the  
eighteen months of operations, it shows  
a richness of production that beggars  
the palmist days of California or Aus-  
tralia. The mining has been confined  
principally to gulch work, but the  
quartz is rich, and would yield as well  
as the best in the world.

There have been two principal set-  
tlements made—Bannock City and  
Virginia City—each containing from  
four to five thousand inhabitants.  
Captain Fiske estimates the number of  
mines now at work at 15,000.

Undoubtedly a very large emigration  
will take place to Idaho this spring.  
In this city the gold fever rages fur-  
iously. If the dwellings of those who  
are thus afflicted were labeled, as is  
usual in small pox cases, it would be  
manifest that the malady is really epi-  
demical. A company of about three  
hundred is being formed, under the  
leadership of an experienced guide, and  
the start will take place about the first  
of April. Among these men nothing is  
heard but "Rocky Mountain Slope,"  
"thousand dollar nuggets," "Big Horn,"  
"Yellow Stone river," and similar evi-  
dences of a mind diseased by the yel-  
low dust fever.—Chicago Journal.

THE BADGES OF THE ARMY.—An  
Army correspondent, writing from the  
Army of the Potomac, says: A few  
words in regard to the badges used in  
the army may be