

THE TROY HERALD.

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NO. 7

TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, FEB'Y 17, 1875.

LOCAL AND COUNTY NEWS.

THE HERO OF AN HOUR.

How an Imposter Played His Cards in this County, and Run out of Trumps before the Game was Over.

It creates a smile now, but some of our citizens were in earnest then. We believed we had Gen'l Hebert among us, that he was in distress, and we could not do too much for him. It was the old, old story, that is told so often in this country: an imposter with his well-learned lesson and the deception of those who believe all mankind are honest as they, notwithstanding practical evidence is brought home to them frequently that the world is composed of a mottled crew and that humbugs play no small part in the general make-up.

A reliable gentleman and a friend came to the office about two weeks since, and taking us into a private room, informed us that Gen. Hebert was in Clark township. "Are you sure it is he?" we inquired. "Certainly; haven't I seen him often, and wasn't he in command of our division after the death of Gen. Little?" "Sure enough; but what brings him here?" Our friend informed us that he had been living in South Carolina; that on the 14th of last September three negroes had outraged and murdered a lovely sister, that the General had pursued and killed them, and he was now attempting to evade the detectives until Gov. Chamberlain was inaugurated; that he had pledged a fair trial would be granted him then, which was all he asked. He had made himself known to some Masons in St. Louis county, who, believing his story, gave him kind assistance, and sent him among friends in this county for safe-keeping. We remarked that we would be glad to see the General, and was informed that he would be in town the Saturday following.

Saturday came, and so did the General. Our friend brought him around to the office. "Happy to meet you, General; you are a much younger looking gentleman than we expected to see." He was a fluent talker. All the old battle fields were gone over, and we recognized many of the points; had been there ourselves. Our sweet-briar pipe was in view on the table. With our permission he would smoke. Certainly; here is some genuine North Carolina "Durham." He smoked and talked, and talked and smoked, and expectorated all over his beard. He was an exceedingly sociable fellow—equal to Bright of Indiana, but he didn't quite get his feet into our lap. Would like to meet some of the boys that evening. We tendered him the use of our sanctum, and then he and our friend bid us good day. Our "sweet-briar," freshly filled with the highly flavored Durham, and emitting odorous vapors, walked out with him. He was such a sociable fellow.

Evening came. Our friend, who by the way was a Colonel in the Confederate service, had notified the "boys" that Gen. Hebert would be at our office at seven o'clock, they must call around. They called, some fifteen or twenty of them, and were duly introduced to the lion of the hour. The General addressed them; told of his wrongs and how he had avenged them; how the authorities refused to give him a trial before a civil tribunal, his arrest under the Ku-klux law, and the threatened trial by military commission, and his escape; how he made himself known to Gov. Woodson, Warwick Hough, Gen. Cockrell and others, and their kindness and assurances; how he was afterwards, in an unguarded moment, pounced upon by Pinkerton's detectives, his miraculous escape from them, and how glad he was to be among friends once more. When he finished a painful silence pervaded our sanctum. Our

friend, the Colonel, was called upon, who stated that the gentleman was Gen. Hebert; he recognized him; had seen him often; didn't think he could be mistaken.

These few words from the Colonel were enough to raise the enthusiasm of the crowd to the highest pitch. "If the General needs any assistance," exclaimed one infatuated admirer, at the same time running his hand significantly down into his breeches pocket, "he can have any amount he wishes." But no; Gen. Hebert did not ask pecuniary assistance; if he needed money he knew where to get it; had already written to Gen. Wade Hampton to forward him a check for \$1,000 to Mr. Payne of St. Louis county; all he asked was protection. His magnanimity was touching. We all vied in our assurances that such a small boon should certainly be granted, if a writ of *habeas corpus* had to be issued to take him out of the hands of detectives.

Then Richard was himself again; or in other words, the General was as lively as a cricket, and he entertained us for several hours with anecdotes of the war, all of which were recognized to be true. He was acquainted with every man of any note, their private and public characters, their idiosyncrasies, and the anecdotes he related of them were many and interesting. We all laughed, and enjoyed the rare feast. The General still smoked our "sweet-briar."

The gentleman whom he had made himself known to in St. Louis, as a Mason, and who had sent him among friends in this county, had reason afterwards to suspect him. He had referred them to certain prominent gentlemen to prove his identity. To these they applied, and found out that he was not Gen. Hebert, but an imposter. On Tuesday morning of last week they made their appearance at Mr. J. M. Wilson's, in Clark township, where the General was rusticating, and brought their evidence with them. News was brought to Troy that the General had been made a prisoner. Judge B— immediately issued a writ of *habeas corpus* and Sheriff Carter, mounted on a gallant steed, like young Lochinvar, rode all unarmed and rode all alone, to the scene of the unfortunate refugee's troubles. We intended to make our promise of the writ of *habeas corpus* good.

About eight o'clock that night the Sheriff returned, having in charge the General and five gentlemen from St. Louis county. Three of these were frank, pleasant-looking young men, and two were good, honest appearing elderly gentlemen; but prejudices contorts even honest faces into villainous ones, and hence these kind friends who were really on a mission of humanity were eyed with suspicion as they entered the hotel; they were attempting to deprive a persecuted refugee of his liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Everybody had a cheerful word for the General, who was still puffing away at our "sweet-briar" consolier.

We repaired to the court room, Judge B— in the chair. The strange gentlemen being questioned by his judgship, all denied having the General in custody, and what could the court do but declare our "lion" free and adjourn. The General then attempted to address the audience, but his confidence having deserted him unlike the effort in our sanctum a few nights previous, it was a dead failure. Young Mr. Payne of St. Louis county then arose, and said they were not here for the purpose of arresting the General, but to clear their skirts of any evil that might result from them having sent him among us. He was an imposter. They, too, had been deceived by him, but now they had evidence against him. He produced that evidence—letters from Gen. Cockrell and Col. John G. Kelley, Gen. Hebert's inspector general. To make the story brief, they were conclusive. This imposter is only about thirty-five years old, although he claims to be forty-three,

while Gen Hebert is about sixty. He signs his name J. C. Herbert. Gen. Hebert's name is Louis. When these facts were made known, his friends began to desert him—they believed all the time he was an imposter. We never like to acknowledge that we are sold. After everybody had turned coldly away we went to him and asked how was this thushness. He said Gen. Cockrell was laboring under some mistake, that he was Gen. John C. Hebert, while General Cockrell spoke of Gen. Louis Hebert. We suggested that it was Gen. Louis Hebert who commanded our division at Corinth and he said he was in command there. But he still insisted that he was the Gen. Hebert, and wanted to dispatch to ex-Senator Atchison to come and identify him. We sent the dispatch for him, wishing to give him every opportunity to clear himself of the charges. The gentlemen from St. Louis offered to pay his way to the city and he could then go and see Col. Kelley. He wouldn't consent. A vote of thanks was tendered the gentlemen for their kindness in exposing the "general." The day following, no one having evidence sufficient to swear out a warrant for his arrest, he was permitted to depart. As he turned the street corner to leave, the smoke from that "sweet-briar" of ours was wafted backward on the frosty air.

It is said that he hasn't a very respectful way of speaking of or treating the ladies where he becomes acquainted. Look out for him. We copy the following notice of the "General" from the *Kentucky Freemason*:

IMPOSTER.—From the secretary of Center Lodge No. 401, at Lebanon, Mo., we are advised of a traveler who calls himself Col. Young, Gen. Hebert, etc., imposing on the craft. He generally hails from some lodge in Louisiana, but has been denounced by the grand secretary. He is about five feet seven inches high, rather heavy set, and has a brogue which he says results from being shot. Black hair, inclined to curl, large black or hazel eyes, quick-spoken and restless. He claims a lot of distinguished acquaintances in Missouri and elsewhere. Look out for him.

Since the above was written some of our citizens have received a telegram from Gen. Hebert, through Col. J. G. Kelley, his former inspector general. Gen. Hebert's address is Ploynemine, La.

WAMPVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 12.

Editors Herald: Seeing from the last number of your paper that your township is soon to vote upon a very important question, a vote which will determine the future prosperity of your town, I am led from its perusal to make a short statement of facts that have come to our knowledge by personal experience.

Thirty-five years ago this section of country, lying along what is known as the New York Central railroad, with a turnpike passing through from Buffalo to Albany, was thickly settled, and the price or value of the farms at that time would not exceed twenty-five dollars per acre. Now they are worth from one to three hundred dollars per acre, and are constantly being cut up into small farms, and purchased by people that have lived all their lives away from the privilege of railroads. Our taxes are not any more than other towns away from the railroad, while the railroad pays nearly half, and will soon pay more than half of all our taxes. We know this is all owing to having a railroad.

It seems so strange to us to think that men can be found at this age of the world who oppose the construction of a railroad through their very midst, going against their own personal interest.

Yours respectfully,
C. S. BATES.

Let every man who favors a live business town come out next Saturday and vote for the machine shop appropriation. If the proposition is defeated we may as well bury all hope of ever having a railroad. We will have a \$300,000 railroad debt to pay, and nothing to show for it.

WALTON PERKINS' BOND.

He and His Securities Make Themselves Liable in the Sum of \$100,000.

Know all men by these presents:

That we, Walton Perkins, of the county of Lincoln, and state of Missouri, as principal, and the other parties hereto undersigned as securities, acknowledge ourselves indebted to the citizens of Bedford township, Lincoln county, Missouri, in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, for the full payment of which we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, upon the following conditions, to-wit:

WHEREAS, the county court of said county of Lincoln has, upon the petition of D. T. Waddy, S. H. Woodstock, R. B. Norton, and others, ordered a special election of the qualified voters of said township of Bedford, to be held on the 20th of February, 1875, to ascertain whether or not the qualified voters of said township will, at said special election, vote a subscription of fifty-five thousand dollars to the capital stock of the St. Louis, Hannibal and Keokuk railroad company, upon the conditions in said petition set forth; and

WHEREAS, the condition upon which said subscription of fifty-five thousand dollars is proposed to be made, as set forth in said petition and order of the court aforesaid, is, that said railroad company will build and operate their railroad from some point on the St. Louis, Kansas City and northern railroad to Troy, Missouri, by the first day of October, 1875, so as to give a direct and continuous connection by rail, by said time, from Troy, Missouri, to St. Louis, Missouri, and will also locate and erect the first building of the general machine and repair shops of their said railroad within eighty rods of the station grounds at Troy, Missouri, by the 1st day of October, 1875, which said building shall be built in a good and substantial manner and shall not be less than forty feet wide and eighty feet long; and

WHEREAS, it is proposed in said petition, and so ordered by the court in its said order for said special election as aforesaid, that should the qualified voters of said township of Bedford, at said special election, vote said subscription of fifty-five thousand dollars to the capital stock of said railroad company, then the coupon bonds of said township shall be duly executed, issued and placed in the hands of said Walton Perkins, as trustee, to be paid over to the treasurer of said railroad company or his order, on or before the first day of October, 1875; provided, said railroad company will build and operate their said railroad, and erect the first building of the general machine and repair shops, by the 1st day of October, 1875, as in manner and form in said petition and order of the court set forth, and not otherwise; and

WHEREAS, it is a further condition of said subscription of fifty-five thousand dollars, as in said petition and order of the court set forth, that if said railroad company fail to build and operate their railroad to Troy, Missouri, by the 1st day of October, 1875, or fail to locate and erect the first building of the general machine and repair shops as before specified, by the 1st day of October, 1875, then said subscription of fifty-five thousand dollars shall be null and void, and said railroad company are not to receive any part of said bonds, but the same shall be delivered by said trustee to the county court of Lincoln county for cancellation.

Now, therefore, should the qualified voters of Bedford, at said special election, to be held on the 20th of February, 1875, vote said subscription of fifty-five thousand dollars to the capital stock of said railroad company, and the bonds of said township be duly executed, issued and placed in the hands of Walton Perkins, trustee, as provided in said petition and order of court, and he the said Walton Perkins, trustee, after the receipt by him of said township bonds, should deliver the same or any part thereof to the treasurer of said railroad company, or to any other person or persons, in violation and contrary to the terms and conditions upon which said subscription is voted, or should the citizens of Bedford township be compelled to pay any part of said subscription, or any taxes, damages or costs, growing out of said subscription, by reason of the wrongful act or acts of the said Walton Perkins, trustee, in relation to said bonds, then this obligation is to be and remain in full force and effect; otherwise to be null and void. And it is further understood and agreed that the agent or trustee, the said Walton Perkins, is not to deliver the said bonds in any event to said railroad agent until he shall first have called together all of the securities of this bond, or shall at least have notified them, and they or a majority of them shall have given their consent to the same.

In witness whereof we have here-

unto set our hands and seals the day of February, A. D. 1875.

WALTON PERKINS,
FREDERICK WING S. R. WOOLFOLK,
C. W. PARKER D. T. WADDY,
E. C. CANN H. H. NORTON,
W. W. SHAW C. W. MARTIN,
H. T. MUDD E. N. BONFILL,
JOHN McDONALD H. N. BASKETT,
B. S. CREWS WM. COLBERT.

Read communication and locals on eighth page.

Dr. J. A. Mudd, junior editor of the *Herald*, will return from his long visit to Maryland, next Friday.

New goods this week at the Dry Goods Headquarters.

PARKER, WRENS & Co.

Read what Mr. C. S. Bates of Wampville, N. Y., has to say to you about the railroad appropriation.

Something new every week at the Dry Goods Headquarters.

PARKER, WRENS & Co.

Champion Reaper and Mower for sale by F. W. Harbaum, Troy, Mo. The best machine in the market. 17

What more security can a people ask than is given by the railroad company, the order of the court and the bond of Mr. Perkins, that the money appropriated shall be legitimately used.

Mr. J. W. Campbell is canvassing this county for subscribers to R. A. Campbell's Missouri Gazette. This work is a complete epitome of the history and resources of every county in the state, and should be in the hands of every business man, farmer and speculator.

Read the sound argument of "H" on the appropriation question, and then say if you can that it is not to the interest of farmers to vote for the machine shop proposition. Remember, if the appropriation is not made you will miss your railroad, and will have to still plod along in the old way. No transportation, no market, and consequently low prices for every thing you have to sell. Come, take a common sense view of the case, and look the matter square in the face.

"Of all the low, dirty, cowardly things that make a slimy track upon God's earth" the Clarksville *Sentinel* thinks, is the individual who would send its editor or anybody else a come valentine. Come, Jim, don't take the matter so much to heart. Just stick them up in your sanctum so that visitors may know how your patrons esteem you.

Are we sufficiently secured to evade being awindled by the railroad company, if the appropriation is voted? Read the bond given by Walton Perkins, published in another column, and then the proposition of the railroad company, and the order of the court in the matter of the election, published a short time since, and answer for yourself. If these won't stick, we are at a loss to determine what preparation of glue is required.

We publish this week some lines of poetry, written by Sidney Parker, Esq., of Mt. Sterling, Ills., "On the loss of an eye upon New Years Eve," commemorating of a sad misfortune that happened to him in the loss of one of his eyes by an accidental blow from a stick of wood which struck him in the eye after chopping it off. The name of Mr. Sidney Parker will be familiar to a number of our oldest residents, as a merchant in this town more than forty years ago, and as the only living brother of the late Francis Parker, Esq., of this place. Mr. P. will doubtless have the heartfelt sympathy of all old friends in his sad affliction.

Fifty Cents per Yard.

Another invoice of Virginia duck-skin jeans, the best goods in the market at the price.

PARKER, WRENS & Co.

BORN.

McFARLAND.—February 10, 1875, to the wife of W. C. McFarland, a daughter.
BRYAN.—February 11, 1875, to the wife of Wm. Bryan, a son.
HAMILTON.—February 12, 1875, to the wife of G. A. Hamilton, a daughter.