

# BLOOMINGTON PROGRESS.

WILLIAM A. GAGE, Editor and Proprietor.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1869.

Two Citizens of Terre Haute Shot Down.

A Dastardly Outrage.

It is our painful duty to chronicle one of the most dastardly outrages ever committed in our city—that of two quiet and peaceful citizens being shot down like dogs by a man appointed to preserve the peace and to prevent others from committing a similar crime. On Tuesday afternoon, July 6th, about 2 o'clock, C. W. Brown and Major J. Smith, editors and proprietors of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, were shot by Erwin D. Erney, a day policeman, under circumstances of the most atrocious character.

Major Smith was returning from dinner to his office, and just as he passed McKeen & Minshall's Bank, Erney ran up behind him and dealt him a blow upon the back of the head with a "billy." This is a weapon carried, we believe, by all policemen, and with which one well directed blow upon the head is sufficient to kill a man. Stunned and bewildered by the blow, Mr. Smith ran out into the street, Erney followed him up and before reaching the opposite corner struck several other blows. By the time both men reached the corner, near Cornelius and Haggerty's store, Mr. Smith had succeeded in drawing a small pistol, and deliberately walked towards Erney, the pistol directed at him. Erney jumped behind a lamp post, and drew a navy revolver. Smith attempted to shoot, but his pistol missed fire. Erney then fired, and Smith fired a moment after, the shots being nearly simultaneous. Erney's shot took effect in the fleshy portion of Smith's right leg, the ball going clear through the leg, and was found inside his pants when they were afterwards taken off. Inmediately on firing, Erney started across the street in a south-easterly direction, but on reaching the middle of the street, started back for his hat, which he had dropped. At this moment Mr. C. W. Brown reached the ground, and seeing Erney going in the direction of Smith, doubtless supposed he was going to renew the attack, and walked toward him with outstretched arms, seemingly endeavoring to stop him; when Erney, only three or four feet from Brown, again drew up his pistol and fired, the ball taking effect in the upper portion of the right breast. Erney was arrested a few minutes after and lodged in jail, where he now remains.

The immediate cause of this bloody affair was the publication, in the *Gazette* on the Saturday previous, of a communication, reflecting upon the man Erney, who is a day policeman. On Monday Erney called on Mr. Smith for the name of the author, and was told he would confer with the author and give an answer on the day following (Tuesday.) Erney called again on the same evening and some high words passed between the two; Erney asserting that he would take measures to obtain legal satisfaction. The next intimation Mr. Smith had of hostilities was the unexpected assault of Tuesday afternoon.—*Terre Haute Express.*

(From the Terre Haute Express, July 7.)

Tuesday's Tragedy.

Elsewhere we give, with all practicable accuracy, the shocking details of one of the most awful tragedies that has ever occurred in this State. Two worthy and respected citizens, gentlemen enjoying the confidence and esteem of the entire community, against whose fair names no reproach can be brought, have been shot down like dogs, by a "guardian of the peace," on the most frequented street of the city, in the broad light of day, and while quietly attending to their legitimate business.

There is no circumstance within our knowledge that can palliate the horrid crime. It is a deed that shocks the moral sense of every man who has a nature above that of the baser animals. If such an act may be perpetrated here, without uniting every honest voice in the city, in one prolonged, earnest shiver of righteous indignation, we have mistaken the material which surrounds us.

Doubtless there are many circumstances that have conspired, to make such a crime as this, possible here. We have not time to enumerate or discuss them now, but will mention what we believe to be the most important one of them, to-wit: A growing conviction, a feeling amounting almost to absolute certainty, that criminals may secure immunity for their crimes if they can but make influence with certain potent political parties.

The people are losing confidence in the operation of the machinery designed by the law to bring criminals to justice. Lawless men see others commit deeds of blood, and

get whitewashed by juries, and they attempt the same career. It is but the natural result of a palpable cause.

We are drifting upon dangerous cruising ground, and the time is not far distant, we fear, when even good men will conclude that criminal trials by jury are not a safe reliance. Let the man who has done this deed of blood, have a trial by a jury of his countrymen, and let it be understood that it must be a trial, NOT A FARCE.

The Treasury Department has received information of the seizure of 12,000 boxes of sugar at New Orleans, the owners of which attempted to put it on the market without paying duties and revenue taxes. The seizure, which was made on the 1st instant, is entirely independent from the seizure reported by the Associated Press dispatches. It is estimated that the Government will realize from the seizures in this city, since the new officers appointed by the present administration have assumed control, more than a million dollars.

It may seem incredible, but is nevertheless true, that the smallpox was communicated to William Ireland's family, under the following circumstances: About six weeks ago, some of the plastering in the house fell down, and with it a bunch of old rags, which emitted a very strange odor. Mrs. Ireland and one of her daughters examined them closely. A week or over afterwards, the daughter broke out with the smallpox, followed soon after by Mrs. Ireland, and successively thereafter by every member of the family excepting one daughter. Some seventeen years ago, the smallpox prevailed in the same house, and it is supposed that some of the clothing then worn was stowed away behind the lathing, and plastered up, and thus led to communicating the disease at this late day, to the present occupants of the house.—*Brownstown Banner.*

DEATH OF CHARLES SPEAKMAN.

The daily papers have the following advices from Cuba: "A number of filibusters, who landed from the schooner Grapeshot and subsequently fell into the hands of the Spanish troops, had been executed." Among the names of these unfortunate men, we deeply regret to see that of Charles Speakman, of Aurora, Indiana. Poor Charles! he was well known to most of our readers, having been born in Dearborn county; and being a son of the late Stephen S. Speakman. Mr. Speakman was about thirty years old, and some time since married a daughter of one of the prominent citizens of Aurora. He had a wild, roving disposition, and being in New Orleans, joined a Cuban expedition.—*Lawrenceburg Register.*

The Confederate Bondholders in England, are a jolly set. They held a meeting on Wednesday week, and resolved that their prospects were brighter than ever, and that a court of equity would doubtless decide in their favor, and compel the American Government to redeem their worthless paper. The jollity and good humor of these Britishers overcomes one's natural desire to condemn them as idiots. As long as they live they will realize in a striking manner what Sir Thomas Campbell denominated "The pleasure of Hope."

Mark Twain's Experience in Vicksburg.

At dinner yesterday, I helped myself to a piece of pumpkin pie. The gentleman who had been so obliging as to amuse me at an expense of seventy-five dollars, observing me eat the pie, rose from the table with a heavy frown on his face. When I had finished my dinner and walked forward to the Social Hall, he approached me with a drawn Bowie knife, and sternly demanded of me where I was from. I told him after a slight hesitation, that I was born in Albemarle co., Va., that I was a nephew of Colonel —. He then said, "If that is the case, sir, you may continue to live; but, sir, I thought you must be a — Yankee from the way you ate that pumpkin pie, and in that case I should have regretted it as a duty to my country to cut your throat."

I thanked him very politely for the high regard he manifested for the place of my birth and family connections. He then asked me if I took part in the rebellion, I said yes. He inquired on which side. I replied, on both; that I was visiting a relative of mine by the name of John M. Botts at the time the war broke out, and that I remained there until the war closed. He seemed satisfied with my answer, and asked me to introduce him to Gen. Blair. He told the General he was the first man he ever voted for that he had fought against; that the south could never have been conquered if he—Col. Jay Hawker I think he called himself—had been in command. He had lost very heavily by the war. I think he said he had lost an uncle, a nigger, a watch, and thirty dollars in Confederate money.

The people are losing confidence in the operation of the machinery designed by the law to bring criminals to justice. Lawless men see others commit deeds of blood, and

EDITOR PROGRESS.—In your last week's article, I spoke of the "communist" and "radical" nature of "the great I am, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end." The writer is unknown to the writer, nor does he care from whose brain the eloquent, eloquent, and last but not least, "moral" dissertation emanated. "A man can be courageous to be honest," and it is frequently and generally believed, that a person who assimilates and clothes himself with the habitments not belonging to him, or in other words, assuming the outward character of a Christian, while within the heart is false, dead, and in no way affected with "a dead heart" religion, is not competent to judge of the actions of his fellow men. The very tenor of the article referred to, portrays and points to the mind just such an one as described.

"Nothing extraneous, nor set down in sight in malice." Be candid, be firm, be just, be truthful.

Was ever possessed or ever influenced any one to misrepresent the facts in the case, to color the web work of his communication with such falsehood, and to attempt to make the public believe that not even all was told, that savored of wickedness connected with this awful description of the Sabbath, strange houses and parsonies? Those who live in glass houses must remember that to throw stones in larger sizes; and that while there may be nets contrived not meeting with the approbation of him who rules the universe, and of those who profess his name, which nets are open to inspection for the public use and a cutting of the Christian, we must remember that the crime is not so great in degree, as the wickedness of telling "white lies."

In what does this misrepresentation consist? He changes, first, the city Marshal, after hitting up his wagon and team and taking in a couple of large bags, gathers up a few members of the Brass Band and went bunting and "—" (as the long eared gentleman was fully entitled in his choice rhetorico-communicative communication.) "roasting and blowing in the woe," which is utterly and basely false. The author still continues "and then will fill, and the leader at last top heavy with sour beer beer"—it's natural to suppose that "One of Them" has had some experience in the use of the most liquor; they come back and perambulate our streets in the same ride and noisy way, to the surprise and chagrin of all good citizens, which proves also to be falsely colored and is tintured with the least of truth. Had the facts been stated plainly and not after the New York Ledger story stirs, this answer never would have sprung from his brain, and our better judgment would have dictated, "let it go."

Consistency, then, at a jewel! Hast thou taken thy flight from earth? Hast thou forsaken poor mortal man? Come with thy sooty touch, and touch us how to act. And on a' to Mr. "One of Them" to give not the tender spirit, but to cherish, love and follow thy noble, just and moral teachings.

Be honest, and you will be happy. Be truthful, and you will never regret it. Be consistent, and your reward will be great.

Not "as it is."

Judge Broekins, of New Mexico, was Postmaster of Santa Fe, but suddenly found himself turned out. He went to the Postmaster-General to ascertain the cause. "Well," said Creswell, with his usual frankness, "all I know about it is this: General Sherman went to the President and said he wanted a place for an army officer, who was left out in the cold by the consolidation of the army. The President inquired what sort of a place he would like to have. Sherman replied that the officer was now in New Mexico, and he would like to be Postmaster at Santa Fe. Grant said he believed the place was filled. 'Put him out,' said Sherman, in his impudent manner, 'he's some political bummer, I guess, and my man is a soldier.' 'All right, Sherman,' said Grant, 'I'll do it.' And so he did."

—Burnett's Flavoring Extracts, for sale at Fee & Wylie's Provision Store.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address at Mr. Raymond's funeral, in New York, on Monday. Speaking of the press, Mr. Beecher said: "The lawyer has a narrow sphere before him; the Senator and the Representative—the walls hedge in their voices; the minister has his parish walls about his church. But there is a pulpit that new has no limit—it is the press. There is, literally, the voice of one that cries in the wilderness; for all across our

populous land, out into the Territories, and to the very Pacific ocean, the daily papers speak; and there is not, in modern civilization, a place of power that can compare with this."

COLIC IN HORSES.—P. S. Gorman, of Elkhart county, Indiana, gives his experience in treating cases of colic in horses. "A few days ago a horse of mine was attacked with a fit of colic. It was so severe that I thought the animal must die in less than thirty minutes if not relieved. I drenched it with the following mixture: spirits of turpentine, 3 oz., laudanum, 1 oz., warm water, 1 pint. It proved a specific, the animal being relieved in about ten minutes after drenching.

Speaker Fowler recently spoke at Gallatin, Tennessee, and advised the youth of the country to copy the character and career of ex-President Johnson. He also informed the colored people that to the same persons were they indebted for their freedom, and that to him must they turn, and him must they follow.

—Barnett's Flavoring Extracts, for sale at Fee & Wylie's Provision Store.

It is not unreasonable to presume that the largest farmer in the State of Illinois, and perhaps, indeed, anywhere, is a resident of Morgan county. Mr. John T. Alexander, the great cattle king of the West, has a 40,000 acre farm situated in Ford, Douglas and Champaign counties. Five thousand acres are in corn. There are three thousand acres of wheat, which will harvest twenty-five bushels to the acre.—*Lafayette Dispatch.*

A match for the championship of bootblacks in Chicago, broke up in a row, caused by a foul, on the part of one of the contestants, who spit on the boots instead of in the bootblack box.

## A Few Plain Questions for Free Traders.

1. If the present tariff is "protective," or in other words, prevents us buying what we want from foreign countries, how does it come that we do buy about \$700,000,000 worth of merchandise more than we sell of our products, during this year of grace 1869?

2. If the "enormous and grinding taxation" we are now paying to "monopolists," or in plainer terms, the customs now raised on foreign imports is "grinding" our people into "poverty and want," why is it that a constant stream of immigrants will come from nations now enjoying free trade, to our languishing, tariff-cursed country?

3. If free trade were declared to-morrow, and foreign manufacturers permitted to compete in our markets with our own, would not fabrics made by European workmen at fifty cents a day, drive those made by American workmen at two dollars and fifty cents a day, out of the market?

4. When the American manufacturer finds himself undersold at home, by those engaged in the same business at Leeds, or Manchester, or Cornwall in England, must he not either discharge his hands, and close his mills, furnaces, &c., or reduce the wages he is now paying to his employees?

5. Must not the mechanics, under this state of affairs, either stop work, or submit to the reduction, or find something else to do?

6. Do the free traders want the workmen of America to work for lower wages than they now get? Or, if not, do they want them to give up skilled labor (and so lose the years spent in learning a trade) and work at agricultural pursuits?

7. Will not our country under free trade, which must inevitably destroy her manufactures, become absolutely enslaved to the countries which furnish us with everything we need, from fork to a steam engine, and will we not, when declaring war against England, for instance, or she against us, experience some difficulty in the way of getting cannon, muskets, &c.?

8. How do you propose to pay coin interest on the bonds, which we solemnly proposed to pay, when you have destroyed the only source of coin revenue we now have, or can have, until we resume specie payments?

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For further particulars, Catalogue, Specimens of Penmanship, &c., Address

WELLS & KLINE, Prop's.

July 14, '69, 96.

Notice to Non-Residents.

The State of Indiana, Monroe

county, in the Common Pleas

Court, August term, 1869.

DIVORCE.

Clarissa Dexter vs. Gustavus Dexter.

Now comes the plaintiff by James B.

Minley, Attorney, and files her complaint

herein, together with an affidavit that said defendant is not a resident of the State of Indiana.

Notice is therefore hereby given said de-

fendant that unless he be and appear in

the first day of the next term of the Common

Please Court to be held on the third

Monday of August, A. D., 1869, at the

Court House in the Common Pleas

county, in the State, and answ— or demur to said compl. in the same will be heard and determined in his absence.

Witness, my name and the seal of said

Court, affixed at Bloomington, this 15th

day of May, A. D. 1869.

ROBERT C. FOSTER, Clerk.

June 16, 1869. w3.

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