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WHOLE NO. 238.

A RETROSPECT.

BY GEORGE Z. EAGLES.

I am thinking, idly thinking,
Here to-night, beside the glow
Of the fire, of my childhood,
How the joys of happy now,
And I seem to see the faces
That I used to see of old,
As the twilight fails around me,
As the evening shadows fall.

I am thinking, idly thinking,
It is almost like a dream,
How the hours softly murmured
In their gladsome, sunny stream,
How the sunlight brightly glistened,
How the fair winds blew now,
How the love-gems clung and clustered
Round my life, like crystal dew.

As I sit and muse, one moment's
Of those shining days of yore
Comes to me like holy incense
From its gemmed and jeweled shore.
"Tis a fond, endearing murmur,
And it often comes to me,
Of the old time when I nestled
Close beside my mother's knee.

I am thinking, fondly thinking,
How she whispered in my ear
Of the Father's loving kindred,
How little children here,
And the gentle, tender beaming
Of the lights within her eye,
As she told me of that country
Where the dews never die.

Of the never fading sunlight,
Of the fragrance and perfume
Floating through the blushing gardens
In their wealth of golden bloom,
Of the soft and clinging pressure
Of her hand, I'll never forget,
For sometimes, when I am weary,
She might meet her listning boy.

I am thinking, fondly thinking,
Of how gentle and how low
Her soothings whispers sounded
By the summer sunset's glow,
And the soft and clinging pressure
Of her hand, I'll never forget,
For sometimes, when I am weary,
She might meet her listning boy.

—Breakfast Table.

WHO KILLED THE JUDGE?

A Mystery of Crime.

One raw morning in March the janitor of the court house of B— entered the judge's private room for the purpose of making a fire, and was frightened almost out of his wits at finding the honorable dignitary lying motionless on the ground.

The janitor was about to retreat and raise the alarm by ringing the court house bell, when he beheld himself that the judge might have but a fit, and that he could render him the needed assistance. Therefore he hastened forward and tried to lift the prostrate man, who lay on the floor with one hand partially hidden in his bosom, while the other, lying near his head, held his penholder, the gold pen in which his nib was broken. But the judge was a large man, given over, to some extent to obesity, and the janitor a cadaverous fellow, who had been denominated "Bones" by the attorneys of the court house, he found his attempt useless, and soon gave it up as futile.

The stare in the judge's eyes and the ghastly hue of the skin told the janitor that life had departed, and a moment after this discovery the court house bell was spreading wonderment throughout the town. At this time an unusually interesting court was in session at B—, presided over by Judge Blakely. A large number of criminal cases had been disposed of, and but few remained which were of more than passing importance. The session just drawing to a close had attracted many people from the rural districts, and the several hotels were nightly taxed to their utmost capacity. Attorneys from a distance were in attendance, and many friends of the prisoners still remained in town.

Therefore, the wild ring of the court house bell, fully three hours before the opening of court, startled everybody who heard it. There was catastrophe in its unwonted tones, and, while Jabez Throck, the janitor, still held the rope, he heard the patter of a multitude of feet in the stone corridor below. Releasing the rope he planted himself at the top of the stairs and forbade the crowd surging up, saying that the judge was dead, and that the coroner was needed.

The report of the judge's death now spread like wildfire, and the court house was speedily surrounded by the most excited crowd ever seen in B—.

After some delay, caused in a great measure by the extraordinary excitement, the coroner, a瘦 man, dressed in a dark suit, and accompanied by several surgeons and the janitor, proceeded to the Judge's room, the door of which was locked behind them in order to keep intermeddlers out.

Judge Blakely was found in the manner in which the janitor had left him, and the examination was begun.

The surgeons, who had come to the conclusion beforehand that apoplexy had taken the judge off, were forced to abandon such ideas, for a brief examination told them that an assassin had been at work. A dagger stuck over the left ear and four dagger stabs in the region of the heart were the proofs of the murder. Lying in its accustomed place by the coal stove, was seen one of the instruments of death—a short, iron poker, to which adhered both hair and blood. But the dagger was missing.

The assassin, whoever he was, had first struck the judge from behind with the poker while he sat in his great arm chair at his desk, as the position of the chair and body indicated, and then dealt the blow with the dagger.

In bearing off the sharp instrument of death, it was at first believed that the murderer had left no clew behind, but after the surgical examination a discovery was made that startled every one.

Lying upon the desk, and almost entirely concealed beneath a mass of legal documents, was a piece of legal cap, upon which was traced, in a spasmatic hand, these words:

"Jason Bowers did this!"

Below this brief but startling sentence, which seemed at once to fix the identity of the assassin, was what appeared to be an attempt of the writer to affix a signature, but after a "J" the pen made a long mark, which the beholder could follow across the document to the very faint ending.

It seemed the death had suddenly stricken the writer in the act of signing his name, and the broken pen in the judge's lifeless hand pointed almost positively to the writer.

There was such a man as Jason Bowers. He was not a resident of B—; for some time past he had been an inmate of the county jail—he'd there on a charge of forgery. On the day prior to the night of the judge's murder this man Bowers had been acquitted by the jury selected to try him, and at the moment of the commission of the crime he was a free man. He had never been heard to say aught against the judge more than to remark that he thought that in the charge to the jury he (the judge) had favored conviction.

At home the young man had not borne an irreproachable character, having been engaged in affairs of questionable honor; but the trial for forgery was his first appearance before a criminal court.

Upon the evidence of the writing on the paper which was pronounced by all to be in

the late judge's chirography, and beyond doubt the last work of his life, the sheriff resolved to take Jason Bowers into custody if he was still in town. The young man was not difficult to find, as he was in the crowd below, and on the charge of malicious murder he was forthwith arrested and lodged in jail.

We now come to the most mysterious part of our narrative.

At the coroner's inquest but little light was thrown upon the crime.

Jabez Throck, the janitor, said that he found the outer doors of the court house locked from the inside, and that he had been obliged to enter through the court cellar, of which he alone carried the key. It was not an uncommon thing for the deceased to remain in his room till 12 at night, during a session of court, and that upon such occasions he locked the court house and left for home. Upon the janitor's testimony, the theory that the murderer had been concealed in the building was started, but this was injured by the various county officers, who swore that they had closed the outer doors leading into their offices immediately after the adjournment of court, which gave the murderer no place for concealment but the stone corridors.

The court house was on the second street running parallel with the river, and one of the town sewers connected it with the stream. There was a bare possibility that a small man might have obtained ingress into the building by the sewer, but an examination of its mouth dissipated this theory.

The court room was situated on the second floor. The murderer, to reach the judge's apartment, was compelled to cross the court room, which, when wrapped in darkness as it was when the murder was committed, was no easy task for one unacquainted with the arrangement of the furniture, etc. If the assassin had traversed the room just described, he had failed to displace a single chair, several having been left in the aisles, as the sheriff testified; and the mode and manner of his exit were also left in the dark.

There was nothing to point to the evildoer save the piece of paper already twice mentioned, and by the major part of B—'s inhabitants it was regarded as conclusive.

Jason Bowers was abjured to confess, but to the surprise of all he protested his innocence, and declared that at the proper time he would prove an alibi.

A new judge took Blakely's place and the session was resumed. A new grand jury was summoned which indicted Jason Bowers for willful murder, and after the disposal of several grand larcenies the young man was put upon trial for his life.

The district attorney, a man who had won many eulogies for his vigorous prosecution of criminal cases, was summoned to B— to look after the interest of the state. After an investigation of the case he declared that the jury would deliver a verdict of "guilty" without leaving their boxes and the trial was commenced.

It was called to-day, "the great trial" at B—, though sixteen years have passed away, and the old court house has given place to a new one.

Jason Bowers exhibited no signs of guilt when placed on the prisoner's stand and confronted by the crowd in which his friends might have been numbered by thousands. It was known that he hoped to prove an alibi, though few believed his ability to do so.

"If, gentlemen," said the district attorney to the jury in opening the case, "we shall show that immediately after his acquittal of the charge of forgery the prisoner made threats against the deceased; that he was seen in the vestibule of the court house at the hour of 10 or thereabouts on the night of the murder; if at the time aforesaid he, standing on the stone steps, addressed one of the witnesses for the state in his own unguished voice, so that the witness will swear positively concerning his identity, we shall present a case that will demand conviction."

"But, if we shall further show, gentlemen, that the prisoner carried to his washerwoman, at daylight on the morning after the committal of the crime, a shirt, the right cuff and bosom of which contained blood stains; if, proceeding further, we shall show that when the prisoner was arrested he was found upon his person a dagger whose blade fitted the several wounds on the deceased's breast, and if we shall know the fact that the prisoner, after his acquittal, declared that he could traverse the court room with ease after dark, and then if we offer in evidence the last words (written) of the deceased—words which he must have written after he had been left for dead by his murderer, we shall confidently expect a conviction, though we would wish to see the prisoner, if innocent, prove a satisfactory alibi."

The attorney's opening address created a profound impression; it seemed to seal the prisoner's doom. If the prosecution could prove what they said they could, from whence would the alibi come?

The defense relied mainly upon proving an alibi, as the prisoner's chief counsel stated in his response to the district attorney. They stated that the blood stains on the shirt, as well as the dagger on the prisoner's person, would be accounted for. His supposed presence in the outer vestibule of the court house on the night of the crime would be swept away by the oath of the most respectable citizens of B—.

We will not enter upon the details of the trial. The prosecution introduced proofs bearing upon the several heads of the district attorney's address. The man who swore to the prisoner's presence on the court house steps was a person of undoubted veracity and well respected in B—. He had known Jason Bowers previous to his arraignment for forgery, and could not be mistaken in the words that addressed him on that night.

The figure on the steps corresponded with the prisoner's; but the face was concealed, as it purposely, by the slouching of the hat. This witness swore positively.

The prisoner's shirt, accompanied by his washerwoman's testimony, was exhibited in court. It produced a profound impression, for unobscured stains of a dark color were visible on cuff and bosom.

The prosecution, ably and almost vindictively conducted, seemed to give the prisoner no chance for escape, and the defense was regarded frivolous before its turn came.

The fact that the doors leading into the court house were found to be locked on the inside, as was the case, the visitors to the unmerciful morrow, was commented upon with proof by the defense. It was furthermore proved that every window was fastened, likewise on the inside, after the discovery of the judge's dead body.

The defense admitted the prisoner's remark concerning his ability to traverse the court room after dark, but said that he meant by it that his protracted trial had familiarized him with the room. The blood stains on the shirt were accounted for by saying that the prisoner had cut his wrist on the night of the crime, and in fact, when he was arrested his wrist was found bandaged by blood lines.

The alibi which the defense had proposed to prove did startle every one.

One of the most respectable grocers in B— testified that Jason Bowers had been continually in his store from 9 to half past 10, inclusive, on the night of the murder, and several creditable witnesses deposed to having accompanied him from the grocery to the hotel, which was reached at a quarter

to 11. This damaged the testimony of the witness who had sworn to having encountered Jason Bowers on the court house steps at 10 o'clock or thereabouts.

On cross-examination several of the prisoner's witnesses admitted that his manner was excited and strange; but the clerk of the hotel said that shortly after the prisoner's arrival he went up to his room. Did not see bandage on wrist then; had loaned the prisoner the dagger shown in court; the prisoner had returned it just before retiring, but had got it again before breakfast on the following morning. The washerwoman, on cross-examination, said that the prisoner told her that he wished his shirt by noon, as he wanted to leave B— at that hour; noticed bandage on his wrist.

The defense also brought forward witness to prove that the prisoner had expressed to several his intention of leaving B— at the hour mentioned; but that he was prevented by his arrest for murder.

As the defense progressed the spectators looked perplexed. It was evident that a loophole for the prisoner's escape would be offered. The prosecution looked dumbfounded.

The judge's charge was elaborate in its details; his honor leaned to a belief in the prisoner's guilt, and the jury retired.

After an absence of four hours, during which time they sent for elucidation on several points in the court, the twelve returned with a verdict of "Not guilty."

No demonstrations of delight followed the announcement of the verdict. The accused was returned to the jury and was discharged.

That day he left B— and died ten years later without unraveling, if he could, the secret of the judge's death.

Years afterward, when the old court house was demolished, a rusty dagger was found in the belfry, and the slats of the blind windows showed evidences of removal, as if to admit and let out a man!

The discovery renewed speculation on B—'s great murder; that was all.

PINS AND NEEDLES.

How They Go Into the Body and Their Eccentricities in Coming Out.

The vagaries of needles which have been introduced in the body, and have escaped immediate removal, have in all ages attracted the attention of collectors of the marvelous in medicine. Hildanus related an instance of a woman who swallowed several pins and passed them six years afterward; but a more remarkable instance of prolonged detention was lately recorded by Dr. Stevenson, of Detroit—that of a lady aged 75, who last year passed by the urethra, after some months' symptoms of vesical irritation, a pin which she had swallowed while picking her teeth with it in the year 1845—42 years previously. Occasional pain in the throat was the only immediate symptom, but in 1845 she was seized with severe gastric pain, which passed away, and she had no further symptoms until hematuria in 1876. This curious toleration of such foreign bodies exhibited by the tissues is often observed in lunatic asylums. M. Silvy recorded some years ago the case of a woman who had a penchant for pins and needles so strong that she made them, in effect, part of her daily diet, and, after her death, 1,400 or 1,500 were removed from the organs of the body. Another case (most as striking, however) reported by Dr. Gillette, that of a girl who, from time to time, needles are found beneath the skin, which they perforate and are removed by the fingers or forceps. Concerning the way in which they had got into her system no information could be extracted from her. She was carefully watched, and in the course of eighteen months no less than 320 needles were extracted, all being of the same size. Most were black and oxidized, but some had retained their polish. The majority were unbent. They passed out of various parts of the body above the diaphragm at regular intervals, but in a sort of series, and always in the same direction. Most escaped in the region of the left nipple, and a few escaped in the arm, axilla, thigh, temple and cheek. Sometimes several passed out of the same opening. The largest number which escaped in a single day was sixty-one. A curious phenomenon proceeded the escape of each needle. For some hours the pain was severe, and there was considerable fever. She then felt a sharp pain like lightning in the tissues, and on looking at the place at which this pain had been felt, the head of the needle was generally found projecting. The needles invariably came out head foremost. No bleeding was occasioned, and not the least trace of inflammation followed. The doctor in attendance extracted 318. They were sometimes held firmly, and seemed to be contained in a kind of indurated canal. It was conjectured that they had been swallowed with suicidal intentions. But on the other hand, the way in which the needles escaped in series, and their direction with the head outward, suggested that they had been introduced through the skin.

This little weight is to attach the needles to the skin, and the head of the needle is to pierce the skin.

The guest was also of middle age, tall and spare, but compact and muscular, with features of decided leonine cast, strongly marked, heavy brows, and a shock of thick, crisp hair, that stood up on his large head like the mane of a lion.

Surper was announced, and after the evening passed on pleasantly. As the clock struck nine the host arose and excused himself for a few minutes. When he returned he was accompanied by a negro, who carried a fiddle and bow, and the major himself had a large horse pistol in his hand.

"My dear friend," said the host, with a bow and a smile, "we must not let the evening pass without a little amusement. From your looks I know you can dance. I have one of the best fiddlers in the world; he learned to play in New Orleans, where music and dancing are cultivated. So, sir, you will take your place upon the floor and dance us a reel. Let it be a Scotch reel—why look like a Scotchman. Come, make no delay. Strike up, Pomp."

The guest protested that he could not dance. He had not done such a thing since his boyhood. But Major Hanley would not take no for an answer. He did not make many words. He cocked the pistol and swore that he would shoot the guest if he did not dance. The negro had begun to tremble, and once or twice he seemed upon the point of crying out, but fear of his master.

The guest seemed to consider the matter.

He looked at the major, and at the pistol. The major might be really innocent, though he was there alone—none to behold his disfigurement—and maybe, he thought, his disfigurement—and maybe, he thought, his disfigurement—and maybe, he thought, his disfigurement.

"Come, come! Dance, or I fire."

The guest arose and stood in the middle of the room, and there began to dance to the negro's music; but the negro was wretched—so wretched that the major more than once threatened to shoot the negro if he did not play better.

The poor wayfarer danced until he was fairly tired, and then stopped. The host was upon the point of urging him on, but a horse's tramp was heard at the landing, and presently a servant put his head into the room and called the master out. Whether he forgot what he was doing, or he cared not to be seen outside with the pistol, we can not say, but he left it on the table when he went out. As soon as the door was closed the guest went to the table and took the pistol in his hand. As he had half suspected, it was not loaded; it was as innocent as a horse shoe. But the traveler had his pistol ammunition in his pocket, and he quickly loaded the pistol with powder and ball, calling upon the darky to witness.

Shortly the major returned, and his first movement was to look for the pistol, which he found missing.

"My dear sir," said the guest, with a low bow, and one of the blindest of smiles—a smile, however, quickly followed by a look that might have made a hero quail, "I found your pistol safely sufficient; but have you not got all the time? You see, I have my powder-horn and ball pouch. The pistol is loaded, it was not loaded; it was as innocent as a horse shoe. But the traveler had his pistol ammunition in his pocket, and he quickly loaded the pistol with powder and ball, calling upon the darky to witness."

"The guest was startled. There was something in the man's words that always lifted him from his feet and took away his breath, and if the look was a command he could no more have disobeyed than he could have hushed the throb of his own heart.

He danced. The negro played now with the fiddle, in a manner to reflect much upon his New Orleans teaching. More than once the dancer begged to be allowed to stop, but that pistol, held by an iron hand, kept him moving. Had the weapon been aimed at his head or heart, he might have believed the fate of the man's firing, but he really believed the fate of the traveler would be as bad as his legs as not.