

TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1870.

THE death of Gen. Titus, a well-known Kansas border ruffian, is confirmed. He was tortured to death by Indians in Arizona.—*St. Jo. (Mo.) Herald.*

The above announcement comes to the editor of this paper with feelings of the deepest regret. Away back in the early times of the war, a few days after the Massachusetts troops had been fired on in the streets of Baltimore, we, in company with one of the correspondents of the New York *Tribune*, left New York to go to Washington. When we arrived at Havre de Grace, on the Susquehanna, we found the railroad from there to Baltimore broken up. Determining to go on, we hired a man and a little one-horse wagon to take both of us to Baltimore. We had not traveled but a few miles into the very loyal State of Maryland, until we discovered there was a most intense rebel feeling prevailing everywhere. Men were gathered along the road in small squads, and seemed determined that no northern man should pass along. A shower coming up, and our wagon being an uncovered one, we stopped at a little tavern to wait until the rain passed. Sitting on a long porch in front of this tavern, were eight or ten men discussing the exciting topics of those days. As soon as they learned we were from the North, they resolved we should go no further. The landlord, a good hearted but cowardly old fellow, apprised us of this fact, stating at the same time that he had nothing to do with it, but that we must take care of ourselves, as he could not help us any. We told him we would try and take care of ourselves, and, getting into the wagon, ordered the driver to go on. These incipient rebels caught hold of our horses' bridles and vociferated that we should go no further over the sacred soil of the Southern State of Maryland. The ominous crack of our pistols, and our positive avowal that we *would* go on, made the rascals let go their hold, and we did go on.

During this excitement, a large man, with coal-black eyes, long hair, brawny shoulders, and herculean frame, rode up to the tavern. We noticed him and were alarmed for fear he might give additional pluck to our enemies. He sat calm, on a bench on the porch, looking with much interest at the cowardly effort of eight or ten men trying to stop two, and their failure to do so. As our horse freed himself from the clutches of the men who were trying to hold him, and we dashed on toward Baltimore, in looking back we saw this large, black-eyed, dark-haired man get into his buggy and follow rapidly after us. A few miles further on we were stopped again, and this man rode up to us, and said to the men who had stopped us:—we shall always recollect *what* he said, and *how* he said it.—"Gentlemen I am a Southern man, and I expect to fight in the Southern cause, but I am traveling with those two gentlemen, and I will defend them with my life."

As he said this, his herculean form straightened up to its full height, and as he drew his revolver, and we cocked ours, the men who had stopped us stepped to one side, and we went on again. We have him, at this moment, painted in living colors on our memory. It was the hour of midnight. The moon, struggling faintly through the dark forests that stretched along on either side of the road, gave a shadowy indistinctness to every object. We could see the whole outline of the man, but could not get his features distinct, or see the fire of his eye.

From this point we reached Baltimore without being molested again. Our friend drove close behind us, and just before we reached the environs of the city, he came along side of us, and inquired where we were going to stop in the city. We said at the Eutaw House. He replied, "I will stop at the Barnums, and if you get into trouble gentlemen, you will know where to find me."

It was verging towards day when we reached the Eutaw, and as we went up to the desk to register our names, the landlord remarked, "Don't register your names from the North, or your lives will be in great danger. There is great excitement in the city, and if it is known that Northern men are stopping here, they may mob my house."

We did register our names from the North, and went up stairs to a room. We did not sleep, however. It was not a good night for sleeping; besides a little trembling sensation which continually fluttered around our heart, kept us wide awake.

Just as it was light enough to see well, we started down stairs, and before we had reached the bottom, we met again our friend coming up to see us. We stopped on the stairway and he said, "I was just going to your room. There is great excitement in the city against northern men, and I fear you are in great danger, gentlemen. My name is Titus—Colonel Titus, of Kansas notoriety. I will stick by you and have come to say this to you. I like the pluck you showed last night and will fight for you!" We caught him by the hand and thanked him. He remained with us until we got off to Washington, when we parted and never saw Col. Titus afterwards. We have thought of him a thousand times, but never saw him again.

It is therefore sad intelligence to us, that this noble-hearted man has been tortured to death by the Indians. None but true, genuine, chivalric manhood would have acted as he did with us. This little tribute to the memory of this man, to us a stranger, we gladly give, as it is a record of the pure gold we sometimes find mixed up with so much dross in poor human nature. When the Arizona Indians tortured Colonel Titus to death, they stopped the pulsations of as many a heart as ever beat in the breast of man.

"After life is brief, never,
He sleeps well."

The one hundred and fifty members of Congress, who have signed a compliment to Mr. Wells have honored themselves thereby more than Secretary Boutwell has honored himself by driving so valuable a public servant from office. We think we can foresee a day when Secretary Boutwell, by popular decision, will be invited to private life, while Mr. Wells, by popular decision, will be called to an honorable and useful service.—*Missouri Democrat.*

CHARLES PITTENGELL, the eminent negro minstrel, is dying of consumption, at Albany, New York.

INDIANA NEWS.

The Presbyterian Synod of Southern Indiana meets in Indianapolis next Tuesday.

Work on the Agricultural College buildings will be commenced next month.

A farmer, in Newton county, found his entire flock of sheep dead a few days ago. There was no indication of violence, and the cause of their death is a mystery.

Simon Wile, the well-known banker, of Laporte, has been nominated by the Democrats of Laporte county for the Legislature.

Seven divorces were granted at the recent session of the Laporte Common Pleas Court.

A pile of planks fell upon three little girls in Evansville on Monday, whereby all were more or less injured, and one, a daughter of Mr. Chas. Shrader, quite seriously.

An Evansville merchant has just got married and gone to bankruptcy.

The Laporte *Herold* says the peach crop of Northern Indiana promises well—better than that of Michigan.

Brazil has a population of 2,286, as reported by the census takers.

The constitutionality of the railroad tax law is to be tested in Tippecanoe county.

Seventy cents on the \$100 is the railroad tax in Montgomery county.

Holloway Mills, a young man of good family, residing in Lake county, has eloped with the second wife of his own uncle.

Miss Ruth Dinsmore, of Whitley county, comes into a fortune of \$60,000, by the demise of her lover in California.

ANOTHER PERSON DROWNED.—On yesterday afternoon about 1 o'clock a man employed at Schulte & Rietman's saw-mill, named Frank Kirchoff, was drowned at the mouth of Pigeon Creek.

Work upon the new Martin county court house, at West Shore, will be commenced immediately.

The Bloomington *Progress* says: "A farmer came to town last week with a ham of medium size, and with the proceeds of its sale paid for a barrel of flour and a stock of groceries, sufficient to last several weeks. This is the first time in the history of the county, we believe, when a small ham was worth more money than a barrel of flour."

It is really a good thing to have one's life insured. On June 7th, Mr. Frank Kirchoff took out a life policy in the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company, and on yesterday afternoon he was drowned.

The thermometer at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, stood at 79°; at 9 it had risen to 86°; at noon it showed 91°; at 3 o'clock it was the same, and at 6 P.M. it had fallen to 88°.

The Evansville *Courier* says: "Dr. Compton reports that while on a visit to a patient in German township, on Sunday, he saw his patient's neighbors busily engaged in harvesting the grain which the sick man had been unable to do himself. Work being very pressing, the neighbors decided that they were justified in reaping their unfortunate friend's grain on Sunday, and accordingly went at it with a will."

The Star Glass Company, of New Albany, has purchased a tract of land near Elizabeth, Harrison county, upon which are large beds of the finest white sand, superior, for the purpose of glass manufacture, to any yet used in the country. The sand will be used in the manufacture of plate and flint glass.

The Fort Wayne *Gazette* says that the wheat harvest has commenced. There will be a fair yield, notwithstanding the drought they have experienced in the locality. The hay crop will be short, but the corn, it is hoped, will be good.

The New Albany *Ledger* says of the crops in Harrison county, that the wheat harvest is mostly over, and would perhaps have been completed had it not been for the scarcity of harvest hands. Some farmers have had great difficulty in obtaining sufficient help, which fact should lead to the introduction of more harvesting machines in the future. Wheat is generally considered very good. The oats will soon be ripening, and this crop, owing to the abundant rains, will be very good. Other crops promise well.

We find the following in the New York *Sun* of June 20. We hope Congress will look into it:

WHO IS TO MAKE MONEY BY IT?

A Committee of the Senate have investigated the circumstances attending the negotiation of the St. Domingo treaty, and have made upon the subject two of the most interesting reports that have ever been made by any legislative body.

There is, however, one point that they have not fully explored, and in regard to which the evidence is accessible.

It is possible to prove that one of the military secretaries of the President stated without reserve, at the time that Gen. Babcock had returned from St. Domingo, that President Grant had put Babcock in a rather bad thing.

He said that his friend Babcock would certainly make not less than \$200,000 upon the conclusion of the treaty.

It is also possible to prove that after Gen. Babcock had returned from St. Domingo, he had been called into the same manner that Babcock had now got it all fixed so that he was sure to make at least a quarter of a million of dollars, which would put him beyond want for the rest of his life.

Whenever either House of Congress desires the evidence upon this point, we will undertake that it shall be forthcoming.

Asbury University Permanently Located in Greencastle.

The 31st Commencement of Asbury University has just closed, and has been an entire success. All who participated in the exercises acquitted themselves well.

The Board of Trustees unanimously resolved that the University should be permanently located in Greencastle, and that work on the new building should be commenced as soon as practicable. A Building Committee was chosen as follows: J. C. McIntosh, —DePauw, H. S. Lane, F. C. Holliday, D. L. Southard, J. F. Darnall, A. S. Bryan, President Thomas Bowman, and A. M. Lockridge.

It will soon be found that this action has given a new and prosperous start to the institution.—*Putnam Banner*

JOHNNY THOMSON, known in the variety business as the "Lively Moke," proposes starting out the coming fall and winter season to play star engagements at popular theaters. John F. Poole has written a protein drama, in three acts for him, called "On Time; or, the Race of Life," in which he will introduce his specialties.

CHARLES PITTENGELL, the eminent negro minstrel, is dying of consumption, at Albany, New York.

GRANT AT DONELSON.

How He was Saved from a Rantankerous Reb.

From the Railroad Record.

The following incident has never before been published, and its truthfulness can be substantiated to the satisfaction of any who may desire it.

On the morning of the surrender of the Confederate fort at Fort Donelson, a Federal soldier of the 10th Massachusetts approached the works occupied by Baldwin's brigade, Buckner's division, and inquired for the headquarters of the brigade commander. He was shown to the quarters of Colonel John C. Brown, 3d Tennessee Infantry, who was temporarily in command of the brigade.

Upon meeting Colonel Brown, the Federal officer announced that he had been sent forward by General U. S. Grant, commanding the United States forces, to learn the location of the brigade headquarters, and that he would return and inform the Federal commander.

The officer then rode back to the line of works, and, meeting General Grant and his staff, conducted them to the tent of Colonel Brown.

"Col. Brown, allow me to introduce Gen. Grant, commander of our forces."

Colonel Brown acknowledged the introduction by a polite though formal bow.

"Colonel Brown it gives me pleasure to make such a gallant defense," said the Federal commander, leaning forward and extending his hand, which Colonel Brown accepted with a grave and dignified bearing on the battle-field, distinguishing him afterwards as a Major General.

After a few minutes the party passed on towards the village of Dover, the Confederate headquarters, leaving Col. Brown standing before his tent. As he turned to enter he saw, approaching from the direction of the fort, a Confederate Lieutenant mounted on a splendid horse and riding at a break-neck speed, his hat drawn over his eyes, and a fusil in his right hand. An instant more and Colonel Brown had seized the madman's bridle with "Where are you going, sir?" To shoot that d—d Yankee officer, and now his master's bridle or I'll shoot you," and the man raised the pistol while he rode with rage.

"We have surrendered, sir, and—

"Loose my bridle!"

"I will not, sir, you shall not do!"

"Colonel Brown, I tell you for the third and last time, loose my bridle rein!"

"Drop that pistol," said the man

thrown off his guard, by a quick movement of his horse, found himself covered by the pistol which Colonel Brown had suddenly drawn.

A moment of hesitation and the mad Lieutenant's pistol fell to the ground.

"Now dismount," and with one look that satisfied him of the safety of his right hand, he dismounted, and, placing his steed behind the levelled pistol in the hand of Brown, the man who would have murdered Grant was safely under guard.

REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.

We have seldom seen the principles of the Republican party set forth in more clear and terse terms, than in the following resolution, taken from the platform adopted by the recent Republican Convention in Vermont.

Resolved. That the mission of the Republican party is not to rule, but to serve; that its principles are to be carried on it shall continue. It will enhance the individual liberty and enforce obedience to law.

It will reduce the burden of taxation imposed upon the people by their enemies, while it will also continue to diminish the public expenditure, will administer the government with right and wisdom, and in the same time keep the public faith inviolate. It will sympathise as it always has done, with all sincere struggles for liberty among the foreign nations, while it also observes the most scrupulous fidelity or international law which it demands from other Governmental people.

"So say we all of us."

HON. JAMES HUGHES.

Hon. James Hughes, the wreck of a once great man, announces himself an independent candidate for Congress in this district. This man Hughes has for years past alternated between Republican and Democrat, taking no note as to consistency or principle—keeping in view only one great object, i. e., will it pay James Hughes?

Having outlived all of his friends in the two great parties of the country, he now proposes to assume the leadership in a new organization which is to be the special advocate of the interests of the people in this country. Mr. Hughes is bound by seeking a reform of legislation of the country will be little disposed to follow Mr. Hughes. His past political record is not of the character to inspire confidence in the sincerity of his present professions.—*Rockville Republican.*

FOSTER BROTHERS.

Opposition Firms Badly Demoralized.

We have Routed the Enemy at Every Point!

OUR BATTERIES ARE SILENCING ALL OPPOSITION!

OUR PRICES HAVE CREATED

"The Deserted Palace of Terre Haute!"

And it Stands To-day like a Tree with Withered Leaves.

THAT "BIG GUN"

WE HAVE LONG SINCE SPIKED:

Better melt it up, Gentlemen, and make it into a Monument of Brass and inscribe upon it

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

—OF THE—

HIGH-PRICED MERCHANTS OF TERRE HAUTE.

Heavy failures of high-priced stores! Dry Goods awfully cheap! We are slaughtering them every day. Our prices only a little more than half what others charge. Our cheap goods, are playing havoc with their high priced old stocks bought with gold at \$1.40.

The Crowds of Customers tell the story!

PRICES DOWN AGAIN!

A very good Unbleached Muslin for 6 and 7c a yard. First rate yard wide Muslin for 8 and 9c.

Our 12 1/2 cent Muslins are the same as others.

Charge 1c a yard for IT HANGS AT THE DOOR. LOOK AT IT.

Big lot of Sprague and other Prints at 8 cts a yard.

OUR Prints have the tickets on them so that you can see whether they are the Best Goods or not.

Beautiful Dress Goods at 12 1/2c, 15c, 18c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c.

Lot of Best Delaines 12c, Double-width Alpacas 22c.

Elegant Percales 14c, sold until recently for 25c.

CARPETS of all kinds away down. Thirty ets. up.

Splendid 12 1/2 Honey-Comb Quilts only \$1.45.

Handsome Fringed Towels, all linen, 1c each.

Elegant Lines of Black and Colored Suits, Poplins, Greenings, and other Clothings, Shawls, Lace Points, Hosiers and Under