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The Columbus Journal

VOL. X--NO. 9.

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 477.

Table with 5 columns: Space, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th. Rows for different ad rates.

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For the JOURNAL. "NICK VAN STANN." A BUTLER PRESENT PICTURE EASILY RECOGNIZED.

Nick Van Stann, Nick Van Stann, will you vote with me today? Nick Van Stann looked up mildly, as a voter might say:

"About what amount of lucre do you propose to pay?" "Nick Van Stann, there's great corruption in the land; Every voter in Platte county this election firm should stand; In the ranks of the opposers of the U. P. regal band.

Here's a dollar, Nick Van Stann, for your influence in the cause, To establish competition and uphold our righteous laws; Must I say a dollar fifty,—that's the reason why you pause?"

"I've been offered fourteen shillings," Mr. Van Stann then replied, "To vote another ticket on the opposite side; I'll be blown if I cut under," Nick Van Stann then replied.

The corruption at elections, Nick Van Stann, makes me sigh; I fear the A. & N. bonds are gone up high and dry; But here's two dollars, Nick Van Stann, how is that for high?"

Nick Van Stann took the lucre, scanned it closely over, and said: "I've been sold by Yankee sharpers, once or twice before; Says he, 'I'll come after dinner,—I never vote before.'"

Long and anxiously I waited, Nick Van Stann didn't come; So I sought the polls and found he'd voted and gone home; And the fourteen shilling fellow stood there smiling at me some. Prairie Creek, June 20th.

THE NIGHT MASSACRE. I was one of a company that purchased a large tract of land in Michigan, and began to settle in the wilderness; there were fourteen men of us, six women and seven children.

We took possession of our new purchase in the autumn of the year, provisions and a few indispensable housekeeping articles. For the first few days we were compelled to encamp, but by the end of a week we had a block house constructed large enough to hold all of us, and at the end of four weeks we had cleared a large space and put up a half dozen substantial cabins.

For two years we progressed to the extent of our most sanguine hopes, and the result of our labors and management was a flourishing village, with five additional families, three births, a saw mill, grist mill, several shops, and a building serving the double purpose of school house on week days and a chapel on Sundays.

We went to this new region with fear and trembling, for we knew ourselves on the extreme border of civilization, with a long range of Indian country beyond; but when the natives came to us with friendly words, and opened a profitable trade we began to think ourselves quite fortunate in having such neighbors.

One afternoon, toward the latter part of August, as I was standing in a shop conversing with the proprietor—there being no other person present except the owner's son, a youth of thirteen—some six or eight Indians, whose faces we recognized, came stalking in, in Indian file, and the foremost, halting in front of Mr. Bracket, the shopkeeper, said abruptly:

"We want big drink whiskey!" "Well, did you bring anything to pay for it?" inquired Bracket, observing neither of the savages carried anything in his hand.

"We pay much sometime,—by-and-by,—two, four moon,—ugh! good!" "No, Cross John, I can't afford to trust you any more," replied the shop-keeper. "You have been promising to pay up the old score, and I don't believe a word you say."

"Me gentleman—me pay—me no lie!" replied the savage, with an angry frown, and a flash of his eye, as he straightened himself up to full height, and struck his breast almost fiercely.

Cross John—so named from an ugly scar across his face—was a drunken, worthless fellow, who had some influence in his tribe, and was not to be altogether despised for that reason. He might never pay what he owed, is true; but still I did not think it good policy to treat him discourteously. So I said to Bracket:

"Let Cross John and his companions have a drink all round and charge it to me." Cross John turned toward me, nodded his head, and said:

"Good, you gentleman!" "He shall not have a drop more out of this shop till he pays for all he has had!" cried Bracket, who was a very fiery, determined man when roused. "He has lied to me three times at least, and I am resolved to show no more favors till he redeems his character, or makes some attempt to do so."

On hearing these words, the Indian seemed to lose all control over

his temper, and he wholly governed by a wicked impulse. Quick as lightning he whipped out his knife from his belt, and made a blow at the shopkeeper, who was on the other side of the counter. Bracket saw his intention, sprang back, laid his hand upon a pistol, and before I could interfere fired, and lodged the contents in the breast of the savage, who fell back with a yell of rage. Then catching up a loaded rifle that was near at hand, the shopkeeper pointed it at the remaining Indians, who, with yells of dismay turned and fled.

All this passed so quickly that I could hardly believe that a tragedy had taken place till I saw the Indian deserted by his companions, bleeding and dying alone at my very feet. I stooped down and raised him up, but he only fettered one long gurgling gasp, and expired in my arms, his eyes fairly glazing in death while fixed upon Bracket with an expression of the most malignant hate.

Of course the firing and the yells of the retreating Indians created a wild alarm throughout the village, and in a few minutes the shop was crowded with excited men, women and children, all eager to learn the cause and the result of the affray. A few words made the whole affray known, and while many were disposed to think Bracket was justified in what he had done, the majority believed with me, that he had been too insulting and too rash, considering our exposed locality and comparatively defenseless condition.

But the deed was done—there was no altering that—and though no jury in the world might bring in any other verdict than justifiable homicide, yet it did not follow that the Indians would view it in that light.

Men flew to arms, all kinds of labor and business ceased, and all the women and children, with plenty of provisions and small articles of value, were hurried into the block-house to defend it to the death in case of attack, and the other to act as sentries, scouts and pacificators in case the flying Indians could be overtaken and treated with on any reasonable terms.

I need not go into details. Suffice it to say that it fell to my lot to go in pursuit of the Indians that had fled after the death of Cross John, and, being well mounted, I overtook them a few miles from the village.

As I was alone, it required some screwing up of my courage to ride right into the midst of them, and this place myself in their power, even though I was so well armed as to make it somewhat hazardous for them to attack me; but I did it, resting my chances upon my innocence, good intentions, and previous good fortune. I told them I had come to make a treaty of peace with them—that every one in the village regretted the death of their companion, although he himself had been most to blame, and had been killed in self defense; and though it was not in the power of any of us to restore him to life, yet we were willing to do anything in reason to appease the anger of his friends, even to making them some handsome presents.

The idea of a present to an Indian has a mysterious charm very soothing to his ruffled temper, and I found them more eager to treat with me than I had expected. A pound of powder, a few yards of red cloth, a couple of strings of beads, and a gallon of whiskey settled the business. They would not come back into the village, evidently fearing treachery, but they came within half a mile, and they went away apparently satisfied.

We did not get over our alarm sufficiently for the women and children to leave the block-house for several days; but as time passed on we gradually got back to the old state of affairs, more especially after a part of the same tribe came in and traded with us upon the same friendly terms as before, without making any allusion to the tragic event in question.

It was about three months after the death of Cross John, that I was awakened by a series of the most appalling yells, mingled with the terrified screams of women and children, and the report of firearms. I was alone in the house. My family, consisting of my wife and two little children, had set off, the previous week, to visit her parents in the State of New York—a most consolatory fact to me now, when I believed that few if any would escape the horrible massacre already going on around me. My first act, after leaping out of bed, was to see that my doors and shutters were strongly secured; and the next to collect my weapons together—my rifle, pistols, axe and knife—and be prepared to sell my life as dearly as possible.

I had just accomplished this, and put on some of my garments in the

dark, I thinking it imprudent to strike a light, when a reddish gleam coming in through here and there a crack or crevice, made me aware that the Indians had already begun to burn the village, that they might the better see to catch the inhabitants, and running from one side of the house to the other and putting my eye to the different apertures, I soon had a general view of all that was taking place.

The Indians, in great numbers, were scattered all over the village; and while some were engaged in plundering the shops and different dwellings, others were pursuing the flying inhabitants, shooting, tomahawking them without mercy, seemingly sparing none of either sex or any age. The few men yet left alive were making what resistance they could—and here and there I could see a savage drop by a well-aimed shot from some building not yet carried by storm—but the number of the few were so great, that the few thus picked off did not seem to lessen them; and I quickly became convinced there was no hope of successful repulse, and I mentally bade my wife and dear children farewell, never expecting to see them again.

"Death it is," muttered I; "but I will die doing my best to rid the world of as many human fiends as possible," and I hurried up to my roof with my rifle, intending to load and fire as long as life remained.

But on thrusting my head out into the open air, and taking in the whole horrible scene at a glance, I at once became struck with the remarkable fact, that mine was the only dwelling which had not been surrounded and assailed. What could it mean? Was it chance or design? Did they believe my house deserted? or did they intend that I alone should escape? If the latter, it was certainly the strangest Indian freak I had ever heard of, and I knew not what to make of it.

But one thing, under the circumstances, seemed highly proper—and that was not to assail them, I should certainly draw attention upon myself, and do the villagers no service; while, by keeping quiet and concealed, it was possible I should, as I had done, remain unmolested to the end.

This, strange as it may seem, was the result. I was not molested, and my house remained untouched. Around me my friends were butchered on every side, and their bones plundered and burned to the ground and yet in the midst of the slaughter and burning ruin, myself and dwelling were protected, as if by some invisible power.

When the Indians finally departed with their booty and trophies, and I found myself free to escape to the nearest settlement, I could hardly credit my senses, or believe the tale I myself told. There were some suspicious people who accused me of being in league with the Indians and sharing their spoils, citing as a proof the previous departure of my family and my own testimony of remaining unmolested in the midst of the scene of destruction. I never blamed any one for these suspicions—[for I should have had them of an other so circumstanced—but, for all that, I was as innocent as a child, and as ignorant of the true reason of my escape as they were.

It was afterward asserted by the savages themselves that the attack upon the village was made in revenge for the death of Cross John, and that I was spared because I had acted in a friendly manner toward him and his companions. Be this as it may, it is certain I was saved in the manner related.

Two others providentially escaped the general massacre. All the rest perished by the hands of the human fiends, and our once thriving, happy village became an awful scene of death and desolation.

When a young horse acts badly in harness, it is because he has not been properly taught his business. To whip and ill-use him is to spoil him. A horse is naturally willing and docile, if well used, and much may be done by kindness, patience and judgment in removing the ill effects of wrong treatment. A colt should be trained when young, and gradually taught his duties; the greatest care should be taken to avoid frightening or irritating the animal, and much patience should be exercised. If the animal refuses to do what is required, punishment will make matters worse; something should be done to distract its attention, when it will generally become docile.—American Agriculturist.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of rigor but not a long popular frost of downright indifference. Love will subside on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

YOU'LL NOT FORGET, JENNIE!

BY MARRION GRAY.

The days go swiftly by, Jennie, The fresh air sweeter grows; I hear the joyous song of birds And smell the budding rose.

We've loved each other well, Jennie, Each heart beat warm, and true; And now that I'm dying, Jennie, This boon I'd ask of you.

That you will not forget me, Jennie, When I am lying still, In yonder "city of the dead," Whose spires gleam o'er the hill.

You'll come and sit beside me, Jennie, And think our sweet life o'er; And pray that you and I, Jennie, May meet on yonder shore.

You'll not forget to plant, Jennie, Around my place of rest, Some trees whose shade shall woo the birds To sing, and build their nest.

You'll bring some flowers there, too, Jennie, To fringe my pillow, green; Forgive that I should ask, your love Would prompt this care, I ween, Columbus, June 14th.

Crops and Railroads.

The Nebraska grain crop is estimated at one hundred million bushels for 1879. This is one of the principal reasons why Nebraska is alive with new railroad projects.

The Illinois Central has secured control of the Covington, Columbus & Black Hills narrow-gauge, will change it to the standard gauge, and at once push forward to the Niobrara river, so as to head off the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Chicago & Northwestern, and the Union Pacific, all of which roads are reaching towards Northern Nebraska and the Black Hills.

From the south the A. & N. is feeling its way to Columbus, on the Union Pacific as its terminal point. In order to reach the center of the state this line has had to fight its way across the B. & M. lines, into the Union Pacific land grant. The A. & N. is the strongest competitor in the South Platte against the B. & M., and the rumor that the capital is to be removed from Lincoln to Columbus on the completion of the A. & N., will make warm work between the B. & M., and A. & N. companies. Lincoln has been the especial pride of the former line and it has been considered desirable for its interests to retain the state capital there. But on the completion of a new line to Columbus from the south, built either by the A. & N. or the Union Pacific and Republican Valley roads the whole situation in the state will be changed, and Columbus will at once become the central railroad point of Nebraska, and the removal of the capital will become only a question of time, in the opinion of many people in the central and western parts of the state. In all events the tide of railroad building and bond voting are running high in Nebraska.—Omaha Journal of Commerce.

Saucy Spurgeon.

When Spurgeon was still almost a lad, says the London Echo, he was sent down to preach for an aged Baptist minister in the country. On his arrival, the old man looked at him as if he expected the world to come to an end by the mere force of a boy's impudence; and instead of giving the accustomed greeting, walked up and down muttering, loud enough to be heard: "Tut, tut, is it come to this! boys for pulpits! children to preach! babies to preach!" Mr. Spurgeon, too, muttered to himself, but not loud enough to be heard: "You shall pay for this, old boy." So next morning he chose for his first lesson the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, and read until he came to the verse, "A hoary head is a crown of glory." Looking up with an air of surprise, he exclaimed, to the astonishment of the orthodox congregation, "Solomon's wrong there. Some hoary heads can't be civil to a boy who comes to preach for them. Rudeness gives no crown of glory." Then returning to the book, he added with dramatic surprise, "Oh, I see, Solomon's right, after all, for rudeness even to a lad who preaches for you is not the way of righteousness." The old man was capable of bearing a joke, even from the pulpit, and when the sermon was over ran up the stairs, and, slapping the boy preacher on the back, exclaimed with delight, "Thee'rt the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit."

The wise man has his foibles, as well as the fool. But the difference between them is, the foibles of the one are known to himself and concealed from the world; and the foibles of the other are known to the world and concealed from himself.

Young housewife: "What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer!"

"What do you think of me?" asked an old bachelor of a witty girl. "I think you are a single-r being," was the reply.