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Notice in Local Columns, 25 cents per line for first insertion...

THE EAST OREGONIAN Job Printing... OFFICE, Pendleton, Oregon. BOOK AND JOB PRINTING... ATTORNEYS: JOHN A. GUVER, TUSTIN & BAILEY, J. H. REID, A. J. BISHOP.

ROTHCHILD & BEAN. Would respectfully call the attention of the public to their largely increased stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE...

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CHINA, AND... Glassware, Boots and Shoes, HATS and CAPS, Notions, Etc.

GRAIN AND HIDES. And other Produce taken in exchange at the Highest Market Prices. CASH PAID FOR WOOL. LOOK! NEW MEN IN CAMP!

FRAZIER & SPERRY! The undersigned having opened a WOOL COMMISSION HOUSE...

ENGAGED IN WOOL GROWING! It shall be our aim, by honesty, fair dealing and strict attention to business, to merit the confidence of all who may favor us with their patronage.

MAKING ADVANCES. Theron at reasonable rates. Having had long experience in wool-growing, and our interests being common with those of the State at large, and particularly Eastern Oregon, we feel that we can give satisfaction to all parties.

JACOB SPRAY, J. L. SPERRY. WALLA WALLA. STEAM BAKERY! MANUFACTURER OF BREAD, CAKES, PIES AND CRACKERS...

TUCKER, THE SCOUT. In 1863, sometime after the fall of Vicksburg, Gen. "Red" Jackson was in command of the cavalry in Mississippi...

"Oh, I know," answered the Yankee, "that the Southerners are brave—Godbody doubts that. But I rather judge that a good many of us feel able to hold our own in most any kind of a fight."

"Yes," said the young man, "with your war is on a wrong basis, like everything else. An army is a corporation, organized to fight with machinery. The mob is all, and the individual is nothing."

"I suppose," said the Yankee, "that we would be ready for it as other men if our laws permitted it. I suppose that we would not have such laws if it were not necessary to have them in order to prevent dueling."

"But," said the young man, laughing, "while a baleful light burned in his beautiful eyes, 'you wander away from the question. We were talking about personal courage.' Now, I don't doubt that you are a pretty good soldier for a Yankee, but you haven't got true 'grip.'"

"This country so nearly starved out," said another. "I thought it was fertile as any land on earth." "And you are correct in that opinion," I said. "There is food enough in Mississippi to-day to feed the army for a year."

While we were talking a young man entered the long room, and was standing about half-way down the length of it, laughing and talking with a Yankee. This conversation soon became so animated as to attract our attention, and mine was especially drawn to this youth.

"Major, it is rather rough to choke a man so for a mere accident like that." "Accident!" I cried, astonished. "Certainly," he said, with his wicked smile. "Every one saw that I was in perfect good humor, and was only joking the Yank. I hope no one doubts that the pistol was discharged by accident."

"Sergeant, who is the young man that shot the prisoner?" "They call him 'Tucker the Scout,'" answered the sergeant. "Before I had been long at my boarding-house, I received a request from Gen. 'Red' Jackson to come round to his headquarters. After the usual preliminaries, the Gen. said: 'I understand that you were present when Tucker shot a prisoner this evening. I am informed, also, that you are a lawyer.'"

"I think that his informant was correct. At his request I narrated the circumstances just as they had occurred." "What is your opinion of the act?" said Jackson. "I think it was a deliberate, premeditated, malicious murder, for which he ought to be hung."

"I suppose so," said Jackson musingly, "although he could make a very strong argument to show that it was an accident." "Yes," I said, "the other prisoners believing his pretense that it was accidental."

"It was murder," said the Gen. decisively. "I know it. But the fact puts me in an awkward position. Tucker's services as a scout have been almost invaluable to me, but he is not a soldier. He has steadily refused to enlist, and being a refugee from Missouri he is contrary to Confederate law to conscript him. They say he has killed twenty-three Yankees with his own hand, three of whom were prisoners whom he murdered in cold blood."

"He never got the chance. They put handcuffs on Tucker, and put him on the train at Big Black Bridge, to take him to Vicksburg. Tucker doubled up his thumbs in his palms and fingers, slipped the handcuffs off, struck the guard on the temple with the iron rings, jumped the train, and in a short time returned to this vicinity. The soldiers here condemn his conduct, but sympathize strongly with the man, especially because they understand that his family were terribly wronged by the Yankees in Missouri, and also because they do not think he is entirely sane. He must be punished, but I hardly see how to get at it legally."

"Wait a day or two," said I. "Perhaps Gen. McPherson will demand him again." "I hope he will," said Jackson. It happened as I had suggested, for in about forty hours a flag of truce came in from the Yankee outpost at Big Black, and with a requisition for Tucker, and he was at once delivered up to the Yankees, and carried away by them.

A thrill of horror ran through every one at the sight of this cowardly, cold-blooded, inhuman murderer, while the young man stood looking down upon his victim, his beautiful face still wreathed in that mocking, wicked smile, and his parted lips flecked with a light froth, like foam. It was only for an instant. I sprang forward and seized his delicate throat with a grasp that forced skin, nerve, and muscle against the very bone, with one hand, and with the other clutched the pistol, saying: "Give it up, murderer, coward, brute!" He gave up the weapon at once, standing passively and offering not the slightest resistance. Upon seeing this, I released his throat. He gulped as if I had choked him pretty hard, and then said, mildly and pleasantly, and with a beaming smile:

"I was simply dumfounded by the calm assurance with which he spoke. But I called the sergeant of the guard, and upon his coming up I said: 'Take this man into custody, and report the fact. I charge him with the willful murder of a prisoner, and will appear to testify to the same whenever desired to do so.'"

"And your testimony will show, I think, that the occurrence was altogether accidental," said the young man, very quietly. The sergeant carried him off. The Yankees with whom I had been conversing were greatly grieved at the sad fate of their fellow-prisoner, but they really supposed that his death was accidental. They thought it uncharitable to suppose that such a nice, gentlemanly young fellow could have committed an act so abominable as this was, if it was intentionally done. As I passed through the guard-room, on leaving the prison, I said:

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"I am not in trouble," he said, "and want to talk to you a little." "Well, what is the matter?" "I have had a pretty narrow escape, and this thing of being handed over to the Yankees whenever they choose to call for me, is more than I can stand. I have been thinking of getting the boys together and making a speech to them that would stop it."

In Jackson's command, I will take care that you have no opportunity to make a speech at all. "You mean that you will arrest me?" he said, and his hand crept round to the handle of a pistol on his hip. "Certainly, I will," said I, fixing my gaze steadily on him, "if you say anything more about that speech-making."

"You are a pretty bold man to say that," he answered. "But let it pass. I want you to advise me what to do." "Tell me first how you got back to this place again."

"Perhaps I had better not. You seem to have some prejudices against murder—even the murder of a Yankee or of a Dutchman." He said this with a light, mocking laugh that actually made my blood run cold. "Yes, I loathe crime. But, nevertheless, tell me how you got back."

"It is very singular. Susible, clear-headed men like you and 'Red' Jackson think that if ten thousand rebels and ten thousand Yankees go out and butcher each other all day long, that's 'war,' 'glorious war.' If even one thousand on a side go at it, that's a 'skirmish,' and it's all right and honorable. If even five, or three, or two on a side shoot and stab, it is a small 'skirmish,' or a 'picket fight,' and is not criminal. But when I kill one of the miserable scoundrels, because I hate them all, that's murder."

"Certainly, sir. It is murder, without reference to the number engaged, when it is done from personal hatred, or from any private motive. But how did you get back?" "When they took me before General McPherson, in the camp near Vicksburg, he indulged in what I suppose to be the usual cant and hypocrisy about my 'wickedness,' until I interrupted him by asking him whether he drew any extra pay for lecturing prisoners; and when he answered no, but that it was my 'youth, courage, and good looks that awakened interest,' and led him to talk to me, I assured him that he was wasting both time and eloquence, and had better get down to business."

The Yankee seemed to be actually taken with me, and finally offered me pretty large advantages in one way and another if I would take the oath of allegiance to the gridiron flag, with a purpose to keep it, join the Yankees, and scout for him along the Yazoo. I asked what would be the result if I refused, and he said he would have me hanged at sun-down. "Shot, you mean," said I. "No," said he, "hanged." "Well," said I, "you had better get your ropes ready. It will not be long until sun-down. Then he said: 'So you have made up your mind to hang rather than accept my offer!' I told him that if it had to be decided then, I had; if he would give me until morning to think it over, I could not now say what conclusion I might come to. After some more talk he concluded to give me until sun-up instead of sun-down. They put me under close guard in a tent. One Yankee stood outside with his gun, and a big fat Dutchman stayed in the tent with me. When he got sleepy he made me lie down beside him, and put one barcellet of a pair of handcuffs on his own left wrist and the other on my right one. He then took a big butcher-knife, and stuck the point in the ground beside him, the handle sticking up. He assured me that the knife was for my special benefit, and that if I moved hand or foot during the night he would rip me all to pieces with the knife. He made fritters of the King's English in his talk, and repeated his threats over and over again, until I thought the brute never would go to sleep. He went to sleep, however, at last, and as soon as he snored fully and regularly, I laid my thumb down straight in the palm of my hand, drew my fingers close up together, that way," said Tucker, stretching out his long slender hand in the position described by him, "and slipped my hand through the iron ring, and then lightly and quickly put my hand over the Dutchman's mouth, and glued my fingers to it, at the same instant that I seized his butcher-knife with the other hand, and with one strong, quick blow plunged the full length of the blade into his stupid carcass right above the collar-bone, and then jerked the handle back and forward a time or two to cut through the wind pipe and main arteries. He did not squawk or kick. He drew his legs up once, and then straightened them out again, and in a minute or a minute and a half at most, he was as dead as Julius Cesar. I cut a slit in the side of the tent with the Dutchman's knife, and slipped through. I crept along until I got to the edge of the brush, and then I lit out for Canton, and to-night I am here."

"He gave this grim recital in a strange, quiet, matter-of-fact way that rendered it atrociously realistic. I had not the slightest doubt that he told it precisely as the thing had occurred." "Ad what do you propose to do here?" "That is just the question. Do you think Jackson will surrender me to the Yankees again?" "Yes, or hang you yourself."

"And you, I suppose, would approve of that disposition of me?" "If any objection could be reasonably made to such a course, I suppose it would be based upon the fact that you are regarded by some persons as a monomaniac, and therefore, irresponsible for your crimes."

"That is worse than Hobson's choice," he answered, laughing lightly; "either a lunatic, or a murderer, or both—crazy and also criminal!" "Certainly, I think you are a perfect example of the blending of these two characteristics."

"I am sure I don't know," he said in a quiet, musing way, "I can at any time shut my eyes and see our quiet, old country home on Sugar Creek, there in Missouri. I can see the fertile bottom-lands covered with a light veil of new-fallen snow. The clear, thin blue smoke of burning hickory floats away peacefully from the old stone chimney into the still star-light night. The cattle stand about the barn and at the bars, chewing their cud contentedly. The fowls have long been a roost, and only occasionally the shrill, clear note of the roosters wake the echoes of the neighboring hills. And now the gray-haired father puts on his spectacles, with the big silver frames, and somewhat slowly, but very reverently, reads a chapter from the volume he loves about the Lord in whom he trusts. The venerable mother, the small children, the big brother and a neighbor who has come to spend the night, and the grown daughter, a harmless, rather attractive girl of nineteen, all join in singing a Methodist hymn. Then all kneel, and the old man offers up his simple, fervent prayer. Then good-night is said, and the two boys go to their room up stairs, the girl goes to her bed-room, also up stairs; the old folks put the children to bed and retire themselves. It is the calm, peaceful, inoffensive life of respectable, well-to-do Missouri farmers. If there are any such things as crime, hatred, and violence in the world, they know not of it, think not of it there. The night advances. The girl's last pure and happy slumber is rudely broken by the shouts and curses of a drunken mob of brutal soldiers, the clanging of their weapons, the neighing of their horses, the ring of rifle and pistol shots. She springs, terrified from her bed and through the windows come the fierce glare of conflagration, and she sees that the house is in flames at all four corners at once. She throws a blanket over her shoulders, and flies through the room, down the stairs, through the hall, out the front door into the yard. There she sees, first a cordon of brutal scoundrels surrounding the place, clad in the foreworn, accursed blue of the Yankee uniform. Then she sees her mother bending in unutterable grief over the murdered body of her gray-headed father, and the terrified children around. Her brother is supporting the fast dying form of the neighbor's son, whom she loves. The girl does not speak nor cry nor faint. She starts to go over to where her brother and lover are. Then a devil in the shape of a man darts forward, and in hoarse tones of drunken, brutal passion, bawls: 'Drop that blanket, d—n you!' for she has drawn the blanket closer around her, not for the thinking of the cold, but to hide her almost naked form from the eyes of the devils who surround her. Then she turns her eyes full upon the brute, stops for an instant, says nothing, and takes another step toward her brother and her lover. Then the ruffian steps back, seizes a musket from one of his companions, and with one devilish stroke plunges the bayonet through the girl's thighs and pinions them together. Then holding the musket with one hand, until one of his miscreant accomplices darts forward to take hold of it, with the other hand he snatches off the light blanket, and then tears off the light chemise, which was her only dress, and twists the girl, stripped stark-naked, around with the bayonet until the glare of the burning homestead falls upon her pallid face and quivering form, and shouts to his devil companions: 'Boys, she is a damned pretty little rebel, ain't she? I see the brother's attention attracted by this brutal speech; he lets the dying form of his companion slip from his knee to the ground, and with the cry and spring of a panther he clutches the brute by the throat with his naked hands, only to be stretched senseless by a blow from the butt of another musket. Then I hear the exquisite music of a little volley of Missouri shot-guns, from the direction of the barn. Several of the Yankees fall in their tracks; the rest flee pell-mell; three who are captured, are dragged forward and are hurled into the debris of the burning home, and are burned up with it; the brother is restored to consciousness; the girl with her own hands pulls the bayonet from her thighs without a cry or groan, resumes her blanket, and is carried to a neighbor's house."

"The scout's eyes glowed like burning coals; his voice was low, musical, almost monotonous, and then musically he said: "That was what they called 'war' in Missouri. C'mine! Murder! Insanity! Oh, sir, if 'Art had been your home, you would have dropped upon your knees in the snow, under the midnight skies, as I did, and you would have registered a burning vow with God never to forgive, never to spare, always to follow, always to murder—if you call it so—those devilish miscreants"

"(CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE)