

THE PLAINDEALER

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APRIL, 3, 1899.

CORBETT, THE SLAYER OF BOOTH

Boston Corbett, the soldier who, in his way, "avenged" the death of Abraham Lincoln by killing his murderer, was a man of intense moral convictions and Biblical faith. This characteristic might have distinguished him, as it did "Chingee" Gordon, in some heroic plane of achievement, but Corbett was a religious saint without mental equipoise, and his eccentric actions gave him the reputation of a crank.

After the deed that made him historic he lived alone and drearily in Kansas, rarely appearing in public except when he felt moved to preach, or when he happened to be called to account for some odd infraction of civil duty. He usually went armed, and once, by a show of his pistol, he suddenly "adjudged" a court where he had been taken on some complaint, and his trial was likely, he thought, to be a mockery of justice.

His difficulties with his fellow-men were sometimes settled however, with one so deadly threat—although not always without muscular methods. He was a strong man, and his striking appearance, with his long black hair parted in the middle, combined with the general knowledge of his tragic record, was apt to demoralize an adversary.

A young rowdy disturbed him one evening while he was preaching in a school house. He remonstrated, but the disturbance continued. Corbett called on a constable who was present to arrest the boy, but the rowdy said:

"There's," said Corbett, "if you can't put this young rascal out, nor be civil yourself, I'll put you both out!" and he soon had the two men outside the door.

This unique character, with all his singularities, was usually, perhaps always, a champion of "the right side," but his poor judgment and martial temper made him both an unwise evangelist and an unsafe citizen. His belligerent Christianity showed a strange understanding of the Book whose every word he literally obeyed.

We have spoken of him in the past tense. If he is still living, he is doubtless an advocate of the rough-shod theory for civilizing the Philippines—with the Bible in one hand and the shotgun in the other." But Boston Corbett, the slayer of Wilkes Booth, has never been heard of since his escape, years ago, from the Topeka asylum, where he had been confined as dangerously insane—Yours' Companion.

During the session of 1888, the editor of this paper was a member of the lower branch of the Kansas legislature. When it came to the election of the lower officers or employees of the house, a country-member from the "short grass" part of the state, placed in nomination for one of the assistant door-keepers, Boston Corbett. There was not a dozen members who knew that Corbett lived in the state of Kansas, but we were made acquainted with the fact that he was living a lonely life in a sod house, on a homestead in Northwestern Kansas. Some one mildly objected to his being employed, as he had heard that Corbett was of unsound mind, but our enthusiasm to have a man connected with the legislature, who was as widely known as was Corbett, got the better half of our judgment, and he was elected with a hurried. His friend sent for him and in due time he presented himself for duty. It was soon apparent that his mind, if ever sound, was badly affected, either by the lonely hermit life, which he had lived for years, or by brooding over his connection with one of the most tragic events in the history of the nation.

Boston Corbett was a small man, but very quick and wiry. His hair was black and hung about his shoulders, and his complexion was swarthy. His black eyes were always on the alert. He had an idea that he was being pursued by friends of Booth, and that they would eventually kill him. He never sat or stood, except with his back to a wall, if he could prevent it. He was modest and retiring and disliked to talk of himself or his history. The first trouble came when he was requested to assist the other employees in sweeping and cleaning the room. He refused to assist in so menial an employment, and when the other employees undertook to compel him to do his share of the work, he got his pistol into action and drove the whole gang out of the state house. Previous to this time he had had charge of the main door to the legislative hall, but it was thought best to remove him to a less important post; and he was sent to act as door keeper for the speaker's gallery, which was located back of and above the speaker's stand and facing the members on the floor. There were committee rooms at each end of this gallery, and when Corbett was sent up to take charge of this post there were 25 or 30 members in and about these rooms. He proceeded to drive the whole crowd out at the point of his gun, and then locked the doors. The house was in session, and during the whole of the morning session, Corbett marched back and forth facing the members on the floor, armed with one or more pistols, muttering to himself and glowering down on the members. He was dangerously insane without doubt, and no one would have been much surprised if he had opened fire on those below. Every one present felt relieved when the hour of adjournment came, and as we passed out through one of the corridors of the state house, Corbett came down a stairway and walked directly in front of us. Two officers in citizens' clothes stepped up to his side and seized him. He struggled violently, but was thrown to the floor and disarmed, after which he was ironed and hurried away and we never saw him again. He was confined in the asylum at Topeka, but after being there a few months he escaped. The writer of the "Yours' Companion" article is in error in saying that "he has never been heard of since his escape," as it is known

that he followed the Santa Fe railroad down into Old Mexico, where he was lost sight of, so far as we know. If the Kansas legislature had not "discovered" him and dragged him into prominence and notoriety, in all probability Boston Corbett would have spent the remainder of his life in peace and quiet, in his prairie home on the plains of Kansas.

Mr. Bryan says that the democratic platform in 1890 will open with an anti-expansion plank. If it does the campaign will close with a funeral.

Col. Watterson again warns the democratic party that it is about time to launch the life boats.

County Treasurer's Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all parties holding Douglas county warrants indorsed prior to April 2, 1897, to present the same at the same at the treasurer's office in the Douglas County bank for payment, as interest will cease thereon after the date of this notice.

Dated this the 2nd day of March, 1899, at the City of Roseburg, Oregon.

GEO. W. DIMICK,
County Treasurer, Douglas County, Or.

Oak Creek Items.

No good yet.

Miss Mary Atterbury of Roseburg is visiting relatives and friends here.

Farming is progressing nicely and if the good weather continues every one will soon have done.

Miss Sadie Hatfield began a term of school on upper Oak Creek last Monday. Miss Pearl Corn will teach at lower Oak Creek and Miss Adela Smith at Mt. Scott.

We are sorry to say that Tim Atterbury is again quite sick.

Elisia Smith of Oakland is visiting her sister Mrs. W. T. Creason, at this place.

Miss Nettie Blakely went over to Oakland Saturday to take charge of her school there.

Over Atterbury's family have all been down with la grippe, but at present are slightly improved.

Rev. Thornton has been suffering from a severe attack of la grippe for some time past, but we hope he will soon be better.

EASTER LILY.

City Treasurer's Notice

Notice is hereby given to all persons holding Roseburg city warrants indorsed prior to July 15, 1894, to present the same at the city treasurer's office in the city hall for payment, as interest will cease thereon after the date of this notice.

Dated at Roseburg, Or., this 30th day of March, 1899.

GEO. CARRY,
City Treasurer.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENY & CO., Proprietary, Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by them.

West & Traxx, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Price 75¢ per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Chas. L. Beckley, the Elton merchant, is in the city today.

Misses Mattie and Ora Perry and Grace Carroll visited friends in Oakland yesterday.

Wanted, a girl to do general house work and take care of children. Enquire of Carr Bros.

Mrs. W. H. Fisher will leave Wednesday morning for a visit with her parents Rev. and Mrs. D. T. Summerville, at Grants Pass.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Ambrose came up from Portland Saturday night to attend the funeral of Miss Anna Woodson, at Yoncalla. Sunday.

J. A. Ricks, wife and little boy arrived on the morning's local. Mr. Ricks has been transferred from Roseburg to the Junction round house.—Junction City Times.

In these days of tough and high priced meat, nice "yaller" legged chickens take the cake. Chickens by the bushel if you use a Petaluma incubator. Talk with Churchill & Woolley. They pay the freight.

The young ladies of the M. E. Church gave a delightful cantata at the church Sunday evening, entitled "The Gates of Ajär." The principal parts were taken by Amata Smith, as Pilgrim; Silvia Stearns, as Cross Bearer; Belle Catching, as Faith, and Myrtle Gillette as Hope. They were ably assisted by a chorus of ladies, and Mrs. Walker, as organist. They all did their parts exceedingly well.

Died.

WOODSON.—At the family home in Yoncalla, Saturday, April 1, 1899, Anna, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Woodson, aged 19 years and 7 months.

Decased had been in poor health for some time, and her death was unexpected. She leaves a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends to mourn her sad and untimely death. The funeral took place Sunday and her remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of the whole community.

Letter From Manila

Through the kindness of Grant Singleton we are permitted to publish the following interesting letter from his son Oscar, who is with Co. B at Manila:

Manila, P. I., February 20, 1899.

Dear Father: I received your letter today and will drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope this will find you all well. There has been some hard fighting off and on here for the past two weeks and they are still at it. There has been a good many of our boys killed and wounded. I do not know just how many, but the insurgents have paid dearly for them.

There has been ten of them killed for every American. The Oregon regiment and Twenty third regulars and Minnesota regiments have not been on the firing line yet. We have been held in the city to keep things straight here. We expect an outbreak here any time and when there is there will be "Hot Time in the Old Town." We are on guard nearly all the time. I have stood guard two nights and one day and expect I will have to go on tonight again, which will make three nights in succession, but some of the boys have been on longer than that. When we do lie down we keep our clothes on and keep our rifles where we can reach them in case there is a call.

IN THE BOHEMIA DISTRICT

Many Quartz Croppings Found Lying Close Together

Oregonian March 31.

I. G. Davidson, of Portland, who is interested in the Wall Street quartz mines Bohemia district, thinks there is really good grounds for a mining excitement in the southeast portion of Lane county as there is in the Buffalo Hamp. There are numerous quartz propositions being developed, where well defined fissure veins of good body are found to produce assays of \$20 to \$30 a ton, on a very conservative estimate.

The Bohemia district is not large, probably does not occupy the space of a full township of land, but the quartz cropping is good and a mining excitement every morning. We have not been on the firing line yet, but the first night of the fighting we were where the bullets fell like hail, and now and then a sharpshooter would take a crack at us from some building, all of which made things a little interesting for a while. I came pretty near getting picked off, but a miss is as good as a mile. We expect to go to the front as soon as the regulars get here, if the fight keeps up and I think it will. I would not like to go home now after going through two campaigns without getting to do a shot. This would be a good time to place us on the firing line, for most of us have sore feet and could not run. We have had our shoes on so much for the last two weeks that our feet are sore.

I think our company has the best officers in the regiment. There is not a man in the regiment but what likes Lt. Lent Hamlin.

Well, I guess I will have to close for this time. Give my regards to all the boys. Your son, OSCAR.

FINE ATTRACTION

Jessie Shirley and Company For a Week's Engagement

The Jessie Shirley Company which opens a week's engagement at the Opera House Monday, April 10th, is no doubt one of the best on the road. The papers all down through Oregon and California have nothing but words of praise for the company. The Medford Mail comments as follows:

The Jessie Shirley Company opened a week's engagement at the Opera House last Monday evening. In this there is an opportunity for some very fine work and, be it said to the credit of the company, they took advantage of every opportunity and presented to our people by far the best dramatized piece ever staged in this city. Miss Jessie Shirley in the role of Jean Ingleside and Marie Dubois proved herself the very talented and always capable actress that she is. Her support in this play was first-class in every particular. It is impossible for us to particularize in the personnel of other characters, as to do this and mention of all the good work done would require an entire page of this paper, but when we say all were good, that includes the entire company. The character assumed, whether pleasing or displeasing to an audience, has much to do with the weighed value of the person assuming the rôle in the opinion of the audience, and the appreciation of the real merits of an actor or actress is a performance lost sight of by reason of the displeasing or flippant rôle they carry. Hence it is not fair to judge of an actor's work in any one cast where many different ones are assumed—but the Shirley girls are all right in every particular.

The general opinion of all who witnessed this opening piece was one of highest merit. Many have said that to see Miss Shirley as Marie Dubois was worth a dollar of any person's money.

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Prof. and Mrs. L. R. Traver entertained the high school and a number of the invited friends at their home on Saturday evening. A very pleasant time was spent in social converse and games of all kinds and an elegant lunch was served. Those present were: Lena Thornton, Grace Shape, Flossie Shambrook, Ora Mote, Margaret Shape, Hattie Cloyd, Mollie Norman, Edie Collins, Lillian Cloyd, Lillian Stanton, Besia Wilson, A. Mary Sacry, Kate Fullerton, Minnie Huston, Dellie Brown, Little Sacry, Charles Pitchford, Thomas McCarty, Gillis Woodward, Lotte Jones, Clifford Leonard, Charles Stratford, George Norman, Clyde Faulkner, Bert Huston, Clarence Godfrey, A. Lee Thornton, Dwight Berry and Prof. and Mrs. L. R. Traver.

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