

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEN, PUBLISHER

A RECENTLY lawyer of this city, says the Boston *Budget*, was, during the Presidential election, a pronounced Independent. At the Republican caucus in his ward a few evenings since objections were made to his taking part in proceedings on account of his departure from the regular ticket. Upon returning home he remarked to his family that he was discarded because he was a "mugwump." His attentive little daughter heard the conversation, and the next day said to several callers assembled in the parlor, "Papa was turned out of meeting last night because he was a chipmunk!"

ELIZABETH, N. J., has found more expeditious way of circumventing the citizen who tries to evade the tax-gatherers than the old and slow method of levying on and selling his property. When the owner of blocks and tenements neglects to pay his taxes promptly, the occupants of his buildings are required to pay rents to the city instead of to their landlord until the original debt, with added costs, is squared up. This law has lately gone into operation, and as a consequence the revenues of Elizabeth are largely augmented, although the complaints of men accustomed to be delinquent are loud and no choice in phraseology.

THE London bridge, which the Fenians tried to blow up with dynamite the other day, was begun in 1824 and was finished in 1827, from designs of John Rennie, architect of Southwark and Waterloo bridges. The cost is estimated at between £1,500,000 and £2,500,000. It is built of granite in five arches, the center arch being 152 feet, the two next 140 feet, and the two shore arches 130 feet each in span. The bridge is 900 feet long and 54 feet wide. The lamp-posts are made from cannon taken in the Peninsular war. Over 100,000 persons pass over it every day. Police constables are stationed in the middle of the roadway to prevent blocks. It is the handsomest bridge over the Thames.

KRUPP, the famous gun-maker, employs 20,000 men. His whole establishment comprises the factories at Essen; three coal mines at Essen and Bochum; 547 iron mines in Germany; several iron mines in the north of Spain, in the environs of Bilbao; the blast furnaces; a range at Meppen, seventeen kilometers in length, for gunnery experiments; other smaller ranges; and four steamers for marine transport. The number of blast furnaces in use is eleven, of other furnaces, 1,542. There are 439 steam boilers, 82 steam-hammers, and 450 steam-engines of 185,000-horse power altogether. He is now manufacturing for the Italian Government a monster gun which will weigh 130 tons.

CHICAGO *Current*: Gen. Hazen has made a certain number of guesses as to the weather, and has been correct as to a certain percentage of those guesses; but he has also made many efforts to get himself disliked, and in every hundred efforts of this kind the percentage has been enormous. His disinclination to prosecute Maj. Howgate made the Chief Signal Officer unpopular with the people, and his supercilious conduct toward his superiors in civil positions has at last drawn on him a very pointed rebuke from the Secretary of War in his recent report to the President. Secretary Lincoln takes especial pains to prove that, had Gen. Hazen's suggestions received active consideration in 1888, another ship's crew would have been lost in foolishly attempting the rescue of Lieut. Greely.

STATISTICS show that Connecticut has at the present time more than 6,000 inhabitants over 80 years old, and of these there are 651 more than 90, and 120 over 100 years of age. This extraordinary longevity does not appear to be due to any particular way of living. Mrs. Nancy Coley, for example, who is set down at 105, has taken snuff from her youth up, and now considers it "her only solace," while Mrs. Elsie Chittenden, a centenarian, has never taken medicine, nor been troubled by any physical disease. Mrs. Bridget Foley (103) is subject to no physical debility except rheumatism, and has indulged in moderate rations of strong drink very frequently. On her 103d birthday she celebrated by leading off in a dance, but found the lively movements of a jig rather too much for her. William Hamilton, who died in July last at the mature age of 102, was an inveterate smoker for eighty years, and retained all his faculties to the last.

A SMOKELESS locomotive is on trial on one of the Western railroads. It burns the poorest quality of bituminous coal, and emits only a thin white column of smoke from the smokestack. The latter is a round pipe, and is placed at the rear of the boiler, near the cab, instead of being in front, as in the ordinary locomotive. There is a double set of flues in the boiler, a

small set underneath and larger ones on top. The gases pass through the lower flues to the front and then return by the upper flues to the stack. At the front there is a cylinder chamber, with smoke arch, into which the large particles of coal-dust fall, and another chamber at the end of the larger flues captures the lighter particles that have been carried that far. The device saves annoyance to passengers, avoids the danger of fire to adjacent buildings, and economizes in fuel.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with a new political era in America, says the Chicago *Current*, the new administration in Mexico comes into power. It is hardly proper to speak of Gen. Diaz as "coming into power," for he has long been recognized as the one man upon whom Gonzales has relied for support. In fact, Diaz has seemed to use Gonzales as a convenient stop-gap while the four years were going by during which (the politicians of Mexico have agreed) an ex-President is to keep away from office in the City of Mexico. Gen. Diaz is a man of the people. He has had a wonderful career, and may be placed among the great men of the world. Through all the mists of prejudice, conservatism, patriotism, and misinformation which surround Mexican statesmen, Diaz has remained clear-sighted and hopeful for his country. He has seen in American aid a vision of progress instead of an omen of annexation. For this he has suffered much in popularity. The corruption of Gonzales has been charged to Diaz, and the church has turned bitterly against the administration. Therefore, Americans will in future be protected by Government, but will continue hateful to the people. Lerdo, late Chief Justice, another member of the governing syndicate, has forsaken his country and gone to New York City, which fact has not aided Diaz in placating the Bourbon element. But, with all the shortcomings of the commoners who rule our sister-republic, we may well be glad that so great and so good a man as Diaz is now in the executive chair at Mexico City, and we might well wish his term were to last more than four years. No revolution is coming there, as sensational papers and correspondents claim. The biggest man is already at the head of affairs.

BEFORE any statesman refuses to accept the portfolio of the State Department in the next administration, says the New York *Sun*, he should take care to study the histories of the Secretaries of State of the past. Washington's Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, became President, and a great President he was. Jefferson's Secretary of State, James Madison, became President; so did Madison's Secretary of State, James Monroe. Monroe's Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, became President. Mr. Adams' Secretary of State, Henry Clay, never lived to be President, but he became the leader and candidate of great party, and only just failed of election. But Martin Van Buren, Jackson's Secretary of State, became President. Then James Buchanan, Secretary of State under James K. Polk, became President. Then, however, there comes a considerable break. In Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet Mr. Seward presided over the State Department, as he did in the Cabinet of President Johnson. Mr. Seward had pretty strong Presidential aspirations, but was never nominated. Under Gen. Grant, the Hon. Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State for eight years, but he never got near the Presidential nomination. Then we come to the Hon. William Maxwell Evarts. He acted as Secretary of State in the Cabinet of R. B. Hayes. Of course he never became President and never will. But the gentleman who succeeded Mr. Evarts, who retired with the inauguration of President Garfield, was the Hon. James G. Blaine. He hasn't been elected President yet, but he came frightfully near it—with 1,200 votes. And he still lives. All of which goes to throw supreme interest about the statesman who, it is to be hoped, will administer the State Department under President Cleveland. Who will he be, and will he ever be President?

To Copy from Common Ink.
Any common black ink or writing fluid can be made into good copying ink by adding some sugar or other saccharine matter to it. To prepare, dissolve one ounce of lump sugar in one and one-half pints of writing fluid. Within five or six hours after writing letters or other documents with this ink they can be copied by pressure on damp unsized paper. If old writing is wet with a weak solution of sulphate of iron, to which a small portion of sugar syrup has been added, a faint reproduction can be taken with firm pressure on unsized paper, with the result of rendering the original much paler than before, as this process simply dissolves the original ink used and transfers it. To copy printing, dampen the surface with a weak solution of acetate of iron and press on dry paper of absorbent nature. —*Editor.*

The late Baroness Lionel de Rothschild left by her will about \$500,000 to various charities.

A BATTLE PICTURE.

The Gallant Charge at Balaklava—An Eye Witness Describes the Scene and Effect of a Great Military Error.

On Oct. 25, 1854, our eyes turned to the heights of Balaklava, on the possession of which depended the very existence of the allied forces. On that day the Russians made a desperate attack on our lines, to be as desperately repulsed. Word was sent to headquarters that the enemy, under cover of a heavy fire from the forts, had left Sebastopol in force and was massing himself so as to threaten the safety of the heights. I was at once sent with an order for the cavalry and horse artillery to move and be ready to assume the offensive. They had not to wait long. The Turkish lines were swept as by a whirlwind, and with our Mohammedan allies the word was saute qui peut. The heavy cavalry on the right and the light brigade on the left were advanced, with the artillery in the center playing a game at long bowls. Meanwhile a Russian battery was ostentatiously moved forward, whose well-served guns promised to be embarrassing.

Lord Raglan, who did not know the full strength of the foe, saw that this obstacle must be removed; but whether, or not he also foresaw the necessity of first looking before the leap was taken must be forever a mystery. The commanders of the cavalry brigades, Lords Lucan and Cardigan, brothers-in-law, between whom no love was lost, were waiting the word to engage. Lord Lucan being the senior officer. To them sped Capt. Nolan, a dashing hussar. Saluting the General he said he bore an order—unwritten—from Lord Raglan that the battery must be silenced and the guns captured. Lord Lucan, a man so cautious as to have earned the nickname "Lord Look-on," fearing to expose his small force to any ambushed dangers, asked for more definite orders. With a slightly contemptuous turn of his handsome lip, the aid-de-camp pointed in the direction of the battery and said: "You see your enemy, my lord."

Even the Earl of Cardigan, impetuous as he was, generally speaking, looked at his commander in doubt as to the words. But, owing to the unhappy enmity existing between them, neither would speak his thoughts, and once more Nolan, impatiently waving his sword, which he had fiercely drawn from its scabbard, and pointing it to the artillery, cried: "Take the guns; these are your orders."

The crisis has arrived. No recourse is left but to do as he bids. A cold nod of assent from Lord Lucan. A profound bow follows from Lord Cardigan. "Light division, forward, charge!" breaks from his lips. An echoing cheer is the reply from 607 troopers, as with clang of scabbard and rattle of bridle and bit, and the baying of the trumpet, and the ringing cheer of the "Heavies," the Fourth and Thirteenth Lights, the Eighth and Eleventh Hussars, the latter Lord Cardigan's own corps, conspicuous in their cherry-colored trousers, and the Seventeenth Lancers, with ranks closed up and squadrons dressed as evenly as if at a march past, trot forward down the slight declivity. At their head rides the gallant Nolan and the dauntless Cardigan—even in this supreme moment with a reckless laugh upon his face, as he argues some point of war with his brother hussar.

The unmasked batteries are already belching forth shot and shell. The trot breaks into a gallop, the gallop into a furious, headlong charge. Already Nolan has fallen, cut down by grape-shot, the secret of the fatal day dying with him. The serried ranks show frequent gaps as saddle after saddle is emptied.

"Close up! Close up! Charge!" is the unceasing cry, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell the opening ranks of the foe disclosed to the doomed but indomitable few, cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them—and now cannon behind them. On through the Russian line pressed the noble army of martyrs, their oriflamme, their brave leader's flashing saber, their sup-

port. With a wild cheer and a wilder leap, the cherry-clad heroes fly over the guns as lightly as they would over a five-barred gate on the hunting field, sabering the gunners as they leap. A beardless boy, not yet 17, holds fast to the colors he has sworn to carry to death or victory, and falls with the fatal day dying with him. The serried ranks show frequent gaps as saddle after saddle is emptied.

"Close up! Close up! Charge!"

Far away, clear in front, with his aide-de-camp and a few choice spirits on his right hand and on his left—none ahead of him, raging like a lion, fights with forlorn hope, the leader and commander of the Light Brigade. He bears a charmed life, and his brawny arm is endowed with the power of slaughter that grows mightier every moment from the meat it feeds on.

Further and further he dashes on, cleaving his way with his blood-stained sword till he reaches the last of the guns.

Here, when he sees the end is not yet, but that rank upon rank of cavalry and infantry, with heavy artillery in their rear, stretches out back of the city's utmost bastion, he recognizes how useless it will be further to tempt the fates and fight one against a thousand.

Coolly and calmly, as if in Hyde Park, he takes in the situation at a glance, and gives the word to the trumpeter to sound first the "assembly," then the "retreat." A bullet crashed through the boy's hand as he raises his trumpet to his mouth, but, stoic like, he makes no sign. Clear rings out the summons. A dozen only answer the call. Not one save Lord Cardigan but is wounded more or less severely, and his clothing shows where lance or saber or ball had plowed their way over his unscathed flesh. Right about the little band turns, leaving the boy trumpeter dead on the ground behind them.

The enemy, paralyzed by the shock of the charge, and fancying that the whole British army supports the handful of braves, pauses in his murderous work to cheer the 108 survivors who returned slowly and sadly to the place from which they came, having, from a military standpoint, achieved nothing, yet covered with a deathless, fadeless wreath of glory. "It was magnificent," said Gen. Bosquet, "but it was not war."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The late Baroness Lionel de Rothschild left by her will about \$500,000 to various charities.

A STORY OF THE HAYES REGIME.

How Garland, of Arkansas, Narrowly Escaped a Seat on the Supreme Bench.

[Washington telegram to Chicago News.]

Senator Garland, of Arkansas, whose name has been mentioned so prominently for the Attorney-Generalship under Cleveland, is now serving his second term in the United States Senate. He is about 52 years old. His frame is tall and well built, surrounded with a large, well-rounded head, covered with bushy black hair. His face is clean shaven, his mouth firm but pleasant, solemn one moment and twitching the next with some nascent drollery. His eyes are brown, small, frank, and piercing, kindly within, but changing rapidly from earnest to quizzical. The Senate does not contain a more universal student or a more restless wag. After hours spent in profound and abstracted study he will refresh himself with a series of practical pranks, sparing no one in the range of his sallies, hitting home with the most grotesque solemnity, but never in malice. His especial delight is to get hold of some domestic personage with no more juice in him than there is in a boarding-house steak and test him with some ludicrous yarn, and then enjoy telling to others the effect.

A guilty conscience keeps him always on the lookout for some terrible retaliation, and it is a red-letter day in the Senate when this biter is bitten. On one occasion, when an important measure was before the Senate, Garland delivered a careful and exhaustive speech, to which close attention was given. About ten minutes after he had finished Don Cameron went over to the Arkansas Senator's side of the chamber and said: "Garland, when are you going to speak on this question? I want to hear you?"

"Good Lord," remarked the surprised Senator; "why, I just got through. Where were you?"

About five minutes later Mr. Whyte (Maryland), who had not been in the Senate during the speech, had the job put up on him, and asked the same question in good faith.

"Why, I just finished, Whyte. Consult the *Record* in the morning."

Another five minutes passed, and then Butler of South Carolina, another sleepless wag, went meekly up to Garland and asked when he was going to speak on the bill. Considering the source of this last inquiry, the remark was in the nature of an eye-opener, and Mr. Garland tartly replied: "If you have any more of 'em, Butler, bring them on a body, it saves time."

Politically Mr. Garland's career has been a politically and eminently conservative one. By training and instinct he sympathized deeply with the old Whig party in politics and entered the war like other thousands more through fidelity to his region than because he believed in its wisdom or necessity, or had any special faith in its outcome. He was less than 30 years of age when his State passed the ordinance of secession, and he was sent to the Provisional Congress at Montgomery. He served in both branches of the Confederate Congress, and was a member of the Senate when the war closed.

At the age of 35 he was elected to the United States Senate, but the smoke of the late conflict had not sufficiently cleared away, and he was refused his seat. He next served a term as Governor of Arkansas. Upon the retirement of Powell Clayton from the Senate in 1877 Mr. Garland again appeared at Washington. This time he took his seat in the Senate without objection. Six years later, without a dissenting voice, he was re-elected for a second term. The legal reputation which had preceded him secured him, on his first entrance to the Senate, a place on the Judiciary Committee, and for four years he has been first on that committee from the Democratic side. He not only enjoys the profound confidence and esteem of his Democratic colleagues, but is equally admired for his personal and professional qualities by such critical adversaries as Edmunds and Conkling. On points of legal doctrine they seldom clash.

The esteem in which Senator Garland is held by the Republican side of the chamber brings to light a bit of curious and unwritten history. When Hayes was sacking out the last days of his administration there occurred a vacancy on the Supreme bench. As the court was overwhelmingly Republican, a happy and magnanimous idea suggested itself to Senator Edmunds. Taking with him several other Republican Senators, including Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, all of whom cordially endorsed the plan, he went to the White House and presented the name of Mr. Garland for the vacancy. They took the broad ground that the spoils system has been a great good to the country. The negro is now free and is the equal of the white man, and the colored man is as valuable a citizen as any other. He must now make his own contest for position and power. By his own conduct and success he will be judged. It will be unfortunate for him if he shall rely upon political sympathy for position rather than upon duties well and intelligently performed. Everywhere the white race should help him, but his reliance mainly be upon himself.

I am very respectfully yours,

THE NEGROES.

Gov. Hendricks Says the Constitutional Amendments Cannot and Will Not Be Disturbed.

Some time since Edwin F. Horn, editor of the *Colored World*, at Indianapolis, addressed a letter to Vice President-elect Hendricks, asking him what would be the probable policy of the incoming administration toward the colored people. Mr. Hendricks sent a reply, which has been made public. He says:

You ask me what will be the probable policy of the incoming administration toward the colored people. The answer is to be made that the answer may allay the fears of those who think the colored man will be shorn of many rights guaranteed to him in common with all citizens, and that he will gradually be subjected to a species of slavery. The convention has adopted a platform for the candidate to stand upon that so clearly and fully stated the principles and purposes of the party that no voter could be mistaken or misled in casting his ballot. It has never occurred to me to question that the platform of the party would be followed by the adoption and maintenance of the colored people's rights and purposes as declared. The following is a paragraph of the platform: "Assuring the equality of all men before the law, we hold that it is the duty of the Government in its dealings with the Indian to make no end but exact justice to all citizens, and to the colored man in particular." The abuses which that sect seeks to correct, however, are so strongly entrenched in the traditions and usages of both parties that there is naturally a widespread anxiety lest the party change in the National Executive should be insipid; but believing, as we do, that the reformed system can not be held to be securely established until it has safely passed the ordeal of such party changes, and received the satisfaction of our colored friends, we will not be satisfied with reform until our official acts as chief executive of the State cause to your patriotic care in the exercise of the great power with which the American people have intrusted you, we respectfully yours,

WILLIAM POTTS, Secretary.
John Jay, Morafield Storey, J. Hall Pleasant, W. M. Montgomery, Everett P. Wheeler, Frederick Cromwell, Morrill Wyman, Jr., Carl Schurz, Silas W. Burt, A. R. Macdonough, William Carey Sanger, William W. Aiken, Executive Committee.

CIVIL SERVICE.

Correspondence Between Gov. Cleveland and G. W. Curtis on the Subject.

The President-Elect Regards Himself as Pledged to Civil Service Reform.

The following correspondence, which has just been made public at New York, explains itself:

NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE, Office No. 4 Pine street, NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1884.

Hon. Grover Cleveland: Sir—We have the honor to address you on behalf of the National Civil Service Reform League, an association composed of citizens of the United States, who have given to it its name, and which takes no party whatever in party controversy. The vast increase in the number of persons engaged in the civil service and the great mischiefs and dangers arising from the general presumption in the service which for a time past have followed the change of party control of the national administration have produced so profound an impression upon the public mind that the first effective steps toward reform have taken place in the adoption of the civil-service reform of 1883. The abuses which that act seeks to correct, however, are so strongly entrenched in the traditions and usages of both parties that there is naturally a widespread anxiety lest the party change in the National Executive should be insipid; but believing, as we do, that the reformed system can not be held to be securely established until it has safely passed the ordeal of such party changes, and received the satisfaction of our colored friends, we will not be satisfied with reform until our official acts as chief executive of the State cause to your patriotic care in the exercise of the great power with which the American people have intrusted you, we respectfully yours,

WILLIAM POTTS, Secretary.

John Jay, Morafield Storey, J. Hall Pleasant, W. M. Montgomery, Everett P. Wheeler, Frederick Cromwell, Morrill Wyman, Jr., Carl Schurz, Silas W. Burt, A. R. Macdonough, William Carey Sanger, William W. Aiken, Executive Committee.

ALBANY, Dec. 20, 1884.

Hon. George William Curtis, President, etc. Dear Sir: Your communication, dated Dec. 20, addressed to me on behalf of the National Civil Service Reform League, has been received. That peaceful reform in the civil service is demanded and should be established by the party to which you belong, we are fully in agreement. We have intrusted you with the great power which the American people have intrusted you, we respectfully yours,

T. A. HENDRICKS.

NEARLY 1,000 LIVES LOST.

Frightful Results of the Recent Earthquake in Spain.

[Cable dispatch from Madrid.]

The official reports show that 266 persons were killed in Malaga and Granada by the recent earthquake. The population of Granada is still encamped in the square, the richer classes lodging in carriages along the promenade. The facade of the cathedral is seriously damaged. Many houses were destroyed