

# DAILY NEWS

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## VIGO COUNTY REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE.

The Vigo County Republican Executive Committee was permanently organized on Saturday afternoon by the election of officers. Harmon L. Miller was chosen chairman, and J. O. Jones Secretary and Treasurer.

The contest for chairman was between D. C. Greiner, J. O. Jones and H. L. Miller. Two ballots were taken, the first giving Greiner 3; Jones 7; Miller, 8. Second—Jones, 8; Miller, 10.

The following gentlemen constitute the committee:

## TERRE HAUTE.

First Ward, D. C. Greiner; 2d, J. O. Jones; 3d, E. S. Erney; 4th, H. L. Miller; 5th, Samuel D. Cliff; 6th, John A. Reynolds.

## TOWNSHIPS.

Harrison, A. B. Pegg; Sugar Creek, G. W. Harris; Fayette, B. G. Owens; James W. Watts; Otter Creek, W. L. Ritter; Neving, W. H. Melrath; Lost Creek, L. W. Dickerson; Riley, Christ Shinerer; Honey Creek, Joshua M. Hull; Prairieton, Lawrence S. Ball; Prairie Creek, J. D. E. Kester; Linton, W. N. Kester; Pierson, S. S. Stark.

## THE FIRST CALIFORNIA GOLD.

General Sutter, who has been at the doors of Congress for several years for recompense for the land taken from him in California, has a glimpse of daylight at last in the unanimous action of the House Committee on Claims, proposing an appropriation of \$50,000 in satisfaction of his claim. This is small compared with what he lost, for when the United States came into possession of California, John A. Sutter was the proprietor of a tract of land on the upper waters of the Sacramento equal to an old-time German principality. This was "New Helvetic," which he had christened in honor of his native Switzerland, and at New Helvetic the American flag was hoisted on California's first Fourth of July. On it he had flocks, cattle, farms, fort and mills, and it was in the flume of one of his mills that the first California gold was found. This was the birth of the Golden State. There was gold all over his land. Very soon it became a busy hive of prospectors and miners, and Sutter had the prospect of passing from the rough lot of a pioneer to the possession of a fortune more than princely. But, one way and another, the land he had settled, and that was his, was taken from him, or got out of his control; and, after years of struggle, he left California with little else than the proceeds of a small sum voted him by the State. But still he stood up, bravely preserving the dignity of manhood in his kindly, cheery way, as any one who has seen the genial, handsome old man can testify. He has for some years been a resident of Lititz, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.

## THE KENNEDY-PEIRCE VOTE.

The Crawfordville Journal of Saturday explains the result of the primary contest in Montgomery county, between Messrs. Kennedy and Peirce. "The agreement between Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Peirce was that the man receiving the majority of the votes in any township should have the delegate vote of that particular township in the Convention. So far nine townships have voted. Of these Mr. Peirce has carried six and Mr. Kennedy three. The six that Mr. Peirce carried will cast 10 votes, and the three Mr. Kennedy carried will cast three votes. Two townships have not yet held primaries. These townships are entitled to one vote each, and will add that much to the strength of the man who carries either one. The way the matter stands now, Montgomery county will go into the Convention with a divided delegation."

## PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

The Republican State Central Committee of New York has agreed to look into the antecedents of every elector on the ticket, and find out if he is disqualifed in any manner to perform the duties of his office. This example will, no doubt, be followed by both parties in all the States. This year the slightest pretext will be used to throw out the vote of any elector, and both parties should see that they choose men qualified to serve, or they may lose the votes of some of their districts.

No person who holds any office under the United States is constitutionally eligible for an elector. In 1876 there was trouble and some danger of Republican loss on account of carelessness in this matter. Notably, the Oregon case. A stitch in time, &c.

## THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN.

A large number of French citizens met in New York last Sunday to complete arrangements for a formal petition to the French Government, asking for an official representation at the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the battle of Yorktown, which is to take place in October, 1881. It was resolved to delegate Mr. Chotteau, who is about to return to France, as representative of the French citizens of New York, to express to the French Government the strong desire on the part of all Frenchmen in this country to have France properly represented at the celebration. The idea is to have a French war vessel transport a regiment of soldiers to be present at the celebration. One of the speakers stated that Col. Peiton, of New Jersey, who was conspicuous in the Centennial movement, intended to have a tour through the country for the purpose of organizing Yorktown tea parties. The proceeds of these entertainments would be given to aid the State of Virginia to pay her share toward the celebration. It was also announced that the Governor of Virginia desires to have a meeting in New York of the Governors and representatives of every State in the Union on the 30th of April next. At this meeting it is proposed to have all the details of the celebration agreed upon.

## GOOD WRITING.

An article we read a few days ago, asked, "whether it is possible to teach good writing." That sounds almost absurd, but when it is remembered that the most important quality of good writing is legibility, which is seldom possessed by the "copper-plate writing" of professors of the art, the doubt begins to look a little more reasonable. There are certainly very few people in the world of writers who write legibly, in a hand easy to read, and the few are often self-taught, or those who violate most of the fixed rules of "good" penmanship. The doubter thinks that the whole method of teaching writing is a mistake, and that the child should be allowed a great deal of freedom as to the details of penmanship, the teacher looking more at results than at methods. He also thinks that the child should be impressed with the importance of clearness, and taught to read manuscript. The latter exercise would certainly help to impress the desirability of legibility on his mind if the manuscript to be read was of the average quality received from correspondents of newspapers. A broad, coarse, but legible handwriting is getting to be fashionable and after awhile the style may be popular, to the confusion of the mechanical fine writing now attempted to be taught in our schools.

By the completion of the Southern Pacific RR. to Tucson, Arizona, the capital of that far Southwestern Territory is brought within about nine to 10 days' travel of the National capital. But just think of that spread of territorial empire, in which it requires ten days of railway travel, continually night and day, in this age of 40 miles an hour for the Congressional delegate of the Territory to reach his place in the National Congress! That is worse than when Henry Clay and Tom Corwin "boated it" to Wheeling and took the coaches on the National road.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., the busy rendezvous of our navy during the war, is looking up again toward a different sort of prosperity. It will probably be the Atlantic shipping port for the Chicago & South Atlantic RR scheme, which is said to be now open to traffic as far as Chattanooga. A weekly line of steamers will ply between Port Royal and Liverpool, and other lines are said to be projected for ports in South and Central America.

Moses A. Dow, publisher of the Weekly Magazine, is dangerously ill from pneumonia, at his residence in Charles town, Mass. The cause of his attack was no doubt the perusal of a number of his own paper, something he never did before.

## Another Caution.

American Agriculturist.

We have occasionally in these columns cautioned persons in visiting cities to avoid all advances of strangers. An illustration of the necessity for observing this occurred not long ago in New York. A young man from the country was asked by a plausible stranger to do him a favor. There was to be a horse auction at which a very fine horse which the stranger wanted was to be sold. He (stranger) was known as a horse dealer and judge of horses; and if he bid upon the horse others would bid higher, but the young man being unknown, could buy said horse very low; he (stranger) would pay \$200 for the horse, and young man might buy it for as much less as he could. A nice offer, but young man had no money.

"But you have your watch and chain worth \$300—buy the horse, tell auctioneer you have to go to your hotel for money, and will leave your watch until your return; you have only to bring the horse around the corner into the next street and get the money." The plan was carried out, the young man bid off the horse at \$150—would go for his money, left his watch and chain, delighted with the idea of making \$30 so readily, led the horse around the corner to the next street, but stranger was not there, waited, but stranger did not come; waited longer—no stranger; at last went back to place of sale; no one there! At length it began to dawn on the young man that the horse was not the only thing sold. He was out a valuable watch and chain, was in a horse worth all the way from \$10 to \$15, and a lesson about avoiding the advances of strangers which was worth all he paid for it.

PREPARATIONS are making for a series of Shakespearian performances in April in the Memorial buildings at Stratford-on-Avon. The performances will continue for three weeks, and most of the principal English actors will take part.

## How He Came to Break His Pledge.

Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

"I am 60 years old, and never got drunk till day before yesterday," remarked old Uncle Jesse White, as he sat on a salt barrel in front of a grocery store. "I have lived in Arkansas 40 years—came here from East Tennessee—and the thought that I got drunk in the evening of my life, when I can just see my gray hairs shining in twilight, is enough to make me throw myself into the river."

"Tell us how it occurred, Uncle Jesse," asked a bystander.

"Well, some time ago in my neighborhood," and he stopped talking and drew his pipe vigorously to see if the fire was out, "Good Templar's lodge was organized. All the young people in the community jined, and pretty soon they came after me. My son Ike was the leadin' man, and says he to me: 'Pap, I want you to jine this thing.' Ike," says I, "I don't know the taste of liquor, and I don't see the use of jinin'.' Pap, says he, 'we want your influence. We are gwine to vote on the local option law pretty soon, and we want you publicly identified with the work.' Then my daughter Susan, she came around and begged me to jine. Susan," says I, "you never seed your old father take a drink." No, pap, says she, but we want you to help us drown down the curse of intemperance." Next our parson came around and soot my wife on me, an' when they all got to drummin' I had to jine. I jined on a Friday night, and on the following Saturday I came down here. Something niled me! Something kept saying Jesse White, you ain't a free man. It bothered me, and when he set the jug down I walked around and looked at it, took hold of the corn-cob stopper, walked away and smelt my fingers. I went up on deck and set down in front. Pretty soon two men came out and set down. After awhile one of them remarked: 'The Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, and without finishing the sentence both men laughed and drank out of a big black bottle. That was something in that Governor business that took me. I had heard my father talk about it, and laugh. I had often heard it, but no one had ever been positive what it was the Governor said, only that the time between drinks had been rather long. Pretty soon one of the men reached down, took up the bottle took out the cork and said: 'The Governor of North Carolina said to the—Then both men laughed and drank. I never felt so curious in my life. I looked around at the trees on the bank, and women waved their handkerchiefs at us as we passed. Those governors had a ring about them, that tingled through my old blood. Just then one of the men turned held the bottle towards me and said: 'The Governor of North—. Before I knew it had hold of the bottle, I turned it up and drank. All I thought about was the governors, and when the shadows of Ike, Susan, the parson and my wife flitted through my brain, the two governors, tall and grand, stalked up and ran over them. The Governor of North Carolina—and I had another pull, and a long one. I began to see the governors in their true light. I thought they were the best fellows in the world. The boat seemed to be running a mile a minute, and I didn't care what she did so long as the governors were with us. Well, boys, the governors kept a remarkin', and I kept a pullin', and by the time I got to Little Rock I was as drunk as an owl. Oh, I was as drunk as a mule—a mink. I got off the boat and yelled: 'Hoorah for the Governor of North Carolina!' and the first thing I knew I found myself in a sort of a prison. First time I was ever locked up, boys. First time I was ever drunk, and I am 60 odd years old."

## Royal Bridal Dresses.

Great Industries of Great Britain.

Houltone lace owes its great reputation to its sprigs, which were at first woven into the ground, but latterly "applique, or sewn, on the ground. In the course of the last century the making of the plain net ground on the pillow was a separate branch of the trade. The net was beautiful and regular, but expensive, as may be judged from the fact that the thread of which some of the finer qualities were made cost as much as \$350 to \$525 per pound weight. The worker was paid in rather a curious fashion. The lace ground was spread out and covered with shillings, and as many coins as the piece would accommodate was the reward of the maker. It was no uncommon thing to pay \$500 for a Honiton lace veil when the business was in its palmy days. The invention of machines for making lace dealt a severe blow to the peculiar industry of Devonshire, and it threatened to become almost extinct. Mrs. Bury Palmer records that when wedding lace was required for Her Majesty Queen Victoria, it was with difficulty the necessary number of workers could be obtained to make it. It was undertaken by Miss Jane Bidney, who caused the work to be executed in the small fishing hamlet of Beer and its environs. The dress cost \$5,000; it was composed entirely of Honiton sprigs, connected with the pillow by a variety of open-work stitches, but the patterns were immediately destroyed, so it could not be reproduced.

The bridal dresses of the princess royal, the Princess Alice, and the Princess of Wales were all of Honiton point, the patterns consisting of National flowers, ferns, &c. Many of the more experienced hands find employment in restoring and remaking old lace, and the ingenuity they display in this direction is said to be marvellous.

## The Cashier of the Period.

San Francisco Post. There is a good deal of square common sense about the directors of a savings bank down at Marysville. They engaged a new cashier the other day, and the President said to him: "Mr. Steele, your duties will be very light, and the salary \$400 a month. Now, if you agree not to speculate in bonds, or gamble, or hypothecate the deposits, we'll double the pay. Come, now, what do you say?" "I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen," was the reply, "and I'll think it over and give you an answer in the morning." But he refused the offer after all. He said he couldn't be cramped down in that way.

## The Children.

A mother writes: "Once a week invariably—and generally when we had old meat minced I gave the children a dinner which is hailed with delight, and looked forward to; this is a dish of boiled onions. The little things knew that they were taking the best of medicine for expelling what most children suffer most from—worms. Mine were kept free by this remedy alone."

Scalding of the throat from swallowing boiling water occurs not uncommonly among children left by themselves, and is very dangerous, as the throat swells, and the sufferer is in danger of being suffocated. Send for the medical man immediately. Meanwhile, if it can be procured, let the patient suck ice constantly, and apply a strong mustard poultice to the front of the throat.

You need not fear for the manhood of a good boy. If the little fellow looks into your eye and speaks the honest truth, if he is respectful to those who deserve respect, brave when he should be brave, and yet with no shame of being gentle, thank heaven, and do all you can to keep him so; but have no fear. As vice strengthens, so do virtues. The good boy is more than likely to be a better man.

Give the children the airiest and sunniest room in the house for a nursery. It is the sun that keeps the air in motion, bringing to us a fresh supply every moment. The power of the sun's rays can scarcely be estimated, even approximately. It is said to generate heat enough to boil five cubic miles of ice water every minute. Sunshine is as essential to the human race as to the vegetable kingdom. Don't shut the bright, warm sun out of your houses because it fades the carpet. Better let the carpet fade than the bright spirits and rosy cheeks of your children. Let the warm sunshine come into your houses and your hearts.

The love which every child brings within, is in itself the strongest indication of the needs of childhood. Love is like sunshine; without it there can be no harmonious growth or development. As well expect a fruit tree to bear delicious fruit in a cellar, as expect a child to grow up into symmetrical manhood or womanhood without love. As invariably we appropriate the sunniest nook in the garden to the nursery, so must the warmest and sunniest apartments of the heart be given to the little ones. Nurtured in an atmosphere of love, their various powers expand in unconscious but harmonious beauty.

What shall I teach my child? Teach him that it is better to starve than steal; that it is better to be a scavenger or a wood chopper than an idler and a dead beat; that it is just as criminal, and more reprehensible, to waste Monday than to desecrate Sunday; that labor is the price of all honest possessions; that no one is exempt from the obligation to labor with head or hands or heart; that an honest man is the noblest work of God; that knowledge is power; that labor is worship and idleness is sin; that it is best to eat the crust of independent poverty than to luxuriate among the richest as a dependant. Teach him these facts until they are woven into his being and regulate his life, and we will insure his success, though the heavens fall.

## Snakes by the Bushel.

Mr. J. H. Beeson, a railroad contractor, gives the Atchison, Kansas, Patriot some particulars regarding the unearthing of an immense den of rattlesnakes, adders, and racers in Kansas. In the extension of a road from Beloit to Cawker City the line passes through the town of Glen Elder. A short distance from this place, on the Solomon river, is a steep and rocky bluff, about fifty-five feet high, a large portion of which had to be blasted away to make room for the road-bed.

While the excavation was in progress, a blast of nitro-glycerine caps and giant powder tore off an unusually large part of the bluff, and down the declivity there came writhing and rolling a bunch of snakes, which Mr. B. says was almost as large as a barrel. They were of different varieties, rattlesnakes predominating, with racers, adders, garters, &c. When first disturbed from their warm bed they were active and dangerous, but coming out into the severe cold they were soon completely harmless, and were killed by the men without much trouble, or covered up in the dump of earth and stone. But this was only the beginning. Every day and every blast after this first batch appeared, brought out another huge bundle of these reptiles. Every hour a moving, writhing lump came rolling down the hill, only to separate at the foot, and what escaped the shovel and pick of laborers crawled off to get covered up in the dump. Thousands of them were unearthed, and killed, and each blast sent out more, making this place far outrival the famous snake den of Concordia. Not a single case of snake bite occurred, notwithstanding it was sometimes almost impossible to avoid stepping on them. There were no unusual monsters among them, the great majority being as large around as a man's wrist, and about three or three and a-half feet long. The farmers for miles around say this was the regular winter den of these venomous creatures, and that during the fall the snakes which have been seen have been headed in the direction of these bluffs. It is said to have been one of the most remarkable sights ever looked upon, and hundreds from the surrounding country went to see them.

A co-operative store has been established in Paris by English capitalists, which employs about ninety persons, and deals in almost everything required by housekeepers. The capital is \$600,000. The London co-operative societies report handsome profits. One concern, upon sales of \$5,200,000 is said to have realized \$130,000 clear of expenses, though selling about 20 per cent. below the ordinary retail prices.

Every particle of matter is an immensity; every leaf a world, every insect an inexplicable compendium. How, then, can we comprehend all the mysteries of truth, and all the ways of the infinite God.

## Courage.

"Speaking of courage," says a New York correspondent, "the bravest man I ever saw beneath the gallows-beam was a negro named Hawkins, who was hanged in the Tombs here many years ago, when Brennan was sheriff. Hawkins had been cook on a schooner trading between New York and New Orleans. The captain of the schooner was a savage, malicious brute, a tyrant, who uniformly maltreated his crew, and took especial delight in torturing the cook, felling him on the deck every time he could reach him, kicking him down the hatchway into the hold, etc., and finally climax'd his cruelty by threatening to sell him as a slave upon his arrival in New Orleans. That was before the war, and Hawkins knew that down where he was going he had no rights that the captain would or could be made to respect. He was a free man, and had in New York a wife and child dear to him. The thought of being sold as a slave madened him. In desperation he seized a hatchet, rushed upon the captain, and literally chopped his head to pieces. Then, resigning himself to being ironed and brought back here for trial, condemnation and death. In any properly organized state of society he should have been rewarded and honored for ridding the world of a monster.

When he was doomed to die, preachers of several denominations visited him and tried to pluck him as a brand from the burning, as it were, but he declined having anything to do with them. There was a starting point where he and they differed. They all told him he must primarily repent of what he had done, and that he respectfully but firmly refused to do. In his soul he knew that he had done rightly, and he would not give the title to his own manhood and the sense of justice God had implanted in him, even to win heaven.

And so the time wore on until the day set for his execution, the preachers still occasionally taking an argumentative hack at him, more to keep in practice, however, than with any hope of "softening his obdurate heart." Under the gallows-beam, when the sheriff asked him if he had anything to say, he replied, "Yes, with your permission, Mr. Sheriff and gentlemen, I have." Then he went on speaking for some twenty minutes, not weakly apologising for what he had done, scarcely even alluding to himself, but pleading earnestly with his whole soul for *reform in the merchant service*, by which masters and mates should be restrained by law from the exercise of their merciless tyranny upon the unfortunate poor men who were out with them on the waste of waters under their despotic control. He knew his subject well and spoke from his heart. Could he but feel, he said, that his death would call public attention to the monstrous abuses of power in the merchant service, he would die joyously. His voice was firm, his hand steady, not a quiver of lip or eyelid betrayed a lurking fear of death. But there were tears in the eyes of nearly every man who heard him, for none could help pitying the noble and gallant fellow. When his speech was ended, he turned to the sheriff, and, with an easy bow and placid smile, said: "Now, Mr. Sheriff, I am at your service." Tears rolled down Brennan's cheeks, as he gave the fatal signal with his handkerchief, and in a few moments Hawkins was a corpse. I recall no historic death of men of proud rank and glorious names worthier of one about to demand approval from his God than the step from