

DAILY NEWS

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WHAT WILL THE RESULT BE?

Is agriculture becoming speculative? Hitherto, as an occupation, it has not been as much affected as almost every other branch of productive industry by the new methods of organization which have so transformed the whole world of business.

The spinning wheel has been thrust aside by the steam mill; the hand-loom by the weaving mill; the lapstone and the hammer of the shoemaker by the factory filled with machines operated by gangs; the tailor's goose by the slop-shop, where garments are made by dozens cut to average sizes, and so on through all the varied round of productive employments, with the only exception of agriculture.

To be sure, its methods have been improved. Science has been applied to it; its implements and its appliances have been radically changed, yet still the individual was counted as an important factor in its operations. He had not fallen so utterly to the condition of a "hand" that his welfare could be utterly ignored.

It was evident that the iron mill had brought with it the tenement house; and instead of the cottage, with its patch of ground, the smiling landscape was defaced with the ugly barracks in which the "operatives" were herded; yet still the independent farmer was supposed to remain; he was still the owner of his own farm and to be relied upon as the supporter of our republican institutions. He could not be enslaved.

As for his fellow workers in other employments, they must make up their minds that the process of differentiation of industry was the very foundation of civilization, and if they were packed rather closer in the car of progress than was comfortable for them, they must console themselves with reflecting upon the rapidity with which they traveled.

To be sure, the prophets of evil, the political Cassandras of these modern days who shrilly interrupted all our congratulatory songs of praise with their idle warnings of coming disaster, told us to beware; that competition wanted only the application of machines to agriculture to utterly destroy our reasonable reliance upon it for furnishing the independent class of freemen needed to give stability to our social progress.

The machines were made and applied, but there seemed to be no danger. They did their work in this new field of application as well as they did elsewhere, and why should they not prove as worthy of admiration here as elsewhere?

And so they will, as long as they are used as aids to the workers; but when they get into the hands of speculators, the inevitable crisis which, sooner or later, must come to the freedom of industry, will be found at our very doors.

It is here now. The simple statement of the methods employed in the great farms of the West, by which speculative non-resident capitalists propose to transform the wheat-growing regions—the fit domain for the support of a teeming population of self-supporting, self-reliant, independent workers, into vast plantations, where, with steam machinery, the land is to be utilized for raising crops to be shipped out of the country, is enough to show how immediate is the crisis.

The calculations for these speculations provide for miles of crops to be sown and reaped by machines. The work is to be done by men hired by the week in the seasons of sowing and reaping. The very poverty of these "hands" is used to hire them cheap, for the eight or nine weeks they may be wanted, during the 52 weeks of the year. For their accommodation, rough buildings are put up, in which they can be herded.

Nature is so kind that she brings warm weather during the time their aid is required, so that these buildings can be made in the roughest way. The "hands" will not be hired when they have to be protected from the winter winds. At that time, as they are promptly discharged when the crop is gathered in with the few dollars they may have saved from the pitance they were paid, they will probably have tramped miles away in search of work, or else perchance may have starved in seeking for it.

At least, their comfort or well being is nothing to the speculative non-resident capitalist, who may be spending the proceeds of their work in enjoying himself in some distant city. All the disagreeable details of his agricultural speculation he refers over to his overseer, and it is his lookout if these "hands" bother him when

he does not want their labor. Let him apply the law for imprisoning tramps if they annoy him.

This is no exaggeration of the social relations we are building up with America rapidly in the newly opened States of the West. Is it a desirable outlook?

THE BURLINGAME TREATY.

A correspondent asks for some information about the so-called "Burlingame treaty" with China, which we will endeavor to give. Mr. Burlingame was Minister to China from this country for several years, and was highly esteemed by the Chinese officials. When he announced his intention of returning home, the Regent of the Chinese Empire offered to appoint him special ambassador to the United States and the great European powers, for the purpose of procuring treaties of amity with those Nations, an honor never before conferred upon a foreigner.

Mr. Burlingame arrived in this country and concluded a treaty with our Government which provided, in general, that the privileges enjoyed by Western nations under the international law—the right of eminent domain, the right of appointing consuls at the ports of the United States, and the power of the Government to grant or withhold commercial privileges and immunities at its own discretion, subject to any treaty—should be secured to China; that nation undertaking to observe the corresponding obligations prescribed by international law toward other peoples. Special provisions also stipulated for entire liberty of conscience and worship for Americans in China and Chinese in America; for joint efforts against the Coolie trade; for the enjoyment of Americans in China and Chinese in America all rights in respect to travel and residence accorded to the citizens of most favored nations; for similar educational rights in the public institutions of the two countries, and for rights of establishing schools by citizens of either country in the other. This was the first treaty made by China with an outside power.

Recently it has been generally understood that a new treaty had been concluded by Minister Seward and the Chinese officials, differing from the Burlingame treaty to the benefit of the United States in the exclusion of an undesirable class of Chinese immigrants. The latest on the subject is in a special to the Cincinnati Gazette, of date March 21, which says:

Secretary Evarts reasserts to-night that no new treaty with China has been negotiated. He says the obstacle in the way of bringing matters to a conclusion is that China has been considering the policy of exclusion against all American trade, and in view of this fact it is difficult to obtain such modifications of the treaty in regard to restricting Chinese emigration without precipitating an order driving American commerce out of China.

IN WASHINGTON.

BITS OF CONGRESS.—"THE MEMBER" FROM SHINGLEVILLE.

Prentice Mulford, in N. Y. Graphic.

The Senate and House of Representatives, taken together, contains 63 men who 16 years ago, fought against the Union, and 57 who fought for it.

They are now one united, and a tolerably happy family. No nation on earth can show such a spectacle. There they sit or hobble about, some without arms and some without a leg, cut, maimed and scarred from the blows which a few years since they gave each other.

Now, instead of cannon and rifle, they aim amendments, motions and resolutions at each other. Now, in place of bullets they fire bills.

In the Senate are the 10 former Confederates—generals—Wade Hampton, Butler, Morgan, Gordon, Williams, Jones, Gibson, Ransom, Butler and Maxey—and the two Union leaders, Burnside and Logan.

Burnside and Hampton seem now rivals in a contest of military and Emporer William whiskers. Finally, Burnside is the nearest approach to an Emperor William on this side of the Atlantic.

Sen. Gordon is in appearance as imposing a man as the South ever raised, and bears no traces of the eight wounds received in battle. Logan's is a prominent head from its glossy black hair and moustache. David Davis, his colleague, of Illinois, vaguely suggests Boss Tweed. Edmunds of Vermont, looks the last of a long line of New England deacons, slightly modified by the fashions of the age. Hannibal Hamlin retains day and night the swallow-tailed coat of his forefathers. Kerner, of New York, looks the old school Senator of 40 years ago.

Likewise Lamar, who has a Henry Clay type of countenance. Conkling's hair is quite gray, or a cross between gray and white—a sort of office gray but not a silvery gray. Conkling walks with a slight "jury drop." His legs seem imbued with an individuality of their own and impress one with a sense of intellectual, mechanical power. In the House, General Johnston commands a premium for imposing silvery locks. His hair—if his is the hair pointed out to me—would bring at the hair merchant's \$60 per ounce. Gen. Tom Ewing, of Ohio, is massive physically, and a "deliberate" man in manner. S. S. Cox isn't. Blas, of Brooklyn, is one of the handsomest men in the House, and possessed of much quiet influence. Covert, from Flushing, is a youthful, good-looking member, and full of refinement, delicacy and good sense, practicality and executive ability. Speaker Randall has a professor-like air, and owes millions to a good wife. As a whole, both Senate and House are externally a very respectable appearing body of men. They convey a sense of regular meals, regular hours and regular salaries. There are now in Washington 52 Senatorial wives and 15 Senatorial daughters. There are 165 Representative wives and 164 Representative daughters. These, of course, move in the court circles, to which no Washington merchant, says report, has access. You must make your money outside, in the wholesale or retail pin and needle trade, then come to

Washington, sink the shop, and you may enter the fashionable and official Washington kingdom of heaven. This is etiquette, if not Republicanism. However, this great and good Government will accept your taxes to pay its Senators, and in the time of national peril is glad enough to accept a big contribution from the proprietor of the New York dry goods palace on Broadway. Washington owes much to the old aristocracy. They owned the land in front of the Capitol in times bygone, and held it at so high a rate that nobody could or would buy, and the result has been that the people got cheaper lots in the rear of the Capitol, and built the city at its back door.

SOME OF THE COURT COMPOSERS.

Now, here's a Congressman and his wife from Shingleville, wherever Shingleville is. He has worked up from petit-fogger to primary, from primary to District Attorney of the county, from thence to State Senatorship, from thence to Congressman. She, meantime, has managed the house—managed it well. But he is in Congress, and she is here with him. She is here with nothing to do. He is absorbed in bills, amendments, constituents, and all the technicalities of profound and stupid legislation. She follows him to breakfast, to dinner, to supper, a useless, silent, unemployed appendage. At the table he reads the papers or talks with a brother Congressman or constituent—talks wisely and heavily about "the bill," "the amendment," &c. She eats what he buys for her and says nothing. She has no part or parcel in his little game. She has even ceased to wonder, in her feeble way, what it's all about. She thinks he's a very wise old man, and he thinks he's a very wise old man as he sits there with another Solon who thinks he is, a very wise old man as they mumble over their technical and political jargon about "the bill," "the amendment," "the clause," "the party"—jargon they had mumbled over for the last 40 years. There isn't a live idea in either of them. Their mouths and jaws are so habituated and muffled to the utterance of political and legislative cant and profound clap-trap that they have but to open them and cant and clap-trap flows out.

She sits after meals an hour in the hotel parlor, goes to her room, dresses to go out, buys a yard of tape and a skein of worsted, comes home, eats, yawns, sleeps, dresses for dinner, dines to another accompaniment from Congressional husband and Congressional friend of "bill," "amendment," "motion," and "party."

She sits two more hours in the parlor, eats again to pass away the time, and finally retires tired of the task of doing nothing and wishing she could boss the hotel chambermaids as she bosses the single help in her own house twenty years ago when he commenced to pettifog in Shingleville. She is proud of the consciousness of living in Washington, yet time hangs like lead on her hands. She can't run out and gossip as at Shingleville. She can only meet the female representative circle officially. The etiquette and dignity of her official position wears on her. She is more or less overawed at the stately rigidity of the official reception; she sees that despite her position there is a wide gulf between her and a select few, who may be considered as bred and born to the American Court, and who are, somehow, always in, no matter who is out, and sometimes in secret she longs to be in her kitchen baking griddle cakes at Shingleville. I am not saying that this party is now in Washington. But they might be; they may be; they have been; they are likely to be.

ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

A correspondent of the *American Nationalist*, who has made a special study of the habits of owls, gives the following narrative of his experience:

"Many years ago I observed a singular habit of the owl, a notice of which I have never seen published. In the funny column of our local newspaper a paragraph appeared headed 'How to kill an Owl,' the substance of which was, after finding an owl on a post or tree, you were to have him fix his eyes upon you, and then walk rapidly around him, closing with the statement that he will keep his eyes so intently upon you, turning his head with your movements, but forgetting to turn his body, that he will thus wring his own head off."

Nothing is too absurd for a boy to attempt if it promises fun or novelty; and shortly afterwards a fine live specimen of a nearly adult *Bubo virginianus* falling into my hands, I proceeded to test the matter by experiment. I placed Bubo on the top of one of mother's clothes-line posts, where he remained motionless and entirely unconscious of the attempt about to be made upon his life. It was not difficult to secure his attention, for he never, while I had him, diverted his gaze from me while I was in his presence. I began walking rapidly around the post, a few feet from it, keeping my eyes fixed upon him all the while. His body remained motionless, but his head turned exactly with my movements half way round, and his face was directly behind. Three-quarters of the circle, and still the same twist of the neck, and the same stare following me. An entire circle and no change. On I went twice round and still that watchful start and steady turn of the head. I had at this time kept uninterrupted watch of the bird. His talons grasped the top of the post and his body was perfectly stationary. On I went, three times round and I began really to wonder why the head did not drop off, when all at once I discovered what I had not noticed before. When I reached half way round from the front, which was as far as he could turn his head to follow my movements with comfort, he whisked it back through the whole circle so instantaneously, and brought it facing me again with such precision that I failed to detect the movement, although I was looking intently all the time. I repeated the experiment many times afterwards on the same bird, and I had always to watch carefully to detect the movement of the re-adjustment of his gaze. So rapid and precise was his movement that I failed several times to detect it, even when I was looking expressly for it and at the proper moment."

A Norwich (Conn.) naturalist has one of the largest butterflies known to entomologists. It measures nine and a half inches across the wings, and is five inches in breadth.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To Clean Zinc.—Rub on fresh lard with a cloth, wipe dry.

Furniture Polish.—Boiled linseed oil is best for furniture polish.

To Clean Stone Matting.—Never use soap. Put salt in water for white matting; vinegar for red.

A scientist declares that a solution of cider vinegar and pure glycerine in equal parts will cure the most stubborn chapped hands on even the thinnest skin.

Remedy for Bed Bugs.—Procure a bottle of the oil of cedar; with a brush paint the cords at the eyelet-holes and all the crevices in the bedstead. Make two applications.

To Take the Shine Off Worn Silk and Cloth.—Use spirits of ammonia or alcohol diluted with water, and applied with a sponge. Use the same to remove old black silk, and press on the inside.

Fruit Stains.—To remove fruit stains let the spotted part of the cloth imbibe a little water, without dipping it, and hold the part over two or three lighted brimstone matches at a proper distance.

Oil out of Woolen.—You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.

Churning Butter in Winter.—Winter butter will come about the same time as in summer if the cream is kept in a cool place and then put in a pail of warm water, while being churned, of the temperature of sixty-two degrees.

Care of Cutlery.—Knives, after using, should be wiped with soft paper, removing the grease, etc., then be placed in a deep can or vessel, keeping the handles above water, lukewarm, until washed clean, then thoroughly dry.

To Soften Water.—Hard waters are rendered very soft and pure, rivaling distilled water, by merely boiling a two-ounce phial, say, in a kettleful of water. The carbonate of lime and any impurities will be found adhering to the phial. The water boils very much quicker at the same time.

Washing Fluid.—One pound potash, one ounce muriate of ammonia, one ounce salts of tartar; dissolve potash in one-half gallon of water; add one-half gallon of boiling water, then other ingredients. Allow one teacupful of fluid to three pails of water; boil; put in clothes that have soaked over night, in cold water, boil one-half hour, rinse, and blue.

The care of clothing is a very important matter. It makes a great difference in the looks and wear of a hat or coat whether it is thrown on the lounge or chair when taken off, or carefully hung up. In the expense of clothing between the two there is often one-half in difference—mainly, as we think, because one of them will always hang up his clothes carefully, while the other's may be found anywhere, when they can be found at all. Properly brushing and cleaning clothes, and mending them as soon as required, rather than waiting until the thread ravel out, or the tear has grown too large to be neatly repaired, add greatly to their durability.

Seed Corn.—I have made a great many experiments with corn within the last fifteen years. I had fourteen different kinds, and this year I got some of the largest ears I ever raised. I always select my seed corn in the fall at husking time, and in the spring I sort them over again. Last spring I took no ears that were less than twelve inches long; then I took off three inches at the tip end and two inches at the butt end, and from these central grains I got ears fifteen inches long and from fourteen to sixteen rows. Several years ago I selected ears from stalks that had two ears but the result was not near so satisfactory as from planting only central grains. My opinion is, if farmers would be a little more careful in selecting their seed corn they could raise from five to ten bushels more per acre than they do when they pick it out of the crib in the spring.

HOW TO EAT AN OYSTER.

There is only one way in which an oyster can be eaten. There it lies on the shell, hard, white and plump, its convoluted edge matching the rim of the shell. You pass the thin blade of your knife carefully under it, and release the fibrous heart from its pearly connection. Then you lay your knife down, take the front al edge firmly between your thumb and finger, bring it up in front of your face in close connection with your lips, look at it an instant, lay your head back, shut your eyes, open your mouth, place the delicious morsel on your tongue so as to sense its fine savor, then let go your hold of it, and—away it goes, as slowly and as easily as a ship glides far away into the welcome sea. Whoever has done this deed once, and felt the full physical rapture of it, has one memory, at least, that will never die while the sense of the palate remains.

One of two friends came bursting into the other's room in the middle of the night, quite out of breath:

"Oh, he exclaimed, 'I have had a frightful dream. You were ruined and in hideous want. Under the influence of this vision I sprang out of bed and rushed to my secretary to get some money and bring it to you.'

"How good of you!"

"Yes," continued the dreamer, "and imagine my disappointment when I discovered that the drawer was empty. Not a cent there! You don't happen to have \$5 or so about you, do you?"

Men who look no further than their outside think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but, that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and, considering the thousand dooms that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used but one pen for all his literary works from 1857, until recently, when he sent it to the makers to be repaired, with a "certificate of honorable service."

GRAVE ROBBING.

The recent robberies of the grave have brought up some curious anecdotes of the state of affairs which existed about five years ago, when "body-snatching" was a regular trade. So skillful were the robbers, that they required but fifteen minutes to draw a body from the grave. No trace was left of their work.

One of these men, Burke, being in church one day, heard that passage of scripture read which describes how Hazael killed the king by smothering him with a wet cloth. This method struck Burke as sure and safe from detection, and by it he committed many murders for the sake of the profit he reaped from the sale of the dead bodies. The devil can be found even behind a text of scripture by those who want to find him.

When Burke's murders were discovered, the English public were seized with a panic. One of the oldest manifestations of this craze was the queer devices of dying persons to protect their bodies from the resurrectionists. In Buckinghamshire a Major Buckhouse, an old East Indian officer, was buried by his own orders in front of his own house, on a solid pyramid of flint, twelve feet square at the base, in which he was placed upright, a drawn sword in his hand.

A baronet of Yorkshire was buried at night ten feet deep in a level potato field, the ground being plowed up at once to remove all chance of discovery. Another country gentleman's coffin was swung to the branches of an oak tree in front of his hall door. Another was covered with twenty tons of stone, and still another cased in lead and hung to a beam of his own barn.

The terror extended even to this country, and precautions against grave robbery were more common fifty years ago than now, when there is more danger.

There is yet standing near one of the iron furnaces in Kentucky a square brick building, in the upper room of which the body of a former owner, by his own request, remained for twenty years unburied, the lower apartment being furnished and occupied by his wife and children as an arbor.