

DAILY NEWS

E. P. BEAUCHAMP, Editor and Proprietor.
Publication Office, corner Fifth and Main Streets

Entered at the Post Office at Terre Haute, Indiana,
as second-class matter.

FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1880.

FOR PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES,
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
ALBERT G. PORTER.
For Lieutenant Governor,
THOMAS HANNA.
For Secretary of State,
EMANUEL R. HAWN.
For Auditor of State,
EDWARD H. WOLFE.
For Treasurer of State,
ROSWELL S. HILL.
For Attorney General,
DANIEL P. BALDWIN.
For Judges of Supreme Court,
BYRON K. ELLIOT. Third District.
WILLIAM A. WOODS. Fifth District.
For Clerk Supreme Court,
DANIEL S. ROYSE.
For Reporter Supreme Court,
FRANCIS M. DICE.
For Superintendent Public Instruction,
JOHN M. BLOSS.

For Congress,
ROBERT B. F. PEIRCE.

Vigo County Ticket.

For Clerk,
MERRILL N. SMITH.
For Treasurer,
CENTENARY A. RAY.
For Sheriff,
JACKSON STEPP.
For Commissioner, Third District,
JOHN DEBAUN.
For Coroner,
DR. JAMES T. LAUGHEAD.
For Senator,
FRANCIS V. BICHOVSKY.
For Representative,
WILLIAM H. MEIRATH.
DUCK T. MORGAN.
For Surveyor,
GEORGE HARRIS.

MAJOR JONATHAN W. GORDON has accepted an invitation to open the campaign for Hon. A. G. Porter and the state ticket at Noblesville on the 16th inst.

THE members of the English Parliament are at loggerheads on the Irish question. The Marquis of Lansdowne, a holder of lands in Ireland, has resigned, being unable, as he says, to sustain the disturbance bill.

W. F. REYNOLDS, of Lafayette, is seriously ill. His life is despaired of. Mr. Reynolds has been known for forty years as one of the most prominent business men of the Wabash valley. He is said to be the wealthiest man in Indiana.

It is surprising what a large number of citizens are leaving for the North this season. A party of from three to fifteen leave every night over the C. & E. I. R. R. While in conversation with a person on his way to the lakes, we learned that, including fare and board, a person can live three dollars a week cheaper by going to some of the noted summer resorts.

The embarkation of the ill fated ex-Emperor Eugenie, at Cape Town, on her return to England from her melancholy journey to the tomb of the Prince Imperial, is announced in the cable dispatches this morning.

This melancholy journey was made necessary by the ex-Emperor, from the fact that she sent her son to kill some other mother's son, and he in absolute justice got killed himself. The programme was slightly changed, and Eugenie's heart bleeds, instead of the heart of some African mother. To the rest of the world, the odds is only the difference.

The Terre Haute *Express* rants and foams and charges, and wants to send the army into Louisiana and other Southern States to control the ballot-box. It occurs to us that if a little grape and canister was turned into the editorial rooms of the *Express*, and other places where blood abounds, it would perhaps have a tendency to rid the world of a class of lecherous wretches that we would be better off without.—*Brazos Magaz.*

We would suggest that the city government be instructed to at once open fire on this "lecherous wretch" of the *Magaz.* with an "odorous machine," with "our Harlson" as chief gunner, and that he be instructed to "fire away" until the fellow cries "let me be," or gives other satisfactory evidence of his sorrow and permanent reformation.

Col. Lovett, of Pike county, Indiana, a prominent Republican, has declared himself for Hancock and English. All over the country the cry is still they come in to the ranks of the Democracy.—*Terre Haute Gazette.*

A few days ago Leonard R. Jerome, a noted stock broker of New York, wrote a letter to Gen. Hancock in which he said he and his family who have always been Republicans, would support the General for the Presidency.

There are few days after this new session to the Democratic party had been consummated, there was a theft of \$67,000 bonds on Wall street. This was very mysteriously done, and the police were much puzzled, but the telegraph now announces that Lawrence R. Jerome, editor of the *Standard*, had been arrested, and the bonds forged on him.

Wander if joining the Democracy by the father, had any thing to do in developing the natural instincts of the son?

TURN OUT EVERYBODY.

Col. Thompson will speak at Dowling Hall to-morrow evening. It is only necessary to make this announcement to fill the hall to overflowing. The campaign of 1880 starts from Saturday night. The boom commences when the "silver-tongued orator" speaks to his friends and neighbors. Garfield and Porter start in the race with such a send-off, that Indiana will be carried without the possibility of a question. Put the ball in motion and keep it rolling until our great triumph in November. There must be no stragglers in the Republican ranks, and every man is expected to do his duty.

Come everybody and hear Col. Thompson, and get facts, figures and history which will be of service to you during the entire campaign.

WON'T CELEBRATE THE FOURTH.

The Greenville (S. C.) *News* didn't want to celebrate the Fourth. In explaining why, the editor said:

"In the North, rejoicing is hearty and just, but what we have to be joyful over is to this deponent unknown. It is our deliberate opinion that the only proper and just expressive way in which the southern people could celebrate the Fourth would be in devoting it systematically to the abuse of the 'signers.' We are 'loaf' enough. We've been whipped and know it, and abide it. But just a little indulgence in natural feelings occasionally is pleasantly bitter."

"The indulgence in natural feelings means, whenever we get the power we will knock the union of these states into flinders. That is exactly what it means. These very 'loaf' Democrats in the south are much happier in abusing the 'signers' of our Declaration of Independence, than in praising them. They hate this union, and they are proud to show this hatred whenever it is safe to do so. They curse the Fourth of July, and only smother their curses, for fear they might hurt the prospects of the Democratic party. There is not a particle of true, loyal, union-loving blood in their veins. There is not a pulsation of their hearts beating in union with the perpetuity and welfare of the federal government. They fought the government openly in the field for four long years, and they fight it still in the quiet throbbings of their hearts, and the secret wishes of their souls. They are only quiet, because they have been whipped, and are not in open rebellion for fear of being whipped again."

Will it do to place the entire destines of this government in the hands and at the disposal of such loving patriots? Are they the kind of citizens to take charge of the affairs of the Republic, and push them forward in the progressive track of the nineteenth century? Shall we give our birthright into the keeping of our enemies?—sell our heritage for a mess of pottage, and give all that we hold most dear to the tender keeping of men who will not celebrate the Nation's birthday, and prefer to curse rather than praise the signers of the Declaration of Independence? Did any Nation, upon which the sun ever shone, do such a thing, and live? As well might Rome have turned over the Republic into the hands of Catiline and his followers, in order to more perfectly preserve it.

It will not do, men of the North, to suffer the destinies of this Republic to glide into the keeping of the Solid South, and that is just what will be done, if the Democratic party succeed in the election of Gen. Hancock. That unfortunate circumstance brings again to the front that element of bad men who once sought to destroy the institutions of our Fathers. It will not do to trust them. It is the Nation's suicide to trust them. It is an experiment so hazardous that it is almost treason to run the risk. Everyone knows that, should the Democratic party triumph in this contest, and elect Gen. Hancock, the Solid South would at once take control of the Democratic party and govern the Nation.

A GENTLEMAN of this city was in Philadelphia on last Decoration Day, attended the meeting held at the Academy of Music in that city to raise funds for the Meade monument. The large building was crowded to its utmost capacity, as it was understood several distinguished persons would speak. The President was there, and made a very happy and appropriate speech. Then, Attorney general Devens, a natural orator, was called upon and spoke with his usual effectiveness. General Sherman was next introduced, and made one of his felicitous little speeches. Then, says the gentleman, "there were calls for General Hancock, who occupied a seat on the platform. If he had sat still, or had simply bowed his acknowledgments and declined to speak, it would have been well, but, unfortunately for him, he attempted to make a speech, and a more mortifying failure I never heard. Any intelligent schoolboy could have done better. His ideas were commonplace, his utterance weak and halting, and his whole manner painfully deficient." A prominent Democrat, who sat beside the gentleman who relates the incident, turned to him and said: "That settles Hancock as a presidential candidate. No man who speaks like that can be nominated at Cincinnati." The prediction was not verified. He was nominated, and stands before the country as the weakest man, intellectually, who was ever nominated for that high office.—*Ind. Journal.*

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Don't Bite off More'n you Kin Chaw.

The janitor was as proud as a boy with a new pair of red mittens. Some kind soul in Hartford, Ct., had forwarded the club the jawbones of a shark as a relic to hang on the walls. He fastened it up between the bear trap and the coffee mill, and placed under its sharp teeth the legend: "Don't bite off more'n you kin chaw."

"Gem'l'm," said Brother Gardiner, as he pointed to the legend, "de language be motto am not elegant, but de words convey a heap of solid common sense, an' we doan' hev to go down ober footeen feet to fin' de moral. De man who bites off more'n he kin chaw is gwin to git himself in an embarrassin' situtation. De motto doan' apply altogether to de eatin' of meat an' taters. It means dat de person who wants to fling on gourgeousness hez got to hev de rocks right down in his pockets or fall ker-chunk in de road. It applies to de young man on a salary of \$8 a week who am courtin' a gal who kin use up \$2 a day an' not half try. It applies to de man who sinks his kin sell out a ward caucus an' deliver de wites in a collar box. It applies to de man who buys up delegates an' depends on de honest voters to push him frow. It applies to de chap who sails along de avenew wid de teeth in his head dat all business would suddenly stop in case death took him away."

Where the Sun Does Not Set.

A scene witnessed by some travelers in the north of Norway from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea is thus described: "The ocean swept away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun hung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands come together at 12, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold running due north, spanning the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntary took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun swung perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid another day."

What John Brown's Son Says of Him.

I never knew him to show any signs of fear of anything, save that he might do a dishonest act or wrong his fellow man. His rule of life was the golden rule: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

On the Sunday before his attack on Harper's Ferry, he said: "And now gentlemen, let me press this one thing on your minds; you shall all know how dear life is to you and how dear your lives are to your friends; and in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you. Do not, therefore, take the life of any one if you can possibly avoid it, but if it is necessary to take life to save your own, then make sure work of it."

After the battle of Osawatomie, my father stood looking at the smoke of the burning buildings rolling up, as they were fired one after another by the Missourians. He said:

"God sees it! There will be no more real peace in this country until the slavery question is settled. I have no feelings of revenge toward the people of the South. I have but a little while to live, and but one death to die. I will die fighting slavery."

The Camel and the Miller.

Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller? One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get his nose into the tent. "It's very cold out here," said the camel; "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore foot; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forthcoming beast. "If you don't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I've got possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now." Do you know what the camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. Guard against the first approaches; the most plausible excuses, even the nose of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard.

Lincoln's Inspiration.

Judge Johnston, of Cincinnati, states that he was with Abraham Lincoln one day when a committee came to ask the president to suspend the draft until after his second election on the ground of its unpopularity. Said Mr. Lincoln, quietly: "What is the presidency worth to me if I have no country?" Whereupon the committee retired. The judge says also: "Mr. Stanton told me the next day also: 'Mr. Stanton, told me the next day also: so after Lincoln's death that there was a meeting when the members of the cabinet and he disputed on questions of policy, but they so often found themselves wrong and Lincoln right, he came to have his own way, and they to have entire confidence in his inspirations,' as they called them. He was a man of wonderfully clear inspirations, a man who employed no spies or others to collect stories, but judged of the public sentiment by inquiring into his own heart, and testing himself what ought to be done."

FIND US PERSONAL.—When Carter, the bad king, was exhibiting with Duncrow at Ashey's, a manager with whom Carter had made and broken an engagement, issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stable door, and asked for Carter. "Show the gentleman my writing," said Duncrow. When they reached the ring, there sat Carter composedly in the great cage, with an enormous iron chain round his neck. "There's Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen," said Duncrow, "go in and take him." Carter, "Open the door," Carter said.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.

Richard Courteau was the most "English" man in England of his time. When he put on his coat and waistcoat, and a pair of powdered steel stockings, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel scabbard in the end, and sat forth on a cruscade, the fashionable society of that day considered him "well dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up like a fellow killed him.