

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.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 2, 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 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. LAUGHHEAD.
For Senator,
FRANCIS V. BICHOVSKY.
For Representatives,
WILLIAM H. MELRATH.
DICK T. MORGAN.
For Surveyor,
GEORGE HARRIS.

THE NEWS HAS THE LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

WHY THE SOUTH IS SOLID FOR HANCOCK.

Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. THESE ARE THE SAME PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT FOUR YEARS. Remember the men who poured forth their life-blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket.—[Wade Hampton, at Staunton, Va., July 26.]

GOOD MEN FOR POLICEMEN.

The position of a policeman is a very important one. It is a position that requires a cool head, sound judgment and plenty of nerve. No man should be appointed to such a place who is not a man of character and stability. They are the defenders and protectors of life and property, and unless such an important trust is confided in men of character, we, at no time, can lay down with the assurance that the public guardians are doing their duty. It is generally understood by the common people, that about one half of the police force of all large cities "stand in" with the gamblers and thieves. Just how far this is true, is known to most of our readers.

We could give to our readers many instances of such conduct on the part of policemen of different cities. Many of the most daring and successful bank robbers have been committed by the aid of bad men on the police force. While it is true that, as a rule, this city has had few very bad men on the police force, it be-hooves our council to see that no such men are permitted to get into the positions of such a sacred trust as that of protecting the lives and property of our citizens.

Then, how important it is that our police force should be composed of men who will protect the people's interests with fidelity, who will arrest every violator of the law, stand by the people, and protect and defend their interests at all hazards. If this is true of the members of the police force, how much more important is it that the head of the police department should be a good man. The chief of the police department should not only be a man of character and stability, but he should be a man with a detective mind; a man whose sound judgment would not lead him to any hasty conclusions; a man who can reason from the minutiae of every offense, the probability of the guilt or innocence of any person suspected. This can only be done by men of experience and judgment; by men who with their intercourse with men, know the general course of human nature, because human nature in the course of crime is varied, although following one broad channel of human susceptibility.

There are many men in this city who have had large experiences in the apprehension of criminals, and who are men of character and standing among their neighbors. From such men our City Council could select a chief who would be an honor to our city, and a man in whom our citizens would have implicit confidence.

Our committees are composed of men

who are high-minded, and who are devoting themselves to the best interests of the public; and we know that they will fully consider every step that they may take in establishing a precedent, in their first appointments, and will try to get men who have not only been of service to the Republican party, but men who have good moral characters and in every way fitted to fill with honor and integrity the trust confided in them.

Again we would admonish our council to calm deliberation, that they may make no mistakes. This is no time for mistakes. Guard well the "guns," and allow no spiking to be done.

THE NATION WITH A BIG "W".

It has been said that human institutions are, of their nature, imperfect; but if built upon sound principles, which are superhuman, they are improved by the experiences to which they are subjected in their progress with the world, if the members are true to the foundation laws of their organization.

Principles, as fundamental truths, spring from the bosom of the Creator, and, therefore, as we cleave to, or wander from, the moral precepts, so do we construct wisely or unwisely, for the success and durability of the ends in view. Particularly is this true of governments, of which that form is undoubtedly the best which secures to its subjects or citizens the protection in, and the undisturbed enjoyment of life, of liberty, and of property, and promotes the general welfare. The government which ensures to every man his natural right of self-control, restricted only by his voluntary concessions to society for his own individual good, comes near to the fulfillment of the designs of the All Wise, when he created man a member of society. Empires, monarchies, and all other forms of government based upon inherited class privileges, deny to man the natural equality in which he was born, and limits him to a narrow sphere of freedom. This does not then fulfill the intention of man's creation, and we must look further for that political system which does not classify men according to the privileges and prerogatives of birth or station, and in which honors, place and power are open alike to all. To this political excellence but one government in the world to-day approaches, and that is our own—these United States of North America. We say this, not because it is ours, but from a dispassionate conviction attained by many years of experience in and study of it, and by the light of history and of personal observations of other governments. If any national policy fulfills better the purposes of humanity, we do not know it.

The mainspring of our government is "the people," and if they are properly formed and tempered, the machinery must work, when wound up carefully, with accuracy. The relations of the people individually and collectively, of capital and of labor, and of actions and reactions of other parts of the machine will be adjusted, and if lubricated with the oil of confidence the machine cannot but run smoothly and truly. If the people be true to themselves, the governments, State and Federal, will be true also, and the great design of human society will have been accomplished, so far as imperfections of human nature will permit. We must expect these erratics—the dust of ignorance, of passion, and of unjust prejudices—to jar sometimes the machinery, and when discovered, we must make the requisite repairs and cleaning.

Then, with what fidelity we should guard the institutions of our fathers. With what watchfulness we should guard the old Constitution at this moment of peril. With the spirit of secession and the cry of state rights by the Democratic party on every hand, we should see that the prosperity of the past twenty years remain unbroken.

The *Inter-Ocean* speaking of General Grant's Galena speech says that the little speech General Grant made at Galena the other evening during the Republican meeting has pleased the people immensely, and has turned out to be one of the most popular incidents of the campaign. General Grant's words are always golden, and none of the great orators of the day can touch the popular heart as he does with his simple matter-of-fact utterances.

No political speech ever delivered had a wider circulation than this first attempt of Grant at that sort of oratory, and his promise to be at Galena on election day, in order to vote, even if he has to travel hundreds of miles to do so, has done a world of good in bringing to the eyes of the indifferent citizen the importance of such an act.

On yesterday the Bank of England sold £1,000,000 in gold for shipment to New York. The steamer Canada, from Havre, brought 2,610,000 francs in gold coin. The Herder brought \$1,765,000 in foreign coin from Europe and Gen. Warder brought \$50,000.

ACCORDING to a dispatch the Albanian leaders, yesterday, telegraphed the Sultan, assuring him of their loyalty, and declaring their determination to defend the integrity of their territory to the last extremity.

CARDINAL NINA is pronounced a convalescent. He is going to Grotta Ferrata for a change of air.

The laborers on all the cotton presses, at New Orleans, are on a strike for an advance in wages.

Reheating coffee just before grinding it, brings out the flavor.

A PUZZLE FOR METAPHYSICIANS.

In the month of November, 1845, the ship Sophia Walker sailed from Boston, bound for Palermo. The owners, Messrs. Theophilus and Nathaniel Walker, had invited their brother-in-law, the Rev. Charles Walker, to go out to Palermo, as passenger, for the benefit of his health.

Among the crew was a young man named Frederick Stetson. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Caleb Stetson, at that time pastor of the Unitarian church in Medford, Massachusetts.

Frederick had been in a store in Boston, but, not being well, returned home to be under the care of a physician. His health did not improve, and Dr. Bemis, of Medford, advised a sea-voyage as most likely to restore his vigor. Frederick was delighted with this prospect, and his parents reluctantly consented.

It was thought best for his health that he should go on board as a sailor; but a contract was made with Captain John Codman, that in case Frederick should become weary of his duties he should be admitted to the cabin in the capacity of Captain's clerk.

From the fact that the Rev. Mr. Stetson was a neighbor and friend I became acquainted with these circumstances at the time the young man left home and embarked on board the Sophia Walker. The father also requested my husband to speak to Captain Codman, his former pupil, in regard to the youth.

In common with other friends, I sympathized deeply with Mr. and Mrs. Stetson in parting from their son under these painful circumstances; but domestic cares and other scenes gradually effaced these impressions, until I forgot the length of time he expected to be absent and indeed lost all recollection of his voyage.

I relate these circumstances in detail that the reader may understand more fully the remarkable facts which followed.

During the latter part of February, 1846, the death of my mother, Mrs. Leonard Woods, of Medford, was succeeded by my own dangerous illness. In March I was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs, and lay for days hovering between life and death.

One night, when the crisis seemed to have passed, a member of my husband's church, Mrs. Sarah Butters, who had been watching with me, retired soon after midnight to give place to my husband, who was to watch with me till morning. I had taken the medicine prescribed by my physician, and was endeavoring to compose myself to sleep, when all at once, with the vividness of a flash of lightning, the following scene was before me: A tremendous ocean storm; a frail vessel pitching headlong into the trough of the sea; a billow mountain-high ready to engulf her; a slender youth clinging to the mast-head; a more furious blast, a higher wave, and the youth, whom notwithstanding the darkness I instantly recognized as Frederick Stetson, fell into the foaming, seething deep.

As he struck the water I shrieked in agony, and my husband sprang to my side, expecting to see the crimson drops again oozing from my lips. My countenance, full of horror, terrified him.

"What is it?" he asked.

I motioned him to silence, unable to withdraw my thoughts from the scene. I still heard the roaring of the angry billows, the shouts of the Captain and crew.

"Man overboard!" "Throw a rope!" "Let down the life-boat!" "It's no use; the ship has pitched beyond his reach!"

Fresh groans from my lips brought new anxiety to my faithful watcher. He seized my trembling hand, placed his fingers on my pulse and started back with dismay when he felt their feverish bound.

"What is it? Are you in more pain? Shall I go for the doctor?"

"O, it's dreadful!" I gasped. "I can't tell. It's awful."

Then I passed into a still more remarkable state. Heretofore I had seen what was going on at the moment; now my mind went forward, and saw events that occurred two, three days, two weeks, later.

The storm had abated. The vessel, though injured, was able to proceed on her way. It was the Sabbath; the crew were sitting in silent reverence, while the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Walker, read, prayed and preached a funeral sermon, caused by the late sad event. Every eye was moistened, every breath hushed as the speaker recounted the circumstances connected with Frederick's voyage, and endeavored to impress upon the minds of his hearers the solemn truth of the uncertainty of life.

Another scene. Our own chamber; a messenger coming in haste with a letter from Captain Codman announcing Frederick's death. The words of the letter I could read.

One more scene. I seemed to be again on board the Sophia Walker. Mr. Stetson was there, standing by Frederick's open chest, into which the Captain had thoughtfully placed every article belonging to his late clerk. The father's tears fell copiously while Captain Codman dilated on Frederick's exemplary conduct during the entire voyage. When they reached Palermo, he had expressed his wish to enter upon the duties of a clerk, according to their contract, if tired of a sailor's life, and since that hour had taken his place with the officers in the cabin.

All this passed before my mind with the rapidity of lightning. I lay trembling with agitation, until started to present realities by my husband's voice, while he held a spoon to my lips.

The first question I asked was, "What day of the month is it?"

"The 10th of March."

"What time did you come into the room?"

"It was past twelve when I gave you my medicine. Soon after, you seemed greatly distressed. Can you tell me now what it was?"

"It is dreadful," I whispered, gasping between every word. "Frederick Stetson is drowned; I saw him fall into the sea."

"O, no!" was the cheerful reply. "You had been thinking of him and dreamed it."

"No; I was wide-awake. I saw him for weeks. O, what will his parents say?"

You will no doubt recollect the singular phenomena which occurred during my severe illness some weeks before your son

Soon after this, exhausted by my terrible excitement, I fell into a troubled sleep. When I awoke it was dawn, and I immediately commenced narrating to my husband the scenes I had witnessed, making a note of them and their precise date.

Perceiving that this conversation greatly agitated me he left the chamber to inquire whether the Sophia Walker had come into port, and promised to direct our son, a school-mate of Edward Stetson, to ask whether Frederick had returned from his voyage.

This he did, thinking to allay my nervous excitement, which he fully believed to be the result of a fevered dream.

At an early hour Dr. Daniel Swan, one of my physicians, came to my bedside. He expressed his disappointment at finding my pulse greatly accelerated and asked the cause.

I then, though not without great exhaustion, repeated to him what I had seen, my husband being present. Mrs. Butters (the lady already referred to) and a woman who had lived in my family for years.

In the course of a week several persons were made acquainted with these facts, though, from the fear lest they should reach the ears of the parents, they were told under an injunction of secrecy.

In the mean time I listened eagerly to my son's daily bulletins from his school-mate.

"Fred is coming soon." "Mother has his clothes all ready." "Father says he may be here any day now." "The Sophia Walker is due this week."

It was two weeks before the ship arrived in port, but I was so far convalescent that I was permitted to sit up, wrapped in blankets, for an hour or two each day.

On one of these occasions, while Mr. Baker and the family were at dinner the bell rang, and presently I heard my husband, in answer to the summons of the servant, hurry to the door.

It was scarcely a minute before he entered my chamber, pale and evidently trying to conceal his emotion. He had an open letter in his hand, upon which his eyes were fastened.

"You have Captain Codman's letter," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "and in almost the words you repeated to me."

I held out my hand for the sheet, and my tears fell fast as I read the following lines, evidently written in great haste:

Rev. Mr. Baker:

MY DEAR SIR—I must beg you to perform a painful duty. Poor Frederick was lost overboard in a gale on the 10th. You must tell his father. I can not.

I never had anything occur that has given me so much pain. He was everything that I could desire; and I can truly say that I never had occasion to reprove him, and that his uniform good conduct won the love and love of us all. There is no such wretched preparation for death.

I will detail the circumstances at more leisure; but enough to say now, he was lost from the fore-topgall yard in a gale of wind, and human exertion could not save him. You can best administer consolation to his distressed parents. Show them the sermon preached on the Sabbath following his death, which accoun-pales this, and assure them of my heartfelt sympathy.

Yours truly,

J. CODMAN.

March 25, 1846.

While my eyes glanced over the lines, familiar as if penned by myself, Mr. Baker was making hurried preparations to go to Mr. Stetson's.

"Young Hall brought it out," he explained. "Captain Codman wished me to have the letter at once, lest the parents should hear the sorrowful tidings in an abrupt manner."

The sad scenes which followed are too sacred to be even touched upon here. Mr. Baker did not return home for hours, having offered to go to Cambridge and convey the sad intelligence to Mr. Stetson, the second son, who was a member of Harvard College.

"I am to go in to Boston to see Captain Codman in the morning," he said. "Mr. Stetson is anxious to see him, and I shall ask him to return with me."

I recalled the last scene on board the Sophia Walker, and said: "I thought he himself went in. It is the first thing not exactly in accordance with my vision."

I called it vision, for I was not asleep, and therefore it could not be a dream.

The next morning when Mr. Baker called at Mr. Stetson's house to take any additional messages, he learned that, impatient and restless, the sorrowing father had found it impossible to wait, and had taken the earliest conveyance into Boston, where a scene occurred like what I had witnessed.

There was no longer need of secrecy in regard to my prescience or foresight, if so it may be called, and it speedily came to the parents' ears. Persons of intelligence of both sexes speculated and puzzled over these remarkable mental phenomena, unlike most recorded by philosophers in the fact, already stated, of the mind not only recognizing what was passing at the moment a distance of hundreds of miles, but going forward in advance of events and perceiving them with minute accuracy.

I make no effort to explain my mental state, which I am entirely unable to do; but I may be pardoned for quoting from a philosopher of the present century, who, speaking of visions and dreams, remarks: "It is in vain to attempt an explanation of them. They scarcely appear referable to any principle with which we are at present acquainted."

But to resume my narrative. I find it impossible at this distance of time to recollect all the persons to whom these operations of my mind were made known before the letter of Captain Codman gave reality to my vision. Among them were Dr. Swan and two female friends, who have since passed beyond the scenes of earth. During his life my kind physician frequently urged me to publish an account of these remarkable facts. My reasons for not doing so are suggested in a letter to Rev. Mr. Stetson, which, together with the reply