

THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - AUGUST 25, 1877

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TWO EDITIONS

Of this paper are published. The FIRST EDITION, on Friday Evening has a large circulation in the surrounding towns, where it is sold by newsboys and agents.

The SECOND EDITION, on Saturday Evening, goes into the hands of nearly every reading person in the city, and the farms of this immediate vicinity.

Every week's issue is, in fact, TWO NEWSPAPERS, in which all advertisements appear for ONE CHARGE.

The Russians are getting sick numerously.

The Presidential party have left the mountains on their tour.

The regular new monthly volcano is now spouting in California.

"Stick to dad" is the best advice that can be given to the farmer boy.

There are now two State capitals named Charleston. The newest one is in West Virginia.

GLADSTONE can make the chips fly with an ax, but he can't make a horse fly worth a cent.

GRASSHOPPERS are reported to be devouring things in Berks county, Pa. Is the lower lake region to be surrounded?

The farmers like these rains, but feel ticklish over the possibility that an early frost may damage the magnificent corn crop.

The new engraving of Postmaster General Key is out, on the postal drafts. It makes him look like our M. M. Hickox.

The Evansville Courier predicts that the Eppingshousen plan for a State House will be adopted and that then it will not be built.

The Cincinnati Commercial, a truly metropolitan newspaper, now comes to us in the convenient shape given by a pasting machine.

Now it is the St. Louis papers that are having a "personal journalism" war, as useless and bitter as the quarrels in print of the editors of small towns.

A DISPATCH of sympathy has been sent to Senator Morton by the President. The paralysis of the Senator is so severe that he is not able to turn in his bed.

SENATOR FERRY is out again and has entirely recovered from his illness. It is a good thing. This country has need of a great many such men as Senator Gerry.

They do say that the phrase "the sick man" by which Turkey is known was originated by the Russians. Just now it looks as though Fate despises nicknames.

The coal strike is on in Clay county, but still the round old world seems to be turning on its axle tree without squeaking. It is not cold enough yet for much excitement over the matter.

ABOUT once a week a new insect is found which preys on the potato bug and its eggs; but notwithstanding, the corpulent little fellow continues to make way with the usual quantity of leaves.

The superiority of law has been vindicated. Edicts have been promulgated against the Peruvian iron clad Huascar, but still the iron clad serenely bulldozed the shipping of the whole south Pacific.

Mr. HENDRICKS will arrive home about the middle of September. Then Uncle James can have somebody to instruct him in the art of running things during a railroad strike and please both sides at the same time.

A CITIZEN whose business calls him into all parts of the country surrounding this vicinity by vehicle reports that in his opinion no better corn crop has been realized since 1853 as the present prospect offers.

THE TURKS have no need of doctors, having invented a new (?) way of disposing of the sick, which is invariably successful. An instance occurred at Soghra, where they burned a hospital containing eight hundred sick people.

Ewing as usual denounces the Republican party for preventing the "restoration of fraternal feeling in the south." Guess the kind of "fraternal feeling" he wants is that which elects the assassin of Judge Chisholm as sheriff of Kemper county.

THE cottage of Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," is carefully preserved by a descendant of the poet. The old bucket, the theme of the poet's inspiration, was sold long ago, but the clear cold well in which it hung still remains.

JAPAN continues to send her young men to this country to give them an education. Four Japanese students are now at Greencastle, to begin school with the fall term at Asbury college. They arrived recently via steamer Yokohama, at San Francisco.

A LOGANPORT editor says he works eighteen hours per day. That's probably true, but up in Loganport two-thirds of an editor's work consists in reading up on the works of Milton and Bret Harte to find choice expletives to be hurled at his fellow editors.

"The Red Devils" is the head which is to be seen in most of the papers, over the telegrams from the Indian war in the west. But nothing is ever printed with the heading "The White Thieves," who rob defenseless Indians of their homes and lands with the sanction of a white man's government.

The plan to colonize a number of the unemployed working men of Indianola in Mississippi, where white laborers are in great demand is coming to a head. One hundred and ten families have enrolled themselves as candidates for the colony and expect to start as soon as the arrangements for transportation are completed.

It seems probable that the Russians will retire from the year's campaign with but small progress. They have not met with much success so far, and the Turks are making desperate efforts to hold the vantage ground they have gained. From Bagdad 35,000 men have been summoned and a general levy has been ordered. Evidently the march to Constantinople will have to be postponed until next summer.

A good idea has "struck" the Marshal of Parkes county. He keeps a scythe which he loans to any citizen willing to cut the dog fennel away from his part of the street. This may be imitated elsewhere. Many persons would like sometimes to cut down the weeds in the street, trim their shade trees, clean out their gutters or level their walks, but having no other use for a scythe or spade they do not keep such tools.

The conditions for a gradual return of prosperity seem favorable. The crops of all kinds are unusually large. The European war increases the demand for our wheat across the water, and aids in maintaining prices. Western emigration, it is said, is growing larger, which means that idle men in the thronged cities of the East are going West, to become producers. Patience and a steady pull will take us through safely.

BRET HART wanted the appointment of Minister to China and was heartily supported by the Pacific slope but Secretary Evans would not hear of it, remarking that he wanted a man of business at Pekin. Which might lead an outsider to inquire how Mr. Evans knows that the author of "the Heathen Chinee" is not a man of business. To one who is acquainted with the history of the man's life there is a good deal that suggests an opposite view from that entertained by the Secretary.

THREE thousand people attended the first open air concert given by Theodore Thomas at Cincinnati Monday evening. Next summer, says the Gazette, the grand music hall will be completed, supplied with an organ equal to any in the world, which will be played at regular times, from twice a week to every day. The Cincinnatians are making enviable progress in art culture in its various phases of music, painting, literature, etc., and their example should stimulate other cities to pursue a similar course.

The New York Tribune, in noticing the tragic death of J. F. Murphy, who shot himself in the parlors of Murray's notorious gambling house recently, observes that the lives of gamblers generally end in wretchedness and gloom. Nearly all the leading gamblers who have figured in the sporting circles of New York for the last thirty-five years failed to retain their ill-gotten riches and sooner or later sank into abject poverty. Some of them at one time or another were very rich, being estimated as high as a million dollars but few of them managed to hold on to their money to the last. It left them poor, forsaken and miserable. Moral: don't gamble.

The life of William Cullen Bryant, the poet, may truly be said to be one of linked sweetness long drawn out. He is now 83 years old and is still in the possession of a health and vigor which rarely fail to the lot of one so advanced in years. He talks in a simple graceful way to the Sunday School children and occasionally delivers a temperance address, but has a dislike for great crowds. One of the founders of American literature and gaining poetic laurels before twenty which have ever since remained green, he has stood before the country honored, respected and loved as few men have been. Bryant can hardly be accorded the rank of genius, but there is something so pure, graceful and tender in the man that he wins and delights everyone. His memory will be a green one for many a year after he has "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lain down to pleasant dreams."

GOODY-GOODY AT TIMES.

One of our exchanges comes to us with this as a standing head: "Thoughts for Sunday: A Light Spread of Wisdom for the Seriously Inclined." Under this head the editor places the condensations of the thoughts and utterances of the moral philosophers, which circulate in the press.

It is in this manner that this editor alone, but many people, of all grades of intelligence, treat the sayings of the good and the wise—the rich fruit of the labors of master minds—the golden words which subdue the heart and build up human character. They seem to think these aphorisms are to be laid aside for Sunday reading, and that the average man need not pay attention to them except when he is wearing his Sunday-go-to-meeting coat.

Such an idea is silly. These gems of wisdom are gathered from the thinkers of every class, from Emerson as well as Talmage, from skeptics and infidels and Unitarians as well as from Christian preachers and teachers. But even if

they all had a theological origin and were on religious subjects there is no reason for laying aside every good thought and act for Sunday. The man who is goody-goody only on Sunday is pretty sure to be a person of a different stamp the rest of the week. These Sunday Christians need watching on Monday.

Again, that phrase: "The seriously inclined" is a hateful implication that it embraces only one small class; and that other people are never "seriously inclined." But the man who has faith in humanity will never coincide with this. That person is an exceptional case who never has moments when he is "seriously inclined." We are so constituted that when the excitement and stimulus of the daily rush are over, and solitude comes with the evening hours, every one of us is "seriously inclined," if he only allows himself to be. At such times if at no others, the crystallized utterances of wise men have their peculiar force.

THE SECRET OF FAME AND WEALTH.

Olive Logan tells, in one of her letters, how Worth, the now rich and famous dressmaker of Paris, made his fortune. She knew him, she says, when he was a poor boy, a pretty clerk in an old established ladies' outfitting house in Paris. Limited enough his scope, it would seem. Yet he worked with such enthusiasm and displayed such fine taste that ladies of high rank began to desire his attendance when they visited the house. When he left the establishment after a long employment there, and which had a flourishing trade long before he was born, he carried the bulk of the business with him. The secret of the man's success was the high standard at which he aimed. He saw that there was art in the making of a lady's dress just as well as in the painting of a fine picture and he determined to achieve the highest excellence that was attainable.

The man's life stands for a lesson and monition. Genuine success in any field be it what it may, means the attainment of excellence. Better stand foremost as a shoemaker than hindmost as a preacher or lawyer. So a man ranks high it is of great consequence what his vocation is. On all hands there is princely remuneration for genius, whether it be the genius of the shop or the rostrum. Some are always complaining that the times are dull, that work lags, that they are making nothing. Well, the trouble is they are outranked—too many better men above them. In flush times, when there is an avalanche of business and everyone's hands are full, they do well enough; they catch what runs through the hands above them. But when the torrent diminishes to a small stream it is mostly caught up above.

Excellence, superiority, that is the watchword. The man has a future before him who seeks to be more competent and skillful each day than he was the day previous. But woe to him who is satisfied with mediocrity; who grows to the size of a sapling and stands still forever after. The measure of his appreciation will be small, as it deserves to be. Here is a lesson: the young men of this country have to learn and each year there is more urgent need of its learning, for as the country becomes older and richer the desire for honest, thorough, skillful work grows stronger and more general. People don't mind paying well for a good thing if only they can be certain that it is not shoddy after all. Besides, the more thorough the professions become the higher the standard of excellence is raised. "There is always room in the upper story," was the wise observation of a once famous lawyer. He went there and found it.

A WRONGED RACE.

Hon. A. B. Meacham, ex-commissioner of the U. S. to the Modocs and other tribes of the western Indians, lectured last Sunday evening at Centenary Methodist Church to a large audience. The object of the gentleman is to combat a prejudiced public sentiment in behalf of the aboriginal inhabitants of America, and speak in favor of the policy of dealing with them on humane and just principles.

The speaker gave his views as the results of an experience of more than thirty years spent among the tribes. He speaks not by the authority of the government or of any institution or society, but from his own earnest convictions of the necessity of informing the American people of the deep wrongs which have been perpetrated against an originally innocent race, by the present masters of this continent. He thought the hardships which he suffered gave him a right which no other possessed to speak on the subject. He attributed them to the wrongs of the red man by the white. He attributed the war, the bloodshed, the revenge, the misery, the murders committed from time to time by the Indians, to the provocation caused them by the white people.

We need not go into the details of the lecture of Mr. Meacham, or remark upon its merits as descriptive of some of the most interesting traits and traditions of the Indians; but it is for the American people to heed the mandates of outraged justice. As the lecturer remarked, the same God who cursed the land of savor with its own retribution, watches over the destinies of a scourged and driven people.

Who are these Indians? They are for the most part thievish, drunken, debauched murderers.

Who were they? They were a race of the happiest beings on earth, undivided with a debasing civilization. Among all the dwellers on this continent such a thing as intoxication was unknown. Blasphemy was something with which they were unacquainted. The vice which is killing the American people to

day—prostitution—was never brought among them until the "higher enlightenment" came.

We are accustomed to regard the Indian as the personification of treachery. Where did he learn it? Was there ever a pledge or treaty made by the white people or by their government that was not sooner or later broken? Did ever the white man regard his word when his selfish interests induced him toward doing otherwise? On the other hand, did the Indians ever break a treaty except they had first an example from the other side?

To begin an enumeration of the wrongs of the Indians would be an all-day task. These have been too numerous for mention. They have received all the curses of civilization with none of the advantages of a sheltering Christianity. They are now a broken and helpless race, not asking charity, but justice. The government is from the sentiment of the people. Then let the sentiment of the people be in favor of a course in which the Indian shall be treated with justice, as any other man; as a member of a common humanity.

THE WIRES.

The announcement has been made that the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Atlantic and Pacific Company have decided to pool their earnings. This will doubtless be an end to the war between them, and, as some think, it is possible that with the control which they together have they will agree to advance the prices. But this can not become a very burdensome monopoly upon business interests generally, for that would create a danger to these companies in the way of competition from other sources. It does not require so much money to build a telegraph line and maintain it as it does to construct and manage a railroad. There are no heavy grades to cut down, no ponderous rolling stock to purchase and keep in order. Consequently other companies can easily be formed, at least to connect the principal cities, in case this combination gives indication of becoming troublesome. However, these very reasons have operated to prevent competition in the erection of new lines, by operating as a standing warning to the Western Union. Consequently that line has maintained itself from such difficulties by moderate charges. Therefore the managers will not be likely to kill their goose by raising the present reasonable rates.

By the way, it seems singular that telegraph wires are not used more extensively and for other purposes than those in which they are at present. No doubt, now that small batteries are made and sold at low rates, all in working order, they will be far more frequently employed when the people become aware of their great convenience and how easily their use may be acquired, in the sending of messages of any kind. Most people look upon the whole business as a great mystery, but the rudiments of telegraphing, sufficient for many useful purposes, are quite simple and learned with surprising facility.

Police telegraph wires on a new plan are lately being placed in Chicago. A code of a few simple little signals was agreed upon, each having a stated meaning. But a difficulty arose, because the policemen at once said they couldn't work it. "What did they know about telegraphing? they were not operators." To this the newspaper replied with ridicule, saying that the dullest person could in an hour's practice learn all about it thoroughly as there used.

To be sure, one can not become an expert operator in a little time. To do so requires a term of constant and regular study; and those operators who are so skillful as to interpret the clicks fast enough to take the press report become so only after years of practice. But the facility required for the transmission of the transient messages from factory to office, from residence to store, from ware house to bank and mill, is not a matter of such difficulty that it should offset the great usefulness and saving of time which local and private lines would afford.

THE ENEMY IN THE AIR.

Each succeeding year is popularly characterized as the one in which "we have not had so much malarial disease among us for ten years as at present." The oldest inhabitant "can't remember when it was so sickly;" and the young turns up his little toes, a victim to green apples and the summer complaint.

The fact is men trust too much to an over-ruled "special Providence" in some things and not enough in others. They never can believe that when they do their level best and then trust to God for the rest that it will come out all right, but they coolly place their lives and the lives of their children in the hands of fate even when they have not taken proper precautions on their own account. It is better to follow the advice of the man whose comrade was about to lose his camel and commit it to Allah, and told him he ought to tie his camel and commit it to Allah.

What we are driving at is that our people do not devote enough effort toward keeping off malarial disease by constructing a greater number of sewers and drains and ditches. They work and live in the close vicinity of miniature swamps, stagnant ponds, fever breeding holes and pestilential sloughs. There is hardly a decently kept alley in the city. Indeed, the alley is usually made to answer the purposes of a sewer. The hand-wrought sepulchres that conceal behind them dens of pollution. The deposits of

half a century remain within short distances of the gayly decorated trading houses where mankind go and come.

People sleep and eat and live in smelling distance of barrels and boxes stops, and are content if the stuff is placed outside the room which they inhabit.

In the country, things are just as bad, except that they are somewhat different. Ponds of miasmatic waters lie in dangerous silence below the concealment of the rushes, lading the breeze with the germs of fevers, and supplying the air with enough fever's agar to the square yard, to shake the population of London and to impoverish Peru of its quinins for thousand years.

The remedy for all this is to construct sewers in the cities and dig ditches in the country. Moreover, the lazy indifference with which people forbear to have refuse matter carted away must be combated with stringently enforced ordinances.

The money that the people of this vicinity spend in trips to the north "for the benefit of their health" would in a few years be sufficient to thoroughly drain the entire city with sewers. It would pay for ditching those horrible sloughs west of the river. It would give us our health here at home.

W. S. RYCE.

The funeral of W. S. Ryce occurred on Wednesday, from the residence of Lucia Ryce, on Ohio street. The corpse had been brought from Grand Haven. Rev. S. S. Martyn officiated in the memorial services, having come purposely from Wisconsin at the request of the parents of the deceased. The employees of the two stores in which Mr. Ryce had been in business, attended in a body. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the services were largely attended. The remains were interred in the city cemetery.

The following tribute to the memory of the deceased has been written for The Mail by a friend:

Mr. Ryce's death, occurring as it does in meridian of his manhood, and while in the full tide of his business success, is not merely a sad bereavement to his family, and immediate friends, but in many respects it may be regarded as a public calamity, and a loss affecting our entire community. For more than twenty years he has been a leading business man among us, closely identified with the mercantile trade of this city, and contributing as much to give tone and character to our business interests, both at home and abroad, as any gentleman in the city. No class of citizens exercise a greater influence in building up the character of a city abroad than its merchants. It has long been well known that the merchants of no Western city stand higher among the wholesale dealers of the East than have the merchants and business men of Terre Haute, for integrity, honesty and promptness in meeting their just obligations, and it can be well said in establishing this high character for our mercantile community, in the East, than he did. To fulfill and discharge to a punctilio, all his business obligations, was with him, part of his religion. The writer happens to know that among the wholesale merchants of New York, and other eastern cities, Mr. Ryce was probably more widely and favorably known than any merchant in this State, and among them he was regarded as the best merchant in Indiana. Like his respected father, he was the beau-ideal of an accomplished merchant, combining in an eminent degree, rare executive capacity, with strict business integrity. By his employee he was loved and honored, by his customers he was esteemed, by all he was esteemed. None questioned his word—that was as good as any man's bond. While he was industrious and indefatigable in his own interests, he never was mean spirited or illiberal, and in the sharpest rivalry of trade, he never sought to undermine or injure a business antagonist, in fact he loved and courted honest competition. As a citizen he was liberal, energetic, and public spirited, taking a deep interest in the growth and prosperity of our city. He was a Terre Hautean, in everything, except in the accident of birth. With his friends he was genial, warm hearted and companionable—few had a larger circle—and by them his loss will long be felt.

To his honored father he was a devoted son, and no son could boast of a more devoted father, but he was a man in whose life the public has an interest, and his untimely death will leave a vacuum in business circles that