The Ouachita Telegraph

VOLUME XXIV. MONROE, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1889. NUM

ATISEMENTS.

MONROE ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c.

AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

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Goods purchased from me will be delivered FREE ;within the City Limits. I sell the Celebrated MONOGRAM VINEGAR. Everything sold on the

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Dr. A. B. SHOLARS,

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Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Glassware,
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FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

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Engineer & Machinist,

—AGENT FOR—

Gullett's Magnolia Gins.

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SENATOR EUSTIS' SPEECH.

The Eminent Louisianian Talks in Tammany Hall.

The New York Herald, in its report of the Fourth of July gathering at Tammany Hall, says: United States Senator James B. Eustis of Louisiana received a tremendous greeting when he stood up to speak the speech of the day. He began:

"Fellow Citizens—When we celebrate the centennial of the establishment of our government and of your society we may say that we celebrate the centennial of the Democratic party. Our government has no history apart from the history of the Democratic party. Their relations have been so closely interwoven that they have a common fame and a common destiny. Other parties have sprung into being and have disappeared. Other parties have sought to establish a permanent foot hold in the affections and confidence of the people, but the Democratic party alone can boast that its creation was coeval almost with the foundation of the government and that to-day after an existence of nearly 100 years, its supporters constitute a large majority of the voters in this country, as was shown at the last presidential election." [Applause.]

Senator Eustis continued in an eloquent strain to describe the Democratic party and its achievements. He said, in part:

"No party will ever live to write its epitaph. As by the power of its irresistible earnestness it destroyed the federalists, the whig and the know nothing parties, so it will ultimately dislodge and destroy the Republican party. [Applause.]

"The reason why the Democratic party has, during such a long period continued to command the confidence and support of such a large following is plainly manifest.

"All its measures, policies, methods and practices represent popular sentiment and popular behests. [Applause.] State rights and federal rights each within their proper sphere, each within the limitations designated by the states in the federal constitution, represent the fundamental Democratic faith. It is the only party that has ever shown its unreserved and absolute confidence in the capacity of the people for self-government. [Applause.]

"It has always been the mission of the Democratic party to protect the people against the overshadowing influence and dangerous predominance of the money power. Our party has never sought to array classes against classes, which was a favorite scheme of the ancient Democracies and led to their destruction. The Democratic party has never waged war against wealth. It is only when wealth has been misused, has sought to establish its political ascendancy, to control the government, to imperil the liberties of the people, to corrupt the citizen, to undermine public morality that the Democratic party has marshaled its hosts to battle against the greatest danger that can threaten the republic. [Applause.]

"Two events in the history of the Democratic party should not pass unnoticed—one is the contribution to the wealth, power and prosperity of our country by the acquisition of territory; the other is in its efforts since the war to extinguish sectionalism in our politics. Before the meeting of the next congress we will have forty-two states in the union—that is we shall have added to the thirteen original states twenty-nine new states.

"Almost every foot of that imperial dominion west of the Alleghanies was secured to the government by Democratic statesmanship. Jefferson carried in person to the continental congress the cession from Virginia of the Northwestern Territory and is the author of the ordinance of 1787, which provided for the formation of five states. Without this concession there would have been no union of the states.

"The Democratic party, although defeated at the last election, looks to the future with absolute confidence. Its convictions it avows with courage; its purposes and aims it proclaims with frankness. It advocates, as in past, measures which will promote the interests of the people. Its record is unstained by either the theft or the purchase of the presidency. It scorns to obtain power by deceiving and corrupting the people. It does not rely upon sectional animosities to sustain its vitality.

"Rejoicing in a reunited country, it seeks to bring the people in closer bonds of American fraternity. It appeals to the prejudices and passions of no section. Ever watchful of the people's rights and interests, it will cease to exist only when our government shall perish, and when that dire day shall come this epitaph for both will be written by weeping liberty: 'Communis fama, communis mors.'" [Great applause.]

A special from San Francisco says: "A wonderful photograph of arctic mirage has just been received from Prof. Richard D. Willoughby, the pioneer miner scientist of Alaska. It was taken at Glacier Bay, and represents a mysterious aerial city. The view is apparently taken from some spot on a hill. In the foreground is a graveled wall, a stone fence, a rustic seat and a child at play. Beyond the stone wall are the roofs of houses with clumps of trees at the sides. In the distance are the half-completed towers of a cathedral and several tall public buildings, while far away, enveloped in what appears to be a cloud-like atmosphere, are tall smokestacks and towers of churches. The steeple of architecture is decidedly modern. A hundred people or more were shown the photograph. Some regarded it as a photographic result of a mirage. The mysterious town has been named the Silent City. The best informed people in San Francisco say that the picture may be that of Victoria, B. C., or Montreal. Most likely the latter, as there is a cathedral there resembling the one in the view. Photographic experts think the picture was produced by a trick similar to the one so-called spirit photograph. This, however, is stoutly denied by those who know Prof. Willoughby. He was the first American who found gold in Alaska, and for fifteen years has been a prominent resident of that Territory.

A New Naval Terror.

[New York World.]

A new acquisition to England's navy was launched recently and christened the Vulcan. She is destined as a twin-screw torpedo depot ship, but is a fast protected cruiser and a formidable fighting craft as well and represents an entirely novel type.

The construction of the Vulcan was begun on June 16, 1888. She is of 6620 tons displacement — larger, in short, than any of the large Indian troop ships and three times as large as many a cruiser. She is built of steel, her hull alone weighing 3170 tons, and her principal measurements are as follows: Length, 350 feet; beam, 68 feet; mean draught, 22 feet. The vertical keel is of an unusually heavy and substantial character and is 3 feet 6 inches high. The cast-steel U-shaped sternpost is extra strong, weighing five tons. The vessel is divided into numerous water-tight compartments, and is protected by a continuous steel deck 6 inches thick in the slope and 2½ inches elsewhere. The engines are of the triple expansion type and will give a collective indicated horse power under force draught of 12,000. They will drive the ship at a speed of 20 knots (23 miles) and 18 knots (20.7 miles) at sea. There will be storage for 1000 tons of coal, an amount sufficient for 300 miles steaming at 18 knots an hour. She will have a balance rudder similar to that fitted to the Spanish cruiser Reina Regenti and to the Inman steamer City of New York. This will enable the new war ship to turn a complete circle of not more than 400 yards in diameter in little over three minutes.

As a torpedo depot ship she will be admirably adapted for the work. She will be a floating factory, full of forges and workshops for the repair of torpedo boats and torpedoes. She will carry an immense supply of torpedoes, submarine mines and all necessary gear for submarine work on a large scale, and she will also have upon her decks a small flotilla, probably eight in number, of second class torpedo boats of the largest size. These she will be able to hoist overboard and dispatch in all directions at a few minutes' notice. The Vulcan will also have a torpedo armament of her own consisting of six launching tubes, some of which are to be under water. Regarded more particularly as a cruiser she will possess qualities which will entitle her to rank among the most formidable unarmored cruisers of the world. She will have weapons which at close range will be capable of penetrating armor up to nearly 16 inches thick. The quick firing armament will be the most powerful of any ship in the world. It will enable her to discharge on each broadside a storm of from eighty to 150 projectiles a minute, and should she ever be attacked by unarmored cruisers or torpedo boats she would be able to give them a warm reception.

The old Roman wall of London, laid bare by the excavations for the new post office at St. Martin's-le Grand, becomes daily more interesting to antiquarians as further portions are uncovered. The London Illustrated News notes the fact and then goes on to say: "From the better view now obtained, it is evident that the Romans dug down about 4 feet into the London clay, filled up the trench for 2 feet with a mixure of clay and flints, surmounted this structure with 2 feet of the hardest concrete, and then laid tiles in sets of three courses, each separated by 2 feet of stonework. Apparently the wall was 9 feet 6 inches high. A bastion has been found at the northwest corner of the ground exactly coinciding with that marked on the map of Stripe's edition of Stow in 1756, but seemingly of later work than Roman times—probably mediæval. Many pits have also been found filled with animals' bones, which may either have been used for the rubbish of the city, or for the refuse of the slaughterhouses in the butchers, colony, which from Saxton times existed close by in Moorgate street, etc. When the site of the French Protestant church is excavated it is expected that a complete section of the wall and the ancient town ditch may be discovered."

Subscribe for the Telegraph.

ALLADIN WAS NOWHERE.

A Noted Englishman Who Has Made a Fortune in Peru Arrives in New York.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Col. John Thomas North, with a large party of ladies and gentlemen, arrived from Aspinwall to-day on the steamer Newport, and is staying at the Victoria. But a year ago Col. North was one of the lions of the London social season, the entertainer and companion of the Prince of Wales, and was known as the nitrate king, the hero of countless tales of wealth and magnificence.

His story is wonderful enough without any exaggeration, but the Londoners made him a veritable Aladdin and described his wealth as boundless. A Yorkshire mechanic, he went to Chili when he was 28 years old, twenty-two years ago, and riveted boilers in the town of Huasco. Yorkshire cunning is proverbial in England—they are the Yankees, of the land—and Col. North must possess a remarkable share of Yorkshire traits. His opportunity came at the close of the war between Chili and Peru. Among the spoils which Chili grasped from her enemy was the province of Tarapaca. From the southern province of Peru this became the northern province of Chili. That its mountains were rich in nitrates of soda had long been known, but no one paid much attention to them or made any money out of them. The Yorkshire man alone saw the possibilities of wealth, and after many struggles he got a "concession" from Chili of certain of the deposits on the top of the Andes mountains by an agreement to pay a small sum. To-day, eight years after getting the concession, he is really worth $10,000,000, and if fortune should continue to favor him he is likely to be worth $100,000,000 before another eight years shall have elapsed.

THE "ARTHUR RICHMOND" LETTERS.

Julian Hawthorne and Gail Hamilton the Authors.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The Commercial Advertiser this afternoon says: Within the past decade there has been no event in the American world of letters which has provoked such wide comment and excited so large a measure of curiosity as the publication in the North American Review of a series of letters to prominent persons under the non de plume of "Arthur Richmond." The two distinctive characteristics of the letters were the extreme bitterness of personal and partisan feeling which they betrayed, and the marked excellence and vigor of their literary form.

Shortly after the recent death of Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice an attempt was made to establish conclusively and permanently the fact that he was not only responsible for their publication, but that he had written the "Arthur Richmond" letters. After this attempt was made, Mr. Rice's close friends thought that the real author should come forward and assume the responsibility for the letters, but as they have not done so the veil of mystery has been lifted. We have it on unimpeachable authority, in fact from the mouth of a gentleman who was a close personal friend of Mr. Rice, and had opportunities to see the manuscripts, that this series of letters was written by Julian Hawthorne and Gail Hamilton.

SAM JONES.

A Faithful Pen Picture by a Competent Critic.

Dr. Crary, editor of the California Christian Advocate of San Francisco, thus graphically describes Sam Jones:

No man has attracted so much public attention or made more personal friends. His preaching was plain, evangelical, powerful. He has no religious hobby; he is no theological pettifogger of lop-sided religionist; but an earnest orthodox, Methodist preacher. A moral cyclone that commanded the attention of more than three hundred thousand people of the Pacific coast, stopped the crowds on their way to the public parks, silenced the batteries of the great city papers, purified the moral atmosphere, exposed the scarlet sins of a wicked city, stimulated the pastors, and lifted the church on higher ground.

He is an original genius. He was not made by any of "nature's journeymen;" not made by the schools; not made at all; he seems to be a specimen of spontaneous development without "the mold of book or man."

He has great intuitional powers—an inside view of men. He knows what key to touch, and plays upon an instrument. He has the eye of a Dickens, and sees into all the crevices of the human heart; he touches its sacred springs, and all the pores open. His odd and humorous smiles open the mouths of his audience, and he administers the bitterest antidote, but the people clap their hands and swallow it and open their mouths again. His greatest charm and most efficient source of influence is his pleasantry. A perpetual smile reigns supreme in his countenance, and the twinkle of his eye is the index to the spontaneous combustion going on within. He is no mere joker or punster or "phunny" fellow, but a genuine wit—a first-class humorist. He is as inexhaustible as the Comstock lode—a v
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Like Socrates, he takes kept in stock.
of men by giving them of cotton.
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or quack he knew. He pu
plows and oxyokes and hamm
home pictures, painted in
words, are so true to life that most p
ple recognize them, and almost split
their sides with the grotesque phases
of actual life. He peoples the imagination with the oddest possible pictures; he introduces Balaam's ass and the Missouri mule, the Georgia goat and the old gray goose into the company of his audience in such fantastic relations as to produce a kind of moral frenzy never to be forgotten.

Said Senator Hiscock last Thursday at Woodstock, Ct., in the presence of President Harrison:—

"If we critically examine the history of our country we will discover no signs of political degeneracy in the present. If another Washington were living to-day, possessed of the same lofty intellect, imbued with equally high virtues, equally patriotic, equally distinguished in all qualities that we impute to the Father of his Country, I doubt not he would be a leader of one or the other of our great political organizations, accept from it the nomination for the Presidency, and hope to attain the distinction of his election by the methods that were adopted by the rival parties last fall."

That centennial oration of Bishop Potter's seems to have struck more in the Radical gizzard than their loud declarations of non-complicity with shady political methods would have led us to expect. Their assertions that Washington would do as they do were he here now, neither hurt the Father of his Country nor improve their own case, very materialy.—*N. O. States.*

It is probable that there is not a man, woman or child in Georgia who never heard the song "Good-by, My Lover, Good-by." It is a jolly plantation ballad, used by serenading parties in the rural districts until it has become the midnight reverie of the sleeping citizens in many places. During a recent revival in the Methodist church at Milledgeville its tune was introduced to that sublime hymn, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," with a refrain, "By and By We'll see the King." Night after night this new interpretation rang out from the hundreds of throats that attended the services, causing a smile to those who saw its comical side, until its novelty wore off, and it was established as a fixture in the song service of the church. It is one of the most popular songs of the church now, and a tune that would have been regarded as a desecration of the Sabbath a few weeks ago is now whistled on Sundays in good taste.—*Macon Telegraph.*

A writer in the New York Star gives the following pen picture of William Waldorf Astor, the millionaire ex-minister to Italy: "The other day I overheard William Waldorf Astor in conversation with a little typewriter and stenographer in an office where he seemed to have been having some work done. He looked in his big, red ugliness and rough tweed suit like a prosperous farmer, and he was talking like a professional typewriter and stenographer, comparing notes on machines and systems with much minuteness of knowledge. He does his literary work on a typewriter, and he is a fair stenographer. He is methodical in his business habits, to the point of old maidishness, and signs his name with careful good penmanship, even to a messenger slip. Often his dress is careless, but when he does set in to do the swell it is done with absolute correctness and completeness.

Young lady (approaching a seat in the park on which three young gentlemen are reclining)—"Ach, could you set a little closer?" Gents (simultaneously)—"With the greatest pleasure." Young Lady (turning to an elderly companion)—"So Aunt Lina, come; the gentlemen Pub made room for you! When I upreme Court, d my music lesson I will com Review, ere to fetch you. Good-by Orleans. present."—*Buch für Alle.* pectus.