

# The Daily Telegraph.

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## DAILY TELEGRAPH.

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### The Weather and River.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—For Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas—Generally fair weather stationary temperature, variable winds. The rivers will remain nearly stationary.

### Approved.

The president has approved the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill; the act authorizing the Denison and Wachita Valley Railroad Company to construct and operate a railway through the Indian Territory, and five private pension bills. He also vetoed one private pension bill.

### Rioting.

VIENNA, July 4.—Advices from Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, say the Servian peasantry generally are rioting. They refuse to pay the taxes levied since the unsuccessful war against Bulgaria, and illtreat the tax collector. Their hostility to King Milan's government is continually fermented by the opposing party.

### A KIND WORD FOR THE CAPITALIST.

Since the day when Lazarus lay at the rich man's gate and the dogs licked his sores, Dives has been taken as a type of the capitalist, who enjoys the good things of this world, and who, in the next, is to be devoted to eternal torment, while the poor man is expected to lie in Abraham's bosom. Though this comparison may be appropriate in some few instances of the present day, as a rule, it is equally unjust to apply it to either capital or labor. There is a dignity and honor in the labor of to-day which would scorn to eat of the crumbs from anybody's table, and there is uprightness and pride in the American workingman which no circumstances could induce him to prostrate at any man's gate.

It should be the equal object of capital and labor to go hand in hand. Imposition and persecution on the one part and vituperation and injury on the other are alike reprehensible. Harsh words, though they break no bones, do not tend to reconciliation, and it is to the harmonizing of all antagonistic influences that the efforts of every good citizen should be directed.

These reflections are suggested by the frequent recurrence in the newspapers of such expressions as "bloated bondholders," "thieving corporations," and the like, and while, as has been said before, in some cases these epithets may properly apply, as sweeping assertions they are neither just nor generous. And industrial organs who can not feed their subscribers on less highly seasoned meats are harmfully exciting the fevered pulse of the labor interests of the country.

Without the capitalist and the corporation the wheels of industry would soon clog; Capital, the mainspring of movement, enables the hands of labor and enterprise to keep rhythmic time with the advancing day. Besides,

Peter Cooper, Paul Tulane and a long list of public benefactors were or are capitalists. The bondholder is a State necessity. Taking hold of all great works for extending commerce, of measures of internal improvement too vast for private enterprise—to build railroads and canals or control a river, of great structures for objects of art, charity or industry, the bondholder is instrumental in giving work to the mighty armies of labor. He is also entitled to notable distinction as the upholder of the pillars of credit of a nation or a State. Nor should the bondholder be under-rated as a citizen. He can not thrive on the disasters of a country and it is among a prosperous people that he finds his most congenial field for investment. Instead of seeking the ruin of others the capitalist can only be induced to come when industry, energy and prosperity invite. The bondholder, if from self-interest alone is a law-abiding citizen, conservative in his views, and deeply concerned for the honor of the State, and in the economic administration of the governments under which are placed his heavy investments.

What we have said does not, of course, refer to the Dives, the railroad wrecker, stock waterer, or to any corporation that strives to grind the souls out of its employes. Such exceptions gain a just and unenviable notoriety. But the vast accumulations of capital roll on in silence like the forces of a mighty river, bearing on its surface fleets of rich argosies—creating wealth and distributing wealth.

Louisiana needs a few more capitalists and bondholders to develop her lands, her mines and her commerce. Let laboring men join with their friend the Item in inviting them and giving them welcome.—N. O. City Item

### DIED OF FRIGHT.

An Over-Superstitious Man Who Was Haunted by his First Wife's Spirit.

NEW YORK, June, 29.—When on her deathbed three months ago, Eva Hebron, of Round Brook, warned her husband Edwin, not to marry again if he valued his peace of mind. Before she passed away, Mrs. Hebron, obtained her sorrowful husband's solemn promise that he would live and die a widower. The wife died contented and was duly buried. A short time afterward he became married again, taking unto himself a buxom widow of forty summers. Her name was Mary Chandler and she was a Roman Catholic. He immediately renounced his faith in the Methodist Episcopal Church and embraced Catholicism. In many other ways he also endeavored to show his affection for his new wife. But the neighbors remarked that he was restless and seemed unwell. He said himself that he could not sleep. One night he was awakened from an uneasy slumber by an alarm of fire. He leaped out of bed, and going to the window saw the Episcopal Church in flames. He watched the darting flames for a moment, then staggered back with an expression of horror. His wife asked what was the matter but he did not appear to hear her. A strange fascination seemed to hold him. Suddenly he shrank back again placed his hands before his eyes as if to shut out an awful vision and trem-

bled in every limb.

"See," he cried, "see, the spirit of my dead wife comes back to haunt me. Oh, why do you reproach me! Oh, God!" he shrieked "deliver me from the awful curse. See how she sneers and mutters, 'As you loved me in life, as you cherish my memory, as you value your peace of mind, I charge you never to marry again.' Don't look at me so Eva. Do not scorn me. Oh, God can the dead thus return to the world to tantalize those who have wronged them? Heavens, she brings an army of ghastly creatures to end my life! Ten thousand devils! How they jeer and jibe! Merciful God!"

The terrified man fell prostrate on the floor with a pitiful moan and fainted. From that night he verily believed he was a doomed man. His dreams were hideous, his wakeful moments frightful. There always hovered about him, it seemed to his imagination, the haunting spirit of his buried wife. Darkness and daylight were the same, the dismal shadow ever present. The man became a monomaniac. One morning his countenance looked more ghastly than ever and he told his friends he had had a horrible dream. He thought Eva's skeleton lay by his side.

The Idea frenzied him. He leaped from the bed, but the spectre followed. At length it pinioned him to the wall with one bony finger. He thought he felt his life blood ooze from his pierced heart and drip to the floor. Then he thought his departed wife licked up his face and flowing blood with ghoulish greed.

"So," she screamed, "I sup the vitality of my false husband." This story convinced Hebron's friends that he was insane and steps were about to be taken to have him removed to the asylum, where one morning last week he was found dead in bed. No one disputed that he died from sheer fright. His neighbors do not believe that he was insane, but they think that he was over-superstitious. Hebron left a will, recently made, dividing a few thousand dollars' worth of property between his wife and his sister. Mrs. Hebron has decided to contest the will, on the ground that her late husband was insane when he made it.

### False Prophets.

The last century was prolific of false prophets. Jane Wardlaw the wife of a tailor at Boltonle Moors, Lancashire, started the delusion that Christ's second advent was at hand, and that He would appear in the form of a woman. Shortly afterward Ann Lee, wife of a blacksmith, living in Todd lane, Manchester, adopted the views of Jane Wardlaw, but went far beyond them, and became known as mother of the sect who now began to be called Shakers, because they made a strange kind of dancing one element of their worship. Ann Lee (whose husband's name was Stanley) had been a Quaker, but her new doctrine had no connection with her previous convictions. She professed to see visions, and in 1780, she declared that the Lord Jesus had appeared to her one night and had become one with her, so that whatever she said or did was His saying or doing. Her claim was to be the bride of the Lamb, as seen by St. John, but her pretensions met with

little acceptance in England, and she was inspired to seek a new home in America. To New York she went in 1794, accompanied by her seven disciples and her husband, who soon separated from her, for now arose a new tenet—the necessity of celibacy. This doctrine not commending itself to the citizens of New York, Ann Lee went out into the wilderness of Niskenna and founded the settlement of Water Vliet, which still exists. She made herself very obnoxious to the American Government, was arrested as a British spy, and thrown into prison. Persecution increased her notoriety, and she became known as the "female Christ." She died in 1783, but her followers protested that she was not dead, only withdrawn from sight.

Joanna Southcott was born in Devonshire about 1750. She spent her younger days as a domestic servant, but in middle life took the uttering prophecies couched in coarse and uncouth prose or verse. She found followers in Exeter, but soon went up to London, where she obtained a wider field for the exercise of her talents. She drew her inspiration, like others of her kind, from the Apocalypse, and made a considerable income by the sale of seats, which were warranted to insure the salvation of those who purchased them. In the year 1814, being then over 60 years of age, she gave out that she was the divinely appointed mother of the Shiloh, and that his birth on the ensuing 14th of October would be the second coming of Christ.

Her adherents then numbered about 100,000, and they provided a magnificent cradle for the expected infant. A crowd assembled at the predicted midnight, and only dispersed when they were informed that Mrs. Southcott had fallen into a trance. On the 27th day of December following she died. Her followers refused to believe that she was dead, and would not allow her to be buried; but when decomposition began to set in they consented to a post-mortem examination which revealed dropsy as the cause of her death.

Robert Matthews, in America, at the beginning of this century, took up the profession of prophet, and entered on an extra ordinary career of imposture, fraud and crime. He was arraigned for murder, but only convicted for assaulting his daughter with a whip. Of his latter days we have no account, nor are his blasphemous and nefarious doings worth recording further.—Quiver.

A contributor to the Prairie Farmer facetiously attributes the recent storms and cyclones to the prevailing style of ladies' hats worn this spring. They reach so far into the upper air that they disturb the equilibrium of things up there; hence meteorological commotion.

A good Rochester, N. Y., pastor, a widower, proposed to a young lady, a short time since, but was rejected. His feelings had the second severe test when a widow neighbor sent him the following text to preach from: "You ask and receive not, because you ask a miss."—Rochester Express.

A heavy wind storm passed over Waco last Tuesday, doing about \$3000 damage to buildings in the town.