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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.
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The policy suggested of rushing through appropriation bills and adjourning right away does not meet the approval of all the Democratic Members of Congress. Some of them say the land grant forfeiture bills are the most important measures pending and are unwilling to go home until provision is made for the restoration of these lands to the public domain. The past few days of torrid weather made some Members and Senators desire an early adjournment, but besides several important appropriation bills that have yet to be passed, an amicable agreement on the Naval bill must be reached before the session ends. If Congress gets away before the middle of July some hard work must be done, and so it is quite too soon to begin packing its trunks. Besides it may happen that the Senate will insist upon the House paying some attention to the bills it has placed upon the Speaker's table before adjournment. Statesmen have donned their new hot weather togas and many of them handle palm leaf fans.

The Senate devoted most of the week to debate on the House bill for a bureau of labor statistics, and finally passed as a substitute Senator Aldrich's bill. This was treating the House discourteously. It simply relegates the matter to that body, whence, in the rush and heat of the closing hours it is likely to be slighted.

In the regular order of Congressional events Friday was private bill day in the House, but as things happened, last Friday was a personal explanation day. Representative Weller was the first explainer. He arose to deny at length, that he had been solicited by Mr. English, senior in behalf of his son, who got the seat for the Seventh Indiana District in the contested election case of English vs. Peale. Mr. Weller said his absence from the House at the time of the last call for the ayes and nays was in pursuance of a telegram announcing the arrival of his family in the city. Representative Hart asked if he were requested on this floor by any of Mr. English's friends to go and meet his family. Amid applause and laughter Mr. Weller replied "No Sir." "If you have any other questions in that line I shall be most happy to answer them to your complete satisfaction."

The next explainer was Representative Kellogg, when the House was made the scene of an act in the Star Route Comedy. He demanded that the House inquire into the charges against him, but that body refused to go into another personal investigation. Referring to his recent trial, he showed that he had not pleaded the statute of limitation, but was obliged to confess that he had not exercised his privilege of waiving it. He stated that the law which prohibits Members of Congress from receiving compensation for services where the United States was a party "had been violated a thousand times." Mr. Hammond said it was a humiliating confession for a Member of Congress to say that he knew 900 men who had represented the people here, and who had committed felonies, and yet to admit that he had never mentioned the fact until it was necessary to screen himself.

Representative Springer has entered his protest against the bill for retiring Gen. Grant, with the rank and pay of a Gen. of the Army. He says under ordinary circumstances he would be glad to do Gen. Grant honor, but now is not the time for the Congress of the United States to come to his relief. He associated himself in Wall street with speculators who have ruined his fortunes and the reputations of his partners by the most disreputable practices that have ever been exposed in the financial transactions of this country. He thinks the habit of increasing the pay of men who are receiving as much as \$3,300 a year ought to be stopped until the men in the ranks and their widows and orphans have received their dues at the hand of the Government.

President Arthur has had a lively week of hand-shaking and the ushers at the White House have been unusually busy. The visiting bicyclers came down upon the Chief Magistrate in great numbers; many of the strangers who came to the unveiling of the Luther statue called to pay their respects, and a large delegation of the bishops and ministers of the African M. E. Church in conference at Baltimore came over with their wives and sisters, cousins and aunts to shake hands.

Under the Sea.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE DEEP.

Many curious forms of fishes have recently been found in the deep sea. One fish, dredged from a depth of nearly three miles from the surface shows a complete modification of structure. At this distance from the top the pressure can hardly be realized. It is estimated this fish has to contend against a pressure equal to 2-1-2 tons to every square inch of surface. A sealed glass tube inclosed in a perforated copper covering, has at two miles been reduced to fine powder, while the metal was twisted out of shape. Yet, the fishes are so constructed that they withstand the pressure. Their bony and muscular systems are not fully developed; the bones are permeated with pores and fissures. The calcareous matter is at a minimum, and the bones of the vertebrae and joined together so loosely that in lifting the larger fishes out of the water they fall apart. The muscles are all thin, and the connective tissue seems almost wanting. Yet, these fishes are able to dart about and prey.

Sunlight penetrates only about 1,200 feet below the surface of the sea. At 3,000 feet the temperature lowers to 40 degrees Fahit., and from a mile from the surface to the bottom, four or five miles, the temperature is about the same the world over—just about freezing. How do fishes and other forms that live here see?

Their eyes are modified as well as their other parts. The fishes that live 500 feet from the surface have larger eyes than those in the zone above them, so that they can absorb the faint rays that reach them. In a zone below this many forms with small eyes begin to have curious tentacles, feelers, or organs of touch.

Many of these deep sea fishes have special organs upon their sides and heads that are known to possess a luminous quality. Other organs are considered accessory eyes, so that the fishes have rows of eyes upon their ventral surfaces looking downward, while near are luminous spots that provide them with light.

One of the largest of these deep sea torch bearers is a fish six feet long, with a tall dorsal fin extending nearly the entire length of the body. The tips of this fin are luminous, and also a broad patch upon its head. Along the sides of the body are a double row of luminous spots.

One of the most ferocious of these deep sea forms is the Chlaniodus. Its mouth is fairly overflowing with teeth that protrude in a most forbidding manner. The fins are all tipped with flammings, while along the dorsal surface extends a row of spots that appear like so many windows in the fish, through which light is shining.

The little fishes called Bombay ducks are luminous over the entire surface, and when numbers are collected together they present an astonishing spectacle. One of the most interesting of these light givers is the Chiasmus, fish that attains a length of only thirteen inches. The top of its head is the principal light-giving organ, and its fins gleam with phosphorescent light. It is not alone remarkable as a light-giver. It has a jaw so that it can seize fish twice its size and easily swallow them. Its stomach has the elastic quality of India rubber. It stretches to enormous proportions, and appears like a great transparent balloon hanging under the fish and containing the prey.

The last expedition sent out by France brought to light some remarkable forms. The dredge off Morocco brought up from a depth of over one-half mile a fish that appeared to be all head or mouth. It was of small size, and the length of the mouth was about four-fifths of the entire body; so that if the body had been severed behind the head, it and two or three like it could have been stowed away in the capacious pouch. It probably moves very slowly, scooping mud and ooze into its mouth, sifting out the animal parts and rejecting the rest.

Why He Felt Mean.

If ever I go into a new locality again I will study my geography better than I did this time, for my ignorance got me into a most uncomfortable position. As the boat neared Sanford I was standing with others on the deck, when a very pretty young lady came up to me and with a sweet smile on her face, looked up into mine with a pair of lovely eyes and asked: "Are you going to Kissime, sir?" If some one had offered to lend me \$10 I could not have been more surprised, and hardly knowing what to say in order to gain a little time, I gasped out: "Pardon, Miss, what did you ask?" I felt that she knew I heard her but she said sweetly, "Are you going to Kissime-to-night?" There was no misunderstanding her this time. I heard her, and so did others, and I felt the blood rushing into my face, and I stammered out, "I would like to accommodate you Miss, I would truly, but I have a wife and thirteen small children on board with me, and if my wife should see me kissing you—" Kissing me, you hateful old thing! Who asked you to kiss me? You did, I yelled; you asked me twice! "You old fool, I asked you if you were going to Kissime—Kissime City, to-night; don't you know anything? and off she went and if anybody ever felt meaner than I did, I would like to exchange photographs with him."

Artesian Wells.

N. O. States.

A communication from Mr. S. Howell upon this subject appeared in the Democrat yesterday which is suggestive of some important facts in our possession concerning the subject that may be interesting to our readers.

What Mr. Howell says of the Artesian well bored on Canal street some 30 years ago and reaching the depth of 500 feet, is a matter of history which no one will dispute. His suggestion that there should be one of these wells in each of our public squares and in the Exposition grounds is an excellent one and worthy of consideration. In consequence of the great improvement in machinery and implements for boring these wells it is estimated that the cost, for a well of 600 feet in depth would not exceed \$3000. The experimental well on Canal street, 500 feet deep, cost \$20,000.

But aside from the great advantages afforded by these wells for an abundant supply of water is the facility they give for an effective system of drainage. This singular fact was discovered by Col. F. A. Bartlett of the editorial staff of the States, who some years ago, while a resident of Covington, had one of these wells bored on his premises. By accident he found that the well could not be reduced in quantity of water, and even when water was poured into the pump to start it the quantity diminished all the time, leading to the belief that there must be some subterranean outlet for the water equal to the amount of supply. This phenomenon was the subject of a number of articles by Col. Bartlett, explaining fully the remarkable fact that developed itself under his observation.

We find that Col. John P. Fort, of Georgia, has recently made a similar discovery, and, although not new, it is still quite interesting as fully bearing out Col. Bartlett's original publication to the world of this strange feature of these deep wells.

Col. Fort has practically demonstrated the possibility of using Artesian wells for the drainage of swamps and stagnant ponds by running them off through subterranean passages that are known to exist at a distance of from seventy to one hundred feet below the surface.

The experiment which Col. Fort made with so much success was upon a pond on his plantation situated about 200 yards from his pioneer artesian well. The pond covered an area of about two acres, with a depth of ten feet in the centre. To drain it thoroughly an outlet must be made in the deepest part. To accomplish this Col. Fort bound four substantial pieces of timber together, floated them over the centre of the pond, and upon this foundation built his raft or pen, which sank as it was added to. When the raft had been built, the foundation resting on the bottom of the pond, the platform was placed across the top, and on this platform a derrick was set up. To this derrick a boring apparatus was attached. At first a pile driver was used, but when the pipe had been driven down through the bottom of the pond to a depth of thirty feet it rested on solid rock, and then the work of drilling and boring was begun.

At a depth of fifty feet below the bottom of the pond the drill struck an opening, and at once the water commenced to sink with a roar through the big pipe, the top of which was only a few inches under water. The drill pipe was drawn out, and the pond commenced to empty itself as fast as the orifice that the drill had made through the rocks would permit the water to flow. When the water in the pond was level with the top of the pipe a reamer was attached to the drill pipe and sent down to open the way for the big pipe to be sunk deeper. In this way the pipe was sunk until a joint of two sections was almost level with the bottom of the pond, and there it was unjointed. Thus, within 200 feet of each other, were two pipes, that of the artesian well throwing up the purest of drinking water and that in the middle of the pond sucking stagnant water into the bowels of the earth and carrying it away. The experiment cost only \$75, while there was gained from it over 2000 tons of compost soil.

Treasure Vault.

Vanderbilt's Fortress of Iron.

John Swinton's Paper: I stood the other day in the vault of the formidable fortress of iron and masonry on Forty-second street, where last year the richest nabob in the world locked up his \$200,000,000 in stocks, bonds, and other securities. It is one of the most redoubtable works of defence on the American continent, though you may not be entirely certain of that by surveying the building from the outside. Its foundations were blasted out of the rock; the front wall is five feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls are three feet; the materials used being pressed brick with brown stone trimmings. The beams, girders, and main pillars are iron, incased in fire-proof material. The doors, window-frames and minor partitions are iron, marble and glass. No wood is to be found in the structure. The great vault is 32x42 feet, of wrought iron, steel and Franklinton iron, is imposing in strength and proportions, and is situated on the ground floor. Its four outer doors weigh 8,200 pounds each, and have every effective and known improvement in defensive devices. A massive wall of masonry surrounds the ironwork. The vault, which is burglar, fire and water proof, constitutes a distinct building in itself.

MARSHAL NEY.

Another Story About His Living In America.

N. Y. World.

MOCKSVILLE, N. C., May 5.—In the year of 1832 there came to Davie county a man calling himself Peter Stewart Ney, who possessed a fine military bearing, had some means, and gave such evidences of education as to enable him to open and carry on a school for boys during a space of over twenty years.

He spoke French well, English brokenly, was accomplished and skilled in the use of the sword and all warlike weapons, and his ability as a teacher has rarely been equaled in these parts. He commanded the respect and gained the love of his pupils to an eminent degree. A long list of men noted as jurists and scholars, as soldiers and statesmen, could be given who were taught by this man, about whose life and manners there was enough mystery to justify many reports.

He lived in close intercourse with the people of the neighborhood of Mocksville for twenty-five years; only once when sober and cool did he claim to be other than what he appeared; on this occasion, overcome by the kindness of Mr. Houston, with whom he then lived, who tried to console him during his deep distress on the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne of France in 1830, he confessed that he was in truth, what many firmly believed—that eminent personage, Marshal Ney.—He gave as a reason for coming to the backwoods of North Carolina that if he stayed near a city he might have been recognized and assassinated, besides bringing ruin on his friends in France, who had risked so much in assisting him to escape. It was currently reported that after the overthrow of Napoleon, Ney, who was supposed to have been shot for treason on December 17, 1815, really only feigned death, and was saved by the collusion of his old soldiers, who had been detailed to shoot him; that they fired blank cartridges and afterwards assisted him to escape to America, where he arrived in January, 1816.

There are some papers now in the possession of a professor of note in this State, written by the veritable Ney, and others by P. S. Ney, of Davie. These have been compared by experts who declare that the same hand penned both.

When this poor schoolmaster heard of the death of the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, he burned a great many papers and endeavored to destroy his sword, which he had always kept with him. He did break it, and it is probable that the hilt of that sword, which added so much to the victories of Napoleon in the hands of the greatest cavalry leader the world has ever seen, is now in possession of a North Carolina farmer.

The great Ney had received a ghastly sabre cut on his forehead and his lower limbs were wounded, having been run over by a troop of cavalry; thus Peter Stewart Ney always combed a lock of hair over an unsightly scar on his forehead and it is known from reliable witnesses that his lower limbs were terribly mangled and scarred.

Many statements, traditions and written evidences might be brought forward to prove the identity of these two persons, as well as the fact that while intoxicated he frequently declared himself to be Napoleon's Marshal. He also had miniatures of Napoleon and of his son, the Duke of Reichstadt. His correspondence was chiefly carried on through the French Consul at Norfolk. Peter Stewart Ney came to America in January, 1816, and died at the house of Mr. Osborne Ford in the latter part of 1846. He was buried in Third Creek churchyard, in Rowan county, and a neat stone placed over his grave.

What to Be.

The highest attainment for you young man is to be a man. The world is full of counterfeiters. But it is a grand thing to stand upright in defence of truth and principle.—When persecution comes, some hide their faces until the storm passes by; others can be bought by a mess of pottage. From such a one turn away. But stand by a friend; be a man; do not run away when danger threatens to overwhelm him or yourself. Think for yourself. Read good books and good men's faces. The eye is the window of the soul; use your eyes and hold your tongue. If opposition comes, meet it manfully. If success crowns your efforts, bear it quietly. Do your own thinking and keep your own secrets; worship no man for his wealth or lineage. Fine feathers don't always cover the birds. Be sober, be honest, be just in all your dealings with the world; be true. Wear but one face, and let that be an honest one.—Exchange.

Is It Enterprise?

An engineer on the North Eastern tells the following funny story: The other night he was pulling a freight train, and when nearing Poplarville he noticed a large bonfire. As he approached the fire he could see a man standing in the middle of the track, flagging him. He called for the breaks and the train had passed the place about one length before it was stopped. He backed down and the man stepped up to the engine and exclaimed: "Friend, got some very fine eggs here; like take some to town, quite cheap." All the crew fainted. Poplarville is in Mississippi.

Dangerous Toleration.

[American Sentry.]

One of the most alarming signs of the times is the easy toleration with which people too generally regard the greed of unearned gain that prevades almost every department of business life. Stock and grain gambling are especially conspicuous, but not the most mischievous outcroppings of this evil tendency which infests every avenue of production and trade in which it is possible for it to obtain a foothold, and leads to the adulteration of food materials to a degree that carries disease if not death into millions of households.

All know of the mixture of glucose in almost everything that goes under the name of sugar, molasses or syrup as well as of the vile and poisonous adulterations of tea for the purpose of reaping enormous profits from the sale of cheap articles at a high price.

The coloring of pickles with copper to give them an attractive appearance, and the sale each year of many millions of pounds of oleomargarine as butter, are too generally known to require comment.

But another iniquity in this line, of which millions of people are unsuspecting victims, has recently been exposed in this city.

Last week the Sanitary Superintendent of the Health Department presented a report to the commissioners, showing the results of an investigation in regard to the coloring of inferior coffee, so as to give it the appearance of being a superior article, which has been extensively practiced for years.

Samples of the coffee that had been colored were chemically examined, and the coloring matter was found to contain arsenic, chromate of lead, Prussian blue, yellow ochre and other vile materials, rendering the use of such coffee dangerous.

Dealers were found to be ignorant of the fact that poison cannot be driven off or neutralized by the process of roasting the coffee.

To properly understand the utter villainess of this whole business of adulterating food materials and medicines, it must be borne in mind that while it is deliberately undertaken for the sole purpose of deceiving the buyer and fleecing money from him by the meanest of false pretenses, it not infrequently involves the additional crime of knowingly destroying the health if not the life of the purchaser. In this view of the case the occupation of the common thief or highway robber may fairly be considered as an honorable one when compared with that of the man who knowingly prepares or sells such merchandise, and yet men who think themselves deserving of the respect and confidence of their fellow-men, buy and sell such fraudulent goods, caring nothing for the fact that they are deliberately robbing the purchaser of money and health.

While these things go on and people applaud the swindlers as sharp business men, to be respected in proportion to the amount of their gains, it is useless to expect that official unfaithfulness and corruption will root it out.

A Supreme Act of Folly.

By his persistent treason Mr. Randall has probably purchased his pew in Congress for another term; Mr. Eaton has redeemed his pledges to the Republican manufacturers of Connecticut, and the Morrison bill is defeated—defeated by the votes of the Republicans in Congress and their renegade Democratic allies. If this meant simply opposition to a measure upon its general merits, that would be one thing. But it does not. The measure has come to be accepted as embodying the great popular movement for revenue reform in this country. Its full significance has been understood, as well by those who have opposed as by those who have supported it, and those who have voted to strike out the enacting clause have indelibly inscribed their names upon the scroll of history as opposed to any and every appreciable change in a system of taxation established for war purposes and now in a time of profound peace taking from the people's pockets over \$190,000,000 more than is needed for the legitimate expenses of the government, besides many times that was a direct extortion from the great consuming public, a privileged few being the beneficiaries. "How long, O Lord, how long?" Not much longer, we trust. We believe the one thing needed to quicken their knowledge of the situation, with its burdens and its wrongs, and set ablaze the righteous wrath of a great people, has been supplied in the supreme act of folly that has defeated the Morrison bill. We are not hopeful that any other measure looking to a reform of the tariff will prevail at this session of Congress. The appeal must be made to the country; we do not believe it will be made in vain, and the present is a good time to serve notice upon a number of Congressmen that when they come home they can bring their trunks with them, for it will be to stay. W. W. Eaton is one whom we would especially designate for retirement.—Boston Post.

A Monroe four-year-old found a newly laid egg the other day, still warm, which he carried to his mother with the announcement that it was already boiled. The same young hopeful recently rejected an egg without a yolk, at breakfast, on the ground that the "hen didn't set it right."—Monroe Bulletin.