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THE TEXAS PACIFIC.

Why General Buell's Report on Narrow Gauge Railways was Suppressed.

The Chicago *Railway Review* publishes a letter to the editor of that paper from General G. P. Buell, in which he says:

I was, as you are probably aware, formerly chief engineer of the Texas Pacific railroad, which position I took after assisting to place Marshall O. Roberts at the head of the enterprise, with a view to resigning the army. This position I was forced to give up, after a year's service, through the rascality and fraud of this same Marshall O. Roberts, who, many of us learned to our sorrow, was old in his profession. I was probably one of the first in this country to publish under my signature a pamphlet advocating the narrow gauge system of railways for all new countries. After ordering my report printed, Mr. Roberts ordered it suppressed, as he said, "until he got through with his fight with Tom Scott."

After my departure to Texas in connection with my duties as engineer, he secretly sent a copy of my suppressed report to one Seymour, with a letter inviting an attack on it, which was made public, while my report was still locked up by his (Roberts') orders. Mr. Roberts afterwards denied his acts, and did not authorize me as engineer of the road to answer the pamphlet of Seymour. It has been well answered, however, by Mr. Quetil since my return to duty in the army. I now inclose you a copy of the same, which I authorize you to use as you may desire. You will see that while I advocate the narrow gauge system strongly, I do not favor as narrow roads for trunk lines as the three feet gauge. I think my reasons are good, and shall still adhere to my views until I see more to convince me of my error. There can not be more than $200 difference in the cost per mile (between the three feet and the three feet six inches gauge), and I do not think a first class road in every particular can be built narrower than three feet six inch gauge. On this gauge passenger coaches may (with safety) be built having thirty inch wheels, which is three inches less than the wheels used on many broad gauge roads.

The Texas Pacific railroad will never develop more than a mineral country for more than three-fourths of its length; hence, I still think it would have been better for the company and the country to have built on the three feet six inch gauge. In any event the narrow gauge road as a system would be better than the broad guage. For while the broad gauge does not develop the country any more than the other, it robs the stockholder and original projector and in many cases only puts money in the pockets of the immediate operator.

There is no doubt of the economy and perfect success of the narrow gauge system, as has long since been proven, and the quicker the country adopts the system, the quicker will broad gauge roads reduce their gauges, and thus reduce their running expenses, and will not only benefit the transporter and capitalist, but the producer, with more equal chances for the development of the now wild regions of America.

A Remarkable Dream.

In the Cape Ann *Advertiser* we find the following story: While the schooner Belvidere was sailing from the Georges to Cape Ann the captain, Samuel Elwell, dreamed he saw floating upon the sea a dead body. All his efforts to secure it were unsuccessful, and his distress at seeing his vessel ride over it awakened him. He went immediately upon deck to convince himself that the whole thing had been a dream, and to shake off the impression it had left upon him. While telling some of the crew about it their attention was attracted by a box which was floating toward them. As it came nearer they tried to grapple it, and bring it on deck; but the waves washed it under the vessel, and they passed over it just as they had passed over the body in his dream. After this he could not rest until he had sent a boat after it, and it had been secured. Upon opening the box, lying upon a bed of seaweed they found the body of a little girl, whose bright golden hair lay over the forehead, concealing the marks of, probably, the death blow. She was nicely dressed, about four years old and had, evidently, been dead about ten days. As they were not to land for several days, and as decomposition had already begun, they had no alternative but to sink the box in the ocean. Whether the dreadful crime can be traced to its perpetrators or not is doubtful, but that a dream should have discovered it is very strange.

The Discovery of Coffee.

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century, a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia, and finding himself weak and weary from fatigue, he stopped near a grove. Then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut a tree which happened to be covered with dried berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and on crushing them with a stone he found their aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this he accidently let fall the substance in a can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liquid was instantly purified. He brought it to his lips; it was fresh and agreeable. In a moment after, the traveler had so far recovered strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Arden, in Arabia, he informed the mufti of his discovery. That worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries, and was so delighted with the recovery of his own vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it *cahuah*, which in Arabic signifies force.

The Last Testimonial.

A Washington special to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says:

The Quartermaster General will soon open bids for supplying head-stones or head-blocks for the graves in the national military cemeteries, under the act of Congress. Three hundred and fifty thousand are required, and there is an existing appropriation of $200,000 to pay for them, but as this is not sufficient an extra appropriation will be asked for by the War Department from the next Congress. Each block or stone is to be marked with the number of grave, name of soldier, rank, company, regiment, date and place of death. The blocks for unknown soldiers will be inscribed with the legend "Unknown United States Soldier."

The Iberville *News* says of an alligator:

One of these playful reptiles has lately been disporting itself in the slimy waters of the pond that occupies the old bed of the bayou between the dyke and the river, and feeding its dainty palate on the neighbors' ducks and geese. Mr. Louis Lozano, although neither cruel nor bloodthirsty, determined to put an end to the depredations of the monster, and waited a favorable opportunity, with his trusty gun. At last, on Tuesday evening, he observed his alligatorship enjoying a siesta in the hot mud on the margin of the pond, and, with a well directed shot, put a period to the existence of the luxurious "cuss." The carcass of the reptile, after being the centre of a curious crowd of lookers on, was given to a colored epicure, who deftly severed the tail from the body, and bore it away in high good humor, for the purpose of dressing it for the table in an alligator gumbo or a fricassee.

The happy faculty for finding out hidden blessings in unsuspected quarters seems for the nonce to be given the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It declares that the rise in their coal is a national blessing; that it will do away with the "sentimental attachment for good old English fires," especially in the kitchen, where the waste of fuel is said to be frightful. It even reminds its readers that the luxurious and heated atmosphere has been given as one reason for such universal tipsiness among their cooks. If sentiment and tipsiness are to be done away with, of course a few dollars more or less for winter's fuel ought not to be coupled. And then, too, this scarcity of coal has demonstrated that "carrying coals to Newcastle" is not the wildest absurdity in the world, for thither they are really being carried.

The Mace-O'Baldwin Fizzle on the Pennsylvania Border.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

NEW YORK, August 21.—The pugilistic excursion succeeded last evening in leaving New York and Philadelphia almost unobserved, and has proceeded so quietly that many passengers on board the train were not aware of the presence of the distinguished fistic worthies. The Mace party left New York about nine o'clock on the Philadelphia train. Mace was accompanied by a few of his friends. Among them were Dooney Harris, his trainer, Barney Aaron and Harry Hill. An old acquaintance talked with him until about half-past nine, when he took his berth and was soon sound asleep. O'Baldwin, accompanied by his trainers, Tom Kelly, of St. Louis, and Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn, took seats in the sleeping-car from Philadelphia. As the train from New York reached the junction some of Mace's friends looked for the Irish Giant. From the darkness outside he was seen through a window, but for a moment there was some doubt as to his identity; but as soon as it was established, the sports felt confident that the men would fight.

The train was delayed half an hour at the junction, and the crowd of pickpockets busied themselves in robbing the passengers who had left the cars. O'Baldwin was dressed in a brown velvet coat, light pantaloons, closely-fitting fur cap, a purple tie was about his neck, but no collar. He carried in his hands a short stick with a gold head, probably the remains of what once was a heavy cane. At twenty minutes past two the train started, and O'Baldwin got out his berth, which was fully six inches too short for him, and soon he was soundly sleeping. At day-break the party awakened, O'Baldwin and his friends occupying a portion of one sleeping car, and Mace and his friends a portion of another. Both parties were quiet and gentlemanly in their demeanor, and it was a noteworthy fact that no liquors or signs of drinking were seen.

Probably not a half dozen of both parties knew where the contest was to be. Indeed, Mace and his friends had been directed to purchase tickets for Altoona, and they supposed, therefore, that O'Baldwin, who had the choice of ground, had selected a spot near that place for the fight. They had been informed that a representative of O'Baldwin would meet them there and determine the final details, but on arrival at Altoona there was a hitch. None of the O'Baldwin party came to the friends of Mace, as had been expected, and the train was about to start. A point of etiquette was insisted upon by the Mace party, and they said they would go no further until the O'Baldwin party sought them and designated the ground. This intelligence being communicated, a representative of O'Baldwin—John Array, of Philadelphia—announced his presence, saying that he had been looking for the gentlemen representing Mace to communicate with them. The party jumped on the train, and it was soon speeding on toward Pittsburg.

By this time it was generally understood that the place designated by Mr. Array, to whom had been assigned the duty, by Alderman McMullen, of Philadelphia, was across the Pennsylvania line, in West Virginia, on the Panhandle route. As this would postpone the fight until a late hour in the afternoon, O'Baldwin's friends had arranged for the party to remain at Pittsburg all night, and proceed to the grounds in the morning. To this Mace's friends made strenuous objections, insinuating that it was a dodge on the part of the O'Baldwin party to have them all arrested in Pittsburg, and thus make another fiasco. The remonstrances were effective, and it was finally decided that the party should remain in a car on arrival at Pittsburg, and should proceed to some point in West Virginia, this side of Steubenville, Ohio, where the car was to be detached and the fight was to proceed. It was thought prudent to steer clear of Steubenville, there to recross the Ohio to West Virginia, as under the laws of Ohio to engage in a prize fight within the State, or to leave the State to engage in it, is a misdemeanor, punishable with two years' imprisonment; and all principals, seconds, spectators and reporters are equally amenable.

It was believed that there would be two and a half hours of daylight remaining after the arrival at the grounds, and Mace's friends were confident that he would win in half an hour. Neither of O'Baldwin's backers and only one of Mace's backers was with the party. One of O'Baldwin's backers, however, lives in Pittsburg.

Trouble was anticipated in regard to the selection of a referee. Harry Hill was spoken of by the Mace men, who generally believed that the O'Baldwin party would insist upon a man pledged to his own interest. Dooney Harris says there is always trouble in getting big men to fight, and never any with little ones. Up to this time no referee has been chosen. Hope was expressed that old McMullen, of Philadelphia, whom all conceded to be a square man, whose only anxiety was to have the men fight and see fair play, would be present to act as referee; but neither he nor John Tobin, one of the stakeholders, was on the train. O'Baldwin formerly lived in Pittsburg, and it is believed by Mace's friends that this fact influenced him in the selection of the ground.

It was rumored this morning that O'Baldwin had informed his friends in Pittsburg when he would arrive, and that a large crowd of boiler men and coal men would be at the fight. This Pittsburg crowd is known among sporting men as among the worst of roughs, not even excepting those of Baltimore. It is known that a large number of the latter were left in Philadelphia, because they were unable to learn where the men would fight. The preparations for the fight, including those at Baltimore, have already cost Mace more than $800. Hence he will not make much money out of the stakes if he wins. His trip to Baltimore alone cost his brother, Pooley Mace, over $100.

A conversation at four o'clock this afternoon with some of O'Baldwin's friends led to the belief that they were disinclined to have the fight proceed before to morrow evening. They say that the spot can be reached and the preliminaries in time to insure the close of the contest before nightfall. They are confident of his success, and O'Baldwin himself expresses equal anxiety to meet Mace and have the question of their powers settled. Both men seem in first-class condition—Mace rather the brighter of the two. His weight is about 167 pounds, and O'Baldwin's about 200. Mace ate a hearty breakfast at Altoona. O'Baldwin took nothing unless it was a lunch, as he did not alight from his car before arriving at Pittsburg. The respective parties took seats in the same car. O'Baldwin laid down on a seat to avoid being seen. Mace remained seated as usual. An immense crowd of sports and young men endeavored to get in, but in vain.

The parties left Pittsburg a little after three o'clock. The special car provided for the excursionists was crowded. There was, however, no loud talk and but very few oaths. The weather was very warm, and the heat in the car was stifling. Mace had changed his white flannel coat before he reached Pittsburg for the purpose of avoiding arrest in case his description had been telegraphed on from some country town. Barney Aaron sat at Mace's side, lustily fanning him. After leaving Pittsburg Mace drew off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves, and occasionally wiped the perspiration from his brawny arm. He and Dooney Harris were very quiet and gentlemanly, occasionally greeting the remark of a friend with a smile of confidence. The whole crowd behaved more like a party going to a wedding than a party attending a prize fight. At one time three ladies entered the car by mistake. In an instant a dozen of the prize fighters sprang to their feet, and politely offered their seats. There was no sarcasm about it, but quiet, gentlemanly, courteous.

O'Baldwin lay at the back of the car, stretched upon pillows as if lying in state. He wore his fur cap and plush velvet coat. To his friends he gave a kind word, but to strangers he was surly. Soon after leaving Pittsburg two water-pails made their appearance, with sponges and the usual paraphernalia of prize-fights. Smoking was forbidden, as it was feared that the smoke might affect the pugilists. The train was behind time; a freight train attempted to run down on the single track from Steubenville, and the consequence was that it was compelled to back on a switch, as the regular train, on which the party was, had the right of way. This delayed the fighting train for half an our. Mace anxiously watched the setting sun as the train crawled along like a caterpillar. At last the train sped through a covered bridge, and eleven feet beyond it the party entered the State of West Virginia. A mile further on and the train entered a little valley, flanked by two ridges of wooded hills. It was Collier's station. It was a little shanty standing in front of a small white house, flanked by a hen coop and a pig pen. As the party alighted from the cars, they stood by the side of a little brook fringed with fragrant wild peppermint, half of the party began to browse upon the shrub, for many of them had nothing to eat since the previous evening. O'Baldwin alighted on the right of the cars, and Jimmy moved under the shade of a thrifty poplar tree which overhung a shallow brook. After a few seconds he moved back to an unpainted frame house in the rear of the depot, where he drew on his tights and stockings. Mace coolly sauntered to a tree near where the stakes and ropes had been thrown, and sat down among his party and sponges. Meanwhile a tape was run along the ground, forming in a ring twenty-four feet square. The turf was very hard; the recent rain had not evidently reached West Virginia. It was found necessary to cut a hole in the ground with an old ax to start the stakes. When the points of the stakes were being placed in, a sturdy lover of the manly art mounted an old rotten stump which was lying loose on the ground, and with an immense blacksmith hammer drove the stakes solid into the ground.

At twenty-five minutes past six, New York time, the ring was announced as pitched. Mace still sat under his tree, but O'Baldwin remained at the house, from which the friends of Mace argued that he was shirking the fight. Harry Hill then went up to the house to see him, and O'Baldwin promptly responded. Meantime, the trouble of the day, the appointment of a referee, began. Coburn and Barney Aaron, Mace's seconds, repeatedly proposed referees, but they were repeatedly rebuffed by Tom Kelley and Dwyer, who represented O'Baldwin backers. The chin-music grew strong, and oaths flew about like hail, and it was evident there was a storm brewing. Meanwhile loud shouts from the spectators again announced that the ring was ready for the combatants. Mace arose in his under-shirt, pantaloons and stockings, first walked to the ring and shied his castor in, he followed it midst loud cheers, and took his seat on a camp-stool in one corner. Mace entered the ring at precisely twenty-nine minutes past six, New York time. One minute later O'Baldwin tossed his fur cap into the ring and passed under the ropes, saluted with a round of cheers. He was arrayed in tights, with a green stripe up the lower part of the legs. He wore shoes with the usual long nails in the soles. He still kept on his velvet coat, and replaced his cap after bowing to the responses of his friends; he seated himself in the corner opposite Mace. Barney Aaron then produced a copper and Johnny Dwyer proceeded to toss up for choice of corners. The penny was flipped into the air and fell to the earth. Barney cried heads, and stooping down shouted in a gleeful voice, "Heads it is, by the holy polkes." Dwyer assented. Then Barney turned to Mace, saying, "Which corner will you have, old man?" Mace answered, "Well, this suits as well as any." As Dooney Harris handed Mace his shoes, he laid them on his lap and then shouted to O'Baldwin, "I want to see your shoes; hold them up." O'Baldwin raised one of his big feet, replying, "There they are; look at them." Mace answered, "I want to see the bottoms of them: here are mine; I'll send them to you." Mace's shoes were then handed to O'Baldwin, who looked at them and held his own brogans up for inspection. The nails were found to be too long and too sharp. Thereupon Barney Aaron shouted, "Who's got a file?" A queer looking genius responded in the affirmative. O'Baldwin's shoes were handed to him, with the orders to shorten the nails to the size of the nails in Mace's shoes. The queer-looking genius produced a pen knife with a finger-fitting blade and went to work upon the nails with the air of a machinist. Shouts of laughter greeted his efforts. Barney Aaron then handed him a long, flat stone and told him to go to work with that. The sand-stone was found to be just the thing. In ten minutes O'Baldwin's tabs were reduced to the regulation size and returned to their owner. Meanwhile the crowd gathered about the ropes. There were not over 150 present, and of these not one in twenty-five ever saw a prize-fight. The shades of night were already falling, and the last rays of the sun were gilding the tops of the maples and poplars overshowing the ring. Carriages by the score began to pour in from the country. The men had hardly an hour of daylight in which to fight, when the interminable chinning about the referee again began. It broke out as follows:

Kelly to Barney Aaron—Don't you know somebody who will act right?

A voice—Gamble, of Baltimore, is another, but I went and asked him as a special favor to act, but he will not.

A voice—Go and ask him again.

Kelly—Yes, ask him. There won't be any fight unless he does act.

Aaron—There is enough here that will do it.

Kelly—But we want to have somebody that understands it.

Well, hurry up, for there may be some interference. The police may be down. We want to see a fight: that's what we came for.

James Coburn and James Lewis proposed. Pick a referee out yourself, if you don't like Lewis or Gamble. Mr. Bigelow proposed; Mr. Tracy proposed; Kelly objected to Tracy; Jim Williams proposed; Mr. Gordon proposed, also Johnny O'Neal—as good as any one. Mr. Walker also said: "We want a good man, who knows the rules. The Alderman proposed said: "Excuse me gents, I can not act. Take John Oveit; he is an old sport, and understands everything." "Will you take John Leary?" "No, we won't have him." "Them I'm done," said Aaron. "He calls for all kinds of men, and they don't know anything about prize fighting."

Kelly said he was anxious to see a fight, but would not accept one who knows nothing about fighting. Let both Hughes and O'Leary act. This was received with applause from the crowd. Harry Hill proposed Kelly, but they won't accept him.

Mace stepped forward and said: "Gentlemen, you know me well. I have been fighting for twenty-two years, and when I go to fight I want a square fight. I want to fight now with Mr. O'Baldwin—have matters settled between him and me. This is my last fight, and I want to have a good, square, honest man as referee."

O'Baldwin answered: "I expect you all know me and Mace, and I know what his fighting propensities are. I fought him twice. I told Tom Kelly and Jim Dwyer that we would come in alive, and we came. All I want is what is fair."

O'Baldwin said he wanted to fight any way. He did not want to place himself in an equivocal position. Then followed more discussion in regard to a referee, amid the curses and wrangling of the crowd. Mace accused O'Baldwin of wanting to go off with the money without fighting for it.

The men continued to dispute until darkness fell, and then Mace and O'Baldwin resumed their ordinary dress and the party betook themselves to the train.

John Cleary, of Philadelphia, is responsible for the failure.

It is believed that they will fight it out in the morning.

The Plaquemines *Republican* says of the crops in that parish:

All crops are steadily progressing, and promise an abundant yield.

Cane is generally excellent, and rice is nearly matured, and we are informed that in some portions of the parish harvest will commence next week.

The supply of labor seems to be ample and the crop will undoubtedly be the largest ever raised in this parish.

Corn is everywhere good, and promises an average yield.

The orange crop is not so promising as at our last report; the trees are generally well loaded, but at Pointe-a-la-Hache, and in the vicinity thereof, the fruit seems to be attacked by a certain mysterious disease, which manifests itself by turning the rind partially black. We know nothing of its cause, and simply record the fact. Some contend that it is a disease of the tree, others that it is caused by the sun shining on the fruit immediately after the very copious rains which have lately fallen and before they have time to dry, thereby scalding them and perhaps rendering them worthless long before maturity.

A Narrow Escape from Death.

[By Gerstocker.]

I was in New Orleans, and wanted to go up to Cincinnati, but had no money; so I shipped as fireman on one of the large Mississippi steamers, the Chillicothe, at $1 a day.

We had reached the upper part of Tennessee, with Arkansas on the left, and, for perhaps the tenth time since we left New Orleans, we were looking out for a wood-pile, our supply being nearly out. The Chillicothe was a very large boat, with seven boilers, and consumed when running against the stream, from forty to forty-two cords daily. We therefore "wooded" twice a day, usually morning and evening, but sometimes in the night. For this purpose, on the morning of the fifth day of the trip, we ran up close to a wood yard on the Tennessee shore. The bell was rung, a man appeared on the bank and from the hurricane-deck the necessary questions were asked as to the quality of the wood, the price, etc. Everything being satisfactory, we landed, that is, we ran up to the bank, the gang plank was run out, and all the boat's hands were soon at work, assisted by the deck passengers, who got a deduction in their fare for helping at the wood landings. With this force the twenty cords—more or less—usually taken in, were soon on board.

On the way, one or more of the buckets—planks—in the larboard wheel had become loose, which not only kept up a continual clattering, but prevented this wheel from doing as good service as it should, and thereby making the boat difficult to steer. The engineer had promised to have it repaired, but neglected to do so until the pilot came down and jogged his memory. Then he sent a man into the wheel to see what was wanted. He found that it would be necessary to put in two new buckets, after first removing what little remained of the old ones.

I was sent in to the wheel to assist the carpenter. We soon had the broken buckets out, and the new ones in their places, it being necessary only to screw them on, which was not easy, as the bolts were very rusty, and the buckets had to be screwed on very tightly. The carpenter, finding the wrench we had insufficient, sent me to his locker, near the stern, for a longer and stronger one. We had been too busy to notice what progress they were making in "wooding," and the engineer, a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow, had probably entirely forgotten that he had two of his men in one of the wheels. The wood was on board and paid for, and the signal that all was ready to start must have been given while I was looking for the wrench, for, when I ran forward with it, I was thunderstruck to hear the command, "Haul in the plank!" and then, in the same instant, to hear the pilot's bell give the usual signal to back, in order to get out into the stream. In an instant the wheels were in motion. I knew the carpenter could not have finished his work; but had they called him out? I could see him nowhere. I, therefore, dropped the wrench, and sprang forward to the engineer, crying, frantically, "There's a man in the wheel! There's a man in the wheel!" The boilers were very hot, and we were blowing off steam, so that it was almost impossible to be heard. I cried out three or four times before the half tipsy engineer understood what I was saying; but when he did understand he was as terrified as I was, and stopped the engine immediately. The pilot cried down through his speaking-tube, "Go ahead! go ahead!" adding some hearty curses; but the engineer did not heed him. I quickly told four or five of the deck hands what was the matter, and we hastened into the wheelhouse in search of the carpenter. We saw him clinging to one of the lower arms, which fortunately was above the water; but, despite all our cries, he did not stir a hand. He must really have gone around eight or ten times, and have been frightened out of his senses, but not out of physical strength, for he clung to the wheel as tightly as though he had grown to it. We all clambered down to him as quickly as possible, but were scarcely able to loosen his arms; they seemed rigid, and we were compelled to loosen them by main force. This done, we succeeded, with great difficulty, in getting the unfortunate man on deck.

In the meantime the boat had drifted down stream, stern foremost, until she struck the branches of some trees that hung out over the river in consequence of the bank having settled, and was fast swinging around when we sung out, "All right" to the engineer, and he hastened to comply with the pilot's signal to go ahead.

The carpenter lay unconscious the whole day, talking incoherently to himself, and occasionally crying for help in a tone that pierced one's inmost soul. This was disagreeable to the captain; so, when we reached Cairo, where the man partially regained consciousness, he had him put on shore, because, he said, there was no physician on the boat. The clerk gave him the few dollars that were due him, and we steamed on up the Ohio. He was, doubtless, soon forgotten by the others on board, but not so by me. The sensations he experienced for a few moments must have been terrible, as he was turned round and round, now submerged in the water, and now high above it, his limbs clasped convulsively around one of the arms of the wheel. Had I not, providentially, been sent for the wrench, we should certainly have both met with one of the most horrible of deaths. In my travels and adventures, I have met with more than one narrow escape, but this is the only one I can not think of without a shudder.

Notorious French Criminals Worked Off.

The *Pall Mall's* Paris correspondent, writing on the fifth instant, says:

M. De Paris has just returned here, after a tour in the provinces, during which he guillotined some of the most remarkable criminals of modern times. These were the Marseilles men, who took their victim out in a boat and tried in vain to sink the body. At Lyons M. De Paris operated upon a man named Bernard, who seduced a young girl and then murdered her shortly after she became a mother. But perhaps the most thrilling drama, taking it altogether, was that which was terminated at Arras by the execution of Courcol. This misguided wretch slew his wife with a hatchet, and the chief witness against him was his own little boy, who saw the murder perpetrated, but who pretended to be asleep for fear of being assassinated also. After killing his wife Courcol lighted his pipe and left the house, and his child then jumped out of bed and called to his mother, but she was dead. When the lad related this episode on the trial the prisoner became furious, and said, "Little viper! I would have settled your business had I known you were awake." Courcol also indulged in violent invectives against the judge and the police. This man has now paid the penalty of the crime, and the torture to which he was subjected reminds one strongly of *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamne*, by Victor Hugo. On the day of his execution he was aroused at five o'clock in the morning by the chaplain of the prison, who informed him that his time had come. Courcol then received the communion, and was afterward conveyed to the railway station at St. Omer, where he got into a second-class carriage between two gendarmes and started for Arras, the chaplain accompanying the party.

At eleven o'clock Arras was reached, and the prisoner was then taken in a police van to the jail, where refreshments, which he hardly touched, were served up. At one o'clock he heard a first mass said by the Abbe Singer, chaplain of the prison of Arras, and then a second mass by another ecclesiastic. At three o'clock he re-entered the condemned cell, and there the procurer and other authorities assembled, and the clerk of the court read out the sentence. Courcol showed some symptoms of irritation, but did not speak. At half past three he had a little conversation with the chaplains, dictated a few lines to his brother, and said his prayers. The executioner and his assistants appeared, and commenced the toilet, over which they bungled to such an extent that the prisoner could not help smiling, exclaiming, "Maladroit." When the time at last came for getting into the van at the prison door Courcol hesitated. "Courage," said one of the chaplains; but the man did not move. A gendarme pushed him from behind, and he fell on his knees. He was thus dragged for some yards, when two wardens lifted him into the van, which started slowly off in the direction of the Champ de Mars, where it arrived about four o'clock. Then the man was hanged.

TRUE MEN AND TRAITORS.

Some of the "Disreputable Men" Support Horace Greeley.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Every Liberal Republican, according to the organs of the office-holders' party, is in some way a person of bad character, whose departure from the organization is matter for congratulation, and whose support of Mr. Greeley will be of no service. What a lot of disreputable men, then, the Republican party in the past must have had in its chief places! Thus:

Speaker of the House of Representatives, Thirty-seventh Congress, Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania.

Speaker of the House of Representatives, Thirty-fourth Congress, and Chairman Foreign Relations Committee since, Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts.

Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, United States Senate, for many years, Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts.

Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, United States Senate, for many years, Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois.

Chairman of Committee on Claims, House of Representatives, ex-Governor Austin Blair, of Michigan.

Chairman of the Postoffice Committee, House of Representatives, General John F. Farnsworth, of Illinois.

Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, United States Senate, ex-Governor William Sprague, of Rhode Island.

Member of Foreign Relations Committee, United States Senate, and since 1860 one of the most successful and valued orators and editors of the Republican party, Major General Carl Schurz.

Chairman Public Lands Committee, House of Representatives, Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Congresses, George W. Julian, of Indiana, father of the homestead bill, original and life-long Abolitionist, son-in-law of Joshua R. Giddings, and one of the fathers of the Republican party.

Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, House of Representatives, Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, John Hickman, of Pennsylvania.

Governor of Illinois and former commander of the Fourteenth Army Corps, General John M. Palmer.

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, former Governor of Ohio, Senator and Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase.

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, one of the founders of the Republican party of the West, David Davis, of Illinois.

Finally, of the five Free Soil Senators who helped organize the Republican party, one is for Grant, one is taking no part in the contest, and the other three are for Greeley; of the Republican electors in the State of New York, in 1868, over one-half are already declared for Greeley; of the four surviving members of Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet, three ardently support the Liberal cause. The people are asked to believe all these men traitors to Republicanism, of which they have been prophets, and to the Republican party, which they founded and led. They are asked to accept instead of these traitors, as the only true men now and the rightful Republicans, Roscoe Conkling, Simon Cameron, O. P. Morton, Zachariah Chandler and Matthew H. Carpenter.

The Wheat "Corner" Smash Up in Chicago.

We copy the following interesting dispatch from the Memphis *Appeal* of Wednesday:

CHICAGO, August 20.—The break which commenced in the wheat market yesterday continues to-day, and prices opened this morning at $1 20, and rapidly declined to $1 12 for cash or August delivery. There is the greatest excitement, and there are numerous rumors of broken bulls. The entire commercial community is in a whirl of excitement over the breaking of the great "corner" in wheat and the consequent collapse of the managers and their adherents. What "Black Friday" was to the gold and stock market in New York to day is to the Produce Exchange of Chicago. The decline in the price of wheat, which commenced yesterday morning and continued steadily throughout the day, as before stated in this dispatch, was only more marked this morning, and rapidly culminated in a perfect panic, prices receding to $1 10 for cash or seller August, or $1 08 for September. This crash in prices brought with it the managers of the "corner," and reports that this one and that, who had been following their lead, had failed. That these reports are true, so far as a great many are concerned, is beyond doubt; but until the close of bank hours, when it can be ascertained whose checks have been thrown, it can not be definitely known how many are gone, nor exactly who they are. As matters stand at present there is intense feeling and anxiety on the part of almost every merchant. Many who were not in any way connected with the clique, who have been the architects of the "corner," will be more or less losers, having to stand between their customers, whose grain they have sold at high figures, and the bulls who were purchasers, and who are now unable to put up the prices. The general feeling is one of the greatest uncertainty, and to some extent distrust, simply because at present it is impossible to tell where men stand. Men who have been on the Board of Trade for many years say they have never seen such a day as to-day. No one can tell as yet the final result.

The crush of the wheat "corner" is the absorbing topic of interest in commercial circles, and even among classes of citizens who have little interest in the doings of the bulls and bears. The subject is canvassed eagerly. The fact that the break has carried with it a greater or less number of commission merchants and operators in grain and crippled others, and that men who were yesterday many thousands ahead of the deal are to day bankrupt, invests the matter with an interest which extends also over the entire Northwest, the more so, that many of the grain dealers in the country have invested their money against the "corner," selling largely of wheat at the advanced prices it reached, and are consequently, by the failure of the bull clique, large losers.

So far as the positive failures among merchants are concerned, it is still too soon to state with certainty who are really broken. That the firm of J. B. Lyon & Co, who were the originators and principal managers of the "corner," has failed, there appears to be no doubt. The names of some twenty other individuals and firms are reported unable to meet their obligations, but many of these, it is asserted by parties in a position to know, will be able to meet all their liabilities as soon as they can get their matters in shape. Hence an injustice might be done to solvent parties by publishing the list. That at least twelve or fifteen firms have refused or been unable to put up margins, or so far to settle differences, is unquestionably true; but matters are still in such confusion that it is difficult to ascertain positively who the parties are.

A prominent operator who has been during the greater part of the time since the corner was established a constant seller of wheat, on yesterday evening called for margins to the amount of $100,000 from parties to whom he had sold. The total amount put up on this call was only $2500. The losses of this operator will aggregate not less than $100,000, and this, notwithstanding the fact he was on the other side from the managers of the corner, and but for their failure to meet their obligations, he would have been largely ahead.

There is an exceedingly bitter feeling among many members of the Board of Trade, at the manner in which the ring have conducted their business, as it is alleged that they drew many unsuspecting brokers to financial ruin, by inducing them to buy grain for them, representing, even after the prices had dropped twenty-five cents per bushel, that they were still able and determined to carry the corner through the month, and that they had allowed prices to drop purposely. These brokers are now left in the gap, and some of them will be crushed.

A leading and thoroughly reliable merchant asserts that one of the leading members of the ring came to him this morning, and assured him that they had not failed, nor were they likely to, and wanted him to bring 100,000 bushels of wheat for them to-day. He at first consented, but immediately reconsidered the matter and refused, thereby saving himself $10,000.

Among the parties who are positively stated to have failed is Hugh Maher, whose recent irregularities in connection with the Coma elevator have been the subject of much comment in the market.

This evening on opening the board showed considerable firmness, and quite a number of buyers made their appearance. The prices advanced two to three per cent, closing firm. The receipts were again large to-day. Five hundred and seventy cars were being inspected at Centerville for Coma last night.

This is a special to the St. Louis *Democrat:*

CHICAGO, August 21.—The excitement over the sudden collapse of the great wheat corner has somewhat subsided on 'Change, and I have had opportunity to procure a comparative list of the killed and wounded. The slaughter of high-headed firms has been terrible and no mistake. So far as heard from up to the closing of banks to-day, the failure of prominent firms is reported as follows:

J. B. Lyon & Co., J. Diamond, McDermid & Ortel, Mugridge & Peabody, R. S. Jennings, Hugh Maher, J. C. Guthrie, Underwood & Co., W. T. Templeton, and a number of smaller houses. The breaking of the corner was caused by the banks refusing to extend usual accommodations to Lyon & Co., whereby they expected to pay for and carry the cash wheat until they could ship and draw on shipments. But for this refusal on the part of the banks, the ring had it in their power to carry the wheat to two dollars at the end of the month, as they originally intended, they holding contracts for fully three millions of bushels more than the total receipts for the month will probably foot up.

I believe yesterday will be a day forever to be remembered. The wildest excitement prevailed on 'Change from five to half-past six o'clock last evening, and from half-past eight this morning till two o'clock this afternoon. Cash wheat sold down to $1 12, and September fluctuated between $1 07 and $1 12, the price varying two to four cents every ten minutes. The furore was indescribable, men jostling each other and howling, with the utmost capacity of their lungs, their wants as either a buyer or a seller; the office messengers forcing themselves into the crowd to deliver a notice for "more margin" to some unlucky "long;" men with wobegone faces standing on the edge of the ring with hard set teeth and fierce look, indicating the misery in their every feature; telegraph boys running through the crowd yelling the address of their messages; bank clerks madly seeking the owners of some overdrawn account or declined check; the shouts and cries of the bulls and bears every few moments as the market fluctuated "their way," all contributed to form a scene of animation and excitement difficult to parallel.

The members of the ring generally did not show themselves, but their brokers that were on the bond were eagerly beset with all the innumerable questions naturally incident to the event, but could give no satisfactory answer. It was, on the whole, Black Friday over again.

Hugh Maher bought 225,000 bushels last evening after five at $1 44 down to $1 28 in his vain efforts to sustain the market, and over 1,000,000 bushels were purchased in the last three days mainly at $1 48 to $1 51. These large purchases on the part of the ring led me to believe fully that they would have carried the deal through the month had not the receivers put the cash wheat on the market instead of filling their orders with the same at the contract price. This was a trick they had not counted on, and they could not take it at the price. Thus ends in general confusion and disaster the strongest corner ever run or attempted to be run in Chicago.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL.

The Popular Actor Planning an Occupation of the South.

The St. Louis *Democrat* of Thursday says:

Sol. Smith Russell, the well-known actor from Jacksonville, was in town yesterday, at the Planters'. About the tenth of November, Mr. Russell leaves for an extended summer Southern trip, which will occupy him at least ten months, commencing at Cairo and embracing Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Virginia, the Carolinas, Pennsylvania and Ohio, with, in all probability, short tours in Louisiana and Texas. His entertainment takes the form of a monologue, something like Charles Matthews' "At Home," or Mitchell's exhibition. It will contain several impersonations, brief comic lectures, songs, etc. From the style in which it is written, and his well-known personal character, the entertainment is sure to be not only an agreeable one, but one with which the most fastidious taste cannot find fault. Mr. Russell has for the past seven years traveled with the Berger family and the Peake family, and in his vacations has frequently tried giving an entertainment of the above character. His attempts have met with such success as to warrant him adopting that line of business permanently. He is accompanied by Mr. James E. Stewart, a pianist from Detroit, who has won no small fame as a composer, both of songs and instrumental pieces. Mr. Russell's friends in St. Louis will be glad to hear of his success.

Why Saulsbury Supports Greeley—Anti-Bourbons.

This is a special dispatch to the St. Louis *Republican:*

NEW YORK, August 20.—In a letter just published, ex-Governor Saulsbury, of Delaware, who was against Greeley's nomination at Baltimore, opposes a straight Democratic nomination; and gives reasons why the Democrats should support Greeley and Brown. He says: This I shall do, not merely because I was a member of the convention that nominated him, but in obedience to a sense of duty. Grant or Greeley must be President for the next four years. They are the only candidates before the people, or who can be presented with the slightest prospect of success.

Every attempt to bring forward a third candidate will result beneficially to the candidate, or King, who has afflicted the country for the last four years. Mr. Greeley is a gentleman of large experience, standing at the very head of the journalists of this country. His long experience in his profession has prepared him for the duties of a statesman. I shall support Greeley and Brown with all the energy I possess, and I hope every Democrat and conservative in Delaware will heartily unite to rid the country of the ring government which is eating our substance and subverting the liberties of the people. I hope to be able to take an active part in the noble struggle.

J. Lawrence Getz, Representative in Congress from the Old Berks district of Pennsylvania, prints a letter denying that he has any sympathy with Grant's side show of Bourbons at Louisville. He adds: I swallowed Greeley, as the phrase goes, and shall support him to the end with all the influence I may possess, for these reasons, which to me are over-ruling: First—Because he was the unanimous nominee of a regularly constituted Democratic convention, held and conducted in every particular in strict accordance with invariable Democratic usage. Second—Because the platform to which he has given his adhesion has been adopted with rare unanimity by the national Democracy as a sound declaration of political faith. Because I believe him to be honest and capable, and that if elected he will administer the federal government under the constitution in strict conformity to the will of the people, and with a conscientious regard for his official oath. If the Democratic party had made no nomination, and left me free to vote for whom I pleased, I would still, as between Grantism and Liberal Republicanism, choose the latter and give my support to its representative man, Horace Greeley.

The *Tribune* prints a third list of newspapers supporting the nominees of the Baltimore and Cincinnati conventions, making a total of 825 thus far published. The list is not complete.

Thomas Dunn English also appears in a card declining the invitation to attend the Louisville convention, and giving his reasons for supporting Greeley. He says: "I have, as you requested, let you hear from me. I can not, however, join you. If I thought as you seem to think I should vote squarely for Grant, and not try to aid him in an indirect way. I intend to support Horace Greeley. I think his election will be followed by a cleansing of the Augean stable at Washington, by a restoration of public confidence and credit, by a more economical administration of public affairs, and by peace, quiet and conciliation, all of which are needed by the country."

STOKES' ANXIETY FOR HIS HEALTH.

The Prisoner Asks for Summer Quarters in Another Place—Dampness of the Tombs—The Warden Thinks He Will Live Through It—Other Murderers Getting Fat on Worse Fare.

[From the New York Herald.]

In view of the fact that application has been made by Stokes' counsel to the commissioners of public charities and correction, together with the subjoined certificates of several physicians that the Tombs was so damp that Stokes was declining in health and rapidly becoming a subject to bronchitis, the writer called upon Mr. Mark Finley, acting warden at the Tombs, yesterday, to ascertain, if possible, what the prospect was of Stokes being accommodated with better apartments than he now occupies. Mr. Finley makes several interesting statements, of which the public should be informed, as will appear below.

"Mr. Finley, it is reported that the Tombs cells are becoming more and more unhealthy every year, and that in consequence Stokes is suffering from bronchitis, caused by the dampness of his cell, and that his health is, generally speaking, on the decline. Is there any foundation for such an assertion?"

"This is the first I have heard of it. But as far as the place being unhealthy, that is the last thing yet. Everybody knows that the city prison is not large enough, such as it has been for the last seven years, and the commissioners of charity and correction for the past seven years in their annual report have recommended the Legislature to provide better accommodation for prisoners, but as yet without effect. There are 148 cells in the Tombs, and there are now about three on an average in each cell. These are likely to remain so, and even more crowded, because there is no court to try them until next September. If there was a court held regulary to try them we should have plenty of room for them."

"Is there any other cell in which you can put Stokes?"

"No, sir; there is not a cell empty. He had his choice of cell. He first moved into cell No. 51. He was not satisfied with that, and he is now in cell No. 73. It has been fixed up by his friends—papered and carpeted, nice bed, with clean sheets, and everything he asks for."

"Yes, but that don't take away the dampness, nor prevent his becoming sick from constantly breathing the moist atmosphere."

"Well, any stone building will get damp a little in such wet weather as we are having. There is a large furnace immediately underneath his cell, which is kept going during the cold weather. It is dry enough then. But this weather is too warm to keep a fire going."

"But could not a change be made for some cell, the occupant of which has but a short time to stay in prison?"

"I tell you, with all earnestness, that Stokes has as good a cell as there is in the prison. The whole amount of it is, he don't want to stop there. He is getting too much of it; he is not used to so much in-door life."

"Could he not have a room furnished for him if he paid for an extra keeper."

"I don't know anything about that; that is not for me to say. But I can say this. If you show partiality to one prisoner every other one in the prison will cry for the same thing. I don't wish to show any partiality to anybody—treat them all alike. Give them plenty to eat—good soup, with potatoes, meat, and other vegetables, and bread—and coffee to drink."

"Stokes does not live on prison fare, does he?"

"No; everything he has is of the first class—as good as any hotel fare."

"Have other persons ever complained of the dampness of the cells?"

"Never before, to my knowledge. There is Foster—everybody knows about him killing Avery Putman—he is in the same tier with Stokes, and has been for over a year. He has not grown thin; on the contrary, he is getting fat. There was never a death from sickness contracted in the Tombs from their unhealthy condition. Why, there was Cornell, who was confined here for four years and six months, sentenced to be hanged; he came out hearty and fat. Then there was Sheppard, charged with setting fire to his house up town, and burning his wife; he was sentenced two or three times; finally the Court of Appeals ordered his discharge. He was in for about five years. He came out a great deal stouter than he went in."

"What cell was Real confined in?"

"The very same one that Stokes occupies now. He was in there for over two years, and the day he was led out to be hanged he weighed twenty pounds more than he did the day he was tried and sentenced. That you could see for yourself, for you were present both at the trial and the execution."

Dr. Howard's Damages.

A New York dispatch says:

Dr. Howard, who has returned from Spanish imprisonment, attributes his release to the press of the United States, to which he returns his warmest thanks. He thinks Secretary Fish might have acted more promptly, and that the government, with proofs before it that he was a United States citizen, might have abbreviated, or at least alleviated his sufferings. Dr. Howard will go to Washington in a day or two, and will present his claim, which is for a pretty round sum, including loss of medical business at Cienfuegos, and his property, the latter valued at $30,000. He will not return to Cuba. Howard says he was loaded with chains on a transport ship, kept down in the hold, and, when he wanted water, had to go up on deck, dragging the chains after him. These exertions, together with bad food, gave him disease. The commandant of the prison at Cadiz was a brute and a thief. Some of the prisoners there actually died from eating the food. Howard had to procure food outside, for which the commandant charged double. No other prisoners were allowed to converse with Howard. No letters or papers were allowed to reach him, while the filth and vermin made him sick. The commandant refused to remove him to the hospital. It was only secured by United States Consul Duffy.

Origin of the Fighting Editor.

The "fighting editor," the journalist who backs with his fist or revolver what his colleague's pen has written, is a being not unknown to the columns of Western papers and the streets of Western towns. He is not, as he is generally thought, indigenous to America. His profession was created in France, during the reign of Charles X. M. Constant de Rebecque, editor of the *Minerva*, became sated with duels, and hired a fencing-master to sing his articles and slay his attackers. Within a year five officers of the King's body guard fell under his sword. He received and accepted a challenge to fight three-and-twenty young officers of the St. Cyr military college, agreeing to fight them all in turn. They, however, adopted their enemy's plan, and hired a rival bravo, Chocquart, to meet this one. The duel lasted three-quarters of an hour, and ended in the death of M. Rebecque's champion. Did the editor despair? He instantly engaged Chocquart at a higher salary than the St. Cyrians could offer and thenceforth wrote what he would.

It is quite astonishing to find a man 103 years old hanging himself, as William George did at Rochester, Illinois, last week; for since death at any rate must be close at hand, the trouble of a rope, of finding a place of suspension, and adjusting the halter seems to be hardly worth taking. On the other hand, it may reconcile us to being cut off untimely at eighty or so, to know that when a man gets into the hundreds he doesn't find life particularly pleasant. Still, if we have any reader who is 103 years old, we advise him to be patient. What little is left of his mortal coil will shuffle itself off soon enough.

The Houston *Telegraph* says:

It would be nothing amiss if some of those mischievous individuals who ever fall take such delight in circulating yellow fever sensational stories could take black vomit. Houston never was healthier than at present. Doctors are starving, or next door to it. As to yellow fever, it is not in New Orleans; it is not in Galveston; it is not in Houston; it is nowhere around in these diggings except in the miserable brains of a few malicious canardists and designing makers of falsehood.