MEMPHIS APPEAL

BY

GALLAWAY & KEATING.

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MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY, : NOVEMBER 17, 1878.

THE board of officers of the chamber of commerce held a special meeting yesterday, with President Eiseman in the chair. The principal business before the board was the resignation of the office of secretary by Mr. John S. Toof, who has filled the position during the past five years. The resignation of Mr. Toof was accepted with many expressions of regret on the part of the board and good-wishes for his success in his new business career, and Mr. S. M. Gates appointed to fill the vacancy.

THE TRADE DOLLAR.

There are many persons of mercantile and some of legal intelligence who are of opinion that the "silver act" made the trade-dollar a legal tender, and removed the disability imposed upon it by a previous act of congress. They contend that it did the former when it enacted that the said "coins, together with all other silver dollars heretofore coined by the United States of like weight and fineness, shall be a legal tender, etc.," and the latter when it repealed all previous legal provisions "inconsistent with the provisions of this act." There is only one difficulty in the way of this view of the case that appears weighty. It is the provision that other coins, besides the 412½-grain dollar, provided for in the act, must be "of like weight and fineness." The trade-dollar is 900 fine, like the silver-act dollar, but not of "like weight," being 420 grains, and therefore heavier. Is this fact fatal to the view that the trade-dollar is made a legal tender? Those who entertain it say that the trade-dollar is of like weight with the other dollar, and more, and that the "more" cannot prevent its circulation. An act which constitutes 412½ grains of coined silver, 900 fine, a dollar, could not make another coin of the United States of 420 grains and 900 fine, a coin of less value than one of 412½ grains. No act of congress could cause to cease to exist what exists of necessity, and from the nature of the case, therefore if 412½ grains of 900 fine silver, stamped as a United States coin, be of a certain value, 420 grains of the same fineness can have no less a value. But it has more value than the 412½-grain coin. So has a gold dollar more value than the 412½-grain dollar, but that does not prevent the gold coin being a legal dollar. Probably some case may arise to put the question to the test of a legal decision, but it is evident that the assertion that the trade dollar is made a legal tender by the silver act has weight in it, and in fact that the balance of the weight is all on that side.

THE BUSINESS PROSPECT.

That business in this country, as far as this country itself is concerned, was improving throughout the last year, was evident. Money was becoming more wanted, and empty houses were almost everywhere becoming occupied, both of which are undeniable signs of improvement. When we come to look at our trade as effected by events and circumstances outside of our own country, then the position of trade assumes another phase. That trade had to contend with the injury done to the world's business by the eastern war. True, that war itself brought a certain compensation, by the demand for our breadstuffs which it aided to create; but if wheat gained, cotton suffered. In spite of that war, as within ourselves trade was reviving, will it continue to do so? We have to contend with the results of fears of a renewal of the eastern war and of an Indian war, and, what is worse than fears, with the results of the commercial calamity which is now inflicting on Great Britain a panic such as we ourselves endured in 1873. With two wars in prospect and a panic present, it is evident that England's consumption will be limited by her troubles. Wages will be lower and capital more economical; as less money will be spent, trade will be less, and we must expect to feel our share of the difference. If England is in trouble, are other lands in a condition to make up for what she fails? Recent commercial reports enable us to summarize some facts on this subject. France is troubled about questions of protection and free trade, and shows a desire to make a commercial treaty with the United States; the wheat crop is deficient and breadstuffs will have to be imported—a fact in our favor. France is free, from the "entangling alliances that embarrass England, and her trade is therefore in a fair condition. Belgium is making great efforts to increase her manufactures, and in some particulars is coming into competition with England herself, as we also are. France is also feeling some anxiety on account of her rivalry. Antwerp is prospering under these improvements. Germany is still combatting evils entailed upon her by the "splurge" that followed the French war, and the "splash" that follow the splurge. Socialism, also, is eating like a canker into her society, and awakening doubt and distrust. Austria is in a sort of semi-warfare with territory made over to her cruel care by the Berlin treaty; the agitation that is the consequence is not favorable to trade there. Canada has just elected a protectionist parliament, and the attacks that will be made upon the present system of free trade, which is also the system of England, is likely to lead to misunderstanding with the latter country, and derangements in its business with the United States—all this is not very promising for our neighbor's trade in the near future. Brazil, and some of the South American republics, show a desire to make changes in respect to customs duties which shall simplify their plan of operation, and so facilitate trade. Several symptoms point to the probability that our own trade connections with these countries, including Mexico, may before long be enlarged. Within this country itself we must remember that, according to act of congress, the approaching new year will bring a resumption of specie payments, an occurrence that may probably influence trade considerably. We may safely conclude, however, that if there was improvement in the business of this country during the shock of the Turkish war, and the near occurrence of a war between England and Russia, we may confidently count upon further improvements as being in prospect. We may do this on the ground of the powers of recuperation the improvement we have already experienced demonstrates. Those powers will be stronger the coming year than the last, and being at peace among ourselves and with our neighbors, and being far removed from the jarring elements that are transforming society and changing geographical lines in the old world, we may look confidently forward to a gradual and quiet but sure progress toward better times and renewed prosperity.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Hon. Robert W. Johnson for Senator of Arkansas.

EDITORS APPEAL—I inclose you a paragraph from the *Gazette*, which caused me to inquire what was remarked by your paper to call forth the *Gazette's* notice as beforementioned. My information is that a paragraph of your paper places the aspirants for senatorial honors as Messrs. Rector, Bell and Johnson; that a choice not being possible, the historical black horse will be brought forth, and the senatorial mantle is to fall on shoulders unexpectant. And as all this sounds rather new to us, we feel that it is but justice to say that no black horse is expected, and that Colonel R. W. Johnson stands front and foremost as *the* contestant, who will represent us in the next congress. Colonel Johnson has been a prominent participant in our political circles for thirty or more years. In the midst of all the ups and downs of his career, none of his opponents can charge a lack of fidelity in the discharge of his duties, or a single abuse of power, position or confidence. In an age like this, a career marked by so perfect a record, joined with an intimate acquaintance on our part of a lifetime, and on his part by an intimate knowledge of our wants, and his experience, acquaintance and perfect comprehensiveness of Washington routine and legislative life, makes him the man for us, for Arkansas, and for every material interest of our section. Mark this well, Mr. Editor, the black-horse game is not played here to much extent. We are a primitive people, poor but honest, and the games of demagogues fall still-born among our "horny-handed, sun burnt sons of toil," and we don't expect any trouble for Uncle Bob in walking over the course, by the honest and fair admission of those who come to represent their constituents. The old settlers know Bob Johnson to be a man; he is honest, faithful and competent to them. The new-comers finding in him these same good parts, stand to him, on his good record and his prospective views, as one who being known, it would be better to try the joys that are known than to experiment with unknown ills, or perhaps a very lame "black horse." In fine, Mr. Editor, the many accomplishments, fine legal ability, long and tried legislative experience, as well as Colonel Johnson's long residence at Washington city, our people feel and are solidly appreciative of the fact that he is the man for our forthcoming senator, and he alone.

VINDICATOR.

Queer Things About New York.

New York *World*: Other New Yorkers as well as newspaper men may learn queer things about themselves now and then from distant journals. Somebody thus edifies us in the columns of the Liverpool *Mercury*, for example, about the connection of the American stage with American politics: "Just now Rose Eytinge is the theatrical rage. She is an American lady, who plays 'Nancy Sikes' in a dramatic version of Dickens's novel. But few persons identify her as a personage once in American politics. She is, or was, the wife of General Butler, 'the fire-eating American statesman.' When he represented his country in Egypt it was said that Mrs. Butler did all his consular work. Now she has taken to the stage for a living." And last week the Boston *Journal* outdid the Chicago house-movers by trundling the cardinal's house nearly a mile up town, and Archbishop Hughes's whilom Mulberry street residence fully two miles: "All the region about the cathedral belongs to the church. Convents, priests' houses, asylums and schools occupy the land. Back of the church and on Madison avenue is the house of Cardinal M'Closkey. It is an old-time, antiquated dwelling, like an old New England farmhouse—a double-house, with swelled fronts both sides of the door. No bank clerk with an income of two thousand dollars a year would live in it. Here Bishop Hughes wrote his famous 'John' dispatches in the days of Governor Seward, and other men famous in the land have slept under this humble roof." Any bank clerk who should try to live in the cardinal's house on Madison avenue on two thousand dollars per year would need looking after by somebody sharper than the janitor.

The Benner Relief Fund.

New York *World*: The secretary of the relief committee of the chamber of commerce acknowledges the receipt since November 8th, of the following additional subscriptions to the fund for the relief of the family of Lieutenant Benner:

From Lieutenant W. W. Dougherty—contributions received by him	$483 00
From boxes in postoffice, at Clinton: N. J., through the postmaster, T. M. Sliger	2 00
From boxes in New York postoffice, through Postmaster James	4 43
Mrs. A. B. B.	10 00
Total	$499 43
Previously acknowledged	5,533 68
Grand total to date	$6,033 11

The family of Lieutenant Benner consists of the widow and two children, aged four and six years. The committee desires to raise at least ten thousand dollars, to be invested in a trust fund in United States four per cent. bonds, the interest of which, it is thought, will be sufficient to place them beyond the reach of want. On the children becoming of age the principal will go to the widow for her benefit. The committee earnestly hopes that the relief committees and associations and individuals will aid to increase this fund to the desired amount.

The Only Issue.

Louisville *Courier-Journal*: "*The Republicans are pleased that the south is solid.* They have done all they could to force, by threats of a future tyrannical policy, the solidity of the southern vote. That is to them political capital, for they have no cause, no respectable basis for a campaign. The Republican leaders, under the direction of Conkling, will, until 1880, try to make the people of the north believe that the south proposes another rebellion; that the negro is butchered by way of amusement, that the peace of the north is threatened. That is the inevitable programme. Nothing short of a general absorption of the southern people in the Republican party, and their assent to its infamous creed, will satisfy the Republican leaders, whose aim is to centralize and destroy American individuality. They do not admit the right of existence to any other party. They never had any really Republican views. Their organization cannot exist under constitutional republicanism. Hence the rapid tendency of the party to centralization. *There* looms up the true menace to the republic. Give the Republicans power after 1880, and their favorite process will be hurried to a conclusion."

A Graceful Testimonial.

It is with pleasure we record a recognition of the kindly qualities of an amiable and esteemed citizen, J. A. Hayes, jr., cashier of the State national bank. A day or two ago he received one of the handsomest gold watches we have ever seen, as a testimony of personal regard and admiration for his character and for the skilful and kindly manner in which he has discharged onerous duties devolving upon him during the late period of misfortune, with unselfish desire to mitigate the pressure of that misfortune upon others. On the case of the watch, in elegant lettering, is the monogram "J. A. H.;" within the case is the inscription: "J. A. Hayes, jr., compliments of Stewart, Gwynne & Co., 1878." We know that many citizens will be pleased that the above eminent firm have so well recognized merit of no ordinary character.

The Origin of Diptheria.

Dr. E. R. Maxson: "Diptheria is believed to have originated in Egypt more than two thousand years ago. It prevailed in Egypt and Asia Minor, to which it extended, during the first five hundred years, and hence was early called Egyptian or Syriac disease. Having invaded Europe, the disease appeared in Rome A. D. 390, and being akin to the plague, of which it may be a remote modification, having had the same origin, with some similar characteristics, and being like it and malignant typhus highly contagious, the disease, in its one thousand five hundred years' transit on the continent of Europe, affected mainly rural districts and garrisoned towns. It had extended to Ireland, in which it was epidemic, in 1337; to Paris in 1576, and appeared in 1771, having prevailed more extensively in France in 1818 and 1835, and in England and the United States from 1856 to 1860, and more or less since."

THE TERROR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Ben Butler, the Man who has Set the Furists of the Old Bay State A-howling—His Career from Boyhood to Manhood, Including his New Orleans Experience.

Washington *Capitol*: "But the man of rotund build, who rarely fails to create a commotion when he arrives, has not the kindly visage of an errand boy, but the veriest satanic mein. The stranger hears the monster called the 'honorable' (a British honor) 'gentleman from Massachusetts.' 'But his name, if you please?' 'Butler—Benjamin Franklin Butler—by many called 'Beast Butler.' Born in 1818, of a sturdy military stock, he lost, when he was but five months old, his father, who, after participating in the stirring events of the siege of New Orleans, under General Jackson in 1812, had become a skipper, and died early in life of the yellow-fever. His father had served as a captain under General Wolfe at Quebec. A puny boy was little Butler, tutored early in ambition by a New England mother. Mrs. Butler was a sterling widow, striving and aspiring, as no women in this country can or care to, except those from the far northern States. An all-embracing memory, a passionate fondness for poetry, a mind of unusual grasp, combative and destructive, rather than imaginative, gave the pale-faced boy's friends cause to expect great things of him. The child Butler matured quickly. During his boyhood the soldier's blood in his veins had often made itself known. He showed a decided taste for military exercises, and early turned his desires toward West Point, where at that time he might have obtained a very thorough education. Doting mamma said no. To Waterville, a Baptist institution in Maine, the youth was sent. While there he found time not only to follow carefully the prescribed studies, but read omnivorously. From the rich fields of all literature he transplanted the rarest flowers into the richly granted garden of his memory. There in bright parterres they blossom, ever ready to be picked and to bloom again. The boy squirmed under the strict discipline of the college. Chapel going he loathed and rebelled against. The stand old professors looked aghast when young Butler loudly disputed the orthodox Calvinistic tenets, as set forth by a distinguished divine who preached to the students. He encouraged his companions in desultory reading. He taught them to disregard the mind disciplining of pursuing a well-chosen course of study, and to acquire knowledge in any manner they themselves should deem best. What mattered it how they filled up their brain drawers, if only they were filled? But what a mental chaos he thus encouraged! To his own mind of extraordinary clearness such training might not perhaps do harm. But, alas! the poor dullard's brain, what a bedlam was there created! He appears to have been eminently selfish. Is not brilliancy unaccompanied by generosity a rare gem in a vile setting? Shall the young rebel receive his degree? whispered the angry members of the faculty among themselves. Yes; let him be made a B. A., but place his name near the bottom of the list of graduates—way down so that he will be mortified, the young scoundrel. And so he went forth from the hated walls of his *Alma-Mater*. What a relief. A sea-faring uncle—jolly-tar uncle—takes him in his fishing-smack to Labrador. 'I'll give you a bunk in the cabin, but you must do your duty before the mast—watch, watch like a man.' In that land the future gleaner bears Butler tipped in so much bracing air that he who left New England with a frail constitution—only the embryo bully—returns with an iron-clad frame, strong enough to resist the storms and brave the rough buffets of an eventful career. At the age of twenty-two he was admitted to the bar, and soon advanced to the front rank in the profession. An office at Boston, with a branch at Lowell, keeps him busy from eight o'clock in the morning till midnight or past. In criminal cases he especially excelled. His ready gift of repartee never failed to serve him. Once during the early days of his practice he asked the clerk of the court to give notice. Butler was an ardent northern Democrat, and the only newspaper of his party at Lowell was the *Advertiser*, a journal entirely ingrored by the larger portion of the community. 'In what paper?' asked the clerk, and added, contemptuously, 'we never was told the Lowell *Advertiser*.' 'I don't know such a paper.' 'Pray, Mr. Clerk,' said Butler, in return, 'do not interrupt the proceedings; for if you begin to tell us what you don't know there will be no time for anything else.' It would be an endless task to cite even specimens of the wonderful varieties of his wit. He is said to have been at table not long since with the chief justice and Mr. Evarts, and some other men of distinction—Governor Hampton one of them. Secretary Evarts, whose love for good eating is well known, smacked his lips over the terrapin stew, and asked Butler: 'General, how much would it cost a year to have terrapin for dinner every day?' He was told. 'But, General, I cannot afford so expensive a luxury, and yet I would exceedingly like to treat myself and friends daily to terrapin. You, who are so experienced in framing bills and getting them through congress, can you not smuggle through an appropriation providing the secretary of state with funds to supply himself with this delicious viand?' 'The terrapin is a slow animal, is it not, Mr. Secretary?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' said Butler, 'I think I might get it under the head of *Stationery*.' It was he also, perhaps, who first answered the often-asked question: What becomes of pins when they fall to the ground? Well, they become terra-pins. In his professions, his panegyrist, Parton, even admits that Butler owed much of his success to legerdemain. (Legerdemain, translated into plain language, means trickery). Always sensational, he made such a fearful warwhoop before opening the battle that he easily put a coward-hearted antagonist to flight, and by stratagem found no difficulty in winning some weak-kneed disgard of a judge over to his side. He married, it is said, an actress—a fine, handsome woman. Two or more handsome sons have grown to a vigorous manhood; and a daughter, Blanche, fair as a lily, exquisite (notwithstanding such a father) in face and form, and manner, won, by the most graceful tact and by an unsurpassed loveliness, the favor of every one who knew her, whether friend or foe of her parents. Notwithstanding his engrossing professional labors, Butler was ever dabbling and scheming in politics. A northern Democrat and anti-Abolitionist, he was, before the war, a defeated candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts. Even in his early career he incited the easily misled workingmen to insubordination, exciting them once to such an extent that they threatened to rush forth and burn the city. Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursued, has driven destruction on the multitude. When the first echoes of booming cannon at Sumter reached Massachusetts, justice only is done to Butler in saying that he acted consistently with the principles of his party in buckling on the armor of his State. He, at least, did not waver. He went out to fight, but soon he proved himself animated more by the love of war, of blood and rapine, then by the sincere, disinterested pursuit of principle, which every fair man will acknowledge moved each faction in our great civil war. Every one knows his war career, and should despise him for it. The best elements at the north—the fighting men—were so incensed at the disgrace he brought upon his superiors and fellows-in-arms, by the low, contemptible exhibition of his personal greed and animosities, that they learned to abhor his name as much as did their southern foes. So greatly did he thus undo the moral effect of the war-demanded vigor with which his executive ability enabled him to inaugurate his administration at New Orleans, that bitter rain, as extreme as himself in important matters, pencured his conduct and had him recalled. Even if allowance be made for woman-hate—the bitterest of all hates—and for the existence of war time, one can not peruse the pages of Mrs. Marion Southwood's *Beauty and Booty* without feeling abhorrence for the one who offered such unnumbered indignities to helpless private individuals. The insults to the spirited and handsome wife of one of our leading lawyers, and to all that sisterhood of over-patriotic ladies, will be chronicled in war annals among the foulest of historical deeds. Every man, friend or foe, of the southern States, with one spark of chivalry in his bosom, should shudder at the thought of their enactment in these modern days. Parton, enthusiastic as he is, cannot, with all his volume of eulogy, whiten those darkest blots on the record of an advancing civilization."

A Sunday Evening's Entertainment in Virginia City.

A St. Louis gentleman, now in Virginia City, Nevada, thus writes of a Sunday evening in that flourishing and excessively vivacious city: "Yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, they announced that a fight would come off at the Alhambra, between the famous bulldog, 'Turk,' and a wildcat. The antecedents of both animals were decidedly creditable. The dog, a great, big, white fellow, with a neat black patch over the left eye, and heavy, overhanging jaw, is considered one of the gamest in the State. The cat's record as a killer is not bad. Was captured a few miles from here by a farmer in a henroost. The next roost, about one minute; number in the roost, thirty. So there was not many left. At the appointed hour, amidst the breathless excitement of a crowded house, the cat was brought onto the stage in a large wooden cage, which took up nearly the whole stage, and was arranged so that all could view the combat, a magnificient animal, looking very much like a ferocious small tiger; weight, about forty pounds. Then the dog was brought in and was placed in the cage through a hole in the top, which was then closed. Hostilities commenced immediately, and for about four minutes things were lively inside the cage. The dog got the cat by the throat and tried to choke him, but the cat just clawed that canine till he fairly yelped with pain. All of a sudden the scene of operations was enlarged, for one of the slats gave way, and the wildcat with one bound sprang clear into the midst of the audience. Then there was a stampede, in which chairs, benches, musical instruments and humans got badly mixed up. Fortunately, beyond a few bruised shins and badly demoralized corns, no one was hurt. The wildcat was captured when he had taken refuge under some benches, and returned to the box, not much the worse from the fight, and a renewal of hostilities is promised for next Sunday."

The Electric Light in Rome.

London *Telegraph*, October 28th: "It seems that the alarm among owners of gas property has extended even to Rome, where the question of lighting by electricity has been raised in a practical form by a proposal from an enterprising Paris firm to illuminate certain of the streets and piazzas with the new agent on the occasion of the entry that the king and queen are expected shortly to make. The idea is excellent. Rome, under the electric light, would display picturesque effects and weird and striking contrasts, such as certainly no other city in the world could produce. Shedding its rays from the battlements of Fort St. Angelo, from the balcony in front of St. Peter's, whence the benediction *urbi et orbi* used to be given, from the top of the uppermost tier of the Coliseum, illuminating all the space past the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars on to the Arch of Titus, in the gardens of the Pincian hill, in front of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, or from the summit of the Column of Trajan, or, best of all, in the labyrinthine recesses of the Catacombs, the spectacle would lack no element of the romantic, while the sordid details, visible enough in open day, would be either lost altogether; or transformed, by the witchery of the novel radiance into 'something new and strange,' but neither common nor repulsive. On grounds of public safety, of course, the attempt would have much to recommend it. The streets of modern Rome are narrow and, with rare exceptions, crooked and irregular, affording admirable cover for footpads and bravoes, for whose especial behoof it might be thought they were originally devised, and neither the police nor the ordinary lighting arrangements are all what could be wished. To keep up a sort of artificial daylight in the neighborhood of the Ghetto, or in the Trastevere suburb, would deprive a good many loose characters of their chance of booty, and make it possible for strangers to move about after dark with comparative safety, which cannot be said of the present system. A late pope anathematized gas, but there is no fear of King Humbert treating the electric light so harshly. Thus the useful as well as the ornamental would be studied by the innovation, and science would confer a boon on every dweller in Rome, whether it flooded the Corso with an unwonted glare at midnight for the benefit of natives and sojourners alike, or, for the special delectation of the latter, threw long shafts of light from the summit of the tomb of Cecilia Metella across the dreary avenue of ruins that traverse the waste Campagna."

A Russian Arctic Expedition.

A second report has been received from the Nordenskjold Arctic expedition, dated Dickson's harbor, August 7th. The expedition left Tromso July 21st, passed by the North cape July 25th, came in sight of the island of Novaja Semlja July 28th, and anchored up the same day at Habarowa, a Russian fishing place. In summer time Habarowa is quite a town, numbering about one hundred inhabitants, Russian hunters with their Samojed slaves living in tents around the church. In winter time all the tents are gone, and the church, built of undressed timber and moss, but boasting a large gilt cross on its roof, is left desolate and alone. The Samojeds, who are simple slaves, and follow their Russian masters, accompanied by their wives and children, are pagans, and have on the opposite island of Waigatsh a holy place with an idol and an altar, on which the visitors from the east leave offerings, the head of a white bear still bleeding. The first ice was encountered along the coast of Novaja Semlja, where it lay scattered in huge blocks, but from Habarowa to Dickson harbor, through the sound of Beli, of which a map was made, the way ran among drifting masses of ice. Two men, lodged in barrels on the top of the mast, kept a steady lookout with the shifting movements of the ice, and gave the direction to the vessels. No serious embarrassments occurred. Beside the Neptune, whose lucky trip to the mouth of the Ob we reported some two weeks ago, two other vessels—the Lena and the Amur—have visited the northern coast of Siberia and made great bargains, exchanging various textile fabrics, hardware, sugar and spices, for furs, skins, fish-oil, cereals and uncoined silver. A number of sacks of coffee could not be disposed of, however, as the natives are tea-drinkers and wholly unacquainted with coffee.

Not a Nice Barber.

Whitehall *Review*: "A certain eccentric barber is nobody's enemy but his own. He drinks like a fish and confesses to periodical *delirium tremens*. The other day he shaved a friend of mine. As he finished bestowing the lather, and took a clean sweep with his razor down my friend's neck and throat, he said: 'The worst o' the drink is that it makes one so jumpy in the morning. You feels as if you'd like to cut your own throat, or some one else's, you does.' My friend sat still in horror, and wished himself safe out of the shop. 'Ah, sir,' continued Figaro, 'it's downright pleasure to shave real flesh and blood like this,' and he swept the other cheek with his instrument. 'What do you mean?' exclaimed the customer in terror, feeling sure that the barber had homicidal intentions. 'Well, sir, the last job I had afore this was a stiff 'un,' and he wiped his razor methodically as he spoke. 'And is that the razor you used?' 'Well, yes, it is; you wants the keenest one you has to shave a corpse, and, excuse me, sir, your beard's stiff, so I keep's my best razor for you.' My friend dashed off the napkin and bolted for his life out of the shop. I met him with the remains of the lather still fresh upon his cheeks."

Two Odd Pets.

Reno (Nev.) *Gazette*: "Morris Ash has as a pet a sturdy young wildcat. He is very tame, and between him and Ash's big dog a warm friendship exists, the two frequently playing and rolling over one another with the liveliest good nature and enjoyment. The cat, however, is kept, out of deference to the prejudice of civilization, at the end of a large chain. Harry Fogg, of the People's market, is the owner of a still more interesting pet—a black eagle. The bird was caught by a Piute Indian, about two years ago, while yet but a chicken. Now he is a tremendous fellow, with a six-foot spread of wing. He is kept in the back-yard, in a stout, wooden cage. The bird is a beautiful one, his plumage being as shiny as new satin. He is fierce toward everybody but his master, for whom he has a great regard, feeding from his hand and taking pleasure in having his feathers stroked and his head scratched. His chief pleasure is to bathe, just like a canary, in a mammoth pan of water, which he sends flying in all directions with his wings. His food is principally raw beef, but the hand of passing charity now and again throws him a live cat or chicken, and then he murders and eats with intense satisfaction."

The Clarksville Outrage.

Fort Smith (Ark.) *Independent*: "Nearly every paper we read comes burdened with crime—arson, rape, robbery, murder, and an array of lawlessness simply astounding, and surely harbingers of the approach of the millennium, previous to which Satan was to be turned loose for a season. If old Clootie is not at large now, we may well dread the time when he slips his leader. The last fiendish outrage, of only last week, is reported from Clarksville, in this State. Hamp Neal, a negro tramp, applied at the residence of Mr. Haskill to light his pipe. In the house, alone, was Haskill's daughter, the widow Hahn, upon whom he laid hands and committed a crime for which an indignant community at once swung him to a limb, in spite of the law officers. We are not an advocate of mob law, but if ever such things are justifiable, it is when brute force overcomes resisting helplessness and commits this foulest and most damnable crime in the catalogue of human probabilities. Hanging is too mild a death. A red-hot gridiron, with scalding oil to baste the yelling devil, should be his last pleasures in this world."

ERICSSON'S TORPEDO-BOAT.

The Destroyer on the Hudson River—First Trial Trip of a Dangerous Craft—Description of the Vessel—Its Speed and its Armament.

New York *Times*: "The new torpedo-boat which Captain Ericsson has invented and constructed to instantly sink the stoutest iron-clad afloat made its first trial trip yesterday. Her name is Destroyer. She is the private property of Ericsson, and was built at a cost of nearly fifty thousand dollars. Ericsson is ready to sell the Destroyer to any government, but prefers that the United States should have the first choice. The boat was launched last August, and several times since then steam has been raised in her boilers, but it was not until yesterday morning, at half-past ten o'clock, that she made her first trip, the course being up the Hudson, from the foot of West Thirteenth street. She looked more like a new-fangled sort of a tug-boat than anything else, although some few persons on the rivershore decided that she was a patent steam catamaran. No one was on board except the captain, his engineer and fireman, and a couple or more of 'deck hands.' The Destroyer went up the river as far as One Hundred and Ninetieth street, and then returned at once to the dock. It was intended to go no as far, at least, as the light-ship, but for some unknown reason the captain gave contrary orders. One of the crew said that a speed of twenty-two knots an hour was registered, and that the consumption of coal was insignificant. Another trip seaward will be made soon. The form of the hull of the Destroyer is peculiar, both ends being precisely alike, terminating with fine wedges, probably sharper than any vessel of deep draught yet built. The length is one hundred and thirty feet; depth, eleven feet; beam twelve feet, extreme—thus presenting the unusual proportion of eleven to one times greater length than width. The rudder of the craft is unconnected with the visible part of the stern, being attached to a vertical wrought-iron post welded to a prolongation of the keel, just aft of the propeller, its upper part being nearly four feet below water-line. The tillers consist of thin plates of iron riveted on opposite sides of the rudder, a few inches from the bottom. These tillers are operated by straight rods worked by hydraulic power, the pistons being attached to the sides of the keel. Accordingly, the steering-gear will be placed ten feet below water line, while the top of the rudder only reaches within four feet of the water line. The hull is provided with an intermediate curved deck extending from stem to stern, composed of plate-iron strongly ribbed and water-tight. This intermediate deck sustains a heavy solid armor-plate, placed transeversely to the line of keel thirty-two feet from the bow, inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, and supported on the aft side by a heavy wood backing. Behind this is the steering-wheel, the head of the pilot being protected by iron-plate armor. During an attack it is intended that the Destroyer shall be as deeply immersed in the water as the monitors, but this deep immersion will not inconvenience the ship's crew, for a deck-house, or cabin, seventy feet long, composed of plate-iron, is riveted water-tight to the upper part of the hull. As this cabin, which has no opening in the sides, virtually forms part of the hull, it will be safe to run with the upper deck considerably below the water line. Captain Ericsson furnished the following details of the Destroyer: The origin of the projectile torpedo, which the Destroyer is intended to discharge, dates back, he says, to the latter part of 1854, at which time he submitted drawings and descriptions to Emperor Napoleon III of a self-acting vessel capable of passing within range of guns of forts, and of moving at pleasure in defiance of the fire of broadsides. The leading feature of the plan, apart from the peculiar structure of the vessel, was that of projecting under water, by mechanical means, independent of explosive energy, a wooden torpedo, sixteen inches in diameter, ten feet long, having a sixteen-inch shell inserted at the forward end, provided with a percussion lock for igniting the charge by contact, the aft end of the torpedo being pointed in order to facilitate its passage through the water. The method of discharging the torpedo was that of inserting it into a horizontal tube near the bottom of the aggressive vessel, provided with valves for keeping out the sea during the process of insertion. When near the vessel attacked the valve excluding the sea was opened, and the torpedo expelled by a piston actuated by steam-power, without recourse to gunpowder or other explosive agent. It merits special mention, added the captain, that the area of the actuating-piston was larger than the transverse section of the torpedo, a feature which has been copied in constructing the projectile torpedo of the Destroyer. The new torpedo, like the torpedo of 1854, is composed of a solid block of light wood, the explosive charge being contained in a metallic vessel inserted at the forward end. The form, however, is different. Instead of being circular, as in the plan presented to the French emperor, the transverse section of the wooden torpedo of the Destroyer is square, with parallel top and bottom, and vertical sides forming very sharp wedges at both ends, cased with steel plates, its extreme length being twenty-three feet. The details of the instrument are particularly described in patents granted for the invention by the United States and by the British government. The speed of the Destroyer will be very nearly as great during backing as when going ahead. As showing a comparison in the speed of the Destroyer with that of other aggressive torpedo-boats, the result of some recent trials of the coast of France may be mentioned. The experiments were concluded at Cherbourg by the successful completion of the three hours trial of a set of six Thornycroft vessels just delivered to the French government. These vessels are each eighty-seven feet long over all by ten feet six inches beam, and draw about five feet six inches of water. The rudder is placed abaft the screw. The results actually obtained show that the speed in three hours run was for each vessel respectively eighteen six hundred and sixty-one one-hundredths, eighteen seven hundred and thirty-four one-hundredths, eighteen nine hundred and sixty-three one-hundredths, eighteen one hundred and sixty-five one-hundredths, eighteen four hundred and five one-hundredths and eighteen eight hundred and thirty-six one-hundredths knots an hour. The speed contracted for was eighteen knots. The consumption of coal at full speed was found to vary from one thousand eight hundred pounds to one ton of coal per hour, and the bunkers were capable of holding five tons of coal. The weight on board, in addition to the three tons of coal required for steaming, consisted of a crew of ten men, with stores, etc., including even a spare propeller, and a weight equivalent to the weight of the torpedo-gear to be used on the vessel, and fixed in the position that gear will occupy when the vessel is on service. In firing, a reel of some ten feet in diameter, revolving on a horizontal axle, is applied near the chamber from which the torpedo is ejected on the Destroyer; a tubular rope, the bore of which is about an inch in diameter, constructed of hemp and vulcanized rubber, is wound on this reel, one end being connected through the hollow axle of the reel with an air vessel under a pressure of three hundred pounds to the square inch, and the other with the rear end of the torpedo. Two propellers, revolving in opposite directions round a common center, are set in motion by the compressed air thus supplied. The position of the torpedo as to level is determined, during its motion, by the weight of the machine itself and by the action of a horizontal rudder or fin. A small celastic bag, connecting the tubular rope with the induction pipe of the little rotary engine on the torpedo which turns the propeller, is attached to the side of the tiller of the torpedo's vertical rudder. As the compressed air must pass through the bag, the latter expands or contracts according to the internal pressure. This is regulated at will by a valve in the hollow axle of the reel, the pressure in the air-vessel being maintained steady by force-pumps worked by steam. The elasticity of the bag, or a similar arrangement with a loaded piston, is so proportioned that when the maximum pressure is admitted to the tube, the swelling of the bag or movement of the piston will move the tiller about twenty degrees to port. When the pressure is reduced twenty-five per cent., the opposite action will move the tiller twenty degrees to starboard. Thus, by admitting more or less air into the rope, the tiller can be made to assume any original angle within a range of forty degrees. The direction of the torpedo is as completely under the control of the hand which admits the compressed air into the tubular rope as if an intelligent directing power existed within the torpedo itself."

A Courageous Minister.

Nashville *American*: "From one of his brother ministers, we learn the particulars of the escape from drowning last week, of Rev. A. D. Tadlock, of Grayson county, Kentucky. He had been with his wife and child, visiting his father, Rev. J. D. Tadlock, D. D., a Presbyterian minister and president of King college, Bristol, Tennessee. On his way back by Pond Gap, in crossing Clinch river, at Rocky Ford, the high waters wasted the horse from his footing and overturned the buggy. Mr. Tadlock clung to his wife and she to the child, until it was washed from her arms. He was manfully swimming, although entangled in the lines. When she shrieked at the loss of the child, he succeeded in grasping it and retaining his hold upon his wife. The horse, in the meantime, was partly swimming and partly washed down by the current, dragging the buggy and the entangled swimmer. The line now proved their salvation. Reaching slack water, the horse dragged them ashore, the gallant husband and father still clinging to wife and child and managing to keep afloat. The child was unconscious when the shore was reached, but was revived and suffered no lasting ill effects. The buggy was torn up considerably, but the shitty preacher, with a borrowed hatchet and rope, was soon ready to return to Bristol for a new outfit and to be embalmed as the hero of one of the narrowest escapes recorded."

American Cheese in England.

New York *Times*: "The sales in England of American-made cheese have been for ten years past constantly increasing, and at a recent agricultural convention in that country, a large part of the time was taken up in endeavoring to devise means for overcoming this competition. The peculiar feature in the American system of manufacture which was considered worthy of imitation was the establishment of cheese dairies. A few of these have already been started in England, but as a rule the custom of each farm making its own cheese still holds good. One point in American cheese-making, which it was thought did not sufficiently tell against it was the quality of the article produced. Experts in cheese, while admitting that the American product was driving their own Cheddars and Gloucesters out of the market, claimed, none the less, that the former was not in quality to be compared with the latter. But in this respect the difficulty against which the English dairymen had to contend was the ignorance of their own countrymen, or rather countrywomen. These, it was asserted, had no clearer idea of the quality of cheese than of the quality of champagne, and in making purchases were guided almost wholly by the prices asked. If this is the case, American dairymen can confidently count on holding their own, as it would be hard to conceive of a more hopeless or endless task than the work of bringing up the tastes of the entire female population of England to a higher level on the subject of cheese than the one they now occupy; yet this indefinite hope seems to be about the only one that is held out to the English dairymen."

Sherman on Small Bills.

WASHINGTON, November 12—Secretary Sherman, referring to the rumored withdrawal of the one and two dollar United States notes, says: "Fully a year ago the same story was started in some paper, and caused an unnatural demand for small bills. The statement was unfounded, other than that having one year's supply of ones and twos on hand, the bureau of engraving and printing stopped printing more till that supply could be reduced. No order was issued to the treasurer to limit the issue of ones and twos, but they were issued to everybody who demanded them. No order was ever made for their withdrawal. They are issued like other money, whenever required, and any tender of a demand against the United States is ordinarily paid in the denomination of money desired. After the first of January, no bills of a less denomination than five dollars can be issued by national banks, and no doubt if the one and two dollar United States notes were with