

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, Proprietor. "Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

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Doomsday Book.

The English Government Making a List of the Landholders of the Kingdom.

After an interval of eight centuries, England is to have a new Doomsday Book. The Government has just called upon the Local Government Board to undertake the work, and clerks are busy in all parts of the kingdom gathering up the old records and putting them into new shape. It appears that the landholders are the object of the returns, and the Pill Mill Gazette says the questions to be ultimately answered are, "Who and how many are the owners in England and Wales that the 530,000 occupiers of land hold under?" "What is the share of each individual or corporate body in the 26,000,000 of cultivated acres on this side of the Tweed?" "What is each owner's portion of the £48,000,000, there or thereabouts, the gross annual value of lands in England and Wales assessed under schedule A of the property tax?"

A CARELESS DISTRIBUTION.

The Treasurer of the Hall and Elton Manufacturing Company, of Wallingford, Conn., often brings packages of money from New York or New Haven to the firm, and when he has business North he goes through on the express train without stopping, throwing the package out to an employe stationed near the track to receive it. The treasurer came up on the noon express train, and finding his colleague in waiting, threw out a package containing \$6,000. He didn't throw it quite far enough, and it was struck by the train and ripped open, the greenbacks being distributed with great looseness. The money was gathered up as far as possible, but at last accounts \$600 was missing.

BARNUM ON A BET.

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, in a speech says: "I have been told today by a Republican in Hartford, 'We are going to carry Connecticut for Grant.'" I replied, "I have property in Bridgeport amounting to \$100,000, which I can readily put together in the shape of ready money, and I will readily put up that sum on a wager that Connecticut votes for Greeley."

This is how the Louisville Courier Journal looks at it: They should quit abusing Pere Hyacinthe for marrying. They should remember that the fascinations of a Yankee widow traveling as the agent of a patent corset are not to be whistled down the wind as you would the charms of an ordinary woman traveling merely for fun.

Sad Thoughts on a Sad Subject.

Now is the time of year when it is customary to write something autumnal. Our readers expect it, and we shall do our sad duty in the matter to the best of our ability. We don't do it for pleasure, because it is so sad; and we don't do it for profit, because there is no profit in it. Bryant said that these are the saddest days of the year, and Bryant wouldn't lie about a thing that is so sad. The gates of summer are closed, and strongly bolted by the chilling blasts. Mr. Jackson Frost has commenced daubing every fence and board pile with his silver paint, and the song of the mosquito has died away like drowsy tinkling of the distant cow bell. The long, sweet walks of gentle lovers beneath the soft silvery light of the moon have shrunk up into tedious droning before the flickering fire in the closely blinded parlor, and the old man grows because firewood and coal are so dear. The little birds have ceased their twittering, and the breath of the flowers scent the gale no more. A little chill stirs the sear leaf on the tree, and it falls dead to the ground. "Going, going, gone," are the silent words that Nature heralds from every direction. These are types of our own going, to push us to the sad thought that we will soon be gone, and that somebody else will be pressing for gold these crowded streets, considerably less than a hundred years to come. This is the sad lesson of Autumn. "New-moore" was Poe's gloomiest word, but that is harsh by the side of the mild melancholy of the bold auctioneer's words, "Going, going, gone," when cast and colored by the sad, tender influences of the falling year. Let us shed a tear. P. S.—This is also the very sad season when people bottle cider and grind sausage.

About Whiskers.

The Hillsboro (N. C.) Recorder gives the following: "Did you know that in 1846, a pair of whiskers or such a thing as a mustache was abominated in this section? We know a prominent gentleman of this town who says he never saw a man with a beard till 1850; that his father, as well as the other old gentlemen of his town, had never worn a whisker, but shaved every morning and taught their children that 'whiskers were an abomination and a sin.' He says that at Chapel Hill, in 1846, a young gentleman from Raleigh, and now a prominent citizen of that city, made a weak attempt to cultivate a mustache, and it raised such a commotion in college that the Faculty took hold of it and sent the Rev. Dr. Deems, now of New York, and then one of the Board, to the young man to reason with him, and get him to shave his upper lip. The doctor appealed to the young man, for the sake of his sainted father, 'to cut it off.' And the hair disappeared. Only sports and circus riders, and such wore whiskers in those days.—Our informant now wears a heavy beard, and is not a little proud of his mustache. How times do change."

The Macon Telegraph reports that when the Radical Convention of the Sixth district was about to adjourn sine die, the Hon. Mark Curry rose to "de pint of order," and wanted to know "if de people of de State of Bibb was represented in de motion, and who was sine die any how? He had never learned of that candidate before."

A farmer out West bought a new cook stove, held a funeral in his horse, had a new door hung, hired a new cook, and had thirty new panes of glass put in the windows all in the same day. The day before his "help" tried to light a fire in the cook stove with coal oil.

Intelligence is received from all parts of Pennsylvania, daily, of the arrest of parties—generally appointees of the Washington government—charged with ballot-box stuffing, bribery, and all manner of corruptions, during the recent elections.

Playing 'Possum.

In the city of Helena, Arkansas, flourishes a "gemman of color" named Moore, who enjoys the dignity of being a magistrate, and whose great weakness is concerning that succulent quadruped known as "possum." Just across the river in Tunica county, resides another "culled gemman," who, while not a magistrate, is none the less soft on the possum question. His name is Clem. Clem has a trained fat 'possum that follows him all around like a dog.—Having some business in Helena, recently, he crossed over here accompanied, as usual, by his pet companion. Meeting "Square Moore on one of the boulevards of that metropolis, he exchanged with him the greetings of the day, when the following conversation ensued:

"Square Moo e—Look yere, w'at you take for dat yere 'possum?" Clem—Wal, 'Squah, I don't care to sell him, but if you want him, I'll let you have him for five dollars.

"Square M—Git out, you nigga, I gub you one dollar." Clem—Can't sell him for dat money, no how.

Saying which, Clem went his way down the boulevards, the 'possum whose sleekness attracted the eye of the magistrate, trotting along gently in the rear.

The 'Square looked nonplussed for a moment, but seeing a policeman or constable in the distance, his face suddenly brightened, and he struck an attitude of happy reflection.

Calling to him the minion of the law, he said:

"Arrest dat nigga wid de possum, and bring bofe into my court at once."

The minion aforsaid did as ordered, and soon Clem and his 'possum trembled in the presence of the mighty Moore.

"Clem," said the magistrate, "you's accused of being drunk and disorderly. W'at's yuss got to say fur yerself?"

Clem stammered his innocence, and protested against the charge. "No talking, Clem," said the magistrate, "dis here court never makes a mistake, and isn't gwine to be fooled in dese premises."

Saying which the learned exponent of the law turned to a greasy looking ebony statue in one corner, and said:

"Mister Klerk, dis darkey am fined five dollars and cost for drunk, toasting and breech ob de peace."

Clem said he didn't have the money, and asked permission to cross the river and get it.

The magistrate objected, but finally consented on condition that Clem would leave de 'possum as security till his return.

And that's how 'Square Moore, the black jurist of Helena, got his 'possum.

It is probable that this country will never again see an era of personal leadership such as that which passed away with the last generation. He must be a mighty man who would tower as high above the statesmen and politicians of this present period as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Jackson and Clinton did above their contemporaries, three or four decades ago. That day of personal leadership passing away as does the declining sun, shooting his arrows of light from his rampart of mountains, Crittenden and Seward never held a position so high as the least of the old sextuplinate above named, but upon them hung the mantles of those lordly statesmen.

The Negotiable Value of the Gospel at Hog Creek.

Ministerial remuneration in the early days of the Great West was on the worldly basis of all other matters. As an illustration there is the case of Rev. Jacob Patch, years ago, of Northern Indiana. No purer, simple-minded man than he. Thoroughly educated in literary and theological colleges under New England influence, he soon adapted himself to his new work of aiding in Christianizing the West. After a few years' residence in the land of prairie and forest, he began the building of a house for himself. His way of paying for shingles might be new to Mr. Beecher, but was too true with our pioneer clergy. The good people near the Hog Creek school house (a true name), having a shingle-machine, and using its products for their legal currency, and desiring the services of Mr. P., contracted with him to have him deliver them a certain number of sermons, at the price of a bench (1,000) of shingles for a sermon. The preaching and shingles were respectively furnished, to the mutual satisfaction of the high contracting parties. In completing the house half a bunch extra was required. In delivering his farewell sermon, after relating the good that had been done, and speaking of their pleasant relations as pastor and people, he alluded to their contract, and gave an account which showed the balance of one-half bunch in their favor unpaid for. "And now, my dear brothers and sisters," said he, "I am not owing you enough for shingles to come to a sermon, but Providence permitting, I will come over to you at an early day and hold a prayer-meeting." And he did. The currency for change was satisfactory.

Quadrature of a Circle.

When a man can stand in a basket and lift it up himself by the handles, then a round cork will close a square hole.

These are plain propositions.—But it has so happened that there have been a succession of mathematical madcaps, from time to time since the days of Archimedes to the present year of moonshine, vainly striving to accomplish an impossibility, viz., squaring the circle.

Many fine brains have been needlessly shipwrecked on that cerebral rock. If a bung-hole of a barrel could be closed with a four-sided stopple, that would be a complete solution of the problem.

The last two mathematical maniacs who died in the belief that they had proved by figures that desideratum, were Abraham Thompson, of Boston, and George Young, of Vermont.

Mr. Young actually petitioned the Legislature of Massachusetts for compensation, as a reward of his ingenuity in doing what no other man achieved. He died about twenty years ago, crushed in spirit by a sense of the injustice of the State in not appreciating his merit as a discoverer.

Mr. Young had been a member of Congress. He was an amiable, excellent man. His monomania on that subject did not assume the intense form it did in Mr. Thompson, although he was apparently satisfied he had mastered the difficulties which had obstructed the way of other mathematicians.

A physician examining a student as to his progress, asked him, "Should a man fall into his well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of his tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied: "I should advise them to let the man be and fill up the well."

Choice Poetry.

"KING BABY." His scepter is a rattle, His throne is mother's arms; He reigns a tiny tyrant, In all his dimpled charms! Yet round his royal presence Our loving hearts entwine: Dictator of the cradle, And king by right divine!

Whatever be his mandates, No courtiers dare rebel; His mother's chief of the household, Prime minister as well! In yon perambulator, His downy car of state, Exciting, rosy monarch, What triumphs on his wait!

In purple ease and splendor, Long long he seeks to reign; All hints of nose disjoin! He smiles at with disdain! Alas! that royal greatness Should ever be disowned; Here comes a tiny stranger— King Baby is dethroned!

A Hard Year.

"Eighteen hundred and starved to death" was the grim name given by old New England farmers to the year 1816—the year without a summer. The winter months were unusually mild; the latter part of March and the first half of April was not unseasonable but the weather grew colder as April advanced, and ended with snow and ice. In May ice formed half an inch thick; buds and fruits were frozen, corn killed, and the fields were replanted again and again. Never was there known such a June. Frost, ice, and snow were frequent. In Maine and Vermont snow fell to the depth of several inches—also in Massachusetts and the interior of New York. On the fifth of July ice was formed throughout New England. New York and some parts of Pennsylvania. August was even more cheerless. With ice forming half an inch in thickness, Indian corn frozen, and almost every green thing destroyed, what wonder that the hearts of farmers were heavy, and a gloom spread through the whole country. In September there were two weeks of warm weather, then the season became cold, and in November there was good sleighing. Such, in brief, was the "cold summer of 1816," when the sun's rays seemed to be destitute of all heat.

Reading Speeches.

In the British House of Commons the practice of reading speeches, which has been greatly on the increase of late, received a check near the end of the last session of Parliament, the Speaker ruling that reading a speech from manuscript was contrary to the rules of the House. Mr. John Martin, an Irish member, was the victim selected to receive the reproof of the Speaker, although many other members have followed the same practice for several seasons past. It is urged by those holding the Speaker's views that if the custom had been allowed to go unchecked the debates in the House of Commons would have entirely changed in their character, and that, instead of discussions in which arguments are met with counter-arguments on the spot, the proceedings would have grown into long-winded essays or disquisitions, more suited to the meetings of a mutual improvement society than the deliberations of a representative assembly.

A Colorado man, a few days since turned out his two horses, tied together with a rope around the neck of each. The next day one of them came home dragging the head of the other. The last heard of the owner he was wandering over the prairie, saying he "supposed the dead animal was dead somewhere." That is just like some men. They always jump to conclusions without waiting for evidence.

A one-eyed man in Salem Mass., lately applied for a divorce on the grounds that the band he had given his wife in marriage, was lost, and that the contract was therefore void.

A conclusive argument is made to the negroes in New Orleans to vote for Grant. They are told that if Greeley is elected they will never ride in a street car again.

Cork Manufacture.

The application of machinery to the cutting of corks is of American origin. Until within ten or twelve years all corks were cut by hand, but mechanism is now employed in their manufacture. Hand-cutting is performed by means of an instrument similar to the butcher's cleaver. The production of fifteen hundred corks made in this way is a good day's work for the hand, while an American girl will turn out twenty thousand daily by means of machinery. The machine-made corks are far superior to those made by hand, inasmuch as they are perfectly uniform in size and finish.

After the bale of cork is assorted into lots of different qualities and thicknesses, the material is placed in a long oblong box, divided into several compartments, when it receives a steam bath. Here it remains until it becomes sufficiently soft, when it is removed and cut into strips by the "slicer." This consists of a circular revolving knife, furnished with a gauge which regulates the size of the strips.

This "blocker" is next brought into requisition. It resembles in appearance and operation a small hand lathe, with the exception that the cut-bar, which is shaped some thing like a hollow auger, is rapidly revolved by steam, making several hundred revolutions per minute. The stock is fed to the machine by hand, lengthwise of the strip.

This machine produces a straight cork—the kind used in bottling soda water, wine, brandy, and liquors generally. In the manufacture of taper corks the tapering machine succeeds the "blocker." Much ingenuity has been expended in devising means to taper corks properly and rapidly by machinery. The style of machine in use here is a circular knife about twenty inches in diameter, which revolves horizontally over a frame by which it is supported. The straight corks are fed to the knife by an attachment similar in principle to the revolving portion of a pistol. The corks, after being finished, are assorted according to size and quality. One hundred different sizes of three different grades are made in this concern.

The cork is purchased by the pound in the bale, and the manufactured article is sold by the gross. Only one-third of the raw material is transformed into corks. The clips from the tapering machine are sold to mattress manufacturers, and the balance of the stuff is only fit for fuel. In cork-making machinery a very few hands will turn out an immense quantity of work. Although in size this is the fourth manufacture of the kind in the country, only twenty hands are required. With this force over 300,000 corks can be produced daily. The prices of corks per gross vary from five cents to five dollars. The heaviest consumers as a class are the druggist.—Albany Argus.

REVUE DE LA MODE.—This new Fashion Journal for November surpasses anything of its kind. It is imported by S. T. Taylor of New York, from Paris and translated into English. It gives yearly over 1,500 beautiful fashion cuts, and some two hundred valuable patterns, varying in style and size to suit all, besides varieties for trimming and fancy work. It is issued monthly in advance, and put at the astonishing low price of \$3 50 a year.

Rev. H. W. Beecher gives some brief advice to those who write to busy people: "1. Don't write at all. "2. When you can't help it, be sharp, short and legible. "3. When you write on your own business, pay for the answer. "4. When you want money don't begin with piety or flattery. Beg first and be pious afterward."

A horse attached to a hearse in which were the bodies of three San Francisco paupers, ran away, the other day, throwing out the bodies and creating the impression among the spectators, that a general resurrection had occurred.

The Torbett Issue—do the People Understand It?

The people of Tennessee are immersed to such an extent in the discussion of the dead and buried question of the unfortunate and irrevocable past, that it is hardly to be expected or hoped that attention can be drawn aside to the consideration of a financial matter, even of great importance. And yet, in obedience to duty, we are constrained to call the attention of the people to what is known as the "Torbett Issue" question. The Torbett understanding and due appreciation of the "New Issue" or "Torbett Issue," of what is called "Tennessee money," it is necessary to go back to the early days of 1861. In February, 1861, the Southern Confederacy was established, with seat of government at Montgomery. In April of the same year, ABRAHAM LINCOLN having called upon the Southern States that had not retired from the Union to furnish troops to suppress rebellion, Tennessee proceeded to take steps to unite herself with the Confederacy. At this juncture, Hon. H. W. HILL, of Ala., was sent as a commissioner to contract a military league with the State of Tennessee. A military alliance was agreed upon. Among other stipulations, it was contracted, that Tennessee should arm, equip and provision all men then organizing for Confederate service until transferred to that service. The Confederate States promising to reimburse the State of Tennessee for all means thus expended, in the carrying out of this agreement, Tennessee, in a confidential capacity, authorized the issuance of military notes by the bank of Tennessee, Gen. W. G. HARDING, NELL S. BROWN, and three other gentlemen, were appointed by the State as a military board. This board was authorized to call upon the Bank of Tennessee for money when needed by the demands of military organization. This occurred in 1861. Tennessee finally became a Confederate State, and in a joint capacity authorized the issuance of all Confederate money, thus placing her proportion of the Confederate debt upon the identical grounds of the new issue of Tennessee money. In 1865 the Confederacy failed to sustain itself as a separate government, and all Confederate securities were at once made worthless, both State and otherwise. As a proof of it, look at the brokers' quotations of uncurrent monies in the newspapers of 1865 67—at the bottom you will see the Torbett Issue of Tennessee at 1 per cent. It became somewhat higher in later years.

Whether his eccentricity amounted to insanity or not, is the conundrum which the family of a man who died in Columbus, Ky., recently would like to solve. He made provision in his will, says the Cairo Gazette, for the establishment of a "Cat Infirmary."—The infirmary is to have rat holes and rats for sport, and exercise grounds, with several sheds on which the grimalkins may wage war at will. Oldest of all, however, is the final clause of the instrument, which provides that the intestines of the testator shall be made into fiddle strings, and that they shall be played upon in the "auditorium" of the infirmary—"the playing to be kept up forever and ever, without cessation day or night, in order that the cats may have the pleasure of hearing and enjoying the nearest approach to their natural voices." The will is likely to be contsted.

The resolute women who go away out on the frontiers to live are not to be trifled with when they get there. A married man in Idaho tried the little experiment of eloping with a fast and fascinating young girl, and his indignant better-half pursued and overtook him, and having administered a severe castigation with a cow-hide, bore him home in triumph.

A strange death occurred near St. Omer, Ill. A young man named Roberts began bleeding at the nose, then at the lungs, and finally the blood oozed out of the pores of the skin. In this condition he lingered three or four days, when he died.

The English journals mention a case where a milk dealer, on a second conviction for diluting milk with water, was not only fined but required, in accordance with the provisions of a special law, to pay the cost of a notice in a leading paper, giving a full account of the transaction.

A Bay City girl's overskirt slipped down on Wednesday's ferry-boat, and exposed a file of the East Saginaw Enterprise. That journal is usually "behind," but to have its whole file in that fix looks very unlike enterprise.

Skating in Holland.

The snow scenes of Holland are familiar to amateurs of pictures and engravings. When the winter is cold enough to seal up the water and stop navigation—and consequently business—the people go on the ice which everywhere abounds, and give themselves up to enjoyment. Both are erected; ice-boats like great birds fly over the misty white surface, with the rumbling noise of a giant pheasant. Men, women and children, on their long skates—those of the adult being two feet long—swarm in every direction. The popular custom is to catch hands one behind the other and thus form a line of a dozen whose undulating movement in the distance, sharply defined on the frosty ice, looks like a great black serpent. But the skillful skater who cuts the outside edge does not join these strings. The ordinary skater may be said to be gregarious, while the expert is solitary. Occasionally one sees a man, awkward and loutish, stooped, transformed by the power of skates into a being of some lightness and grace. The best skaters excel in straightforward speed, but are behind the Americans in grace, agility, and tour de force. While I was on one lake an American appeared on his short skates, cut his name on the ice, made figures, swooped down at full speed and came to a sudden stop, spun around like a teetotum, jumped and did various maneuvers, which attracted a crowd of one or two thousand spectators, who looked on the performance with wonder. They had never seen such a swift, agile, graceful skater.

Frequently a half dozen young men and women take hold of a rod long enough to accommodate all, the best skaters in front and the poorest in the rear, and skate in this way, the pole serving as a balance to those of unsteady feet. When they all come down together, as they occasionally do, it is naturally the cause of much merriment.

The happiest of Jan's courting days are on the ice. The cold air and exhilaration of the exercise elevate him somewhat above his natural lethargy. Hand and hand, he and the young woman meander lovingly over the congealed water, once in a while tumbling down together perhaps through the machinations of Jan—give themselves over to Homeric laughter at the sprawl, and, when tired of these idyllic wanderings over the fields of ice, repair to one of the booths and refresh themselves with coffee and heavy doughnuts reeking in fat, these may be lapped flanked with hard-boiled eggs. To this woe there are few more joyous combinations than love and doughnuts. The dabs of dough are tried before the eyes of the couple, and whipped up with dispatch.

As soon as a comely young woman appears on the ice, not unfrequently a lively competition ensues among the young men for the honor of putting on her skates, as such service is usually rewarded with a kiss if the skate adjuster has the temerity to insist on it. Then there is a giggle and blush, and a somewhat weak defense.—Albert Rhodes in November Galaxy.

A PHYSICIAN'S CONFESSION.—At a recent murder trial in Memphis wherein an attempt to establish insanity was made on the part of the defense, D. K. Allen was called as an expert, and testified thus briefly and rationally: I have been a practicing physician for nearly 30 years; I have had experience in cases of insanity, have been for ten years Medical Superintendent of the Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, and during that time had over 2,000 crazy people under my charge. I have heard the hypothetical case read by Mr. Poelan; I am here as an expert, and before answering the question would like to say that the more I studied the question of insanity the less I understood it; and, if you ask me where it begins and where it ends, neither I nor any physician in the world could tell you; in fact, on occasions like this, lawyers make fools of themselves in trying to make assays of doctors.