

## EDITORIALS.

In a leading article headed, "Reduce the Taxes," the *Alta California* gives a vivid picture of the causes which have, in part at least, contributed to make times dull there. We clip the following extract from it:

"During the 'flush' times, when gold ruled the hour here, and business was very active and profitable, the duties on imported goods in San Francisco reached \$1,500,000 per annum. The war taxes raised them to \$6,378,384, in 1864, and the total amount paid in San Francisco, in six years, has been \$44,405,987 against only \$13,810,000 in six previous years. This is an excess of \$32,595,000 drawn out of this State and sent East for the general expenses of the Federal Government. At the same time about \$32,000,000 has been paid here in internal taxes, which has covered the expenses of the government on this coast. The \$46,405,987 collected for duties in six years has been absolutely sent away without money equivalent. That has been a very heavy burden upon less than 1,000,000 of persons. It is a very sufficient and obvious reason for dull times. As long as the money was required for the support of the Government, even lavishly, no word of complaint was uttered; but now, after six years of peace, when the Federal Treasury is overflowing with funds, when \$100,000,000 of gold year after year remains idle and the Treasury is paying millions to foreigners, who do not want the money, and before it is due, it is quite time that some relief was extended to the tax-payers of this coast. A modification of the tariff which should reduce the annual drain of gold from San Francisco to the New York treasury from \$8,000,000 to \$4,500,000 would be a vast relief to the working people here, as well as to the merchants, who are required to advance the money. The Assistant Treasury in San Francisco holds year after year from seven to ten millions in gold to what possible purpose? A few weeks since the Treasury employed a special car to come across the continent and carry to New York \$2,500,000 gold, which had been collected from every consumer of goods, poor and rich, on this coast in order to support a false system of finance in the government. The government expenses on this coast have been greatly reduced, and the internal revenues, about \$6,000,000 per annum in greenbacks more than pay the whole amount of expenses. Those internal taxes have annually increased in weight in the last six years in proportion as gold has declined. In 1865 \$6,000,000 internal taxes only cost \$3,600,000 in gold. This year they cost \$5,400,000. But those taxes have reimbursed the coast in government outlay, whereas there is no compensation for the custom taxes. In the present state of trade on this coast it seems to be an exceeding hardship that \$4,000,000 gold should be unnecessarily exacted from the people to pay European holders of United States bonds who do not want the money. That money is worth more than six per cent. At the rate capital accumulates here, in spite of taxation, twenty years hence the payment of the whole debt will not be felt. But the strain now is enormous. If instead of keeping money in the Treasury and paying off bonds, the regular expenses of the Government only had been met, at moderate taxation the California people would now have \$25,000,000 more than they have got with which to prosecute manufactures. That reduction should now be made."

THE SENSATIONS and novelties of today, no matter how great, wonderful or extraordinary they may appear, are outdone, cast into the shade and completely eclipsed by those which tomorrow may bring forth. Many have heard of or read the account of the voyages from Liverpool to this country, and back, of the tiny craft the *City of Ragusa*, with its complement of two hands and a bull dog; and the temerity of the undertaking was regarded as little less than madness. But daring as the feat was, a rival to Captain Primoré for courage, and altogether ahead of him in the eccentric character of his undertaking, has appeared before the public and has declared his intention of crossing from this side of the Atlantic to Liverpool on an India rubber raft. The name of this daring navigator is Captain Meik, who is said to be a fine seaman, and who in the year 1867 undertook and successfully accomplished a feat of a similar nature.

The craft on which the captain with two men then crossed the ocean was

composed of three inflated rubber tubes, encased in heavy duck cylinders, of the strongest material, connected together by heavy duck flanges. On top and across these cylinders were placed a series of "thwarts or planks," lashed at each end, and between each cylinder by means of ropes; these thwarts answering the double purpose of stretchers to keep the cylinders apart and seats for the men. Across these at each end lengthwise on the raft were fastened, by means of rope-lashings, stringer-pieces of timber, bolted at either end to the thwarts, and answering for gunwale, or for attaching row-locks when they desired to use oars. These stringer-pieces were so arranged that they could be unlashed and swung around in case they wished to take the raft apart.

At one end of each of the inflated tubes there was an air hole or nozzle into which air was pumped from a bellows; when inflated the raft measured twenty-five feet in length and thirteen feet in width; on the top they had a canvas tent pitched, and they used two masts.

On reaching England the extraordinary voyage was the topic of conversation everywhere among watermen of every class, and Captain Meik was the recipient of their attentions and courtesies. His singular craft was also exhibited in the Crystal Palace, and the proceeds of the exhibition, between four and five hundred pounds, were handed over to its owner. The Captain's best work on his former trip, was 180 miles in twenty-four hours, and the whole trip was made in six weeks.

He proposes to make his coming trip in a raft similar in construction to that used in '67. It will consist of three cylinders, 16 inches in diameter. When in the water it will measure 15 feet in length, and 7½ feet in width. He will have one mast and three sails, a jib/bug and gaff topsail.

The trip is to commence sometime during the present month, and the captain expects to run it quicker than the former one. He will take provisions for sixty for himself and one man, that being the full crew.

The utility of such trips as that of the *Ragusa* it is difficult to imagine, but it is different in the case of such rafts as these used by Captain Meik, as they promise to lead to some improvement in the construction of life boats and to become instrumental in saving life; for his first trip, it is said, fully demonstrated the seagoing qualities of the raft, and numerous experiments made by naval and merchant officers showed the facility with which it could be filled and launched (in from six to eight minutes), the weight it would sustain (in one instance fifty-five men, weight 145 pounds each—7,975 pounds altogether—and with this weight but half the diameter was submerged); also how readily a number of people could be landed on the shore through the surf, none of the passengers getting wet.

No pain or suffering is more intense and unendurable than that caused by a severe burn or a scald, and, as accidents of this kind not unfrequently happen in families of children, the knowledge of an easy and effective method of alleviating the suffering so caused, is almost invaluable. A correspondent of the *New York Standard* sends to that paper, a very simple recipe, the efficacy of which he says he has seen proved in very bad burns and scalds. It consists of an embrocation of lime water and linseed oil, which can be made by slacking a piece of lime, and, as soon as he water is clear, mix it with the oil until they are of the consistency of thick cream, when it is ready for application.

The writer says he knew a child who was nearly flayed from her neck to below her hips by falling backwards into a tub of boiling water. Her clothing was carefully removed, and the above mixture applied, and in five minutes she was asleep. Subsequently her wounds were carefully washed with warm milk and water, three times a day, the dressing of oil and lime water being renewed each time, and, though all the skin came off, she quickly recovered and not a scar remained to tell of her accident and suffering. The remedy does not dry and harden after being applied, but remains perfectly supple, and can be removed without causing additional pain and suffering when necessary to wash and re-dress.

Such a simple and efficacious method of alleviating pain is worth remembering, and the embrocation should be on hand in every household.

A CURIOUS phenomenon was recently observed, or rather evolved at Niagara

Falls, by Mr. S. H. Lockett, professor of engineering in the Louisiana University, an account of which he furnishes to the *New York Sun*. The professor says that when crossing the new suspension bridge at the Falls, on the 2nd instant, while in conversation with a friend, he pointed with his cane towards the Falls, and as soon as he did so, he heard, distinctly, from the end of his cane, a buzzing noise like that made by electricity passing from a heavily charged battery to a sharp-pointed rod.

He repeated the experiment with his own, and the borrowed canes of several passers-by, with the same result except in one case, that of a cane without a ferrule. He also took a key, and held it towards the Falls, with the same result. Struck with the simplicity of the experiments, and the singular nature of the result, and believing that electricity had something to do with it, he returned to the bridge after dark, and, pointing his cane again in the air towards the falls, he heard the same sound, and had also the satisfaction of seeing a clear, beautiful electric brush on its end.

The explanation furnished by the philosopher is, that as Franklin drew lightning from the clouds with a key attached to a kite, so may the electricity developed by the vapor or mists arising from the waters of the falls be gathered; and he is of the opinion that suitable arrangements might be made to collect enormous quantities of electricity from these mists, which might be used in producing grand and striking effects, and thus add another attractive feature to the sights at the world-famed falls of Niagara.

"THE MAN OF DESTINY" IN CORK.—We received, this morning, a copy of the *Cork Daily Herald*, of the 24th ult., which contains a report of a lecture delivered in that city, by "the Man of Destiny,"—Mr. George Francis Train, to a crowded audience in the Theatre Royal, two evenings previous. The lecture, in many of its salient points, is a rehash of those delivered in this city, being epigrammatic, and denunciatory of nearly everything but "G. F. T."

During its progress he was unanimously nominated for the next President of America, after which very important incident he wished all present to write to their friends in America and request them to vote for him, and to call on him at the White House after his election. The lecturer told his audience that he organized the great Pacific railroad, and tickled them considerably by saying that the Irish, "with willing hearts and ready hands," constructed it.

The *Alabama* claims, his imprisonment in Ireland, and the stupidity of the authorities in both England and Ireland in rejecting street railroads when he tried to introduce them, years ago, and their recent introduction, were lengthily and floridly dilated upon. He announced that Fenianism was a small thing, when one of his auditors replied:

"George you have very mistaken ideas, God help you, (great laughter)."

The *Herald* says:

"Mr. Train proceeded to detail his efforts in aid of the Jacmel prisoners and to burlesque the scenes in the court house at Sligo."

A Voice—What the h—l were you arrested for? (laughter).

Mr. Train—I was arrested for Fenian speeches made in America.

A Voice—Were you not arrested for debt? (roars of laughter).

Another Voice—Don't mind that man, George, he is drunk.

Mr. Train—I will answer the question—I am not afraid. When I left England in 1862 there was at my credit in the hands of James M'Henry £2,000. I owed nothing, (cheers).

A Voice—All I can tell you is that I am very glad to hear it, (laughter)."

He informed his audience that he organized the Paris Commune, which led to several inquiries from them, one person asking him if he killed the bishop. This caused great excitement and hisses; and in answer to his request that they would hear him out, the reply was: "We listened to you quietly up to the present, but we won't hear you now." The hissing was continued and the excitement increased, until the audience left, refusing to hear any more.

The band then played "God save Ireland," and while doing so Mr. Train introduced his son to the audience, who greeted the manly little fellow right heartily, and he and his hearers, the *Standard* says, once more parted as good friends.

THE following description of the latest addition to the British navy is from the *London Telegraph*, of the 14th ult.:

The ugliest, strongest, and in every way most remarkable vessel of war which at present swims the sea was launched, or rather floated, on the 12th instant at Portsmouth Dockyard. Proud as her designers and constructors may justly be of the *Devastation*, there can, at least, be no differ-

ence of opinion about her horribly ungainly appearance. The original *Monitor* was compared to a cheese box on a board; our latest iron-clad is like a butcher's tray holding three or four odd-shaped joints. The *Royal Sovereign* and *Waterwitch*, which look something like the new turret ship at a distance, were never comely; yet they are positively things of beauty compared with the *Devastation*. This huge floating battery, with her low hull and gun towers, possesses no masts, but only two poles for signalling, fore and aft, and she has the further peculiarity of a false topside. Nevertheless it cannot be doubted that, in the new monitor, we have the most formidable sea going machine of war hitherto invented. Her strength lies in three chief points—first her massive armor; next, her mighty offensive armament; and, thirdly, her great capacity for carrying coal and steaming. As we have intimated, she spreads no canvass at all; the spars that helped to overturn the *Captain*, and all the incumbrances of single and tripod masts must have been abolished; the new model is stripped of everything in the way of sticks, except the bit of a clothes-prop planted forward and aft. She can carry to sea no less than 1,800 tons of coal, which will feed two pairs of engines, driving twin screws, independent of each other, and, with full boiler power, the force of this immense conjoint machinery may be set at 5,600 horses. The *Warrior* can stow no more than 800 tons of coal, and the *Monarch* only 600—two vessels which we take as showing good speed and fair rates of consumption in fuel. With such a store, according to the official calculations, the *Warrior* could run for seven days and twenty-three hours, accomplishing 2,100 knots; and the *Monarch*, with her supply, would go for eight days and eighteen hours, traversing meanwhile 2,310 knots. This is at the rate of eleven knots an hour, at which speed the *Devastation* would probably be able to continue for twenty-five whole days; making a run, if necessary, of 6,000 or 7,000 miles before she had come to the bottom of her coal-bunkers.

Here, then, lies the chief characteristic of the new fighting-ship; she can be no cruiser, for without fuel she would lie helpless; but she can rush forth from a harbor, and, whatever the wind, can make a swift journey in any direction, dealing her tremendous blows, annihilating with her ram or enormous gun the enemy even on the high seas, yet still having fuel enough left to come back to her lair in shore. If her engines were disabled, or if by some chance she fell short of coal, she would wallow on the ocean as utterly impotent as a raft; but her iron vitals are protected by a system of armor to which that upon the *Warrior* and *Achilles* and such earlier plated ships, appears, as it were, mere pasteboard. The mail is not built into the lines of the *Devastation*; it is, so to speak, buckled round her in an immense baldric of metal and teak, which, with a depth of nearly ten feet amidships, covers her hull from the main deck to some distance below the water-line. At its thickest portions this belt is composed of 14 inches of iron and 18 of wood, while below the water-mark it lessens off to 10 inches of metal, and toward the stem and stern to eight inches. The deck is covered in with three inches of rolled iron and thick teak planking; but upon that platform rises a sort of iron fortress containing the two turrets, the funnel, steering-box, and all the large openings to the interior—an oval breastwork, in fact, which protects the base of the turrets, and enables the guns to be fired with the very considerable freeboard of thirteen and a half feet. This fortress on a ship carries twelve and ten-inch armor, and has a deck protected by seven feet of rampart, over which the vast artillery of the terrible sea-monster would fire. The artillery will consist of four thirty-five ton guns. The vessel was built for thirty ton guns, but the bombardiers are as busy day by day as the iron-mongers, and our monster will therefore mount the new gigantic weapons, which have been lately proved.

It is quite certain that nothing foreign new afloat would keep out one shot from those colossal pieces; but would she herself be proof against her own missiles? The answer is easy—at close quarters she would most certainly be pierced by such cannon as she is to carry; for even the 25-ton gun at 200 yards this very week has sent a Pallister shell clean through 14½ inches of iron, with a foot of teak behind it. The 35-ton gun would, therefore, breach such armour, massive though it be, as that of the new monitor; and thus, although actual fighting is, of course, a very different thing from pitting at a stationary target, the guns claim still the mechanical victory. Meantime the same designer who drew the lines of the *Devastation*—Mr. E. J. Reed, late Chief Constructor of the Navy—has left behind him at the Admiralty "outline" plans (not on extravagant dimensions) to carry 20-inch armor both on broadsides and on turrets. To pierce that, the gunners, of course, will have to ship the "Woolwich Infant"; and so, we suppose, the prodigious rivalry of cannon and plates will go on till Neptune, as in the sad case of the *Captain*, condemns again and again the brute principle, or the stook of iron in nature's store-closets fairly gives up the game. Already, as we see, the guns to be carried are so tremendous, and the armour is obliged to cut away masts and spars, coming down from all previous ideals of naval use to that of a steam-engine and a floating gun carriage. No