THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL—SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, 1874.

MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, AUG. 30, 1874.

FOR GOVERNOR.

HON. JAMES D. PORTER,

OF HENRY COUNTY.

Election Third of November Next.

OUR FIRST OF SEPTEMBER ISSUE.

On the first of September next we will publish our annual trade review. It will be in every respect replete with facts, figures and logical comment and deductions, and demanding more than the usual space of our regular issues, will compel the issuance of a mammoth sheet. Already orders are coming in, and we anticipate as great a demand as that which last year assured the APPEAL unquestioned precedence over all our contemporaries. We advise advertisers of the fact in order that they may prepare their notices and advertisements for it, and avail themselves of its immense circulation among the planters who make Memphis their market. Cotton, grocery and commission, as well as dry goods and boot and shoe merchants, will do well to make a note of it.

A CURIOUS STATE OF SOCIETY.

Apart from the main question of Beecher's guilt or innocence involved in the great social scandal of the day, there has been developed out of it a most startling phase of society. Whether we take Beecher's or Tilton's theory of the unhappy controversy as being the true one, we are presented with a phase of social life almost incredible in its corruption and uncleanness; and when we consider that the parties involved are among the very first people in the first city of the continent, we are lost in astonishment at the spectacle presented. Mr. Beecher is the foremost preacher of the age. By the statements of Tilton and Moulton he is a hoary-headed monster of wickedness, an adulterer, a liar, and a villain, who for years "has stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." By his own statement he has lived for years in a condition of abject and pitiable cowardice, seeking to cover up innocence as if it were the blackest guilt, and resorting to subterfuges, evasions, and equivocations, that seem as irreconcilable with innocence as they are contemptible and pusillanimous. Tilton, according to Beecher's statement, and that of his own wife, is a profligate debauchee, who for years has left his own family to squalid want, while he wasted in a debauchery, disgusting and sickening, the earnings of a genius that all the world admired. According to the same witnesses, he is now a perjurer, who, after having lived for years upon money extorted by threats of publishing to the world a base and wicked lie, has falsely, under oath, accused his wife of adultery, and cruelly and causelessly blasted the lives of his half-grown daughters. By his own showing he has lived for years a meek cuckold with the wife who had dishonored him. He has been extremely sensitive lest the world should think him wanting in magnanimity; while in reality he was holding repeated interviews with the man who had seduced his wife, allowing that wife to attend the preachings of her seducer, and by her hand he was laying on the sacred desk written greetings of "grace, mercy and peace," for the hypocritical minister whom he knew to be a villain. As for Mrs. Tilton, she is, according to her husband, a weak fanatic, who lived in habitual adultery with her minister, under the firm belief that she was thereby serving God, and was only convinced to the contrary by reading one of Charles Reade's novels. According to her own tale and Beecher's, she is a silly, sentimental fool, who was only not seduced because no one attempted it, and who wrote down falsehoods and recanted them at the bidding of the nearest man to her. According to Moulton's statement, her sin of adultery is only surpassed by her genius for lying. As for Moulton himself, he is, according to Beecher, a conspirator, a blackmailer, and the champion liar of the century. According to his own showing, he has been engaged for four years in cloaking and hiding the sin of an adulterous preacher, to whose church his wife belonged, and introducing that adulterous preacher, as well as his victim, to his own table and around his own fireside. These are the portraits of the principal actors in this drama, as drawn by themselves and by each other. The minor characters are worthy of their more illustrious associates. H. C. Bowen, the christian editor of one of the foremost religious journals of the day, is shown by all parties to be a weak, cowardly slanderer and liar. Shearman, the clerk of Plymouth church, is convicted first, of circulating false reports of Tilton's insanity and of his wife being subject to fits, and then of denying it, and then of being told to his face that he was a slanderer and falsifier, and then of writing two sneaking and evasive apologies for it. Beecher's sister, Mrs. Hooker, is shown to be an avowed advocate of free-love, which means promiscuous adultery, while her husband writes to her from Italy urging her to put in circulation certain false reports which he suggests to her, and which he justifies by saying that they will have more of truth in them than the lies which he, himself, has already been forced to tell on the same subject. Wilkerson, another eminent christian editor, wants the tale of Beecher's guilt suppressed because "it will knock the *Life of Christ* (in which he is pecuniarily interested) higher than a kite." And all these are eminent people—leaders of public opinion, writers, authors, editors, ministers, teachers and moralists. Above all, they are, with the single exception of Moulton, shining members of the church. Is it any wonder that sinners sneer and infidels shout triumphant laughter? Are we to take these people as fair types of the society in which they move? Is this the acme of American civilization? Is it true that the higher we ascend the social scale the greater is the secret rottenness and corruption which its outward polish conceals? Are these people fair types of the literary and social reformers of the north? If so, God grant that we of the south may remain unpolished and unreformed, content to nourish something of decency and morality, even at the expense of refinement and culture.

GOVERNOR JOHN C. BROWN.

The resolution passed at the indignation meeting, held in this city on Friday night, thanking Governor Brown for his efforts to apprehend and punish the Gibson county criminals, was a just tribute to a faithful officer. But we are seriously told that nothing short of the punishment of the masked murderers will satisfy the just expectations and demands of good citizens. Indeed! There is such a thing as catching before hanging. A celebrated lady, in her book on cookery, tells the world how to prepare a hare for the table, and her advice is, "First catch the hare." Our advice is, first catch the Gibson county murderers. It is an absurdity to assert that nothing short of the punishment of the masked murderers will satisfy the just expectations and demands of good citizens, when the murderers are unknown. For the purpose of apprehending them, Governor Brown has offered an incentive, an extraordinary reward. Indeed, the course of the executive in regard to these outrages has commanded the commendation of the people in every part of the State. The reward he has offered is as high as the law allows. His proclamations were prompt and emphatic. He stigmatises in the severest terms these atrocious outrages, and proclaims that "these law- [illegible] to fear and obey [illegible] of the Gibson-county butchery will doubtless produce the desired effect. The case is one demanding absolute firmness, and that firmness the governor of Tennessee has displayed. Whatever may be said of the tragedy, it cannot be said that the officers of the State are indifferent to it. The promptness with which the local authority has asserted itself should carry some lesson to the minds of those who seem to think that there is no power adequate to such emergencies but the Federal power." Governor Brown has nobly labored to maintain law and order. Indeed, Tennessee never had an abler governor than John C. Brown. His recent letter addressed to the people of Memphis has produced a re-action, and Governor Brown has regained that unbounded popularity, which he enjoyed four years ago. He has been twice elected by the free choice of our people as governor, and his administration has won the respect, admiration and affection of the people, and secured the indorsement of the party that twice nominated him. Governor Brown ascended to power after the ruinous rule of Radicalism. He found everything in chaos and confusion. The infamous legislative usurpation which had expired left the people a fearful legacy of debt, amounting to about forty-six millions. But the morning star glimmers in promise through the darkness that enveloped the State when Governor Brown went into office, as the State debt has been reduced to less than twenty-one millions during his successful administration. But we started out merely to join in the general praise lavished upon Governor Brown on account of his course in the recent troubles. He has shown that he fully understands that all civil government should have for its object the preservation of the rights of the persons and property of the people, and that as executive of the State it is his highest duty to enforce the law and to provide security for these sacred rights. The mere enactment of the proper laws is not sufficient for the accomplishment of the object indicated. Unless there is also a strict and faithful enforcement of the laws, society must be without that feeling of security upon which the prosperity and happiness of the people depend. The honor of the State, as well as the best interest of the citizen, demands that the laws passed for the good of society should be promptly and justly enforced, and this important duty Governor John C. Brown is striving with all the energy of his patriotic heart to discharge.

LIME AND WATER.

Beecher has been whitewashed! The moles, blotches and dark spots that freckled his dishonored name have all been beautifully veneered, and the persecuted saint again emerges into the world white as the driven snow. Lime and water, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. But the waters of the wild sea and all the lime-kilns of the world cannot furnish enough whitewash to cleanse the character of Henry Ward Beecher. We have before us the full report of the investigating committee, which has satisfactorily performed the duties for which it was instituted—that of acquitting the great American hypocrite and scoundrel. The world, with singular unanimity, has formed its opinion as to the guilt of Beecer, and Plymouth church by its action shares in the infamy of its pastor. But the mountain of filth, corruption and putrifaction which rises high above the Plymouth augean stable, ironically called a church, will not deter people from holding their noses and visiting the national cess-pool. Beecher will have larger audiences than ever. While sinner and saint—the people of all classes and denominations throughout the Union—have been agonized over this stupendous scandal, the papers tell that Beecher has been jolly all the time, and soon he will ascend the pulpit he has desecrated with jaunty impudence, to be welcomed as an immaculate saint. Instead of hissing him from the pulpit, his congregations will be immense. The public has had enough through the press about the great scandal, and we cannot afford to publish the six column report of the investigating committee, which the telegraph has furnished. We are glad that the end of the nauseating drama has come. Great is lime and water. If Tweed had known of the potent whitewash which they have discovered at Plymouth church, he might have escaped the penitentiary, and been restored to his seat in the New York legislature.

COST OF RUNNING A PAPER.

[From the Chicago Times, August 21.]

There may be people who will be interested in the matter of the cost of making the *Times*. For the gratification of such, we append tables of the actual weekly expenditures of the *Times* establishment for the weeks respectively ending August 8 and August 15, instant.

	Week ending August 8.	Week ending August 15.
Paper	$1,984 45	$1,108 85
Typesetting	1,782 30	1,747 40
Editorial	986 00	1,137 00
Correspondence	702 50	632 01
Telegraph tolls	1,240 60	1,191 57
Press-room	259 00	262 25
Delivery-room	100 00	100 00
Stereotyping	390 00	113 00
Counting-room	189 00	189 00
Rent	270 00	270 00
Miscellaneous	127 50	121 00
Total	$9,372 40	$8,782 17

These are exact figures taken from the *Times* books. Large as the sums for telegraph tolls are they often exceed these amounts, reaching, sometimes, fifteen hundred and sixteen hundred dollars per week. This is notably the case during the sessions of congress and the State legislatures.

JEWISH UNION.

The union of American Hebrew congregations in the first year of its existence, has gathered statistical reports of fifty-six congregations, members of the union, stating the name of the congregation, when organized, the name of the rabbi, reader, president, secretary, of how many members the congregation consists, how many children attend the Sabbath-schools, and the value of real estate. These statistical reports are of great value, as they facilitate the correspondence with the officers of every congregation, which naturally leads to mutual advantage. They will also show to young men that the Jewish ministry is a rich field, worthy of their attention and cultivation, which would bring good to all. The union has also, through their legislators, accomplished the pleasant fact that Leeser's English bible will be retailed at one dollar per copy instead of three dollars and a half, as heretofore. This is the right step in the right direction, and thousands of these bibles ought to be sold, in fact, they should be in every Jewish home. Let the young and old read and reflect on the wise proverbs of Solomon, the sweet and inspiring hymns of David, and the inexhaustible philosophy of Job, which will do genuine good to all.—*American Israelite.*

THE WONDERFUL ENTERPRISE OF THE PARIS "FIGARO."

For a trustworthy foreign newspaper give us the Paris *Figaro*. Its proprietors are particular about facts, and its editors and correspondents are limited to the square truth in whatever they may write for its columns. It is one of those papers which a foreigner abroad seizes upon before all others, confident of hearing all about what is going on at home without exaggeration or misrepresentation. This is the journal which a few months ago gave a full and ungarbled account of the attack of a party of Apaches upon a railroad train in the State of Pennsylvania, in which the chief walked through the cars and selected a dozen or so of assorted scalps without hindrance. The *Figaro* was the first journal that noticed it, much to the chagrin of the New York *Herald*, which afterward sent a reporter, but the Indians had gone. In a recent number it gives a vivid account of the operations of a party of banditti in New Hampshire. The members of this band slew all who fell into their hands by severing the carotid artery. The soldiery one day came upon them suddenly, just as they had began sacking a village on the Connecticut river. The robbers fled, but as they passed a photograph saloon the proprietor turned the camera upon them, and had them in the twinkling of an eye. A negative was taken, and when a "proof" had been secured they were found to be individuals well known, and holding, most of them, high official position. They were arrested and the next morning hung in the public square, the usual course of law being dispensed with. We speak in behalf of the entire press when we say, "Give us an equal chance in the news line with *Figaro*."—*Boston Globe.*

A MILWAUKEE paper is [illegible] originated in [illegible] Ed. Green was [illegible] severely, though not dangerously, in- [illegible] by a falling wall.

[illegible] special rates [illegible]
CORN—Nothing [illegible] for yellow, 91c for white.
CHICKENS—Young and [illegible] brought over $3 50.
[illegible] YARNS—No. 600, [illegible]

CALIFORNIA.

The following letter will be read with interest by those of our people who have entertained the purpose of going to California. The writer has resided in California since 1869, and tells plain facts. It was received by Mr. T. A. Nelson, who relies implicitly upon the statements of his friend and correspondent:

PLAINSBURG, CAL., August 16, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR—I have your letter of August 7th. I am commencing to reply, first, because it is Sunday, and second, because there is nobody about the shanty at this moment but myself. The two considerations are favorable to correspondence. Your letter affords an excellent opportunity for a laudatory epistle, such as Californians are generally in the habit of writing about California. The average Californian has an unconquerable disposition to gas—especially about California. I have often represented creditably, the average Californian—to you I shall endeavor to tell the truth—and first, of Los Angeles. I went to Los Angeles in 1871—the last "dry year." At that time there had never been any farming attempted out of reach of irrigation, or on the plains, except in a few scattering localities. The year 1869, was a good season, that is to say, a season of abundant rain-fall. Farmers, all upon a small scale, made good crops of barley and corn. No wheat had ever grown in the county except by the Padres of the missions, and they could only grow it by having Mexican horsemen ride through the fields with long ropes of rawhide, one horseman at each end of the rope, dragging it over the wheat and knocking off the fog and dew before the sun came out—this every day. Left to itself it rusted invariably, and it was exactly the case in 1871. This may all have changed since then, but I doubt it. In 1870, there was nothing made by the plain farmers, except a few stacks of straw on the lands susceptible of irrigation, and a certain sort of marsh lands which flood in winter, a great abundance of barley and corn. From barley they make hay, hence, hay, corn, and barley were abundant and cheap when I arrived in Los Angeles, in 1871; January—corn, fifty cents per hundred, barley, seventy-five cents per hundred, hay, twelve dollars per ton, baled. They were then hoping for rain enough to make a crop on the plains. I bought corn in February for one dollar per cental. In two months it was demonstrated that there would be no rain, corn rose to two dollars and a half per cental, and hay to twenty-five dollars per ton. The grain sown on the plains would have made hay, but the grasshoppers ate it up. They injured the grape crop seriously, and ate up all the vegetables of the gardens. Their depredations were partial. Along the rivers and marsh lands they made good corn and barley crops which were not much injured by grasshoppers. I went to Los Angeles county under contract with the Los Angeles and San Bernardino land association, a company of San Francisco capitalists owning two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. I had by my contract the privilege of selecting six hundred and forty acres of land for planting, anywhere upon the lands of the company. I found one little spot of two hundred and forty acres near the seashore which I could irrigate by damming spring branches. I planted one hundred acres cotton, two hundred and forty acres corn. I first irrigated the land. Before irrigating it was as hard as a brick and as bare as a dressed plank. As soon as the water was run over it vegetation started and grew very rapidly. I succeeded in getting it plowed and harrowed, with a great deal of trouble, the trouble being with the plowmen. I planted cotton May 17th—too late—corn twenty-fifth of April. Both corn and cotton came up and grew nicely—corn rapidly, cotton slowly. It is the habit to drill corn and not sucker it, leaving one stalk every eighteen inches. I checked four feet each way, left four stalks in each hill, and suckered it closely. Corn attained an enormous hight, say fifteen feet; ears were heavy; it was said to be the finest crop in the county. Surrounded by branches and marshes there were no grasshoppers; the situation was pre-eminently favorable for a dry year. I did not plow it, never was a plow in it, but it was because I was obliged to ditch my field in every direction and keep the water running, and I could not plow, I used the hoe freely, by far the more expensive process of cultivation. Well, I made no cotton; fine stalks, a fair number of bolls, but it did not open to amount to anything. It was planted too late, for one reason; another, the climate is too cold in summer, too uniform throughout the year, and hence growth-development was too gradual, too slow. Corn had to be gathered in October, or my ground would have been inundated by the rise in the branches which takes place as the fall comes on from a natural cause, which of course, you understand. At that date the stalk is green, the cob is green, and the grain, though fully developed, is not entirely hard. Los Angeles said it couldn't be gathered until December, because, placed in crib it would heat. Well, I husked it, threw it on the ground, let it lie ten days, then cribbed it, let it dry about six weeks and shelled it, and I made forty-seven and a quarter bushels of weighed corn per acre. This, was then, the largest crop ever produced by one person in the county, both yield and acres. I enclose you herewith some affidavits to show that the crop was not very profitable. There was then no trespass law and I was compelled to herd stock off my corn day and night. I hired Mexicans, proverbially lazy, at one dollar and fifty cents per day. The hogs of my neighbors broke my ditches and shut off my water; in fact I had, excuse the expression, the spirit of the devil. I sold the corn at one dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars and five cents per cental in San Francisco. This was a good sale. The expenses ate it up, and I don't know anybody who was better off from farming alone. E. G. Neighbor, John Hanna, address Anaheim, Los Angeles county, settled two miles from Anaheim in 1869, had beside, farming implements, etc., cash, sixteen thousand dollars, gold; owned choice land. In 1869, made a good crop of barley; 1870, straw stacks; 1871, straw stacks; in 1874, financial condition, five thousand dollars in debt. Neighbor and friend, William R. Olden, same order, nine thousand dollar debt. I might mention any number of others in same condition; it is useless. Those plain lands, however, were held at seventeen to twenty dollars per acre. The stock men, on the contrary, were all making money, and the farmers who kept cattle, hogs, etc., and sold eggs, milk, and butter, were making a good living. The localities where this could be done were exceptional, confined to marsh or tule lands and such as are susceptible of irrigation. The supply of water in Los Angeles is limited to small scopes of country. The lands outside of the foothills, where it is one hundred feet to water, are exceedingly spotted. I illustrate: I offered to bet the agent of the Los Angeles and S. B. land association five hundred dollars that he could not find one hundred and sixty acres in one body, outside the foothills free from alkali. In wet seasons the clover referred to, Burr clover, makes a fine growth and hay can be made of it, such as it is. The burrs are the sustenance of cattle and sheep when there is nothing else to be had. Sheep men in Los Angeles estimate that about four to five acres are necessary to keep a sheep, some say three acres will do it. His (Tuggle's) wheat, in Los Angeles, is a mythe. Barley and corn in abundance along the water ditches and in wet seasons on the plains—no wheat. The crops in Los Angeles, away from water, are far more uncertain than elsewhere (north) in the State. The man who settles upon the plains of Los Angeles to farm, without the control of water for irrigation, is in my judgment, a fool, and he will soon discover it himself. You ask: "Why don't everybody have plenty of cattle and sheep?" Everybody has plenty of cattle and sheep already, all that they can get "range" for. It don't pay to feed cattle for beef, and sheep, either for wool or mutton, that class of stock would come into competition with the grass or range for stock, and overburdened with expense this attention from labor at forty dollars per month would not command prices that would justify having it. Besides, grain when grown here, commands prices that renders it unprofitable, though stock-corn at one to two cents per pound; barley at same price is equal for corn to fifty-six cents to one dollar and twelve cents per bushel, barley forty to eighty cents. Such prices, you know, feeders say east, don't pay to put into meat. There is not one farmer in Los Angeles in fifty—aye, one in a hundred—out of debt. Whatever money they have made is in increased value of land bought low, the increase being imparted by just such extravagances as you have heard, which might apply to one acre in two hundred thousand of the whole county. No, not that. "Why did I leave there?" Well, I went there to grow cotton. I found the climate unsuitable. I went there to make money by farming. I found my purse too small for irrigable lands with water privileges; I couldn't buy them. Land on the plains could have been bought, but to farm them was like pouring dollars into the seive of the Danaides. Everybody talked of what they could do in a good season, but it would have taken the profits of a dozen good seasons to have made up for the losses of 1870 and 1871. The character and high price of labor and the expense of getting produce to market, was such when you had all the accessories as to leave you no profit. To plant English walnuts they told me was sure to bring a fortune, but I had to wait seven years. Oranges conferred wealth that would flow from bearing trees in a pactolian stream, but the stream would not flow for ten years. For such things I could not wait. The wine-growers were disgusted and many have cut down their vines (dug them up) to plant orange trees. The climate did not suit me [illegible] mornings and evenings [illegible] in towns or live fence enclosures, then drop to fifty an hour after night. I suffered death from neuralgia. It was too far from the only market of the Pacific coast. San Francisco was accessible by sea or stage only. I didn't like it; I left it. The fact is I saw the country at its worst. I saw that the labor of seven years was likely to go in one or two bad seasons, which nearly always come together. I saw that as you went south the rainfall decreased in proportion to the distance from San Francisco, and it was little enough anywhere. Finally, granting the lands equally futile, the rainfall as great, the fogs prevented the use of the labor-saving machines of the drier valley's of the north, and hence, with equal crops the expense would be greater and the profits of farming less. This, of course, with reference to the plains. Irrigation can only be successfully practiced with the present imperfections of the system upon a small scale. It is expensive production, and can be profitable only in the event of failures elsewhere, whether successful upon a large or small scale, unless applied to some such crop as walnuts, oranges, small fruits, and the like in favored localities, *i.e.*, where the overproduction of such localities as San Francisco do not compete with your local market. Now for your questions *seriatim*: Lands are variable in quality; not so uniformly good as Texas; from fifteen to one hundred dollars per acre; choice lands, say thirty dollars, gold. Timber is confined to rivers (scarce); foot-hills and mountains plenty; farming lands—prairie—no sod. Lumber in Los Angeles from twenty-eight to fifty dollars per thousand, governing price, dressed or not; no fencing required now. Away from foothills water is found four to six feet from surface, and is pumped for stock and other purposes. Water good; every description of country, hilly and level. I'll hunt up thermometric ranges and send you; mean annual temperature about eighty-two; days and nights about forty to fifty; health of coast counties universally good. Cattle and sheep raising are both profitable under certain conditions, *i. e.*, provided you own range. The universality of the trespass law, passed to relieve farmers of the necessity of fencing, is concentrating the business of stock raising in the hands of a few people; capitalists owning large tracts of land, and who can fence for both cattle and sheep. Cattle are worth, common sheep, ewes two dollars and fifty cents per head. Hogs, like cattle and sheep, multiply astonishingly, and are remarkably free from disease. But for them you must likewise have range; don't pay to feed them. I have run into ten o'clock, and will go to bed now.

"He that fights and runs away," etc.

I don't know anything about the profit attending fruit raising in the region around San Francisco. It is profitable here; in fact, is so in any of the interior valleys. It has been immensely profitable around San Francisco, but the impression is that it is no longer so without resort to drying. I think where water can be had grapes for raisens and the Smyrna fig for drying promises to become very profitable. Every kind of fruit outside the tropics and many of the semi-tropical fruits grow here. Oranges are propagated from seed, and are in full bearing in ten years. Almonds are attracting a great deal of attention latterly. Oranges sell for three dollars per thousand on the tree, sometimes three dollars and fifty cents. In the coast counties it does not snow, rarely in the interior valleys, very little thunder or lightning. Frosts come along streams in Los Angeles and on low, damp lands early in October, and sometimes as late as May 12th. Thirteen years ago the vines at Maheim were killed on May 12th; on the plains about first November to first December, and fifteenth March to first of April. There is a dry season here every six or seven years, when there is a total failure of crops in the interior valleys. The coast valleys never suffer except from too much rain. The rainfall is exceedingly unreliable, and crops of grain are never made until ready to harvest. To illustrate: In 1872, this place produced twenty bushels wheat; in 1873, six bushels; in 1874, eight bushels, on that part which is not subject to inundation from the overflows of a creek running through it. These overflows occur during the rainy season. The overflowed lands are in cotton. They are flooded four or five times during the winter, and produce an average of one-half bale (two hundred and fifty pounds.) Insects are plenteous, reptiles scarce. Rabbits and squirrels are the greatest pests here. Wild animals are hardly known out of the mountains and hills. Cultivation is properly done antecedent to planting. Subsequent cultivation amounts to little. Cotton here—five hundred acres; plowing, seven inches deep; two dollars and fifty cents per acre; harrowing, fifty cents; planting, one dollar; cultivating with horses, one dollar; hoeing, two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents. This includes hire of men, hire of team and tools, repairs of tools, feed of men and team. Owning team and tools, you count the current value of hire as expense. I have about answered you fully, I think. I conclude with the statement that by making judicious selections of land men can make money in California. But judicious selections by strangers are rarely made. If W. has money and can get on a water ditch, plant oranges, etc., and wait, living meanwhile in a climate that is very attractive compared with ours. If he has gone upon the plains of Los Angeles to farm, heaven pity him. The history of the Alabama settlement is instructive. Mr. S., of Alabama, came here with sixty thousand dollars since the war. He is in debt terribly, with nothing to represent his money but a few thorns, and acres of plain land and some sheep—all mortgaged. W. B. D., of F. and D., Mobile, came here with fifteen thousand dollars cash. He has one hundred and sixty acres land, upon which he can't make a living. So of H. You must have heard of Dr. Joseph B., of Mobile. He owned that beautiful place on the railroad, near Citronelle, and was for many years a commission merchant. The old man is running a *header*, cutting grain for his neighbors at one dollar and a half per acre. Lieutenant W., take care. B. and S., D., H., and other prominet business men, and with large means, some of them close farmers and good managers, have sunk their all in this great western land ocean, never to resurrect it while God's sun shines. If a man is rich, and proposes to establish himself in California to enjoy the climate, he can select his locality, keep his money in United States bonds, or other sound securities, and indulge his fancy for farming by cultivating five or ten acres on a water ditch. He can also indulge the fancies of the average Californian, write to Memphis of flowers and vegetables grown at Christmas; of strawberries grown the year round; of one hundred and twenty-five bushels of *ears of corn* produced per acre—and if you don't state "ears," specifically, they will think you mean shelled corn! When a man becomes an average Californian, his conscience will never trouble him about the creation of false impressions. It is the easiest thing imaginable to gull sensible men when they are predisposed to be gulled, and especially your victims are those who go to a new country and a new climate to attempt a new business. Your corn story can find a counterpart in Arkansas. Mr. D. told me he had known, *personally*, corn to grow a foot in a single night on his Holly Grove place in Arkansas, yet I have planted and cultivated crops there, well handled in every respect, that did not average over ten bushels per acre. Again, if a man is poor, and his four or five boys, who are sober, industrious, energetic fellows, fond of hard work, if he will come here anywhere he can farm. Keep them all together, manage for them, and save and invest their wages, supposing he makes wages and no more, and in ten years he is rich. Wages are high here, hence it is a good country for single men who want to labor with their hands. It is a good place for small beginners in farming for laboring men—chicken-raising, duck-raising, etc. But I shall be home in December, and can talk to you as long as you please. I shall advise friends who want to move to go to Texas. If they follow my advice, in all respects, they can make a fine estate in a few years out of lands now worth two dollars and fifty cents per acre. I am coming up here to go there. I shall have about ten thousand dollars in gold, and if you want to buy a large tract of land jointly with me, and let me improve it, in Central Texas; raise fine cattle, hogs, sheep, chickens, turkeys, ducks, etc., make a regular rotation of cotton and grain, and seed a large portion of the land to permanent pasturage, with Alfalfa, the California implements and machinery for cotton, grain, etc., etc., I am your man. In every thing except climate, I can make a paradise in ten years that you can't have here if you live until Gabriel toots his trumpet—the same means being used—the same occupation being relied upon.

X.

LOS NIETOS, CAL., August 10.—Leaving Los Angeles on the Los Angeles and Anaheim railroad, we pass through Los Angeles valley twelve miles to Los Nietos, a new and flourishing town situated in the center of this great valley, between the Old and New San Gabriel rivers, surrounded by the mountains that overlook this whole valley. The lands are laid off in twenty-acre lots, to forty and sixty, and sold to settlers from twenty-five dollars up. Near the towns they are much higher. The lands throughout southern California have been held by old Spanish grants, by land companies now in this State, who are holding them at high prices that prevents the country from being settled up as rapidly as it would if they were in reach of all. This is a wonderful country. The vegetation all dies after the rains cease in the spring, and the face of the earth seems to be scorched up during the summer until the fall rains set in about the first of November. Then the whole face of the earth is carpeted with flowers, mainly [illegible] the burr clover, which is a fine sub- [illegible]

[illegible] thirty-eight years. The location is healthy, is central, and is easily reached by railroad, from Baltimore and Washington cities. For circulars address
MRS. E. H. ARCHER,
Ellicott City P. O., Maryland.