

Knoxville Whig and Chronicle.

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KNOXVILLE, TENN.: WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1875.

WHOLE NO 1894

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

DOMESTIC.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—A well known wealthy married man named John Kates was before the Magistrate to-day charged with a scandalous assault on Miss Pemberton. It appears that Kates seduced her when she was about 15 years old. She claims that he has held her in a life of sin and slavery ever since. Recently she attended a picnic without his permission, and when she returned he charged her with infidelity, knocked her down, beat her in a brutal manner, and then tore her clothes off her person, and after pouring burning fluid all over her set fire to her and endeavored to burn her alive. The interference of some of the people in the house prevented the consummation of his wicked design. On Friday evening last he whipped her in the most brutal manner, and swore he would disgrace her so that she would never be able to go out. Great effort was made by interested parties to keep the details of the affair from the public. Kates is held in \$2,000 bail for his appearance at court.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 17.—There were exciting times last evening in Columbia, caused by the preceding under habeas corpus for the release of ex-Treasurer Parker. The application was heard at 5 P. M. before Judge Maney, by Parker's counsel, claiming his discharge under the provision of the Constitution prohibiting imprisonment for debt. The Sheriff's return failed to allege that the case was one of fraud, a charge which is expressly excepted in the constitutional prohibition of imprisonment for debt, and after argument the Judge released the prisoner. The court room was soon filled with an excited crowd, and Parker was immediately re-arrested on a warrant for grand larceny, but his counsel waived an examination, urging that the amount involved in the alleged robbery had nothing to do with the amount of bail, and succeeded in getting him released on two thousand dollars bail. It is generally believed that Parker will escape and forfeit his bail. The *News and Courier* denounces the release of Parker as a gross judicial outrage, and a job put up by certain State officials who feared Parker would implicate them in his enormous robberies.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 18.—A special from Benton, Franklin county, Illinois, says 100 disguised men have been whipping and otherwise abusing the people of Williamson and Franklin counties. J. B. Maddox, the County Commissioner, received information that the marauders would visit his house and whip him for not complying with one of their orders. Maddox notified the Sheriff, who summoned twenty men and concealed them in Maddox's house. About 2 o'clock that night 14 men approached, disguised and mounted. The Sheriff demanded their surrender, when the leader fired, missing the Sheriff. The band wheeled to make off when the posse fired on them fatally wounding one and injuring five. They all got away but the man fatally hurt, who gives the names of the others.

The citizens held a meeting and resolved to rid the country of these men. The band numbers 400. Governor Beveridge sent 100 stand of arms to the county, and bloody results are expected.

RALPHIGH, N. C., Aug. 18.—The largest sale of tobacco ever made in North Carolina was from the large manufactory of W. T. Blackwell & Co., at Durham, this morning, filling a Philadelphia order for 2,500 cases, amounting to over \$90,000.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Wm. B. Duncan, of the firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co., has published a circular in which he proposes to their creditors to pay 25 per cent. in full settlement of the indebtedness of the firm, about 43 per cent. being the proportion of the assets to the liabilities, as shown by the assignee's statement. He offers to pay 25 per cent. before November 27th, 1875; 5 per cent. before May 27th, 1876; 5 per cent. before Nov. 27th, 1876; 10 per cent. before May 27th, 1877; 10 per cent. before Nov. 27th, 1877, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum until paid. As security for the fulfillment of this agreement the assets are to be held and administered by Mr. Duncan, under advice of Commissioners consisting of Robert Lenox Kennedy, President of the National Bank of Commerce, and Geo. W. Duer, President of the National Bank of the State of New York. Mr. Duncan also says that should the assets bring more than 25 per cent. the creditors will have the benefit thereof.

READING, Pa., Aug. 21.—Yesterday the funeral of Mrs. Philip Bessinger and her three children, whose death, by drowning, occurred here Tuesday, took place here. The utmost excitement prevailed and a very large concourse of people followed the bodies to the grave in a procession comprising over thirty carriages and not less than one thousand people on foot. For an hour before the time for the funeral the house was surrounded by excited people, and the excitement was so great that a detachment of police kept guard on the premises. The circumstances attending the death of the mother and her children were such as to create the strongest interest, which partakes largely of indignation.

Bessinger is the keeper of a saloon here, and his family consisted of himself, his wife, three small children—a boy and two girls—and his mother also made her home with his family. Of late, it is said, there has been considerable unhappiness, caused, the neighbors say, by the treatment of Mrs. Bessinger by her husband and his mother. The report commonly accepted is that Bessinger had bestowed his affection upon an unmarried woman, from Philadelphia, who he frequently had at his house, and who was boldly accorded authority. On Monday, it is stated, a quarrel took place between the husband and wife on this account, and he ordered his (his wife) out of his sight; he told her he would give her \$2,000 to go away and return no more, she to take the two girls and he to keep the boy, and threatened to kill her if she returned.

This prospect of separation from one of her children, added to the previous unhappiness of her position, manifestly proved upon her mind and she was very much depressed. On Tuesday, accompanied by her three children, she left the house and entered the street car, in which she rode out of the city for the distance of about two miles and a half to a point on the bank of the canal. She had a basket with her, and this she proceeded to fill with stones, her children assisting her. Having filled it, she bound it securely to her waist, and then taking a child under each arm and holding

the third child to her breast she jumped into the canal. The cries of the children attracted the attention of a man who could not swim and before he could get assistance all were drowned. The bodies were recovered and removed to the house of the husband, and he was notified of the occurrence, receiving the news, it is said, while in company with the woman who had caused the unhappiness.

So great was the indignation among the people at large that a detachment of police was kept guarding his house from the first until after the funeral. It is stated that in a crowd in attendance yesterday not less than fifty men, and even women, were armed with pistols for the avowed purpose of shooting Bessinger. He was guarded by police all the way to the grave and back, and as further protection the coffin containing the little boy's body was placed in the carriage with him. When the bodies had been lowered into graves part of the crowd hoisted at Bessinger, and a number of women endeavored to get at him. One shot was fired at him without effect. He was instantly hustled into his carriage and driven off. Another shot was fired in passing the gate, which is supposed to have struck him, as he was carried from his carriage into the house. Great indignation still exists, and lynch law continued to be talked of.

CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 21.—J. F. Bowler, a painter, was killed, and Patsy Colter, a tinner, badly injured, by the falling of a scaffold this afternoon.

CHICAGO, Aug. 21.—Hon. J. Russell Jones, regarding the tender of the Secretaryship of the Interior to him, says the letters are in such a shape at present that he can not give a definite answer.

The Indians at some of the up river agencies are already dissatisfied, and the prospects are that some of the tribes will not send delegations to Red Cloud's council at Standing Rock. They are very decided. Since the Commissioners left there it has been unanimously resolved by the Indians not to dispose of their rights in the Black Hills country, nor to have anything to do with making a new treaty with the Government.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 21.—The Albion mills at Crutchfield were burned to-day. The loss is estimated \$250,000. The Virginia Home Insurance Company had a risk of \$2,000.

Adelaide Dorsheimer died in a half hour from the effects of carbolic acid taken by mistake.

INDIAN, N. Y., Aug. 21.—Mary Keller House, aged 100 years, died to-day. Her maiden name was Lick. She had been married four times, the first time in her 18th, and the last in her 88th year. She was very intelligent and had a retentive memory. Her descendants are scattered all over the country.

AGRESTA, Aug. 21.—Gov. Smith was at San Francisco to-day. It is apprehended that the insurrection is over. The excitement has subsided and peace and order restored.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 21.—The State registrar reports the result of the census of Louisiana, recently taken, as follows: City of New Orleans, whites 145,721; colored 67,649. Total 203,368; an increase of 11,966 upon the census of 1870. Population of whole State, whites 404,391; colored 450,929; an excess of colored over whites of 45,538, and a total increase of 128,115 over the census of 1870. These figures may be subjected to some slight modification in the returns of one or two remote parishes, not being quite complete.

GALVESTON, Aug. 21.—The official count of the vote on the Constitutional Convention, in 10 counties, shows the following result: For Convention 46,258; against 25,655.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.—Thurlow Weed, his family and servants, have been suffering severely from symptoms resembling cholera. The consulting physicians were puzzled by a sudden and strange sickness which indicated poisoning; and after a search discovered that a copper tea kettle, used for boiling water for tea and coffee, had been secured with oxalic acid, which, combined with the copper, formed arsenic acid of copper. The physicians say that Weed, his daughter and three servants had a narrow escape.

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 23.—It is said that the New Jersey and New York railroad owes the Erie railroad \$30,000 and refused to pay it. The Erie therefore to-day seized two cars of the former road at Long Dock and took up the other companies track at Crocksland Junction. There was great excitement, but the police force from Jersey City preserved order.

AGRESTA, Ga., Aug. 23.—Several of the prominent negroes connected with the troubles in the counties below here have made confessions. Jake Moreman, first lieutenant of the negro company, testifies on oath that nineteen counties were to be embraced in the insurrection, and that last Friday was appointed for the uprising. That all the white men and ugly white women were to be killed, the pretty white women were to be spared, and the land and slaves were to be divided among the negroes. All who have so far confessed testify substantially the same as Jake Moreman. Gov. Smith arrived here this afternoon from Waynesboro'. He is determined to preserve peace, enforce the laws, and do justice to both whites and blacks.

CHICAGO, Aug. 23.—Jefferson Davis has received invitations from Des Moines, Iowa; Charleston, Ills.; and other points in the West to deliver the annual address at the meetings of their several agricultural societies this fall.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—Abraham Synmonds, who was probably insane, killed his daughter with an axe, and then killed himself.

Ex-Judge Shipman, assignee of Duncan, Sherman & Co., and W. A. Conroy, S. L. M. Barlow and W. W. McFarland, his surties were justified to-day before Judge Robinson in the Court of Common Pleas in five hundred thousand dollars each. The various Turner Societies containing representatives from different States, numbering three thousand men, marched through the city to-day to James Ward's cemetery, where a three day's festival is in progress. The appeals from orders in the six million suit of the People against Tweed, were argued to-day before the Supreme Court in General Term; one being from an order refusing a bill of particulars, the second from an order refusing to direct complaint to be made more definite, and the third from an order refusing to vacate the order of arrest, or reduce the three million bail. A decision was reserved on all three.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 23.—W. B. Greenlaw,

President of the Memphis & Little Rock Railroad and of the Peoples Insurance Company of this city, died this morning of the dropsy of the heart.

WEBHAWKES, N. J., Aug. 23.—Policeman Lundy struck Phillip Kuch a fatal blow with his club for interfering when Lundy was shooting a dog.

CHICAGO, Aug. 23.—There was frost at various points in Illinois Saturday night. The potatoes and vegetables were severely injured in the vicinity of Freeport.

WATKINS' GLENN, N. Y., Aug. 23.—The Arlington Hotel was burned by the explosion of a gasolene lamp. The guests escaped with their baggage.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 23.—A portion of the manufacturing hall at the fair grounds has been blown down. Two children were killed.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 23.—Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D. D., LL. D., for 15 years President of the Indianapolis State University at Bloomington, Ind., died this morning of remittent fever.

FOREIGN.

PARIS, Aug. 21.—The *Memorial Diplomatique* says: All powers have agreed in urging Servia and Montenegro to remain neutral in the present conflict, and that this advice will be backed by force if necessary.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—The *Daily News* special from Vienna says: The Russian general Kauffman is organizing an expedition against Khokand in revenge for an attack upon the Russian soldiery.

The *Times* publishes a special from Berlin, saying that the Khokand rebels had attacked a Russian body-guard, and it is expected that the Russian Government will order the military to the occupation of Khokand.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—A special dispatch to the *Times*, from Constantinople, says the Porte has accepted the proposition of friendly powers to accept the submission of the insurgents to the Turkish authority, and to represent to them their utter hopelessness from foreign intervention.

Serfer Pascha has been appointed a special commissioner to examine into the grievances of the disaffected people, and he confidently expects the insurrection will soon terminate.

A Berlin special dispatch to the *Times* says that the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople suggested to the Turkish Government the expediency of allowing Herzegovina and Bosnia an independent administration. Had this suggestion been accepted the three northern powers would have been prepared to assist its accomplishment. The Porte, however, rejected the proposition. The intervention of Austria is no longer considered probable. The Austrian Government seems to consider that a change has become indispensable, and that it had best be effected at a time when Austria may hope to exercise a leading influence.

The *Times*, in a leading article, says that if any mode could be devised of giving Herzegovina and Bosnia an independent administration similar to that enjoyed by Servia, it would be a great relief to the Porte and an advantage to Europe. The writer points to the gradual and inevitable disruption of the Ottoman empire. He protests against the supposition that the foreign policy of England might be governed by the interests of the holders of Turkish bonds. The article concludes thus: "Whenever the moment arrives for a further step toward the liberation of the outlying provinces of Turkey, we need not hesitate to assist the movement, if that course should appear desirable."

A special dispatch to the *Daily News*, from Rome, says that the Pope has invited Archbishop Ledochowski to Rome on the expiration of his term of imprisonment, in February next, to attend a special consistory at which he will receive the insignia of Cardinal.

THE TREMENDOUS ROW ABOUT THE ST. GEGHAM BILL IN THE NORTHEAST.

The Pope's Big Toe Kicking Up a Prodigious Dust.

[From the Cleveland Herald, 23rd.]

At the Republican primary meetings held throughout the townships on Tuesday night, scores of men hitherto Democrats appeared at the polling places and wanted to vote. Their Democratic records being known, they were challenged, of course, and they said: "Yes, we are Democrats, but we can't stand this Democratic cottoning to the Catholics; we are down on this Catholic warfare on the free schools, and we are going to vote the Republican ticket. We want to begin now." And the honest, sensible farmers said: "That's all right; let them vote;" and so those Democrats began their career as Republicans. This account comes to us direct from several townships, and is brought by men who saw and heard what they describe. Senator Thurman was right. The priests have overdone the thing by "sticking their d--d noses into politics."

[From the Cleveland Herald, 23rd.]

Republicans of the twelve Western Reserve counties will vote this fall to the last man. And to a man they will vote the Republican ticket. And they will do this because every fiber in a Western Reserve Republican's body is tingling with the school question. The "Pope's toe" has stirred up a tremendous dust up this way, Mr. *Commerciant*.

The Richmond *Whig* fears that the intemperate utterances of extreme State Rights advocates may drive from the support of the Democracy, men who cooperated with them last year. It reminds Mr. Beck, who has been calling "nation" a "contemptible word," that among the results of the war is "the utter abrogation of the right of secession," and that what all State Rights champions now claim is the right of each State to "local self government in all her own intrinsic affairs."

A little boy in Amity township, Berks county, Pa., although seven years old, measures but thirty-two inches in height. He has grown but little, if any, since he was two years old. He is said to be very bright and intelligent for one of his years.

TEMPERANCE MEANDERINGS.

The Mountain Chamoise Again.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:
For the first time, with only the usual incidents of travel, I found myself at Fincastle, far up Powell's Valley. In my flight thitherward, I had organized a Lodge at Clinton—had been stormed out at Careyville—delivered a moving lecture at Jackaboro'—(it moved some old whisky bibbers out of the house) had lectured at Fincastle—slashed my way (in company with Rev. E. B. Clark,) through mud and mud, up the valley to Pleasant Grove—lectured and lived to get back to Fincastle; where on Saturday afternoon, I concluded to ascend the Cumberland mountains, that all these days had been cloud-wrapped, and slumbering only one mile away. Ah! fatal fascination!

Committing the secret of my intentions to no one, I wended my way across a soft yielding stubblefield—through a softer cornfield—into another stubblefield—through a barnyard—up a "spring branch"—into, and across another field, and finally over the fence, and to the mountain. The forest swallowed me up. Following a ravine, down which rushed, during a rain storm, a raging torrent, I pantingly ascended. Now stepping from rock to rock, now toiling up steep weed covered hills, till half way up, my legs protested, and seated me on a fallen tree.

"Silence and solitude." Where were the birds? Where the sighing winds? The mountain slept. Suddenly the silence stirred at the sound of dashing hoofs. A herdman plunged across the ridge above me, then disappeared in a gorge mysteriously as he came, dropping the curtain of silence behind him. Had I been superstitious, I might have sworn that the genii who haunts the mountains had waked the echoes, to warn me of the coming storm.

The storm was coming, but for awhile I was ignorant of the fact. On the other side of the mountain an occasional thunderbolt would burst, and overhead all was serene. In my upward toiling I had reached the foot of the inaccessible precipice which for miles crown the summit of the Cumberland. Deep shades fell about me. The silence could be felt. A worshipful awe stole through my being, and I could understand why our Saviour turned to the mountain solitude, when he would spend the night in prayer. My reverie was suddenly ended by a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a thunder crash, which all the mountain echoes following, I heard up. The storm had assailed the mountain's crest, and was rolling the black clouds over its rocky battlements. The thrilling spell that arose and enveloped me from the Powell Valley, spread out like an earthly Eden far below, was broken. How to escape the fury of the storm was the great question. Like a frightened deer (or more aptly a mountain sheep) I turned and fled, swift as the wind (which I felt to blow much) I bounded from rock to rock—over tall weeds and prostrate trees—down the gloomy gorge—under the great trees—gathering momentum as I went, until the question became a serious one, how to stop.

I didn't measure my strides—couldn't stop—tried to put on the brakes—wouldn't work—evidently a runaway escape—I had become unmanageable—couldn't keep on—couldn't stop. At length I made a final effort to get a better of my top-heavy head and reckless legs—threw all my powers into a back action movement, and in time to keep from uprooting a sapling that was thoughtless enough to stand right in my road.

"Sat down panting. Storm muttered at my delay; legs said, 'can't help it.' Storm let drop a near thunderbolt; legs said, 'blaze away.' Storm said, 'I won't wait;' legs said, 'come on, and do your worst, we can't and we won't.' Reader, the storm came. In solemn march on the mountains rolled a sepulchral dirge through the deepening twilight. A few moments and he was on me. Torrents from above awoke the torrents below. Sighing winds, pouring rains, rushing waters, bellowing thunders, made up a hymn the storm god sang, and to which the red-winged lightnings danced.

"Did you get wet?" Shade of Noah's flood! Ask my forlorn silk hat, my streaming clothes, my poor limp wheezing gait, that seemed to have set all their pride and gone into the wetrag business! "Get it!" language the romance washed out, likewise the starch—we sauntered on, until coming to a cabin we turned aside, and soon thereafter we might have been seen clad in a butternut gray, while our clothes were steaming before a blazing fire. A good supper, a good horseback ride, and I was in Fincastle once more, just as Brother Clark began to wonder what had become of me.

J. F. GOLDMAN.

The Mare that Beat "The Maid."

Something of a breeze has resulted from the races of Buffalo Park, just closed, in remarkable trotting time claimed to be made by a hitherto unknown mare, Lulu, which "cleaned out" the entire entries in the "free-to-all" race for a \$4,000 purse. The time claimed is 2:15, made in the third heat, and said to be the second fastest on record. Lulu is owned by John Harker, of Rochester, where she last year made 2:10—bred by Colonel Crockett, of Georgetown, Ky., with this pedigree: She is pure thoroughbred, sired by Alexander's Hermit, he by the Moss horse; dam by imported Horton. She is eleven years old, fifteen hands one inch, and deep bay color. As a consequence horsemen are excited; but her age, doubtless, will keep the animal from winning great laurels further.—*Toledo Commercial*.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

Facts About the Climate—Its Healthfulness—Vegetation, &c., &c.

RIVERSIDE, CAL., Aug. 3, 1875.

To the Editors of the Chronicle:

Perhaps a letter from Southern California might be of interest to you and your readers. Geologically and otherwise considered, this is one of the newest countries on the continent—the last that God made, and the last that restless and migrating man has gone forth to occupy; here, I will add, the last is the best of all, the very superlative land beneath the sun. That this country has been to some extent exaggerated, by interested parties, none who are posted can deny. These parties have lied, not so much by what they have said as by what they have not said. It is a case of lying by a willful and premeditated suppression of the truth. They tell all the good, and none of the bad. Hence, many immigrants come here under the fatal delusion that this country is Heaven—a land filled with all good, and utterly exempted from all evil. This is a sad and great mistake.

California, in common with all other earthly countries, is a mixture of the good and the bad, with the good, however, more largely predominating than in any other country I have ever seen. It is not necessary, therefore, to bring all her admirable qualities fully into view, and then hide her deformities behind the curtain. All that this country needed to win and hold the admiration of mankind, was simply to have told her "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Your correspondent does not propose to tell all the truth that might be told of California, but so far as I shall stray to tell the truth. It is of Southern California, in general, and of this locality specially, that I wish to write.

As to climate, this country offers as good as the best of any other. It seems to me to be about all that the most fastidious could modestly require. This is what Californians call a "spotted" country, that is, the climate of this country, like Peter Cartwright's growth in grace, is in "spots." Some times a jumpt of ten miles here, will afford as great a change of climate as would two hundred in your country. There are situated in this valley two towns, San Bernardino and Riverside, apart twelve miles; and I should not wonder if the difference of climate between these two places, are not as great, as are those between Knoxville and Atlanta. All over this country, taking the year round, there is a remarkable equality of temperature. It gets hot, but never cold. The variations are nearly all on one side, making the mean or average temperature quite uniform. But if you select a single twenty-four hours of the year, you will be astonished to find a difference of from thirty to fifty degrees between the hours of 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.; and yet, these changes are constant. There is a remarkable disparity between the temperature of the day and that of the night. No matter how hot the day, the night is sure to be cool. Yet the atmosphere is so perfectly dry and pure that one can sleep out in the open air with the utmost safety. In fact, these cool nights are one of the many excellencies of California's climate. For sleeping they are most glorious, and unexcelled. None of that awful rolling and unrest, that melting, roasting, seething affliction, that one is sometimes compelled to endure in the East. Any one with a good conscience, and a moderately well behaved temper, can sleep in California. How I pity our Knoxvilleians these hot August nights.

What Brooklyn is to New York, California should be to the United States, the great sleeping department of the Nation. If this management were complete you over-worked editors could find some rest, provided you have the first requisite to good sleeping—a clear and good conscience.

The winters are said to be beautiful. Then it rains, and the weather is so verdant, that all the earth is carpeted in verdure, and the plains and mountains crowned with flowers. The rain falls here, even in winter, is light; yet generally sufficient to produce a crop of barley without irrigation. Plants, so delicate, that you would have to nurse them in a hot house or in the chimney corner in East Tennessee, stand out under the genial skies, and many of them flower all the year. You can judge of the climate by the fact that oranges, lemons, limes, figs, apricots, almonds, and, in short, all the semi-tropical fruits grow here to maturity. Yet, sometimes there comes a killing frost. Such was the case last spring—a frost came in April, killing nearly all the fruit, and leaving its blackening footprints on the tender trees. Such frosts, however, are, fortunately, very rare. Not for fifteen years, it is said, has there been such another frost. From April to November this is literally a rainless land, unless, perchance, there comes a shower in August. This feature of the climate I especially like.

No blackened heavens nor furious storms; no pealing thunder, nor drenching rains, are here. Every day is bright, clear, beautiful. But you say what of the dust. It is bad enough, I assure you—one of the most disagreeable things in California. And, yet, I do not think it so bad an article of dust as you have in Tennessee. It is exceedingly light and volatile, more like flour than dirt, and very easily brushed off. Nor is it so bad for the lungs and head as the dust at the East. Still, if you ever come to California, you will find dust to your heart's content.

Rain here in the summer is not a blessing but a misfortune. When the rains cease in the spring the food that has grown during the winter dries upon the plain and remains perfectly good throughout the dry season, but

the first rain that falls ruins it, of course, and not only that, but it, also, sprouts the seed that is to produce the next crop, and consequently cuts that off, thus producing the double calamity of blighting two crops. The heat is never so oppressive here as it is in a moist climate. I think one feels the heat more in Knoxville when the mercury stands at 87° than he would here when the same fluid trembles up to 100°. I may say I am sure of this, having tried both places. There is something bracing and exhilarating in this atmosphere that I have never experienced elsewhere. One can perform more labor, with less sense of fatigue, than you would possibly suppose. We have an excellent "sea breeze" every day. This very materially modifies the heat, as well as purifies the air and makes it healthful. I see nothing in this section to produce disease. The air is so pure and free from miasma as to be rather conducive to health than productive of disease. Still I do not consider it so good as to form an infallible panacea. Many who come here to be cured of consumption and its cognate disease come only to die in a strange land, here be buried or otherwise have their bodies shipped East at heavy cost. There is no sort of sense, except bad, manifested in bringing dead men and women to this country in the vain hope that it will raise them from the dead, and give them new lungs, new throats and a new life. It will certainly do none of these "mighty works." If one is only in the incipency, or first stage, of consumption, then I would say come; but if you have advanced beyond this, I would advise you, by all means, stay at home—that is the best place to die. I consider it one of the meanest and most cruel things that can be done to lie to and deceive the sick and the dying. That certain interested parties in this country have done these things I have no doubt. For the sake of selling a few acres of land, or making money in some other way, they have held their false keeper to the view of the unfortunate and the afflicted, and have thus imposed upon and most wickedly deceived that very class of persons that above all others ought to have the sympathy and help of everybody. There are no diseases for which this climate does seem to be a specific. Among these is asthma. I have seen a number of persons who came here suffering from this disease, every one of whom testified that he or she had been cured or greatly relieved by the climate. I suspect there is no more healthful country on this continent than Southern California, and I think this is saying enough, without holding out any false inducements.

We should like to have a great many of our East Tennessee friends come here, but we shall refrain from persuasion, lest they might be disappointed, and then censure us for bringing them into trouble. I will only say, we like California even better than we expected.

Yours truly,
JONATHAN L. MANN.

Soldiers' Stories.

Several powder-begrimed veterans gathered in a certain public station the other evening, says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, to keep out of the rain for a few minutes, and while there discussed the late war.

"I remember," said one, "that a bullet passed clear through George Gay's body and never killed him."

"I recollect," said another, "that a ball lodged in Bill Payson's lung and never was taken out, but he lived."

"I," said a third, "know well when the doctors thought Henry Hill's life was gone up as a 'mule' lodged within an inch of his heart, but he lived."

"Jake Johnson's head was pierced by a ball, and he lived," exclaimed the last man but one. These remarks produced considerable surprise and excited a speech from all seven tall, slim and slowly individual, who waited till his companions concluded and then drawled, in piping accents:

"These fellows was a little tough, I allow; but Jim Jones, who fit side of me, was shot in the neck so that his head just hung by the skin."

"Gee! Heavens!" ejaculated just; "you don't mean to say he lived, do you?"

"Oh, no; he died," drawled slim and sleepy.

Pauperism in England.

Some authentic and interesting figures have recently been submitted to Parliament as to the cost and present tendency of pauperism in England. The number of paupers in the receipt of relief was 998,000 in 1858, rose to 1,015,000 in the Lancashire distress accompanying our war, and again rose and reached its highest point in the years 1865-70-'71, when the average was 1,029,000. Since 1871 there has been a gradual diminution, till on the last of January, 1875, the number had fallen to 800,000, or 26 per cent. in the whole country and 40 per cent. in London. The cost per pauper has risen from £9 9s 4d in 1858 to £9 11s 5d, reflecting both the increased cost of sustaining life and the relief of a larger proportion of the poor indoors than formerly. The greatest cost was in 1872, when £8,000,000 or \$40,000,000 was spent by the public authority in England in relieving the necessities of the poor. The tendency to diminish will hardly survive the present year with its great coal and iron and cotton strikes.

About Monuments.

[From the Greenville American.]

From Memphis, we believe, comes the motion that the State shall erect a monument to the memory of Andrew Johnson, at the Capital. A good and patriotic idea, but it will never be carried out, or should not, until the ashes of John Sevier are brought from their obscure resting place on the soil of Alabama, and entombed beneath suitable memorial stones, in the State to whom settlement and subsequent prosperity he contributed so largely. Beside his services to the State, to the Southwest and to the whole country, Andrew Johnson's claims to the honor of remembrance are as nothing.