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Of all natural powers, water is the most appalling and destructive. An earthquake is a more frightful manifestation of force, but it is limited in its extent, and not of frequent occurrence. There are other natural phenomena that are exceptions in many respects, but the frequency, extent and character of freshets considered, it is safe to adhere to the statement first made. We have of late had great destruction of life and property by fires. Chicago and Boston, and Chicago in its second visitation by the fire fiend, are frightful examples of the destructive and almost irresistible power of fire. But man's ingenuity has devised means for containing successfully with it. Those wonderful little machines that pour a torrent of water to any height, and on the shortest notice, have made it possible for an experienced organization to hold within limit the worst fire we have ever had on this continent.

But what ingenuity or human power can control or resist the angry, swollen, swift, rolling sea of water that once, at least, in every decade, sweeps down our valleys and out into the Great Father of Waters? Beginning high up in the cooves and mountains of Virginia and East Tennessee, gathering momentum and volume at every rivulet, creek and river, who can picture the consternation and destruction the freshet leaves in its path? On it sweeps, down our rich valley, over our fertile bottoms, past thriving towns and populous cities into the Ohio and thence down the Mississippi, over its broken levees, out into the rice and sugar plantations of Louisiana, through the crowded streets of the Queen City of the South and into the Gulf of Mexico. For a thousand miles, into a hundred thousand hearts it has carried terror and suffering. The fisherman's hut by the river bank, the miller's peaceful home by the still flowing stream, the farmer's house on the fertile river bottoms, the crowded tenements on the busy levee in the cities, all tell their story of loss and anxiety and suffering. The loss of bridges, and railroad tracks, and lumber yards, and miles of fencing, and more valuable property in the growing cities, from the head waters of the Holston, and Clinch, and French Broad rivers to New Orleans will foot up to millions. The sufferings of those who have lost much will be known, but in many a cabin on the rivers and creeks the waters have carried off all the tenants owned, and their story will never be heard. But few, perhaps, of the thousands who have watched from our bridges and river banks the wreck of houses swiftly carried by, have fully appreciated the anguish and suffering this great storm has caused. The hour for anxiety and dread has passed here, but for a week or more there are others South of us who must experience, in an aggravated form, all the most afflicted of our people have endured. This is the track of the great freshet, that only months, and perhaps years, of labor will repair.

SIR CHARLES LYELL.

Our dispatches a few mornings since, informed our readers of the death of this eminent geologist and scientist. In his death Great Britain loses her foremost and oldest geologist; and the world of science a man to whom it is indebted for much that is fixed in its knowledge of geology. He was born in Kilmory, Fife-shire, on the 14th of November, 1797. He graduated at Oxford in 1819 and entered upon the study of law, and even began the practice of his profession, but the teaching of Dr. Buckland had instilled such a love for the study of nature into his mind, that he threw up his legal pursuits and turned his entire attention to geology. In January, 1830, he published his first extensive work, "The Principles of Geology," which in its various edi-

tions has, from that time to the present, been accepted as the highest English authority on the subject. It has gone through numerous editions, and he has had the manhood to acknowledge where he has been wrong, and to correct any errors into which he had fallen, and even to abandon pet theories when he found that the facts seemed to be against him. In other words he kept pace with the rapid advance of his science, so much so, that the later editions of his works bear no sort of resemblance to the first. It was this fair-mindedness that made him so much respected and referred to as a man of science.

He visited this country twice, once in 1841 and again in 1845, and examined critically the geological formation of this continent. He wrote an account of both visits, and they contain much that is of interest to the American scientist. He died full of years and honors, but remained active to the last. It has been within last three years that the last edition of his Geology was published, and he personally supervised the revision.

WHEN THE United States Government appropriated the agricultural lands to the several States the grant required from them a legislative act, assenting to the conditions upon which the donation was made. One of these conditions was that the State should involuntarily provide for the interest upon the bonds in which the fund should be invested. The State of Tennessee has a large portion of this fund. It is invested in our Agricultural College, where it is of great benefit to our people. The Legislature not only by positive enactment but by every principle of good faith is obliged to provide for this interest. We are glad to see that the Legislature proposes to pay the interest past due. As it is evident that the State will not be able or does not expect to pay the interest on its debt for some time, we hope it will see the necessity and justice of making an exception in the bonds of this College, and provide for the payment of the interest as a preferred claim. It is a debt of honor. It is a debt deserving recognition as among the very first to be paid, and if the Legislature does its duty it will so provide.

THE new law of the German Parliament is an important step in the secularization of the Empire. It legalizes marriages solemnized by a civil registrar, and does not make baptism obligatory. A woman under twenty-four or a man under twenty-five must have the consent of the father, or the mother, if the father is dead. A person divorced for adultery can not marry his or her paragon, and widows can not re-marry for ten months after the death of the husband. Any clergyman who marries a couple without the previous performance of the civil registration can be fined \$75 or sent to jail for three months. All jurisdiction of marriage and divorce is taken away from the clergy, and priests, monks, and nuns may legally marry if they please.

THE boy-murderer, Jesse Pomeroy, has been sentenced to be hung by the neck "until he is dead, dead, dead." The details of the heart-sickening acts committed by this boy are no doubt fresh in the minds of most of our readers. The excitement it created throughout the country at the time was, in some portions of it, very intense, and his case was made the theme of several medico-legal treatises. Lately, however, we have heard nothing from him, until this brief paragraph in the newspapers informs us of the view the law takes of his case.

Very many persons have serious doubts of his legal responsibility, and not a few are thoroughly satisfied that he is a fitter subject for an asylum than the hangman's noose. But circumstances were against him. The principal of these circumstances is, that he was the son of a poor woman. It seems to us impossible that the boy should be deemed at all responsible for any acts he might commit. He is but little removed from an idiot, and the manner and circumstances under which the acts were committed, show conclusively that he could no more prevent the execution of the deeds than he could voluntarily stop his respiration. When questioned in regard to his crime, he confessed, and said he could not help it; and when asked

what he thought ought to be done with him, said: "I ought to be put where I can not do such things." He evidently has a clearer conception of his case than the judge and jury, who have ordered that he be swung off to eternity. Insanity, trumped up for the occasion, has doubtless created such disgust, that juries look with suspicion on the plea whenever it is put in; but there is danger that we may run to the other extreme, and while there may be many McFarlands, who are deserving of a murderer's reward, still at large on the plea of insanity, there may be such irresponsible persons as Jesse Pomeroy, who are deserving of our charity, and care, and protection, instead of a felon's death.

WHAT KNOXVILLE COULD BE.

The South Bend (Indiana) Tribune, of last week, publishes a very voluminous review of the business and manufacturing transactions of that city for 1874. From it we learn that "South Bend has in all, 163 industrial establishments, employing an army of men, and turning out, in 1874, nearly \$5,500,000 worth of products." The population of South Bend is about 12,000 (less than is claimed for Knoxville) and this production is nearly \$500 to each inhabitant—and is, perhaps, a better showing than any city in the country. We also learn from the Tribune's statement, that there were erected during 1874, within the city limits, 109 buildings, all of which, with eight exceptions, were dwellings! Such statements as these should awaken our citizens to a proper realization of what Knoxville may become by a display of energy and a development of our natural advantages. All things considered, we believe that our city is more favored by its surroundings, natural wealth, &c., than is South Bend.

VIVISECTION.

We have once before referred to this subject in these columns, and we only call attention to it again to bring to notice a little book by Dr. Dalton, on the subject that has been called out by the discussion. Dr. Dalton is Professor of Physiology in New York, and of course speaks ex cathedra, and being a man of acknowledged honesty and integrity, his statements can be relied on. He instances the important discoveries that have been made by experimentation on living animals. Our knowledge of the circulation of the blood, and the elucidation of many obscure points in the digestive function are due to vivisection. Nearly all our knowledge of the nervous system comes from the same source. The regeneration of bone, after it has been excised, and the process of cure after fracture, are understood only by a study of the processes in the living animal. These are only a few of the points touched upon, and a study of the book can only call forth the remark of the *Nation*—that "to protest against and denounce a thing, while profiting by it, is not only illogical, but base."

The leading cartoon in the current number of *Harper's Weekly* is by Nast, and is devoted to the Pacific Mail Subsidy. "Matron Columbia" is designated as remonstrating with the "Children," who are tampering with the Treasury, and telling them to "stop putting those dangerous irons in the fire," or "somebody's fingers are sure to be burned." It appears that somebody's fingers were burned. Every man connected with this transaction, who has rendered himself liable to criminal prosecution, should be prosecuted; and if found guilty, should be sentenced to the penitentiary with other thieves and rogues. It is entirely too common for felons to escape their just deserts because they or their friends happen to have money. Public opinion should demand that all men are on the same level before the law, and that if a man who has wealth or position in society turns thief or robber, he should be punished as quickly as the half-clothed, half-fel wretch who steals a loaf of bread or a few pounds of meat.

Our special from Chattanooga brings the cheering intelligence that the waters are falling, and we trust that all will be right in a few days. But let matters take the most favorable turn possible, still there must be a great deal of suffering. The plucky little city, that laughs in the face of such a calamity, has our sympathies.

At last the Tennessee Legislature has made an effort to get up something tangible on the question of the State debt. A special committee is provided for, to which everything pertaining to finances is to be referred. But it is a matter of serious uncertainty. We doubt if it is possible to prepare anything on that subject upon which the Legislature can harmonize. There are too many conflicting opinions among the solons who compose that august body. There are too many men there who fancy they know a great deal about public finances, who know nothing on that subject, and very little on any other. There are a half-dozen men in both Houses, who, if left to themselves, could and would inaugurate measures for the relief of the people and for the protection of the honor and credit of the State; but they are compassed about with "dead-weights," and whose power is entirely neutralized. It is a preponderance of the animal over the mental—of blood and flesh over brains, and brains will not win in this case, we fear.

In the Senate last week, when the Postoffice appropriation bill was under consideration, a motion was made by Senator Robertson, of South Carolina, to strike out a paragraph appropriating \$986,000 for official stamps, and inserting a clause restoring the franking privilege. The motion was tabled by a vote of 32 to 25. Of those who voted against restoring the franking privilege, 29 were Republicans and 3 Democrats. Those who favored the proposition were 9 Republicans and 16 Democrats.

The Recall of Minister Jay.

A special Washington dispatch to the *New York Tribune* says: "It seems that at last Mr. John Jay is to be superseded as United States minister to Vienna. The administration became dissatisfied with Mr. Jay two or three years ago, and he would have been removed at the time, but for the fact that it was deemed that his experience at that mission would be of special value to the government at the Vienna exposition. Subsequently Mr. Jay returned home on leave, and while he was at Washington it was arranged that he should at once resign. What prevented his retirement at that time is not known, but he was permitted to return to his post. The President has now tendered the mission to the Hon. Godlove S. Orth, member of Congress at large from Indiana, and the present chairman of the committee on foreign affairs. His name will be sent to the Senate after March 4, and he will leave for his new duties as soon thereafter as possible."

Assassination of an Editor in Rome. A special dispatch from Rome to the *Daily News* says: "Signor Raffaello Sonzogno, proprietor and editor of the *Capitale*, and brother of the publishers and proprietors of a Milan newspaper, the *Gazzetta del Secolo*, has been murdered here. The assassin, who is a Trastevere carpenter, was personally unknown to his victim. The man has been arrested. No private vengeance is supposed to have led to the crime. Sonzogno wrestled manfully, and died grappling with his assassin. One of the last articles written by the deceased was upon Garibaldi's project. The murder has caused considerable excitement. All the workmen's associations will attend the funeral, as an expressive moral protest against the assassination. The police are in search of the supposed instigator. No political party is suspected. The indignation alike of the friends and adversaries of the deceased among the deputies and in the press is universal."

The Next Congress.

A special to the *New York Herald*, on the possibility of an extra session of Congress, says: "As matters stand now, it is not improbable that the new Congress may be called. The wise and moderate men in both parties do not desire it, and it may be discerned that the Democratic leaders dread it. They are not sure of their own men, and fear some blunders which would injure the party. The Republican politicians would like, on some accounts, to see the new Congress called together. They say the Democrats will make extensive and probably damaging investigations, whenever they do meet, and that it is better to have these finished this year than carried over into the next. They have also a strong belief that the Democrats will blunder, and thus help the Republicans before the country."

The Jonesboro Democrat says: A company of trappers are catching muskrats on the Cherokee creeks. They captured fifty-six in one night and twelve the next. These odiferous animals are abundant along these streams, and had not the flood come they would have "yanked" a much larger number.—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mathes, who reside in the vicinity of Washington College, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their nuptials by a Golden Wedding last Wednesday. Mr. Mathes has reached the ripe old age of seventy-five, and is still a vigorous and active man. He discharges the duties of county surveyor with efficiency and satisfaction. His lady is younger and a few years ago was so unfortunate as to lose her sight entirely.

Greenville Intelligencer: The revival at Tusculum College continues. No statement in regard to the divines engaged in the good work. Quite a number of converts are reported.

American Surgery.

To the Editors of the Chronicle: Some Englishman is said to have asked the following question: "Who ever reads an American book?"

Whatever that personage might have thought of Americans, and their books, matters not. As an offset to such a query, we will quote some extracts from an address delivered by Mr. Erickson at the University College Hospital in London, on his return from this country. This address is a well merited and gracefully delivered tribute to the American medical profession.

Mr. Erickson traveled in the United States last summer, and visited a large number of our cities. This gentleman is an eminent Surgeon, residing in London, and it is gratifying to know of the impressions he formed while in our midst. Surgery in the United States, he thinks, stands at a very high level of excellence. Not only in the large cities, but throughout the country, the standard of Operative Surgery seemed to him very high. The best of the mind of the American Surgeon is, he says, like that of the English Surgeon, practical rather than Scientific; in fact he finds a striking similarity between American and British Surgery. This he attributes to the fact that we have both drawn our knowledge from the same source; that the names of Cooper and the Bells, of Liston and of Brodie, are as familiar to our ears as to those of his own countrymen. We should not forget that the literature of the two countries is practically the same that every English writer writes for a public of eighty millions. If, as Billroth says, (an eminent German writer), English Surgeons stand highest in the world, we should be gratified by the favorable comparison. The truth is, American Surgery does stand very high, and other countries are beginning to realize the fact.

The reform in hospital construction has also found England somewhat behind-hand. The experience gained in our late war has given us the lead in this movement, and the enterprise of our Physicians has produced a vast variety of structures which in the light of future experience will go far toward solving the difficult problem.

Mr. Erickson thinks the Roosevelt Hospital, in New York, "without exception, the most complete medical edifice, in every respect," that he has ever seen.

In times past, American Physicians and Surgeons have not been so widely known as those of many other nations. With the present facilities of transportation, we are daily brought in closer contact with all parts of the world, and the fault will be ours if the profession does not take that stand which the merits of our country men are undoubtedly able to give it.—*Boston Med. & Surg. Journal*.

In no department of literature or science is there a more intimate intercourse between the United States and Europe, than in Medical and Surgical publications. The journals published upon both continents, circulate freely and extensively. All new suggestions and improvements made and effected upon either side of the Atlantic, are soon made available at the bedside. A tariff may be laid upon books, but the ideas are common property. As in medical science, so in everything, Americans are wide awake, and do not fall behind the old nations beyond the sea.

Tearing Down the Old Jail. The old Knoxville jail, which gained so much unenviable notoriety during the dark days intervening between June, 1861, and 1865, is being torn down, and soon a handsome residence for Mr. C. M. McClung, will take its place. It is an eligible site for a palatial home, and we do not regret the change. In fact we shall rejoice to see its very foundations torn down so that not one stone shall be left upon another to mark the spot surrounded by so many unpleasant recollections. Our mind runs back to 1861-2, when it was familiarly known as "Castle Fox." Then Senator Brownlow, Samuel Pickens, Esq., Hon. Montgomery Thornburgh, and a number of other prominent Unionists were incarcerated there. Their history is known and we will not repeat it. In 1862, Haun and the Harmons were taken out and executed. Later, Capt. Shade Harris was confined there and distinguished himself by a daring attempt to escape. Still later a number of prominent confederates were imprisoned there—some of them for a long time.

If those old walls could speak, they could tell many a tale of "man's inhumanity to man," and of many a sad broken heart. Many a man now sleeps in the grave who contracted his death there. We repeat, we have no regrets to express that it is being torn down. We wailing in our midst. We do not forget all the bitterness engendered there, and which found expression through the confinement of men within the dreary walls of that dreary prison.

The Chronicle and Whig. The Hon. W. G. Brownlow, whose term in the United States Senate closes on 4th of March next, for many years the widely known editor of the *Knoxville Whig*, has purchased one-half interest in the *DAILY AND WEEKLY KNOXVILLE CHRONICLE*, and becomes the editor-in-chief of both. Mr. Riels retires from the *Whig*, and returns to the practice of law. Mr. Riels has been a solid and plain writer, and has done much for the promotion of the Republican party. He leaves the sanction with the respect and good will of all or nearly all his contemporaries. Mr. Riels still remains upon the paper.

The Weekly is to be called the *KNOXVILLE WHIG AND CHRONICLE*. Brownlow still retains much of his mental vigor, and will, no doubt, contribute much to the life and edge of the editorial columns.—*Hobson Methodist*.

A druggist in Centreville, Ind., while handling some kerosene oil the other day, spilled a good deal on his clothes. He soon afterwards opened a stove door to throw something in, when his saturated pantaloons caught fire and he was wrapped in a sheet of flame. Some friends who were present dragged him out of doors and rolled him in the snow, thus saving his life.

About Christmas, a telescope, or field glass, was stolen from the East Tennessee Book House, and Officer Cain was informed of the loss. He kept his eyes open, as usual, and on Sabbath, seeing one, as described, at once arrested the party having it. He at once informed Cain where he got it, and Bill McCoy, a festive youth, was arrested yesterday, had a trial before Justice Ochs, and in default of bail went to jail. Cain also arrested a colored woman as being implicated in the stealing of Kennedy's bacon, but failing to get the principal thief, the woman was released. Officer Cain, though on duty, was out all day yesterday after rogues, thus being without sleep for two nights and days.

Penicillates.

Sweet water has three large and flourishing schools. All in the hands of able and competent teachers.

The steamer "City of Knoxville" left the wharf yesterday evening for points below, well laden with a good cargo of freight.

We regret to learn that Mr. T. J. Moore, former depot agent at this place, was considered to be dying on Friday, at his residence in Sweetwater.

When a young man in Charleston, S. C., saves the daughter of a millionaire from drowning, he is presented with a pair of kip boots having red tops.

A Virginia bridegroom over seven feet high is announced. The affair created considerable sensation, but it is believed she only married him to go chestnutting with.

The woman who put the kerosene can on the stove-herth while she went out to trade with a peddler, is now keeping house in a barr, kindly loaned for the occasion.

This world would be a sandy desert of loneliness if women were not privileged to attend auction sales and pay more for an old bureau than a new chamber set would cost.

Oats may be good to soak the dampness out of wet boots, but how many St. Louis men can afford to keep thirty bushels of oats on hand for that purpose.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Benjamin Franklin occasionally stumbled upon the truth. He said: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that run us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want a fine house nor fine furniture!"

A Missouri aspirant to matrimony advertises that he will give three mules to any maiden who will wed him; which gives rise to the question, what respectable married woman would want such a four-in-hand?

A dentist in Wisconsin, who kissed a young lady while filling her teeth, was called on by her father with a loaded shot gun, and the dentist paid him five hundred dollars not to fire it off in his office, he being exceedingly sensitive to noise.

During a trial the Judge called a witness. No one answered, and an elderly man arose and solemnly said "he is gone." "Where has he gone?" asked the judge, in no tender tone. "I don't know, but he is dead," was the guarded answer.

The Fairs for next autumn have been thus far fixed for the following times: Jonesboro, September 23rd, 24th, 25th; Greenville, September 28th, 29th and 30th; Wytheville, Va., October 6th, 7th and 8th; Bristol Border Fair, September 28th, 29th and 30th.

The "blab" belongs to the very worst class of talkative people, has always got his ears and eyes open to see or hear a little, then proceeds on his errand to retail it to his fellows, who magnify what may have been a slight indisposition to a heinous crime.

A man went into a butcher's shop, and, finding the owner's wife in attendance, in the absence of her husband, thought he would have a joke at her expense, and said: "Madame, can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Yes, sir," said she. And then, turning to a boy, she added: "James, give that gentleman three pigs' feet!"

The Norwich, (Conn.) Advertiser says: "A young lady, very pretty, walked around the new road (seven miles) in one hour and forty-five minutes. We remember scurrying her around the road once by moonlight. Time—four hours and forty-five minutes. But then she said she wasn't in a hurry. The old folks had gone to camp-meeting!"

What has come down so near the price of corn, or corn has gone up so near the price of wheat, that some of our livery stable men are having wheat ground the same as corn, and are mixing it with cut hay or straw for their stock. It is claimed to be a richer food, and at the same time it takes 60 lbs. of wheat to make a bushel while it only takes 60 of corn.

Blountville correspondent of the *Bristol Courier*: The vote on the school tax in the town district stood 39 for school tax, and 35 against it. The full returns are not in, but it is believed the school tax is voted down. The people are not going to vote to tax themselves for any purpose. Mark that.—Decatur Burnett shot and killed a bald eagle, last week, on the Trigg farm in this county, measuring more than seven feet from tip to tip.

Chattanooga Commercial: Mr. A. G. Sharp, revenue collector of this district, returned from across the mountains yesterday, where he had been with Mr. J. C. Napier, revenue agent, to investigate the killing of young Goodner, in DeKalb county. Mr. Sharp says that from the information they obtained it was a case of the most cold blooded murder he ever heard of.

A high city official on Thursday became so excited over the flood that he did not recognize his own horse. He rode up to the depot and hitched his horse near another. Having transacted his business in a hurry, he came out and deliberately mounted the stranger's horse and started off, when the owner wanted to know what he was going to do with his horse. "Ah, that's so, a mistake," and the other horse was mounted.

No news has been heard of Mr. W. W. Walker, whatever. Mr. Robert Walker returned Thursday from his search out on the Clinton road, and reports that he could get no clue to his whereabouts. We learn that Mrs. Gibson should have said that she might have been mistaken as to the day she saw him. We fear that the hat in the river explains the mystery, but with the present tide it is not likely that his body will ever be discovered.

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