

MONTHLY CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER 1871.

Table with columns for days of the month (1-30) and Moon's Phase (Last Quarter, Full Moon, etc.).

Agricultural.

Farming North and South.

Ed. Carolina Farmer:—Having recently traveled through some of the Agricultural regions of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, I must confess to having felt a degree of painful mortification on coming South, to note the very striking contrast between the condition of the farms, and the appearance of the crops in the two sections of the country.

Miscellaneous.

The Jury Law.

The following is from the Beaufort Republican. It is condemnation mild-ly put: Outside of the general election law, there is not one so open to criticism and abuse, as that relating to the drawing of Juries.

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that the foreman of the jury is competent, it renders the case much the worse, for the leasing of the jury will very naturally be warped by the opinion of such an officer, be it for or against justice.

The present Grand Jury is a remarkable instance of this indiscriminate selection. Nine out of the twelve cannot read nor write.

As an illustration of their ignorance we have only to cite one case. In examining the books of the County Commissioners, they opened them, their faces beaming with the wisdom of a sage, commenced deliberately to turn the leaves, and running their fingers over them, to them, hieroglyphic scrawls, giving now and then a satisfactory grunt, and upon reaching the end of said record, they were informed that they had opened the books upside down, and in their rustic simplicity they flattered themselves that in them was concentrated the vision of an Argus—and that if there were errors they should detect them.

Protest.

CHARLESTON, September 7.—Twenty-six of the most prominent citizens of Spartanburg county, including the United States Commissioner; the United States Assessor, probate Judge, Sheriff, Clerk of Court, and the county Representatives in both branches of the Legislature, published over their own signatures the following letter:

SPARTANBURG, September 4.—Hon. John Scott, Chairman Ku Klux committee: We, the undersigned, citizens of the State and county, having seen through the newspapers that you had received statements and affidavits that outrages upon various citizens had been committed in this county since the committee, of which you are chairman, left the said county, and that you had thereupon recommended the declaration of martial law in this county, we feel constrained to make the following statement.

The Spartan county newspaper in publishing the above says: "This statement ought to be sufficient to prove to the mind of Senator Scott, that martial law is not necessary in this county. Further, the leading Radicals here, have since the Ku Klux Committee here."

Earthquakes in the U. S.

Eighteen years after the pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock they experienced their first New England earthquake. This was in 1683, and was very severe, so much so as to throw persons to the ground. Since it occurred, down to the year 1850, one hundred and forty-nine earthquakes are registered as having been experienced in these Eastern States, of which 40 happened in the Winter, 16 in the Spring, 32 in summer and 49 in Autumn, while of 15 the year only is stated. Nearly twice as many have occurred in Winter and Autumn as in Spring and summer.

never experienced one of these convulsions in any considerable degree of severity. But the sites of Montreal, Quebec, Cincinnati and Chicago have in time past been shaken. The extraordinary visitation of the Winter of 1863 convulsed all Canada in a most surprising manner. It lasted six minutes and shook down mountains, turned the course of rivers, and made havoc of the whole land.

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A Wonderful Burning Well—Where the Fire Comes From.

The Louisville Courier Journal gives an account of a wonderful burning well in Lincoln county, in that State, some six miles east of Crab Orchard, at the base of the Cumberland mountains, on the banks of a small stream called Dix river. The water in this well is in a constant state of ebullition, and regularly every day, between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, overflows. A large quantity of gas is liberated, said to be carburetted hydrogen gas, to which a light being applied, a flame some ten or fifteen feet in height, results.

The Journal tells the following story in connection with the well.

In the earlier part of the present century, when Kentucky, and especially the mountain districts, were but sparsely settled, a man by the name of Shanks owned this portion of Lincoln county in which the well is situated. At that time all the salt used in the State had to be brought from Louisville, or imported from Virginia at very large ex-

days of stage coaches and salt on his land, and whether he

modity by salt licks. but un-derly began "ly." He ceers, but Manage more

NEW ORLEANS SINKING.—The Picayune of the 20th ult. says: For some thirty or forty days past the batture in front of the Bazaar market and Red Stores has been gradually sinking, until to-day, just below the Red Stores, it is seven feet below the ordinary level, and the settlement varies from three to seven feet.

At a depth of fifty feet nothing more stable was found than sand, with a very slight mixture of clay, and just now the surveyor is in a quandary as to what is best to be done. At intervals in the past, the batture in this vicinity has sunk in the same way, but not to such an extent, the

Playing Elija with Bad Success.

A man named George Troupe has just made as decided a failure in an attempt to play the part of Elija as was ever made before. Thirteen days ago, when Mr. Jas. Atkinson re-opened his wheelright shop, he told Troupe, who had been living with him for the last twenty years, that he wanted him to go to work again, but Troupe responded that he had promised the Lord not to work for man any more, and that the Lord had promised to provide for him, and dressing himself in the clothes he usually wore on Sundays, bid Mr. Atkinson's family good bye and walked out, taking with him however, nothing except the clothes on his person. From this time, nothing was heard from him until late yesterday evening, when a grave digger named Wadley informed Mr. Atkinson that he had found him lying in the Presbyterian burying ground starved almost to death and so weak that he could not crawl to the spring. Mr. A. at once went to his relief and brought him back again to his house, and under the kind and attentive treatment he is receiving there, he will probably soon recover his strength.

The Wax Myrtle.

Miss S., of St. Louis, writes us that she once read in an old book of travels an account of a remarkable tallow tree growing about Mobile, and affording candles for the natives. Not having seen any mention of it by later authors, she concludes the whole thing must be a myth, still she thought no harm could come of dropping us a line to ask if we had any knowledge of such tallow tree.

We suppose the tallow tree referred to, with some little exaggeration perhaps, must have been our wax myrtle, an evergreen shrub or small tree which grows abundantly all over North Carolina. It has, thickly set along its slender branches, thousands of whitish berries about the size of pop-corn grains, which upon close examination prove to be nothing more or less than little balls of wax with one seed in the centre of each.

These berries are sometimes gathered and put into boiling water, when the wax leaves them and floats to the surface, the seeds sinking to the bottom. In this way it may be gathered in considerable quantities, and it is occasionally moulded into beautiful candles of a reddish color; so, you see, the story of the old traveller is not altogether a myth; after all.

We have three varieties of the wax myrtle in the South; one a large shrub or small tree; a smaller variety from two to four feet high, and a still smaller variety from one to two feet high. The two varieties first named are generally to be met with in wet places, while the last on the list is a native of our dry and sandy pine barrens. All produce wax in abundance, and of precisely the same character.—Journal of Agriculture.

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At a depth of fifty feet nothing more stable was found than sand, with a very slight mixture of clay, and just now the surveyor is in a quandary as to what is best to be done. At intervals in the past, the batture in this vicinity has sunk in the same way, but not to such an extent, the

greatest sinkage, we believe, heretofore, being not exceeding five feet.

The present sink is not in the water, but inside of the warves, etc., on the space over which the roads of the Pontchartrain and Chattanooga Railroad Companies pass. These companies have been compelled to fill up as the ground gave way, and will probably have to keep filling for some time to come.

MR. JEROME B. STOKES tells us of a very strange discovery he made on his plantation a few days ago. For some time past he had noticed a very great diminution in the supply of milk furnished by his cows. On making inquiry into the cause, of the woman who had charge of the cows, she accounted for it by stating that the milk was sucked from the cows by a litter of pigs that stayed at night in the same yard in which the cows were kept. This improbable story only fixed deeper in his mind the suspicion that the women was using the milk for her own purposes. She persisting, though, in her story, he went to his cow lot early in the morning, and there he found the cows lying quietly on their sides, and the pigs tugging away for their breakfast. Afterwards, when the cows were standing up, he saw the pigs running around and under them, jumping up, and doing all they could to reach the teats. Those pigs, that had been forced to learn, so early, the lesson of "root, hog, or die," had lost their maternal progenitor at an early day. If any County has any smarter pigs than these, trot 'em out.

Chester Reporter.

A FISH MYSTERY AT COUNCIL BLUFFS.

A fish mystery is troubling Council Bluffs. Spoon Lake, a placid sheet of water near that city, has never been known to contain fish "to extent" until recently, when its waters not only swarmed with myriads of finny monsters, but the surrounding shores are alive with fish. They have come in such enormous numbers that the waves wash them high and dry on the shore where they lie knee deep, dead and putrefying. The fish trade in Omaha and Council Bluffs has become prodigious. The fish seem to be greatly astonished at their new surroundings, and stick their heads from the water and open their mouths, as if they wanted air. A little boy takes a flat board and wades into the water, and in ten minutes throws out as many fish as a wagon can carry, varying in weight from two to five pounds. People who have lived in the neighborhood for years declared the phenomenon unprecedented, and various wild theories are put forth in explanation. The prevalent belief is that the swarm came into the lake by a subterranean passage, during a late storm, while a few venerable observers contend that the Missouri overflowed its banks and flooded the lake with catfish and perch.

A NIGHT'S REST AT A FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACE.—The Boston Commercial Bulletin prints this programme of a night's "rest" at a fashionable watering place. Furnished by elderly party occupying apartment on large corridor over hotel drawing-room.—Size of apartment, ten feet square.—Number of rooms on corridor, thirty or forty. Ventilators open for air and the admission of sound.

9 P. M.—Commencement of music by full band for Grand Hop in drawing-room below. 10 P. M.—Continuation of ditto. 1 1/2 A. M.—Just one more last dance. 1 1/2 to 2 1/2—Adjournment retiring dancers to corridor; extemporaneous waltzes—screams—giggings—leave-takings and door-slammings. 2 1/2 to 3—Serenade by young gentlemen who do not understand the difference between a bowl and a song, and are more familiar with the hotel bar than one in music. 3 to 3 1/2—Collection of boots by porter. 4—Calling of party who are to go on a fishing excursion. 4 1/2—Calling of passengers for the early train. 5—Audible dropping of boots at all the doors by porter. 5 1/2—Departure of stage load of passengers for early train—cracking of

whips—shouts to horses—banging of trunks down stairs, &c.

6 to 6 1/2—General stir of servants coming down and getting things to rights for the day. 7—First gong for breakfast.

The King's Mistake.

A correspondent of the Lumberville (N. J.) Beacon says, a short time since, while staying at the borough of B., he overheard the following, which he thinks too good to be lost:

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under the Government, were seated under a tavern porch, when an old toper named Joel D., a person who was very loquacious when combed, but exactly opposite when sober, said that he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," where upon he spoke as follows:

A certain king—I don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now it happened one day that the king took it into his head to go hunting, and summoned his nobles, and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher, and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and they started. While journeying along they met a countryman mounted on a jackass.

He advised them to return, "for," said he, "it will certainly rain." They smiled contemptuously upon him, and then passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a shower coming up drenched them to the skin. When they had returned to the palace, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you. He told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."

The king then gave him his walking papers and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, "how you knew it would rain?"

"I did not know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me so."

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king.

"By pricking up his ears, your Majesty," said the rustic.

The king sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him—the jackass—in the office the philosopher filled.

"And here," observed Joel, looking very wise, "is where the king made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired the auditors.

"Why, ever since that time," said Joel, with a grin on his phiz, "every jackass wants office."

SPAIN AND SOUTH CAROLINA.—That sterling paper, the New York Journal of Commerce, call attention to the fact that while Spain, "before the throes of revolution have entirely subsided," is proclaiming an amnesty for all political offences; General Grant is furnishing a new bull ag inst South Carolina.

Six years have passed in this model country since the civil war ended, and this province of South Carolina has been fairly peeled by Federal legislation, and yet the employment of the implements of torture proceeds. A carpet-bag governor, a negro legislature—emancipation, negro suffrage, negro rule, taxation, the absolute extinguishment of the power of the white race, are not enough. Six years after Gen. Johnston's surrender they proclaim martial law instead of amnesty, and continue to devote that State and the other Southern States to the cause of making political capital for the party in possession of the Government.

W. H. Star.

WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.—Richard Burke being found in a reverie, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in the House of Commons by his brother Edmund, and questioned by Mr. Malone as to the cause. "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family, but then again I remember, when we were at play he was always at work." The force of the anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was not considered inferior in natural talents to his more distinguished brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young men, if you would rise; but work! work!! work!!!

W. H. Star July 21,