

Farm Schooling.

We republished, some short time since, a preamble and resolutions submitted more than twenty years ago to the Agricultural Convention of the State, embodying a plan for the improvement of the common school education of the State. We believe that the time has come when the necessity for the adoption of some such plan will be generally recognized. It will be idle to continue any longer the ancient system in any other than the thickly settled towns. In the sparsely settled regions of the country, the old plan is a physical impossibility—a moral absurdity—unless you can put a school house at every poor man's door; and it will be useless to do so unless you put a decent and capable school-master in it. Our next Legislature will be forced upon the consideration of this among other topics vital to the prosperity, the growth and proper development of State and people. In a conversation, yesterday, with the Rev. Mr. Yates, who is the regent or superintendent of the (so-called) Marine School of the State, he reports the more recent experiments in that institution to have been of the happiest results. This school, it will be remembered, was devised for the purpose of training and educating a certain portion of the poor youth of the State, for the business of the sea, as sailors and marines. The blockade and shelling of Charleston harbor compelled the removal of the school to the interior. Here, without changing its name, the school somewhat changed its character, and became a farm school instead of a marine school. The boys, instead of ploughing the seas, were set to ploughing the land, and tacitly, as it were, the plan as submitted by us to the State Agricultural Society twenty-odd years ago was put in practice. The school was required to be a self-supporting one. So many hours of the day were assigned to book, and so many to practical farming studies. The result, according to Mr. Yates, has been eminently encouraging. The boys are growing equally in mind and body. They will become a useful race of farmers, with a far higher intellectual development than in the case of farmers generally; learn to read, write, cipher—the R. R. R.'s—and to plough and hoe, and reap and sow, and rake and mow—learn, in brief, all the detailed processes of thorough tillage and a good farm yard. Briefly, the school is not only superior to all other free schools of the country, but is, or will soon be made, entirely self-supporting. This is one of the great desiderata in all such institutions. We trust that, among the first labors of the Legislature, when it shall meet, shall be the appointment of a commission to examine and report upon this institution especially, indicate its advantages and defects, and suggest the processes for enlarging the one and repairing the other. As a matter of course, a like commission should report upon the college and the *soixant* distant military schools. Education, of the proper kind, and guided by the most intelligent wisdom, must be one of the greatest essentials in restoring our State and people to prosperity and strength.

Gen. Lee, it is understood, is now engaged in writing a history of his own campaigns during the late civil war. We could wish that he would extend his plan, and make his work an autobiography. His own life may well be blended with his narrative, and should form a part of it, especially if he should propose only a history of his own campaigns. We trust that his chief officers will each make his contribution to this history, and supersede all the thousand catch-pennies of the press, which threaten to inundate us with false facts, false sentiments, false philosophy, and fudge and fustian in general.

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

The speech of Gov. Perry, published in yesterday's paper, is rather a plain statement of the substance of his interview with the President, of their mutual views touching affairs, than a speech. It will be seen that they both indicate radical changes in the Constitution of the State; and for this we were prepared. The great change in our affairs, the overthrow of negro slavery, the necessity for radical alterations in our domestic policy, for the introduction of large bodies of foreign emigrants, for the encouragement of manufactures, mechanics, thorough tillage, and every form of industry, will render these changes of but little importance to any party. But the whole matter will be confided to the Convention, and we trust that they will bring the necessary wit, wisdom and virtue to the task. It will be seen from this speech that Governor Perry claims a full authorization from the President for all that he has done and purposes doing. We are told by a late member of the State Legislature, that if there be any discrepancy between the State and military authorities of South Carolina, it has arisen wholly from the fact that Gen. Gillmore has received no official instruction, requiring from him the recognition of the Provisional Governor. If this be so—but, in any way—it should be easy to obviate all difficulties, if any, by a timely reference to the President. The reader is also referred to the sensible view of his position, as taken by Maj. Gen. Thomas, Acting Military Governor in Tennessee, and contained in yesterday's *Phoenix*.

A LOVER STILL.—No longer a lover!" exclaimed an aged patriarch. "Ah, heart! Though silver hair fall over a brow all wrinkled and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of the birds, and, above all, the silvery ring in the laugh of a child. I love the star-like meadows where the butter-cups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with my ringlets flying loose in the wind and my cap in hand, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you, aged dame. Look at her. Her face is care worn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the bitter cup of sorrow with her—and so shared, it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of her life, but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity.

"Together we have placed buds in the pale, folded hands of the dead, together wept over little graves. Through storms and through sunshine we have clung together; and now she sits there with her cap quaintly frilled, the old-styled kerchief crossed white and prim above the heart that has beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eye that shrinkingly fronts the glad day; the sunlight throwing her a parting farewell, kisses her brow, and leaves upon its faint tracery wrinkles angelic radiance, I see, though my one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first mine through those withered tresses, and the growing love of forty years thrills my heart till the tears come.

"Say not again I can no longer be a lover. Though this form be bowed, God has implanted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love that all the power of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out the quenchless flame."

PRE-PAYMENT OF POSTAGE.—Previous to March, 1863, all letters were required to be pre-paid, and the people had become so accustomed to the law that not more than 50,000 unpaid letters were annually returned to the Dead Letter Office. But, at that date, Congress passed a law permitting all unpaid letters to pass through the mails, the receivers of them paying double rates. This arrangement resulted disastrously to the revenues, and so at the late Congress the law absolutely requiring prepayment was restored. The people generally, however, are not aware of the fact, for the number of unpaid letters returned to the Dead Letter Office average 14,000 per day.

A land without the laws is like a cat without her claws.
Life without cheer is like a cellar without beer.

Music.

Music in the concert room, in the church, in the private parlor, around the fire-side, is pleasant and excellent; for in loving unison with it, the spirit is lifted up to the ethereal, loses sight of the sensuality of self, and is made of holier and happier in the peculiar sentimentality of its inspiration. It is at home, however, that the influence of music exerts its greatest power, especially if from lips that we love come the sounds of song in sweet strains that fill the house with celestial harmonies. When the labors of the day are over, and the mind is harassed with care, and looks around it for relief, when throwing ourselves back into our easiest chair, we dissolve connection with the closing blinds, and longing, pray for the repentance that shall lull us into forgetfulness, for a brief season at least, of perplexing and vexatious business and official duties; then, perhaps, steals in upon us the well-remembered and well-loved voice of sister or mother, wife, daughter, sweetheart or friend, in some simple lay of domestic pathos, and we melt into tenderness in spite of our sterner resolves, as the melodious notes tremble upon our sensitive ears like the angels sing in the angelic chorus of Heaven.

Blessed exorcist of blue demons is this fireside music. How they vanish in the clouds that leave the brow, and the mists of desponding discontent which roll away from the heart. All around us becomes redolent with the frankincense of cheerfulness, cast abroad from melodious censers by invisible agencies, who surround us with constant surprises of good.

Enchanting power of songs of eventide at home! Greatest and best of instrumentalities. The magnificence and stately grandeur of genius may sound on loftier strings, but in the humbleness of song, the sweet wood notes of home delight, the heart finds its truest solace, and asks for nothing more.

Oftentimes, when corroding care (unwelcome intruder) would come and seat himself at our elbow, by resorting to the shrill, wild notes of our juvenile lute, the companion of our later days, and the subject of the poet's lays, we have drowned the disagreeable suggestions of a restless spirit, and been soothed into a calm, refined feeling, akin to that inspired by the grand, deep intonations of a full-toned organ. The influence is magnetic, whether conveyed by a reed of silvery softness, the staccato touch of a Chickering piano, or the powerful bellows of a mighty organ. But, above all, the influences of an instrumental performance, the passionate notes that issue from the lips we love, induce higher aspirations, after the mysteries of an unknown intelligence, and speak a language familiar to every responsive heart.

RESPIRATORY APPARATUS.—A series of experiments were made a few days ago, in Paris, with an apparatus, invented by Mr. Galibert, to enable a man to breathe in the midst of deleterious emanations. A quantity of flour of sulphur was set fire to in a cellar, and a sufficient quantity of sulphurous acid being thus involved, a fireman, who had never used M. Galibert's apparatus, which is a combination of air tubes communicating with a sort of knapsack, filled with compressed air, entered the cellar, and stayed twelve minutes in it, without experiencing any injurious effects. His nostrils during the time were strongly compressed by a sort of spring, and his eyes protected by a pair of spectacles made for the purpose. The man did not leave the cellar until called by the colonel. The cellar was then filled with a dense and acrid smoke, and another man went in with the same success. At length Colonel Willemme himself put on the apparatus, and stayed a considerable time in that atmosphere of suffocating vapors of every description, and convinced himself by his own experience that a man could breathe as freely with the apparatus as if he were in the open air. Similar experiments have been performed at Versailles, and lately in one of the cellars of the Societe d'Encouragement. When the air in the reservoir has become foul by the action of breathing, fresh air may be introduced; the knapsack, which is of metal, has a tin bottom, but the lid consists of a skin or leather bag. To drive out the foul air this leather bag has only to be pressed down, and to fill the space with fresh air the bag is pulled up again. To fill a larger space, like that of a goatskin, with air, M. Galibert uses a pair of bellows, a slower process, but better adapted to the size of the recipient.

A master without a cane is like a rider without the rein.
Marriage without means is like a horse without his beans.

FATE OF GENIUS.—Many of our readers have, from time to time, seen poems floating through the papers, written in rustic dialect, by John Clare, an English peasant poet. John Clare was taken from his business, feted and flattered, used as a sort of minor lion by the English nobility and gentry, and suffered at last to die an object of charity. From his life, recently published abroad, we get some interesting particulars. It appears among other things that, though poor Clare had expressed a wish to sleep in the churchyard of his native village, and the Superintendent of the Northampton Asylum wrote to his patron, Earl Fitzwilliam, asking for a grant of the small sum necessary to carry the wish into effect; the Earl replied by a refusal, advising the burial of the poet as a pauper at Northampton. Fortunately, some Christian souls did raise the requisite burial fund, and the poet's body having been conveyed to Helpstone, was interred there on the 25th of May, last year. It is also alleged that Earl Fitzwilliam, who seems to have taken Clare under his charge, only allowed 11s. a week for the poet's maintenance during his long sojourn in the asylum, but that the authorities nevertheless placed him in the best ward, among the private patients. During the whole twenty-two years Clare was in confinement at Northampton, not one of his great or little patrons ever visited him. His wife never once showed herself, nor any of his children, excepting the youngest son, who paid his father a single visit. All this is very instructive to a certain class of ambitious people abroad. Here we have no noble patrons, and the man of real ability is not cursed that way, but the facts may give a useful lesson even here.

A SHREWD RASCAL.—The following anecdote is related as having recently occurred in Paris:

A well known actress at one of the Imperial theatres, on returning home late at night, found the door of her apartment forced open, and, on entering, she met a man, who exclaimed: "Alahane, you arrive very opportunely. I am one of your neighbors, and having heard a strange noise in your apartment, I was coming down to ascertain the cause, when I saw a man run out and make his escape, leaving your effects in the state you see them." The artist looked round, and perceived that her drawers and boxes had been broken open, and that from one of them a splendid valuable diamond cross had been taken. She then asked the stranger if he would be able to recognize the thief, and, as he replied in the affirmative, she begged him to start in pursuit, and, if he could not overtake the fellow, to give a description of him to the police. The man said he would willingly render her that service, had he not to work all night to finish a job, which was to give him the means of buying bread for his children the next day. "How much shall you get for the job?" asked the lady. "Ten francs," said the man. "Well, then," said she, "here is a Napoleon; so leave your work and help me to recover my cross." The man took the money with seeming reluctance, and hastily departed, having succeeded not only in robbing the lady, but in obtaining a reward to catch the thief. Of course, he has not been seen since.

A BALLOON DUEL.—Perhaps the most remarkable duel ever fought took place in 1803. It was peculiarly French in its tone, and could hardly have occurred under any other than a French state of society. M. Le Granpre and M. Le Pique had a quarrel, arising out of jealousy concerning a lady engaged at the Imperial Opera. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims; and in order that the heat of angry passion should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceeding, they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her smiles on the survivor of the two, if the other was killed; or, at all events, this was inferred by the two men, if not actually expressed. The duellists were to fight in the air. Two balloons were constructed, precisely alike. On the day denoted, Le Granpre and his second entered the car of one balloon, and Le Pique and his second that of the others; it was in the Garden of the Tuileries, amid the immense concourse of spectators. The gentlemen were to fire, not at each other's balloons, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas; and, as pistols might hardly have served the purpose, each aeronaut took a blunderbuss in his car. At a given signal the ropes that retained the cars, were cut, and the balloons ascended. The wind was moderate, and kept the balloons in about their original distance of eighty yards apart. When half a mile above the surface of the earth, a pre-

concerted signal for firing was given, M. Le Pique fired but missed. M. Le Granpre fired and sent a ball through Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. Le Granpre continued his ascent triumphantly, and terminated his aerial voyage successfully, at a distance of seven leagues from Paris.

Local Items.

To insure insertion, advertisers are requested to hand in their notices before 4 o'clock p. m.

Attention is directed to the important General Orders published in this morning's paper.

Ambrotypes, at fifty cents per head, are now made in Charleston. The terms of immortality are becoming cheap in the ancient metropolis. By the way, in this connection, we are told of a photographic and ambrotyping establishment in this city, which will shortly be ready for the reception of the fair. Put the best face on the matter, young ladies.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—Attention is called to the following advertisements, which are published for the first time this morning:

- Col. N. Houghton—Gen. Orders No. 12.
- Gen. G. A. Gillmore " " " 9.
- Gen. Meade " " " 7.
- Gen. J. P. Hatch " " " 5.
- Gen. G. A. Gillmore " " " 11.
- Gen. John P. Hatch " " " 87.
- Gen. John P. Hatch " " " 81.
- H. M. Drake—Wh. and Man. R. R.
- J. G. Gibbs—City Taxes.
- H. Solomon & Co.—S. Sup.
- P. Cantwell—Fresh Groceries.
- Maise & Orchard—New Store.
- Prof. Woodrow—Private School.
- Jacob Levin—Furniture, &c.

THE STATES OF THE UNION.—The following is a list of the States constituting the Union, with the dates of their admission. Colorado and Nebraska had authority, but refused to form State Constitutions. The thirty-six stars in our national flag are therefore designated as under:

- Delaware, December 7, 1787.
- Pennsylvania, December 12, 1787.
- New Jersey, December 18, 1787.
- Georgia, January 2, 1788.
- Connecticut, January 9, 1788.
- Massachusetts, February 6, 1788.
- Maryland, April 28, 1788.
- South Carolina, May 23, 1788.
- New Hampshire, June 21, 1788.
- Virginia, June 26, 1788.
- New York, July 26, 1788.
- North Carolina, November 21, 1789.
- Rhode Island, May 29, 1790.
- Vermont, March 4, 1791.
- Kentucky, June 1, 1792.
- Tennessee, June 1, 1796.
- Ohio, November 29, 1802.
- Louisiana, April 18, 1819.
- Indiana, December 11, 1816.
- Mississippi, December 10, 1817.
- Illinois, December 3, 1818.
- Alabama, December 14, 1819.
- Maine, March 15, 1820.
- Missouri, August 19, 1821.
- Kansas, June 15, 1836.
- Michigan, January 26, 1837.
- Florida, March 3, 1845.
- Texas, December 29, 1845.
- Iowa, December 28, 1846.
- Wisconsin, May 29, 1848.
- California, September 9, 1850.
- Minnesota, December, 1857.
- Oregon, December, 1862.
- Kansas, March, 1862.
- West Virginia, Feb. or March, 1863.
- Nevada, October, 1864.

Taxes! Taxes!!

IT is absolutely necessary that the CITY TAXES be collected without further delay. Mr. Daniels will be found at the City Hall, or Old Fellow's School House, and is authorized to receive taxes.

JAMES G. GIBBS, Mayor.

COPARTNERSHIP.

COLUMBIA, August 15, 1865.
TIME undesignated, having formed a business connection with the firm of ZEALY, SCOTT & BRUNS, under the style of HUTSON LEE & CO., for the purpose of conducting an AUCTION, GENERAL COMMISSION and EXCHANGE BROKERAGE, respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

Hereafter, the Auction and General Commission Business done by us will be conducted by Messrs. HUTSON LEE & CO.
Aug 16 65 ZEALY, SCOTT & BRUNS.

HUTSON LEE & CO.,

Auctioneers, General Com. Agents and Exchange Brokers, COLUMBIA, S. C.

ANY business entrusted to them will receive prompt attention.
GOLD, SILVER, SECURITIES and BANK NOTES bought and sold.
Refer to Messrs. WILLIS & CHESLUM and Messrs. JOHN FRASER & Co., Charleston, S. C.
GEORGE SCHLEY, Esq., and Messrs. F. O. BARBER & CO., Augusta, Ga.
Messrs. SPENHOUSE & McCAULEY, Charlotte, N. C.
Office for the present at Messrs. Zealy, Scott & Bruns.
Aug 16 65