

### Imprisonment for Debt.

"It has recently been made public that Wm. MILLER, now seventy-one years old, has been in Winchester prison, England, for the last thirty-nine years, for the crime of being in debt."—Exchange.

How indignation swells the free and honest heart when the above is read! In the 19th century—in England, the powerful and free—in England who boasts of her enlightenment, her philanthropy, her christianity—who sheds tears over the fate of the fat, sleek, well fed, comparatively free negro—in England a man, old and stricken, his grey-hairs whitened for the grave, and his old heart throbbing for the rest which it would find in the embrace of death, is kept mouldering and withering in a dungeon for thirty-nine years! And for what? Because he is poor—because he has no money to pay his debts—debts contracted possibly, yea probably, to obtain bread for little ones, who cried "Pa, we die of hunger!"

We look back nearly forty years, and our minds are carried beyond the broad Atlantic. Fancy points us to a happy cottage in what is called "Merry England." We peep into that cottage, and we see a cheerful little family circle. The father is in the prime of early manhood, the mother is by his side, and the precious lilies of affections bind them in tripe chains. Sweet babes prattle around the happy parents' knees. We look again and see the shadow of misfortune cross the threshold of that miniature Eden. Once again we look, and behold misfortune stalk in at the door, and frown heavily upon the inmates of the cottage. The father is stretched upon a bed of disease, and fever rages around his vitals. While disease presses him with a giant's gripe in the jaws of death, there is no arm to work to provide food for the mother and her tender babes. And now a quarter's rent is due, and at the bidding of the landlord comes the bailiff, and ere the feverish blood of the unhappy man is cooled by the pinion of health, the father is hurried off to the dungeon, and iron bolts and bars, instead of soft white arms, embrace him. The mother and the babes weep awhile, and suffer awhile for lack of bread, and then a God of mercy sends down his angels, who bear off the frail flowers of humanity to bloom in the paradise of heaven.

Still the father and the husband is in the dungeon. He weeps until he can weep no more. A mountain load is upon his breast, and glad would he be could he dissolve that load into tears. But his grief is too deep, his anguish too keen for that. Day passes after day and year after year rolls away, and time every moment places a heavier burden upon the unhappy man. The sun shines, the flowers bloom, the birds sing, but not for him. He hears the voices of happy persons near his cell, and he hears the sycophantic slaves of royalty cry aloud "God save the Queen," as regal pomp and liveried automatons sweep their pagentry past his dungeon. There is no happiness for him, for he is guilty of the crime of being poor.

While this poor old silvery-haired man lies in the prison at Winchester, England's sympathies fly across the Atlantic to seek the American negro, and she sends her fleets and armies in conjunction with those of her ancient enemy to build up her own ambitious purposes upon the humbled aspirations of the Czar. Thus she adds to a national debt which already grinds her subjects in the dust, and which will increase the taxes imposed upon them, and furnish more opportunities to roll the fate of the Winchester prisoner upon others of her people.—Such is England's policy, and such the fruits of that policy. Her system is rotten at the core, and the days of her folly and her tyranny must soon be numbered with the things that were. We sincerely trust that Nicholas will, as Bonaparte did, teach her a lesson long to be remembered. And if he does, it will only save America the trouble of doing it in his stead.—*Edmonton (Ga.) Press.*

### Crops in Ireland.

We have the following by the last steamer in relation to the crops in Ireland: "The weather during the last week has been rather unsettled; but, although a good deal of rain has fallen, the grain crops do not appear to have been at all injured. The wheat looks well, and is now ripening fast; and I do not observe that it has in any place been beaten down. It is remarkably free from blight or smut, while the ear is considered unusually large and full. The oat crop has suffered more from the rain and weather than the wheat; nor is it altogether so free from blight, although upon this head there is certainly little to complain of.

"Upon the whole, there is still every reason to think that the grain crops will be the most abundant that have been gathered for many years. With regard to potatoes, there can be no doubt the disease is now spreading, but not to such an alarming extent as some people represent. The new potatoes are generally in use throughout the country; and although the leaves, and in some cases the stalks, are blighted, yet the tubers are scarcely touched, while, for the most part the quality is excellent. The quantity sown this year is unprecedentedly large even compared with the very best of times, so that it is hoped that after all casualties and losses, there will be a full average supply."

### Smith O'Brien.

The Limerick Chronicle of August 12, in the subjoined paragraph on this exiled patriot, says he has accepted the pardon tendered by the British Government.

"The family of Mr. W. Smith O'Brien received a letter this week from that gentleman, dated the last week in May, from Van Deiman's Land, when he was preparing to avail himself of her Majesty's gracious pardon, and to leave the colony for Europe.—Mrs. Smith O'Brien and other relatives will meet the liberated exile at Brussels, where it is probable he will reside; and we have the pleasure of informing his countrymen that Mr. O'Brien accepted with the best feelings his sovereign's spontaneous clemency in remission of the penalty for a political offence."

## The Enterprise.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Friday Morning, Sept. 8, 1854.

### AGENTS.

E. W. CARR, N. W. cor. of Walnut and Third-st. Philadelphia, is our authorized Agent.  
A. M. PEBEN, Fairview P. O., Greenville Dist.  
W. M. C. BAILEY, Wallace's Factory, Spartanburg.  
W. W. SMITH, Morrisville, Greenville District.  
D. P. M'KINNEY, Slattown, P. O., Anderson Dist.

### ERROR.

The article upon the first column of our fourth page, contains two errors, which, although corrected in the proof, was unluckily mis-corrected by the compositor. In the second line of the third paragraph from the bottom the word "real" occurs—it should be *real*. In the third line of the paragraph above it reads "neat" where it should be *real*.

### DEATH OF AN EDITOR.

We learn from private sources that JOSEPH W. ROSS, Esq., Senior editor of the *Pickens Courier* died on Saturday last, at Pickens C. H.

### HON. J. B. O'NEALL.

Our readers will find an interesting letter from this much esteemed and venerable friend. We are happy to number among our contributors and subscribers such pure and noble minded men. The letter abounds in interest—touching upon several topics worthy of deep consideration.

### MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

Two tickets are presented in to-day's paper for the consideration of the independent voters of Greenville. They are each composed of our best citizens, who would not see Greenville interests sacrificed. All we desire in the in-coming Council, is that they will still keep down doggeries. We have always been opposed to *Licensing* Groceries, and trust to continue so. The welfare of the three hundred youth of Greenville—her mothers and daughters demand their continued suppression.

### YELLOW FEVER—THE CHOLERA.

From a private letter received in this place from a gentleman in Charleston, we learn that the fever is on the increase in that place; 24 deaths for the week ending Saturday last. Every one is cautioned, from visiting the city. Its prevalence is attributed to the inefficiency in the quarantine laws. There were 10 deaths in Savannah on Tuesday last from Yellow Fever. The *Courier*, of Savannah, has been discontinued until the fever abates. In New York last week there were 814 interments, including 116 from cholera. In Boston there were 107, of which 12 were from cholera. In Philadelphia 300, including 23 from cholera; and in Baltimore 106, none of which were from cholera.

### LUNATIC ASYLUM.

The *Newbury Sentinel* proposes, should the Lunatic Asylum be removed from Columbia that it be located in "Greenville." We are opposed to its removal (unless the unhealthiness of its present location be urged.) There is not much use in having that institution in Greenville, but should the State desire the erection of a Public Building in Greenville, by all means let it be a Penitentiary. We know a number who are "in" for that!

### THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.

The September Number of this most excellent agricultural monthly has been received. It fully supports its former reputation. We refer our patrons to the prospectus to be found in our advertising columns.

THE SPY-GLASS has made its second appearance in Columbia. We looked all thro' it, and were more pleased with our second peep than at the first. Success to the Spy-Glass. It seems to Know Something of the Know Nothings, and gives the following as the signs of that order:

"Eye—Nose—0,"

which is handed to a brother in the following manner: First make an 0 with the forefinger and thumb, then a tight eye, by closing the same, and hanging the fingers to the tip of the nose.

### DEATH OF A MERCHANT.

THOMAS M. SHARP, Esq., an enterprising Merchant of Newberry, died on Monday last. He was much beliked, having endeared many friends by his affableness and gentility of manners.

### TEXAS AND TEMPERANCE.

The friends of Temperance and good order and Temperance will be glad to learn that Texas has carried the Maine laws; that is, they have voted no license, by a handsome majority. Take a lesson from this, ye older States. We must cease to call after this, the new States a nest of rowdies, they are beginning to give us examples that it will do well to follow.—*Er.*

ONE BULL is in California.

### WILLIAMSTON—THE SPRING.

This pleasant little village, situated in Anderson District, and only a short ride from Greenville on the cars, has enjoyed quite a company of visitors the present season, and a number are still prolonging their stay.—The place, it is well known, has grown up within the past three or four years, and so far, the accommodations and improvements have been made more with the spirit of experiment than with a design of permanency. Now, however, since the healthfulness of the place has been tried, and the water fairly tested and found highly beneficial to those laboring under dyspepsia, and that people seeking only pleasure, will make it a temporary home, the citizens are becoming quite enterprising, and many new and beautiful cottages as well as substantial buildings are now being seen interspersing the surrounding groves, giving us at once an idea of comfort, ease, and health. The accommodations of the place, being heretofore limited, are to be more extensive by the next summer.—The proprietor of the Williamston Hotel, Mr. J. W. COBB, intends adding one hundred additional rooms to his present number.—Capt. SPEED likewise thinks of making improvements upon his Hotel. These contemplated buildings will not only accommodate hundreds more, but will, we think, insure the attendance of hundreds who have been prevented stopping there only for want of place and room.

The Spring has been pronounced to be by some, one of the finest of mineral springs. We can testify to its coolness and pleasantness to the taste. An analysis of the water proves it to be ten parts sulphate of magnesia to nine of soda, two carbonate of iron, one muriate of lime, and a slight impregnation of iocine.

We have but recently enjoyed the hospitalities of the kind host of the Williamston Hotel, and herewith tender our acknowledgments for the same. A day from Greenville cannot be more pleasantly spent in any direction than amid the cool shades of the Williamston Spring.

For the Southern Enterprise.

### PUBLIC MEETING.

Pursuant to publication, a meeting of citizens opposed to the license system was held in the Court House, on Monday evening last, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Intendant and Wardens, for the town of Greenville, during the ensuing year.

On motion, Col. R. P. GOODLETT was called to the Chair, and T. Q. DONALDSON was requested to act as Secretary.

The meeting being organized, the Chairman appointed a Committee of Nomination, consisting of five, who submitted the following report, which was adopted:

Your committee beg leave to report to this meeting the following names for Intendant and Wardens for the ensuing year:

FOR INTENDANT,  
DR. A. B. CROOK.

FOR WARDENS,  
MAJ. H. R. WILLIAMS,  
D. G. WESTFIELD,  
WM. A. CAUBLE,  
JOHN W. STOKES, Esq.

The meeting then adjourned,  
R. P. GOODLETT Chairman,  
T. Q. DONALDSON, Secretary.

For the Southern Enterprise.

Mr. Editor: Please announce the following Independent Ticket, and oblige  
MANY VOTERS.

FOR INTENDANT,  
COL. E. S. IRVINE.

FOR WARDENS,  
DR. W. P. TURPIN,  
CAPT. THOS. B. ROBERTS,  
BARNETT F. CLEVELAND.

### Our Wives and Daughters.

The editor of the *Newburyport Union*—who is a woman—speaking of the alleged extravagance of wives and daughters, says that a great part of it arises from their being kept in ignorance of business affairs.—Was it the habit of men to interest their wives and families in the details of the day-book and ledger, she thinks we should hear much less talk about unreasonable expenditures. But if men will persist in treating women as fools or children, they must expect them to act accordingly. Did any one ever know of a woman urging her husband into unnecessary expenses, who was thoroughly acquainted with his resources, and made a confident of in all business matters? We do not believe the world can furnish an instance. Let business men try the experiment of making their wives and daughters the confidential clerks (so far as knowledge is concerned) of their establishments, and we should hear no more lamentations about \$500 shawls and \$3,000 parties.

COPPER MINES IN G.A.—Several lots have been leased in this county, on which the evidence of Copper are so plainly discernible that the lessees will soon commence operating on them. One or two of them are within a short distance of our town, and we shall not be surprised if Cassville becomes, before a great while, the head quarters of half a dozen large mining companies.—*Cassville Standard*, 1st inst.

### Correspondence of the Enterprise.

PROSPECT HILL, Sept. 1, 1854.

To W. F. PARON—Editor of the *Southern Enterprise*.—I have been much pleased with your paper, and hope it will be so patronized as to insure its success. It ought especially to be sustained by Temperance men, for you have literally grown up in the great Temperance army.

I have been lately reading Bond's "Minnesota and its Resources." It is indeed a most flattering account of that most interesting territory, extending from 43° 30' to 49° N.; but I do not propose to notice the book further than to cite the following paragraph:

"As regards temperance this territory is well adapted to the wants of the temperate and intemperate. The legislature at its recent session refused to pass the restriction law: consequently on the East of the Mississippi, the spirits are manifest when, how, and where they please. On the West of the Mississippi, by a wise provision in the treaties, by which the Indian title was extinguished, the trade and intercourse law is in operation, and spirituous liquors of all kinds are prohibited under the severest penalties. This part is noticed particularly, because it is very important that every immigrant should understand this matter, that he may locate to suit his propensities. Those whose liberty is not confined in bottles, casks and decanters, will suffer far less inconvenience by making their homes in the country west of the Mississippi; while all who believe that potatoe whiskey is the staff of life, are at perfect liberty to remain east of the 'big river.'"

This is a strange state of things for one country. Two different rules of action in different localities does not generally occur. Still in this instance we can draw valuable instruction from it. To preserve the Indian, and to make him a safe neighbor, intoxicating drink is prohibited to be sold, "west of the 'big river.'"

Have we not a similar inducement in South Carolina? Are not our negro slaves worthy of as much regard and care as the Indian? Most people would say more. I am content to say equally as much. Why does not South Carolina do as the United States have done? The latter have prohibited the sale for the protection of the Indian. The necessity of such legislation is apparent. Never shall I forget the scene which occurred in the National Division, at Chicago, Illinois, the summer of 1853. A Cherokee Indian, whose name was WOLF, attended as a Delegate from the Divisions of the Sons of Temperance among the Cherokees, to obtain a Charter for a Grand Division. He was introduced, and addressed the National Division, claiming their aid to save the "Red Men" from the effects of intoxicating drinks. He said with great truth: "We don't make the fire-water—white men make it, and bring it to us. An Indian drinks it, he is then a fool." No one, who heard him, felt otherwise than that he was ready for the rescue. The Charter was granted.

Might not one of our slaves address us in a similar way, and even put the argument stronger by saying, "We are poor, helpless, ignorant, dependant creatures; we look to our masters for everything which is good, and yet they permit the fire-water to come to us, and then we are not only fools, but thieves and assassins."

South Carolinians, why will not ye be wise? You have but to say the word, and the future men of the *White House* in Columbia, will not dare to say to you, "nay." So much for that subject. While holding Court at Spartanburg in the awful hot weather of the 1st, 2d and 3d ult, I gleaned from a newspaper the following lines on a kindred subject:

"Ye chowers of the noxious weed,  
Which grows on earth's most cursed sod,  
Be pleased to clean your filthy mouth,  
Outside the sacred house of God,  
Throw out your plug and cavendish,  
Your pig-tail, twist, and honey-dew,  
And not presume to spit upon  
The pulpit, aisle, or in the pew."

Tobacco chewing, I believe to be a great provocative to indulgence in strong drink. I know, from experience, that it is greatly injurious to health. A little firmness of will will enable any man to quit it; and when he succeeds he will feel he is a much more free and decent man than he was before.—At least that is my experience after an escape of 20 years from a habit of chewing of more than 20 years.

But my purpose was mainly to recommend the rhyme to your readers. I hope all will read it, before they set out to worship God, and every Lord's day, at least, *fast from Tobacco*.

Is there anything more odious than a meeting house puddled all over with Tobacco spit? Can a man be in the proper spirit on the Lord's day, who has to chew tobacco to enable him to perform his religious devotions? It is not for me to answer. Each man must consider the subject for himself, and answer it to himself.

Your District, my young friend, is a fine one, and your town is, beyond all doubt, to be one of great consequence. It is already the site of one noble flourishing Institution,

the Female Seminary. It is soon to be another, I hope, equally flourishing, the Greenville Baptist Female College. It is already a place of business—it is soon to quadruple it. It is now a town, I hope it will soon be a city!

But to thus succeed you must not only be as you have been—"sober," but you must be enterprising. You need a splendid hotel in addition to the good ones you already have. The great travel of this year will be then more than doubled. Then our people will drink our mountain waters, and look upon our mountain scenery, instead of drinking the Schöykill, the Croton, or Cochichewick, or looking upon the White Mountains or the Catskill. Was my venerable friend, the kind and wise Patron of your town, a little younger, the word would be spoken, and a hotel, like his brick Mill-House, would spring up as by magic. So too, you must let the neighing of the Iron Horse be heard on the top of the Saluda Mountains. Your people have the money—I hope they have the will; if so, the work will be done.

Yours in T. V. & T.,

JOHN BELTON O'NEALL.

### LETTER FROM COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Sept. 5th 1854.

Mr. Editor:—Sitting at my office window this moonlight evening, and listening to the sweet notes of that touching refrain, "Old Folks at Home," the thought presents itself, what can I contribute to the "Enterprise" this week? News is scarce—weather hot—times dull. But having an attack of the "caothas scribendi," I must say something, and thus recover from that malady.

While we are favored with excellent health and almost total exemption from sickness, our Metropolis is visited with a most fatal and fearful disease—the Yellow Fever. Private accounts represent the mortality to be greater than official statements would indicate. The "City Register" reports twenty-six deaths from that disease, during the week ending September 2nd.

That venerable personage, "the oldest inhabitant" of Columbia would doubtless substantiate, if called upon, the truth of our opinion that a warmer September had never been experienced. Our cry is for rain! Dusty streets and roads—parched and withered vegetation—visions of mad-dogs with muzzles around their necks—all combined have induced us to risk "a ride on a rail" as soon as possible.

"Janney's Hotel" was sold at public auction on Monday, and purchased by W. S. GOODWYN, for \$37,000. Whether Mr. JANNEY will continue to be "mine host" or not, we are not able to say.

In the way of amusements, the "Campbell Minstrels" are drawing crowded houses every night. We will doubtless be favored with shows, concerts, and exhibitions of every kind until next Christmas.

We hear that Mr. P. H. LAREY intends publishing a weekly newspaper soon at Orangeburg C. H. He is to be Editor and Proprietor. He has our wishes for his success.

The Election Campaign is increasing in excitement and interest as the "Ides of October" approach. The "unfettered democracy" of old Richland are harangued daily; and barbecues, "quiltings" and shooting matches are the order of the day. If you wish to be amused, come down here on the day of election. When a favourable opportunity is presented, I may give you some "rich scenes" I have witnessed!

Now, Mr. Editor do find some sort of interesting matter and insert in our letter, or else put it where it cannot become conspicuous.—Positively speaking my next effort shall excel this in length, material and style.

In a hurry, yours ever,

BAYARD.

### The Amizon.

A correspondent of the London Economist, in treating of opening the Amizon, has the following observations:

"At present, we regret to add, the great hindrance to the speedy development of the navigation of the Amizon are the pretensions of the United States. In South America the great Northern Republic is regarded as an aggressive power. Already its influence is predominant in Ecuador and New Grenada. In Peru its Minister had for a while almost equal power. Hitherto it is in Brazil only that no footing has been gained. Between Brazil and the United States the difference of their forms of government raises a species of antagonism, which renders the approach of North American pretensions, claims and controversies a political danger for the only South American monarchy. Therefore it is that Brazil instinctively resists the introduction of United States interests into the valley of the Amizon, seeking rather to develop its great resources by native energy and enterprise. And in this policy Brazil does in truth, but support and work out the cause of South American independence generally."

THE NEXT HOG CROP.—The Louisville Courier says the excessive drought which prevails throughout the greater portion of Kentucky will exert much influence upon the hog market, as corn will be both scarce and high, and it is fair to presume that the hogs will not come to the hooks as large and as fat as heretofore. In fact we learn, that many persons in the interior have turned their hogs out, and abandoned all attempts to fatten them for slaughter.

THE CORN CROP AND THE DROUGHT.—The New York Journal of Commerce, alluding to the corn crop, says:

"Our own opinion is, that the damage to the crop, although severe, has been greatly exaggerated. There is no crop in this country which bears dry weather so well as corn, and a hot, dry summer is necessary, in many varieties of soil, for the security of the yield. Those who hoard for famine rates will probably find themselves disappointed, while those who sell at prices which will pay them for a partial crop far better than the average price for a full yield, will find themselves gainers in the long run."

The Louisville Courier of the 20th, says: In conversation with a farmer in this county, and an observant gentleman of Clark county, Indiana, the former informed us that he would make 70 bushels of corn to the acre, and in Clark the yield would average 30 bushels to the acre. If these statements are correct, it would seem to indicate that the corn crop will not be as deficient as supposed, particularly in the vicinity of the Ohio river. A few weeks will determine the matter."

The St. Louis Intelligencer in speaking of the preparations making for the York Trade of the next season, says:

"We hear it said that one or two well known pork packers of this city have come to the determination not to be out done by the short corn crop. They want hogs—must and will have them, and to be certain of getting them they have contracted for large quantities of corn, at convenient points in Illinois, and should it so turn out that the farmer will not be able to fatten his pork, they will buy his hogs and undertake the job. One packer we hear has 50,000 bushels already engaged, and will take a few more at the same price. The hogs when bought will be driven to the corn, where it is presumed they will fatten bountifully until their time comes. This is rather a new phase to the pork business of the West, but there is no getting along without hogs, and if the farmer can't or won't fatten, he must give way to those who will."

THE GUANO TRADE.—An official report says that the quantity imported into this country during 1853 was 400,000 tons, and that the quantity the present year will be 100,000 tons. The committee, indeed, estimate the importations of the present year at 200,000 tons. The great advance, however, which has taken place in the price demanded has operated to check consumption, while it has caused loud and general complaint. During last year, it was sold in large quantities at \$46.20. At the commencement of the present year, the price was fixed at \$50. Now, by a circular letter of the Peruvian agent, bearing date May 27, 1854, it appears that "in consequence of the increased rates of freight," the price has been raised to \$60 for any quantity under five tons, with a decrease in price as the quantity increase to 200 tons, when \$55 is named as the price, and a small discount allowed for cash payment. Still, guano can now be purchased at \$50 per single ton, or \$49.75 for larger quantities.

The abjuration by Lieutenant Bonaparte of his native country has exposed him to some severe and just animadversions by the American press. The fascinations of foreign military rank and an Imperial court have been too potent for the young gentleman. There is always some discredit in the change of country or religion. In this case there seems to be an aggravation of the discredit, for young Bonaparte was educated at our Military Academy, and of course at the expense of the country he has abjured. As he has reached years of discretion we presume that his family, who are known to have American attachments, were not able to control his inclinations. How would this youthful scion of a branch of the Imperial House of Bonaparte act, in case the country from whom he holds a foreign commission, should be involved in war with his native land?

SINGULAR ORIGIN OF A FIRE.—The corpse of a German woman, who died on Wednesday, was laid out upon a bed yesterday, at her residence on Water street. As is the custom, a lighted taper was put in the stiffened hand of the corpse, and it was left for a time without watchers. By some unaccountable means, the candle set fire to the bed clothes, and the flames had nearly consumed the body before they were discovered. At last, those in the house became sensible of the condition of things, and, rushing in, seized the corpse and dashed it on the floor, after which they cast the burning bed out of the window. The dwelling was not burned, tho' it came very near being so. Those who saw the charred remains, say that the scene was shocking to a degree.—*Buffalo Express*, Aug. 28.

KOSUTH AND PULSZY are both residing in London with their families. Kosuth's two sons, aged 10 and 13 years, are attending school. The family live in a very plain and economical style. Pulszky and his wife, by their joint writings, it is stated in a London letter, in the *New York Times*, have made this year about \$400. They have five children. Madame Pulszky's father is a wealthy banker of Vienna, but is forbidden to give his only daughter a cent. Her mother is also living. Pulszky's splendid estate in Hungary was seized by the Austrians at the time of his arrest, and his beautiful castle subsequently converted into a hospital.

A NEW SOURCE OF SHELLEY.—Gathering coal in the bed of the Ohio river, on the bars opposite Cincinnati, is just now a profitable business for a large number of men and boys, who have quite a fleet of wood boats and skiffs employed. The Gazette says the bars that are now yielding so well have for years been covered with sand until this season. The floods of last winter bared the treasure. Men are said to be making \$10 per day taking out boulders—quite as much as is made on the California placers. They have to work in water from two to three feet deep, and look from a distance like flocks of water fowl.