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THE TONE OF THE STATE PRESS.

From the *Winnsboro News*.
The power of justice to conciliate, favor and quiet prejudice is immeasurably great, and a people would submit to the rule of monkeys and gorillas, far more to that of negroes, if impartial justice were the rule of government. It is not that our legislators are ignorant and unintelligent, but that they are brutal and corrupt, and the fit instruments in the hands of wickedness and vice for the perpetration of legislative and executive crimes, of which the whites of this State complain. It is that they are dishonest and sympathize with all manner of stealing as legitimate business. A bitter and a stern resentment, therefore, is evidently spreading, and a deliberate purpose is being cherished to resist such rottenness by force, as the very first opportunity, or in other and very plain words, to fight out of this filth.
Take the subject of taxation. It is proposed to collect two taxes this year; one this spring, and another next fall. These taxes would be more cheerfully paid, if the people could believe their necessity. But they seem but a part of a plan of extortion and useless plunder. Moreover, it is not clear to the taxpayers where the money they have already paid has gone. The poll-tax, for example: The State auditor says that but \$40,000 of it has been paid, and ninety thousand has not been paid. Now we simply don't believe it, and would like to see the proofs. A great many negroes have paid their poll-tax, and a great many employers have paid taxes for them. The poll-tax, we believe, has been much more generally paid than is by some believed. Where is it, and what has been done with it, that it should be reported as unpaid? It is very easy to report it unpaid, and to say that it cannot be collected from people that have no property. But property-holders have their just grounds of suspicion, and they have the right to state them, and ask to see the proofs of the correctness of the report that they may verify it. The zeal for education exhibited in the management of the poll-tax strikes some of them as akin to the zeal for "land for the landless" exhibited by the land commission. If the tax be not paid, as is alleged, or if it be paid, and then misapplied to other purposes than education, as we believe very possible, in either case, "there is something rotten in the State of Denmark." Now, what is the government better satisfied the people on this and kindred subjects, before it attempts to collect a second tax next fall? We think so. Perhaps the tax may then be paid. The opportunity of resistance may not then have come. But we countenance a judicious prudence. We whites, who don't hobnob with negroes, are tired of this government, and intend to change it. The will will find a way.

From the *Barnwell Sentinel*.
Now this is confiscation, downright legislative robbery. The taxes of two years forced into one, and an additional tax to pay interest in gold. This is the astounding fact the people have to look in the face; the planters are called upon to pay this enormous tax or have their lands sold. How are they to do it? This year the reduced price of cotton has not enabled the planters to do more than pay expenses, leaving no surplus; many will fall short and owe a balance to their creditors. Last year not a few found it impossible to satisfy the demands of the tax-gatherer; this year the number will be increased.

Now the question is, will the land owner patiently stand by and see his land sold for taxes, on an assessed value far above what they can be sold for, either by himself or the sheriff, or will they continue to resist this robbery?
Human patience will be exhausted when this outrage is attempted. No people on the face of the earth will submit to be taxed out of their property by a band of adventurers, who, owning no property themselves on which taxes can be levied, are recklessly grinding out of the property-holder a fund upon which to steal. We repeat, the people do not intend to be taxed out of their lands.

It is well known to all parties that this paper has at all times recommended a strict obedience to the laws, though in many instances the laws are of a partisan character, and oppressive in their nature. The taxes are enormous, and are sucking the life-blood from many of our people, notwithstanding all who can are meeting the demands of the collector promptly. But the point where forbearance has ceased to be a virtue has been reached. The State tax will be sixteen and the county six mills on the dollar. If this thing is attempted to be done, we will not hesitate to advise our people to openly resist it in an organized and efficient way. If the ignorant and heartless majority of negroes in the House of Representatives presume that the white tax-payers of the State will silently submit to their own ruin and degradation without a struggle, they certainly mistake the character of the white race!

From the *Greenville Enterprise*.
The extravagant taxes levied by the majority of the Legislature of South Carolina, their oppressiveness and injustice, the fraudulent schemes and waste of the public money, which they are intended to support, the useless offices, the high salaries, the corruption of the Legislature in selling their votes, the horrible and intolerable rule of ignorance and dishonesty, all have made a deep impression on all the people who have any honest interest in the State Government. We now record the fact that there is, and of right ought to be, a solemn determination among all the honest men of the State not to stand a repetition of these taxes, but unflinchingly to resist them, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

There is no doubt of the fact that the votes of committees and of members of the Legislature have been bought by money. We unhesitatingly avow the principle that every representative and every official who sells his vote and influence ought to be put to death by law. It is pure and simple robbery. The people--we mean people by those who are not idiots or fools--are making up their minds. Scoundrels who sell their votes and levy high taxes, must be stopped. We hope another year may see a people in this State united as one man to resist these horrible frauds and exactions. Let them dare sell their votes again and rob and plunder. The most stupid negro in the State will come to see that his interest is on the side of honesty, and every white man, except the thieves.

From the *Laurens Herald*.
The militia being disbanded and disarmed, will this give satisfaction to the people? Without any hesitation we answer in the negative. Taxation and representation must go hand in hand. Our people have been taught to regard this as one of the cardinal principles of a free government, and one that they will never willingly let die. Under the present order of things who has the hardihood to say that the property holder and the intelligence of the country are represented? Whom do we find in the halls of legislation? Negroes in every respect ignorant of their duty; scoundrels without character and without money before they were turned loose in the public treasury, and corrupt carpet-baggers who left their country for their country's good.

To this sweeping declaration there are a few honorable exceptions, but unfortunately for the people the exceptions are indeed few. Now, the intelligent man claims representation because wisdom and education are necessary to contrive the means for good government--and he is right. The tax-payer claims representation when his money is voted away--and who dare gainsay his right?
The people then ask no more than their right; good men in the halls of legislation and a true representation, and until these are gained dissatisfaction will continue to exist. These are the two prime causes of trouble and dissension. Let them be removed. In this way, and this only, can peace and harmony be made to prevail.

From the *Abbeville Press and Banner*.
Alarming disturbances of the peace have taken place in different parts of the State. These disturbances are inconsistent with a well ordered government, and at war with prosperity of the community. They indicate a downward tendency to chaos and ruin. We do not now stop to inquire into the causes of these breaches of the peace, or who is responsible for them, about which there is doubtless difference of opinion. We only see and appreciate the danger, rendered more imminent and serious by the want of homogeneity in our body politic; consisting, as it does, of two distinct races--white and black.

We do not deny that there are causes for discontent: the grievances are many and great. The rule of ignorance and the exclusion of intelligence, high taxes and short incomes, corruption and profligacy in officials--these and many more, all aggravated by the antipathies of race, are upon us. But we wish to say emphatically, that in our judgment, violence is no remedy at all for any of these grievances. Violence can do no good, and will produce mischief, and mischief only. It is the only palpable which can keep in office those who are the authors of what we complain. It will strengthen our enemies and weaken our friends by changing the issue from their enormities to these disturbances. It brings bad men to the surface, and enables outlaws to rule. It disturbs industry and endangers property. In times of quiet, good men of all parties exert their influence, and in times of violence, ignorant, wicked blackguards rule.

We hold that it is not only the duty, but the highest interest of every man to keep the peace and assist in making others do so. Peace, and reason must be relied on as the best, sure and permanent remedy. We earnestly invoke all, without regard to party, to obey the laws and abstain from violence. Deliverance must come, but it cannot come from violence, but from peace, perseverance and the heroism of forbearance!

The *Missionary Record*.
The only journal in the State edited by a colored man--denounces the leaders of the dominant party in this State. It says: "If the signs of the times indicate anything, it points clearly to the necessity of a re-organization of the Republican party of this State. The departure from the principles laid down in the beginning of its organization has left it short of its effectiveness for that great good which it designed when it came into power. The gigantic frauds and peculations which have disgraced the party and tarnished its honor, the profligacy with which the leaders have spent the public funds, and bartered away the people's interests, calls loudly for the re-organization of the party in view of the induction of so many unworthy persons into it. The defraudings in custom houses, the railroad speculations which involve the State's credit, the various schemes of public plunder which have brought odium upon the Republican party and shaken the confidence of the people in its integrity, and question its effectiveness for future good, all these point to the necessity of change. The class of men who are now the leaders in the politics are a class who are so unscrupulous that no man who values his reputation is willing to ally himself with such characters. When a set of drunken rascals can rule the roost and put up and elect their particular friends, manipulating conventions and stuffing ballot-boxes then, there is no honor in being associated with that class of men."
Reformation is now demanded in the Republican ranks in such manner as will warrant the security to the people as their interests demand, or there will be an organization of a party in opposition to the corruptionists who now rule the politics of our State. Such a state of affairs cannot last always. The time is coming when intelligence will not submit to be ruled by ignorance and imbecility; when the revelers in public spoils and their ill-gotten gains, the result of their treachery to the people, will meet their doom. The time is not distant when this re-organization will begin in earnest, and every honest man will be found arrayed on the side of good government and a purification in politics.

SAVING THE BAG--As one good thing necessitates another, (as the man found who built a new house and ruined himself furnishing it,) we cannot forbear telling an incident which happened in the same town, which, like the first, redounds to the credit of Young America, lately somewhat under the ban. The story needs an explanatory introduction, which, in spite of Spartan intentions, as regards brevity, may be longer than that which it precedes. At an early day in the history of the village which is the locale of the incident in question, a man whom we will call Huntington, dug a race from the lake on whose margin the village lay, through to the low lands of the Upper Kanadakee, and on it reared a grist mill.

The "power" soon became so reduced in volume that the miller would throw a bag of corn into the hopper and go away for an indefinite time, lounging about the village often for the whole half day. In the process of time H. got so hard up that he had to make up by heavy "rolling" what was lacking in the number and amount of grists coming to the mill. One morning, early when things had "gotten to the worst," a small boy, mounted on a bobtailed steed, and having behind him a bag of corn, might have been seen leisurely wending his way to the mill. The forenoon passed quietly, and no signs of a great event or a storm appeared in the sky or on earth. But this could not last forever. Suddenly the air vibrated with the heavy foot-falls of a horse, and soon a flying steed turned into the main street, urged, each instant to still mightier exertions by the frantic rider, who was no other than the quiet child whom we have already seen proceeding so peaceably to mill. At the upper end of the street, which was the foot of an abrupt hill, the washings of preceding years had covered the old road bed with a layer of loose sand, and just as the boy and horse reached this point in their mad flight, a curious villager hailed the rider with the interrogatory, "is any one dead at your house?" This query and the dead brought horse and rider to a halt, and in answer to a question the boy gave a negative reply, but added, half under his breath and looking behind to see whether he was pursued--"I have been to Huntington's Mill--he has taken my grists, and I am trying to get home with the bag!"

Correspondence New York Sun.

A Northern Account of Gov. Scott's Recent Conference.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 16.
Governor Scott has just concluded a conference with certain leading Conservative citizens from various portions of the State. The Governor invited these gentlemen to meet him to consider the best means of securing and preserving the peace. With reference to the recent troubles, their causes, effects and remedies, there was a great deal of plain talk on both sides. The gentlemen representing the people of the State were very clear and intelligent in their statements as to the causes of the troubles. They said the people of South Carolina cared not under what political name they were governed, Republican or Democrat, but they did want respectable and honest men in office, and they also wanted the authorities to cease pushing the negroes forward into places from which white men are excluded. They were willing to give the negroes equal political rights, but they protest against allowing him at all times and in all places to assert his superiority.

DISARMING THE MILITIA.
The Governor was requested to disarm his negro militia. The delegation claimed that this was one of the worst features of their present government, the placing of arms in the hands of ignorant and irresponsible negroes, and refusing to issue an equal proportion to such companies of white militia as have been organized. By doing this, as well as extending the time for the

PAYMENT OF TAXES,
the delegation thought that peace might be secured. They describe the feeling throughout the country though as most intense against further taxation without representation, for their present condition is that in effect. As one of the gentlemen said to me yesterday, in speaking of this: "A former slave of mine is now in the Lower House, and is considered one of the most ignorant and corrupt negroes in it. I know that he does not pay one cent tax, for he does not own a dollar's worth of taxable property. His vote is for sale on every measure that comes up, and, indeed, he never votes upon any but adjustment measures unless he is paid for it. I pay over \$2,000 taxes to the State and county, and an even denied the right to vote. The only way the class to which I belong can have any voice at all is by personal appeal to the Executive. In short, the people who supply the means to support the government have no representation, while the ignorant and vicious, who contribute nothing at all, have full sway."

THE GOVERNOR'S JUDICIOUS CONCLUSION.
These arguments were forcibly presented to the Governor, not as an excuse for the outrages which have been committed, but as accounting for the feeling which produces such results. The Governor had two or three meetings with the delegation, and after expressing his opinions quite freely in regard to the lawlessness of the upper counties, said that in deference to the wishes of the respectable people of the State, he would disarm the negro militia and extend the time for the payment of taxes in such counties as might desire it. Accordingly, an order was issued recalling the Winchester rifles that have caused so much trouble, and it is therefore more than likely that peace and quiet will once more reign in York and Chester.

THE KU KLUX GENE.
Everything has been quiet in these counties, though since last week the imported Ku Klux have departed as quietly as it came. Troops have been arriving for several days, and are sent up as fast as they come, but it is more than likely that the danger is over now, and that there will be no more disturbances of any kind. The Governor's conciliatory policy has alarmed his compatriots of the Executive department.

A MODEL SCALLAWAG.
Such high-toned citizens and legislators as the Hon. Joe Crews accuse him of recreancy to the Republican faith, and assert that he has gone over bodily to the Democrats. Joe Crews is the man whom Kerrigan accused of wishing to go into the assassination business on joint account with himself. Like other members of the lower house, Joseph's antecedents will not bear a very rigid scrutiny. He was formerly a slave trader, and many a dollar has crept into his pockets by the sale of negroes at the auction block. Now as then Joseph sees that negro-trading is a profitable business, and he has managed to manipulate negro votes greatly to his pecuniary advantage. Of all men in South Carolina Joe Crews is perhaps the most detested. He is certainly the most unblushingly dishonest man that he admits all his evil transactions, and tells exactly how jobs are put up.

CREWS INVESTIGATED.
An incident occurred at the last session, whereby the smooth-faced Joseph's modesty was made to shine forth with refulgent splendor. It appears that an investigating committee had been appointed by the Assembly to inquire into certain transactions of a peculiarly interesting nature, and with its usual prodigality, the House voted \$10,000 to pay the investigators' expenses. The lovely Joseph was made chairman of this committee, and the money placed subject to his order. The committee remained in existence several months, but it was never known that any good was accomplished. It never went out of Columbia, and, in short, never really investigated anything. It soon attracted the attention of an anxious member, who one morning got up and moved that Uncle Joseph's committee be instructed to report. Unfortunately, Uncle Joe didn't have anything to report, and it was then moved that the farce be discontinued. But now came the settlement. Ten thousand dollars had been placed in old Joe's hands, and Joseph never said a word about returning a cent of it. Some of his admirers softly insinuated that Joseph had "gone through" the ten thousand. Joseph at once repelled the base charge, and asked for an investigating committee. Of course it was necessary to whitewash Joe, and his request was, therefore, granted. But, alas! the remarkable candor displayed by the only witness summoned, who happened to be Joe himself, knocked spots out of the plans of the whitewash committee.

"How much of this \$10,000 did your committee expend, Mr. Crews?" asked the chairman.
"It expended it all, sir," said Joseph, very virtuously.
Q--For what purpose was this large amount expended?
Joseph sat nonplussed and very troubled in spirit. He finally accounted in a fashion for about \$2500, but couldn't furnish a voucher for a single dollar more.

Q--Mr. Crews, you have explained the expenditure of \$2500. In what way did you expend the remaining \$7500?
Here was a poser, and Joseph winced under the gaze of a hundred interesting and sympathizing eyes, for all were curious to know how he would get out of it. But Joe was equal to the task. He had a happy thought. He had heard somewhere that no witness could be made to criminate himself; so in the midst of

his despair his countenance assumed its bright smile as he answered: "I cannot answer that question without criminating myself."

The chairman caved, and Joseph retired, completely whitewashed. The committee reported that there was no evidence against Joseph, and all was again serene. Such are our legislators.

JOSEPH TURNED OUT.
The other night, while the Governor was receiving the "peace delegation," Joseph deliberately walked into the Executive chamber and took a seat on the sofa by the side of General Kershaw. The latter arose in a dignified manner, and said, "Governor, I will not sit in the same room with Mr. Crews. Either he or I must retire." Joseph gathered himself up and sloped. And now he feels bitter toward the Governor for having talked with the "d--d rebels," and he swears that Scott is getting ready to join the "rebel crusade" against the Republican party. Poor Joe doesn't see that the world moves on, and that a time is coming when intelligence, education and honesty must again find expression within the granite walls of South Carolina's Capitol. A. P.

SPACE--The other day on a Western railroad two men journeyed as perhaps men never journeyed before. Sixty miles an hour in a car is fearful speed. Eighty miles an hour is computed as the speed of clouds in the blast of a hurricane. But these two men were on a runaway lumber car on a down grade, and for eight or ten miles, until a long ascending grade brought them to a halt, it was thought that they flew at the rate of over a hundred miles an hour. They dashed through the towns like a thunder-bolt, and the bystanders said it seemed not a car, but a cannon-ball that shot by them. Yet a cannon-ball goes sometimes at the rate of 500 miles an hour.

Suppose we could stand outside our world somewhere, and see the earth move by in its yearly journey round the sun--a cannon-ball not eight inches in diameter--we should see it rush by, if indeed we could see it at all, flying at so fast a speed, not at 500 miles an hour, but at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, for that is the rate at which we go, all of us, swimming through the ether, voyaging among the stars, night and day, every hour, as gently as the "shuttle down on the evening zephyr, so soft and even is our pace,--but sixty-eight thousand miles real distance made, good measure, every hour. But this only carries us around our own sun once in a whole year. We must travel faster than this to get about much among the stars. Well, harness the light to our chariot, and go literally in a flash, quick as light. Fly from world to world. How fast should we go then? Say two hundred thousand miles an hour? 500,000 miles a minute? Faster! Faster; sixty times as fast! Yes, no matter though the brain whirls at the thought of it, 200,000 miles a second, eight times around the world while your heart beats once, or your eye winks.

With such a speed set out, and let not your winged couriers tire till you draw rein, and alighting, step off upon one of the nearest and most brilliant of the fixed stars. Nine years and three months at this breathless speed you have been traveling to get there, and then you have but just begun your travels, for this fixed star, as we call it, for so it appears to us, is itself a sun of another system, and while it has its planets revolving around it, it is itself whirling with astonishing velocity around some mightier, more distant orb in a far-off center, and if we would go with it, we must get aboard quick, when we reach it, for it is spinning away at the rate of 13,098 millions of miles an hour, without, however, even ruffling the air, so quiet, so easy is its motion, and in one short year accomplishing a journey of 120 millions of millions of miles. And this, remember, is what we learn visiting one of the nearest of the stars visible to the naked eye, but back of these, further off, are worlds behind worlds, more numerous far than those our unassisted eyes can see. So that in a breadth of the sky no larger than that which the apparent size of the moon will cover, more stars are seen by telescopic power than our eyes, unaided, can see in the whole vault of heaven. In seven minutes once, as Herschel's telescope was aimed at the sky, over 50,000 stars swept in silent glory across the field of view. Armed with an instrument of 6,000 times magnifying power, we peer out in one direction, and far as we can see still stretch the far-distant orbs at illimitable distances beyond. Look in the opposite--in any direction, and it is the same.

To our poor finite minds this seems infinite, but there is nothing infinite except God, the maker and upholder of all this grandeur.

HOW NITRO-GLYCERINE IS MADE--This wonderful explosive was discovered in 1847 by an Italian, named Sobrero, but its practical application was made by Alfred Nobel, a Swedish engineer. The process by which it is made is thus described:

Every one knows what glycerine is--a clear, syrupy liquid; sweet to the taste, and somewhat greasy to the touch. Its scope of employment ranges from the surgeon's dispensary to the lady's bodice. Chemists term it a triatomic alcohol, and it may be derived from fat or tallow by the action of lime and sulphuric acid. Its properties are many and various, but as they have no bearing upon the present subject, we shall abstain from noticing them. If a quantity of nitric acid be added to twice its weight of sulphuric acid, glycerine be poured into this, and carefully stirred--the whole being surrounded by a freezing mixture--we obtain that wonderful substance known as nitro-glycerine, which has more than ten times the explosive force of gunpowder. It forms on the surface as an oily liquid of a pale yellow color, is perfectly odorless, and has a sweet, aromatic taste. It is poisonous, whether taken internally or absorbed through the skin, and small doses of it produce distressing headaches.

It does not explode when brought in contact with fire, and remains unchanged even when raised to the temperature of boiling water; but at about forty degrees Fahrenheit it becomes converted into an ice mass which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities.

BLUNDERS OF BASHFULNESS--If there is any defect more striking than another in American character, it is bashfulness. Young America in particular is painfully affected by it. An incident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was desired by his aunt to go over to neighbor Shaw's and see if he had any straw for sale for filling beds.

Mr. Shaw, says our informant, was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family were seated at dinner. Stopping at the doorway half in and I stammered out, "Mr. Shaw, can you spare me enough straw to fill a couple of beds?"
"Well," replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his family, and enjoying my mistake, "I don't know but that I can; how many will you need?"
Before I could recover, those hateful girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I broke for home in a cold sweat.

From the Rural Carolinian.

Worm Fences and Stock Pens.

A suggestion of real value to a community cannot be too often repeated. It should be dinned into unheeding ears, and by reiterated discussion, impressed on the common sense, until the attention is not only arrested, but interest and action are awakened and stimulated.

More than a quarter of a century ago, the subject of dispensing with the almost innumerable worm fences, which network the country, was brought in various forms to public notice, and since that time allusions to it have often been made. The public accord, as far as seen, has been unanimous and universal in condemnation of the practice, with the single exception of an otherwise able Germantown (Pa.) editor, who approves on the ground that it is an evidence of advanced civilization. This term is generally of vague meaning, and used sometimes as *capitulum vulgus* to avoid or suppress argument, and commonly incongruous. If restricted somewhat in its import, to refining the manners, and promoting the arts and learning, what application can it have to the art of constructing one of plank or of metal? Why not employ this art to improve or embellish the narrow enclosures to secure stock, rather than the larger and more costly one of entire farms? And how will the one kind more polish the manners or advance the learning, than the others? Civilization is based on uses. All right things in this world are founded on their purpose, for a certain good religion divulges the fact, and persuades to conviction by the amplest satisfactory illustrations, that the degrees of happiness enjoyed beyond the span of human life, are shown in the gradations of devotion, in the infinite variety of vocations, to the performance of uses. Wherefore, the usefulness or necessity of these worm fences is questioned, and will be briefly discussed.

With the altered system of labor among us, these fences have become more expensive than formerly, and with the probable great reduction of stock of all kinds, they have become more pressing, because unnecessarily burdensome. In some countries, as England, France, Germany, Belgium, fences are partially or wholly abolished, excepting for enclosures of yards for ornament, and of lots for work and other animals. If cattle are not "soiled," that is, kept up and fed the year round, they are herded to grass, with attendants to prevent their intrusion on cultivated fields.

Few taxes are so heavy on our time and labor, to say nothing of the destruction of our forests, as the building and repairing fences. See the cost of the practice--a practice originating partly in the ownership of vast tracts of wood lands, and extravagant waste in all our economies, and continued, through habit, inherited from our forefathers, or from mere inertness in readily adopting improvements. It need not be said, from want of legislative enactments--full as legitimate as permitting an incorporated city to confiscate all swine straying in the streets--because these would have followed a wide spread and earnest disposition on the part of the people, to change their policy.

An estimate of the fencing, in South Carolina, nearly thirty years ago, placed the number of miles at 100,000. Take this as a basis of calculation, although, probably, by one-half, under the mark. The number of rails required for a (10) ten-rail fence, with riders, is about (9,000) nine thousand for one mile, and for all these miles, nine hundred million (9,000,000,000). Their value, taking into account the worth of the timber, the splitting, the hauling, and putting up, would be very moderately placed at (\$100) a hundred dollars per mile, amounting, in the aggregate, to the astounding sum of ten million (10,000,000) of dollars. The State interest being seven per cent, and the annual decay of these fences about (7) seven years, the annual interest on this investment is (20) twenty per cent, or two millions (2,000,000) of dollars.

All this immense outlay of capital, more than sufficient to purchase all the live stock of the State--for by the census of 1850 its entire value, at high rates, was (\$15,000,000) fifteen millions of dollars, and its numbers are reduced now to about one-fourth, with prices little, if any higher, is incurred solely to allow our cattle and swine the benefit of a generally poor range. If the labor required to build and repair these fences were withdrawn, and applied to the crops, it would increase them sufficiently to enable us to buy the larger part of the meat for plantation consumption, while, if the necessity for keeping them up no longer existed, we might dispose of the large reservations of land lying idle, otherwise than to supply timber for rails. In the disposal of these reservations, what bounties, if need be, might be offered toward desirable immigration. And what a relief from the oppressive land tax--to the present large landholders especially--which has already impoverished or bankrupted so many persons, and threatens to drive from the State numbers of her valuable citizens, while from these sales the means would be furnished of living more comfortably than now, and our people be compacted into more social propinquity, leading by close contact and mental collisions, to progress and refinement.

Abandoning the general system of fencing, which can be done promptly by abolishing the fence law, would render necessary the enclosing our stock, for that part of the year, at least, between seed time and harvest, or the pasturing them, under the care of herdsmen, to prevent injury. But this enclosing could be made, not only remunerative for the trouble and expense attending it, but highly profitable in agricultural results.

Hogs, when properly attended in pens or lots, have exceeded 500 pounds in weight at a year old--the white Chester breed, 800 pounds at fourteen or sixteen months, and as much as 1,280 pounds at twenty-one months, increasing for short periods, as rapidly as three or four pounds a day. While each one, when amply supplied with peat or pond mud, straw and rotten wood, or charcoal, has manufactured, in the year, three cords, or over three hundred bushels of excellent manure. Thus the manure alone would pay for the feeding, and the increase of weight pay for the ordinary accumulation from our flesh over 150 pounds at the utmost in a scant range--is not gain. The hogs, too, would be kept from mischief to ourselves or our neighbors; would more rapidly increase; demand less time in attending to them; and be less liable to be stolen or destroyed by wild or tame animals, by the prowlers with four or with two legs.

It is stated in Dana's Muck Manual, that the liquid manure from one cow would fertilize an acre and a quarter of land. The solid manure is of nearly equal strength. Thus a single cow--and horse or hog in its proportion--can be made to enrich over two acres of ground per annum. The quantity in bulk is about a bushel a day, or nearly four cords a year, including both solid and liquid. Now, peat or mud contains an equal quantity of salts, with cow manure, but is deficient in ammonia. A cord of clear stable manure, composted with two of peat, forms a manure of equal value to three cords of green manure." Therefore, throw in to the stall or pen, at intervals, to be likewise

removed, and protected from sunshine and too much rain, seven or eight cords of peat or mud, (dried is best, of course), and there would be an annual return of some twelve cords, or twelve hundred bushels of capital manure--enough to fertilize half a dozen acres, which, under good cultivation, would afford sustenance to a moderate sized family. From penning all the cows, in like manner, there would accrue an abundant supply of milk, butter and cheese, yielding other items to its profits, additional to the increased quantity of manure. The general adoption of this system, with the usual adjuncts, would prevent any regret at the exhaustion of all the guano beds in the tropics. We would establish at home our own permanent sources of plant food, adding yearly to our comfort and prosperity, and abstracting nothing for these costly commercial fertilizers which have recently caused disastrous losses to so many planters.

Beech Island, S. C.

KISS MY WIFE OR FIGHT.--There are few married men who are not averse to seeing their wives kissed; but a correspondent relates the particulars of a case which a newly wedded Benedict felt himself insulted because his wife was not kissed. The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His wife was a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good, old fashioned style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed, except the beautiful young bride aforesaid; and although all the boys wished to kiss her, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a look of sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause, for suddenly he expressed himself. Rolling up his sleeves he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that secured marked attention, said--

"Gentlemen, I have been noticed how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but--"

"What's the matter, John?" inquired a dozen voices. "Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?"
"Yes, you have. Here's every girl in the room has been kissed nine or ten times apiece, and there's my wife, who's as good as any of 'em, hasn't been kissed a single time; and now I just tell you, if she don't get as many kisses the rest of the night as any other girl, the man that slights her has got me to fight--that's all. Go ahead with your plays, boys."

A PERSIAN STORY.--There was once a prince who, being much displeased with one of his nobles, determined to punish him. The prince commanded that he should be shut in a high tower. Into this tower there was only one entrance, which was walled up immediately after the nobleman had been placed there. Thus all hope of escape seemed to be cut off, and the unhappy man was left to perish. Inside the tower was a long winding staircase; the prisoner reached the top. While looking down from there, he observed his wife, who had come, indulging a faint hope that she might be able by some means or other to aid her husband in escaping from his place of confinement. On inquiring if she could be of any service to him, he replied: "O, yes, go and procure a black beetle, a little green, skein of silk, a skin of twine, and a long rope."

The poor wife hastened to obtain what her dear husband asked for--wondering no doubt at the strangeness of his request. She soon returned, furnished with the things. Her husband then directed her to put the grease on the beetle's head, to fasten the silk to his hind leg, the twine, to the silk, and thence to the twine, and then place the beetle on the wall of the tower. On being set at liberty on the wall, the beetle smelling the grease on its head, and not being able to discover where it was, crept up to the tower in search of it till it reached the top. The noble caught it, and taking the silk from his hind leg, carefully drew it up. When he came to the end of the silk he found the twine and next he came to the rope. Fastening this to a crook he let himself down and made his escape.

COMPUTING INTEREST.--One of our exchanges gives the following rule for computing interest, and it is so simple that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk, should put it up for reference. It says that there being no fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error, or mistake:

Six Per Cent.--Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, and divide by sixty; the result is the true interest on such sum for such number of days, at six per cent.

Eight Per Cent.--Multiply any given amount by the number of days upon which it is desired to ascertain the interest, and divide by forty-five, and the result will be the interest of such sum for the time required, at eight per cent.

Ten Per Cent.--Multiply the same as above, and divide by thirty-six, and the result will show the interest, at ten per cent.

He who makes an idol of his interest will make a martyr of his integrity.
Whenever you doubt whether an intended action be good or bad abstain from it.
Women are like horses--the gayer the harness they have on, the better they feel.

In pocket-picking, as in almost everything else, a man never succeeds until he gets his hand in.

James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, is said to have a fortune of \$10,000,000.

Rabbits are a nuisance in Indiana from their great number, and 10 cents a head is paid for killing them by the farmers.

"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," said she, "but you can have me if you will."

The reason why woman has her way so much oftener than man, is that both he and she are conscious that her way is the best.

It has come to light that there is a beautiful girl in New York who has about twenty lovers who do nothing but steal for her benefit.

Can a person who has recovered from an attack of lock-jaw be said to have escaped the grip of death by the skin of his teeth. By gum, we want to know.

An Illinois reporter, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A white dog while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open, and turned completely inside out."

Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the prince of appetites--of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing.

Judge Emmons was a printer, soldier, sailor, journalist, politician, lecturer, lawyer, and circus agent, all in twenty years.

The height of pugilistic asswag was reached the other day by Jim Maco, who, speaking of a rival accused of beating his wife, said: "What! him? He couldn't lick a postage stamp!"