

The Utilization of Small Water Powers.

In urging the necessity and advantage to our people of engaging in manufactures, we generally limit ourselves in thought to the manufacture of cotton into cloth and yarn. But the aid of water, wind, steam, machinery and skill may avail us in many more ways, and be made labor-saving and productive in a thousand uses. What a change would not steam power and labor, well applied, effect in our vast swamps, in converting their stately growth into lumber, staves, barrels and shingles, and, afterwards, in preparing the soil for the crops which it is fitted to produce a hundred-fold. How many and varied profits, what pleasant comforts about our grounds and homesteads, might not a little skill and ingenuity effect in utilizing small streams for rearing fish, pounding rice, grinding corn, running cotton gins, &c., &c. We have an agreeable recollection of a hasty visit, a couple of years since, to the plantation of our friend, Major Thomas W. Woodward, near Winnsboro. We found some springs gathered into small reservoirs, in which are reared fish for the table, and are then led along to a little fall, and there delivered on a wheel, which turns machinery for grinding meal and grits and ginning the cotton crop. The machinery and gearing cost less than eighty dollars. It was working beautifully when we saw it, and the mules, instead of tugging and toiling in turning the heavy gin wheel, were enjoying themselves in the pastures.

We have within a few days past seen another judicious application of water, on the place of Mr. J. E. Pickle, on Big Creek, on the edge of the village of Williamston, in Anderson County. This stream, which, notwithstanding its name, is small—not more, we should think, than about eight-horse power—is neatly bridged as it flows past the mineral spring, and presents a pretty appearance, and some fine bottom land. Mr. Pickle has also put it to other uses. By means of a small race, about three and a half feet by sixteen inches, conducting the water from a shoaly point in the creek, it is led first to a water-wheel of eleven feet diameter, turning an eight-foot band-wheel. This puts in motion three machines for breaking, cleansing and carding wool, used in the order named—the first receiving the wool in its rough state, as it comes from the sheep's back, and breaking it up two or three times; the second cleansing it of burrs, and delivering it in bats. In this state, it goes into the carding machine proper, and comes out in nice rolls, ready for spinning. For this service, twelve-and-a-half cents a pound is charged, and that much added to the value of the wool, which, when thus prepared, is worth sixty-five cents a pound. The charge for carding wool and cotton together, is fifteen cents a pound. The machinery is managed by one man and a boy, and will turn out, on an average, 100 pounds in ten hours.

It is a valuable and useful little affair, and yields a handsome income on the outlay of \$2,000 for the machinery and \$1,000 for the building. The expenses of management are small. The water having discharged this duty, next runs a grist mill, and then proceeds to grind the bark required for a tan-yard of eighteen vats, and in grinding up cob and all the corn which is fed to the working animals of the farm. Thus we see this small stream put to varied uses, all profitable and remunerative. Another gentleman, just below Mr. Pickle, runs a cotton gin by this same power, and receiving a fourteenth told, cleared twenty-six bales last season. From all which we may learn, that like "the sweet, small courtesies of life," small manufactures have their own charm and value, which we should not be slow to appropriate and enjoy. Ingenuity and enterprise should come to the aid of inefficient, unwilling, slovenly and unprofitable labor.

The story is told that two reverend fathers visited the German colonists in South America, and frightened the married women into the belief that they were not legally married, and that unless they were married over again by them, their husbands might leave and marry again. We would like to see priest, rector, elder or justice attempt to frighten the married folks of Chicago by such talk as that. They would blunder as badly as the missionaries did who tried to frighten the Greenlanders by telling them that, if they did not repent, they would go to a region of everlasting fire after death. The threat only filled the shivering savages with an ecstasy of delight.

OUTRAGE IN SUSSEX COUNTY, DEL.—A correspondent from Seaford writes the *Lewes Light* that a white man living near Bridgeville, Del., has been held to bail in the sum of \$3,000 for his appearance at court, for alleged attempt at rape upon the person of a colored servant girl. The man is married and has several children.

A Fair Proposition.

Water, good water, pure, clear water, is what the people of Columbia have been used to and what they intend to have; and now to convince all who are so blind as to try and persuade themselves into the belief that the old springs will not supply the city with water, because they have failed, or that we use more water than formerly, a most absurd supposition, I make this proposition to Colonel Pearce, which will test the matter in controversy: That Colonel Pearce give up the entire control of the Water Works to the Mayor for one month; contract to be drawn so as not to prejudice his claim in the suit now pending; nor will he (the Mayor) use his works at the canal or his river water, (that is his exclusively); to vary our diet, giving us alternately bull-frog hash one week and lat-pole soup the next, and if the Mayor does not furnish us with plenty of good water before the month is out, then we will take frog soup, hashed tadpoles, or anything else we can get. This will bring the thing down to practical results and prove that this model manufacturing company know nothing about their business. The springs are there and will yield the water, if properly managed. It is not our business to suggest to them how to do it. He is paid \$16,000 a year to find that out. There is no doubt that more water is drawn from the reservoir than formerly. Why? The reason is obvious. One goes to his spout; begins to draw water; it is muddy; after smells bad; in old times, under such circumstances, all he had to do was to let it run for a few minutes, and the water soon ran clear and pure; but now, the longer it runs, frequently the worse it gets; and, as it is not fit for use, it is left running and wasted. That is the secret of the waste. If it was good, there would be no disposition to waste it.

I have written the above without any consultation with the Mayor; but I believe he will abide by the proposition, which is offered in good faith. It Col. P. has any respect for the people of Columbia, or any for himself, he will comply with the above, or do any thing else to relieve himself from the odium that is being heaped upon him by all classes of our citizens. GOOD WATER. P. S. Hope the Mayor will come out and say whether he will accept or not.

SUMMER GARDENING.—The chief charm of having a garden of your own is the fresh state of the vegetables which daily garnish your table. Any one who has always depended upon a store for his supply does not have the faintest conception of the superior flavor, tone and elasticity of vegetables gathered fresh every morning from your own garden. Aside from this benefit, gardening is the most health-giving occupation known to man, unless we except that of a physician. Which we don't. There is a man who lives on the other side of our street who has a garden, and has fresh vegetables every day, our folks say. We don't know anything about that, but we do know he has a garden, because we see him out in it every morning, in shirt-sleeves and slippers, picking cucumber and squash bugs. We know when he gets hold of one, by the way he shuts up his mouth and fingers. Sometimes he doesn't catch the one he is after, and sometimes he makes a half dozen passes at one bug. Every time he makes one of those passes, he says something. The first remark is not very plainly heard, but the next is quite so, and the observation that follows after the sixth unfortunate pass, appears to go completely through the head. He jumps around this way for about an hour, and having got his blood up to fever heat, goes in and drinks a cup of boiling coffee, and then goes to business. At noon, he goes out there to kill a couple more bugs, but doesn't do it. He finds two hens from the next house in the cucumber patch. They have scratched down to the cool earth, and thrown the parched soil of two cucumber hills over their backs, and, with one eye closed in a speculative way, are thinking of the intense heat and the short grass crop. When they see him, and the preparations of welcome he has hastily got together, they get up and leave. The first thing he throws at them knocks a limb from a choice pear tree, and the next thing, which is generally a pail, goes through a glass cover to some choice flower seeds, and loses its bail. He then goes in to the house and gets some more boiling coffee, and says the man next door is something we never put in print, and goes to business again. At night, he comes home again and kills bugs until supper time, and then goes in, with his fingers smelling as if he had shaken hands with twelve hundred bed-bugs. He keeps his boy home from school to watch the garden and guard against the encroachment of straying cattle. The boy gets several other boys to come over and help him. They take a half dozen sheets out of the wash, and put up a circus in the back part of the yard, and some vicious boy who hasn't pins enough to get in, leaves the front gate open, and when the circus is in the midst of its glory, the cry of "a cow in the garden!" breaks up the performance, and sends both artist and audience in pursuit of the beast. When our neighbor comes home that night to gather vegetables fresh from the garden, and smash bugs with his finger and thumb, and goes out and looks at the destruction, it is altogether likely the first thing he thinks of is the danger in eating store vegetables which have been picked some days before, and allowed to swelter and wither in noxious barrels, and how much better it is to have everything fresh from the garden. But we are not certain. Neither is the proprietor of the circus.—*Danbury News.*

A court in Grayson County, Texas, has sent one man to prison for five years for murder, and another for fourteen years for stealing a horse.

DOMESTIC SCENE IN DANBURY.—If a flash of light could have been shot over Danbury just as the rain commenced to descend on Sunday night, it would have revealed the most astounding sight ever witnessed here. It is estimated that 300 bare-legged men and boys and about 200 inadequately-clothed women were at one time struggling across wet stoops and through impenetrable darkness, with a most astonishing variety of tuos, boilers, pails and barrels, to catch the rain-water. Everything that could be employed for that purpose was brought out, and as there had been no rain in six weeks, and the stoops were slippery, and there was no time to lose, the natural confusion of legs, language and utensils was something remarkable. One man on Franklin street, who was dashing outdoors with two tubs and a boiler, lost his foot-hold, and, sliding across the stoop, went off into an open hatchway, down a stairway, and half way across his cellar, the tubs and boilers arriving about the same time. It was some twenty minutes before he could converse. A fleshy gentleman, named Hayes, lost his balance while on a chair to fix the conductor, and fell into a tub that he didn't know was there, and the neighbors were obliged to carry both himself and the tub into the house to get them apart—a job that was considerably aggravated by the promiscuous profanity and abuse which he leveled at everybody during the operation. A boy on Seventh street ran against a portico-post with such force as to render him unconscious, and the moment he came to, he conceived the idea that his father had kicked him. As he didn't run backwards against the post, the impression appears all the more remarkable. There were other accidents the same night; but what renders the affair peculiarly painful is the fact, that not one woman was in any way injured. We don't understand that.—*Danbury News.*

Owing to the extreme precautions which insurance companies generally take to protect themselves in the wording of their policies, it is by many persons considered almost a hopeless undertaking to enter into a legal controversy with them when a misunderstanding arises about payments. The *Hartford Times*, however, tells of a case in which the *Etna Life Insurance Company* was obliged to pay \$2,000 on a policy which never was issued, and which it never intended to issue. A special agent took the application of a man named Taft, at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, and sent it to the general agent, who forwarded it to the home office. The risk was declined, and the application returned; but the special agent who had originally received it neglected to notify the applicant of the rejection. Taft died, and the United States District Court in Wisconsin decided that the company was liable to the amount of insurance applied for, as it was its duty to notify Taft within a reasonable time of rejection of his application, so that he might have obtained insurance elsewhere; and that the failure of its agents to do so was likewise the failure of the company.

A WOMAN MARRIES A WOMAN.—An extraordinary law-suit is now going on in Paris: Some years ago, a surgeon made the acquaintance of a young girl, who soon became a mother. "I cannot marry you," said the doctor, (although he was not married); "but if you can find any one else to make you his wife and adopt the child as his own, I will leave him all my fortune." But a husband could not be found to accept these conditions. However, among the girl's friends was a school companion of her's, whose brother had just died abroad, and she proposed to take her brother's name and attire, and to marry her friend, to save her from disgrace. This was done, and they duly married and lived before the world as man and wife. The doctor died in course of time, and, according to his word, left his whole fortune to the child. The *soi-disant* husband also died, and the secret was discovered. Hearing this, the relations of the doctor have brought an action against the child to recover the fortune. The money, they say, was left to the child of Mons. and Mme. A.; but as there was no Mons. A., there could be no Mme. A.—*ergo*, the child could not be theirs. The suit is still at this point, the plaintiff's case being alone heard as yet.

A FIGHTING CURE.—The *New York Herald* has a correspondent who writes from the camp at Vera, of the Spanish cure, Santa Cruz, who, at the head of about 1,000 armed followers, seems, though a Carlist, to be fighting on his own hook. The remorseless severity of his discipline brings to mind the late dictator, Lopez, of Paraguay. He is described as using the bastinado and the bullet with promptitude and rigor, economizing his shooting, however, by using four balls for his victims, instead of the customary twelve in the Carlist army. He makes requisitions on the people around for cows and oxen, and even for shirts for his men, whom he compels three times a week to change their shirts; and as they are not permitted to carry any baggage, and hardly have a shirt beyond that which they wear, he has invented a mode of requisitioning clean shirts against the dirty ones which he leaves to the inhabitants. Although a champion of royalty, he bids defiance to Don Carlos and threatens his generals, which would seem to show a not very encouraging state of unity, which is strength, among the supporters of the Carlist cause.

The Newport (Ky.) *Leader* says that Ann Hagar, a colored woman, died near there on Saturday, at the age of 122 years. She had been blind for twenty years, but retained all her faculties until death occurred from old age.

The *Chicago Times* calls young Walworth the "yellow covered" murderer. That's a "new" way of putting it.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN BELGIUM.—The Belgium newspapers give the following account of a dreadful tragedy that occurred three weeks ago in a little village near Brussels: A farmer and his wife had plotted to murder their niece during her sleep, to rob her of 1,800 francs that she was taking to her sick mother. In order to foil the future searches of the police, they, previously to digging a large hole in their garden, so as to bury the body in it, when the young girl, who, not being asleep, had heard her terrible sentence, rushed out by the window, and ran to the police station, distant one mile only. But as soon as she was out, the daughter of the wicked farmer, who was not expected home that night, came back, and, not wishing to awaken anybody in the house, went noiselessly into the bed where her cousin had been lying a few minutes ago. She soon fell asleep, and thus her mother, not being aware of the Providential substitution, owing to the darkness of the night, broke her own daughter's head with an axe. This being done, the two were going to the garden, carrying the corpse, enveloped in a bed-spread, when two *gen d'armes*, accompanied by the fugitive girl, rushed into the house with lanterns in their hands. At the sight of their niece, whom they thought they had murdered, the two wretches took off the covering and found their unfortunate child killed by their own hands. The man, taking a large butcher's knife, plunged it into his breast, and fell dead on the ground. As to the woman, who was prevented from committing suicide, she became insane, and is now shut up in a lunatic asylum, where she is expected soon to die from mental exhaustion. A more horrible account has rarely been registered in the annals of crime.

Every day either the telegraph or some New York paper assures us that the combination known as the "cotton corner" must inevitably break in twenty-four hours, but a good many twenty-four hours have passed and the "corner" still retains control of the price of the staple. From all appearances, however, the fight between the bulls and the bears of the cotton exchange is one of the most obstinately contested and desperate struggles which has ever taken place in the great commercial centre of New York. If the bulls succeed in holding their ground—and they have done it most successfully so far—the inflation of prices may not only help them, but also benefit the Southern planters and the factors from whom they have received such heavy advances. But if the bears find themselves able to break the combination there will be a crash from which the most disastrous results may arise. The decline in prices, if it comes, will take place just before the new crop comes into market, and the planters will have to stand the brunt of the fight. The reaction—which will naturally follow—will come too late, and before there is a rally in prices the crop will be out of the hands of the producers and in the hands of the speculators, who will reap all the advantages, while the farmers must pocket the loss.

THE CASH SYSTEM IN ST. LOUIS.—A number of leading business men in St. Louis have held a meeting and resolved to adhere to the rules of the Merchants' Exchange of that city, requiring that in future all mercantile transactions shall be on a cash basis. It is agreed that on and after the 15th of July, all sales shall be for cash, (unless otherwise specified,) and all bills shall be payable on delivery of the property sold, or a warehouse receipt therefor. This rule is chiefly intended to apply to the produce and grain trade, and it remains to be seen whether the merchants of St. Louis will act up to it. The plan of cash payments on delivery has been adopted in the tobacco and pork trades, and with the best results. And so it would be found in all branches of business, facilitating operations, relieving responsibility and risk, preventing future difficulties, and avoiding final bankruptcies.

A Dublin correspondent, who, we will guarantee, has seen a copy of Dr. D. Jayne's almanac, and who could trace a resemblance between an alligator and a crocodile, sends us the following with the pat advice that we do not allow the thieves any quietude:

AN ITEM FOR A CYCLOPEDIA.—CREDIT MOBILIER.—A huge tape worm found revealing in the bowels of Congress. A huge dose of vermifuge (investigating committee) caused the patient (Congress) to void several links of the animal; but owing to its remarkable tenacity of life and its power not only to live but to grow new links when only partially destroyed, it is feared it may continue its ravages. Subsequent symptoms of the patient (the voting of back pay) tend to confirm these grave apprehensions.

A FATAL BLOW WITH THE FIST.—On Tuesday, Captain Eugene Atno was attempting, in the press of boats, to hurry his boat into the lock near the bridge over the Hackensack River, near Jersey City, N. J., when angry words passed between him and Thomas Finn, the ferry master. Finally both men clinched, when it is alleged that Finn struck Atno a terrific blow on the main neck cord killing him almost instantly.

Don Carlos is in Spain, signaling his re entry by proclaiming that he comes "to fight for God and his country," that is, for Carlos and monarchy. In the meantime, the cabinet disruptions and domestic troubles and labor insurrections are shaking the republic to its centre. Carlos, it would seem, has everything in his favor, and the next turn may see him on the throne.

"What's the date of your bustle?" was what an anxious papa of Cobleskin asked his well-dressed daughter, after searching for the latest copy of his paper.

Love letter ink is the latest style of writing fluid, so called, because in four weeks it disappears.

Local Items.

CITY MATTERS.—The price of single copies of the PHOENIX is five cents. A much-needed rain-fall, yesterday, delightfully cooled the atmosphere. Mr. McKenzie will furnish peach short-cake again, to-day. Try it. Do you want to keep cool? Go to Wearn & Hix and procure a nice tart. Agassiz says that the evening hours are the best for sleep. Yesterday was the hottest of the season. The thermometer was up among the high-fliers.

We are under obligations to our liberal friend, Mr. George Symmers, for a Lilliputian lunch. It was heartily enjoyed. We have been furnished with several open bolls of cotton, grown by Mr. Hugh Edwards, on Dr. Parker's farm. It was planted on the 30th April.

The more people who know what you have got to sell, the more customers you will have. Therefore, it always pays to advertise—in the right papers.

The summer solstice has made many grass widowers in our midst. Poor fellows, they now have no one to ask them where they have been, when they come home late at night.

"The lunatics of the State Asylum in Alabama," says an exchange, "publish a paper." There are some lunatics outside of the State Asylum who do the same thing.

Gen. Worthington, the newly-appointed Collector of Charleston, was serenaded by the Post Band, last night. He expects to take possession of his office next week.

But that has nothing to do with the mammoth Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Factory on the confines of Bridgeport, where they turn out over 500 machines per day. Only call at their office, in Columbia, and get the best sewing silks, cotton, oil, &c.

SEE THEM AND TRY THEM.—Mr. J. M. Robinson, agent for Halwick's patent improved curved yoke shirt patterns, is in Columbia, and has furnished a number of our citizens with these useful articles. They are said to be the easiest and best fitting shirts ever offered; they require no stays to keep the bosom in its right position; besides which, the sleeves always remain in the proper place, regardless of any movement of the arm.

Within three or four weeks past, there has been an extraordinary series of murders committed by "lovers." Our columns have contained reports of at least a dozen in different sections of the country. Does the published account of the doing of one such idiotic act put the insane idea into the head of another, and so pass the morbid influence until the critic rages like an epidemic? It is a most surprising kind of love which finds its final expression in murdering the object of the lover's affection.

We present the PHOENIX to its readers, this morning, with its fair proportions somewhat curtailed; but the diminution in size does not, and will not, entail a corresponding reduction in the quantity of reading matter. The present size shall be only of temporary duration; certain changes in the mechanical department of our office rendering it necessary. We shall continue to furnish our readers with the latest political and commercial news from all parts of the globe, as well as cater to the tastes of those who read the paper for other than its importance in the departments mentioned.

PHOENIXIANA.—Watering-place notes.—Greenbacks.

Western farmers feed potato bugs on Paris green, and think it does them good.

To make a tall man short—Borrow seven dollars of him.

Why didn't a dog want a place in the ark? Because he had a bark of his own.

If seven days make one week, how many make one strong?

There are people whose calibre is very little, but whose bore is very big.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Novelties at McKenzie's, This Day. P. Cantwell—F. M. Beef.

The Kansas City (Missouri) *Times* calls for a union of the South and West in the political and material questions of the day. It says: "Sooner or later the two sections will be forced to unite, or go into inevitable and involuntary bankruptcy. It is time that the issues of the war were buried. Having well nigh destroyed republican institutions, there is no reason why they should destroy every material, penninary, manufacturing and agricultural interest as well. As a sentiment, loyalty, perhaps, is sweet enough to those who are fond of such embraces, but as a substance, it is as bitter and as sterile as the ashes upon the shores of the Dead Sea."

The castles in Spain which sprang up in Louisville the night before the late public library drawing, would have made a city as large and quite as fine as London or Paris.