

Something Lacking.

Col. Aiken continues his discussion on farm economy in the Rural Carolinian, telling the farmers wholesome truths, which, perhaps, by-and-by, they will absorb and reproduce in a more profitable use of their resources.

Strong Words for the Press.

The counsel for the defendant in the Charleston libel case, struck some noble blows in vindication of the just freedom of the press, extolling its dignity, power and usefulness in language, which it is a pleasure to read.

The Good of Grass.

In the May number of the Rural Carolinian, Dr. Daniel Lee, the veteran writer on agriculture, comes to the support of the views of Mr. Howard, in favor of such modification of our system of agriculture as will make it hereafter embrace stock raising, wool and butter making and grass culture more largely.

grown in the same time on the dairy farm in New York, on which it was reared." He says again:

"In the neighborhood where the writer practiced medicine fifty years ago, the milk of 3,500 cows is made into butter and cheese in one factory. Should the time ever come when the land-holders of the planting States think seriously of butter-making, to supply in part the growing markets of the world, let me say to them, that in 1,000,000 pounds of pure butter there is not an ounce of assimilated nitrogen, phosphates or potash exported in the staple staple abroad.

The Drama and Its Relation to Morality.

An address was lately delivered by Father Young, of New York, at the funeral of Dan Bryant, which, coming so soon after the philippic of the Rev. Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, against the drama, naturally attracts the attention of those connected with the stage and of the public.

While there may be some who may take exception to these views, there are more who will agree to their truth and wisdom. These utterances bring forcibly to mind a memorable passage by a great reader of ancient authors, written centuries ago, in which he tells us "he hath observed in the histories of all ages that the great events which determined the fate of great affairs do happen less frequently, according to design, than by accident and occasion.

Brain and Nerve Action.

M. Helmholz claims to have ascertained, by most carefully conducted experiments, that sensations are transmitted to the brain with a rapidity of about 180 feet per second, or at one-fifth the rate of sound, and that this is nearly the same in all individuals; also, that the brain requires one-tenth of a second to transmit its orders to the nerves which preside over voluntary motion, this amount varying, however, much in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times, according to the disposition or the condition at the time, and is more regular the more sustained the attention.

Kerosene Calamity.

An old colored woman named Angelo Gadsden, living at the West end of Palmetto street, in Charleston, died Wednesday from burns received the night previous. She was trimming a kerosene lamp, with a bottle of oil in her hand, when her clothes took fire. She ran into the yard screaming, followed by her aged husband, who was likewise calling for help.

patriotism, and by refreshing the people with healthful recreation after their days of anxiety and labor. Dr. Dix was right when he declared that such actors "have been benefactors of their time, and will be held in honor and grateful remembrance long after the names of some of our notorious agitators shall have been forgotten."

Another American has distinguished himself abroad. His name is Holtum, and he has lately been attracting attention at the Folies Bergeres in Paris by having a cannon ball fired at him and catching the ball in his hands. This prodigious feat was witnessed nightly, and although the actors pressed avowed that there was no trick, Pierre Veron, of the Monde Illustré, would not believe it. He said that the cannon ball must be thrown to Holtum from the stage. The latter made a bet of five thousand francs that he would perform the feat under conditions which left no room to doubt, and when the bet was taken, Veron designated Mabile as the place for trial. All the journalists of Paris were invited, and they found Holtum there before his cannon. It was examined with minute care, and the heavy ball was passed from hand to hand. "I am no longer in my own house," said Holtum; "you are master here, and you must watch over all the arrangements." Having carefully aimed and lashed his cannon, it was charged, and Holtum took his place against a plank target some ten yards away. This was to show that the ball was solid, and the force of the powder great enough to send it through the plank. Holtum got the aim of his gun, and then placed his head in a certain position against the plank, giving the command to fire. The ball just grazed the hair and broke through the plank, rolling some twenty yards further on. The same ball was picked up by the journalists, who again charged the cannon and sent home the ball, and this time Holtum caught the ball in his hands as neatly as he does nightly upon the stage. He won his bet, and no one seemed disposed to accept his offer of 3,000 francs to any one who would perform the same astounding feat. The physical force required may be enormous, but Holtum showed his strength by tossing up cannon balls as if they were so many oranges. The only precautions taken are very simple; he wears very thick leather gloves, and covers his breast with many thicknesses of thin paper to form a sort of cuirass. This looks like a very dangerous feat, particularly the first part of it, where Holtum places his head against the target half an inch below where the ball will probably strike. If the powder should chance to be defective, some day there might be an accident, snapping his head very neatly off.

A SHOOTING AFFAIR.—On the evening of last Wednesday, the 21st inst., a German named John Miller, employed by Mr. B. J. Barnett, as a foreman, upon his farm near Carter's Crossing, in this County, was shot and seriously wounded by a negro laborer on the same place. The circumstances of the affair, as we have heard them, are as follows: It seems that Miller had detected the negro, some time during the day, in stealing poultry or eggs from him, and had hammered him soundly with his fist for the trespass upon his property, whereupon the colored man went off, provided himself with a gun and ammunition, loaded the weapon and returned to the premises where he had left his antagonist several hours before. Seeing him advancing with the gun, Miller inquired of him whether or not his purpose was to shoot him. In reply to this question, he said that he entertained no such purpose or desire. Miller then informed him that he would permit no person to enter his yard with a gun, ordered him to leave the vicinity thereof immediately, and turned to go into his house, a short distance from the scene of this conversation or altercation. He had not walked more than five steps before the colored man fired upon him, putting seventeen shot into his body. The wounded man is thought by his physicians to be seriously, if not dangerously, hurt. The would-be assassin has been arrested and committed to jail, for trial at the approaching term of the Court of General Sessions for this County. He was committed to jail by Trial Justice Dennis, of Bishopville, before whom he was brought up for a preliminary hearing of his case.

Accidental Shooting.

A pistol was accidentally discharged Tuesday morning, while in the hands of a gentleman, at Stelling's grocery store, on East Bay, Charleston. The ball took effect in the right hand of a white man, named Barney Martin, who was standing near, inflicting a severe flesh wound, passing through the fleshy portion of the hand, between the thumb and forefinger. There were no bones broken, and the wound is not considered dangerous.

Hotel Arrivals.

At the Mansion House, April 29.—Columbia Hotel.—J. S. Fair, Newberry; J. W. Sheaman, Miss Mary J. Nichols, Miss Nichols, Providence; W. J. Gayer, Charleston; F. M. West, Wilmington; J. N. English, city; W. H. Hunt and son, S. Johnston, Newberry; S. J. Simpson, Laurens; Mrs. A. S. Gillespie, Tenn.; T. S. Clark, N. C.; J. E. Thomas, S. C.; J. H. Trout, C. R. Paul, P. B. Warwick, U. S. A.; T. F. Grenaker, Newberry; J. B. Ezell, city.

Boston Women Scandalized.

Do Boston women show sobriety? That is the question. Rev. Mr. Lathrop has declared it a fact before the Women's Temperance Union of that city. He not only makes this charge, but, generalizing a little, claims that he can get ten men to leave off drinking where he can induce one woman to say that she will never more use "the cut" or "sweet navy." Can such things be? The use of the word by women in certain sections of the country is an old story; but to think that a clergyman, whose opinions are entitled to the utmost consideration, should feel it his bounden duty to publicly remonstrate with the female world of Boston for its indulgence in the habit that has heretofore been deemed one of the blessed vicious privileges of male humanity exclusively. His statements seem to be made in a manner which indicates that he has accurate knowledge of certain cases. The Globe says: "In times past, jealous New York, fuming Chicago, and ever quiet and demure Philadelphia have hinted that the average Boston young lady affected eye-glasses as a gentle stimulant for her optics, and was a trifle cool and high-toned as to style; and not long ago, Boston ladies were accused by some anonymous correspondent of frequently indulging in too much wine; but we have never heard of any such awful charge as this before." It is pretty rough, surely. If the thing were told upon any other city than Boston, it would not so much matter. But the idea that, in the very hub of the universe, the dreadful example should be set the world at large, is harrowing to husbands and lovers. Hereafter, young man, mind your girl's eye-teeth for nicotine discoloration. They do say that Washington belles brighten their eyes and prevent their gayer from flagging by champagne tipping, but that is as nothing to this Boston scandal.

Treasure Trove.

The finding of the hidden treasure by workmen employed on Staten Island, the other day, has a romantic interest. The place where the gold was discovered is an old manor-house occupied by George Dongan, Earl of Linrick, in colonial times. The peer dreamed one night that a large amount of gold was hidden beneath the soil of the garden. He related this dream to his retinue, and his lordship, according to tradition, commanded a detachment of his soldiers, to dig and search John Bodine, the owner of the estate, into the mood of making known the hiding place of this treasure. They confounded his ignorance with obstinacy, and tortured him almost to the point of death. Several of his children had dreams similar to those of the cruel lord, and repeatedly upturned the garden earth. Some time ago the property came into the possession of a gentleman who rented it to Mr. H. C. Winslow, paying to the Mercantile Bank. Suddenly he and his family disappeared. Then it became known that he was an apparent defaulter. For years afterwards stangers' voices sounded in the old house, and strangers' faces appeared at the windows. While digging about the premises, the workmen came upon a buried treasure in gold coin to the amount of \$20,000. In consequence, every well-regulated family in the neighborhood has bought a spade and a crow-bar.

A Parallel to the Tichborne Case.

A curious parallel to the story told by the Tichborne claimant has recently come to light in England. It is said to be an actual occurrence which took place in the very neighborhood in Australia where the claimant first appeared. A young English nobleman having fallen into dissipation, left England, sailed about the world, and finally reached Australia. There he took service as a shepherd, and for several years kept sheep for a farmer. One day, while packing up something in a piece of an English newspaper, his eye was caught by an advertisement stating that his father had died, the title and property fallen to himself and offering £200 for his discovery. The shepherd-lord actually managed to get the money offered for the discovery of himself, drank it up, but has refused to leave Australia. Knowing the family banker, he sends pretty regularly for money, but he has never, like the claimant now in prison, sent to a different banker from the one with which he himself had ordered his money to be deposited.

A Colored Preacher Kills His Wife.

John Andrew, pastor of the colored Methodist Episcopal Church at Georgetown, Sussex County, Delaware, after concluding his sermon, went home, and it is supposed, had a quarrel with his wife. The neighbors heard loud talking, but as it was no new thing, they did not interfere. The next morning, they found Mrs. Andrew in the yard of her house dead, her head having been nearly blown off by a shot-gun, which was found lying at her feet. Her husband had disappeared, and the Sheriff and a posse of men have since started in pursuit, and feel sure of capturing him. Andrew is a mulatto, about thirty years old, five feet six inches high, and compactly built. He is quite intelligent, but it is said he has a temper beyond his control, and for some time past has borne an unenviable character. Early this year, he assaulted a man in his church for some trivial offence, and came near killing him with a chair.

Mansion House.

A. C. Hoyt, Conn.; J. L. Black, Charleston; D. J. Griffin, Summery; J. H. Todd, U. S. A.; J. Boyle, N. Y.; W. A. Cline, B. H. Cline, Newberry; T. Watson, Edgefield.

City Matters.

If you are asked to lend your PRIMA, suggest to the would-be borrower that he had better subscribe. Reading matter on every page. To-morrow is May Day, and pic-nics are in order. Sixteen drachms make one ounce, and a very few destroy all scorpions. A good tailor sponges his cloth, and his customers sometimes sponge him. It is easy enough to start a daily paper. Keeping it going is what exercises the inventive genius.

Two handsome pieces of those elegant longcloths, at 12 1/2 cents, received this day, at Jones, Davis & Bouknight's.

Matt J. O'Brien was in the city yesterday, and called upon us. He is looking fine, and as jovial as ever.

You can get all styles of job printing, from a visiting card to a four-sheet poster, at the Phoenix office. Prices satisfactory.

The citizens of the lower part of our city witnessed a magnificent phenomenon, last evening—the shooting of a large meteor.

Everybody call and secure at least one piece of that fine yard-wide longcloth, at 12 1/2 cents, at the old stand of Shiver & Co.

Take life easy, and don't always be trying to beat the sun up. You may win for a while, but in the long run you are sure to be beaten, and some morning it will rise when you don't.

The Indian Girl Cigar Store was the centre of attraction, yesterday—the official drawing of the Greensboro Lottery being the magnet. When it was found that forty-two cents was the principal prize obtained, great disappointment was manifested. The prizes were scaled to one-sixth; the winner of the Benbow House went on his way rejoicing, the possessor of \$10,000.

Persons desiring to estimate the size of the crop now being marketed, are informed that a pool will be made up at the Charleston Exchange, which will close Saturday, the result to be decided by the figures of the Commercial and Financial Chronicle, in September next. A letter enclosing \$5 will receive the usual attention.

ECONOMY OR CREEK?—One of our hotel-keepers was waited upon by half a score of unsophisticated youths from the rural districts, who wished to rent a room, at \$1 per day, for the payment of which they had previously agreed to stand a pro rata assessment of ten cents. They could not be accommodated. Three of the same party subsequently entered an ice-cream saloon and ordered one glass of cream; upon being served, simultaneously they dove down into their coat-tail pockets, and each produced an iron spoon and set to work.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad was held yesterday, in Good Templar's Hall. General W. W. Gary was called to the chair, and Messrs. C. H. Manson and C. V. Carrington, appointed secretaries. The committee on stock representation reported a majority of the stock as represented. The report of the President and Directors, also the report of the General Superintendent were read, received and adopted, and referred to the direction for action. The usual resolution of courtesy, &c., were adopted. The old Board of Directors were unanimously re-elected.

THE TOURNAMENTS.—The Charleston News and Courier says that the fire companies of that city are talking about visiting Columbia to participate in the coming tournaments. It says the Eagle Steam Fire Company thinks of coming to the one to take place on the 6th of May, and the Union Star, colored, to that of the 11th. Our firemen will gladly welcome all that come, and promise them a happy time. The latter company have a handsome new apparatus, and know how to work it. It is not improbable that a number of persons not members of fire companies will go, too.

WHEELER HOUSE.—W. Matthews, Pa.; H. C. Potter, N. Y.; H. B. Beecher, Ga.; H. D. McGinnis, N. Y.; R. A. Watson, N. C.; P. Duffie, T. Frost, Charleston; W. M. Graham, Sumter; S. D. Epstein, city; Miss Boston, Mrs. W. W. Culler, S. C.; W. S. Talbot, Ky.; G. W. Arthur, Lewisville; J. S. Keyes and wife, P. Dolan, Mass.; M. C. Butler, Edgefield; Mrs. J. Kennerly and children, Ridge Spring; Miss Julia Smith, Miss Laura Troutin, Cokesbury; H. Lawrence, C. A. Smith, N. Y.; H. Solomon, city; R. B. Carpenter, Richland; D. W. Aiken, Cokesbury; T. Watson, Ridge Spring.

HENDRIX HOUSE.—L. M. Pratt, Due West; A. A. Williamson, N. C.; A. C. Pratt, Due West; C. M. Hall, Mrs. C. M. Hall, Anderson; W. H. McConnell, Fairfield; W. T. Rockwell, Pa.; J. B. Clarke, Md.; E. A. Wagener, Charleston.

The announcement of the coming of John E. Owens, appears in our advertising columns this morning, and we give below an extract from a New Orleans journal of a recent date. He stands high as a comedian, with a world-wide reputation, and our citizens are promised a rare treat:

"Take some of the old men that Mr. Owens produces with such wonderful artistic power, Solon Shingle, Spruggins, Caleb Plummer, etc., neither in look, voice or gesture is there the slightest family relation. There is nothing that could lead the most careful observer to detect an affinity between creations so totally dissimilar. This is one of the strongest evidences of great genius. How thoughtful, how minutely observant of details, how comprehensive in its grasp must be the genius which, for continuous hours, can sustain this illusion of the stage and never for one moment drop the mask!"

The comedy itself is well conceived, and the characters, in the most part, are purely American; not the less so that the females in dress, manners and conversation endeavor to forget the land of their birth and worship that far-off paradise of their countrymen—Paris. The efforts made by the fashionable Mrs. Apex and the elegant Mrs. Radins to forget their humble origin, are rendered abortive through the bluntness of that terrible old man Unit, who knew that the mother of one kept a "small, cheap boarding-house," and the grand-father of the other was "a worthy old wood-sawyer." The sterling qualities of old Unit, however, appear when he comes to the rescue of his former partner, ruined through the extravagance of his wife and the profligacy of their son. It is here that the old retired merchant stands with the firmness and steadiness of a rock among the wavering elements that surround him—the one man of principle among the weak and vacillating creatures of impulse. In this situation, the simple force of honesty and integrity conveys a lesson, and a lasting one, and the mingled mirth and pathos of this scene are worth all the tears that were ever shed over the maudlin sentiment and heart-breaking poetry of the modern French drama. It is a play with a healthy, sound moral, and is a simple household story most pleasantly told. John Unit is not the least of Mr. Owens' triumphs, and in its individuality is perhaps his most perfect creation.

Supreme Court, Thursday, April 29. The Court met at 10 A. M. Present—Chief Justice Moses and Associate Justices Wright and Willard.

The case of the State, respondent, vs. Dyer McJunkin, appellant, was called. The case was postponed to close of docket in the absence of counsel.

The following opinion was filed: Smith and Melton, respondents, vs. J. T. Walker, appellant. Appeal dismissed. Opinion by Willard, A. J.

At 12 M., the Court adjourned until Monday, May 3, 10 A. M.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Firemen's Tournament. Opera House—John E. Owens. Richland Lodge. For Rent—Restaurant, &c.

INJECTION IN THE AIR.—At this season, the vegetable world takes a new lease of life; but to the sensitive and delicate members of the human family, it is a time of danger and often of great suffering. The moisture which rises from the earth and hangs suspended over it in the form of morning and evening mists and fogs, holds in solution, so to speak, the mephitic elements which produce fever and ague, remittent fevers, rheumatism, and many painful nervous disturbances, and which aggravate dyspepsia, biliousness and all minor affections of the stomach and the bowels. This, therefore, is a critical period of the year—a season when the renovating, refreshing and purifying operation of the mightiest of all vegetable tonics and alteratives, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is salutation to the weak, and the best security for the continuance of the health and vigor of the strong. Now is the time not only to prevent the system against the common ailments of the season, but to prevent the disorders incident to a warmer temperature. Let not the exhausting heats of the summer months find you unprepared to meet them. A course of Hostetter's Bitters, commenced now, will put all the physical energies in fighting trim, double the capacity of the internal organs to repel the causes of disease, refresh the brain and clear it of all hypochondriacal cobwebs, and place the whole physique in an attitude of defence, with every available point fortified and guarded, and as nearly invulnerable to unwholesome influences as it is possible for the human structure to be.

HOW TO RESTORE THE PROSPERITY OF THE STATE.—Keep your money at home. Do not send away for anything which you can obtain as well here as elsewhere. We do not advocate paying \$5 for that which you can buy abroad for even \$4.90; but when you can buy your Blank Books, of the best grade, at prices as low as New York, then send to Walker, Evans & Cogswell, Charleston, S. C., and purchase what you need. All their Blank Books are made in Charleston, and your encouragement will sustain a worthy manufacturing enterprise.

Fault is found with the President for wearing a shocking bad hat at Concord and Lexington, and complaint is made that Secretary Fish wore a flaming bandanna on his throat. A President may appoint his every living relative to office, and give every old criminal in the country a chance, but when he appears in a crowd of American citizens wearing a decayed hat, and in company with a man displaying a red handkerchief, he is no longer fit for the exalted position to which a mysterious Providence has elevated him.

The West Virginia Legislature has passed a dog law, by which it is provided that any person may kill any dog found chasing or injuring sheep; that the owner of the dog shall be liable for the damage done, and that the owner of any dog which has been found worrying sheep shall, within forty-eight hours, kill the dog, under a penalty of \$1.50 for each day the dog is suffered to live after notification has been given of its evil deeds.