The Watchman and Southron.

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SOUVENIR.

A delicate tangle of lace and scent—
A tangle of lace: you gave it to me
At the ball that night to keep for you.
While the quavering tones of the instrument
Swooned to a tune that we two knew.

"To keep?" I said, and I thought somehow,
Your dark eyes with their lids adroop,
After the waltz, and the light caress
Of your warm smile—and the airy brow—
All of them answered a gracious "yes."

It was only a fancy of mine, may be,
The pure conceit of a mind unskilled
In reading aright the fickle text
Of a girl's caprice—caprice, ah, me!
But why should my mind grow vexed?
* * * * * * * *
I am thumbing the gossamer thread tonight.
While the lingering ghost of a dead perfume
Tinctures the drowsy air, as if
To recall the fact that, perhaps, you might
Have missed, in the wash, a hankerchief!

History of Alexandria.

Alexandria, the Iskanderiyeh of the Turks, was founded by Alexander the Great in 332 B. C. Struck by the excellent situation of the land near Lake Mareotis and the Mediteranean, the Greek warriors summoned Dynocrates, the architect, and ordered him to build a city which should rival Tyre. In a few years the city was built and thickly peopled. Eight years after Alexander had laid its foundation with pompous ceremonies, his embalmed body was brought from Asia in a splendid gilded chariot, which was drawn through the principal streets, and a few days afterward the hero's remains were sepultured in splendid style by Ptolemy Lagos.

A description of this chariot presents a fair picture of ancient Alexandria in its glory, when its broad streets were filled with splendid pageants of soldiers; sumter horses caprisoned in gold and scarlet cloths; elephants, camels and wild animals seized by hunters in the adjoining deserts. Alexander's funeral car rested on four massive wheels, all thickly gilded, and each hub bore the design of a lion's head worked in solid gold. Sixteen mules pulled the vehicle. Each wore a crown of gold, golden bells tinkled around their ears and from their caprisons, and the collars of the gaudy brutes were begemmed with precious stones. Reared high above the body of the chariot rose a gilded dome, the interior of which was decorated with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and lapis lazuli. In front of the chamber stood a peristyle with four Ionic pillars, and within the chamber were four pictures representing events of the dead hero's career. They portrayed him with his Macedonian guards, his trains of elephants and camels, his cavalry charging the Tartar hordes of Bactria or preparing to meet King Porus on the banks of the Indus, "The Father of Waters," and his war galleys preparing to annihilate the fleet of Persia. These pictures looked down upon an empty throne of gold, from the dome there hung a massive crown of gold, and beneath this symbol of power lay the black warrior embalmed in spices in a coffin of solid beaten gold. The sarcophagus said to have been used for Alexander found its way into the British Museum; and up to a few days ago the Alexandrian dragomans did not fail to show the traveler the mansoleum of the great "Iskander."

In the eastern part of the city, called the Bruchium, the long line of Ptolemies had their palaces. Here Ptolemy VII persecuted his brothers with bloodthirsty ferocity and at the same time gave the philosophers of the city extraordinary encouragement; there the third Ptolemy restored the worship of the gods of ancient Egypt, and here lived the men who planned the famous Pharos lighthouse and the celebrated libraries. Julius Ceasar destroyed a great portion of Alexandria accidentally. Being compelled by the tactics of his enemies to burn the Egyptian fleet in the harbor, the flames caught the city, spread rapidly and devoured the palaces of the Ptolemies and a library containing 400,000 volumes. A few years after this disaster Cleopatra's processions brightened the Alexandrian thoroughfares by their splendor. Here the tawny Queen ruled her people with capricious power, made love to Antony, sailed about in her burnished galleys and learned the efficacy of asp bites.

Alexandria suffered terribly from the unbounded brutalities of the Roman Emperor Caracalla. In A D. 213 he ranged about his provinces like a wild beast, destroying buildings, capriciously erecting others, and murdering men and women for a passing whim. He came to Alexandria, and there, for no apparent reason, issued general orders for a massacre of the Egyptians. He sat on a throne in the temple of Serapis, whence he directed the slaughter of many thousand citizens. He cared nothing for the sacredness of any individual. He wanted to amuse himself by an indiscriminate slaughter. He told the Senate afterward that he considered all Alexandrians alike his enemies—those who were murdered, as well as those who were fortunate enough to escape. The streets of Alexandria ran with blood, and the tyrant in the temple of serapis was delighted but not satiated in his fury. He deprived the Alexandrians of their spectacles and public feasts; he separated the citizens from each other by building walls. "Thus,' says Dion, "was treated the unhappy Alexandria by the savage beast of Ausonia," and this epithet he actually felt proud of.

Alexandria suffered from the violent prejudices of her own inhabitants as well as from the caprices of men like Caracalla. The most trifling occasion, a transient scarcity of flesh or lentils, the neglect of an accustomed salutation, a mistake of precedency in the public baths, a religious dispute (such, for instance, as the sacrilegious murder of a divine cat) were at any time sufficient to kindle a sedition among the Alexandrians, who eighteen hundred years ago according to the historian, united the vanity and inconstancy of the Greeks with the superstition and obstinacy of the Egyptians." Early in the third century A. D. after the captivity of Valerian, and the rigor of the Roman rule had become somewhat relaxed, the Alexandrians started a civil war among themselves which lasted almost without intermission for more than twelve years. The city became divided into hostile quarters, the principal buildings were seized as citadels, much of Alexandria was destroyed by the factionists and the streets were polluted with blood. This calamitous civil war is said to have originated in a dispute between a townman and a soldier about the price of a pair of shoes. A dreadful famine followed this war and almost annihilated the population of the miserable city. In the reign of Diocletian (A. D. 296) the Romans besieged Alexandria and destroyed the acqueducts which conveyed the water from the Nile to the inhabitants. This seige lasted eight months, and its surrender was followed by a massacre of the starving citizens, many thousand of whom were put to the edge of the sword.

When the Christian religion began to spread througout the Roman Empire, many martyrs to the new faith laid down their lives in Alexandria; and when that religion had become a power, and the patriarch had become the chief magistrate, it was distracted continually by brawls, riots and murders—all "for the love of God." Rival patriarchs and bishops assassinated each other, and their followers pursued a similar lawless course. In the beginning of the fifth century the infuriated inhabitants ran wildly through the streets and massacred the Jews; and the learned and accomplished Hypatia, one day during Lent, was torn from her chariot, stripped naked and butchered by a mob of brutal fanatics instigated by Bishop Cyril.

The Mohammedans were the next great source of trouble to the Alexandrians. In 638 the Saracenic hordes were flushed with victory and the thirsting for territory and victims. Amrou, acting on behalf of the Caliph Omar, marched upon Alexandria, accompanied by a powerful and enthusiastic body of Arab soldiers. In every attack the sword and banner of Amrou glittered in the van of the Moslem attack. The siege lasted for fourteen months. The beseigers lost no fewer than 23,000 men beneath the walls, and the Alexandrian losses were proportionately heavy. "I have taken," wrote Amrou to his Caliph, "the great city of the West. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty, and I shall content myself by observing that it contains four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theatres or places of amusement, twelve thousand shops for the sale of vegetable food and forty thousand tributary Jews." The Romans made two attempts within four years, to get back Alexandria, but Amrou repulsed them and he vowed that if he had to drive the infidels into the sea a third time would render Alexandria as accessible on every side as the house of a courtesan. He dismantled parts of the walls and towers, but spared the people, and a mosque was erected on the spot where he had stayed the fury of his troops The most lamentable calamity which befel Alexandria during her occupation by the Caliph's vicegerent was the barbaric destruction of her last remaining library, the greatest then in the world Philoponous, a Christian, whose conversation used to amuse Amrou in his leisure hours, asked for the library as a gift. Amrou was willing, but referred the matter to the bigoted Caliph, who ordered the library to be destroyed, on the comprehensive ground that "if these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed." This doomed the library. Its books and manuscripts were given by Amrou to the flames, and it is said that it took the 4,000 public baths of the city six months before they could consume them all in their furnaces. Omar's fiat struck a blow not only to the Alexandrians but to the whole world.

Under Mahommedan rule Alexandria plodded on in a ordinary fashion. Her existence became so colorless that it is not until the Napoleonic wars that she again come into the notice of the world. In 1783 Napoleon determined to land at Alexandria and thus balk Admiral Nelson who was trying to find him. The French, numbering 4,000, arrived at Alexandria at daybreak Upon the sandy beach they met a few Arabs, who fired their matchlocks and then bolted into the city. Napoleon determined to follow their example. Bon, with one column, marched on the Rosetta Gate; Kiber, with a second, made for the gate near the Pillar, and Menou with the third column, advanced from near the Catacombs. The Arabs and Turks could not resist the French attack. They were disposed to make a desperate resistance in the tortuous streets, when a Turkish captain mediated effectually and the fighting ceased. Napoleon now contemplated forming an administration in Alexandria in accordance with the manners and customs of the country. In the month of July he resolved to strike a blow at Cairo, and marched after leaving 3,000 men to look after Alexandria in his absence. The desert marching proved terribly trying to the soldiers, who were worried by the constant glare and heat and the persistency of Arab guerillas, who hung on the rear to murder laggards. They were met on the banks of the Nile by Mourad Bey, who offered some resistance, and then retired back on Cairo. When Napolean first caught sight of the gleaming minarets of the capitol, he galloped down the banks and told his men enthusiastically that from the summit of the pyramids forty centuries were looking down upon them. Nelson's defeat of the French navy settled Napoleon's career in Egypt, and Alexandria once again fell into a colorless career, from which she has now unhappily emerged in all the horrors of sanguinary war and pillage.

The Merchant of Venice.

The author of a new book of travesties on Shakespeare's plays shows himself a student of Shakspeare, and very cleverly alters the poet's language to make ludicrous all he touches. His version of Shylock's address to Antonio is a fair sample of the liberties he has taken with the original text, and is as follows:

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In der Rialto you haf abused me
About my moneys, und said dot
I took more inderest in a year
Den der brincipal vas come to!
Still haf I borne all dose mit
A patient shrug;
For, vat you call it? Sufferance?
Vas der badge of all our tribe.
You call me bad names—
Misbeliever, cut throat, son uv a gun,
Cheap Shon und so on.
Vell, den, it vas now appeared
Dot you need mine helup!
You come to me und you said,
"Mister Shylock, old poy, I vould
Like to borrow dree dousand ducats
Till next Saturday!" You said so!
You, dot haf booted me
Two, dree, six, several dimes,
Und spurned me from your threshold
Like a dog! Moneys is your suit, den,
By goodness, you haf more cheek
As a book agent? Should I not said:
Haf a dog money!
Do a son uv a gun
Keep a pank ackoundt?
Didn't it peen impossibility
Dot a cur should lend you
Dree dousand ducats? Or,
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondsman's key,
'Mid bated breath and whispered humbleness,
Said this:
Fair sir, you spit on me on Vendesday last;
You spurned me on Thursday;
On Friday you told me to vipe off
Mine chin off;
Annudder dime you call me
Old Stick-in-der-mud;
Und now, for dose dings,
I lend you—a five cent nickel,
Und took a mortgage
On your old bald head.
You petter had not Dr. China's go.
Und puy up dem patent jars sheap,
Und in der fruit pisiness go.
Fruit is sheap and bleuty;
Und also paint and varnish puy
To paint your cheek mit."

[From the Agricultural Report for June.]

How to Make Scuppernong Wine.

LEESVILLE, LEXINGTON CO., S. C., July 1st, 1882.

Col. A. P. Butler:

My Dear Sir: The Legislature having removed the unwise restriction it had imposed on the sale of domestic wines—the recent Act of the General Assembly allowing the producer to sell not less than a gallon, or more, without a license or taxation, I am induced to furnish you for publication the *modus operandi* by which I have, for many years, succeeded in making the best of Scuppernong wine, as you and other epicures well know; and as the premiums awarded to me at the State and County fairs fully attest; never having contested for one without success.

When fully ripe, I have the grapes gathered and washed clean. Then I have them run between two wooden rollers, 10 inches in diameter and 15 inches long, placed horizontally and so adjusted as to mash all the pulps without breaking a single seed. The rollers are operated by a crank on each, without the intervention of cogs, and so turned as to draw the grapes through from an open-mouthed hopper above. This may be done by two brisk motioned men smart boys, at the rate of a bushel in 15 or 16 seconds, as I have often noted with a correct chronometer. To prevent the rollers from clogging a thin, springy board should be so arranged beneath them as to scrape off all adhering pulpy matter and keep their surfaces clean. The grapes, when thus ground and thoroughly pressed will yield nearly four gallons of juice per bushel. To each four gallons of juice I add one gallon of pure water and ten pounds of refined white sugar. Next, nearly fill with this mixture a clean 'old whiskey, brandy or wine barrel,' leaving the bug open so the froth and light floating matter may work out of it during the first few weeks or fermentation. There is no necessity for wasting much in this way, since the excess of grape acid has been, to some extent, neutralized by the addition of water, and the deficiency of grape sugar made up for—to a normal standard of good wine—by the addition of cane sugar, that being the only kind I have ever used. Both these additions are essential points; and I think more water might be added, provided the same relative proportion of sugar was kept up; for there must be an over proportion of the acids still remaining, and why not turn them to a good account by adding water and sugar, as recommended by Drs. Gall and Petiot? Patent Office Report 1859, p. 94.

My answer is, having succeeded so well, I have been afraid to risk experimenting further, my success seemingly being complete. But it is not my purpose to discuss theories here, but to set forth rules of actual practice in the further treatment of young wine. The sugar in the bottom of the barrel must be stirred from day to day until all is dissolved. Then keep the barrel just full enough to barely flow over, while at its highest state of fermentation, by adding from another vessel kept for the purpose. Keep the bung covered with a wire cloth or a piece of gauze, so as to bar out all insects, but not to hinder the escape of the froth and light matter which it is desirable to get rid of. This is all the care that will be required until some cool clear day in March or April of the next year, when the wine should be drawn off from the lees with a syphon or ⅜ inch india rubber tube and put in a clean old wine barrel, kept for the purpose, as no other will do well without sulphuring, a practice I seldom resort to. After emptying one barrel and washing it clean, and then drying the inside (without sulphuring) it serves to put the contents of the next in; and so on with the others until all are drawn off. The barrels should now be kept full as before, and the bung moderately closed, barely allowing the gas to escape as fermentation goes on during the approaching warm season, which fermentation, however, will cease altogether by the following winter. The wine should then be drawn off the second time, as previously, only still greater care must be exercised to have it put in such vessels as will in no way injure the fine boquet it has by this time acquired. It is now free of all impurities; perfectly clear and ready for use, but it will still improve with age; and strange as it may appear, I invariably find the barrel used out of to improve faster than those remaining full. It is probable, however, that a few gallons left alone in a barrel would injure in the course of a year, or less time by, its surface being in contact with too much air, but I have never had any so damaged. Hence, I think no wine is so easily kept in good condition as the Scuppernong. In preserving, as well as in making this class of wine, I have found no use for the vaunted wine cellar, held as indispensably necessary in the manufacture of other wines.

For more than ten years of the twenty of my experience, the wine I have made, to the greatest perfection, has been fermented in barrels kept in a framed building weatherboarded with inch plank, and latticed so as to admit plenty of light and a free circulation of air. The sun shines on the eastern side and southern end of it until noon, after which it is shaded by large oaks during the evening. And I find that the wine does fully as well in the southeastern corner of it, where the sun strikes the walls with greatest force, as it does in those parts where the rays never reach. This fact is worthy of note, for if costly wine cellars have to be constructed in other countries, as well as in the United States, before good wine can be made from the most favorite variety of other grapes, how much more desirable is it to have at our command a native grape producing the best of all wines under the most inexpensive, as well as the simplest process of manipulation.

Lest it may be supposed that I have over-estimated the Suppernong as a superior wine producing grape, I refer you to the 'Report on the saccharine contents of native American grapes in relation to wine making, by Charles T. Jackson, Boston,' to be found in 'Report—Agricultural—of the Commissioner of Patents for the year 1859, page 42.'

In Dr. Jackson's general remarks, p. 43, he says:

'Those grapes which contain less than 15 per cent of saccharine matter, will require sugar or alcoholic spirit to be added to them in order to make a wine that will keep. The celebrated Scuppernong will not keep without the addition of spirit or sugar, since the grape juice will not produce more than four and nine-tenths per cent. of alcohol. The rich flavor of this grape renders it particularly valuable, the wine having the flavor and bouquet of the celebrated Tokay wine of Hungary. This grape is a native of North Carolina. It is desirable that extensive vineyards should be established in that State expressly for the cultivation of this grape, which will make a wine that will be most eagerly sought for as the best of American native wines.'

Furthermore, in his analytical remarks on 38 varieties of grapes sent to him from the United States Patent Office for analyses, he says, on p. 50:

'No. 23, Scuppernong grapes, from near Wilmington, N. C. These grapes are more remarkable for the high flavor of the wines they make than for the saccharine matter they contain. It has always been necessary to add a portion of brandy or some other spirit to keep the wine from souring, nevertheless the Scuppernong wine is the best thus far produced in the United States. The grapes have a very thick, leathery skin, which is of a green color, with a few rusty specks on the surface of them. The pulp is soft and juicy, and the skins give a peculiar aroma to the wine, which is similar to the Tokay, of Hungary. Sometimes I have observed a peculiar bitter taste in the wine, due to the crushed seeds of the grape, and not unfrequently the flavor and odor of whiskey indicate the introduction of that liquor into the wine. With proper attention and care, Suppernong wine may be made so fine as to excel all other wines made on this continent; and I would earnestly advise those interested to attend to the cultivation of this grape in regions where the vine will grow, and make use of more skill in the manufacture of the wine. The grape will grow and ripen its fruit anywhere south of Washington, but has thus far proved more prolific in the soil of North Carolina, especially near Halifax.

'The sample of grapes I operated upon was sent to me from the United States Patent Office on the 3d October, 1859.

'One pound of grapes when pressed yields 8 fluid ounces of juice, which has a specific gravity 1,048, and, by tables, should contain 11 per cent. of saccharine matter, but by the grape sugar test, yielded 9.8 per cent., equivalent to 4.9 per cent. of absolute alcohol. If 4 or 5 per cent. of sugar is added during the fermentation of the juice, the proportion of alcohol will be raised to that of sherry wine if the fermentation is allowed to become complete. Only the purest white sugar, sugar candy, or refined syrup should be employed.

Another method will give a still richer wine. Distil a portion of the wine and add the spirit obtained to the wine when it is made and fined This will keep up the flavor of the Scuppernong grapes, and not vitiate the wine by any foreign flavor, such as are given by brandy and whiskey so often put into this wine.

'The Scuppernong grape vines are, as I learn, cultivated on trellises or arbors, raised to some height above the ground, as is practiced in Ischia and Venetian Lombardy.

Thus far the vineyards are wholy domestic institutions in North Carolina; but I think the cultivation of this grape will amply repay any one who will devote his entire energies to planting vineyards of this vine and in manufacturing the wine on a larger scale.

When the learned scientific Dr. Jackson wrote, more than thirty-two years ago, he did not know then, as we know now, that South Carolina is as well adapted to the growth of the Scuppernong as is the old North State, and that it is indigenous to the former as well as to the latter. The first Scuppernong I ever saw, more than half a century since, was growing wild in the woods, on Lightwood Creek, less than five miles from this place. At that time there were but few cultivated grapes of any kind in this section of the country, and what few there were, all were of foreign varieties, Now the Scuppernong is the favorite, growing luxuriantly and doing well in this thriving village, and all along the Ridge, to its very summit, dividing the waters of the Saluda and the Edisto as well as in the valleys. And I believe there is no place on the face of the earth where the Scuppernong can grow in greater perfection than it does at my residence, six miles Southeast of here. The grapes never rot, are entirely free from blight, and if killed by late frost, as they often are so low down in the Edisto valley, the vines nevertheless put out again the same year, and produce a full crop of perfect fruit.

I have had to make this article much longer than desirable for your limited space, but I am unable to see how to condense it, and yet do anything like justice to the subject in hand.

Yours truly,
PAUL QUATTLEBAUM.

The Grange and Politics.

What the Master of the Grange has to say on the Subject.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE STATE GRANGE,
CHAPPELL'S, NEWBERRY CO., S. C.
February 26, 1882.

To the Editor of the Columbia Register:

Mr. Editor: Enclosed I send you a letter from Hon. T. N. Edins, of Marlboro, and my answer thereto on the subject of politics in the Grange or the Grange in politics, which I ask you to publish in your very excellent and able paper. As it is a subject of specific interest to every member of the order of Patrons of Husbandry, and they are subscribers in greater or less number to every paper published in the State, I respectfully request each and every paper to copy this correspondence into its columns. Please send me a few extra copies that I may send them to other States. Very respectfully,

JAS. N. LIPSCOMB,
Master State Grange.

CLIO, S. C., February 10, 1882.

Hon. J. N. Lipscomb:

Sir—I see there is a measure on foot to lug the Grange into politics. I write to you as the Master of our State Grange for information and ask your views on the measure. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, in full respect, your friend and Brother,

T. N. EDINS.

Hon. T. N. Edins:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: I have just received yours of February 10th, saying: 'I see there is a move on foot to lug the Grange into politics. I write to you as Master of our State Grange for information and ask your views on on the measure.'

I suppose this alludes to a newspaper recently established in Columbia, named the *Reform Signal*, and its claiming to be an agricultural and grange paper. As I understand it, this paper was established by a number of stockholders, most of whom are members of Feasterville Grange, Fairfield County. The Master of that Grange wrote me a letter and the Grange passed a resolution and sent it to me, setting forth that such a paper was to be issued to advocate the interests of the Grange and agriculture without setting forth either the name or political tenets of it. To this I replied that the State Grange had acted upon the matter of a newspaper organ for it and its officers, and had placed the matter in the hands of its Executive Committee to carry out. When the Executive Committee takes final action, said action will be mandatory upon me and the other officers of the State Grange, and suggested that any proposition as to being an organ, be submitted in writing to the Executive Committee. I could, therefore, do nothing as to constituting or recognizing said paper as in any way connected with the State Grange, but I was glad to see that a paper was going to be published that intended to advocate agriculture and grange, as it claimed, and that I or any officer would cheerfully furnish any information from our respective officers that might be of interest to its subscribers who were patrons of husbandry. I closed by saying that there could be no political connection between the Grange or any of its officers and a newspaper of any kind. I laid the correspondence and matter before Bros. Patterson and Massey of the Executive Committee, Bro. Norris not present, and the conclusion was that nothing was to be done by the Committee or me unless some definite proposition was made, and then we would act. Upon this statement the matter stands this way. So far as Feasterville Grange is concerned the *'Reform Signal'* is an organ, but so far as the State Grange is concerned there is not the slightest foundation for such an assertion, or so far as I know as to any number of individual members of the order. I have never received but one note, except those from Feasterville Grange, before stated, or had but a single patron to talk to me in such a way as to cause me to suppose it was claimed to represent the State Grange or order. The State Grange adopted a resolution instructing its Executive Committee to make an effort to have the Agricultural Bureau and State Agricultural Society join it in publishing a paper that would serve as an organ for each respectively, and failing in that, to recommend to the Order in the State the *'Southern Patron,'* a grange paper now published in Mississippi. A communication from the Executive Committee of the State Grange is now in the hands of Governor Hagood, Chairman of Agricultural Bureau, awaiting a meeting of said Bureau, and the Executive Committee is waiting for an answer to said proposition as preliminary to action as to the Mississippi paper.

Now, as to politics in the Grange. There can be none of a partisan character, and so far as I am concerned, although always considered a *rather extreme* 'straight-out Democrat,' I have endeavored to do no act or say no word that would have the slightest semblance of political partiality in my intercourse with the members of the order, officially or otherwise, and I feel confident that such members as belong to other political parties will sustain me in the assertion. Some even in the order, may not be aware that even in South Carolina there are 'Republicans' and 'Greenbackers,' as well as 'Democrats,' in the Grange, and some of the most efficient Masters and officers of some of the strongest and most flourishing Granges are of the two first named. In other States the editors of grange organs are divided among the various parties. My views as to politics in the Grange are to discuss anything and everything of benefit or interest to the order or the people, but to do it strictly as Patrons, and not as either Democrats, Republicans or Greenbackers, and when a conclusion is reached that is deemed wise, true and just, then let each and all go to their political party meetings and work and insist that said party shall act and aid in carrying such conclusions out. On this ground I stand in the National Grange and in the State Grange.

There can be no harm done in discussing and considering any question, if this rule is fairly adhered to, and the Grange would be more useful and better appreciated if it was more extensively used in this way.

Now, I have written you a long letter, as Master of State Grange, and before closing I want to say a word as an official citizen.

There seems a great want of proper understaning among the people, and between the people and their public representatives and officials. Does not much if not all this come from our not fairly and fully expressing our views and wants at the right time and in the right way? Instead of grumbling, abusing and denouncing our representatives and threatening to quit the Democratic party after things are done, would it not be better to determine what we want and what we don't want done, and be sure we select the men that know how and will do things to suit us? No man realizes more fully than I that deep and thorough reform is needed in the public affairs of the State, and also in the Democratic party, and no one will go farther to effect and to secure it than I, within the party; but I fail to see that chances or prospects of reform are any more promising on the outside than the inside.

There may be a 'ring' in the Democratic party, and if there is I will aid all I can to break it up and defeat it; but if it can't be done and I must allow a ring to 'run' me, I want to be sure it is a Democratic one, and am not at all disposed to run out of a Democratic ring into unknown rings. If the Democratic party is run by a ring, what guarantee have I that other parties are not run by more objectionable ones? As John Randolph said, when a man bantered him to bet on the race-course, and said: 'My friend here will hold the stakes.' 'Yes; but who in the devil will hold your friend?

The Democratic party is bad enough, but I don't intend to 'fly from the ills I have to those I know not of.' Let us all still stick to our State Democratic organization and fight for reform within it, but not leave it until the last plank sinks. Then it will be time enough to form new ties. Now for reform within the party while organizing to fight all opponents in the coming and future campaigns. As there is some misapprehension as to the Grange, and many false ideas as to its position in this State, I would like you should give as much publicity as you can to what I have written you, even to publishing it in the newspapers. But if so, do! do! see that it is done correctly, for I am sometimes made to say things I never thought. Let me hear from you soon and give me your views and those of the order in your part of the State.

Very respectfully and fraternally,
JAS. N. LIPSCOMB.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Sorghum seed is readily eaten by poultry, and is better for small chickens than corn.

Milk should stand at least thirty-six hours before skimming to get good results. Farmers take notice.

It is now claimed that potash in lieu of ashes or the potash salts is excellent for grape vines if fruit is defective in color.

If sulphur is well dusted around the sheds and hog-pens it will effectually drive off lice. Put it on the hogs, also, and leave a little in the trough for them to eat.

Nearly all kinds of fruit do well on a mixture of superphosphate and wood ashes. Lime is not suitable for strawberries, but excellent around apple, peach and pear trees.

Every farmer should select a portion of rich soil, clear from weeds, which should be devoted to roots such as beets, turnips, rutabagas or carrots for feeding cattle and hogs. They are good starters for fall feeding.

The man who goes fishing, and sits in a cramp-inviting position on a narrow thwart from early morn till dewey eve, and calls it 'fine,' is the same man who never goes to church because the pews are not 'comfortable.'

BILL ARP.

On Hon. A. H. Stephens and Politics in General.

Now let us have peace. Mr. Stephens is chosen and the people have done it, and there's been no juggling or pulling of wires, it becomes everybody to acquiesce and get in a good humor if they can. Major Bacon is a little sore, I reckon, but then he is young and good looking, and can afford to wait. I know a heap of folks who are older than he is, and as well qualified, that have never had any office at all. The mistake that some folks make is they work up an idea that the office is theirs, when the truth is it belongs to the people. General Gartrell has got a claim, and Major Bacon has a claim, and Colonel Somebody else has a claim, but these sort of claims won't stand before a jury. I don't know who was the father of this business—that is, of getting Mr. Stephens to run—but he is a smart man shore. He saw the breakers ahead. He snuffed the battle from afar. The independents were massing their forces, and they were going to run Mr. Stephens themselves, when suddenly the organized come along and stole him and carried him off, and they have got him yet, and I think they will keep him until he is elected, and maybe longer. I don't know—nobody knows.

The independents had a big horse pistol and have been pointing it around and skeering everybody, when suddenly the organized slipped up and grabbed it by the muzzle and went to beating the independents over the head with the breech of it. It was a regular case of larceny, it was—larceny and an assault and battery besides, and they added insult to injury, for they used words calculated to make a breach of peace. I don't blame the independents for being mad, but then, on reflection, I don't think anybody has anything to brag of. It is a sort of dog fall all around. If the organized have whipped the fight they had to steal the ammunition to do it. It reminds me of the time when the whig boys of our town sent down to Decatur and borrowed a cannon to make a noise with at a Dr. Miller barbecue, and the night it got there the Democratic boys stole it while it was raining and carried it off in a swamp, and when Lumpkin was elected over Miller they got it out about midnight and fired it off for victory. I'm not going to holler for anybody just yet. Mr. Stephens will make a good enough governor for me or for anybody else, and he will dignify and adorn the office at home and abroad, but I don't think he will be one-sided in the distribution of his patronage, and the independents will stand as good a chance as anybody. That's all right with me, for we have had quarrels enough, and too much, and some of us are getting along in years, and it don't become us to fuss and fret, and abuse one another while waiting for the ferryman to come with his boat. You editors especially, who are the beacon lights that guide us on our way, ought to advise harmony and peace, and good will and show your precepts by your example, and keep the peace yourselves. It don't pay to get mad about anything, much less about politics. Getting mad cheats a man out of his time. He can lose a day or two days, or even a week, thinking about it and fretting over it, and that interferes with his business and deranges his digestion, and makes his family unhappy. He had better go dead for awhile and come to life again. Getting mad is the poorest way to get even with an enemy I ever tried. It don't pay worth a cent and always makes a man loose his own self-respect Now a man may get mad with himself for being a fool and it will do him no harm. In fact, it may be good, for it's a sign of repentance. I knew a young man to go to a church fair and the girls honeyfuggled six dollars out of him and he went home and undressed and tied one arm to the bedpost and whipped himself with the other, and as he cut himself round the legs he would say; "You go to another church fair! you let them girls fool you out of your money again! You pay ten cents for every fool letter they stick at you! You give half a dollar for a little dab of ice cream—I'll learn you some sense, I will,' and as he talked to himself he kept the switch going lively and would dance up and down just like he was some other fellow. Now that is a good idea. When a man makes a fool of himself and goes a rippin around let him tie himself up and give himself a good whipping and then take a fresh start in the morning. If a man gets into a fight with another man he might accidentally get whipped, and then everybody would hear of it, but if he whips himself all by himself it will do more good and nobody would ever know anything about it.

But I'm very hopeful now of a general reconciliation. If we can all compromise on Mr. Stephens and bury our tommyhawks, it will be splendid. Willingham says he is awaiting to see what kind of a platform the organized fix up for Mr. Stephens to stand on before he commits the Free Press to him. Well, I think we can fix that with a little short resolution, viz: 'Resolved, That, an independent democrat is just as good as an organized democrat, if not better—provided'

Just leave it that way with the 'provided' stuck on for imagination, and everybody can finish it according to their taste. I think Father Willingham will go that for peace and especially if he can't do any better. Don't you?

Tackling the Wrong Man.

The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house while in Tennessee approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've got two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket and we'll euchre them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am. I'm the [illegible]

News and Gossip.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that cart loads of old cigar stumps are gathered in the cities and manufactured into nice cigarettes. Delicious!

Law is like a sieve, you may see through it, but you must be considerable reduced before you can get through it.

A New York physician condemns the use of the dotted veils the ladies are using. He reports several cases of permanently injured eyes caused by this fashionable nonsense.

Analysis of the pumpkin shows that that the rind of the vegetable is nearly three and a half times as rich in albuminoids as the flesh.

In the mountains—Arabella (whose soul is wrapped in science:) 'Charles isn't this gneiss?' Charles (who is deeply interested in Arabella:) 'Nice! It's delicious.'

According to a Dublin Castle return, there are over 300,300 registered dogs in Ireland, which bring an income to the revenue of more than £30-000 a year.

The wrong men always get rich. It is the fellow without money who is always telling you how much good he would do with it if he had it.

The oldest Presbyterian church in the world, the Waldensian, sends out more missionaries from her Highland valleys, than all her ministers at home.

'The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them,' said farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy, George, came in a second afterwards and said there was an end to one of 'em and it was red hot, too.

Sweeden has a population of 3,500,-000. Till recently the Swedes were among the most drunken people in Europe. They have turned over a new leaf, and are now the most temperate nation in the wide world. There are but 450 drinking-places in all Sweden. The reform has been carried out by means of a Permissive Prohibitory Law.

Ashland the home of Henry Clay, has come back into the possession of his family, having been purchased a few days ago by Major Henry Clay McDowell, who married the daughter of Col. Henry Clay, of Buena Vista fame. Ashland, fifteen years ago, was purchased by citizens of Lexington as a site for an agricultural college, which proved an unsucessful project.

Henderson *Gold Leaf* says the prevailing warm weather and recent rains of the past week have been as favorable to growing crops as could be desired. Cotton has taken a fresh start, and is coming out wonderfully. Corn vigorous and healthy looking and is growing finely; tobacco is looking, well, and all others crops ditto. Indeed, the reports from all sections of this immediate neighborhood are abundantly indicative of a propitious season.

Mr. W. W. Seay, of Rome, Ga., one of the best chemists in the State, is experimenting with watermelons for the purpose of extracting sugar. His experiments so far, in a small way, induce him to believe that a fair lot of melons contain an average of seven per cent. of saccharine matter, or pure sugar. He estimates 34,500 pounds of melons per acre, and these would produce, at 7 per cent. of saccharine matter, 2,415 pounds of sugar, and worth, at ten cents, $241.50—*Rome Courier.*

The census shows that the colored voters have a majority of 1400 in the 1st, 4,800 in the 2nd, 864 in the 5th, 988 in the 6th and 25,000 in the 7th district. The whites have a majority of 652 in the 3d and 685 in the 4th district. The registration is much more favorable than this. The county of Sumter is in the black district, but the friends of Congressman Richardson may propose him for another district, as a Congressman is not compelled to reside in his district.—*Spartanburg Herald.*

The political campaign in South Carolina has been inaugurated in the usual manner by the murder of the Greenback candidate for Governor, Major Blair. The Southern Democracy is preparing the way for Republican success in 1884. Scratch the skin of a Southern Democrat and the wild beast shows itself as plainly now as in the past. Fraud, violence, intimidation and murder are and ever will be the favorite political methods in the South until the land is occupied by another and a better race.—*Dubuque (Mich.,) Times.*

A correspondent of the Nashville American says: A gentleman who has a good reputation for truth and veracity, and who enjoys the confidence of the persons in charge of the Medical Museum, stated to your correspondent that the head of Guiteau was embalmed and severed from the body on the night following the execution, but was placed in position in the coffin and kept there until the whole cadaver was removed to the Medical Museum. The head, stated my informant, is in a state of splendid preservation, and will be placed on the skeleton as soon as wired. The whole will be dressed in the suit the assassin last wore, and will be placed on exhibition at the Museum. It is a valuable subject for the institution, and the query is, How much did it cost?

A Calf Swallowed by a Catfish.

About two weeks ago Mr. Smith, living a few miles from Calhoun, Ga., on the Oostanaula river, lost a yearling heifer about three years old, and as it was fine stock made diligent search, but could not find it. A few days ago a party of young men fishing on the river were attracted by the smell of a dead carcass, and upon examining the cause, lo and behold they found a monster catfish, which had swallowed the calf, and the horns of the calf becoming entangled in the fish's gills had drowned the fish. The fish measured exexactly twenty-three feet and seven inches in length, and was five feet eight and one-quarter inches across the head, and from the [illegible] supposed