



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE

NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

BY KEITH, SMITH & CO.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1877.

VOLUME XII.—NO. 33.

The Puzzled Dutchman.

I'm a broken hearted Deutscher,
 Vot villed mit erief unt shemo,
 I dolls you vot der double ish—
 I doesn't know my name.

You dinks it ferrer vunny, oh?
 Von you der story hear,
 You vill not wonder den so moohl,
 It vas so slitrang und queer.

Main mudder had two lidd'o dwins—
 Dey vas ine and mein bruder;
 Vo looks so verry much alike
 No von knew vich from toder.

One of der boys vas Yawcup.
 Und Hans der oder's name;
 Den it made no different—
 But both things you dinks to be—
 Vo both got colled the same.

Voll, von of us got tead—
 Yaw, Myntzer, dat is so;
 But redder Hans or Yawcup,
 Main mudder she don't know.

Und so I am in droubles;
 I gain't git droo mein hed
 Vedder I'm Hans vots living,
 Or Yawcup vot is id.

FENCE OR NO FENCE.

Whether we should enclose our crops and "turn out" the remainder of our farms, or fence up the pasture and leave the cultivated portions unprotected by any kind of fence save the law of the land, are questions that have now and then agitated the minds of the people of every one of the States of this Union. Firm adherents can be found to both sides of the question. We confess to never having become clearly settled in our opinion upon this subject.

When we see our noble forests felled annually by the thousands of acres to procure fresh land to cultivate; after we have, by a most slowly system, galled and impoverished as many more fertile acres; when we know that far more economy could be practiced upon the farm by avoiding the necessity of having so many thousands of rails mauling every winter; when we know that almost every farmhouse burns as much wood in each fire place as ought to supply dwelling and kitchen and wash house, during the cold season; when we know that a strip of land ten feet wide running around every side of the field, and this frequently the best land in the field, is lost to cultivation because of the fence; when we show that every negro in the South will have a cow, and never thinks he is a freeman until he can tie his own cow's horns to her fore foot to keep her from jumping the fence that he won't fix up; when we think of the thousands of dollars that are lost to the intrinsic wealth of the country by the manning and hauling and building and repairing that is necessary to keep up the fences around our farms; when we think of the provocations to say hard words when fox hunters, tramps, jumping cattle or other nuisances make gaps in our fences, and cannot be punished for it; when we think how easy it would be to make a fat cow out of a poor one, a profit; to cow out of an expensive one, if the owner was simply compelled to keep it up, take care of it, feed it, treat it as the returns would prove it should be treated; when we think it is the crops that brings in the money and enriches the country, and not the forests or pasture lands, and are therefore the more worthy of lawful protection on that account; when we think how much better one good cow is than a herd of poor ones; when we think how easy it is to herd cattle and sheep and oven hogs together, so that they will need but the care of a single person a few hours each day to prevent their strolling out of sight; when we think what a pleasure it is, what a real luxury to sit and watch improved herds pasturing and grazing over luxuriant meadows and folds; we say, when we think of all these things, we can but wonder legislation has not long since required our farmers to set about improving their stock by abolishing the existing fence law and allowing our broad acres to be cultivated without the miles and miles of hideous worn fences everywhere seen.

But then, when we have looked at the other side of this question, and thought how ignorant most of our people are, even of the old established law on this subject, and how sparsely settled our country is, and how much easier it is to enclose a cultivated field than it would be to enclose all the remainder of the majority of Southern farms, and how every farmer would think he was bound to fence in all the balance of his lands if he were permitted to throw out his fields, and what a small proportion of the laboring classes throughout the South are landowners (even though every one that can own a cow) and that class are oppressed to a stock law, because they think that all the unenclosed pasture lands are, by a natural right, as free to the cows as to the owner of the pasture, and of what minor importance to our farmers the care of stock is when compared to the infatuation that they have for the "cotton patch," and what wonderful social and industrial revolution it would make to establish a stock law and abolish fences, we have halted between two opinions. Much can be said on both sides of this question, and more on the other, look at it as you will.

Absence of fences is an evidence of progressive farming. When we go into a city, a town or village, (and there are some of these last in the United States) where the roses grow, as it were, "out doors," and the vegetable gardens, are not enclosed, we

at once know there is an ordinance there preventing stock going at large, and with thought that the immediately coupled the housed and well fed cows there are carefully the people have plenty of milk. But if we go to a village with its streets and pavement as filthy, and the lots all enclosed, or even on a farm with high "staked and ridged" fences, we are not long in coming to the conclusion that idlers and degraded, four footed and horned, are round about.

Who once heard a man say a traveler could go from Northern Missouri into Iowa and tell, without being informed, when he entered the latter State, because all the farming evidences were so much more progressive and thrifty; and he attributed it all to the fact that the stock were enclosed in Iowa and the crops were not; while in Missouri the reverse was the case. We have been told, too, that in North Carolina, where the option was given to counties to vote "fence or no fence," wherever "no fence" prevailed the people have become reconciled to it, farms have improved, cattle have increased in number and value, and the farmers would not, if they could, return to the "old rut." We have also heard grumblers at several places where we have seen the no fence law in force, but we did not regard their complaints, because the thing seemed chronic, and we all know there are some men who would suffer torture if they had no opportunity to grumble.

Fences are by no means universal throughout the Union. Several of the Northwestern States require owners to enclose their stock. In portions of North Carolina, Virginia and one or two Northeastern States, the same law prevails. In one or two of the Southwestern States the effort has been made, but without success, to abolish fences.

In Europe land is too valuable to be appropriated to fences. In England hedges superseded fences, and now hedges are considered objectionable because their roots monopolize too much land. Throughout France and Northern Italy, and Central and Northern Europe, fences are almost unknown. Often the divisions of land do not appear at all. Wire fences were often abolished, and the only landmarks are stone posts at the corners of the land to designate the outlines.—D. Wyatt Aiken, in News and Courier.

Acts Passed by the General Assembly at the Extra Session of 1877.

An act to investigate and ascertain the actual bona fide indebtedness of the various counties in this State, and to regulate the manner of paying the same. Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That upon the petition of fifty tax payers of any county in the State, stating that said county is in debt, and that the validity of said debt or some portion thereof is doubted and challenged, it shall be the duty of the Governor of the State to appoint a commission, consisting of three competent and discreet citizens of said county to investigate and ascertain the true and real bona fide indebtedness of said county, who shall report in writing to the Board of County Commissioners a statement of said bona fide indebtedness, and shall report to the General Assembly at its next session the amount of said bona fide indebtedness.

SEC. 2. That the said commission shall have the power to send for persons and papers, be authorized to swear witnesses, and to call all persons having claims to appear before it, and establish such claims, after due and sufficient notice, by publication of thirty days in the paper of said county; that pending said investigation the proper officers of said county and counties are hereby directed and restrained from levying and collecting any special tax for the payment of the said past county debt, created prior to the first day of November, A. D. 1876.

SEC. 3. That the members of said commission shall each be entitled to receive \$2 per diem for each day actually employed in such work, not to exceed in all thirty days.

Approved June 11, 1877.

An Act to provide for the custody of official bonds of county officers, and for the examination of the same from time to time.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That section 7 of chapter 28, of title 1, of the revised statutes of South Carolina, be amended by striking out the words "public officers of this State."

SEC. 2. That the sureties to the several bonds of the county officers herein referred to, and required by law, shall be in every case citizens of the several counties in which their principals respectively hold office.

Approved June 9, 1877.

An Act to alter and repeal section 20 of an act entitled "An act to regulate attachments," approved September 24, 1868.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly and by the authority of the same, That the first ten words of section 20 of an act entitled "An act to regulate attachments," approved September 24,

1868, be stricken out, and the rights and remedies in such cases existing before the passage of said act are hereby restored.

SEC. 2. That the powers and duties formerly exercised by Magistrates, so far as the same related to distress for rent, but the same are hereby, conferred upon Trial Justices.

Approved June 8, 1877.

An Act to amend sections 55 and 56, chapter 120, of the revised statutes, relative to liens on crops.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of South Carolina, now met and sitting in General Assembly and by the authority of the same, That sections 55 and 56, chapter 120 of the revised statutes, relative to lien on crops, and all amendments thereto, are hereby repealed on and after the 1st of January, 1878.

SEC. 2. That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act be, and the same are hereby, repealed.

Approved June 8, 1877.

The Iowa Convention.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The action of the Des Moines (Iowa) Convention, being the first State Convention, has been closely watched. The financial plank are as follows: 4th. The public credit should be sacredly maintained and all obligations of the government honestly discharged, and that we favor the early attainment of currency convertible with coin, and therefore advocate a gradual resumption of specie payments by continuous and steady steps. 5th. The silver dollar, having been a legal unit of value from the foundation of the Federal Government until 1873, the law under which its coinage was suspended should be repealed at the earliest possible day, and silver made with gold a legal tender in payment of all debts, both public and private. We also believe that the present volume of currency should be maintained until the wants of trade and commerce demand its further contraction. At the conclusion of the reading, a resolution endorsing the President and his policy was offered by Mr. Realy as an amendment to the first resolution. This created an indescribable uproar and was received with tumult, in which were mingled vociferous protests and hisses. The Chair ruled the resolution as not being germane to the subject. An amendment endorsing the President's policy and saying it would secure the results asked for in the third resolution of the report of the committee was then offered to that resolution, and met with the same result. The third resolution, as presented by the committee, was then adopted. After this, all the rest of the resolutions of the committee were adopted. Mr. Curtis offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the so-called Southern policy which has been inaugurated and pursued by the present national administration is in accordance with the principles of the Republican party.

This was received amid general tumult. Dr. Bardsley moved that it be referred to the Committee on Resolutions. Mr. Merriam, of Keokuk County, moved, amid great excitement, that the resolution be tabled, which was adopted by about a three-fourths vote.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Dr. J. W. Davenport, a native of South Carolina, but who has been for several years residing in Dallas, Texas, has made a chemical discovery, which bids fair to prove of incalculable benefit to the human family, while it will also completely revolutionize all methods heretofore in vogue for the preservation of fresh meats, vegetables, fruits, &c. The discovery is thus described by the New Orleans Democrat:

A learned and practical physician—Dr. J. W. Davenport, of Dallas, Texas—has made a discovery, and obtained the patent therefor, which promises to be of incalculable value and usefulness to the present and future generations. It is simply the ascertainment of the chemical components of a fluid for keeping all kinds of fruits, vegetables and meats fresh, sweet and pure. The aim of the ingenious chemist has been to discover the ingredients of a pickle which would arrest the process of decomposition and extinguish the germ of decay of all animal and vegetable substances without impairing their flavor or imparting to them any injurious effect. It is simply a pickle of the most inexpensive sort, costing infinitely less than brine or vinegar, in which any meat or vegetable may be kept in vessels submerged for months, and when taken out will be found as pure and fresh as when the vegetables came from the garden or the meat from the butcher's stall. This pickle may be furnished and prepared at a cost of four cents per barrel. The pickle is so nearly tasteless and palatable as to demonstrate its innocuousness, and yet from the specimen we saw yesterday at 61 Carondelet street, green corn which had been immersed in it for twelve months, when boiled, could not be distinguished from the corn which had been gathered that morning. Mutton and pork chops, and even fat papabottes, placed in this pickle weeks ago, when subjected to heat, had preserved all their original freshness and flavor. No one would ever suspect that they had ever been brought in contact with any chemical fluid or substance. It would appear that this fluid is far more effective and reliable in preserving vegetables and meats in their original freshness than the strong brine used in preserving salt meats. This fact being established,

the superiority both for nourishment and health of fresh over salt meats would secure its universal adoption, and prove invaluable for use on ships, in armies, and on plantations. The simple anti-scorbutic effects of such a preservation of fresh meat and vegetables would render it of incalculable benefit.

The Dallas (Texas) Commercial, published in Dr. Davenport's town, speaks in the highest terms of the discovery, the editor having had ample opportunities of testing the same. In the issue of the Commercial of May 14th, the editor says:

To-day the writer visited Dr. Davenport's residence, and re-inspected some of the materials which have been preserved by the process. The demonstration of its success are as complete as the evidences of the senses of sight, touch and taste could make them. Green corn, plucked now nearly two years ago, is as fresh, nutritious and as sweet as if the shucks had just been taken from it. Tomatoes are, by virtue of the preservative, always ripe and luscious. Asparagus can't wilt after subjection to the Doctor's treatment. And passing from the vegetable kingdom to the animal, the experiments—perhaps we should say triumphs—are startling. * * * In short, Dr. Davenport has discovered and applied an antiseptic principle which bids fair to do away with all canning and desiccating business. He can instruct whoever will, at a cost that is a mere trifle, to have a garden all the year round, to have fresh meats forever, and the applicability of his process is almost limitless.

Mr. I. G. Strauss, who can be seen at the store of M. Strauss & Son, in Yorkville, has an exhibition corn, fruit and vegetables preserved by this process over twelve months ago, retaining their original freshness as if they had been plucked but yesterday. Mr. Strauss will be pleased to show the samples to any one interested on the subject of keeping fresh fruits and vegetables throughout the year.

The Street of Hell.

In 1870 there was in the United States 140,000 licensed liquor saloons. If formed into a street with saloons on each side, allowing twenty feet to each saloon, they would make a street two hundred and sixty-five miles long. Let us imagine them brought together in such a street and let us suppose the moderate drinkers and their families are marching into it at the upper end. Go with me if you have the nerve and patience, and stand at the lower end and let us see what that street turns out in one year.

What army is this that comes marching down the street in solid column, five abreast, extending five hundred and seventy miles? It is the army of 5,000,000 men and women who go daily and constantly to the saloons for intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Marching twenty miles a day and it will take them more than twenty-eight days to go by.

Now they are gone, and close in their rear comes another army marching five abreast and sixty miles in length. In it there are 530,000 confirmed drunkards. There are men and women who have lost control of their appetites, and who are in the regular habit of getting drunk and making beasts of themselves. Marching two abreast the army is 150 miles long. Soon they close. There are grey haired men and fair haired boys. There are, also, many women in the army sunk to deeper depths than the men, because of the greater heights from which they fell. It will take them seven days to go by.

It is a sad and sickening sight, but turn not away yet, for there comes another army—100,000 criminals. From jails and penitentiaries they come. At the head of the army comes a long line of persons whose hands are smeared with human blood. With ropes around their necks they are on the way to the gallows. Others are going to prison for life. Every crime known to our laws has been committed by these persons while under the influence of strong drink. But hark! whence comes those yells, and who those bound with strong chains and guarded by armed men? They are raving maniacs, made so by strong drink. Their eyes are tormented by awful sights, and their ears ring with horrid sounds. Slimy reptiles crawl slowly down their backs, and fiends from hell torment them before their time. They are gone now, and we breathe more freely.

But what gloom is this that pervades the air, and what long tide of black coming down the street? It is the line of funeral processions. One hundred thousand who have died the drunkard's death are being carried to their graves. Drunkards do not have many friends to mourn their loss, and we pat thirty of their funeral processions into a mile. We thus have a procession 3,333 miles long. It will take a good part of the year for them to go by, for funeral processions move slowly, yes, most of them do, but once in a while an unoffending corpse is driven rapidly by and we hear the brutal, driver sing,

"Quick rattle his bones, rattle his bones, Over the stone!

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

Look into the coffins as they go by. See the dead drunkards! Some died of delirium tremens, and the lines of terror are still marked on their faces. Some froze to death by the roadside, too drunk to reach their homes. Some tumbled from the wharf and were drowned; some wandered into the woods and died, and rotted on the surface of the earth; some blew their own brains out; some were fearfully stabbed in

drunken brawls; some were roasted in burning buildings; others were crushed in shapeless masses under the cars. They died in various ways, but strong drink killed them all, and on their tombstones, if they have any, may be fitly inscribed, "He died a drunkard's death." Close behind them comes another long line of funeral processions, but they are numerously attended by mourning friends. They contain the remains of those who have met death through the carelessness and cruelty of drunken men. Some died of broken hearts; some were foully murdered by drunken husbands and fathers; some were burned to death in buildings set on fire by drunken men; some were horribly mangled on railroads because of drunken engineers or flag men; some were blown up on a steamboat because a drunken captain ran a race with a rival boat.

But here comes another army—the children—innocent ones, upon whom has been visited the iniquities of their fathers. How many are there? Two hundred thousand! Marching two abreast they extend up the street thirty miles. Each one must bear through life the stigma of being a drunkard's child. They are reduced to poverty, want and beggary. They live in ignorance and vice.

Some of the children are mourning with hunger and some are shivering with cold. A large number of them are idiots, made such before they were born by brutal, drunken fathers. And, worse than all the rest, many of them have inherited a love for liquor and are growing up to take the places and do the deeds of their fathers. They will fill up the ranks of the awful army of drunkards that moves in unbroken column down to death.

It has taken nearly a year for the street to empty itself of its year's work. And close in the rear comes the vanguard of the next year's supply. And if this is what liquor has done in one year in our great country, what must be its results in all the world through the long centuries.

Thus far we have listened to the story that the figures tell. They give only the outline of the terrible tragedy that is going on around us.

They cannot picture to us the wretched squalor of a drunkard's home. They cannot tell us how many unkind and cruel words strong drink has caused, otherwise, kind and tender hearted husbands and fathers to utter to their dear ones. They cannot tell us how many heavy blows have fallen from the drunkard's hand upon those whom it is his duty to love, cherish and protect. They cannot tell us how many fond expectations and bright hopes which the young bride had of the future have been blasted and turned to bitter gall. They cannot number the long, weary hours of night, during which she has anxiously awaited, and yet fearfully dreaded the heavy foot-fall at the door. Figures cannot tell us how many scalding tears the wives of drunkards have shed, nor how many prayers of bitter anguish and cries of agony God has heard them utter. They cannot tell us how many mothers have worn out body and soul in providing for children whom a drunken father has left destitute. They cannot tell us how many mothers' hearts have broken grief as they saw a darling son becoming a drunkard. They cannot tell us how many gray hairs have gone down in sorrow to the grave, mourning over drunken children. They cannot tell us how many hard fought battles the drunkard, in his sober moments, has with the terrible appetite; how many times he has walked his room in despair, tempted to commit suicide because he could not conquer the demon. And finally we cannot search the records of the other world, and see how many souls have been shut out from that holy place where no drunkard ever enters, and banished to the regions of eternal death by the fiery demon of drink.

What man, what woman, what child, would not vote to have that whole street, with its awful traffic in the infernal stuff, sunk to the lowest depths of perdition, and covered ten thousand fathoms deep under the curses of the universe?

Cold Feet.

Cold feet usually result from unequal circulation. People of active minds will be much relieved by wearing, at times, during their mental tasks, a linen or cotton skull-cap, frequently wrung out in cold water. The brain is cooled and sent more naturally to the extremities. A brilliant New York minister was compelled to write his sermons with his feet in a hot bath. A prominent hydropathist advised the wet head-camp, which worked like a charm, and dispensed with the inconvenient tub of water.

The feet should be washed in tepid water every day or two; but do not put them into water so hot as to make them tender. In concluding the bath, dip them into quite cold water, which closes the pores naturally; and then wipe and rub them entirely dry and warm.

Wear broad, heavy-soled, spacious boots, with a loose insole. The foot appears smaller and more genteel in a boot quite large for it, than in one in which the compression compels the sides to overjut the sole and lock tight over the instep or toes. Ladies should remember this fact, which is so well known to fashionable shoemakers. A stylish dealer was daily complimented about his small feet and nicely fitting boots; a compliment which his wife also shared among her lady friends. The secret was, they never pinched their feet. He wore No. 8, while his wife wore the popular size of fives. He could put on a six, or his wife

a four, or perhaps a three. By wearing boots of the form of their feet, or ample size, the boots remained in graceful shape. The gentleman's boots were nearly No. 9 in length; so made to lend proportion and add comfort in walking.

Change your boots often. In use, they absorb moisture from within and without, and by frequent change and drying will be much warmer. If you have two pairs, remove the insoles and dry them thoroughly with the boots each night. The patent covered cork insole is a nice thing for those who can afford them, if they do not sweat the feet. But the smooth, stiff leather insole is the best for all people; and one good pair will wear out several pairs of boots.

If your feet sweat easily, and then chill from the dampness, wear light cotton stockings with your wool socks over them. Just try this expedient, and see how nice and warm your feet feel. Ladies who ride will find a large pair of socks, over shoe and all, a great comfort.

When your feet are cold, stop and warm them. No business at the desk, the counter, the bench; no domestic task or social or conventional circumstance is of so grave importance as to warm one's feet when they are cold. You can't afford the hazard to health incurred by indifference to the discomfort nature is giving you as a prenotation of danger. Many a little disease has crept in through the toes which found its way to organic abode in lungs or heart or brain, and there developed until it cast a death bolt.

Keep your feet dry. Self acting rubbers—on and off with a kick—are the grandest life-preservers of the age. But if, by accident, you wet your feet, don't be foolish, and sit till death—damp steals to your vitals; or, still more foolish, be frightened into a fever. Exercise common sense, and remove the wet stockings. If chilly, take a warm foot bath, closing, as usual, with a "cold dip," and wipe and rub entirely dry; and feel and be the better for the accident. If, in a judicious way, people would wet their feet oftener—clear up to their ears—it would be better for their health.

The Image of Christ.

The image of Christ drawn by the pencil of the Spirit, to which Scripture directs our aims, is painted in such colors that it is impossible often to contemplate it without it irresistibly affecting the heart. As the bodily eye that has looked long at the sun retains a bright image of it, so the spiritual eye that gazes steadfastly on the face of Christ is filled with light. We carry this image with us wherever we go, and it blends with all our thoughts and actions. It never ceases to be a study to us, ever growing more bright and beautiful as we gaze upon it, revealing in contrast, more and more the darkness of our own hearts. I have said it is with us at conversation as it is in spring when the sun melts the snow in the fields and on the mountain side, but upon the highest peaks and in the deepest valley patches of it still remain. So the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate our souls, and still there remain in each heart heights and depths where yet all is cold and hard. How much must still be melted away, he is first aware who conscientiously yields himself up to the discipline of Scripture. The longer we contemplate Christ the more do we discover how unlike him we are, how selfishness has penetrated our inmost nature, how poor we are in humility, in love. When we enter this school of discipline, it does not seem so. This beholding ourselves in the image of Christ has the peculiarity that whilst we more and more discover the darkness in us, upon us all the while unconscious it is pouring its light. Paul has expressed this in a particularly rich passage in his letter to the Corinthians. He says, "But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." A wonderfully rich saying, indeed. Just as when we behold ourselves in a metallic mirror, he would say, it spreads over us its own effulgence; so we Christians looking with unveiled face at Christ, as into the mirror of humanity, are adorned with his light, made partakers of his Spirit, changed as from glory to glory into the same resplendent image.

During the past six weeks, Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, has been appealing to the President and Secretary of the Treasury for an amnesty for all his people charged with violating the internal revenue laws. The Senator has been in Washington for the last two days on this matter. It is said he has concluded an arrangement with the Internal Revenue Department, by which all cases in North Carolina can be compromised with the government, under certain restrictions. The terms were understood to be satisfactory to General Leach, John N. Staples and Thomas B. Keogh, who are attorneys for the whiskey and tobacco men of North Carolina. The terms will be made known as soon as the formal arrangements are completed with the attorneys.

Mr. Tilden says he had no such income as the government claims he had, and that he paid all the tax the law required. He admits that he neglected to make returns some years, but he paid the penalty therefor.

POTTSVILLE, June 23.—A hydrophobia case at Mahoney City attracts much attention. Mr. Foster, the victim, is still living. When offered water or ice he is seized with convulsions. He suffers dreadfully. He was bitten seven months ago by a pet terrier.