KEOWEE COURIER.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man."

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VARIETY.

A Sketch.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It was a splendid room. Rich curtains swept down to the floor in graceful folds, half excluding the light, and shedding its soft hues over the fine old paintings on the walls, and over the broad mirrors that reflect all that taste can accomplish by the hand of wealth. Books, the rarest and most costly, were around, in every form of gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a Bible, too beautiful in its appointments too showy, ornamental, ever to have been meant to be read—a Bible which every visitor should take up and exclaim, "What a beautiful edition; what superb bindings!" and then lay it down again.

And the master of the house was lounging on a sofa, looking over a late review—for he was a man of leisure, taste and reading—but then, as to reading the Bible!—that forms, we suppose, no part of the pretensions of a man of letters. The Bible—certainly he considered it a very *respectable* book—a fine specimen of ancient literature—an admirable book of moral precepts—but then, as to its divine origin he had not exactly made up his mind. Some parts appeared strange and inconsistent to his reason—others were very revolting to his taste—true, he had never studied it very attentively, yet such was his *general impression* about it—but on the whole, he thought it well enough to keep an elegant copy of it on his own drawing-room table.

So much for one picture—now for another:

Come with us into this little dark alley, and up a flight of ruinous stairs. It is night. It is a bitter night, and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of the room, were it not that careful hands have stopped them with paper or cloth. But for all this little carefulness, the room is bitter cold; cold even with those few decaying brands on the hearth, which that sorrowful woman is trying to kindle with her breath. Do you see that pale little thin girl, with large bright eyes, who is crouching so near her mother—hark! how she coughs—now listen:

"Mary, my dear child," do keep that shawl close about you; you are cold I know," and the woman shivers as she speaks.

"No, mother, not very," replied the child, again relapsing into that hollow ominous cough—"I wish you wouldn't make me always wear your shawl when it is cold, mother."

"Dear child, you need it most—how you cough to-night," replies the mother—"it really don't seem right for to send you up that long, cold street, now your shoes have grown so poor, too; I must go myself after this."

"O mother! you must stay with the baby—what if he should have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone? no, I can go very well, I have got used to the cold now."

"But, mother, I'm cold," says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner, "mayn't I get up and come to the fire?"

"Dear child, it would not warm you, it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to-night."

"Why can't you, mother, there are four whole sticks of wood in the box, do put one in the fire and let's get warm once."

"No, my dear little Henry," says the mother, soothingly, "that is all the wood mother has, and I havn't any money to get more."

And now wakens the sick baby in the little cradle, and mother and daughter are for some time busy in attempting to supply its little wants, and lulling it again to sleep.

And now look you well at that mother.—Six months ago, she had a husband, whose earnings procured for her both the necessaries and comforts of life—her children were clothed, fed and schooled, without thought of hers. But husbandless, friendless and alone, in the heart of a great busy city, with feeble health, and only the precarious resources of her needle, she has gone rapidly down from comfort to extreme poverty. Look at her now, as she is to-night. She knows full well that the pale bright-eyed girl whose hollow cough constantly rings in her ears, is far from well. She knows that cold, and hunger and exposure of every kind are surely wearing away her life—and yet what can she do? Poor soul, how many times has she calculated all her little resources, see if she could pay a doctor and get medicine for Mary, yet all in vain. She knows that timely medicine, ease, the fresh air, and warmth, might save her—but she knows all these things are out of the question for her. She feels, too as a mother would feel when she sees her once rosy, happy little boy becoming pale, and anxious and fretful—and even when he teases her most, she only stops her work a moment, and strokes [illegible] laughing, happy little fellow he once was, till she has not a heart to reprove him. And all this day she has not a heart to reprove him. And all this day she has toiled with a sick and fretful baby in her lap, and her little shivering, hungry boy at her side whom poor Mary's patient artifices can not always keep quiet; she has toiled over the last piece of work which she can procure from the shop, for the man has told her that after this he can furnish no more, and the little money that is to come from this is already portioned out in her own mind, and after that she has no human prospect of more.

But yet that woman's face is quiet, patient. Nay, you may even see in her suffering eye something like peace, and whence comes it? I will tell you.

There is a Bible in that room, as well as in the rich man's apartment. Not handsomely bound, to be sure, but faithfully read—a plain, homely, much-worn book.

Harken now while she says to her children, 'Listen to me dear children, and I will read you something out of this book. 'Let not your heart be troubled; in my father's house are many mansions.' So you see, my children, we shall not always live in this little cold, dark room. Jesus Christ has promised to take us to a better home."

"Shall we be warm there all day," says the little boy earnestly, "and shall we have enough to eat?"

"Yes, dear child," says the mother; "listen what the Bible says, "They shall hunger no more neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of them shall feed them; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"I am glad of that," said little Mary; "for, mother, I never can bear to see you cry."

"But, mother," says little Henry, "won't God send us something to eat to-morrow?"

"See," says the mother, "what the Bible says, 'Seek ye not what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be of anxious mind. For your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'"

"But, mother," says little Mary, "if God is our father, and loves us, what does he let us be so poor for?"

"Nay," says the mother, "our dear Lord Jesus Christ was as poor as we are, and God certainly loved him."

"Was he, mother?"

"Yes, children, you remember how he said, 'The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' And it tells us more than once that Jesus was hungry when there was none to give him food."

"O mother! what would you do without the Bible?" says Mary.

Now if the rich man who had not yet made up his mind what to think of the Bible should visit this poor woman, and ask her on what she grounded her belief of its truth, what could she answer? Could she give the argument from miracles and prophecy? Can she account for all the changes which might have taken place in it through translators and copyists, and prove that we have a genuine and uncorrupted version? Not she! But how then does she know that it is true? How, say you? How does she know that she has warm life-blood in her heart? How does she know that there is such a thing as air and sunshine? She does not *believe* things, she *knows* them; and in like manner, with a deep heart-consciousness, she is certain that the words of her Bible are truth and life.—It is by reasoning that the frightened child, bewildered in the dark, knows its mother's voice? No? Nor is it by reasoning that the forlorn and distressed human heart knows the voice of its saviour, and is still.

Go, when the child is lying in its mother's arms, and looking up trustfully in her face, and see if you can puzzle him with metaphysical difficulties about personal identity until you can make him think that it is not his mother. Your reasoning may be conclusive—your arguments unanswerable; but, after all, the child sees his mother there, and feels her arms around him, and his quiet, unreasoning belief on the subject is precisely the same kind which the little child of Christianity feels in the existence of his Saviour, and the reality of all those blessed truths which he has told in this world.

☞ The "Woodstock (Ct.) Standard" says that an elm was recently cut on the old Fuller farm, in Royalton, which was one hundred and twenty feet in height. The trunk was perfectly straight and sound, and measured seven feet in diameter two feet from the ground, three feet in diameter at sixty feet from the ground, at which point the first branches started out. The tree furnished over thirty-six cords, running measure, of sixteen-inch wood, and employed one man nearly fifteen days to fell and work it up. An attempt to count the rings made its age to be from two hundred and fifty to three hundred years.

Medical Hints.

1. If a man faints, place him flat on his back and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison might remain, swallow the whites of one or two raw eggs or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, a pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drippings," or melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cobweb, flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spurts, be spry, or the man will die in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around, near the part between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, and twist it around until the blood ceases to flow; keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound, between the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen the pressure for an instant before the physician arrives, so as to glue up the wound by coagulation or cooling of the hardening blood.

5. If your clothing takes on fire slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect upon the flames; if not extinguished or great head way gotten, lie down on the floor and roll over and over; or better envelop yourself in a carpet, rug, bedcloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.

6. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired sleep.

7. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed, remain there, and eat nothing until you are well.

8. If the action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile drink largely of cold water or hot teas, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up until things are righted; this suggestion, if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year, both in the city and country.

9. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

[*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LIFE TRANSFERRED.—A successful operation of the tranfusion of blood was recently performed by Dr. Enrico Albanese, at the hospital of Palermo, Sicily. A youth, aged seventeen, named Guiseppe Ginazzo, of Cinisi, was received into the establishment on the 29th of September last, with a bad tumor on his leg, which in the end rendered amputation necessary. The patient being very much emaciated and laboring under fever, the operation reduced him to a worse state than ever, and it became apparent that he was fast sinking, the pulse being imperceptible, the eyes dull, and the body cold. In this emergency, Dr. Albanese had recourse to the transfusion of blood, as the only remedy that had not been tried. Two assistants of the hospital offered to have their veins opened for the purpose, and thus, at two different intervals 220 grains of blood were introduced into the patient's system. After the first time he recovered the faculty of speech, and stated that before he could neither see nor hear, but felt as if he were flying in the air. He is now in a fair state of recovery.

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.—If the dew lies plentifully on the grass after a fair day, it is a sign of another. If not, and there is [illegible] dense in the middle and bright towards the edges, with the sky bright they are signs of a frost, with hail, snow or rain. If clouds form high in air, in thin, white trains, like locks of wool, they portend wind, and probably rain. When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments of clouds underneath, they are a sure sign of rain, and probably it will be lasting. Two currents of clouds always portend rain; and, in summer thunder.

Position in Sleeping.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position.

If you sleep on your back especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food resting on the great vein of the body, near the backbone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty, the arrest is decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger and the desperate efforts to get rid of it arouse us, and send on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in a perspiration, or feeling exhausted, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger.

But when we are unable to escape the danger when we do fall over the precipice, when the trembling building crushes us—what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning, that "they were as well as ever they were the day before;" and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certianty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhea, or cholera, or bilious colic ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons to eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.

[*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SYSTEMATIC WORK.—A great amount of time and a corresponding amount of profit is lost on many farms by the want of system in performing the work required. This is more particularly the case when many things need to be attended to and different kinds of work done nearly at the same time. At no season of the year is this more the case than at the present. The month of May is to a great extent the seed-time of the year, at least in this latitude, and when the farmer sees what a variety of crops are to be planted, it is not strange that he should feel somewhat perplexed as to what he shall attend to first. To all who are in any doubt as to what course they shall pursue, we would recommend that the very first evening after reading this article they sit down, take a sheet of paper, put down on it the several crops to be provided for, or the different kinds of work to be done, and then systematically arrange them in their proper order, putting some one first and the others in regular succession, and then do the work in that order. Much time will be lost in any business by indecision, and by the want of adhering to some order or form for accomplishing the business. Order is one of the first laws of nature, and without it human nature cannot bring much to pass; but with order, with real system faithfully carried out, wonders may be effected. Those who have much land to cultivate will find that systematic planning and systematic labor will be of more value than an additional hand on the farm.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE SOUTHERN RAILROAD.—The hotels of Cincinnati are filled with the delegates who have repaired thither from the States of Kentucky, Tennessee and South Carolina to consult with the business men of Cincinnati as to the plan of building the proposed route, and termini of the great Southern railway which our Cincinnati contemporaries say is universally regarded to be a fixed fact. These gentlemen say they have never known a public enterprise to awaken such universal and profound interest. The gentlemen who have gone there to invite investigation and compare notes with the commercial men of Cincinnati, are represented as men of wealth and position, "terribly in earnest," and willing and anxious to render a hearty co-operation in all matters looking to the consummation of the grand result.

RICHMOND, May 15.—Considerable interest was excited to-day by a statement that the United States Grand Jury had found indictments against several office-holders for perjury in taking the test oath after having aided the rebellion.

CONFEDERATE DEAD UNEARTHED—TWENTY ACRES OF HUMAN BONES.—The Richmond *Dispatch* says:

"While our ladies are mounding and decorating the graves in Oakwood, and while the massive stone monument to the memory of those who lie in Hollywood is gradually approaching completion, it is distressing to hear of the neglect of the bones of those who are buried where they fell—on the hill sides and in the valleys in other parts of the State. The reports that reach us of the sacrilegious conduct of many Virginia farmers are so shocking that we hesitate to give them credence although our duty as journalists require us to lay them before our readers. A few weeks ago we published an account of the state of affairs at Fort Harrison, which subsequent investigation proved too true. Now comes a most harrowing story from Malvern Hill, where so many of our best and bravest with their last drops of blood sealed their devotion to the Southern cause. On the Northwest side of the fort a most terrible scene presents itself. Thousands of Confederate soldiers having been buried where they fell, twenty acres or more have just been ploughed up by the owner of the field, and the ploughshare turned to the surface all the skeletons. Over the whole tract the bones are strewn in profusion, and grinning skulls stare the visitor in the face on every hand. When the farmer was questioned he said the land was now the richest piece he had, and in justification of the sacrilegious act, stated that 'he didn't put 'em there, nohow.' The writer learned afterward that the bones had been taken away by the cart load and sold to fertilizing mills in Richmond. Two humane men, too poor to do anything else, came one day while we were there and attempted to burn some of the bones to prevent the wretches from carting them off."

MALICIOUS.—Immediately after their induction into office, the new radical Mayor—Pillsbury—and Aldermen of Charleston, removed the pictures of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson, that formerly hung in the Council Chamber, to be replaced by pictures of Generals Grant and Sherman. This is contemptible meanness—as it was intended to vex and insult the good people of Charleston; and, indeed, all true men of the South. Lee and Jackson—whether dead or alive—will be gratefully remembered by every patriotic man and woman in the South, so long as virtue, bravery and true nobility finds a votary. Such deep seated and implacable malice, will meet its reward in due time.—*Spartanburg Gazette.*

THE UNITED STATES COURT—HON. GEO. S. BRYAN, PRESIDING.—The case of Hampton *vs.* Trenholm, Fraser & Co., the trial of which has for some days been pending in this Court, was yesterday brought to a close. The defendants purchased during the war a plantation and a large number of negro slaves, valued at $300,000. For this they paid $150,000 in Confederate currency, and executed their bond, secured by a mortgage of the property purchased for the remainder of the purchase money, payable after the war. Suit was brought upon the bond, and the defendants, among other things, claimed:

1st. That under the Ordinance of the Convention of 1865 they were entitled to show the true nature and value of the consideration.

2nd. That the contract for the purchase of the slaves was made after Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, and, therefore, the sale in this respect was without consideration.—That in law the plaintiff had at that time no valid title, and had, therefore, nothing to sell, and the defendant nothing to buy.

3d. That so far as the land was concerned, all that could be recovered was the value in Treasury notes, in proportion to the unpaid portion of its purchase in Confederate currency.

These points were contested by the plaintiff, who contended that the contract was a valid one, and that being payable after the war, it was payable in lawful money of the United States.

The case elaborately argued by Messrs. Wm. K. Bachman and Theo. G. Barker for the plaintiffs, and Messrs. A. G. Magrath and C. G. Memminger for the defendants.

Judge Bryan, as we understand, charged the jury in favor of the positions taken by the defendants. He held Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation to have been valid and conclusive, and as divesting from that date all title in slaves.

The jury retired, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff of $168,970.

[*Charleston Courier.*

THE COTTON CROP.—A factorage firm has furnished us with the following extract of a letter from Laurens C. H. dated May 12th, 1869: "The people all over this District and the neighboring District, I believe, are ploughing up the cotton. Some are replanting with cotton, and some with corn."

LEE AND GRANT.—The New York *Day Book* tells the following, which, if it be a story, has nevertheless a deep moral in it:

Lingard, at his theatre on Broadway, is in the habit of personating the character of living men of note. The other night he came out in the character of Gen. Lee, looking, it is said, perfectly like that distinguished hero, and the whole audience responded with loud and prolonged applause. But his next character, immediately following that of Lee, was Gen. Grant, which caused only the faintest response from four or five individuals. We have no doubt that this incident reflects very faithfully the relative popularity of Lee and Grant in this city. New York needs reconstructing more than New Orleans does, or even than Richmond.

WORLD TELEGRAPHS.—The earth is becoming very contracted in its dimensions, as the iron bands of railroad and telegraph are drawing its utmost limits together. Simultaneously with the completion of the great Pacific Railroad, uniting New York and San Francisco, and making the journey between the two cities one of a week, instead of a month, we have the announcement that, in the course of the present year, the telegraph is virtually to encircle the globe. Gov. Curtin, President of the East India Telegraph Company, was in Washington last week to confer with the authorities in regard to the communication with China. The Company have a grant, procured by Mr. Burlingame when he was the American Minister in China, authorizing them to lay a cable between Canton and Shanghai, thus connecting the commercial cities of the Asiatic coast by telegraph. They have 500 miles of cable ready to lay down, and will have the remaining 500 miles ready to ship during the summer. Orders are to be issued to the commander of the Asiatic squadron to render all the neccessary aid and protection. The State Department will instruct our Minister and Consuls to give their official aid to the enterprise. This line, it is stated will be completed during the present year, and by that time there will be a continuous line from the Mediterranean Sea, by India, to China, thus connecting the commercial cities of the Asiatic coast with Europe and America.—*N. Y. Observer.*

SLAVES STILL.—The Washington *Intelligencer* says the negro is as much a slave as he ever was. Enrolled in Loyal Leagues, bound up to obedience by oaths, controlled in the service of political masters, his subjection is the same, except that his boss is changed. That has been the case to a very considerable extent, but the negroes are beginning to find out that they have masters still, and very unprofitable ones, and are asserting their freedom all over the South.

☞ The area of London, as defined by the Registrar-General, and including extensive suburbs, is about 78,000 acres, or nearly 122 square miles. On this area stand more than 400,000 inhabited houses, with an average of nearly eight persons to a house, giving a mean density of 40 persons to an acre. The estimated population at the present time is 3,126,685. The county rate assessment of 1866 placed the animal value of property in London at £15, 261,909.

☞ A misguided Missouri editor demolishes ex-Secretary Stanton in the following ferocious manner: "Stanton, the frog-souled, hyena-hearted, fiendish executioner of Mrs. Surratt and murderer of Wirz, was lately baptized and taken into a 'loyal' church at Pittsburg. If ten thousand baptismal washings; yea, if being anchored, with a millstone tied to his neck, in mid-ocean, for a century, will save Stanton, the devil, amid all his culinary, sinner-cooking apparatus, needn't despair."

WEATHER AND CROPS.—On the night of the 5th instant, a great rain fell throughout the Disiriet, accompanied with hail, washing the lands and doing considerable damage to cotton just coming up, and corn. These crops are very backward and the stand invariably complained of as bad. The weather remains cool, and up to the morning of the 9th we hear reports of slight frost. Oats and wheat look healthy and promising, but the surface seeded is considered comparatively narrow.—*Laurensville Herald.*

☞ Nearly 800,000 children were born in England and Wales alone during the year 1868, and as the deaths during that period were under 500,000, a clear addition of some 300,000 was made to the population of the country. Upon an average, 50,000 or 60,000 persons leave yearly, so that the net increase of the population may be put, perhaps, at 240,000.

☞ In several counties of lower Virginia, as far up as Nottoway and Amelia, the cultivation of the "peanut" has been commenced on quite a large scale, and in some places is actually taking the place of tobacco as a money