

KEOWEE COURIER.

—TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

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THE KEOWEE COURIER,

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TERMS.

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TRAVELLING SOUTH.

The story I was about to tell isn't much of a yarn,' said the officer called upon, a young South Carolinian, 'its only recommendation consists in its being new and true, as we say in the Palmetto State. Such as it is you are welcome to it.'

'Liftenant, take a little of the squeezed limon before ye begin.'

'Thank you, Captain Hennesy—your health, sir. Well, gentlemen, about six months ago I had occasion to make a journey to Pensacola, travelling on horseback across the State of Georgia. It is well known that there are large tracts in the territory of our Southern neighbor, that have proved very ungrateful to the labors of the husbandman—here Laurens looked at the Major with a peculiar expression. These districts are, in consequence, but sparsely settled, and ill provided with the necessaries of life.

On the third day of my journey, I had ridden about twenty miles, through one of these tracts, a dry, pine barren, without having caught the first glimpse of a human habitation. I was faint with hunger and thirst: so was my horse, who would stretch out his neck and groan piteously at each new prospect of the hot sandy road that opened before us. The poor brute was ready to drop, when, on turning a corner, you may fancy my delight, at seeing a large and substantial log house, with a pine mast stuck up before the door, and a bold swinging sign, upon which was leg in bold characters, the word 'Hotel!'

I rubbed my eyes, and then shaded them with my hand, to make sure it was not the mirage, which frequently makes its appearance upon these sandy plains. But no; it was a house, sure enough, and better still, a hotel.

I straightened myself up in the saddle. My horse whickered and stepped out cheerily. 'Come,' said I, patting him on the neck, 'we're through it at last, old fellow; you'll soon be up to your years in the best of Georgia corn, and I—' Here the anticipated enjoyment of ham and eggs, fried chicken, strong coffee, hot biscuit, or waffles, and perhaps a pickle or so, deprived me of the power of speech, and I rode up to the 'Hotel' in silence.

'As I rode nearer the house, it began to look weather-beaten and desolate like, and I was growing fearful it might be uninhabited; but no—there sat the landlord in the porch, and I take it, his two sons—it's all right,' thought I, and I rode up and drew bridle, in front of the door.

The three individuals whom I had observed in the porch—three sallow, dry-looking chaps, in their shirt sleeves—did not move an inch. I am not certain that they even changed the direction of their eyes. A couple of gaunt, yellow dogs that lay on the stoop, remained equally motionless.

'Come,' thought I, 'this is cool for people who keep a house of entertainment—they ought to know, from the direction I have come, that I intend to put up for the night—they might offer to take one's horse, I should think.' But no one stirred. I began to think that the house might not be a tavern, as I had at first supposed; and I again looked up at the sign. Enough—the word 'Hotel' was there in large letters.

'Can I stop here for the night?' I enquired, at length. I waited for an answer, but none came. I repeated the question in a louder and more imperious tone.

'You kin if yer like, strenger,' replied the oldest of the three, but without moving a muscle, except those of his mouth.

'Have you got any corn?' enquired I, intending to make sure before alighting, as the house, on a nearer inspection, looked naked and empty.

'Got any corn?' echoed the same speaker as before.

'Yes, said I, 'corn.'

'No—we haint got any,' was the reply.

'Well, have you got any fodder, then?'

'Got any fodder?'
'Yes—fodder!'
'No—we haint got any.'
'This is bad,' thought I—my poor horse—I will have to turn him loose, and I might as well tie him up,' I continued to reflect, as on looking around I could not see a blade of grass within the circuit of a mile. I had best hitch him to the post—take a hurried snack, and ride on to the next house—but first let me see what they can give me.'

All the time I was occupied with these reflections, the three men had remained silent and motionless, except when one or the other of them would raise his hand and bring it down with a smart slap over his cheek, or along his thigh, or behind his ear, as though one and all of them had been afflicted with the malady of St. Vitus.

'I was, at first, startled with these demonstrations, but upon a little reflection, I perceived that my saturnine friends were only killing mosquitoes.'

'Have you got any ham and eggs?' I asked, at length.

'Got any ham and eggs?' echoed the original speaker, with an emphasis, that clearly belokened surprise.

'Yes—ham and eggs,' repeated I.

'No—we haint got any.'

'A pity,' thought I—I was fond of ham and eggs; 'have you got any chickens, then?'

'Chickens?'

'Yes,' said I, 'chickens.'

'No—we haint got any chickens, neery chicken.'

'Well, have you got any meat?'

'Got any meat?'

'Yes—any sort of meat—beef, pork, mutton, or y—recovered, one reindeer, I'm

'No, I'm not particular to wear a

'No—we haint got any.'

'Any bread?'

'Yes, bread—a piece of bread and a glass of water—that, to a hungry man, is a banquet.'

'No—we haint got no bread.'

'Well, my friend, have you got anything to eat of my kind?'

'Anything to eat of any kind?'

'Yes—anything—I'm as hungry as a wolf.'

'No, we haint got nothing to eat of neery kind.'

'Well, old fellow, will you tell me how the devil you do here, any how?'

'Very well, thank ye, strenger, how de yer deo, yerself?'

I gave a violent wrench at the bridle which brought my horse round like a pivot, and digging the spurs into his sides, I headed him at the road. But the poor beast did not need any driving; for, whether he had been satisfied by his own inspection of the place, or whether he had understood the conversation, he broke into a desperate gallop, and did not stop until we had reached the top of a long hill. Here I had the curiosity to turn round in the saddle, and look back; and, to my astonishment, the three men were still seated just as I had left them; and I really believe that they are sitting there to this day!—*Mayne Reid's new work, 'War Life.'*

AFRICA.

What a wonderful continent it is, thus rounded, smooth-shored Africa; known from the earliest dawn of time, yet so unknown; the granary of nations, yet sterile and fruitless as the sea; swarming with life, yet dazzling the eyes of the Moon-men with its vast tracts of glittering sand. North America, first seen but the other day, has been probed from end to end; its gallant and restive Philips, Pontais, Tecumthes, and Montezumas have been bridled and broken by the white man; but Africa has sent no Cortez, nor even a De Soto or La Salle, "wringing favors from fate," as Santa Anna has it. Some solitary Mungo Park, or faithful Lander, or persevering Burckhardt, alone has tried to read the secret of the mother of civilization, the gray-haired Africa.

If we seek a land of romance and mystery what quarter of the globe can compare with that which holds the pyramids; the giant Theban temples, on one roof of which clusters a modern village; the solemn, hewn mountain-cliff of a Sphinx; the ruins of Carthage; the Nile, with its hidden sources; the Niger, with its unknown outlet; the heaven-bearing Atlas; the dimly seen mountains of the moon?

There Joseph, rose romantically to be the ruler of millions; there Moses, floating in his cradle, is saved, as the purest spirit of romance, by a king's daughter, and, like the hero of some earlier chivalry, Arthur and Merlin one, breaks the bonds of his people and founds a new and mighty nation; there was the home of Dido, of Hannibal, the scene of Scipio's triumphs, Jugurtha's crimes; there lived Tertulian, Athanasius and Augustine;

the romance of the Moors dwelt there; the last breath of the sainted Louis of France was drawn there; and but a year has elapsed since the last shout of the latest hero of romance, Abd-el-Kader, came faintly across the Atlantic.

Africa is the home of the leviathan, the behemoth, the unicorn, the giraffe, the slight antelope, scarce bigger than a cat, the earth-shaking elephant, the unaccountable lion, the all conquering buffalo. It is the home too, of the mysterious negro races, races yet lying dormant, in the germ.

The Past, Present, and Future of Africa are alike wrapped in mystery. Who can tell us the childhood of dark-browed Egypt, square-shouldered and energetic? Carthage, the England of the old world's ruler, has not even a romancing Livy, still less an unwearied Niebuhr, to explain her rise, and untangle the mysteries of her constitution. Of all the vast interior, the Abyssinians and Sondons, what do we know more than the Punic merchants, who, like us, dealt there, taking slaves; ivory, and gold?

LETTER TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

Mrs. Swisselm, in a late number of the "Saturday Visitor," has the following letter to country girls. She talks "right out" to them:

You know I said that I could quilt almost as fast as two of you. The reason is, I take care of my hands. One half of you are so proud to do this. You would not be caught putting a glove on to sweep, or hoe, or weed in the garden, because you think it would look as if you wanted to be fine ladies. If you see any one take care of her hands,

serve her complexion, you say she is "proud and stuck up." But it is you who are proud. You have an idea you look well enough at any rate. So you just make yourself as rough and coarse as ever you can, by way of being independent. Your hands grow as stiff and hard as if you held a plough and swung a scythe, and when you take a needle you can scarcely feel it in your fingers. This is wrong. There are many things which women ought to do, which require their hands to be soft and pliable, and they should be careful to keep them so, in order to make them useful. Every woman who lives in the country should knit herself a pair of woolen gloves, with long fingers closed at the tops—not mitts to let the fingers get hard. There should be a piece of ribbed work at the wrists to make them stay on. When you use your hoe, rake or broom, put on your gloves—when you take hold of a skillet, pot, or kettle handle, take a cloth to keep your hands from being hardened. When you wash clothes or dishes, do not have water so hot as to feel unpleasant. Many girls scald their hands until they can put them into water almost boiling. Such hands are unfit to use a needle or a pin. They are not so good to hold a baby or dress a wound. Take care of your hands, and do not forget your faces. I have seen many country girls who at sixteen had complexions like alabaster, and at twenty-six their faces would look like a rumnet bag that had hung six weeks in the chimney corner.

One reason of this is, they do not wear a bonnet to protect them from the sun. Another reason is, the habit of baking their faces before a wood fire. I have seen women stand before a great roaring fire and cook, until I thought their brains were as well stewed as chickens; and they would get so used to it that they would make no attempt to shield their heads from the heat. Nay, they would sit down in the evening and bake their faces by the hour; and this is one of the reasons why American women grow old, withered and wrinkled fifteen years before their time. But another and the greatest reason is, your diet. People in this country live too well and eat too much hot bread and meat. Country people usually eat richer food than those who live in the cities, and that is a reason why, with all their fresh air, their average age is little greater than that of city folks. Thousands of beautiful, blooming country girls, make old sallow faced women of themselves before they are thirty, by drinking coffee, smoking tobacco, and eating hot bread. They shorten their lives by these practices about as much as city ladies with their fashionable follies. I do not know what you think about it, girls, but I think it is as much of a sin for women to get old, brown, withered faces, by eating too much, as it is for men to get red noses by drinking too much. Very few people think it a disgrace to have a bilious fever; but I would just as leave the doctor would tell me that I was drunk as that I was bilious. The one would come from drinking too much, the other from eating too much;

and where is the difference? All this is a serious matter, for it affects health and life; and the reason why I talk about your complexions in speaking of it is, that every body loves to look well whether they acknowledge it or not. Now, people cannot look well unless they are well; and no one can be well very long who does not try to take care of herself. The woman who roasts her head at the fire, disorders her blood, brings on headaches, injures her health, and makes her face look like a piece of leather; when she swallows hot coffee, hot bread, greasy victuals and strong pickles, she destroys her stomach, rots her teeth, shortens her life, and makes herself too ugly for any use, except scaring the scrowls off the corn. J. G. S.

DOCTORS' BILLS.

The folly of dabbling in medicine is very pleasantly hit off in the following humorous piece:

"About four years ago I was happily married to a very prudent lady, and, being of the same disposition myself, we made a very prudent couple. Some time after our marriage my wife told me that doctors' bills were very high, and as we could not always expect to be free from disease, she thought it best to purchase some doctors' books, 'and thus,' said she with a smile, 'we can steal their trade at once.' This I agreed to, and made it my particular business to attend all auctions of books, in order to buy medical books at the lowest rate. In fine, in less than twelve months I had bought a couple of 'Dispensaries,' 'Buchan's Family Physician,' two or three treatises on the art of preserving health, by different authors; seven treatises on the diseases of children, and divers others of the greatest note. My wife spent all the time she could spare from the economy of her household in studying them, and as soon as my store was shut up in the evening, I edified myself with a few receipts from my Dispensary.

"As soon as spring arrived my dear wife informed me that she found it positively enjoined by some of our writers that we must swallow a large dose of cream of tartar and brimstone, to be taken every evening for three weeks, in molasses; this the whole family complied with; first I myself, who, being the head of the family, I reckon first; my wife, my brother Dick, who lives with me, my son and my daughter, my negro boy, and the servant maid. This cure we all went through to the entire satisfaction of my wife, who had the pleasure to find her medicine had the desired effect.

"Soon after this the contagion of reading medical books spread through all my family, and scarce a day passed but some of them made use of some medicine or other. My poor brother Dick, after he had permission to read my books, had acquired a dejected countenance, the cause of which I could not conceive. At last he broke silence: 'Brother,' said he, 'supposing that I had read more than myself, 'feel my pulse; I think I have too much blood; had not I better get bled? you know that if too much gets into the head it produces apoplexy: the symptoms of its appearance, says Buchan, are remarkable redness in the face, and you see that is exactly the case with me. I could not but laugh at him; he was indeed red in the face, but such redness as indicated the very offspring of health. Our maid, from an education at a country school, had learned to read; she earnestly requested her mistress to lend her a doctor book to read on Sunday afternoon. This reasonable request was granted; but, poor creature! being not of the fairest complexion in the world, she in a little while became quite low spirited, and finding my wife and me alone one evening she came in, and ventured to express herself thus: 'La! mistress; I am concerned and afraid I shall get the yellow jaunders, as I begin to look yellow in the face.' Decency prevented my smiling for awhile, but when she had left the room I could not but enjoy a laugh. My negro boy is always eating roasted onions for a cold, but as he cannot read, he has luckily escaped every other disorder. One night, as we were about going to bed my wife desired me in the most serious manner that if she should ever be taken with a locked jaw that I should rub her jaw with musk, as she was convinced, from comparing her arguments of a variety of authors, that this was the best remedy. I told her there was no danger of such an event, as I had Dr. Cullen's word for it that it seldom attacked females; indeed, I am convinced that a lock jawed lady is *rara avis in terris*.

Hitherto our family medicines were used with confidence and satisfaction on all sides, till I considered one day that our family, without a doctor, had consumed more medicine in one year than my fa-

ther's family used to do with the advice of a physician in six years. But one day when my wife told me she thought it would be well to weigh our food before we eat it, lest we should eat too much or too little, and that *Sancuoriosa* advised it for good reasons, I got such a disgust to our scheme that I resolved gradually to abandon it. I am now convinced of the truth of a saying of a rational medical writer, 'one or more things must happen to every human body—to live temperately, to use exercise, to take physic, or be sick.' And I am pretty certain that if I and my family persevere in the two former courses, we need not be in danger of the two last."

ODD-FELLOWSHIP

AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

The great difference that is seen between the Odd-Fellowship of to-day, and that of thirty years ago, cannot but strike all who reflect upon it as a most notable fact. The many and great dangers through which the Order has passed during the last quarter of a century, the new features it has developed, the new capabilities for good it has revealed and is constantly revealing, are proofs that it originated in a providential design. The first Odd-Fellows were blind instruments in the hands of heaven; the humble artisans who laid the foundation of a glorious temple; without knowing its object or design.

At first, Odd-Fellowship presented aspects decidedly objectionable and immoral. It relieved many of the painful necessities of life, it is true; but its moral influence was entirely bad. Among the by-laws of Lodges of the first period we find the following: "If any of the members think proper to meet with the officers on a Sunday evening, they are at liberty to do so; provided they pay for their own liquor, and come in a state of sobriety."

In the by-laws of another Lodge the following appears: "One pint of beer shall be allowed to each brother on attending a committee of this Lodge. Any member sleeping, eating, swearing, singing an indecent or political song, or giving during Lodge hours, shall be fined not less than one shilling."

Now let one compare with the above, the by-laws of our Order as it is to-day, and see the immense progress it has made. Even the most bitter opponents of the Order do not bring any charges of immorality against it, or express any fear at all on this ground. On the contrary, it is acknowledged on all hands that its influence is conservative of morality; that all its rules and obligations in this direction are as strict as those of the Church.

It is true there are bad men in the Order, and pity it is that it is true. But if knavish Judases cannot be kept out of the sacred pale of the Holy Church, how can it be expected that Odd-Fellowship, a purely secular institution, can be free of them?

The Order now asserts, and positively insists upon every virtue, and denounces in earnest and indignant tones every vice; while it seeks to relieve temporal suffering and to meet many of the cruel perplexities and inconveniences of life, it aims to make men more moral, more fraternal, more benevolent, and more upright. It is worthy, therefore, the good will and support of all good men. The humbleness and obscurity of its origin, nor the objectionable attributes it at first exhibited, should be remembered to its prejudice. It is enough for us to know that it has outgrown them all, and in this we see an evidence that a divine and redeeming idea is enshrined within it, which will shine more purely and brightly through all the future, or until its great destiny shall have been fulfilled.—*Gazette and Rule.*

SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

The New-Orleans Picayune says: We notice with pleasure the increasing number of cotton factories springing up in the South. We have already a goodly number scattered through North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and hear of others in contemplation. In this laudable work we say "go ahead!"

We notice a neat little enterprise in the manufacture of our great staple, thus stated in the Natchez Courier:

The Mississippi Manufacturing Company at Draine's Mill's, Choctaw county, is now in successful operation, yielding a large dividend. It has now 500 spindles in operation, which consume daily 500 pounds of spun thread. The cost of the cotton consumed every day is \$15, other expenses \$10, making in all \$25. The manufactured article sells readily at 27 cents, making the whole product of the spindles \$86 per day! What a splendid investment,