

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.—

VOL. 1.

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THE KEOWEE COURIER,

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TERMS.

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FOR THE "KEOWEE COURIER."

PICKENS DISTRICT—HER PROSPECTS.

While we view with delight the rapid advance of our Union to a consummation of wealth and greatness unequalled by any part of the globe, or any other form of government, and see its unparalleled advance in agriculture, commerce, science and literature, and notice with complacency our wide extended territory, embracing every variety of climate from Canada to the Pacific Ocean, rich in lands and valuable minerals, inhabited by an energetic active population—forming the very elements of national greatness: while we look on with pride, may we not be pardoned, if we look around us at home—our own District—and see how much we have to hope for the future?

Pickens District has many advantages: it is blessed with a salubrious climate and good soil. No land can exceed in richness, that which is found on the margin of its streams, known as bottom land, which produces abundantly grain of every description—such as corn, wheat, rye, oats, rice, &c. &c. The upland also yields a good harvest to the industrious farmer. It is not generally known beyond the limits of the District, that any of our land is adapted to the growth of cotton, and indeed, our own people seem to forget that this valuable staple will thrive. I beg leave to refer back twenty years, or soon after the Village of Pickens was located, at that period cotton was raised rather extensively! I remember well when my friend, Silas Kirksey, Esq., took in 35 or 40 bales every fall for several years in payment for goods sold to the neighborhood; and other merchants also received cotton in the same way.

I have seen as good cotton grow on the plantation of Samuel Reid, Esq., as I ever did in Abbeville District. I feel confident when I assert that from 1000 to 1200 lbs. can be produced to the acre off our best land; it is true, our people do not, nor have not raised cotton to any extent lately, for which I can assign two reasons: first, the price of the article for some years passed has not justified its cultivation;—secondly, it is so far to market that the carriage effects material to the price, fully one sixth part of the value being paid for transportation; and indeed, the same objection is applicable to corn, flour, oats, bacon, lard, tallow, beeswax, Irish potatoes, apples, &c., &c., which our teeming District produces so plentifully.

But now, a new era begins to dawn upon us; one which is to place us in the most favorable condition, one which is to offer renown to industry, and pay for all our productions—which will bring a market to our doors, where we can sell our grain and cotton for cash: I allude to the Rail Road now so vigorously being built from Columbia to Anderson C. H., bringing the sea-board, and the mountains within one day's ride of each other, and thus, affording us an opportunity of getting full compensation for all we can produce. It is a well known fact, that England, Ireland, (unhappy country) and other European countries, do not produce a sufficient quantity of grain for their consumption; owing to the fact of over population; this fact has induced shipments of corn from New York and New Orleans an article of food never used by Europeans until 1846; it was then shipped as a

mere speculation to see if it would be used as food: at first it was not well received, but pressing wants soon set aside flimsy objections, and now it is used freely, and has become an article of exportation, as much so as cotton, pork, cheese, wool, ice &c., &c. But who derives the benefit of this new article of export? Why New York, Maryland and the valley of the Mississippi, only however, because of their facility for shipping to New York Baltimore and New Orleans. Give us the same advantage for sending our grain to Charleston, and we too shall soon be the exporters of the staff of life.

It is well known that the Genessee Country, now the finest grain growing part of the world, was once valueless: the land could be purchased at 25 to 50 cents per acre. What is it now worth? at least one hundred dollars per acre. What has caused this unprecedented enhancement? Simply the Erie Canal; by the means of which, immense quantities of produce find an easy transportation to Albany, from there down to New York.

The Genessee country is now cultivated like a garden, yielding from 40 to 60 bushels to the acre. What an improvement of lands once valueless! Without a market it would have remained a much poorer country than Pickens; but with New York for a market, and through her the market of Europe, it has become proverbial as the richest country in the Union. The master mind, the energetic man, who planned and completed the Erie Canal, now sleeps in death, but his memory is fresh in the bosoms of all who love improvement. His genius has enriched the State of New York; his indomitable perseverance and energy has placed her in advance of any State in the Union in a commercial point of view, and makes it not presumption in her to have engraved on her arms, her motto "Excelsior."

So may, and so will our District prosper with the means of transportation give us a Railroad, and our deserts will bud and blossom like the rose; our rich valleys will soon groan beneath the richest harvests; it will set us to work—reward sweetens labor. Only satisfy our farmers that a certain cash payment will be made for all their products, and you will set them to work with a zeal and activity that would excite the approval of the most industrious; and Pickens will become the wealthy grain growing District, and take her stand side by side with the most favored in the State.

It is a well known fact, that a country which produces grain becomes at last the most wealthy—all the reader has to do is to look at those parts of the globe which produce grain, as a confirmation of this fact. The land by a succession of small grain, becomes richer and richer, and more capable of larger yields annually; stock of all kinds thrive better, make better horses, mules, cows, heaves, sheep, hogs, &c., (see Tennessee and Kentucky.) It is also known that cotton, planted year after year impoverishes land, and will sooner or later drive the producers of it to a new country for fresh lands, which, in its time, becomes exhausted, and they again and again take up the line of march for fresher and newer lands.

I am told, and by good authority too, that lands in Alabama and Mississippi, which were once the best, are now spent and valueless—torn and washed into gulches by excessive cotton culture; and that the owners have gone to Texas or Arkansas for a new home.

In two years more, we have every reason to believe that the Rail Road will be completed to Anderson C. H., coming within 15 miles of our District line, and only 28 miles from our Village; thus, giving us a market at our doors for all our produce; the consequence will be the enhancement of our lands to almost double their present value, while it will inspire a surplus in our populace, and incite them to greater exertions to produce an overplus for market.

I cannot pass on without paying a tribute of respect, however humble and

weak it may be, to the energetic, noble, and manly exertions of our Anderson friends,—a more Herculean task has never been imposed upon talent, oratory, indomitable perseverance and capital, in this State, than has been upon our Anderson brethren; and nobly have they battled against all opposition, until at last, the golden hopes are nearly realized. By their extraordinary enterprise they will transform their beautiful Village into a thriving city. The time will come, when such names as Benson, Orr, Whitner, Reid, and Brown and others of kindred spirits, will be placed conspicuously side by side with, De Witt Clinton, the great constructor of the Erie Canal.

PRO PATRIA.

PICKENS C. H., July 17, 1849
[To be continued next week.]

IRISH EVICTIONS.

Sir Robert Peel's animadversions on the barbarous evictions in Ireland must have the hearty sympathy of the entire British public, and of the great majority of the Irish people. Imagine 15,000 people driven from their homes in one union in a season of extreme distress and misery, and since that sweeping extermination 1,200 more have had their dwellings levelled to the ground. And for the details of barbarity how harrowing is Capt. Kennedy's official evidence: He says—for, mark, he is the person who saw this dreadful state of things—he went into a wretched house—I have forgotten whether it had a roof or not—which had been taken possession of by a father, a mother, and their two children, who had all been evicted from their home. The father was lying dead, the woman, in a state of hopeless dysentery, was about to die, and the children were lying fast asleep on the corpse of their father. He next mentions the case of a woman in dysentery, who was lying in a wretched hovel, whence the smell of dung was so offensive that he could hardly approach it. The third case he mentioned was, that a few days since, at a stone-breaking depot, he saw a man suddenly seize on the remnant of a pair of shoes, and taking them, start across the fields in the way to which eyes had been directed. He saw a fire in the same direction, and he made inquiry as to the cause of the man's sudden departure, and he was then told that the man, having been driven from his wretched house the day before, occupied a still worse mud hovel on the land. His eye had been caught by the fire, he started off, and found that in his absence the person who driven him from his home had set fire to his miserable dwelling.

Well said Robert Peel that such damning facts as these are not to be found paralleled in the records of any country civilized or barbarous.

We have more than once assimilated these cruel evictions to the sort of ejectment practiced by bucaniers, called "walking the plank." The pirates give their prisoners notice to quit; they say, "we have no room for you on board, you are sheer lumber to us, or worse than lumber, for you consume our provisions, so we desire you to leave the ship and shift for yourself in the ocean, for we cannot afford to be encumbered with you any longer." And the unfortunate creatures are made to step on the plank, which is tilted up and drops them in the sea. To a man whose existence depends on the occupation of a plot of land, an eviction is as much a sentence of destruction as throwing one overboard is at sea. The argument for both proceedings are the same—"You are in the way, we cannot afford to be burdened with you, you trouble and embarrass us, we shall be the better quit of you. We shall not blow your brains out or cut your throat, but simply take from you your footing here and leave you to sink or swim as you best may."

We may be told that the time was when the parallel was good, but that the poor law has given the right of existence, and that the tenant who is made to walk the plank drops into the workhouse.—But this very resource, wretched as it is, is the special object of the Irish landlord's hostility. The very men who are mercifully sweeping away whole populations with the besom of destruction, are the loudest in their declamations against the poor law; which is the only weak remedy against their cruelty, stopping it short of the effects of utter starvation and death. The poor law is to evictions what the life preserver would be to the "walking the plank," and the waste of the life preserver is the theme of the angriest complaints. The expense

is grudged and bewailed, as the bucaniers would grumble at the cost of a spar flung to support a wreck who had been made to walk the plank.

Of course Sir Robert Peel's denunciations of these evictions extremely angered a portion of the Irish representatives, and he was charged with bringing this class of Irish proprietors into odium.—"Each cries that was levelled at me."—No accusation could be more idle and groundless. Sir Robert Peel drew attention to particular abuses of power and wrongs to humanity; and his animadversion and the scope of the exposure did not go beyond the persons implicated in these acts officially instanced and authenticated. Irish landlords should be most forward in coming forth to reprobate such horrible misconduct in members of their class, and to clear themselves of any suspicion of countenancing such atrocities by supporting the man bold enough to denounce them, and to say "thus dost thou." The best friend of the Irish landlords is he who points out the plague spots on the body. A sweeping indiscriminate condemnation of Irish land lords would be most unjust, there being men amongst them who act the noblest parts in the most trying difficulties; but there are others who can only be restrained or punished by the brand of public shame, and their misdeeds Sir Robert Peel has brought under a flood of light.

But he should do more; he should not shrink from naming the men who have proved themselves capable of heinous barbarities. It is a wrong to the innocent and deserving to withhold the name; of those who merit reprobation. The imputation not fixed to the objects meriting obloquy, spreads beyond them, flinging its shade where it should not attach.

London Examiner.

[From the Palmetto State Banner.] THE HEROIC AGE AND THE HEROIC PRESIDENT.

At length the pie-bald covering, under which the Federal party smuggled themselves into power, has been rent asunder, and they stand before us in all the hideousness of their naked deformity. The no-party trick has been detected, and the Janus-faced policy, resorted to by the Whig leaders, has been exposed. The people of the United States have made the discovery, that they have been the dupes of political Charlatans and jugglers, and like all who find out that they have been cheated, heartily despise, those who have practiced the deception upon them. The charm which has heretofore surrounded the name of the successful military chieftain, has been broken, in the reality of a weak, imbecile and ignorant President. The giant of Palo Alto and Buena Vista, that loomed so large in the distance before the admiring gaze of an astonished and grateful people, has dwindled into an insignificant pigmy upon the political boards at Washington. So long as "distance lent enchantment to the view," and we knew General Taylor only through the graceful and elegant writings of Maj. Bliss, or the inflated panegyrics of those political leeches, who hoped to drag themselves out of the quagmire of insignificance, by pumping gas into Gen. Taylor's Balloon, we enjoyed the grateful delusion of believing in the "stern integrity," the "iron will," and the "honorable independence" of the old Hero, and vain hoped, in spite of our better judgments, that the predictions of his friends, might, at least in part, be verified. But alas, the bubble has burst and a collapse has ensued, and we have before us, in the person of the Second Washington (as he has irreverently been called) by far the greatest and most ridiculous humbug of the age. Herr Alexander, junior, is not a circumstance to him, and the "ineffectual fires" of Dr. Webster's magnetic cures, become pale, before the resplendent blaze of the successful humbuggery of the Heroic President and the Heroic Age.

Notwithstanding the strict guard which is kept over him, and the mystery and darkness in which his actions and doings in the Presidential chair have been shrouded, an occasional glimpse with which we are favored, serves to render our humiliation and mortification complete, by removing all doubt as to Gen. Taylor's utter incompetence for the exalted office to which he has been elevated.

It is related that on a recent occasion, a gentleman from one of the British provinces, called upon the President, and after being introduced, attempted to engage him in conversation on the subject of reciprocal duties. "Yes," said Gen. Taylor, "reciprocity, reciprocity—Yes, very good—Have the potatoes in your country got the rot? See Clayton about reciprocity. Let us talk about agriculture." The gentleman who relates this anecdote, tho' a whig, considered it was time to go, for he

could not but blush for the degradation of the office, which he saw so ignorantly filled. The story about the Sublime Porte, and the Port of Vera Cruz we will not repeat. Whether true or false, it serves to show that the public mind is fully awakened to the reality of Gen. Taylor's ignorance and incompetence. Another story is told, which seems to be well vouchered, and indeed from its nature, cannot well be doubted. It seems that Gen. Taylor had pledged himself not to appoint any but a citizen of the District of Columbia to any local office in that District; but, utterly oblivious of the recent retrocession of Alexandria to the State of Virginia, he appointed a resident of that city, to the office of Navy Agent for the port of Washington! Some confusion having arisen in the mind of the President, on account of the similarity of the names of the applicants, the enquiry was made of him, as to whom he really meant to give the office; to which he promptly replied, "Why the man who married the niece of my old friend B—. I don't know whether his name is Lathricum or Linthrop, nor do I care." This feeling of don't care a d—niteness is no doubt a very pleasant one, but we think, rather unbecoming the Chief Magistrate of a great and free people.

But the worst feature which these developments disclose, is the fact that Gen. Taylor has virtually surrendered the reins of government and the powers and duties of the office of President, which he has taken a solemn oath to discharge according to the Constitution, into the hands of his cabinet. The composition of that cabinet is of a character which affords but little ground for hope that the rights or interests of the South will be respected in any of the exciting questions which are expected to come up during the present administration. Verily we are enjoying the fruits of our folly in their fullest luxuriance. In the place of a Southern President, identified in interest, feeling and association with the South, we have an abolition regency, composed of men whose rank federal notions, and high Tariff predilections, are so far as the South is concerned, the least objectionable features of their political character. Gen. Taylor, we are told when remonstrated with, by those to whom he has promised office, but who have not received them, uniformly replies, "I am sorry for you, my friend—I did the best I could for you, but they outvoted me and gave the office to another." Will the South be satisfied with a similar answer, when the Cabinet outvotes General Taylor upon the questions of approving or vetoing the Wilnot Proviso? We shall see.

THE CITY OF ROME.

Rome is still where it has been for more than 2,600 years; it is upon the Tiber, sixteen miles from its mouth, which runs south through the western part of the city, and then turns west, and continues that course to its outlet, where it is some 300 feet wide. Much of what was formerly covered with buildings is now cultivated. This is particularly the case with much of the southeast part, within the city walls, and east and southeast of the Capitoline Hill. Bad air (malaria) is said to be the cause of the desertion of this part of the city. The ancient hills are still to be found, but are by no means so prominent as they once were, on account of the valleys having been filled up by the rubbish constantly accumulating. In this way the place of the ancient forum has been filled up at least fifteen feet. The land at the base of the Tarpean Rock is so much filled up that the modern traveller is prone to think that it would be far from certain death to be thrown from its top. It is not, as formerly, 75 feet high, with heaps of rocks below. In the northeast part are extensive gardens, and on the west side of them are the residences of the English and American inhabitants. The palace of the Pope is near the centre of the city. The church of St. Peter is on the west side; it is 750 feet long, and 550 wide, and will hold fifty-two thousand people. It cost \$50,000,000. The statue of St. Peter stands not far distant. It was formerly a statue of Jupiter, and was changed by one of the early Popes into that of the apostle by some mysterious power; without changing its material substance in the least; which gave rise to the remark of the wags that it was formerly the statue of Jupiter, and it is that of Jew-Peter still. The report that the great toe of this statue has been entirely worn away by the lips of the Catholics is not exactly true. It is a Protestant slander. Yet it is true that the repeated kisses of the faithful for hundreds of years have worn it away considerably. No Catholic passes it without stopping to kiss it.—Dr. Baird.