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- M. F. MITCHELL, Esq., " Pickensville.
- J. E. HAGOOD, " Twelve Mile.
- T. J. WEBB, for Anderson District.

"A little reflection" so far from having satisfied the *Courier*, that there is no difference between the resolutions of the democrats and whigs of Iowa published, and upon which we commented in our issue of the 4th inst., has but confirmed our first impressions. We have constantly advocated that all party ties should be obliterated by the question of Slavery, and in our own State, we have the pleasure to know that such is the case, and that we present an undivided front to our enemies. We would not have it otherwise, and the *Courier* has never attempted to dissever this union.—But while we advocate, irrespective of a blind adherence to party obligations, Southern rights, interests, and prosperity, we are not so infatuated as to reject an ally because he may live North of Mason & Dixon's line, nor because he may vote with us from what we conceive to be false reasons. Correct conclusions may be deduced from false premises, and this is the case in the resolutions of the democrats of Iowa: they say, "that the Territories of California and New Mexico come to us free and are now free," therefore it is "inexpedient and improper to add to the further distraction of the public mind by demanding in the name of the Wilmot Proviso, what is already secured by the laws of the land." Now we are not quite so ignorant of the politics of the day as to sanction their reasoning, or admit this doctrine, though we may approve in some degree their conclusion. It could not be expected that this State should occupy the same ground with ourselves, yet we maintain that it will be a source of grateful joy to every patriot, to see a portion of the North show her unwillingness to distract the peace and quiet of the Union. The whigs of the same State have manifested a spirit of hostility to the South in its full extent; and how any one who has read the resolutions of the two parties can come to the conclusion that there is no difference between them, is more than we can tell. Let the whigs speak for themselves:

"Resolved, That we are opposed to the extension of slavery into the Territory now free, and that we believe it to be the duty of the Federal Government to relieve itself of the responsibility of that institution whenever it has the Constitutional authority to do so, and that the legislation necessary to effect these objects should be adopted."

Is there a difference? The democrats say "it is expedient and improper" to pass the Wilmot Proviso—the whigs, that it is the duty of the Government to relieve itself of the responsibility of slavery whenever it has the constitutional authority to do so, and that such legislation should be adopted. In other words the whigs say that Congress should abolish slavery not only in the Territories, but wherever it has jurisdiction. And when our readers recollect, that an attempt was made during the last session of that body to abolish slavery in all such places as forts, navy yards, &c., even though situate in slaveholding States, the vast difference between the two positions may be readily perceived. We look to the conclusion of the democrats, and the probable results of it, deeming that it is of small moment to us from what reason a vote may be cast against the Proviso; and regarding the defeat of that measure as the great desideratum. Now what is the inference to be deduced from the two positions before us; that the democrats will vote against the Proviso, though for false reasons, and that the whigs will advocate its application not only to the Territories, but even to all places where Congress has the jurisdiction. Yet we are told that there is no difference between the positions. A. votes against the Proviso, because it is unconstitutional—B, because it violates the Missouri Compromise—C, because it is "inexpedient and improper." Shall we exclude C, because he arrives at the same conclusion from different reasons? This would certainly be bad policy. Defeat the Wilmot Proviso by such votes, if we can; and then it will be our folly, if we permit their false reasoning to keep us from removing to these Territories with our property. And when they have a sufficient population, these Territories will apply for admission as States, deciding the question of slavery by the voice of the people. This is all we ask. But to put doubt beyond the question, we give a short extract from the address adopted by the democrats, and which we regard as sufficient on this head:

"We hold that the very spirit in which the Constitution was adopted must ever be regarded by the true patriot as composing, to all intents and purposes, a component part of that instrument, so far as the general domestic policy of the nation is concerned; and that any proposition inconsistent therewith is as direct an assault upon the integrity of the Union as if aimed at the plainest provisions of the instrument itself. Viewing the question in this light, we have at all times, as a party, set our faces against the fanatical and unwarrantable attacks

of the Northern Abolitionists upon the feelings of the people of the South, and opposed their every attempt at unjust and unconstitutional interference. We would oppose, with equal zeal and firmness, any attempt on the part of the South to interfere with the domestic policy of the North; and for the same reason, we go for the UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION, and for the rights, the just interests, and the equal protection of ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY, and for the non-interference of each in the affairs of the others."

The allegation that we have done Gen. Cass injustice by stating that the democrats of Iowa had adopted his principle of non-interference, we think sufficiently answered by the above—they are opposed to the passage of the Wilmot Proviso, on different grounds from Gen. Cass to be sure, but we repeat with their reasons we have nothing to do. We would simply add that we have the pleasure to know that we gave justice to this Statesman long anterior to our friend of the *Messenger*.

Confining ourselves to the point at issue, we have given our reasons both for the "commendatory" and the "condemnatory" part of our article, and now leave the question to our intelligent reader, passing in silence the recommendation of the *Messenger*, and the points foreign to the issue.

CROPS IN THE UNITED STATES.

An article under this head appeared in the New York Herald of August 4th, which is too long to copy in detail; but as we are satisfied no subject would afford more general interest to the community, than the state of the crops throughout the country, we subjoin a brief synopsis for the information of our readers:

In Ohio, with the exception of a few districts, the wheat crop has entirely failed; early in the spring accounts were favorable and bountiful crops were anticipated, but the fly, the army worm; and the rust combined proved fatal to grain. Many of the Ohio farmers have abandoned the cultivation of wheat for that of corn and tobacco, both of which crops promise an abundant yield for the present season. The raising of sheep for wool is also engaging the attention of farmers, and promises to be one of the greatest resources: two counties alone showing a product of 600,000 pounds, from the last spring shearing.

In Indiana and Illinois, the soil being like that of Ohio, a similar combination of causes has blasted the prospects of the agriculturalist there.

The agriculturists of Kentucky and Missouri direct their attention to the production of hemp and flax, of which the yield of the present crop, it is said, will be very large.

"In the Eastern and Middle States where wheat and corn are the chief products, the harvest of the former grain has been an abundant one, and the husbandman will receive the labor of his own hands. In no single State from Maine to North Carolina and westward to the Mississippi, save those above referred to, has the wheat crop proved a failure. The account from the corn crops are cheering, though the protracted drought of July has undoubtedly tended to injure them. The anticipations of the farmer are yet buoyant. Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire have suffered more than any other States for rain, and the consequence is an almost total failure of the hay crop, not the least important in that region."

In Virginia, more than an average wheat crop has been harvested, and the corn and tobacco crops promise well.

In Georgia the cotton crop, which suffered much from the April frosts will fall far short of an average one.

Alabama and Mississippi, the principal cotton growing States of the Union, present poor prospects of a crop, owing to the spring frosts and inundation by the overflow of rivers.

In Louisiana the crops of sugar cane will not be an average one, though in Texas, where it has been cultivated but a few years, the prospects are more favorable.

In Florida the cane crops for this year are most flattering, although the tropical fruits grown there suffered severely from the late season of the spring.

The conclusion deducible from the above statement of facts, is that that a fair average crop, except in cotton and sugar cane, will be realized throughout the United States, for if the corn has not been more seriously injured by the late excessive rains, than we suppose, there is every probability the crop will be very large; and those States that have made good wheat crops, will more than supply the deficiency of those States where the crop has failed.

CHEWING TOBACCO.

We acknowledge our obligations to Capt. McFall for a plug of very fine chewing tobacco. We regard it the best specimen of a "good article" that has been offered for sale in "these diggings" in many a day, and recommend all those, who have a fondness for the weed in its most perfect state, to call at the store of Capt. S. R. McFall, where it can be had cheap for each.

ARTESIAN WELL.

We learn from the Charleston Courier of the 4th inst., that the water bearing stratum has been passed, but without procuring the expected supply of water. With Mr. Holmes however, we still hope that by a continuation of the work, some water-bearing stratum may yet be reached that will yield the desired element in purity and profusion.

PLAIN TALK.

There seems to be little doubt but that a large portion of the North either think that the South is jesting as to the position assumed on the question of Slavery, or that we are so chicken-hearted that a few blasts from their guns will drive us to submission. They will find that they are egregiously mistaken in either case, but we fear that knowledge will come too late. Read this which we clip from the Daily Wisconsin:

"Should the next Congress pass the Territorial bills, as we think that it will, with Jefferson's memorable Ordinance—and should the Hotspurs of Virginia and South Carolina attempt to resist that law, the President will have to order a few regiments of the volunteer companies, or of the U. States Troops, to Charleston and Richmond, and, if need be, to seize or shoot the traitors. We have no doubt that the public opinion, not merely of the Union, but of Virginia and South Carolina, would sustain this decisive action."

He is sadly mistaken as to public sentiment in the South; never were people more united or more determined, as the sequel will prove. But if our Northern friends desire to carry matters to the extreme, they will find that the South is not only prepared, but willing to defend her rights and institutions. We have planted ourselves on the platform of the Constitution, and by it are resolved to live or die.

MAIL FAILURE.

We extract the following observations, on the subject of the late mail failures, from the Carolinian: and take this occasion also, to say that there have been several recent failures of the mail on some part of the line from Charleston to this place, but we are not informed whether these failures have been the result of high waters or from other causes:

"We have not passed unobserved the silence of whig and affiliated presses on the numerous mail failures since Mr. Postmaster General Collamer has been head of that important department.—The Picayune is forced by a correspondent into a reluctant exhibit of the failures of the great Southern mail for the month of July, which shows the following results for the 31 days, viz: "FAILURES.—1, 4, 5, 7, 13, 14, 19, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30th. There you have 13 mail failures for the summer month of July, and in the last instance five days in succession! As the jay says of big cabbages, "that's hard to beat."

CANT BE FOUND.

A removal from the Post Office at Shenandoah of a democrat, and the appointment of a new Postmaster who cannot be found, has placed the good people in a pretty fix. And Mr. Miller, in despite of Fitz Henry Warren, has to hold on until he can find some whig to put into the office who can be found.

"We would be glad to learn whether the new postmaster for the Edinburg post office in Shenandoah has been found."—*Staunton Vindicator*.

"He has not. We learn that the new commission is addressed to a Mr. Mil-tonberger, a somebody not to be found anywhere in the neighborhood of Edinburg. The former postmaster, Mr. Miller, who is a good democrat and an accommodating gentleman, has kindly consented to take care of the office until Fitz Warren finds a whig who is willing to take it."—*Rockingham Register*.

FLORIDA.

The Savannah Georgian of the 19th inst., says the mail of yesterday brought no additional accounts of Indian massacres. We find, however, that the excitement among the frontier settlement still continues to prevail, and all, who have had an opportunity, have left for more secure quarters—that the ferries on the route to Tampa from Ocala have been abandoned, and that the necessary consequence will be a delay in receiving information.

"The whites and Indians can no longer live together in peace and security. Whatever other treaties may have been temporarily made by the officers of the Government, it is useless to insist upon them. That of Payne's Landing will be carried out in the removal of the Indians from the State."

GEN. P. F. SMITH.

It has been currently rumored lately that this gentleman, whose headquarters were at San Francisco, and to whose inhabitants he became very odious, was compelled to seek protection from their indignation, by getting on board some vessel. We are gratified, however, in being able to state, that the Picayune learns from good authority, that the stories of Gen. Smith having to go on board a vessel, in consequence of a difficulty with the residents, is all false—that the General is well, universally respected and very popular. He had moved his headquarters from San Francisco to Sonora about seventy miles distant.

MACON CONVENTION.

A Railroad Convention was held in Macon, Ga., last week, for the purpose of deliberating upon the propriety of connecting the Atlantic coast by means of a junction with the Georgia Railroad. Two routes were fixed upon by the Convention, and it seems that the great difficulty was, which one would be most available. The one favored by the Macon delegation, and finally agreed on by the Convention, is known as the upper route, and contemplates a connection between Macon and a point on the

Georgia Railroad West of the Oconee river, between the town of Madison and the river. Books of subscription for the upper route are to be opened immediately. The Convention adjourned to meet at Augusta in September next.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

The Legislature of Virginia, now in session at Fauquier Springs, gave a splendid supper to Elwood Fisher, the defender of Southern rights, on the 30th ult. The Enquirer says the occasion "was marked with one feature of peculiar gratification—the solemn and united reprobation, by men of all parties, of the mad scheme of the enemies of the South and the spontaneous and unanimous outpouring of a firm resolve to do their duty to the South at the present interesting crisis." Well done for the good "Old Dominion"—stand firm, and if the "tag of war" must come, South Carolina will be found side by side, with shoulder to shoulder with the defenders of Southern rights.

PREMATURE.

The Cambridge (Ma.) Chronicle has hoisted the names of J. J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, and William F. Johnson, of Pennsylvania, for President and Vice President in 1858, subject to the decision of a National Convention.

FOR THE "KEOWEE COURIER." LEGEND OF THE RIDER'S LEAP.

Shortly after the Revolution, a treaty was concluded at the Oconee Station between our people and the Cherokees. These Indians, as was their wont on such occasions, had collected in great numbers to watch the progress of the treaty, when the negotiations had nearly been broken off and hostilities renewed, by the occurrence of one of those scenes of summary revenge so common in those troubled times.

About noon of the sixth day, after the chiefs and commissioners had met, a single horseman, whose long grey hair, falling in loose disorder about his shoulders, and whose pale haggard face and blood-shot eyes combined with his manly and almost youthful form, to give him more the appearance of a phantom Knight of old romance than that of a being of flesh and blood, was seen making his way slowly among the Indians, passing from group to group and gazing into every countenance with a wild, eager look that startled the stoutest warriors and sent a chill to the bravest hearts. At length he paused near a group seated on a log drinking rum and smoking tobacco, and as his glance fell on the principal figure there, his frame trembled and his pale face lit up with a grim and gasty smile grew, 'twas said, like the awful conception of death personified. But this continued only for a moment, for in the next the keen crack of his rifle startled the ear, and a chieftain lay in mortal agonies, then a solitary laugh was heard mingling strangely with the groans of the dying man, a cruel mocking laugh, and the stranger was bounding rapidly away.

Instantly the war-whoop rang from hill to hill and a thousand warriors were following his track; onward they drove pursuers and pursued, and when in the madning chase, they drew near the mountain stream, which here with a deep and rapid current rushes along between precipitous and rocky banks, the yells of the savages grew louder and more terrible, for now, imagining escape impossible, they began to enjoy the sweets of anticipated revenge. But the Rider rode fearlessly on and dashing boldly up to the brink with one bound of his noble steed cleared the dangerous pass. Then again was heard that hollow unearthly laugh, and as the strange man disappeared in the trackless wilderness, one wild terrific yell of baffled rage burst from the savages, rang through the woods, echoed in the hollow passes of the mountains, was answered by the scream of the eagle and the low howlings of the startled wolf and all was still.

The Rider was never heard of more, and men conjectured he perished in the chase that day; in after times, they told strange tales of his suffering life, how its morning arose in the beauty of hope, and how sorrows obscured its promising day, as the night shuts out the sunbeams from the flowers and leaves them alone in the darkness, to weep and to die.

'Twas told, that far from the settlement he had years before, with his loving wife and infant child, made his home in a secluded vale; his brother, a youth of sixteen, was an inmate of his cot. They were strangers 'twas said in a strange land, and never left their quiet home, but there where the prim-roses blossomed and the wild birds sang they lived and loved alone.

and hoped side by side to sleep in peace, when death had made their rest eternal. But in an evil hour a band of pitiless savages stole into this home of love and with ruthless hand laid all its eden desolate.

The brothers were surprised while laboring in the fields and carried away captive beyond the mountains. They suffered greatly, in their painful march, from the cruelty of a gigantic brave, the leader of the band; and when having arrived at his village, his followers would have adopted them as sons and brothers into their families, he ordered them to be burnt for the amusement of his women. The youngest was to suffer first, and the elder saw the brave and generous youth bound to a stake, round which faggots were heaped, and slowly roasted to death; was compelled to listen to his moans and cries, to watch the horrid contortions of his consuming body and to hear the yells of delight that burst from the exulting savages as the human flesh burnt and crackled in the flames. 'Twas thought that the brother who was compelled to look and to listen suffered more than he who writhed in the flames—the desire to save without the power to move a finger in defence—the horrid necessity of sight and sound racked with a thousand maddening feelings so that he cursed and gnashed his teeth and called on heaven for help, but no help came, and then at evening, when the mournful winds stole from the melancholy woods and lifting the ashes of the dead bore them gently away, the flowing hair that love had kissed, dark as the ravens wing, straggled loosely and grey as if bleached by the winter of years; and it was more mournful to gaze on the living wreck than to think on the fate of the dead.

He too had been condemned to the same fate, and now he longed for the hour to come that should release him from the horrible recollection of what he had seen, but in the stillness of the night when the Indians slept, his hands were loosed and a gentle voice, like the voice of woman, whispered the name of his wife and child, and then with the memory of home came the desire to live, and he escaped into the wild woods, naked and unarmed to find his way to the distant settlement, or to perish of hunger and cold in the trackless forests.

All night long, bleeding and torn, he toiled on his weary way, venomous reptiles hissed beneath his feet; his panther glared fiercely at him as he passed close to her lair, often he heard the wild-cats scream or saw the rolling of fiery eyes as the mountain wolves gaunt and grim and terrible howled in hunger around him.

For days he wandered on, gradually growing weaker and more weak as hope sank in his heart; at times, overcome by despair, he would lie down to die in the lonesome woods, but then the thought of his happy home would steal on his soul and the forms of wife and child would rise up before him blessing him with loving smiles and filling with gladness his broken heart, and again he would wander on; but, alas! reason directed no longer his tottering steps, for the fever of hunger and exhaustion fiered his blood and burnt in his brain, and in its strange delusion he could feel warm kisses on his cheek, and hear soft voices that he knew to be the voices of home, and they would breathe into his ear, low and sweet and spirit-like, the music of hope and peace, as the savage shout would again burst upon him and he could see his brothers face, distorted and black and burnt, grining from the flames. At length the shifting scenes brought him once more to the threshold of his home, his gentle wife with the infant on her bosom came as if yore to meet him, but as he stretched out his arms to clasp them, the forms of mother and child faded away and gliding around seemed to clude his touch. Noiseless and trackless and shadow-like they glided before him, beckoning him on until pointing to the skeleton of a woman and child that lay whitening by a ruined wall they silently vanished away, and as the fleeting phantoms melted into air the wanderer sunk senseless to the earth; how long he lay there was never known, for there were none by but the dead to count the passing time.

O, how happy for him had he never awoke, had he never awoke to find himself alone in the wide, wide world, where the winds blow coldly on the lonely wretch, and where few gentle words ever come to cheer the broken heart.

Thus senseless he was found, by an old hunter, lying among the ruins of his home, and hard by were the murthering bodies of a woman and child. The dead were buried where they lay, but the living body the old man conveyed to his own cot, and there, for many days and nights