

# KEO WEE COURIER.

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

VOL. I.

PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1850.

NO 38

## THE KEOWEE COURIER.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY W. H. TRIMMER.

I. W. NORRIS, Jr., } Editors.  
E. M. KEITH, }

### NOTICES.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents for one year's subscription when paid within three months. Two Dollars if payment is delayed to the close of the subscription year.

All subscriptions not clearly limited, will be considered as for an indefinite time, and continue until a discontinuance is ordered and all arrears paid.

Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continued insertion. Liberal discounts made to those advertising by year.

All Communications should be addressed to the Publisher post paid.

### WOMAN.

BY WILLIAM LEGGOTT.

No star in yon'er sky that shines  
Can light like woman's eye impart,  
The earth hold not in all its mines,  
A gem so rich as woman's heart;  
Her voice is like the music sweet  
Poured out from rhy harp alone;  
Like that when storms more loudly beat,  
It yields a clearer, richer tone.

And woman's love's a holy light,  
That brighter, brighter burns for aye;  
Years cannot dim its radiance bright,  
Nor even far-choil quench its ray;  
But like the star of Bethlehem,  
Of old to Israel's shepherds given,  
It marh all with its steady flame  
The erring soul of man to Heaven.

### SHE WAS LOVELY.

She was lovely, she was fair—  
As mild as summer even,  
An angel from a spirit bright,  
A star that dropped from Heaven.  
(Well she was!)

And oh! those bright and lustrous orbs,  
That burned with holy fire—  
These auburn curls, that lovely brow,  
None, none could but admire.  
(Well they could not!)

And oh! that light and graceful form,  
So like a beautiful fairy,  
(Perhaps we'd leave off the f,  
And then it would be airy.)  
(Well it would!)

I knelt before her, and I swore  
I'd have a burning kiss,  
She said "Sit go and wash your face,  
You can't enjoy such bliss!"  
(Well he did!)

I felt just then as I'd drop  
From Chimborazo's summit;  
I felt my building position crop—  
Mere beauty could not come it.  
(No sir—ree!)

And did I quickly snatch my hat,  
Without a thought of kissing?  
And did I ever, after that,  
Come up among the misting?  
(I didn't do nothing et-ee!)

### From the Pendleton Messenger.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—I must insist that the taxes paid by the honest and hard-working farmers of Pendleton, in sums of two and three dollars, are carried to Columbia and deposited in the Bank, and loaned out to the "rich merchants and wealthy planters," and that there is no variation of my statements about this matter in my last and preceding communications.

If you will refer to the Comptroller General's annual Reports, you will see that the state taxes paid by the people of S. Carolina amount to nearly \$300,000, and that at the end of every fiscal year, there is a balance in the Treasury of about \$70,000. The taxes are paid into the Bank in May, and consequently the Bank has the use of the money till drawn for to meet the appropriations of the Legislature. At the expiration of five months thereafter it is a balance in the Bank due the State of \$70,000. This sum has not remained idle in the Bank. It has been used by the Bank, and loaned out to "rich merchants and wealthy planters."

It is true that the Bank, very often, has to make advances to the Treasury, before the taxes are paid into the Bank. But take the whole year and the balances are generally in favor of the Bank. Any of the private Banks in the State would be very willing to take the place of the State Bank and have the keeping and disbursement of the State funds.

I am opposed to the Bank, because banking is not one of the legitimate objects of Government. It purports to make money for the people, reversing the natural relation between a people and

their Government! All history, all experience, as well as common sense, teaches that a people must support their Government. The mind of man cannot conceive of a greater absurdity than that of a government attempting to support the people! It matters not whether this attempt is made by planting, manufacturing, merchandizing, or banking!

In a Penitentiary "rogues and felons, and rascals of every degree," are punished at the expense of the State. In a Bank it sometimes happens that rogues, swindlers, bank ups and "scoundrels of every degree" are rewarded at the expense of the State! I refer you to the case, well known, of a director of the Bank of the State of South Carolina running off, after having swindled the Bank out of thousands and tens of thousands of dollars! I refer you to the case of an Agent of the Bank getting his trunk burnt with some \$20,000 in it! I refer you to the loss of \$500,000 in bad debts! I refer you to the annual average loss of the Bank of \$20,000 by the insolvency of her debtors and directors! "Don't forget the pig tail!"

I have advocated the State's taking stock in Rail Road companies, because those companies could not otherwise be organized. You cannot urge the same reason for the State's engaging in Banking. Rail roads are constructed for the benefit of every man in South Carolina, every one who raises a pound of cotton, or a barrel of corn, every one who uses a pound of salt. Nothing is more general or universal in the diffusion of its blessings and advantages. Not so with the Bank. Its officers and directors, including the Branch Banks, have borrowed the money entrusted to their keeping now amounting to \$1,000,000. Four Districts in the State have borrowed \$200,000! Thirty individuals have got \$700,000! The Georgia Rail Road has \$100,000! The Nashville and Norfolk \$146,000! The Lime rock Springs \$29,000! Last! Two or three hundred persons in South Carolina—the balance! The people, the great mass of the people nothing! "Don't forget the pig tail!"

I am not in favor of the State's having anything to do with the management of the Rail Roads, and voted against the appointment of Proxies for that purpose this winter. They will be much better managed by the private stock holders. But whether profitable or not to the State in a pecuniary point of view, Rail Roads exert a salutary moral, industrial and enlightening influence on the community in general. You cannot say the same for the Bank of the State.

You will perceive my friend I have been struck with the moral of your sailer's story about the pig tail tobacco.—It is a good one, and very appropriate.—The man in the story of Jack, no doubt, in writing to his friend, was to get some of the pig tail. He thought, too, it was a matter about which his friend would lose very little, and hence the constant repetition with a view of impressing it on his mind. My main object has been, in our correspondence, to show that the Bank is unprofitable, as well as dangerous and unconstitutional. This I could not do better than by showing the losses and expenses of the Bank. I had an impression too, like the honest farmer, that you cared very little about these matters, in your zeal for the Bank, and was likely to overlook them, as Jack's friend was the pig tail.—Hence my repetition of the losses and expenses of the Bank with the view of impressing them on your mind.

The people have an opportunity of knowing all the expenses incurred by the members of the Legislature, but not those of the Bank. Now I will give you a little more "pig tail." The report of the President of the Bank is before me, and from which I make the following extract: "To officers salaries, in Charleston—\$18,471; officers salaries in Columbia—\$37,802; in Camden officers salaries amount to \$6,000; Attorney General \$1,000; repairs to old and new Banking houses and buildings owned by the Bank \$2,168 49 cts.; Expenses on Sails \$7,299 24; Office expenses, hire of conveyance, \$448 23." All of these expenses together with the salaries amount to \$49,000. When we consider these expenses together with the losses of the Bank, we may reasonably conclude the profits are small.

I suppose the item of \$1,922 19 cents, paid the Attorney General last year, includes his fee and the fee of Mr. Peigar given the Bank, to show that the Legislature was bound to recharter it. In this employment of counsel, and paying them with the people's money, by the Bank, the measure and support of the Legislature is shown to be wrong, that the Legislature is wrong in refusing to recharter the Bank, or in other words to continue the existence of their creature and agent,

is about as high headed an act of presumption, and assumption of authority in an agent or servant as can be shown in the annals of delegated authority. It deserves to be remembered and censured up by the people in all time to come.

You are mistaken in saying that you have seen no "evidence" going to show that a recharter of the Bank has been asked for by the President and Directors. Their course for the last six years, has been to prove that the Legislature was bound to recharter the Bank. You can scarcely refer to a Bank document without seeing this "evidence."

I am sorry my dear friend, that "Memminge's Bill" has made you violate your intended neutrality about the Bank, and has it should still continue to excite and feed your "fiery zeal." You ought to remember that "Memminge's Bill" was defeated last winter, and that you are kicking a dead lion, if your only object is "to avert the ruin" intended by that Bill. B. F. P.

### MR. CALHOUN.

We clip the following remarks, upon the character and merit of Mr. Calhoun, from an editorial in the New York Herald of yesterday:

"And the old Mr. Calhoun, who, in the nervous and indomitable glow of his genius, betrays his Irish extraction; even he is not descended from so southern a chivalry; for his father emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1783, and in 1756 removed to South Carolina. He was regarded by the old families of that State as an adventurer; and from the early years of the century, when he entered public life, he encountered a steady opposition, which arose out of the jealousy of some of the ancient families of that State; and to this day, we have our reasons for believing his almost dictatorial sway over Carolina and the intellect of the South is regarded with coldness and suspicion by many of the old families who look upon themselves as the legitimate and hereditary aristocracy of the South; but the force of his genius has been irresistible. He has made the cause of the South his own. He has been the Richard Coeur de Lion of the Southern States; and while his chivalric defence of Southern interests has made him dear to the Southern States, his uncompromising and self-sacrificing political integrity have gained him the respect of many of his contemporaries throughout the world. By some he is regarded as a fanatic; and upon the question of slavery; but we have to learn that Mr. Calhoun has required that Congress should do anything, except to redound and preserve the guarantees of the Constitution. He asks for no special legislation. He makes no demands upon the favor of any Administration. Independent of all Presidents and all cabinets, his own free man, he loves the Union, and he would preserve it; but he loves the South better still, when she is in danger, and he will stand by her, and preserve her at all hazards. It has been the misfortune of Mr. Calhoun to be misapprehended and misunderstood by his contemporaries; but in this respect, he is only suffering the fate of the great men, who see more clearly through the mists of the present than the mists of the future. He, like them, may pay the penalty of forecasting events and acting ahead of his time; but we have no doubt that his opinion to go on in peace, unless we see reason upon which we should justify in kicking the great difficulty which now threatens the nation to an honorable, honorable, safe, and final adjustment."

### GEN. CASS.

Honor to the man. It is known that the Legislature of his State, had instructed their Senators and Representatives, to vote against the extension of slavery. In regard to the instructions, Gen. Cass said in his late speech:

"I acknowledge the obligation of the instructions I have received, and cannot act in opposition to them; nor can I act in opposition to my own convictions of the true meaning of the Constitution. When the time comes, and I am required to vote upon this measure as a particular one, or a bill, or a resolution, I will give my vote. I shall know how to reconcile my duty to the Legislature with my duty to myself by so rendering a trust I can no longer fulfill."

### THE WORK COMMENCED.

Our townsman, Dr. Branch, with great promptness, commenced grading the section of our Branch Road he has undertaken, on yesterday, which we presume is the first work done upon it yet. The contractors were let out on Monday last, and all taken, except a mile or two to the village, which has not yet been

located. It all those who have taken contracts upon the Branch Road will be with equal promptness and energy with the Doctor, we are confident it will be completed by the time specified. April 1851. Othe's, we learn, will commence grading on Monday next.

Boston, Jan. 18.—A true bill found against Dr. Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman.—The Grand Jury today, after hearing the evidence, found a true bill against Professor Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman.

Pinckney M. Kirk, Esq. has been retained as counsel for the accused. The examination before the Grand Jury was not wholly expert. Several witnesses were examined, who said they saw Dr. Parkman after his disappearance.

In the Virginia House of Representatives, the following resolution was offered by Mr. Burwell, and on his motion referred to the Committee on the Wilmot Proviso.

Resolved by the General Assembly, That it be and it is hereby recommended to the people of Virginia, not to import, purchase or consume any article, the produce or manufacture of the State of Vermont, or of any other State in the Union, which shall address to Virginia the language of menace or reproach.

The Varioloid in Cincinnati.—The Cincinnati Non-Resistant of the 17th says: "It is estimated that six thousand persons or nearly one-fifth of our whole population, have had the small-pox, or varioloid during the last six months. It is spreading to a considerable extent in Covington and Newport. Like the cholera, it bears a milder form now than it did in 1792-3, when it followed in the wake of that dreadful scourge."

COURAGEOUS WIFE.—Charles C. Sackett, formerly of Cincinnati, arrived at San Francisco, accompanied by his lady, says the Enquirer, on the 7th of November last. They walked over six hundred miles, and suffered greatly on the way. It will be remembered by some of our citizens, that M. S. and I were of the same party that the two Young gentlemen of our city were. These young gentlemen both died before they reached the plains.

Sad death of a child.—A child, aged 9 years, of Jacob Hiles, at Lafayette, N. J., got access to a jug of liquor in the house, last week, and drank so much that he died next day.

LARGE MAN.—Capt. Connor, who died at Erie, has been in the revenue service about twenty years. At the time of his death he weighed four hundred and sixty pounds, although when twenty years of age he was a small, puny man.

Another Boiler Burst.—The steamer St. Joseph, on her way up to St. Louis, burst her boiler, and twenty persons were killed by the explosion. The boat took fire and burnt to the water's edge.—Char. Courier.

The Drinkers (as the Yankee Blade) will hardly excuse Tom Hood for letting off the following squib against their favorite beverage. True, he is no Bohemian, but we are not less astonished at his hardihood, especially considering how nominal he might have made himself by indulging a "Te Deum" in honor of the Olden Plant. But of Tom Hood's ideas of the delicious drink in question "Vix possum te-cum vive e, nec sine te." But not to be tedious, here are Hood's lines to a Te:

I wine's a poison, so it is,  
Though in another shape,  
What matter when her men are killed,  
By canister or grape?

"Bob, where is the state of Maryland?" "It is one of the United States. It's bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and gradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, boom sticks, and staying out o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry, till you pass the topics of house-keeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

When a gentleman marries a lady, beautiful and rich, his friends say, "He has married a perfect Bird of Paradise." If the lady happens to be poor, however, they say: "A perfect Bird of Paradise, with the exception of the feathers."

### "GO IT, BOB-TAIL!"

We find the following story in one of our exchanges, but do not know who has the credit of originating it:

A specimen of the genus "Hoosier" was found by Captain —, of the steamer —, in the engine room of his boat, when lying at Louisville, one fine morning in June. The Captain inquired to know "what he was doing there?"

"Have you seen Capt. Perry?" was the response.

"I don't know him; and can't tell what that has to do with your 'bein' in my engine room," replied the Captain, angrily.

"Hold on! That's just what I was getting at. You see, Capt. Perry and I walked down town together. Captain Perry asked me to drink—so I did. I knew that I wanted to drink, or I wouldn't have been so cussed d-y. So Capt. Perry and I drunk two or three times. Capt. Perry and I went to a ball. He was a putting in some extras on one too, I things out, 'Go it, Capt. Perry, if you bust your life!' With that, a man steps up to me, and says he—

"See here, stranger, you must leave."

Says I, "What must I leave for?"

Says he, "You're making too much noise."

Says I, "I've been in bigger crowds than this, and made more noise, and didn't leave, neither."

With that he took me by the nap of the neck and sent of the breeches, and— I left. As I was shoven down street, I met a lady. I knew she was a lady by a remark she made. She says—

"Young man, you must come home with me."

And I went. I'd been in her house a short time, when I heard a devil of a knocking at the door. I drew the chap wanted to get in, I would let him, or he wouldn't have kept up such a thunder in racket. By-and-by, said a voice—

"If you don't open I'll bust in the door."

And so he did. I put on a cold face, and says I—"Stranger, does this woman belong to you?"

Says he—"She does."

"Then," says I, "he's vicious, I think, from all I have seen of her."

With that he come to me with a pistol in one hand, and a Bowie-knife in the other, and being a little pressed for time, I jumped thro' the window, leavin' the bigger portion of my coat behind. As I was streakin' it down town, with the fragment flutterin' to the breeze, I passed a man—I knew he was a friend by the remark he made. Ses he, "Go it, bob-tail, let's a gain on you! And that's the way I happened in your engine-room. I'm a good swimmer, captain, but do excuse me, if you please, from takin' water."

STOUT PEOPLE.—Persons of dull and languid habits trail themselves sluggishly through life, as if some loathsome and agonizing viscous clogged every movement and prevented all refreshing repose. Their substance is nothing but the slime of indolence, and their contracted snail path is covered with their own pollution. There is no healthy activity in them, none of that vivacious energy which indicates either a vigorous body or a forcible mind. They drag themselves tardily to their toil, as if every joint were a socket of torture; and touch the implements of industry as timidly as if they expected their effeminate flesh to adhere to whatever it handled. Work affords them no joy, and duty no delight; they are emancipated of all manly vigor, and have buried their conscience in their laziness. They are a part of perpetual somnambulists, walking through their sleep; moving in a constant mystery, looking for their faculties, and forgetting what they are looking for; not able to find their work, or when they have found that, not able to find their hands; doing everything drearily, and therefore, confused and incompletely; their work is a dream, their sleep a dream, not repose, not refreshment, but a slumberous vision of rest, a dreaming query concerning sleep, too late for everything, taking their passage when the ship has sailed, insuring their property when the house is burnt, locking the door when the goods are stolen—men whose bodies seem to have started in the race of existence, before their minds were ready, and who are always gazing out vacantly as if they expected their wits were coming up by the next arrival.

USE OF A Moustache.—The editor of the London Medical Times, referring to the moustaches of medical students, ensures a correspondent that "moustaches have their uses; and among the most important, they are considered to point out the ill-tempered, the vicious, and most self-conceited, if not, probably, the most dissolute in the class. They are beacons to warn others."