

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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TERMS.

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POETRY.

SPRING.

"The bursting buds look up
To greet the sunlight, while it lingers yet
On the warm hill side—the violet
Opens its azure cup
Meekly, and countless wild flowers wake to fling
Their earliest incense on the gales of spring.

Continual songs arise
From universal Nature—birds and streams
Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems
A second Paradise!
Thrice blessed spring!—thou bear'st gifts divine!
Sunshine and song, and fragrance—are all thine.

Nor unto earth alone—
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds and healing for its smart,
Telling of Winter flow'rs,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing
Type of Eternal Life—thrice blessed Spring!"

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The proudest poetry of youth
Is—"Would I were a man!"
The golden years that lie between
Youth, like a dream, would span.
'Tis in its thought—'tis in its heart—
'Tis ever on its tongue;
But oh, the poetry of age,
It is—"When I was young!"

Thus, in the morn of life, our feet
Would distant pathways find,
The sun still face to face we meet,
The shadow falls behind!
But when the morn of life is o'er,
And nature grows less kind,
The length'ning shadow creeps before,
The sunlight falls behind!

With many a murmur, slow and sad,
The stream of life flows on;
That which we prized not when we had
Is doubly prized when gone!
And many a sad and solemn truth
Lies written on life's page.
Between the 'Poetry of Youth,'
And 'Poetry of Age!'
London Literary Gazette.

A LOVE SONG.

She who sleeps upon my heart,
Was the first to win it;
She who sleeps upon my breast
Ever reigns within it;
She who kisses off my lips
Wakes their warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms
Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come—
Days that may be dreary;
Other hours shall greet us yet,
Hours that may be weary;
Still that heart shall be thy home,
Still that breast thy pillow,
Still those lips meet thee as oft
As billow billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
Since thy love has won it;
Dream, then, on my loyal breast,
None but thou hast done it;
And when age our bloom shall change
With its wintry weather;
May we in the self-same grave
Sleep and dream together.

Two neighbors went to law about a lot of boards, one asserting that he had delivered so many, while the other contended that he had received a less number. The case went to trial, and the plaintiff brought up a witness who swore solemnly and straight to the contents of the pile as charged. The defendant, when all about as length collected his faculties sufficient to whisper to his lawyer, "That fellow can't count—he is swearing utterly at random!" "Look here, my good fellow," said the lawyer, "how many are there five?" The witness hesitated, but a wag just behind him, softly whispered in his ear, "Eleven, by jing!" and the new confident witness, "and nobody else!"

An Irishman, who was lately reprieved, as he stated, the night before his execution, and who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows: "I was yesterday hanged, and died like a hero, do as I did, and bear it like a man."

FOREIGN NEWS.

BALTIMORE, May 1.

The steamship *Cambria*, about whose safety some apprehensions began to be entertained, arrived safely at Halifax on Monday afternoon. She brings dates from Liverpool to the 13th of April. She left that port again at 6 o'clock P. M. for New-York. Below will be found such items of her news as have come to hand.

Commercial.

LIVERPOOL, April 13, 1850.

Cotton is on the advance, and since the sailing of the *America* prices have gone up 1/4d.

Fair Orleans were selling at 7 1/4d.; Mobile at 6 1/4d.; Uplands 6 1/4d.

Flour is steady at previous rates.

The Coffee market is dull, and prices are lower.

SECOND DESPATCH.

BALTIMORE, May 1—9 p. m.

The accounts from the Manufacturing Districts represent very little improvement. Factories design resuming the working on short time.

Sales of cotton for the past week amount to forty-two thousand bales.

The Greek question remains unsettled. Serious apprehensions are entertained of a rupture between Russia and England, regarding the affairs in Greece. Russia promises Greece assistance, in the event of England's continuing the blockade of her ports, which she is determined to do.

Ireland is poorer and more oppressed than ever.

The weather in Eng'and is pleasant, and the crops flourishing finely.

[*Columbia Telegraph.*]

GEN. McDUFFIE, in company with Col. Singleton, passed the night in our Village, on Sunday night last, on his way to his residence in Abbeville. Though perhaps feebler in health, his mind seems to have improved, since he passed through here in October last. His recollection of persons and events is better, and his conversation more connected.

[*Edgefield Advertiser.*]

The Nightingale at Stockholm.—From the London correspondence of the New York Herald we take the following account of the appearance of Jenny Lind at the Swedish capital:

A strange excitement pervaded Stockholm—every one was on the *qui vive* to hear Jenny sing.

'When will she appear in public?'
'When shall we again have the chance of hearing our little favorite of past years?' were the questions every where heard.

'Meanwhile the manager of the Court Theatre had called upon her to arrange for the first night of her appearance.

'This was soon done. She was to appear as Agatha, in *'Der Freyschutz,'* the character in which, when yet a child, she had fascinated the ears of Stockholm. At length the night drew near. Such a tumult as then took place in the streets of the Swedish capital was, possibly, never heard in them. At four o'clock, the avenues leading to the theatre were crowded, and when the doors were opened at six o'clock, the people crowded into it with as great a rush as they were, subsequently, to exhibit on similar occasions in London. Her reception was so warm and enthusiastic that for several minutes the attempt to convey her part would have been useless in the extreme. And when her first air had been sung, such a burst of applause welcomed it as has rarely been heard within the walls of a theatre. Criticism of such an appearance would be worse than useless. It was a triumph. She had but to sing to be overwhelmed with applause. Her talents as a actress were also now observed more keenly than they had before been; and when a burst of *Weber's* melody came from her, it seemed as though those who heard would have never ceased from their ecstasy. Such was the first public reception of this great singer, on her return to her own native city; and when, that night, she retired to rest, it must have been with a keen feeling that she had, for the first time, drunk, and drunken deeply, from that cup which was for the remainder of her life to be ever filled with that most precious of wines—the wine of popular celebrity.

On the following day she was waited upon by the chamberlain of his Swedish majesty, who came to request her to sing at court.

'This she did in the following week, and then for the first time she received personal compliments from many of those who had promoted the child's early interests. She, moreover, had the satisfaction of hearing from the Swedish king the first prophecy of that after success which was to make her the most celebrated singer of modern Europe.

'Go on as you have begun, Mademoiselle Lind,' said the monarch, 'and I tell you that your reputation will not be limited to Germany and to Sweden. You will enrapture the whole of the musical continent.'

'Jenny bowed to him. What could she say to such a prediction. She must have often thought of it in after years, when borne upon the wings of her own genius, she had ascended to the topmost pinnacle of fame.'

The Telegraph in Russia.—The Journal des Debats states that the Emperor of Russia intends to put St. Petersburg in direct communication with Berlin and Vienna, by means of a line of electric telegraph, which will pass by Warsaw and Bosen towards the capitals of Germany, and that he has already entered into the preliminary negotiations for the execution of this undertaking.

Female Editors.—There are six papers in the United States under the editorial charge of ladies. They are, The Pittsburg Visitor, Mrs. Swisshelm. The Windham County Democrat, (Vt.) Mrs. J. C. H. Nichols. The Lily, Seneca Falls, Mrs. Bloomer. The Lancaster Gazette, (Pa.) Mrs. Pierson. The Yazoo Whig, Mrs. Horn. The mountain Bough, Mrs. Prewett.

has already given us his programme. The nuisance must be tolerated. If he abstain from open violence, his opposition will be of no account. We cannot this morning, count up more than twelve Senators who will, with Mr. Benton, resist the propositions of the committee. The country may be congratulated upon the happy result. Those who doubted, at any time, the strength and durability of our institutions, have been agreeably disappointed. The Union is broader and stronger than it ever was before.

The three bills of Mr. Clay's Committee will now pass the Senate—that is, in a month, and the House will easily pass them. Faction is dying away. It fades before strong and free opinion.

I am glad to see that Mr. Hunter's bill, to establish a Board of Accounts, is to come up for consideration, in the Senate, to-morrow. The arguments in favor of the measure are not to be answered. Experience has proved that Congress is a most unfit tribunal for the adjudication of private claims. No bills of the kind can pass without log-rolling. A large and doubtful claim is better than any of the legion of small and just ones.

The Census bill is to be again debated to-day. Nothing can pass without a long talk. Yet every body knows that the Census must be taken. The hundred questions are opposed by a few. They are admirably devised for the purpose of exhibiting the resources and social improvement of the country. The last Census embraced many useful statistics, for which we were indebted to the late and lamented Mr. Legar.

Four public officers resigned during the last week, in order to go to California. Among them is Mr. Greenhow, the accomplished and veteran translator for the State Department. Mr. Clayton has appointed in his place Mr. Walsh, a son of the United States Consul at Paris.

How it works.—White slavery—The New York Tribune draws the following forcible picture of the state of social progress in that metropolis.
Can any Southern city furnish a parallel? or any plantation afford an offset? Contrast the condition of these white slaves—slaves in the worst sense, and to shame, sin and misery—with that of our black bondsmen, and then let the question be put which of two must be most pleasant and grateful to the eye of Omnipotence. Let the Philanthropy and Charity, clamorous for the abolition of things abroad—look to the abolition of evils at home—and both will have enough to do.—*Telegraph.*

The late official expositions by our Chief of Police of the abominations and horrors of New York Vagrancy have justly shocked and thrilled the souls of Christian Philanthropy. To think for one moment of the trifles and frivolities that engage the attention of the great majority of our city's residents—the staple of party and ball-room conversation, of tea-table gossip and social conference—while this awful desecration and ruin of human souls in thousands is proceeding all around us—to think how stock-jobbers, speculators, &c. pursue their several schemes—of the grudy, emty glitter of fashion's heartless votaries, the joyous notes of the viol and the play of the dancer's nimble feet, while all around and beneath little children of four to ten years are driven forth in thousands from beds of squalid ignorance and depravity to procure by beggary, peddling, theft or prostitution the means of preserving their own wretched existence and sustaining the infernal alcoholic fire which is slowly consuming their fiendish parents or keepers—to consider that such is in verity the education of a large majority of the children living in our city, while many more are sent into the streets to learn their manners and their morals from these victims of utter depravity, while destitution, squalor, semi-intoxication, moroseness and strife are the spectacles daily afforded them at home; are not these enough to drive sleep from the eyes of the compassionate, and impel them almost to despair?

How SHOE-PEGs ARE MADE.—The following interesting sketch of a factory where 1,000 bushels of pegs are made annually, at Vienna Village, Kennebec county, is from the *Maine Farmer*:
'The logs are sawed in blocks of suitable length for the pegs, and the ends are planed smooth. Grooves are then cut out on the end of these blocks, crossing each other at the right angles, and these form the points of the pegs. They are then separated by splitting the prepared blocks, a knife being introduced between each row of points, corresponding with the grooving. All these operations are performed by the machinery with the utmost precision and celerity. The pegs are then bleached, dried, and prepared for the market. We do not know what further improvements can be made in the manufacture of shoe pegs. We recollect the time when the 'sons of Crispin' made their own pegs—splitting them from the block, and pointing them with the shoe knife. The machinery in the above establishment, we will venture to say is capable of turning off more pegs in one day, than all the shoemakers in the State could make in the old way in the same time, while the machine pegs are altogether superior. The machinery here used was invented and patented by a New-Hampshire Yankee.

Mr. Thomas C. Norris, the proprietor of this factory, informed us that since September last, he had sent 127 barrels of shoe pegs and pins for cabinet work to Manchester, England. He has further orders from the same place which he is unable to supply at present, in consequence of the water being so low in the stream that he could not keep his works in operation through the winter.

[Correspondence of the Charleston Courier.]

WASHINGTON, April 10.

The week opens brightly. Whatever discontents have prevailed they are now nearly extinguished. Nothing could be more auspicious than the agreement of the members of the Committee, ten of the thirteen being present, to a scheme of compromise.

My letter of yesterday briefly stated the provisions of the scheme. The whole thing is becoming easy. Some days ago, there were but twenty Northern Democratic members who could be vouched for, as certain supporters of this or any so liberal a scheme. Now, we can count thirty. The passage of the bill proposed is beyond a doubt. Mr. Benton will rave and rage, but who will regard him? He

faithful chronicled: and probably never will.

If the true features of that transaction should ever be faithfully depicted, it would stand as an enduring blot—a black stain on the page of our country's history. From their houses and homesteads that wretched people were expelled by brute force, sanctioned by the forms of law, and driven forth into the wilderness to herd with wild beasts.

Had they even been guilty of all the offences which their enemies assigned as the cause of this treatment, they were still human beings, and deserved to be treated as such; but a pack of wolves never worried a flock of sheep with more bloody ferocity, than did these volunteers in the Mormon war of expatriation. The charges against them, if true, were such as were cognizable by courts of justice, and punishable by law; but even after the Mormon leader, Smith, had surrendered himself up under a legal requisition, the organized mob tore him from the very jail, and murdered him in cold blood near that stronghold of justice. The expulsion of his people followed—the shepherd disposed of, the terrified flock were an easy prey, and the survivors who escaped the summary execution of 'Colt's code' and Bowie-knife morality, were allowed to carry no other property with them from the Free-soil of Illinois except their lives.

Had such scenes been enacted in the slave States—had the sufferers only been of a different color, or could political capital have been made out of it, the land would have rung with the recital of these deeds, and the halls of Congress have re-echoed to the wailings of canting political Pharisees, mourning over the wrongs of these 'men and brethren.' But the faces of the victims were, unfortunately, white—they wielded no political power; and members of Congress could gain no weight, or influence, or popularity, by becoming the champions of their cause.

Hence the strong lungs and noisng tongues from that section, now so busily trumpeting Free-soil doctrines, and the enormity of Southern misdoings, were as silent on this topic, then and ever since, as brass bolts with their clappers out.

Moreover, the Mormons professed a 'shocking creed,' and an unpopular one—and these pious missionaries, whose own lives were so strictly in conformity to the lessons of scripture, adopting the doctrine (charged on the Mormons) that 'the earth is the saints' and the fatness thereof'—and furthermore, that 'they were the saints'—endowed themselves forcibly of the property of the Mormons, even to the jewelry of their women—for which the people thus robbed have never as yet been indemnified.

And yet with these facts (never denied, so far as we have seen) staring them full in the face, the Senators from Illinois, Douglas and Shields, presume to read moral lectures to the Southern States, whose escutcheons were never sullied by such stains; and the Colonel Bakers and Wentworths, *et id omne genus*, in the House, from the same section, hold up hands and eyes in holy horror at our social system, and seek to indoctrinate us with the peculiar blessings of Free-soil philosophy.

But it may be said that these outrages were committed in the infancy of the State, and that there was palliation for them in the conduct of the Mormons. These apologies may be plausible, but are they true?

The mormon outrage was perpetrated not ten years ago—and the recent mails have brought us a recital of a repetition of the same scenes, enacted almost on the same theatre, against an unoffending Swedish Colony—without even the apology of religious fanaticism to be set up in extenuation. In this case the outrage has been perpetrated on Women and Children mainly, as the following statement taken from the *St. Louis Republican* of the 9th inst. will prove. Where are the Regiments that the "gallant Col. Baker," and that Paladin of Militia-men "Col. Bissell," said could be so easily raised to the requisition of the Chief Magistrate? If their charity would only begin at home—it would be better far for the reputation of their constituents, and their own,

From the Telegraph.

FREE-SOIL FIRST-FRUIITS.

The persecution of the Mormons, who were driven by mob-violence, and with every aggravation of cruel outrage, from their city of Nauvoo, by the citizens of the Free-soil State of Illinois, is familiar to every one.

It was one of the first fruits of free-soil!—and from a personal sojourn for a short time among that people, in that city, we know that the sad story of their wrongs, and the brutality practised towards them—even their women and children—have never yet been fully and

faithful chronicled: and probably never will.

If the true features of that transaction should ever be faithfully depicted, it would stand as an enduring blot—a black stain on the page of our country's history. From their houses and homesteads that wretched people were expelled by brute force, sanctioned by the forms of law, and driven forth into the wilderness to herd with wild beasts.

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A JOLLY LIFE.—Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from human censor. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourselves up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew drop, and fall to and eat your bed-clothes!