

(From the New Orleans Delta.)

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

However people may differ with John C. Calhoun, there is one quality universally conceded to him, which renders him pre-eminent among the great men of our nation—it is his MORAL COURAGE. In this, none of our great politicians can compare with him. There is not a particle of the demagogue, the temporizer, or compromiser about him. He thinks for himself, acts for himself, and assumes the responsibility for his opinions, and acts without looking to the shifting views and movements of party, or feeling the popular pulse. One of the very deep thinkers and elaborates students among our statesmen, his opinions are always formed after careful, cautious examination, intense study, and reflection. They are, too, no closet opinions. The observing is as largely developed as the reflective faculty, in the extraordinary intellect of this great man. He is, indeed, more a student of men than of books. He derives the chief material of his thoughts from the great, busy world, whose constant movements he closely watches, as it were, from a high and elevated point of observation, unreached by the storms of passion and mists of prejudice that enveloped the struggling masses.

Having once formed and deeply matured his opinions, John C. Calhoun never pauses or hesitates to proclaim them, regardless of consequences—patient of present unpopularity, indifferent to detraction and abuse; and awaiting, with calm, philosophic resignation, the effect of time, of reflection, of mature thought upon the minds of the people. These are the characteristics which make John C. Calhoun the truly great man of the nation. His enemies—even those who, prompted by the petty passions and narrow views of the times, denounce him, as no other man in this nation has been denounced—concede him these qualities.

There is something of the truly sublime in the moral sublime—in the scene lately presented in our Senate, on the occasion of perhaps the last exhibition which this great man will ever give, of his transcendent qualities of the head and heart. Having reached quite an advanced age, after a service of perhaps the longest and most arduous of any of our statesmen, Mr. Calhoun attended the present session of Congress with great reluctance, under a physical debility which nothing but the most pressing sense of duty could induce him to overlook. He saw the storm was gathering in our political horizon, and knew where his post was in the hour of peril. He once more abandoned the calm enjoyment, the domestic pleasures, and the ennobling studies of Fort Hill, and repaired to his seat at Washington, among the Conscript Fathers of the Republic. He had hardly, however, entered upon the duties, when he was visited with a painful and depressing disease, which condemned him to his bed at the very time when his country needed his counsel, and the great interest he represents suffered from his absence. For sometime the country was filled with fear and apprehension that the great Senator would not again appear in that assembly, whose august dignity and exalted character he had contributed so much to elevate. There was painful rumors that the illustrious statesman was rapidly hastening to his grave. His voice could not be filled. The debates in the Senate took an excited turn. The South seemed without a head or chief to marshal her forces. The delusive word "Compromise," hitherto so pregnant with mischief to the interest of the South, began to mislead the unreflecting, and frighten the timid. Affairs approached a fearful issue. The South appeared as if she would be overwhelmed by the combined treachery of her own sons, echoing the false cry of disunion, and by the fanaticism of the traitors of the North. At this moment all eyes turned towards the sick chamber of the great statesman. There he lay, prostrate in body, but with still active mind, revolving the great matters which agitated the nation, and with his big heart still throbbing with unflinching devotion to the rights to which his whole life had been consecrated. Soon do the exulting and braggart tones of the invading North penetrate his sick chamber. Arousing all his energies, and for a moment, conquering the lassitude of age, and the debility of protracted illness, he calls around him his friends, and raising himself upon his couch, dictates to his colleague the sentiments which he desires to declare to the Senate. That scene strongly reminds us of the last dying moments of the great Reformer, Calvin, when he assembled around his death-bed his associates and followers, and with his last failing breath, and in accents broken by the rapid inroads of death, announces to them his latest convictions, and that upon the great questions of salvation; a scene which has formed the subject of one of the finest historical paintings extant.

But fortunately the great southerner did not die in the enunciation of his sentiments. On the contrary, his system seems to have been reanimated by the utterance of the thoughts that filled his mind and agitated his soul. His strength is somewhat restored. Like the Senators of old Rome, who, when they heard that the northern barbarians had invaded

the sacred hall of the Conscript Fathers, betook themselves to their accustomed places, and there seated in their curule chairs, and clad in their senatorial togas, calmly awaited their fate, so our great statesman resolves to attend in his seat, and there abide the consequences of his devotion to the great principles of his life. The Senate hall is densely crowded. Beauty brightened the galleries, and the great intellects of the nation look on with breathless interest. The senators are all in their seats, with countenances expressive of deep interest and sympathy. The ordinary business of the body passes unheeded, and then a deep pause and a profound silence ensue. Presently the crowd in the lobbies is seen in motion. It gives way, and through the aisle is seen approaching a venerable form, attenuate and worn to the last degree, sustaining his tottering steps upon the arms of two younger men. There is but little of the physical man left in that aged form. His white hair betokens extreme age—his countenance wears visible signs of suffering and sickness, and his limbs hang loosely together. But his bright eye still flashes with wonted fire, and his lips set closely together with wonted firmness. He casts a look around him, and seems moved, excited, aroused, by the view of so much assembled wisdom and intelligence. A murmur agitates the assembly, and all eyes are turned towards the aged figure. It is he!—as the whisper which pervaded the hall, and so it was, the great senator of the South,—brought, like the illustrious Chatham, from the couch of sickness, to raise his voice against the oppression and injustice of the mother country towards these colonies,—appears on the scene of his triumphs and his greatness, to hurl defiance at the traitors, disunionists, and fanatics, who conspire to destroy the rights of the south, to overturn the constitution, and make the Union a curse rather than a blessing.

The Senator is too weak to utter his thoughts. He selects as his organ a Senator of the Old Dominion—that State which has ever been foremost in devotion to the Union, and the rights of the States. His speech is read and listened to with breathless interest. In plain and emphatic language, he declares the truth, that this Union can only be preserved by a proper regard for the rights of all the States; those rights existed previous to the constitution, and must be preserved under it; that this is a matter in which there cannot and ought not to be any compromise; that the agitation will not cease with the settlement of the present question; that it will come up again to excite, irritate, and disturb the relations of the States and the peace of the Union. He therefore proposes to amend the constitution compact, by introducing into it new clauses to protect the South against the continual invasions of the North; to secure its peace and quiet, and terminate forever these ruinous agitations. If this cannot be done, it would be better for these States peaceably to dissolve, rather than continue perpetually embroiled and hostile. Such are the sentiments proclaimed by the great Senator from Carolina, under circumstances of the most solemn and impressive character.

THEIR WAYS ARE NOT OUR WAYS.

Once upon a time there lived a hermit, who, in a solitary cell, passed night and day in the service of his God. Not far from his retreat a humble shepherd tended his flock. Happening one day to fall into a deep slumber, a robber carried off his sheep. The owner of them, turning a deaf ear to the excuse of his servant, ordered him to be put to death for his negligence—a proceeding which gave great offence to the hermit. "Oh, Heaven!" he exclaimed, "the innocent suffer for the guilty, and yet is unavenged by God! I will quit his service, and enter the giddy world once more." He accordingly left his hermitage; but the Almighty willed that he should not be lost and an angel, in the form of a man, was sent to bear him company. Having made each other's acquaintance they walked on together towards a crowded city. They entered it at nightfall, and entreated shelter at the house of a most noble captain. He took them in, gave them a sumptuous supper, and then conducted them to a bedchamber decorated in the highest style of art. In the middle of the night the angel rose, and going stealthily to an adjoining apartment, strangled the entertainer's only child, who was sleeping in his cradle there. The hermit was horror-struck, but durst not reprove his murderous companion, who, though in human form, exercised over him the influence of a superior being. In the morning they arose, and went on to another city, where they were hospitably treated by one of the principal inhabitants. This person possessed, and greatly prized, a massive golden cup. In the night the angel stole it. Again the hermit held his peace through fear. On the morrow they continued their journey, and having met a pilgrim on the bridge, the angel requested him to become their guide. He consented, but had not gone many yards with them before the angel seized him by the shoulders and hurled him in the stream below. The hermit now came

to the conclusion that his companion was a devil, and longed for an opportunity of leaving him secretly. As the vesper bell was ringing they reached the third city, and again sought shelter; but the burgess to whom they applied was a churl, and would not admit them into his house. He said, however, that if they liked, they might sleep in the pig-stye. Not being able to procure a better lodging, they did so; and in the morning their surly host received, as his remuneration the purloined goblet. The hermit now thought the angel was a madman, and told him they must part.

"Not until I have explained my conduct," said the angel, "listen, and then go thy way. I have been sent to unfold to thee the mysteries of Providence. When thou wast in thine hermitage, the owner of a flock unjustly put his slave to death, and by so doing moved thy wrath; but the shepherd, being the victim of ignorance and precipitate anger, will enjoy eternal bliss, whilst the master will not enter heaven until he has been tormented by remorse on earth, and purified by fire in purgatory. I strangled the child of our first host, because before his son's birth, he performed many works of mercy, but afterwards grew covetous in order to enrich his heir. God in His love is sometimes forced to chastise, and beneath the tears of the sorrowing parent his piety will spring again. I stole the cup of our second host, because when the wine smiled brightly in it, it tempted him to sin. I cast the pilgrim into the water because God willed to reward his former faith with everlasting happiness, but knew that if he lingered any longer here below he would be guilty of a mortal sin. And lastly, I repaid the niggard hospitality of our third host with such a bounteous boon, to teach him for the future to be more generous. Henceforth, therefore, put a seal upon thy presumptuous lips, and condemn not the All-wise in thy mole-eyed folly." The hermit, hearing this fell at the angel's feet, and pleaded earnestly for pardon. He received it, and returned to his hermitage, where he lived for many years a pattern of humility and faith, and at length sweetly fell asleep in Christ.

From the Newberry Sentinel. NEWBERRY ANNALS, &C.

"A scene between Peter Carnes, more properly called John Peter Carnes, a well known lawyer of that day, and Judge Mason, in Court, is worth recording. It was at June or July term, Carnes made his appearance in his shirt sleeves. Judge Mayson, who was a Scotchman, said to him, "Mr. Carnes, the Court don't know you!" "Humph," said Carnes, "Don't know me ha!" Turning upon his heel, and walking out of Court, he purchased a blanket, and cutting a hole in it, he thrust his head through, and drawing it around him, walked him, and walked into the Court room, and presenting himself to their Worship, he demanded, "Does the Court know me now?" The effect may be imagined—an universal laugh excused the contempt. Carnes' argument was, that although the rule of Court required a lawyer to wear a gown, it had not prescribed the color, and therefore the blanket was a sufficient gown!

One of Judge Mayson's judgments is remembered. It was characteristic of the man and of the Court. The case was assault and battery. Timothy Goodman vs. John Tune. Goodman was celebrated for card playing, and Tune as a bully. Goodman, it appeared, cheated Tune at cards, and he whipped him. Mayson, for himself and his brethren, said "as Mr. Goodman was a carder, and Mr. Tune a fighter, the judgment of the Court was, that each party should pay his own costs and go without delay."

Carnes and Shaw were rival lawyers, at the County court Bar of Newberry—Carnes was a very large man—Shaw a very small one. Carnes was remarkable for his wit and good humor—Shaw for his pride and petulance. The latter when irritated, could make no argument. On one occasion, a case of some consequence, Carnes had made the opening speech, and sat down. Shaw arose and commenced his argument, alongside of Carnes. When standing, the appeal of the coat of the former was just even with that of the latter. Large buttons, and straight-breasted coats were then the rage. Carnes buttoned a button or two of Shaw's into his, snatched up his hat, jumped up in a great hurry, and walked to the door, dragging, apparently without noticing it, poor Shaw after him. At the door, he affected to have discovered it, and looking down at him, with apparent surprise, he exclaimed, Brother pop corn, what mischievous rascal latched you to me?" The ruse had the effect intended, Shaw when released was so enraged he could not make his speech.

Carnes' comment on Robert Starks' first speech in an assault and battery case at Newberry, and Starks' practical reply are too good to be lost. Neither Starks' exterior nor speech had impressed Carnes with any favorable notion of his learning or talent. He said to the judges he did not believe the young gentleman knew what an assault and battery was. Starks was instantly on his feet, shaking his fist in Carnes' face, he said, "that is an assault," and drawing back, and stri-

king him a full blow in the face with his fist, sufficient to have felled an ox, he said, "there is battery." Carnes sat down, rubbing his forehead, and exclaiming, "I did not think the fellow had so much sense!"

NOTICE.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of Elizabeth Stribling, dec'd. will hand them in legally attested, and those indebted must make payment.

T. M. Stribling, Adm'r  
M. S. Stribling.

Jan. 19, 1850. 35 3m.

[H. L. JEFFERS.] [W. S. COTHMAN  
[E. J. BUCKMASTER.]

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Their Warehouse in this place is safe from water and isolated, therefore not exposed to fire.

As they will be constantly at their post, promoting the interest of their friends (which they are aware will add to their own.) They solicit and hope to merit and receive a full share of that liberal patronage heretofore bestowed, and for which they now return thanks.

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March 2, 41 1m. All the South Carolina Weeklies and Tri-Weeklies will publish this advertisement for one month, and send their bills to the author.

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All business committed to his care will receive prompt and faithful attention.

REFERENCES:

HON. D. WALLACE, Union, S. C.  
J. O. P. VERNON, C. E. S. D., Spartanburg, S. C.  
May 18, 1849 1-11

Dr. J. N. Lawrence.

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Pickens C. H., S. C. }  
May 18, 1849. } 1 11.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

IN THE COMMON PLEAS

PICKENS DISTRICT.

Henry Whitmire, Dec. in Attachment vs. E. M. Keith

John Bishop, Piffs Att'y.

The Plaintiff having this day filed his declaration in my office, and the defendant having neither wife nor attorney known to be in this State,—On motion; It is ordered, that the defendant do appear, and plead or demur to the said declaration, within a year and a day from this date, or Judgment will be entered by default.

W. L. KEITH, C. C. P.

Clerk's Office, }  
May 10, 1849. } 1

Letters.

Remaining in the Post Office at Pickens C. H., Quarter ending 31st Dec, 1849, which is taken out within three months will be sent to the Post-Office Department as dead letters.

Daguerrean Artist Abraham Able  
Mecajah Alexander G. A. L. Bolles  
J. L. Byram S. M. Bell  
H. E. Campbell W. W. Clayton  
Peter Ellington Garner Evans  
Elijah Foster Rev. J. Grisham, 3  
W. Grant Richard Golden  
Rev. D. Humphreys Encas Hunter  
James Holden John Lay  
James Lay Edmund Martin  
Baily Mosley Wm. Martin  
Alfred McCall J. B. Mauldin  
Rev. John Owens Jeremiah Prater  
Watson C. Roe Daniel Whitmire  
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E. E. ALEXANDER, P. M.

January, 12, 1850.

NEW GOODS!

THE Subscriber would again inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has just received a fresh supply of Seasonable Goods!

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S. R. McFALL.

Pickens C. H., Dec. 19, '49. 32-b

Blackwood's Magazine

AND THE

British Quarterly Reviews

Owing to the late revolutions and counter-revolutions among the nations of Europe, which have followed each other in such quick succession, and of which 'the end is not yet,' the leading periodicals of Great Britain have become invested with a degree of interest hitherto unknown. They occupy a middle ground between the hasty, disjointed, and necessarily imperfect records of the newspapers, and the elaborate and ponderous treatises to be furnished by the historian at a future day. Whoever reads these periodicals obtains a correct and connected account of all the important political events of the old world, as they occur, and learns the various conclusions drawn from them by the leading spirits of the age. The American Publishers therefore deem it proper to call renewed attention to the works they republish and the very low prices at which they are offered to subscribers. The following is their list, viz:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW,  
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW,  
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW,  
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW,  
and

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

In these periodicals are contained the views, moderately, though clearly and firmly expressed, of the three great parties in England—Tory, Whig, and Radical—"Blackwood" and the "London Quarterly" are Tory; the "Edinburgh Review" Whig; and the "Westminster Review" Liberal. The "North British Review" owes its establishment to the just great ecclesiastical movement in Scotland, and is not ultra in its views on any one of the grand departments of human knowledge; it was originally edited by Dr. Halmers, and now, since his death, is conducted by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, associated with Sir David Brewster. Its literary character is of the very highest order. The "Westminster," though reprinted under that title only, is published in England under the title of the "Foreign Quarterly and Westminster," it being in fact a union of the two Reviews formerly published under separate titles. It has therefore, the advantage by this combination, of uniting in one work the best features of both as heretofore issued.

The above Periodicals are reprinted in New York, immediately on their arrival by the British steamers, in a beautiful clear type, on fine white paper, and are faithful copies of the originals. Blackwood's Magazine being an exact facsimile of the Edinburgh edition.

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