



"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

BY ROBT. A. THOMPSON.

PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1857.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 43.

SELECTED POETRY.

Flowers.

They spring unnoticed and unknown, Mid rocky wilds they bloom. They flourish in the desert lone, They deck the silent tomb. They cheer the peasant's lowly cot, Adorn the monarch's hall. They fill each quiet shady spot— Oh! who can tell them all!

MISCELLANY.

Our Country's Mission—Speech of Hon. Caleb Cushing.

On Thursday last, Hon. Caleb Cushing, late Attorney General of the U. States, arrived at his home in Newburyport, Mass., and was received with imposing ceremonies. Mayor Davenport welcomed him in a brief speech, to which Mr. Cushing replied in one of the grandest efforts it has ever been our fortune to listen to or read.

It was my fortune, not many years ago, to traverse the Pacific Ocean in its widest expanse from the Continent of Asia to that of America. We launched forth upon it in our frail bark as Columbus did on the Atlantic, with nothing save us, not to speak of man's presence, in that great world of sea and sky. It may have been that some solitary, daring hunter of the seas; from New Bedford or Nantucket, chased the whale in the distant bays of Kamoharika or the Aetian Islands, or that some Russian coasted along the Straits of Behring from the Asiatic to the American Siberia; but otherwise, from the Sandwich Islands, beneath the Tropic of Cancer, to the ice-bound foundations of the Polar North, we alone were out on that immense ocean.

There might have been a stray ship from Boston or Salem, painfully collecting a cargo of raw hides in San Francisco or San Diego, or another from our city, with perhaps your present Mayor and others of your immediate fellow-citizens on board, planting our country's standard on the banks of the Columbia; for, be it remembered, Oregon was originally colonized by men of Newburyport. But no longer were the great galleons of Spain to be seen there, transporting the wealth of Mexico to China. It was a desert waste of water, as if awaiting the winged messenger of the ark to fly forth upon it, and seek a new resting place for the feet of another Noah. While navigating that waste of water—while sailing by its almost uninhabitable shores, the thought came to me—how should it not be all the inevitable riches of those vast regions of earth to profit man? Is that vast ocean to continue thus barren of use, with no white canvas of the mariner, no steamship, with its clouds by day and its pillar of fire by night, to plow the deep and break the rolling waves, bearing the freight and wealth of the Western to the Eastern Indies, Time—and how brief a time!—has answered this question. The opulent State of California has grown up there, as it were, in a day—giving and receiving treasury of wealth and assuming its proud place in the galaxy of the Union. A second State, Oregon, is about to take on the robes of sovereignty as a equal member of the confederation of States. A third, Washington, perpetuating the name of the father of his country in that ultima thule of America, will not be content to remain long without its full enjoyment of constitutional rights, and its due representation in the Senate of the United States. And that so recently unoccupied ocean of the North Pacific—how buoyantly does it now bear

upon its swelling waves those noble fleets of clipper ships of Newburyport and of East Boston, by the side of which the galleons of Acapulco and Manila were but insignificantly harks, and which are freighted with wealth such as a poet never dreamed of to fill the great argosies of Genoa and of Venice? Who, in so brief a time, wrought all these wonders? Was it the work of legends of fabulous giants, marshalled to their stupendous task by the miraculous charm of the ring of Solomon, such as we read of in the picturesque legends of Arabia? He who saw it as it was ten years ago, and sees it as it is now, might well conceive that nothing short of supernatural power could have produced the marvelous change. It is miraculous, it is supernatural—not a miracle of demon slaves—driven under the lash of some magician taskmaster; but the miracle of American courage, American genius and America virtue, working out our country's great destinies, under the preordained impulsion of Almighty God. It was my fortune, at another time, to stand on the summit of the lofty ridge of land which divides the sources of the Mississippi from those of Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie and Ontario, having on my right hand waters of that mighty river, which drains, and, as it flows on to the Gulf of Mexico, fertilizes the largest and the richest valley of cultivable land on the face of the earth; and, on my left hand, that unique succession of great rivers and lakes—the river alternately expanding into magnificent fresh water seas, and the seas narrowing again into beautiful rivers; and so, through forest and meadow, and over cataracts and rapids, rolling on with lavish profusion a thousand miles to the far off Gulf of St. Lawrence. Such was the stand point of view. Before, behind, all around me, were noble forests of oak and pine and maple and elm; earth-born giants of the primeval world; and beyond them, stretching far away to the uttermost confines of the horizon, verdant savannahs in all the luxuriance of nature's virgin unstinted prodigality; sublimely immense as an ocean, lovely as a dream of Paradise. Streamlets and lakes were sparkling amid the trees in the sunlight, like diamonds and sapphires scattered over the rich tresses of some fair maiden as she steps in the pride of her beauty and her youth. All that magnificent scene however, was but a wilderness, where the Indian still roamed at will in his native forests, or paddled his light canoe on river and lake; and where no sign of cultivation, no mark of civilization, was to be seen, save in the glorious banner of the stripes and stars floating over some military station or outpost, to be witness of the omnipresent power of the Union. Here, again, the thought came to me—can it be that all this wealth of land and sea is to remain lost to the uses of human greatness and happiness? It half tempted me to impeach the divine justice, to reflect that millions and millions of men were at that hour struggling for want of space in the crowded countries of Europe—"cabinets, cribbed, confined," in narrow lines, where industry had no field to work in, and ambition was degrading its own heart for want of scope and object; and wives and children were pining away on the crusts of destitution and misery—whilst here was earth enough to be the seat of imperial dominion, squandered apparently on a handful of untamed and untamable Indians. But impious would have been such a thought—the foolish impiety of man's improvidence and ignorance. God's wisdom is not our wisdom. He had his own great purposes to work out in his own good time, and with the instruments of his own election. For now, there also American activity, industry, enterprise, have been exerted; and yellow harvest fields on the prairie, busy mills at the waterfalls, populous communities by the riverside, have transfused the face of the desert; and another powerful State (Minnesota) has arisen there to add to the greatness of the American Union.

Is not that manifest destiny! Is not that a providential mission! Is not that one of the steps in the "march, march, march" of the Union which, when suggested by me, on a former occasion, as what the Union had perforce to do, was taken to be the personation of some awful monster shaking forth pestilence and death from its horrid hair! Ay, in this pioneer colony of Massachusetts, doubled with Plymouth, on the very rock of Plymouth itself, where a free compact of self-government first found a foothold on earth, and from which point, together with the coeval starting point of Jamestown, there moved the two parallel columns of emigration which commenced America's march—at that very place, a good and honored friend of mine felt called upon to protest against my suggestion of the onward "march, march, march" of the advancing hosts of civilization, liberty and power which follow the westward flight of the eagle of the Union. I stand to my thought. I reiterate it. I stick to the purpose which brought my forefather John Cushing from Hingham in England to Hingham in Massachusetts. I say that every ship load of colonists which came in the beginning to Virginia and to Massachusetts, and each one of us their descendants, who are but moving on with an acceleration of the original impetus which they gave us, and every ship load of colonists from Ireland and Germany, all and each one of us are but the humble ministers of God, appointed to occupy, to cultivate and to civilize America. It is oppression seeking to be freed. It is wanting to be want no longer. It is the strong man without air and without room, and determined to have them, or at least to die gallantly in the struggle for them. It is the irrefragable expansion of over-compressed human energies. It is the exodus of the nations. It is the outpouring of the too full blood of the old world into the all capacious veins of the new world. It is the foundation in America of a Republic, an empire to outcount in numbers and outvie in strength the parent States of Europe. I say that it is the work appointed of God for us to do, with the blessing of God upon us, that work we will do. If rivers run across our path, we will bridge them; if mountains rise up to stop us, we will tunnel them; if deserts appear, we will reclaim and cultivate them; if oceans intervene, we will navigate them to which last end, so long as there's an oak left on earth, gallant ships shall continue to be launched into the waters of this our Merrimac. No material obstacle can arrest our progress. We woo this fair nature which lies before us, and we woo it as its conqueror, like the vikings of the old time winning their brides of the sea in open combat. I say this in the same confidence of conviction as one who, seeing the sun set forth from the portals of the East, may speak of its onward course to the West. For time was when the United States were but weak little colonies of England, scattered along the seashore. Then they overflowed the Alleghenies into the valley of the Mississippi. Next they absorbed the vast domain of France from Lake Superior all around to the Gulf of Mexico, and Westward to Oregon. Next they possessed themselves of the two Floridas, and then of Texas. And finally they have marched on through New Mexico into remote California. But in our conquest of nature with our stalwart arms, and with our dauntless hearts to back them, it happens that men, nations, races, may, must, will, perish before us. That is inevitable. There can be no change for the better save at the expense of that which is—one generation gives place to another. Out of decay springs fresh life. The tribes of Indians who hunted over the land, without occupying it, retire before us like the hunted deer and the buffalo themselves—deeper and deeper into the innermost recesses of the Continent. And the Hispano-Mexicans, wasting away by apparent incapacity of self government, are suffering one province after another of theirs to relapse into pristine desolation, and thus become prepared to receive the people and the laws of the United States. All that is now history. Yet, wise men saw long before that so it was to be. From the present they inferred the future, and spoke of it with the positiveness and precision of inspired prophecy.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—A death from that horrible disease—hydrophobia—occurred in Philadelphia on Wednesday, the victim being a child only seven years of age. The bite was inflicted some two months since, and the insidious poison had remained latent until with a few days. The dog was shot immediately after the occurrence. The wound, which was upon the back of the hand, scarcely punctured the skin, and not the slightest apprehensions were entertained of any unfortunate result until within a day or two, when it was too late for medical skill to be of any avail.

THE "NOVEL BANK CASE."—Our readers will remember that it was stated a few days ago that the Union Bank of Frenchtown, N. J., had indicted certain parties for a conspiracy to break the bank, basing the charge upon the allegation that the defendants had been privately collecting notes exceeding the amount of specie in the bank, for the purpose of making a run upon it, having the notes protested, bargaining with a notary or justice to protest them for less than the lawful fees, and subsequently filing the protested notes with the State Treasurer. The damages were laid at \$5,000, and the jury, after twenty-four hours of deliberation, returned a verdict of one dollar for the bank, leaving each party to pay its own costs. This appears to sustain the principle, though it cannot be said that the plaintiffs have made much by the operation. It would seem to be questionable, nevertheless, whether it was not an unwise experiment to attempt to punish a creditor for asking the payment of its notes when fairly due and payable. In this way every "run" upon a bank would be criminal, and it is not likely that the people would tolerate such an interpretation of the laws. Every sound bank is always prepared to pay its bills, and is in no danger from such conspirators. Two Irishmen were in prison, one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Mike," said the cow stealer, one day "what o'clock is it?" "Och, Pat, I haven't my watch hand, but I think it is about milking time."

The Hanging at Yazoo, Miss.

On Friday, the 27th of June, 1856, Y. C. Bovard paid the last penalty of the law, for the murder of his wife, as did the three Pritchard negroes, for the murder of their master. The execution took place in the presence of not less than three thousand persons. Bovard made his appearance under the gallows at the hour of twelve, tastefully arrayed, and showing no sign of alarm. His step was firm and elastic, and his whole demeanor calm and self-possessed. On scanning his physiognomy, we could not discover any mark that betrays the cold-blooded murderer. Just before he swung off he made a speech to the thousands who were collected before and around him, in which he testified to the crime with which he was charged in the indictment, was committed by him while laboring under aberration of mind caused by hard drinking. To brandy he attributed his downfall, and in an earnest tone he warned the young men present against tasting that which "enters the mouth to steal away the brains," and entreated them to take warning from him, and eschew that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

But to his remarks: "This gallows is to end my life. That box to contain my body; and the grave to be my resting place, until the last loud trump of God shall sound awakening my sleeping dust to come to the final reckoning. I will make but a few remarks; aware of the fact that anything said by a man in my situation contrary to the generally received opinions of men, (although it be as true as the sacred word of God) is branded as falsehoods by them and men will say the wretch died with a lie in his mouth; but be that as it may the truth I must and will tell. You have assembled here to witness a scene which in all human probability you have never witnessed before, and I humbly pray my God, that your eyes may ever be spared a repetition of a tragedy, so awful, from its very nature, as the one now before you—a man to be executed for the crime of murder—the murdered victim being no other than his own wife—the partner of his bosom and the mother of his little babes. Gentlemen, I am not guilty as charged in the indictment under which I was tried and condemned and in a few minutes to pay the penalty with my life. I was deranged in mind—reason had left her throne—I had no control of my reason or myself; when this appalling and heart-rending deed was committed. I tell you most candidly and truthfully too, that when in my sane mind the most distant thought never entered my mind to harm one of my own family; much less take the life of that one who was nearer and dearer to me than my very existence; and had I found a will or desire in my heart to commit a deed of such atrocity I would have torn it from my breast and cast it from me as being unworthy to pulsate in its usual place. No, not all the wealth, the honor, and the glory of the world combined would have induced me, nor death itself in the most hideous manner which the ingenuity of man could invent, would have forced me into the commission of a crime of such magnitude against the laws of my country and the laws of the Supreme Being who has decreed emphatically, "Thou shalt not kill." Can it be possible that any man who has known me from my boyhood up, (and there are many in this county, for it is those who have known me longest that have known me best) can attribute that awful affair to any other than the true cause—that of insanity. Yes, I dare to believe that in my whole circle of acquaintances that there are but few who believe me guilty of any known murder. To reveal all in relation to that horrible scene, I really cannot do, for I have but a vague and indistinct recollection of anything occurring to or with me, from Sunday night the 18th of November previous to that night on which the deed was committed until Thursday morning the 22d Nov., when I found myself in the hands of officers at Mangum's Hotel at Benton. During this time, however, I had one or two lucid intervals, one of which I recollect distinctly. It must have occurred shortly after the deed was done, for I do not think that there was any one there at the time; how long it lasted I cannot tell; it seemed to me that I had just awoke from a frightful dream, when to my horror I clearly saw that it was no dream, but a sad reality; and the first thought which came to my mind was to take my own life, and acting on that impulse, I got my gun, and tried to shoot myself; the gun would not fire, and after several attempts I gave that up. I next thought that I could accomplish my design with Opium and recollecting that there was some in a drawer, I immediately got it, and commenced eating it, as to what quantity I took of it I know not, but from what I have heard, I drank at least enough to have killed three men, laboring under no mental derangement. It would be well perhaps, for me to state for what purpose I had procured this Opium; I had been drinking extremely hard for some time, and I had determined in my own mind that I would quit it, and become a sober man, and try to regain that standing in the community, which I knew I had lost by my drunken habits. With this determination I procured the opium at Burdell's drug store, thinking that I could gradually reduce the high state of nervous ex-

citement which I knew would naturally follow in quitting the use of whiskey, and for this purpose and no other I got it.

And now, sirs, as you behold this wreck of an ill-spent life, suspended between the Heavens and the Earth; remember that brandy, that curse to mankind, has caused all this woe, and brought about my untimely end. To you who are in the habit of using the accursed stuff, this scene ought to speak louder than the thunders of Heaven, in warning you to desist from so baneful a practice, one, which, if pursued in, their is no telling where it will lead you. Sirs, it is whisky that fills your Jails, crowd your Penitentiaries, and alas! furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It changes man into a beast, and it is the most brutal and diabolical enemy that the most virtuous man has. Young men, to you in particular, I address myself. When at the age of twenty-one, there were but few young men, if any, who stood higher on the platform of honor than myself. My character, so far as I knew, stood out to the world unimpeached in every particular; but in the short space of five years and a half, where do you find me? You find me a convicted felon, standing on the very confines of earth, with but a few moments between me and eternity, and to leave behind me a name which a cold and unfriendly world has chosen to encircle with the deepest infamy. And now, sirs, with this picture before you, and possessed of the knowledge that you are not infallible and liable at all times to fall, will you do as I have done, in spite of the entreaties and admonitions of kind friends, work your way down to the lowest degradation, to be unhonored, unlamented and despised by all good men. Oh! sirs, you who have imbibed the habit of tipping, I pray you to take warning from my sad end, before it is too late, and if you are even tempted to drink the fiery liquid, think before you do it, that he who drinks this glass may fill a murderer's grave. "Touch not, taste not the unhallowed thing."

I will now speak of some charges which are circulated about me. I am sorry that I feel called upon on this solemn occasion, at least so to me, to do so, but in justice to myself and family, it certainly is my duty to lay these matters truthfully before the people, so that each man, woman and child in this county may know for themselves, and not from others, what is the truth. It is reported that I acknowledged myself to be the man who burned the gin house of Mr. Addison Burrus, of this county, about the middle of December, 1854; I have no recollection of making any such acknowledgement. I will now say that I did not burn it, nor am I accessory to it in any manner, shape or form. There is another of like cast. It is further reported that I endeavored to get a negro man, belonging to my father's estate, to burn the gin house of Mr. Alonzo Brown, of this county, but like the other, it is false. And in conclusion let me say to you that time may prove to you; but if time in her meandering course should fail, the judgment bar of a just God who knows the secrets of all hearts will not fail to prove to you Young C. Bovard at heart, is not that wilful sane murderer; that low degraded and debased villain which you have heard so faithfully depicted, and for aught I know, believed. I have now alluded to all the reports which have come to my knowledge, there may be others which I do not know of, as my chance has been very bad to learn anything, I have been allowed to see my friends but very seldom, and then but a few minutes.

Sirs, I will say for your gratification, that if I was guilty of willful and knowing murder, I deserve this; yes, if possible more than this! If I was guilty as charged and found, I deserve the fiery stake instead of the gallows. You certainly dishonored your halls of justice by giving me a trial and chance for life; but I am not guilty of known murder, although I committed the deed, it was the act of a maniac, not of a sane man, and according to your laws, how can you reconcile it with your conscience to take my life. Sirs, you are doing me a great wrong! One which you can never repair, even if time should prove it to your mind clearer than the mid day sun that my statements are true. You are not only depriving me of my life, my all, but you are wrongfully depriving two unfortunate children of their only protection. You are casting them upon the charities of a cold and unfriendly world, without the arm of a father to care for their tender years; think of this, oh! how it would grieve your hearts to be cut off from life, and that too for a crime of which you are not legally guilty, and to leave your helpless offspring to the ridicule and sneers of a scoffing world. Are you as willing to do as you would be done by under like circumstances? I appeal to heaven for the proof of my statements—to that judge who knows the secrets of all hearts.

I humbly hope and trust that although my days are numbered and my hour has come, that you will not forget that you are by nature resting under a like sentence and perhaps for aught you know ere another Sun has run its course, you too, may be silent in death and your spirit, like mine, have winged its way to the God, who gave it.—To you who are unprepared for a transit to another world, let me entreat you to begin that all important work to-day. The shortness of life and the certainty of death and the great worth of your immortal souls call aloud for you not to delay. You have God's word for it that you must repent, and it is for you to choose whether you will in time

or in vast eternity. In time you have the hope of mercy but if you postpone this matter for eternity you will repent for ever, where the distant hope of mercy will never come; and to you my Christian friends let me say be faithful to the trust which God has confided to your care. Guard well that sacred cause to the end of life, and a crown will be given you by your Father, decked with brighter jewels than ever graced a monarch's brow.

If there is any man under the sound of my voice or elsewhere who I have ever injured by words or actions I pray you forgive me, to those who have wronged me particularly in my trial I freely forgive. I have no bad feeling or ill will towards any man, and to those of my friends who have imprisoned please accept the deep gratitude of my heart. May God have mercy upon you all, and do you all the good that he in his wisdom may see you need, is the humble but fervent prayer of an unfortunate man. Farewell to all until we meet at the judgement bar of God.

A NOVEL FINALE.—We find in the New York papers the following account of a closing scene in the recently adjourned black republican legislature of that State: "Shortly after six o'clock, the Senate chamber becoming densely packed with spectators and lobbyists, some industrious wag busied himself with sprinkling cayenne pepper over the carpets in the room and on the registers, the effects of which were almost instantly perceptible on those present. The slight and irregular coughs, and delicate sneezing, soon increased to a general and prodigious cough, sneeze, hawking spitting, and blowing of noses, the "noise and confusion" from which at times entirely precluded the possibility of hearing anything else. So general did the scene at length become that nearly every Senator, not excepting the President, was seized with the mania. The chamber, which was cramped to an uncomfortable degree, including a number of colored people, now became the scene of a general cough, sneeze, and blowing of proboscis, so as to render it impossible for business to proceed."

BOSTON IMMORALITY.—The capitol of New England is acquiring an unenviable notoriety by its indecent criminal trials. Directly upon the heels of the Killoch trial comes the Dalton trial, which the Boston papers state exceeds in repulsive indecency any similar one that has ever taken place in that part of the country. Even the Boston Times "shudders at its revelations." And yet the parties involved in these scandals are young married people belonging to highly respectable families, who had borne good reputations until their immoralities were brought to light by the homicide of young Sumner, who was beaten to death by the man whose domestic peace he had destroyed. Boston may not be worse than New York, or any other of the large towns of the Union, but it has lately had to endure the shame of more scandalous trials than its population would entitle it to if their morals were on a par with other American cities.—N. Y. Times.

DESTRUCTION OF PETERSBURG.—The last Havre steamer brings German papers of the 7th instant. Among them we find the Allgemeine Zeitung, which contains the following singular paragraph, which we translate for the benefit of our readers: "A startling occurrence happened in the State of Virginia a few days previous to the sailing of our last steamer, the Hermann. A sudden and mighty inundation of the famous river, Appomattox, bursting upon its bosom an enormous avalanche of timber from above, and sweeping in its course every dwelling, mill, hotel, tower and fortress upon its banks, coming upon the town of Petersburg in the night, and sweeping it and the whole of Bristol Parish into the sea. Some of the fortresses upon this river are said to have covered to a hundred acres of area.—Three of the towers were one thousand feet high each. The spectacle was awful.—Trees, churches, forests, negroes, ladies, judges, councilmen, street commissioners, pigs, poultry, loco focos, whigs, indomitables, and but others, were all heaped up together in a crude and shapeless mass of conglomerated improbabilities, like an unapproachable island, about one hundred miles from the mighty river, whose impetuous course inflicted the calamity. When the steamer left, she passed the inundated town, and saw 15,000 people standing upon the fragments of interlocked timbers, masts, roofs, columns and vessels, waving white pocket handkerchiefs as signals of distress. The town is ruined, and for the obstinacy of the "damfoolies" (one of the local parties) who were too aristocratic to receive funds from a territorial neighbor gratis, where-with to build a wall for the city's protection. The whole State, it is said, is in imminent danger of inundation.—Gold help our brothers in that unhappy land, and all the poor people!" Heaven bless the Germans! (Where's Manchester?)—Petersburg Express.