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**TERMS.**  
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### ANECDOTES.

"Elder, will you have drink of cider?" enquired a farmer of an old temperance man, who was spending the evening at his house.

"Ah! hum—no, thank ye," said the old man—"I never drink liquor of any kind—specially cider—but if you call it apple juice, resken I'll take a drop!"

**DEPEND ON CIRCUMSTANCES.**  
—Said Dinah to Sambo, as they were taking a loving promenade, "Sambo, what your 'pin on 'bout de married life? tink it be de most 'happiest?"

"Well, I'll tell you, dat are 'pend algedder how dey enjoy demselves."

**Old Squire B.**—was elected Judge of the Inferior Court of some county in Georgia.—When he went home, his delighted wife exclaimed: "Now my dear, you are Judge, what am I?" "The same darned old fool you allers was," was the tart reply.

"Do you profess religion?"  
"No, sir, I profess my faith and practice my religion."  
Reader, do thou likewise.

An Irishman remarked that a true gentleman will never look at the faults of a pretty woman without shutting his eyes.

A gentleman meeting John Savage one day, looking very dolorous, said—

"Why, Jack, what ails you; isn't your fiddle in tune?"

"No, sir," replied Jack, "it is in pawn."

**Coleman** relates that a Scotchman slipped off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high, and when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out of a window of the eighth floor, to whom, (as he was an acquaintance) he observed, *en passant*, "Eh, Sandy, sic a fa' as I shall hae!"

The editor of a newspaper being challenged, coolly replied, that any fool might give a challenge, but that two fools were needed for a fight.

**AN EXTRACT.**—Willis of the Home Journal speaks of a charming girl whom he met in an omnibus in New York as one, "the dimples at the corners of whose mouth were so deep and so turned in like inverted commas that her lips looked like a quotation." The old bachelor of the Evening Post says, he "would like to make an extract from that quotation."

In 1516 Philip II sent the young Constable de Castile to Rome, to congratulate Sixtus the Fifth on his advancement. The Pope imprudently said—

"Are there so few men in Spain, that your king sends one without a beard?"

"Sir," said the fierce Spaniard, "if his Majesty had possessed the least idea that you imagined merit lay in a beard, he would doubtless have deputed a goat to you instead of a gentleman."

A fellow who was brought before one of the London Police Courts for assaulting and almost killing a woman, excused himself by saying that he thought it was his wife.

Lawyer exclaimed Mrs. Partridge, "I didn't know afore that they fought in court, but I see by the papers that the Judge 'charged the Jury'"

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

### THE OLD MAID.

When I first knew her, she was between thirty and forty. Her features were plain, yet she was far from ugly; there was a nameless charm in their expression which made her almost beautiful. Hers was a face that you would have stood to look at, as at a picture. I recollect seeing her sometimes at our house, a long time ago, when I was a very little fellow. There was something very quiet and gentle about her, and that very calmness seemed to repel intrusion. I used to wish to love her, but dare not. Some times I would steal up to her noiselessly as she sat at work, and she would stoop down and kiss my forehead, and push me gently away; and sometimes I thought I felt a tear fall on my cheek but it may have been only fancy.

Years passed on, but to my youthful fancy they wrought no change in her; she was the same gentle being as before. She rented a pretty little cottage, but could not be said to live there, for she was always wandering from place to place among her acquaintances, doing them little services. Did Mrs. Tompkins want assistance in making a dress?—the old maid did the neatest needlework imaginable. Was Mrs. Jenks busy preparing for her Christmas party?—the first preliminary was to write to the old maid to come and make some of the nice-pieces that were so much praised last year. And when any individual in her circle of acquaintance was laid on a bed of sickness, who so ready to smooth with gentle hand the pillow of pain, and calm the unquiet, wondering mind, as the old maid? Who, like her, would tend with unwearied care the restless heart of the sufferer by sitting near him through the livelong night with no other companion than a book and her own quiet thoughts!

She seemed strangely alone in the world; for, excepting a widowed sister, she had no relatives. Sometimes I wondered that she did not get married, but how the thought came into my head I have no idea. For some how, I cannot tell why, the notion seemed quite absurd in connection with her. What could we have done with her? She got married! It was out of the question.

She lived on a small annuity in her little cottage near the suburbs of the town. There was a little patch of fruit garden, about three yards square, with a little round bed in the middle, and a few stunted evergreens round the side. She had one maid-servant, a little demure creature, as prim and quiet as herself. The little front parlour was rather scantily furnished, and cold-looking, but very neat. You always saw some elegant bit of industry in progress on the table, but there was nothing of the kind to be seen round the room. Some of her numerous friends were constantly asking her to make them one of those nice and-sos, like the one she did for Mrs. Briggs; and she was always happy to oblige them. There was no arm-chair or sofa in the room, on the square pianoforte (an old one of Broadwood's) you might sometimes observe a plain black bonnet and a pair of cotton gloves. There was a scent-bottle on the mantelpiece, but it had been a long while empty. There were a few books on a little shelf hung against the wall; a little poetry, and some good solid prose; strange companions stood side by side, for it contained an odd jumble of things new and old. You might have seen "Rasselas" and Hervey's "Meditations," Moore's "Zeluco," and Young's "Night Thoughts," Scott's "Rokeby," and "Guy Rannering," Walton's "Angler," and "Paradise Lost." A Shakespeare there was of course—an old edition, in many volumes; and what used to please me most a large old Bible with pictures in it.

Years passed by. We had lost sight of the old maid for several weeks, when one day she appeared at our house, paler than ever, and in deep mourning, leading in her hand a boy of about eight years old. Her sister was dead, and had left this boy to the care of his only relative in the world. I was grown a big fellow now, and when the old maid at intervals came to see us, I used to patronize her little nephew, and would initiate him into the science of "pegging in the ring," or endeavour to make him an adept at "fives."

The old maid seldom visited now,

for she devoted all her time to the education of her nephew; and with such a course of training he grew up, gentle and quiet like herself. As years passed away, we could see little change in her tranquil course of life; but there was much to be noticed in her protegee. He had early given token of intellectual power of a high order, and he procured the best masters for him; and when she could no longer superintend his studies, she would sit by him, and encourage him by gentle words and kisses.

In course of time he went to Cambridge. We knew not by what means his aunt was thus enabled to prepare him for fame and honour, till we noticed that, though the cottage looked as neat as before, the prim maid servant was no longer to be seen.

Some years afterwards, the old maid called at our house to bid us good-bye. Her nephew, after becoming an A. M., had been received into the church; and while continuing his studies, had been anxiously looking for a curacy, but without success. He had been offered a situation to travel as tutor with a nobleman's son; but the poor old woman could not bear to part with him. At last, through some titled friend, he had procured a curacy of a hundred a year in a country village, a long way off, and she was going to him there. She looked rather thinner and older than of yore; but she was very cheerful and merry at the thought that her Harry was at last provided for, however poorly.

Time passed, and the nephew, from the curacy, succeeded to the living. He took a few private pupils, and his income was increased. After a little time he married; but the old maid could not love his wife, though there was no outward objection to her. The bride was cheerful, good-tempered, and pretty; but the old maid looked for something inside, and could not find it; there was no depth in her eyes—they shone like painted glass.

The old maid left her home where she had been happy for so many years and returned to her cottage. I dare say the minister and his wife were not sorry to get rid of her; for she was rather a cheek upon them; moreover, she had become, they said, sour and odd; and there was often no pleasing her, do what they would. But she was growing old, and the weight of years will bend down the strongest mind, and wither the outer covering of the heart, though not the heart itself.

She returned to her cottage, and became acquainted with a few old people like herself, who could feel for her loneliness, and at their homes she used to spend her evenings. But she was no longer the gentle, suffering woman of thirty years before; she had become fretful and peevish; and how her frequent amusement was a rubber of whist, at which game she began to be an adept. You seldom saw her face look pleasant, as of old, unless when seated at the table with a partner to her satisfaction. She now wore several rings on her fingers, and though her dress was of the same quiet kind as ever, it was ornamented with a brooch and chain which did not use to be there. She would talk to you of things you had forgotten, long ago—of her visit to Abbotsford, with an anecdote of Sir Walter, which she had heard from the housekeeper. She would criticise Edmund Keane, and inquire if you knew John Kemble. She used to praise the latter, and say she never cared to go to the play unless to see his Hamlet, it was so quiet, so melancholy and solemn. She would wish to see it again, she said, but she had no one to take her. I would then tell her that that celebrated man had died years ago, and she would only change the subject, and ask me what I thought of Scott's last novel.

Sometimes she would show you a miniature representing a man of noble features in a military dress. Then she would tell you how brave he was; but he was ambitious, which made her very unhappy; and how he went abroad; and his name had been retained among the seriously wounded in the skirmish at Quater Bras. For many long years she had expected he would return, for his death had not been reported, and she could not but believe that he was still alive. If you asked her who he was, she would turn away and give you no answer.

One day, the Rev. Mr. received a note from a physician, informing him that his aunt was dying, and was anxious to see him once more. On the evening of the following day he set out, and reached the cottage a few hours after she was dead. However, he was in time to read her burial service.

And I believe he placed the stone upon her grave, which sets forth that she was the daughter of a certain person, and that she died on such a day in such a year. And then follows, if I collect rightly, a verse from Holy Writ. This was the conclusion. Even her nephew, wedded by the ties of wife and children to the living, would forget his benefactress soon. She passed away as if she had never been; and no one now, but some solitary dreamer like myself, recalls even a fitting memory of the OLD MAID.

### THE BROKEN HEART.

About forty years since, a young man in the neighborhood of Drogheda, Ireland, paid his addresses to a young woman, a farmer's daughter; and although his attentions were not approved of by her friends, yet she encouraged him to hope, and eventually promised to marry him. His circumstances not being the best, and believing he might trust to her fidelity, he was inclined to defer the ceremony until he could realize a competence, or sufficient to make her comfortable; but Mary being sought after by many, pressed by her parents decided, and believing his delay arose from indifference, at length became dissatisfied, and told him she would wait no longer, but would marry the first man who would ask her. He thinking her declaration arose from sudden caprice, carelessly told her to do so, and they parted in anger.

The miller of Mellifont was a douse, warm, middle-aged bachelor, boorish in his appearance, and selfish in his manners; but withal, having the name of money, and a comfortable situation in the mill, he was far from being an object of indifference to the parents of unmarried females. Having long regarded Mary with a wistful eye, and been often proposed for her acceptance by her friends, she now, while warm with indignation against James for what she considered his falsehood, consented to marry him; and requesting that it might be done as soon as possible, no time was lost; everything was prepared for the wedding, and before the expiration of twenty-four hours she was his wife.

Among the guests invited, James was not forgotten; perhaps she wanted to enjoy a sort triumph over him, and prove she could marry without him. He attended, but was downcast and sorrowful, taking no part in the boisterous merriment so general at country weddings, and appearing to pay no attention to what was passing around him. After the bride had retired, her husband the miller, having indulged rather freely, was carried up in a state of insensibility and laid beside her, and the lights being removed, she had full leisure to reflect on her hasty conduct and rash treatment of James, who she now found possessed her heart, although her hand was another's.

Ere long she perceived a figure seated near the bed's foot, and eagerly asking "Who's there?" was answered by James: "It is me, Mary, don't be alarmed!"

"Why, James," said she, "this is very improper conduct; I am the wife of another, and if my husband awakens, or any person should see you here, it will destroy me; you must leave, or I will call the people in."

"I can't Mary, for my heart is breaking!"

She still insisted he should leave her, but still received no other answer than "Mary, I can't, my heart is breaking!"

At length he sank exhausted on the bed. Mary, greatly alarmed, called aloud, and the company coming in, found him dead on the bed's foot, his heart having really broken. All was now confusion. His body was now conveyed to his residence, a few miles distant, and his friends having in vain tried every method to restore him, he was laid out to be waked. The practice then was, to put the body "under board," that is on planks laid on the under frame of a large table over which a sheet was placed, which, falling down over the ends and sides, entirely concealed the corpse; on the table they placed candles, tobacco, pipes, &c. He was waked for two days, and all the neighborhood made poor Mary the object of their reproach. She never left her apartment, but sat weeping unconsistently of everything, and bewildered with anguish.

However, on the second night she was missed; she had left her house unperceived, and had gone no one whither; and as she could not be found after the strictest search, it was supposed she had drowned herself in the river.

In the morning preparations were made for burying James, but in proceeding to put his body into the coffin, they found the unfortunate Mary dead beside him. She had stolen unperceived under the table, and having insituted her arm under his head, and placed his arm around her neck, had, in that position bid adieu to all her sorrows.

Little now remains to be told.—They were buried in one grave, in Mellifont Abbey; and, although in life they were separated, in death they were not divided.

### From "Women of the Revolution."

### THE ARCH REBEL.

"It is well known that the name of Gustavus Conyngham, the captain of one of the first privateers under the American flag, was one of terror to the British. The print of him exposed in the shops of London, labelled, 'The Arch Rebel,' and representing a man of gigantic frame and ferocious countenance, was one of the expressions indicating the popular fear attached to his name. He was repeatedly captured by the enemy, and treated with barbarous severity, being only saved from death by the resolution of Congress that his execution should be avenged by that of certain royalist officers then in custody. While he was a prisoner in irons on board one of their vessels, his wife made an eloquent and touching appeal in his behalf, in a letter to General Washington, which was laid before Congress. 'To have lost a beloved and worthy husband in battle,' she says, 'would have been a light affliction;' but her courage failed at the thought of the suffering despair, and ignominious death that awaited him. The interposition she besought was granted, and saved the prisoner's life.

A letter written from Antigua, published in the Pennsylvania Register, gives an account of Mrs. Conyngham's romantic introduction to the noted hero who was afterwards her husband. She was, with two other ladies, at sea, and shared the common fear of meeting with some American privateer—the Revenge—in particular—cruising near the West India Islands. The Captain was pacing the quarter-deck with a glass in his hand, and was pressed with many questions by his fair passengers, who had heard dreadful accounts of the cruelty of the Americans. Suddenly a cry from aloft—"A sail! a sail!" caused general confusion. "The Captain hastened up the shrouds, gave orders to the man at the helm, and remained some minutes watching the approaching suspicious stranger; then coming on deck, said that the vessel looked d—d rakish; he had no doubt it was a privateer, probably the Revenge—the terror of those seas. The ladies were in tears, and withdrew to the cabin fainting from apprehension." There was no prospect of escape; the sail gradually drew near; a gun was fired, and the pursued vessel lay to. A boat put off from the stranger, and two officers and several men were soon upon her deck. The spokesman wore a blue roundabout and trowsers, and was well armed; he was about twenty-five, of a light and active figure; his sunburnt face showed much intelligence, and was, withal, interesting from a shade of melancholy. He made some inquiries concerning the vessel, cargo, and passengers, and on being informed there were ladies in the cabin, colored, and observed to his lieutenant—that he would have to go and say to them, the passengers were not prisoners, but guests. The lieutenant replied that he had not confidence enough to speak to them; and the other went into the cabin. The fears of the ladies were soon dispelled, and the youngest asked the officer, with much naïvete, if he was really a pirate. "I am captain of an American privateer," he answered, "and he, I trust, cannot be a pirate." "Are you the captain of the Revenge?" "I am." "Is it possible you are the man represented to be a bloody and ferocious pirate, whose chief delight is in scenes of carnage?" "I am that person of whom those nursery tales have been told; whose picture is hung up to frighten children. I have suffered much from British prisons and from British calumny; but my sufferings will never make me forget the courtesy due to ladies.

"During the few days the vessels were together, the chivalrous spirit of Conyngham, and his kindness towards the passengers, won their esteem, and they listened with pleasure to the captain's account of his gallant achievements on the sea.—The beautiful Miss Anne—who chatted with him in so sprightly a manner, was, a day or two afterwards, with her two companions, put on board a vessel bound to one of the islands. When the writer of the letter saw her again at J. Orient some time afterwards, she was the wife of the far-famed captain of the Revenge.

**Anecdote of Latimer.**—It is related of Latimer, that when he once preached before that tyrant, Henry VIII., he took a plain, straight-forward text, and in his sermon assailed those very sins for which the monarch was notorious, and he was stung to the quick, for truth always finds a repose in the worst man's conscience. He would not bend beneath the authority of his God, but set for Latimer, and said: "Your life is in jeopardy, if you do not recant all you said to-day when you preach next Sunday." The trimming courtiers were all anxious to know the consequences of this, and the chapel was crowded. The venerable man took his text, and after a pause, began with a soliloquy thus:

"Now, Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in the presence of thy earthly monarch—thy life is in his hands, and if thou dost not suit his fancies, he will bring down thy gray hairs to the grave; but Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in the presence of the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who hath told thee, 'Fear not them that kill the body, and can do no more; but rather fear him who can kill both body and soul and cast thee into hell forever!' Yea, I say, Hugh Latimer, fear him!"

He then went on, and not only repeated what he had before advanced, but, if possible, enforced it with greater emphasis. After he had finished, Henry sent for him and said: "How durst thou insult thy monarch so?" Latimer replied, "I thought if I were unfaithful to my God, I could not be loyal to my King." The King embraced the good old Bishop, exclaiming, "There is yet one man left who is bold enough to tell me the truth!"

**ANECDOTE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.**—I was at Yale in 1804—5 and 6, and I think it was in 1805 that John C. Calhoun took the degrees of Bachelor of Arts.

Calhoun even at that time was looked upon by his fellow students as an extraordinary young man. In his classical studies and attainments he was not so very superior to some of his mates; but in general literature, and in those studies relating to politics he was unrivalled. I do not now speak of party politics as it is too often understood and practised in these days, but of that kind of policy and politics which teaches one how to promote the good, avert the evils incident to nations.

In this science Calhoun had no competitor. At that period, our ideas of members of Congress were more exalted than at present, and they were presented to us with gray hairs and sedate dignified faces, and not unfrequently with powdered heads. They were not so numerous as they have since become.

On one occasion, Calhoun was found by a familiar friend, long since dead, poring over Malthus, while at his elbow lay Smith's Wealth of Nations.

"Why," said his friend, "why Calhoun will you waste your time over these works, which you cannot bring into use for twenty years to come, at the soonest?"

"Not bring into use," said Calhoun "and why not?"

"Why not," replied his friend, "because you cannot apply the knowledge you gain from them, except as a statesman, or member of Congress; and that station you cannot expect to attain for the next twenty years."

"Twenty years! Twenty years!" returned he, "why my friend, if I did not believe that before ten years have passed away, I should be in Congress, I pledge you my word I would leave college this moment."

The declaration, though excited a smile of incredulity on the lips of his friend, was more than fulfilled, for I believe in about eight years afterwards he was eloquently sustaining his country in the then war with Great Britain.