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TERMS.

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ANECDOTES.

A Breach of Promise Case.—A charming business-like young milliner who had been in the habit of tripping into a bank for her small change, while her visit the other day and says: "Good morning, Mr. Cashier. I have come for five dollar; v orth of your small change again."

"I am sorry to say, Miss——, that we cannot accommodate you," was the reply.

"But here is your promise to pay on demand."

"I cannot help that."

"Then you break your promise, do you?"

"Certainly."

"And with impunity?"

"To be sure, our charter allows it."

"Allows you to make as many promises as you please, and break them when you please?"

"It may be so construed."

"Ah, dear me, how I wish I was a bank and had a charter."

"Why so?"

"Because I made a promise——not a promise to pay a five dollar note, which I would blush to break; but a promise of my very self to one I do not love."

"Why don't you break it then?"

"Ah, ah, Mr. Cashier, there's the rub. Unlike your bank, I have no charter, and should be sued for breach of promise, and heavily fined."

(Chicago Democrat.)

Fast Shaving.—The St. Louis Reveille tells the following good story:

"Three brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, are in the habit of shaving at a barber's shop in Oliver street. A few days since one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was duly shaved by a German who had been at work in the establishment for one or two days. About 12 o'clock another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of another person. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German operative dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Veil, mine coif datman hash te fastest beard I ever saw. I shaves him dis mornin, anudor shaves him at dinner times, and he comes back now wit his beard so long as it never was."

Courting by Book.—A gentleman sends to the lady of his affections in another part of the country, a Bible, with the leaf turned down at Romans chapter 1, from the ninth to twelfth verses: "For God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers, making request, if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you for I long to see you that I may impart unto you spiritual gift to the end ye may be established. That is, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me." In return for which the lady transmits a Bible to her lover, with the eighteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of St. Luke marked: "I pray thee have me excused."

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."

In a decidedly aggravating, when you are about to imprint the cherry red kiss upon your lady love to have some one pop in. Or, after it is done, to observe some one in the corner of the room!

MISCELLANEOUS.

IT IS I.

The prettiest girl in the whole village, or indeed for miles around, was Nanette La Croix. She had a hundred lovers, all of whom expressed themselves ready to die for her; tho' she, cruel thing, would not give more than a smile in return. Her heart was free, she said, and hoped it ever would be; she had no notion of making herself a slave for life, by marrying.

So spoke Nanette, just as hundreds have spoken before her; and she really believed for a while all she said. No foot was lighter a' the *guinguette* than hers; no jest was merrier than that which fell from Nanette; no maiden curled her lip more saucily when her name was linked with that of any of the beaux. And yet all this while, she was in love with Pierre Latour, the handsomest, bravest, and richest of the village lads. She found it out too, but not until he was levied for the conscription; when the certainty of his long absence, and the probability that he might never return, revealed to her the secret.

Poor Pierre loved her as his own life; and now, on the eve of leaving her, uncertain whether she returned his love, he was nearly beside himself with despair. He rallied courage, however, and resolved to tell his tale, for diffidence hitherto had sealed his tongue, though his eyes had long since spoken his adoration in more eloquent language. He found Nanette in tears. It was an unguarded moment for her, and Pierre had no difficulty in winning an acknowledgment that she returned his affection.

"And will you be mine when I return? Promise me this," he said, "and I will strive to become great, and will win, if bravery can do it, the cross of the Legion of Honor."

Nanette promised—how could she help it!—and the young soldier departed. The secret was to be kept between them, so the villagers were none the wiser, and as Nanette seemed as gay as ever, no one suspected that the heart was far away in Russia, whither the Imperial army had gone. But this secrecy proved most unfortunate, for the young men, ignorant of her engagement, were attentive as ever, indeed, more so, for she grew prettier daily. Pierre, even before the army reached the frontiers, heard from those who had left the village later than himself, that this or that gallant was always with Nanette; and the gossips said it would be a match. How could he help being a little jealous? And when, later by six months, and just before the Russian territory was invaded, he met an old acquaintance from the village, and heard that the son of the rich notary was dying for her, it is strange that he began to fear he would yet lose his beautiful Nanette. He had heard so much of woman's inconstancy, especially when a young and wealthy suitor was the rival, that he trembled for her fidelity.

All know the horrors of that campaign in Russia. Of the half million who followed Napoleon into the hostile territory not a tithe came back alive. Of these, however, Latour was one. Yet he almost wished he had perished in the fatal snows, for he had lost an arm, and that, too, without gaining the cross of the Legion of Honor. Not that he did not deserve it; but, in that awful retreat, there was no time for the emperor to think of bestowing favors. Slowly, and almost in rags, like thousands of others Latour begged his way, back to his native village.

It was a bright morning in autumn, more than a year after Latour's departure, when one of the village gossips stopped a minute at the window of the cottage, where Nanette and her mother dwelt.

"Who do you think has come back?" she said. "Latour himself. He arrived yesterday after noon."

At the announcement of her lover's return, Nanette's heart leaped with joy, but when she heard he had been back so long without coming to see her, her spirits sank, for she had continued to love the absent soldier, in spite of the notary's son and her hundred other admirers.

"He is come back in a sorry plight though," continued the gossip, "lame, a beggar, and with but an arm. He is sick at heart too, and so ashamed that he will not show himself; he says he only wishes to die; he is not fit to live with the young and happy." Poor Nanette! Her heart was full of pity for her lover. She turned aside to conceal her tears. Yet still she wondered why he had not come

to see her, and she felt almost angry again when she thought of it.

"He tells me news too, which I never knew before. You are so sly about it, Nanette. He says you are to marry the notary's son. I do believe, from the way he spoke, he has never got over his old love for you; when he spoke of the notary's son he sighed, looking at his tattered garments, his stump of an arm, and his leg lame with travel."

Nanette heard no more. She understood all now. She left her mother to entertain the gossip, and hurrying upstairs, attired herself in her holiday garments; and then, selecting the choicest fruits from her garden, and filling her apron with flowers, she hurried to the cottage of Pierre's family.

Never had she looked more charming. Her white head-dress, falling low on her shoulders, relieved her dark tresses, and added greater effect to her brilliant black eyes. A handkerchief, worn around her neck, modestly concealed her swelling bust. Her arms, rounded and mellow as antique marble, were bare almost to the shoulders; in a word, always beautiful, her dress and her high spirits now made her perfectly bewitching.

"Who's there?" said a voice, as she knocked.

She knew that the family were all abroad at this hour at their work, and that the voice must be Pierre's, else she would scarcely have recognized it, so disconcerted and so hopeless was the tone once so happy and bright. But she knew a magic, she believed to call back all its old sweetness.

"It is I!" she answered, disguising her voice, and as she thought of the joyful surprise she had in store for Pierre, she archely smiled.

She heard a muttered growl inside, and some one coming to the door. "Oh! the great jealous bear," she said to herself, "how he hates to be disturbed—but we will see."

When the door opened, and the laughing girl stood before him, Pierre staggered back. Surprise contended with gloom in his features, but the smile of Nanette gradually reassured him. At last he stammered out, "You here, Nanette! What does it mean?"

The happy girl read in every look of that haggard face how truly Pierre loved her, and she could no longer contain herself, but speaking amid smiles and tears, while she put down her basket of fruit and emptied her flowers on the table before him, said, "It means, dear Pierre, that as you won't come to see me, I have come to see you; and as I heard that you were ill and tired, I have brought all these fruits and flowers for your acceptance; yes, and myself too, if you will have me!" And she weeping clasped him in her arms.

"What! and do you love poor Pierre still; and you won't have the notary's son?" he murmured in amazement.

"No! I will have no one but you. Oh! how could you think I could desert you? Don't you believe, dear Pierre, that we women can be constant, as well as you men?"

"But, Nanette," said Pierre, looking at his stump, "I am maimed now—and—and I have come back without my cross."

"No, you have not," said she touching his mangled shoulder kindly. "Here is your cross of the Legion of Honor; and a noble one than a piece of mere ribbon. I do believe," she said, bursting into tears, "that I shall love you all the better for having lost your arm."

Happiness so restored the bloom to Pierre's cheeks, and on the morning of his marriage, he looked the handsomest man in the whole gay company. Nor was his bride the only one who thought that his honorable scar added to the interest which he inspired; for all the village girls envied Nanette her husband.

A LAME LION.—A correspondent of the N. York Herald, writing from Paris, says: "There was in Paris for the last two weeks, a French officer recently returned from Africa, who has for his companion in the streets, a magnificent lion, who followed him like a dog. The name of the animal is Emir, and I never have seen a more splendid specimen of the king lion of the forest. Though I did not like much to be near his wild majesty, I ventured the other night to approach him, and *Saracen* referred; he licked my hand as a dog would do. The French proverb says that 'we must not play with fire,' and I fear one of these days the lion will find his wild nature, and make some bloody deed."

THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns in Germany, the celebrated pianist, Liszt, arrived at Prague in October, 1846.

The day after he came his apartment was entered by a stranger, an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which he would not perhaps have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said:

"I come to you, sir, as a brother.—Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing on the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burthened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum recovered. To-morrow I set out for home—peniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty; it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purses in common; and if fortune neglects some, in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words Liszt opened a drawer in his writing case, and started when he saw that this usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There! Why, there's scarcely anything."

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that for the moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me, I have credit, and I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man.

"There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made me by the Emperor of Austria, his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man withdrew, after invoking the choicest blessings of heaven on his benefactor. He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweller in the city, in order to sell the diamonds.

Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out and speedily returned accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must first come to prison," they said; "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Liszt hastened to the jeweller.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man; come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Liszt."

"I don't know any rich man of that name."

"That may be yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy!"

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician!"

"By no means; and yet by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish for."

"You must be a magician!"

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it and ran his fingers over the keys; then seized by a sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those self-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with impulsive enthusiasm,

"Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wondrous!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweller.

"This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she, "but I know that none living, save Liszt, could draw such sounds from piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgements, Liszt withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweller.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it, by inviting the two musicians to supper.—The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt, than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to fix any sum he pleased as a remuneration. Then the jeweller perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds.

Liszt continued to go to his house, and, to the merchant's great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the cause of these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning the jeweller, coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt—

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three millions francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you—you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Liszt.—*Sharpe's Magazine.*

A ANECDOTE OF BERNADETTE.

It was some time during the short peace of 1802 that a foreign gentleman came to Gibraltar with letters of credit and introduction from a mercantile house in Italy to a house of business on the rock, the ostensible object of this visit being to open transactions between the two firms.

The merchant of the rock having read the letters, received the bearer with cordiality, and made him welcome as an inmate of his house. The foreign merchant, when introduced by his host to the Governor, expressed, as must every stranger, astonishment at the stupendous works, betraying by his observations the most profound ignorance of the science of fortification, and at the same time expressed a natural desire to "see the lions," which the Governor readily assented to, and introduced him to one of his staff as a cicerone.

The extravagant wonder and puerile observations of the man of commerce at all he saw afforded no small amusement to his conductor, who, after a day or two, tired of doing the civil, allowed the gentlemen to rove about among the sentinels, to whom he soon became as familiar as *un chien du regiment*. The time of departure of the visitant was now close at hand, when one morning the hospitable Gibraltar merchant, who was in the habit of catering for himself, was on his way before breakfast to the fish market, when he found that in his haste he had put on the wrong hat. On taking it off to examine it

he recognized it as the hat of his guest.

Something, however, unusual in its appearance induced him to scrutinize it more closely, when he observed a double crown, concealed in which, to his astonishment he found plans and elevations, with a most perfect reconnaissance of the rock, made by the very simple gentleman who knew not the angle of the flank from the flanked angle of a bastion, nor could tell a "horn work" from a "ram's horn." Our Gibraltar merchant, pocketing the paper, hastened to lay the matter before the Governor.

In the meanwhile the foreign gentleman having missed his hat, suspecting that all was not right, and that by remaining a moment longer he should endanger his personal liberty, hurried down to the port, and, engaging with a boatman, was beyond the range of the guns of the fortress, and on his way to Cadiz, before his friend returned home. The person who thus escaped from the rock, on his arrival at Cadiz, coolly called on the British Consul, to whom he related the cause of his sudden flight from the British fortress, and the loss of his papers and drawings; "but, no matter," said he, pointing to his forehead, "I have it all in here, my name is Bernadotte." It will be remembered that at St. Helena Bonaparte mentioned the design he had of laying siege to Gibraltar, with the mode of proceeding and the amount of force to be employed, and the result of which he was confident would have been success—all, no doubt, planned from the information he obtained from the man destined to wear the crown of Sweden.

Disinterments—Remarkable Cases.

—A correspondent of the St. Louis Reveille, speaking of the frequent occurrence of the body remaining limber after death, gratifies the curious on such subjects by detailing the following cases. They partake rather of the marvelous:

There is nothing unusual in a body remaining without decomposition ten times, nay, fifty times as long, as in the case in question. I was one of more than a thousand persons who witnessed the disinterment of the remains of St. Cuthbert. The corpse was taken up entire, the flesh pliant as mine is now, the color not much altered, to all appearance; and the grave clothes, not by any means decayed. He had not been embalmed; no cutting had taken place on any part of the body. St. Cuthbert had been buried from the early part of the eighth century till the nineteenth century. He was taken up from beneath the altar of the church of Durham, in the county of Durham, England.

I have seen more than twenty dead bodies in the ruins of ancient cities in the kingdom of Naples, during the reign of Murat. There was not a bone broken, nor had decay more than very slightly marked any of them, though more than 1600 years had passed away since that catastrophe had taken place that involved so much ruin—the same in which the younger Pliny was a victim.

Charles the First was taken up out of Parliament Close in 1810. His person had not been stripped. The apparel was stiff with blood, and the head slightly adhering to the trunk. He had been wrapped in a tarred canvass cloth, and without coffin. I have seen at Carlisle, in Cumberland, England, the remains of a Roman lady, with her grave clothes very little decayed, her hair very perfect, the rings on her finger seemed to have lost none of their lustre. The burial of this lady had taken place fifteen hundred years ago. Any person in the least acquainted with such subjects, must know that a body remained one hundred years or so undecayed, is not in the least remarkable.

There was found in Solway Moss, a few years since, a dragon or his horse fully accoutred. He had sunk there in attempt to cross the place about the middle of the reign of Edward the Third, when that monarch invaded Scotland. I should much exceed my privilege of writing in a newspaper, should I enumerate quarter of the thing of this kind that I know of.

Wonder why it is that we see an editor going through the street, with both hands on his heels, to cover the holes in his stockings, and both corners of his dickey in his mouth to make it stand straight!

The Albany Knickerbocker, tells of a young man who recently died in that city, of disappointed ambition—he wanted to wear high shirt collars and his mother wouldn't let him."