

THE KEOWEE COURIER.

"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AS IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN."

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W. K. EASLEY, Editor.

TERMS.

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ANECDOTES.

The following whimsical circumstances happened some time ago in Kilkenny:

A tailor, who was married to a very sickly woman, got enamoured of a young girl who lived in his neighborhood, and on certain conditions he agreed to give her a promise, in writing, to marry her on the demise of his wife; in consequence of which Mr. Snip passed the following curious note of hand: "In two days after the demise of my present wife, I promise to marry Miss Moran or order, value received, under fifty pounds sterling. Given under my hand this sixteenth day of May, &c., J. Sullivan." Shortly after Miss Moran received the above note, she died, leaving it endorsed to a female friend, who also chanced to take fever and died before the tailor's wife; however, on her sick bed, she also endorsed the note, and gave it to a cousin, whom the tailor absolutely married, agreeably to the endorsement, in two days after the death of his wife, and it is said the tailor and his wife are now living happily in the city of Kilkenny.

One of our cities passed a law that no dog should go at large without a muzzle on and a man was brought up for infringing the statute. In defence he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the presiding justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "the act says nothing of where the muzzle should be placed, and as I thought the animal would like a little fresh air, I put the muzzle on his tail."

Ezekiel says that the arrival of the 'Swedish Nightingale' is one of the most important events that has transpired during this Jenny-ratation.

A STORY OF THE HIGHWAYMAN.—Not many years ago, an Irishman, whose finances did not keep pace with the demand made on his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to extremity, and took to the highway, determined to rob the first man he could most conveniently, who was likely to have a very heavy purse.

A jolly old farmer came jogging along, and Pat put him down instantly as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting the pistol, he ordered him to stand and deliver.

The poor fellow forked over some fifty dollars, but finding Pat somewhat of a green horn, begged a five to take him home, a distance of about half a mile, by the way. The request was complied with, accompanied with the most patronizing air. Old Acres and roads was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? Sowl, an' it's that same thing I'll be after doing. What will ye be after givin' for it?" "I'll give you this five dollars for it."

"Done! an' done's enough betwene two gintlemen. Down with yer dust, an' here's the tool for yer."

The bargain was made by immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the weapon he ordered Pat to shell out, and, pointing the pistol, threatened to blow out his brains if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a comical leer, and buttoning his breeches pockets, sung out,

"Blow away,ould boy! d— I take the bit of powder's in it."

We believe the old man never told the last part of the story only once, and that was by the purest accident. Pat moved off, and "once away, forever," has been his motto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR.

A London letter writer chronicles his impressions of the lion of the season, the Nepaulese Ambassador:—"Truly he is a gallant, beautiful creature to look at—thoroughly oriental, which I think is the most perfect type of beauty—where the finest symmetry of form is combined with the purest and most serene composure of expression. Every feature of him seems fine; the eye, particularly, is clear, full, and brilliant, with an inner play, and a shooting glance and coruscation, like a star, when the sky is one still, cloudless azure. His color is a light bronze, which only gives depth and intensity to his countenance. He has a very youthful appearance, and is not, I believe, much above twenty. His step is clean and elastic; his bearing high, remote from us, as it were, like that of a prince who feels as if it were something to have been born under the shadow of the mighty Himalayas.

His dress dazzles and overcomes us, like a summer cloud. What are we dull, commonplace Europeans, compared to that, with our canister of a hat, our scarecrow of a coat, and our straw-wisps for the under man? We shrink away to insignificance before this gorgeous figure, like those miserable ninth-parts of a man who have bungled us into the thing which we now are. *Whiff!* how he stalks past us with a brave, fierce splendour, like a panther issuing from his own mountain gorges. On his head he wears a white silk cap, closely fitting, thick set and glittering all over with pearl, loops of beads like emerald colored-stone encircling his temples, and the long feather of the bird of paradise waving in front, fixed in a large, curiously-shaped silver staff, which gleams right over his forehead. He has a robe or tunic of rich, deep blue velvet, reaching below the knee, with loose scarlet trousers; and all around his breast and shoulders hangs an ornamental drapery, a kind of scarfing, rolled in many plait and folds, of various colored silken tissues. We have been thus particular as to the dress, because it is not every day one has to behold or describe such a blaze of 'barbac pearl and gold,' as we have here. He was followed by a numerous retinue, the next to him in procession being his brothers—fine, jolly, dusky youths—a sort of Nepaulese John Bulls, larger and more outwardly powerful than the ambassador, but with less of compact energy and finely developed form. They were dressed in a similar style to him, but less grandly and lustreously. A number of officers and attendants came in succession, two by two, all in the variegated and striking oriental costume, and all, if possible, more oriental, more cast-like and different from anything European than their chief, whose peculiarities are almost entirely smoothed down by the superior intelligence and cultivation of his own mind, and by the plastic effects of travel and foreign experiences. One hoary old fellow, with sharp look, and small, keen, porcupine eyes, made me start back a little and involuntarily examine whether he had not a bow-string or a scimitar under the folds of his mantle, I should not willingly place myself under his jurisdiction.

Appropos to the Prince, it is stated that a young English girl of great beauty and high spirit, has for some time past excited much attention at the court end of London, first, because she has been much talked of as possessing an unenviable but fashionable reputation; and secondly, because she courts notoriety by the style of her equipage and the dash and carelessness of her driving. She is in her way a sort of Lola Montes, determined to make figure, and reckless of the means. It is said that the Nepaulese ambassador has taken such a fancy that she is to accompany him to the east. It is also said that her Majesty has been much scandalized by the appearance of this young lady in the Nepaulese ambassador's box at the opera the said box being next the one occupied by her Majesty herself.

A celebrated writer on the sight says, that wearing veils permanently, weakens many naturally very good eyes, on account of the endeavor of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibrations of that too common article of dress. Ladies, then, should beware of hiding their pretty eyes and faces with veils.

The editor of the Petersburg Intelligencer has eaten a water-melon, which weighed 43 pounds. Gracious!

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

It was towards night on the 21st of September, 1834. A small English war brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smuggling, was lazily creeping along over the heavy, monotonous swells, just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before she had captured a small boat laden with contraband articles, together with an old man and a boy, who had charge of them; and the captain of the brig, whose name was Dracut, had ordered that the old smuggler should be put in iron. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance, and in the heat of the moment, he had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him upon the deck. Such an insult to the English officer was past endurance, and in punishment for this offence, the smuggler had been condemned to die.

A single whip was rove at the starboard fore-yard arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed, and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was rove through a small snatch block upon the deck. Until this moment not a word had escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparation, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed captain.

"Mercy, sir—mercy!"
"For whom?" asked the officer, while a contemptuous sneer rested upon his lips.

"For that old man whom you are about to kill!"

"He dies, boy."

"But he is my father, sir."

"No matter, if he were my own father; that man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty, must die."

"But he was manacled—he was insulted sir," urged the boy.

"Insulted!" repeated the captain. "Who insulted him?"

"You did sir," replied the boy, while his face was flushed with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful that you do not get the same treatment," said the captain in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed—

"Ask no favors, Robert; old Karl Kintock can die as well now as any time; let them do their worst."

Then turning to Captain Dracut, he changed his tone to one of deep supplication and said—

"Do what you please with me, sir, but do not harm my boy, for he has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish it the better."

"Lay hold of the whip," shouted the captain. "Lay hold every man of you, and stand by to run the villain up."

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his trembling lid, "is there not one even who can pity?"

"Up with him!" shouted the captain.

Robert buried his face in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard-arm. He heard the passing rope and the creaking block, and he knew that he was fartherless.

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangway into the water a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another minute the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so long and loud, that the men actually placed their hands to their ears to shut out the deafening roar. Robert Kintock started at the sound, and what had caused dread in other's bosoms sent a thrill of satisfaction through his own.

"Oh, revenge! revenge!" he muttered to himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam-crested waves which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm.

"Light, ho!" shouted a man forward, and the next moment all eyes were directed to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks.

"Boy, do you know what light that is?" asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main rigging to keep his feet.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert, "it is Ballymore's Craig."

"What is it there for?"

"It marks the entrance to a little harbor, sir, which lies in the back of it."

"And can it be entered by a vessel of this size?" asked the captain, while a gleam of hope shot across his face.

"O, yes, sir, a large ship can enter there."

"And do you know the passage?"

"Yes, sir; I have spent my whole life upon this coast, and I know every 'turn in it.'"

"Can you take the brig in there, in this storm?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, while a strange light shot from his eyes.

"And will you do it?" eagerly asked the captain.

"On two conditions."

"Name them, quickly."

"The first is that you let me go in peace, and the next, that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be found there."

"I promise," said the captain; and now set about your work. But mark me; if you deceive me, by St. George, I'll shoot you on the moment."

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the starboard fore-yard arm, from whence his orders were passed along to the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the rugged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills as they were swept past a frowning rock; which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew the brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks, which raised their heads on every side.

"Port!" shouted the boy.

"Port it is."

"Steady—so."

"Starboard—quick!"

"Ay, ay—starboard it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady it is."

At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned towards him. He stood upon the extreme end of the yard, and held himself by the lift. In a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with one leap he reached the projecting rock.

"Revenge! revenge!" was all the doomed men heard, as they were swept away into the boiling surge beyond.

"Breakers!—a reef!" shouted the man forward. "Starboard—quick!"

But it was too late. Ere the helm was half up, a low, tremendous grating of the brig's keel was distinctly felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded above the roar of the elements, and the heavy masts went sweeping away to leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the ill-fated vessel's wreck and cargo! Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men, but they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy. The Storm King took them all for his own!

The next morning a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks and moved along the shore. It was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and here and there was scattered along the bruised and mutilated forms of the brig's crew. Among that party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there was one he would have found. At length he stopped and stooped over one, upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulettes. It was the captain of the brig—the murderer of his father! The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and while a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance, he muttered:

"Father, you are fearfully revenged!"

The boy spoke truly. Fearful in its conception and fearful in its consummation had been that "Pilot's REVENGE."

Abolition Preachers.—We learn from the Cheesboro' N. C. Patriot, that two Wesleyan Preachers—Crooks and McBride—are openly fanning the flame of abolitionism, by regularly preaching against our domestic institutions and forming associations of non-slaveholders in the neighborhood of Jamestown, N. C., a Quaker settlement. The enemy are amongst us, and it behooves all peaceable citizens to be on the lookout. We believe that a majority of the Quakers will set their faces against such unlawful and incendiary movements. —*Charleston Sun.*

THE CHEROKEES.—A letter in the New Orleans True Delta, dated Fort Smith, Arkansas, August 22, furnishes the following information relative to the present condition of the Cherokee Nation:

"Every thing is, as usual, quiet in the country about us, and the Indians especially are making rapid advances by means of institutions of learning. The Cherokees have two magnificent buildings at Park Hill, erected at a cost of about \$40,000 each, intended for schools, at which two hundred scholars may be boarded and educated at the expense of the nation.

"A fund of \$75,000 supports twenty-one free schools, under the control of a superintendent. I am told that the teachers are equal to any employed in that business, and that the text books are such as are used in the schools of Arkansas. Each teacher receives a salary of about forty dollars per month. Many of the more advanced of their youth attend the seminaries at Fayetteville, in this State. I have been particular in mentioning these acts, as I have a Yankee notion that to tell what kind of education the children receive, in a great measure to describe the parents.

"I had intended to mention that the Cherokee alphabet, invented by George Guess, is taught in a few lessons, and many adults and others learn it by attending Sunday-school two or three times; after that, all one has to do is to take up the book and read.

WHAT A WESTERN LADY SAYS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—A lady correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from London, gives a very interesting account of the prorogation of Parliament by the Queen in person. Our American ladies may be interested in what one of their country women a fair Missourian says: to the Queen. The lady correspondent represents her as "too small in stature, but she has a pleasing face, and is dressed magnificently, and she is remarkably easy, graceful, and dignified in her movements. Her speech was written on foolscap, which she rested on her hand, as she read sitting. She is a beautiful reader. Her announcement was slow and distinct, her manner was calm, dignified, and self-possessed; To republican eyes, it was a strange sight to see a body of men, grouped before a lady to receive orders, and it sounded strangely to hear her say, 'My Lords and gentlemen, I have the satisfaction to release you from the duties of a laborious session.' But she said it with wonderful grace and dignity, as well as authority. Her speech was short; and every word of it was heard by every one present.

Ancient Danish Amusements.—The rough natures of the ancient Danish warriors, is well illustrated by their custom of dancing around great fires made of pine trees, when they exerted themselves so furiously holding each other by the hand, that if the grasp of any failed, he was whirled with extreme velocity into the blazing mass, whence he was immediately dragged, and forced to drink a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for 'spoiling the king's fire.' Their humor at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and it is related of an inmate of the ancient court of Denmark, who was frequent assailed with these missiles, that he constructed out of the bones which had been thrown at him, a very respectable entrenchment against his tormentors. —*Home Gaz.*

Louis Philippe's Property.—A letter from Paris, of the 8th, in the Independence of Brussels, says:—"Since Louis Philippe's death the journals have been speaking of the fortune which he has left, and it has been even said that the legacy duties would amount to some millions. I find the exaggeration which I suspected in these accounts is greater than I had supposed. The landed property belonging to the late King contains about 86,000 hectares (the hectare is nearly 2 1/2 English acres) thus divided: 45,000 comprised in the donation made by the King to his children on August 7, 1830, and of which he reserved to himself the life interest; 13,000 belonging to the King himself; and 28,000 bequeathed to him, for his life only, by Madam Adelaide, his sister. The gross revenue of this property calculated on an average of 10 years, is 2,985,000f. Since 1848 it has been smaller and for 1851 will not, it is supposed, amount to more than 3,000,000f. But from all this it is necessary to

deduct the expenses of taxes, insurances, management, agency, &c., amounting to 1,611,000f. There, therefore, remains a revenue of 2,378,000 which at 3 per cent, represents a capital of nearly 79,000,000. In this valuation I do not comprise such non-productive property, such as chateaux, parks, and gardens, which it must be admitted are not without importance. For instance, the park of Monceaux, in the Faubourg du Roule, close to Paris, is altogether unproductive, and contains 19 hectares, worth, say 2,000,000; also the park of Neuilly, containing nearly 186 hectares, gives no revenue, yet, if sold in lots, it would give at least 4,000,000f. I ought to mention that I have included in this statement the property of the Duke d'Aumale's domain, of which the Queen Marie Amelia has the life use, and which gives about one hundred and thirty-seven thousand francs.

In fine, to be exact, I ought not to pass over in silence the moveable property of the King, consisting of matter held in common by him and Madam Adelaide, arising from canal shares, and tontines, which without any exaggeration, must be worth 325,000f a year; also Government securities belonging to Louis Philippe himself amounting to 100,000f a year, including 30,000f a year in the five per cents for the chapels of Dreux and Neuilly. But this situation, so brilliant in appearance, is considerably diminished by the enormous debts contracted almost exclusively for the works undertaken at Versailles and in the Royal Palaces. The names of the executors of Louis Philippe are now known; they are MM. de Montalivet, Dupin, De Montmorency Laplagne, Barris and Scribe formerly advocate at the Court of Cassation."

Among the newest inventions are swimming stockings, acting on the same principle as the webbed feet of aquatic birds. They were tested by one of the members of the British Association, who, with their aid, swam with ease from Newhaven to Leith Harbor against tide.

James McElhenny was duly examined by his honor the Mayor, convicted of the charge against him, (tampering with slaves,) and recommitted to the charge of the officers of the South Carolina Association, who, on Saturday morning last, honored him with a free passage to Philadelphia on the Osprey. He can now preach abolition to his heart's content; but he had best not try to make a martyr of himself by returning. —*Charleston Sun.*

A Kiss.—"Ah, Sally, give me a kiss and be done with it!"

"I won't, there now!"

"I'll take it, whether or no!"

"Do it, if you dare!"

So at it they went rough and tumble.—An awful destruction now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squab up in half a shake. At the next blow smash went shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastening gave way, and down came Sally's hair like a flood in a mill-dam broken loose, carrying away a half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver, parted at the throat; and whorah came a string of white beads scampering and running races every way you could think of about the floor.

"By hokey, if Sally Jones ain't the grit there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must admit, and neither tried to bite nor scratch; and when she could fight no longer for want of breath, she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her side—her hair back over the chair, her eyes closed, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air.—Lord! did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin? or a bumble bee upon a clover top? I say nothing.

"You labor overmuch on your composition, doctor," said a flippant clergyman to a venerable divine. "I write a sermon in three hours, and make nothing of it!" "So your congregation says," quoth the doctor.

Two individuals met on Western Row, Cincinnati, on Saturday evening, one having a market basket, when the following colloquy took place:

"Smith, what's the cholera report today?"

"Ten."

"By George! that's a falling off. I'll go and get some cucumbers."