

THE KEOWEE COURIER.

"—TO THINK ONESELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT TRUTH BE FALSE TO ANY MAN."

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TERMS.

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The Captives Daughter.

A SCOTCH TALE.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpation was Sir John Cochran, ancestor to the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyles rebellion, and for ages a most destructive gloom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortune to the cause of his chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochran. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly and desperate was his resistance; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die on the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and the jailer awaited but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing, one who was the pride of his eyes, and of his house, even Grizel, the daughter of his love.

Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison house; he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child. His head was pressed against the cold, damp wall of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its hinges, and his keeper entered followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding; her eyes dark, bright and tearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow, of sorrow too deep to be wip'd away; her raven tresses were parted over a brow clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, as she fell upon his bosom. "My father! my father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short, very short," said the jailer as he turned and left them together a few minutes.

"God help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast and printed a kiss upon her brow. "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing upon the head of my own child, and that stung me worse than death; but thou art, my love! thou art come! and the last blessing of thy wretched father."

"Nay, father!" she exclaimed; "not the last blessing! not the last! My father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child!" exclaimed he; "would to heaven I could comfort thee, my own, my own.—But there is no hope; within three days, and thou and my little ones will be—"

Fatherless, he would have said; but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand. "Three days! then there is hope! My father shall live! Is not my grandfather, the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and master of the king? from him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he; "be not deceived; there is no hope; already my doom is sealed; already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is already on the way!"

"Yet my father shall not—shall not die," she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together, "Heaven

speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed, and turning to her father, said calmly, "We part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously in her face.

"Ask not now," she replied; "but pray for and bless me; but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer, entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick from the north, and proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest on a bench by the door of a hostelry, on the south side of the street nearly fronting where what was called the Main-guard then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell made his headquarters a few years before, and where at a somewhat earlier period, James the Sixth had taken up his residence, when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leather girdle, and over it a plain cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man; but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff.

Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning through the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!" said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few moments he was on the border of the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of wild fern and stunted heath, and here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill heading the storm which now raged in wildest fury.—The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushing onward until he had proceeded two or three miles from Berwick, when as if unable to brave the storm, he sought shelter amid some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside.

Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm increased together, when the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle; the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

The horseman numb and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily upon his face, and for several minutes remained senseless.—The stranger seized the leather bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following day the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor; but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed and Sir John Cochran yet lived. The mail which contained the death warrant had been robbed and before another could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald with the king's confessor might be successful.

Grizel now became his almost constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even this hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful, and a se-

cond time the bigoted and would be monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen," returned Grizel, with a wild vehemence, "but my father shall not die."

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to his utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind and around him; in his right hand he carried a pistol to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, rendering desecration visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash in his very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said:

"Give me thine arms or die!"

The heart of the King's messenger failed within him; and, without venturing to reply he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber, sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail lest a wrong thing come upon thee!"

The man arose and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling, and the robber mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochran, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail, with his second death warrant, to lead him on the scaffold, where tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days and the life of the prisoner be again prolonged. He again fell upon the neck of his daughter, and wept and said,

"It is good; the hand of heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud, "that my father should not die?"

The fourteen days were not yet passed, when the prison doors flew open, and the Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had at length been successful; and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John which had so often failed in reaching its destination, the King had sealed his pardon.

He hurried with his father from the prison to his house; his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy, and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail—and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered. He was habited, as we have before described, with a coarse cloak and coarser jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire."

Sir John glanced on them, started, and became pale; they were his death warrants.

"My deliver!" exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee? how repay the savior of my life? My father, my children, thank him for me."

The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger; the children embraced him, and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John "shall I thank my deliver?"

The stranger wept aloud; and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the "stoned and enraptured father, "my own child, my saviour, my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we may only add that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection have been here hurriedly and imperfectly sketched, was, tradition says, the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart, of Alabama, and great grandmother of Mr. Curtis, the celebrated banker.

Sir William Blackstone, the learned commentator on law, learned the trade of a printer.

Silence is politeness, and to listen respectfully, the most delicate kind of flattery. The reason of this, that we take a pleasure in talking and being heard.

KEOWEE COURIER.

Saturday, April 5, 1851.

Owing to the indisposition of one of our Printers we are unable to present our subscribers with more than half a sheet this week; in some future number, however, we hope to make up in quality what they lose in quantity from the present half issue.

COURT.—Our Court is still in session, his Honor Judge O'Neal presiding. In organizing the Court, we had the pleasure of listening to a very able and even for Judge O'Neal, an unusually eloquent charge to the Grand Jury; and on Monday night we were again treated with one of the Judge's 'temperance addresses,' which all know to be so eminently characterized by purity, wit and eloquence.

During the course of the week several cases of importance have been disposed of, and quite a number continued to next Court. The Grand Jury, we are sorry to say, returned to the Solicitor, a great many "True Bills," and the criminal side of the Court at its next session will, in consequence be much crowded.

MR. SOLICITOR READ.—Our new Solicitor, Mr. Reed, is acquitting himself very handsomely in the discharge of the onerous duties of his office, and giving unmistakable evidences of his perfect ability to do justice to the State whose interests he represents.

The Virginia Resolutions, found in another column, have passed the House of Delegates, and will be adopted, says the Richmond Enquirer, by the almost unanimous vote of both branches of the Legislature, with the addition that commissioners will be sent to South Carolina.

The resolutions were so amended as to include Vermont among the States to whom copies should be extended.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

—According to adjournment, this Association met on Tuesday last, the President, Gen. Garvin, in the chair. The Association was addressed by Cols. Orr and Sloan, and then, after the President had been instructed to appoint delegates to the convention which it is proposed shall be assembled in Charleston in May next; adjourned.

From want of space we are prevented from giving a synopsis of the speeches delivered on the occasion.

A new post-office has been established in this District, called Five Mile, and Chas. Thompson appointed Postmaster.

We have received the January, February, and March numbers of Blackwood's Magazine.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MR. EDITOR:—In the Courier of last week, I observe a petition to be presented by the people of our District to the Legislature for the division of Pickens District; and with your permission I propose to submit through the same channel some reasons on the contrary side.

That the writer has stated the territory of the District quite as large as it really is, none will doubt, but he has not found it to his interest to add, what is true beyond a question, that very many thousands of acres of the upper part of the District is so mountainous and poor as to be entirely uninhabited by man, and is fit only for what it is at present used, the grazing of stock; unless perchance a greater discovery of mineral should be made. It is true that small settlements are made now and then, by persons desirous of seclusion, or whose tastes and inclinations lead

them to hunt the wild beasts of the mountains; but these were made with a knowledge of the distance from the Court House, and many of them desire to be no nearer. It is also true that inconvenience is experienced by the distance at which many citizens reside from the Court House, in their attendance upon the Court, and it is a fact, too, that the Court for the District rarely sits over half the week before the whole business of the term is despatched, not subjecting those who have business, to attend the second term upon the same case, unlike Edgefield and perhaps other Districts whose territorial limits exceed ours, and whose inhabitants out-number us by thousands, the business of the Court in which is rarely despatched in two weeks.

The name suggested for one of the new Districts, is the one above all others which should be chosen; and to do honor to this name appears the most sensible and patriotic of any yet advanced, yet not, in the humble opinion of the writer, sufficient to warrant a division.

The Tugaloo and Saluda waters, it is true, afford fine lands, and are inhabited by many good citizens, and much of the business of the Courts it is to be regretted, comes from these quarters, and it is a little surprising that the friends in these extremes, knowing the distance at which they reside from the Court House, and the great inconvenience at which they attend the Courts, should not be more cautious about getting into law-suits.

Much has been said of the location of the Court House, and it is admitted that the selection is not such as might have been made, yet it was made by gentlemen of high character, one of whom (Col. B. Hagood) yet enjoys the confidence of his fellow citizens; and situate as it is, on the beautiful Keowee River, one of the clearest and most beautiful streams in the world, I submit whether the location might not have been much worse.

As to the location being in the midst of a barren country those who have not thought of the matter, or are unacquainted in the neighborhood, are referred to the plantations on the Keowee and Little Rivers within a few miles of the Village, particularly those of Messrs. Ramsey, Reid, Kirksey, P. Alexander, Col. J. Norton, Capt. Robt. Craig, Steele, Barron, Gibson, Arthur Craig and Col. Alexander; ask these gentlemen the price of their lands and what their products, and then say if you can in truth, that Pickens C. H. is in the midst of a barren country.

True, there are some hills in the neighborhood, and it is to be regretted that some of the roads yet pass over them, but to say that the place is not conveniently or easily approached from any point, is barely sustainable, and I challenge comparison between the road to the mountain and almost any other in the country; the road towards Jarrett's Bridge by way of West Union is also very good, and that from Pickens C. H. to Pendleton will very soon, under a late improvement, be equal to almost any in the country; in fact all the roads are undergoing improvement in a greater or less degree—much labor and pains has been expended in these matters, which together with the improvement going on about the Court-house and Court-hill, are urged as strong reasons why the District should not be divided.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, permit me to remark that this petitioning will have the effect of adding to the reasons already in existence to prevent the improvement of the Village, and thereby "greatly retard the prosperity of the District," complained of in the petition.

These views are submitted for the consideration of the people of the District in all

SINCERITY.

Virginia Resolutions.

By last evening's mail we perceive that sundry resolutions have been introduced into the Virginia Legislature, and were made the special order for Friday last. We extract the following touching South Carolina, which we suppose is the initiatory step to the proposed mediation:

2. That whilst this State sincerely sympathize with South Carolina in the feelings excited by the unwarrantable interference of the people of some of the States with our domestic institutions; and whilst she cannot approve of all the legislation of Congress touching the same, yet she perceives in the present condition of the country nothing to justify any action calculated to endanger the integrity of the federal Union.

3. That in the language of the farewell address of the father of our country, she regards the 'unity of government which constitutes us one people as a main pillar of our independence; the support of our tranquility at home, our peace abroad, of our safety, of our prosperity, of that very liberty which we so highly prize,' and watching for its safety with 'jealous anxiety,' this State deems it a duty to declare that she cannot unite in a Southern Congress, nor in any way commit herself to the evident consequences of such a measure; and she is constrained respectfully, but earnestly, to remonstrate with her sister State against any meditated secession on her part, which cannot but tend to the destruction of the Union and the loss of all the countless blessings that spring from it.

Carolinian 27th ult.

Death of M. M. Noah.—This veteran of the press died in New York on last Saturday night. He has, for ten years past, edited with ability the New York Sunday Times, a weekly paper, issued every Sunday morning. It is somewhat remarkable, as a coincidence, that he should have died as he did at half past eleven o'clock, on Saturday night, just as the last number of the tenth volume of his journal was going to press—making a round decade from the time he commenced it until death terminated his labors. Mr. Noah was for forty years off and on, connected with the public press. The sterling benevolence of his lifetime renders his memory fragrant, now that he is dead and gone. He is said to have died as he lived, serene, intelligent, and hopeful.

Carolinian 27.

From Cape of Good Hope.

The barque Hamilton, Captain Hall, arrived at this port, at 2 o'clock this afternoon, with advices from the Cape of Good Hope to the 4th of February, forty days later than our previous accounts.

The accounts are most deplorable. The Kaffir chiefs have generally rebelled against the English authorities and it was feared at the latest accounts that the Hottentots were also wavering in their loyalty.

From the last of December, the date of the last advices, a war of posts had been continued between the Kaffirs and the English and their native allies, in which the former were always victorious where the action was in the open field.

The accounts of the murder of farmers of the interior, their families and servants, by the rebels, come in from all quarters, and where they were not killed they were driven off penniless, and their farms and houses plundered and burned.

Sir Harry Smith, the English Governor, was forwarding levies to the scene of war. The colonists were aiding him, believing that in a prompt suppression of the rebellion lay their only safety.

Should any number of the different native chiefs, with the Hottentots, join the rebels, the contest would be desperate. It was thought that the Governor would soon be at the head of 20,000 men.

The Cape Town Gazette of Feb. 1 says that on the 23d of January the Kaffirs, 3000 strong, attacked the colonists and other allies near Fort Hare. They were repulsed with the loss of 1000 killed.

On the 3d of January a strong force of Kaffirs attacked Fort White. The Kaffirs were dispersed with 20 killed. On the morning of the 7th, the rebel chief Hermanus, with his horde of Kaffirs and the Hottentots whom he had seduced or compelled to accompany him, attacked Fort Beaufort. The assault was repulsed and the chief and his son and a number of his people killed, and his party completely routed.—*Boat. Tree.*