

THE KEOWEE COURIER.

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

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

PASSING AWAY.

I asked the stars in the pomp of night
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty and girl with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower?

And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing the message to mortal ears—
"We have no light that hath not been given,
We have no strength but such a shall be riven,
We have no power wherein man may trust,
Like him, we are things of time and dust,
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence, is passing away."

"We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festive night,
And shall fall from our spheres, the old and the strong,

Like rose leaves swept by the breeze along;
Though worshipped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream, passing away."

From the stars of heaven to the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's song and affection's vow,

From all save that o'er which soul bears sway,
Breathes but one record—"Passing away."

"Passing away" sing the breeze and the will
As they pass on their course by vale and by hill,
Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time,
And man at last, like his fathers gray,
Writes on his own dust—"Passing away."

If you transpire what ladies wear—Yes,
Twill plainly show what bad folks are—Vile,
Again, if you transpire the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name—Levi,
Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do—Live,
Transpire the letter yet once more,
What bad men do you'll then explore—Evil.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done. Although we now
Receive the chastening of thy rod,
Under its weight we calmly bow,
Teach to breathe our solemn vow,
And pray—"Thy will be done, O God!"

Thy will be done. O, teach us all,
The thorny path of vice to ban,
Teach us to heed our maker's call,
And prostrate at thy feet to fall,
And ever pray, "Thy will be done."

Thy will be done. Whatever be,
Our transient course beneath the sun,
May we with childlike faith confide
In thy protection, true and tried,
And humbly pray, "Thy will be done."

The Sea-Captain's Return.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

Capt. Potter, of Newport, R. I., was a wealthy and amiable gentleman, whose family consisted of his wife, the pattern of virtue, and one daughter, who though young, exhibited the beauty of her mother, and the vivacity of her father. As he was experienced in the business of a sea-captain, he was offered the command of a vessel, which promised great advantage, and with great reluctance left his wife and child to try his fate on that element whose composite tures to the gates of unprophetic destruction.

The voyage completed, Capt. Potter determined to renounce the faithful deep forever, for the quiet of his own fireside. Previous to his departure he took a gold ring from the finger of his wife, and placed on his own, saying, "Should this return not on the same hand, you may rest assured that I am among the unclaimed dead of the ocean." Alas! Mrs. Potter was formed to drink deep at the fountain of woe. After waiting the period of his expected return, she began to gaze on every sail that appeared, and eagerly sought every opportunity to learn some tidings of her husband, or the fate of the ship in which he sailed. But all her efforts were ineffectual. When she saw others blythe it only reminded

her of her own sadness; and while others were enjoying the reciprocity of conjugal society, it pointed her to the loneliness of her own heart. While other children were happy in the smiles of their parents, her angelic little Mary would climb upon her knee and with accents that read a mother's heart, enquire if her father would not return. But month after month rolled away; season after season rolled their tiresome wheels along, until fourteen years had been added to the congregated centuries of the past; yet no tidings of Capt. Potter; no, not even a probable conjecture, concerning the dark mystery of his fate.

Time, that changes all things, had worn away the acuteness of Mrs. Potter's grief, which was far more intense than it would have been had she wept at his grave, and known that his last moments had been soothed by affection. As this last voyage seemed to be near to the unknown coast, she was called the widow Potter. Having a country seat of great value, her hand was sought by many, and as often rejected, until a bachelor who had resisted the charms of womankind for a quarter of a century, was smitten with the loveliness of this worthy matron, or with the comeliness of her possessions. She at length consented that her name might be changed to Morane; the bridal day was appointed, the arrangements were made to greet the coming period with festivity and mirth. The gossips began to be more loquacious than usual; even the phlegmatic began to surmise that something unusual was about to be done at the mansion of the widow.

Late in the afternoon of a cold, stormy day in November, a pennyless beggar called at a neighboring house and inquired whether the widow Potter lived in this part of the city. His appearance denoted extreme poverty; his emaciated form was reduced to a skeleton; deep furrows were drawn in his cheeks, and his frame seemed to be stiffened in every joint by disease or hardships. Yet there was something in his eye which told he was born to a better fortune. "Yes," said his informant, "at the very next door, and to-night she is to be married."

"Is to be married," said the beggar. "How long has her husband been dead?" "These many long years; he went off to sea and has not been heard of since."

"How has she sustained herself since her husband's death?" "She has an unblemished character."

"Has she any children?" "One daughter only, a fine young lady."

"I must see her before she is married; I have communications of importance."

So saying, he hurried as fast as his feeble limbs would allow to the splendid dwelling of the widow. The maid being summoned, and seeing him before her, was about to close the door against him, but the stranger interrupted her by saying:

"Madam, may a beggar be permitted to see the widow Potter?" "We expect company to-night; therefore you must leave immediately."

"The widow Potter I must see," said the man, who would have been glad to dismiss her unsightly guest, began to be somewhat angry and passionately exclaimed:

"Begone; we can't hear you now." But the man was still more importunate, and rightly thinking he was not likely to gain admittance without making known his errand, accented the maid still more earnestly.

"Women, I have some tidings of very great importance to communicate to mistress of this mansion, which are given to me in trust by Captain Potter, the former proprietor of this place."

At the mention of this he was permitted to enter. The lady, who was soon to be Mrs. Morane, was informed that a rude beggar had some important information for her, and desired to see her, whereupon she rose to meet him; but Morane who could not bear to have his intended bride absent for a moment, remonstrated.

"Let him be called in," said he, "if he has any secrets let us hear them together." Accordingly he was shown into the apartment where sat Mr. M. and Mrs. M. and her daughter.

once in easy circumstances, but alas! the elements have sported with this vacillating frame."

"Yes, deep are the lines of hardship which are marked in thy furrowed cheeks."

The wanderer gazed at Mrs. Potter and wept.

"Why those tears?" inquired Mrs. Potter.

"Ah!" rejoined the tremulous voice of beggar, "I once had a daughter, who might have become what she is now, but since the third birthday dawned on her cherub form these eyes have never beheld her."

"Come, come," ejaculated Morane who was anxious that the intruder should depart, "let us have your tale of secrecy."

"It shall be given to Mrs. Potter alone."

"That cannot be," muttered Morane.

"But I have made a promise."

"What of your promise?"

"It is sacred as my life."

"Well speak and depart," said Morane.

The beggar, who until now, had been a suppliant, assumed the attitude of authority—his eye, which thus far had been beamless, kindled into an expression of the most benign determination.

"I have," said he, "a revelation entrusted me by Capt. Potter himself."

At the mention of this name, all was anxiety and attention—in her perturbation the mother let fall a volume of poems which she held in her hand; the daughter grew pale with solicitude, on hearing the name of her father.

"And sooner than betray my trust," continued he, "this right arm shall perish."

The pathos with which he uttered this, caused the blood to chill through their veins, and rush like a cataract upon their hearts.

Morane, finding that remonstrance was vain, consented for them to retire.

The man of want having quieted their fears, said no harm should befall the lady.

"There," said he, as he closed the door, "have you any knowledge of this," presenting a gold ring.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Potter, "it is the one my husband wore away, and I would have given thousands to see it return on the same hand—but now I am convinced he is among the unaccounted victims that feed the monsters of the deep."

"How long since his departure?"

"Could you recognise him after so long an absence?"

"Most certainly I could. If his features are so changed, just behind the thumb on the left wrist, his name is inscribed in un fading characters—in that I cannot be deceived."

"Read that," as he gave her his callous hand. The lady was just able to read "David Potter," and sank exhausted by her agitated feelings. The noise of her fall brought Morane into the apartment, with several of the wedding guests who had now arrived, and beheld Mrs. Potter senseless upon the floor—supposing some violence had been done to her person, they ordered the supposed ruffian to leave the house immediately. In vain did he protest his innocence. He was forcibly dragged out. As soon as Mrs. Potter had recovered sufficiently to speak—"merciful heaven," exclaimed the lady, "where is my husband—where is Captain Potter? Do I dream or is it reality?" "The woman is mad," said one. "Her brain is crazed," cried another. "It is the wild impulse of a dream," continued a third.

Captain Potter, who had been dragged from his own house, was called back to the scene, from which he had been compelled, though reluctantly, to retire. The priest, who by this time had arrived, was overjoyed to see his old friend, the Captain. "Rejoice," said he, "Mrs. Potter, thy husband was dead and is alive—was lost and is found."

Captain Potter now requested all to be seated, that he might make known to them the story of his absence. "You behold in me the same Captain Potter, who has been an unwilling exile from his home for fourteen years. I was captured by an Algerine pirate ship near Malta, and compelled to serve those vile hordes. Oh! how hard is servitude among a people whose tenderest mercies are cruel. I was forced to labor at the oar, and when from fatigue I could no longer grasp it, the muscled if my wrists were seared with a hot brick, until my hands were nummably clenched. I sighed for death to come and remove my insupportable load."

A year seemed an age, so tardy did the wheels of time move along. At length by a treaty with the United States, the Dey of Algiers was required to release all the American slaves. Being set at liberty, I embarked for this country; we encountered a furious gale, which drove the vessel on a desert island. Here all the crew perished except four, who were taken in by a merchant ship in a state of insensibility. The vessel which rescued us was bound to the East Indies. On her return to Liverpool, I was pressed on board a man-of-war, and compelled to serve three years before I could make my escape.

"From the moment I learned this intended marriage, I resolved to surprise you in the manner you have seen—you saw me weep at the sight of my Mary—they were tears of joy. Having suffered incredible hardships, both by sea and land, I stand before you in these tattered garments with a broken constitution, rendered infirm by intense bodily exercise and suffering, yet rejoicing that I am permitted to stand among my former friends in the land of the free. And," said the storm-beaten mariner, addressing his wife, "if you prefer this gentleman, whom you were about to wed, all shall be right—if you prefer your former husband, he will be happy in your choice." "Let me have my former betrothed," said the agitated lady. Poor Morane sat like one stupefied, and attempted to appear indifferent, but retired as soon as the forms of ceremony would permit. His career was short, he came to the grave, a wretched inebriate in a few short years. On the following day Captain Potter invited his friends and neighbors to meet him at his country-seat. The scene was of lively interest, and the Captain returned home with this salutary lesson indelibly stamped upon his mind, never to forget those in adversity.

Randolph's Duel with Clay.

The night before the duel, Mr. Randolph sent for me. I found him, calm, but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me that he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked:

"Hamilton, I have to receive, without returning, Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the soil of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world one individual to pay his tribute upon mine."

His eyes filled, and, resting his head we remained some moments silent. I replied:

"My dear friend!" (for ours was a posthumous friendship, bequeathed by our mothers) "I deeply regret that you have mentioned this subject to me; for you call upon me to go to the field and see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility, in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determination to throw it away. But on this subject, a man's own conscience and his own bosom are his best monitors. I will not advise, but under the enormous and unprovoked personal insult you have offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound, however, to communicate to Col. Tattnall your decision."

He begged me not to do so, and said "he was very much afraid that Tattnall would take the studs and refuse to go out with him."

I, however, sought Col. Tattnall, and we repaired about midnight to Mr. Randolph's lodgings, whom we found reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit us to say one word in relation to the approaching duel; and he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms on a passage of his poet, in which he was so enthusiastically to indulge. After a pause, Colonel Tattnall remarked:

"Mr. Randolph, I am told you are determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to go out to see you shot down, you must find some other friend."

Mr. Randolph remarked that it was his determination.

After some conversation on the subject, I induced Col. Tattnall to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as his withdrawal, as one of his friends might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At last, Mr. Randolph, smiling, said:

"Well, Tattnall, I propose you one thing, if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that with malice prepense he means to take my life, I may change my mind."

A remark I knew he made merely to propitiate the anxieties of his friend.

Mr. Clay and himself met at four o'clock the succeeding evening, on the banks of the Potomac. But he saw "no devil in Clay's eye," but a man fearless, and expressing the unguiled sensibility and firmness which belonged to the occasion.

I shall never forget this scene as long as I live. It has been my misfortune to witness several duels, but I never saw one, at least in its sequel, so deeply affecting. The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality had produced, about to meet in mortal combat. Whilst Tattnall was loading Randolph's pistols, I approached my friend, I believed, for the last time. I took his hand; there was not in its touch the quivering of one pulsation. He turned to me and said:

"Clay is calm, but not vindictive—I hold my purpose, Hamilton, in any event; remember this."

On handing him his pistol, Colonel Tattnall sprang the hair-trigger. Mr. Randolph said:

"Tattnall, although I am one of the best shots in Virginia with either a pistol or gun, yet I never fire with the hair-trigger; besides, I have a thick buckskin glove on, which will destroy the delicacy of my touch, and the trigger may fly before I know where I am."

But from his great solicitude for his friend, Tattnall insisted on having the trigger. On taking their position, the fact turned out as Randolph anticipated; his pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down.

The moment this event took place, General Jessup, Mr. Clay's friend, called out that he would instantly leave the ground with his friend if that occurred again. Mr. Clay at once exclaimed it was an accident, and begged that the gentleman might be allowed to go on. On the word being given, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. The moment Mr. Clay saw that Mr. Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility he instantly approached Mr. Randolph, and said with an emotion I can never forget:

"I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."—Hamilton's Life of Randolph.

Patent Deviltry.

A new thing has lately presented itself to public favor, which is as complete a specimen of patent deviltry as human ingenuity can devise—an infernal machine, compared with which, in its capacity for dealing destruction and death, the device of a Pieschi, is but a play thing. It consists of a small capsule composed of gum and sugar, enclosing about a fourth of a tea-spoonful of brandy, just about enough, with the excited saliva, to make a small toddy in the mouth, adapted to the ambition and capacity of the rising generation. These things, it appears, sold at the confectioneries in the large cities north and east, and five cents worth of them contain about a table-spoonful of brandy, enough to give a boy, as an initial operation at least, quite an experimental notice of a drunken spree.

Who claim the honor of this invention we do not know, but the article seems first to have attracted the attention of a Dr. Jewett, of Rhode Island, who has warned parents and the public at large against them.

The introduction of such an insidious enemy to the peace and welfare of society, at a time like the present when the prevailing influence of temperance principles is exerting a healthful effect throughout the land, required certainly, an unusual share of effrontery, and might well have chilled the summary efforts for the exclusion as an article of public sale. But it is hardly to be expected that legislators should violate their consistency, and exclude the article of brandy from public sale in this homeopathic form, while using it themselves on "regular" principles. Hence those who would protect their boys, and girls too, against this sugar-coated invader, may find it necessary to rely, mainly, upon personal influence in expelling it from the field of trade; wherever it may be introduced, and this can only be to beat upon it by withholding custom, in other things, in other things, from such establishments as many choose to deal in this. We have not heard that the article has made its appearance in Baltimore, and hope that it may not, but if it does there is scarcely any thing that can require a more determined uniformity of action for its suppression.

The consequences that would inevitably attend upon the general introduction and habitual use of such confections as these by the youth of our community, may be readily imagined, but are too disastrous to portray.—Baltimore Sun, 3d inst.

Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping, if it were not. God delights to isolate us every day and hide from us the past and the future. We would look about us, but with grand politeness he draws down before us an impenetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind us of purest sky. "You will not remember," he seems to say, "and you will not expect."

All good conversation, manners, and action, come from a spontaneity which forgets usages, and makes the moment great. Nature hates calculators; her methods are saltatory and impulsive. Man lives by pulses; our organic movements are such; and the chemical and ethereal agents are undulatory and alternate; and the mind goes antagonizing on, and never prospers but by fits. We thrive by casualties. Our chief experiences have been casual. The most attractive class of people are those who are powerful obliquely, and not by the direct stroke: men of genius, but not yet accredited.

ONE OF THE DUELS.—The Chronicle of Western Literature resurrects the following capital story of one Col. Wheatley. It smacks of antiquity a little, but is none the less rib-tickling:

"The Colonel, during a short sojourn in Vicksburg, met there some hot-blooded Southerner with a spirit as fiery as his own. They quarrelled—a challenge passed and was accepted, and the next rising sun was to witness one, if not both of their dead bodies, drenched in blood, to wash out wounded honor. During the night the Colonel said he heard a boat coming up the river, and it struck him as he heard the boat puffing, that 'prudence was the better part of valor.' So he took his trunk upon his shoulder, and stepped in the dead of night very quietly out of the hotel; as he neared the boat, whom should he see but his antagonist, at the boat before him, just going aboard. He returned as quietly as he had gone out; was on the ground next morning with his second, waiting with disappointed rage for his antagonist, and published him as an absconding coward!"

"DYING GRACEFULLY."

Dr. Dunkin, of the Cincinnati Dispatch, gives the following good-natured account of his defeat at the election in those "diggings."

"We did make some efforts among our German fellow-citizens. On election day we took our stick and visited the German wards. Our progress owing to the mutual ignorance, was exceedingly slow. We were at one of the polls, urging some very nice doctrinal points connected with party organization, when one of our German fellow-citizens approached us, in a very exciting manner, and made a speech. We are unhappily unacquainted with the beautiful and classic language in use above the canal and had to have the said speech translated when we discovered the substance to be a proposition to kick our editorial self; whereupon we hastily retired, and devoted the balance of the day to meditation and refreshments."

"We die easy—we die gracefully. Like Caesar at the foot of Pompey we pull our coat-tails over our heads and say 'et tu, brute,' which by a liberal translation we render, 'and you—you brute you!'"

An old acquaintance of ours in the country indulges in a very exaggerated style of description and illustration in his ordinary conversation. For instance when describing the effect of an alteration of his kitchen chimney which he had ordered his mason to make, he said that "before the chimney was altered, it drew the wrong way so powerful that every flock of wild geese flew over the town, for ten years was sucked down into his fireplace, but since the alteration had been made, draught was so strong that if he should hook one end of an ox chain in the middle of the kitchen floor, the other end would stand gathering up the chimney!"

Upon Franklin county (N. H.) they have snow in places nine feet deep. The rail road cars have had to stop till they could be dug out.