

TO THINK OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE

BY ROBT. A. THOMPSON.

PICKENS COURT HOUSE, S. C. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

VOL. XII.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Patriot and Mountaineer. Three Cheers for Carolina. Her banners float afar...

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE KEOWEE COURIER. Sketches of Life in South Carolina. NUMBER THREE.

In those days if you had visited the environs of the city you would have often met, in some carriage, the kind foster mother with her little delicate nursing in her lap...

While the baby was not yet six months old she had a regular invitation to "honor" the wedding of a cousin "with her company."

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quently leads to prejudice, false judgments, and fanaticism. I speak of what I have known from my own: a real experience and observation.

A few years ago some very peculiar circumstances led me to make a visit of several days to an old Presbyterian Minister and his equally aged wife, living in a little village in the very centre of Vermont.

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Free Negroes.

The following bill in relation to the free negro population of South Carolina, has been introduced into the Legislature:

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That from and after the first day of January, 1862, all free persons of color within the limits of the State of South Carolina, be and they are hereby declared to be slaves to all intents and purposes.

2. That it shall be the duty of the Sheriffs of the several Districts of the State, after the said first day of January, 1862, to take into his custody all such free persons of color as may be found within his District, and after the usual public notice, as in ordinary sales of property, to sell the said free persons of color to the highest bidder, on a credit of twelve months, with interest from date, payable annually, the purchaser to give bond with two or more sureties.

3. That all such free persons of color, as shall be sold under the provisions of this Act, shall be adjudged to be the property of the person or persons to whom they shall severally be sold.

4. That any free person of color shall have the liberty to choose for himself and family an owner, provided that the person so chosen shall deposit with the Clerk of the Court of the District in which such free person of color resides, a bond, with two or more sureties, in the penalty of double the assessed value of the said free person or persons of color, conditioned that the said free person or persons of color shall conduct themselves in accordance with the laws of the land.

5. That all free persons of color, who shall so choose an owner under the provisions of this Act, shall be adjudged to be the property of the person or persons so chosen.

6. That the Clerk of the Court shall file a certificate of ownership in all cases where owners shall be chosen, and record the same in a book to be kept for that purpose, and shall receive for his services the sum of five dollars, to be paid by the person chosen to be owner.

7. That the proceedings of all such sales, and the bonds taken by the Sheriff under the provisions of this Act, be paid over to the Commissioners of Public Buildings in their respective Districts, to be expended by them in the same way as the taxes now ordered to be raised by said Board.

THE END.—There is no longer occasion for argument or expostulation. We have only, after the battle, to survey the field, and carefully count our losses and gains.

We are on the eve of great events. Moderation, wisdom, decision, patriotism, were never so much required to allay the fury of a rising political tempest.

HOWE.—We are pained to learn that an altercation took place at Marshall, in the adjoining county of Madison, on Monday last, between Mr. John M. Carver, Clerk of Madison County Court, and Dr. Wm. Clark, of the same county, which resulted in the death of the latter.

ONE foolish not may undo a man, and a timely one make his fortune.

The Grave of Lafayette.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Times says:

An interesting ceremony took place the other day at the Cathedral of Notre Dame; the Archbishop of Paris, surrounded by his aids, performed a mass for the soul of the late General Marquis de Pimodan, whose body, it seems, is definitely interred at one of the Churches of Rome.

This sympathy is of more than a half-century's standing, and dates from the period of the great Revolution. After Robespierre had moved the guillotine to the Barriere du Trone, a large number of the nobles were there beheaded, and buried in a common grave about two hundred yards to the South of the barriere.

Among those executed was the ancestor of the Marquis de Pimodan. Before the revolution of 1789, the entire aristocracy of France stood upon the same level of equality; since the Revolution, the families of the beheaded are looked up to as having received an additional baptism of nobility by the blood and the suffering of that terrible epoch.

Besides the cluster of buildings occupied by the Sisters and their pupils, to which there is only one entrance, at No. 25, Rue de Picpus, there is a handsome crypt to which the public are admitted on Sunday, and a very extensive garden, for the use of the pupils, and for the cultivation of the vegetables used in the table of the establishment.

A son of the present Gen. Lamoriciere, who was buried close to Lafayette—the General himself is a grandson of Lafayette by marriage. Nothing could be more cheerless or coldly aristocratic than this little hidden, out-of-the-way cemetery.

The tombs, in order to distinguish them from those of the bourgeoisie in other cemeteries, are affectedly simple. Only three have any pretensions to architecture—those of the Duke de Montmorency, the Duke de Larochebeaucourt, and the Count de Kergallay.

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CHARITY obliges us not to mistake many prudences, not to see things as they are, but to see things as they should be.

Love and "Niggers."

Why still, sweet Margaret, thus severe; Alas at length those cruel rigors, Thou knowest how I love thee, dear, Thou knowest how I love—thy niggers.

'Tis vain to talk of love of rule, The heart is no such docile scholar; I love thee Margaret, like a fool, For thou hast the "almighty dollar."

I love thy pouting, cherry lips, Dearer than ever-bee-loved honey; I love thy rosy finger-tips, Thy laughing eyes, thy—ready money.

I love thy little fifty feet, So small the merest child could span 'em, Thy cheeks like peaches fit to eat— Thy hundred cotton bales per annum.

I love thy glorious golden curls That grace thy cheeks of alabaster— Thy little "niggers" boys and girls; I long to hear them call me "master."

Alas! yes, to sum my love for thee I would battle all the power of figures, My heart were flint indeed to see, Unmoved—thy splendid lot of niggers.

I love the air that plays around Thy brow, thy form, thy habitation; I worship 'em the very ground Thy footsteps press—thy thy plantation.

Loitering Jessie. "Jessie, I am going to take a ride at three o'clock this afternoon. Would you like to go?"

"Oh yes, that I should, mother, very much indeed, for I love riding, you know. Which way shall you ride?"

"We will take a drive round by the lake to-day. But mind you are ready in season. I shall leave precisely at three o'clock."

"Oh down by the lake! That's nice—I'll be sure to be ready in time."

At half past two Jessie was as busy with dolls as if she had forgotten her promised ride. Mrs. Jacobs called to her and said:

"Jessie, dear, you have only half an hour to get ready in. Hadn't you better begin to put away your playthings?"

"Yes, mother, presently. I want to finish this epse for my new doll first."

"Very well, but mind, I leave at three o'clock precisely."

Farmers' Boys.

The following article, which we call Valley Farmer, a Western agricultural, we commend to the attention of farmer's boys. Parents should, out to their sons, and if necessary, them carefully, and then hand over to them, without comment, remarks of a mild, pleasant nature.

"In the wide world there is no important thing than farmer's boys, not so important for what they do, but for what they will be. At present they but little consequence too often. But farmers' boys always have been and we presume always will be the material out of which noblest men are made. They have heart and strength; they have bone and they have heart and will; they have patience; they have ambition; and these are the materials to make a man. It is not fat and flesh and swagger and self-conceit; nor yet smartness nor flippancy, nor foppishness, nor fatness. These make fools, but not men; not such as the world wants, nor such as it honors and blesses. It is not long hair, nor a beard, nor a cane, nor a pipe, nor a pack of cards, nor a novel, nor a book of love and murder, nor a tale of adventures, that makes a man or has a thing to do with making a man. Farmers ought to keep clear of all these foolish things. They should be simple, with no other objects. They have yet to men of the clear grit, honest, intelligent, industrious, ambitious men, who shall their country and their kind. With means they'll pass how easy for them to in fact the first class men. They have heart and stoek and tools; they have health and time and mind; they have schools and churches and papers; they have books and perseverance and the heart and hand for work—More than this they need not. Let them awake and work and read and study. It is not all work, nor yet all study, that will make them men of the right stamp. They must work intelligently and study with an earnest purpose of being benefitted, and they will become what they ought to be, real men of the world."

SETH'S COURTSHIP.—"Gracious!" sez I, "I'm twenty-one past, and it's time to look after Nancee."

Next day down I went. Nancee was alone, and I asked her if the 'Squire was in. She sed he was'n't.

"Cause," sez I, making believe I wanted to see him, "our colt has sprained his foot, and I came to see if the 'Squire wouldn't lend me his mare to go to town."

She said she guessed he would—I'd better sit down and wait till the 'Squire came in. Down I set; she looked strange, and my heart felt queer around the edge.

"Are you going down to Betsy Martin's quilting?" after a while, sez she. "Sez I, 'reכון I would.'"

"Sez she, 'suppose you'll take Eliza Dodge?'" "Sez I, 'I mought, and then again, I moughtn't.'"

"Sez she, 'I heard you was going to be married.'"

"Sez I, 'I wouldn't wonder a bit.' I looked at her and seed the tears coming. Sez I, 'may be she'll ax you to be bridesmaid.'"

She riz up, she did, her face as red as a billed head. "Seth Stokes," and she couldnt say anything more, she was so full.

"Wouldn't you be bridesmaid, Nancee?" sez I. "No," sez she, and burst right out.

"Well, then," sez I, "if you won't be the bridesmaid, will you be the bride?" She looked up at me. I swar to man I never saw anything so awful puty—I took right hold of her hand.

"Yes or no," sez I, "right off?" "Yes," sez she.

"That's the sort," sez I, and give her a kiss and a hug. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.

AN ACTION.—A young scape grace, who had seen a fortune and fallen into bad habits, took up his residence in a country village, pretending to be an author. His shabby appearance was, therefore, accounted for, and as his address was good, and marks of personal beauty remained; many a romantic village maiden sighed over the "cruel fate of genius." Signs would not pay his landlord's bill, and when a month had expired, he was dunned in good earnest. At length the landlord told him he never saw any of his productions, and wished to know what work he had been the author of. Being thus pushed, he replied, "Why, sir, I call myself an author, and so I am—the author of my own misfortunes."

WAVES OF FIRE.—A traveler in the Sandwich Islands, while visiting the volcano near Hilo, witnessed a wonderful phenomenon. As he was sitting at lunch on a high bank overlooking the crater, his face turned to avoid the intense heat, he was startled by a noise like the rushing together of vast bodies of water, and was obliged to run to escape the great heat. The whole surface of the lake was in the wildest commotion, waves dashing on waves. Great billows of fire rolled from every side of the lake, meeting the fierce conflict, receding and rushing together again with increased force, shooting into the air, perhaps a hundred feet, a vast spiral body of red liquid lava, which sank by combed over and fell in greenish spray back into the lake again. When the waves were at its usual level, the water was a dark red color.

GEN POWDER PLENTY.—Quartermaster Thom received yesterday 25 hogheads of musket and rifle powder for the state. The Governor has also purchased divers tons of lead, which is in Mobile, we believe.

[Montgomery Mail.]

A MAN who assisted to empty several bottles of wine, afterward took a walk, and he was found dead.

NEATLY BOUND THE