THE KEOWEE COURIER.

POETRY.

Contentment.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask, my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten—
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land—
Give me a mortgage here and there;
Some good bank stock—some note of hand,
Or trifling rail road share—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,
But only near St. James—
I'm very sure I do not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles—'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, *not so large*, in rings—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire,
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;
I own, perhaps, I might desire
Some shawls of true cashmere—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skin on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me—I do not care;
Perhaps, for just a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt,

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four;
I love so much their style and tone—
One Turner and no more.
(A landscape—foreground golden dirt;
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor:
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride.
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn?
But *all* must be of buhl.
Give grasping pomp its double share—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Mida's golden torch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much,
Too grateful for the blessings lent,
Of simple tastes and mind content.

MISCELLANY.

Judge William Smith.

Judge O'Neall furnishes for the Yorkville *Enquirer* a sketch of Judge Smith, from which we make an extract:

William Smith was elected a Judge on the 28th of June, 1808, in the place of Judge Trezevant, who had died the February preceding. He was President of the Senate when elected, and was a lawyer in the full tide of successful practice on the Middle, now called the Northern Circuit.

He was born in North Carolina, but when or where, I have been unable to ascertain. He migrated to South Carolina, and settled in York district, when very young and poor.

He was educated in part, probably, by the Rev. Mr. Alexander, the able teacher and minister of the Presbyterian faith, at Bullock's Creek, and finished his course at the Mount Zion College, Winnsboro.'—While at Mr. Alexander's school, he met with Gen. Jackson as a school-mate, and no doubt when the two noble Romans met at Washington, as President of the United States and Senator from South Carolina, they met as friends in early life, and friends in all the fierce political strifes to which our country had been and was then subjected.

At thirty years of age, Mr. Smith began the study of the law, and as three years was then the prescribed term of study for the graduate of a College, he must have been thirty-three years of age, when admitted to the bar.

He represented his early life to an intimate friend—Col. Thomas Williams, formerly of York, now of Montgomery, Alabama—"as wild, reckless, intemperate, rude and boisterous, yet resolute and determined"

He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest and best women, whose character has ever been presented to the writer. He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days, she never upbraided him by word, look or gesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. This course on her part humbled him, and made him weep like a child. This sentence, it is hoped, will be remembered, was the language of Judge Smith to the friend already named, and to those who knew the stern, unbending public character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion, as he himself told it:

The evening before the Return Day of the Court of Common Pleas for York District, a client called with fifty notes to be put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on what is now fashionably called a spree, then a frolic. Mrs. Smith received the notes, and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work—Mr. Smith "in riotous living." At daylight, on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise saw his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table and asleep. His entry awoke her.—She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes. This bowed the strong man, "he fell on his knees, implored her pardon, and then and there, faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived" "This promise," says my friend Col. Williams, "he faithfully kept," and said the Judge to him, "from that day, everything which I touched turned to gold." His entire success in life," says Col. Williams, "he sat down to his faithful observance of this noble promise."

No better eulogy could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband. The reformation of such a man as William Smith is a chaplet of glory which few women have been permitted to wear. To the people of South Carolina, and especially of York District, certainly no stronger argument in favor of temperance, total abstinence, need be given.

Judge Smith was an able, but rather tyrannical Judge. All stood in awe of him. He committed the captain of a volunteer company in Charleston for disturbing the court by persisting to cause his drum to be beat after he had been ordered to desist.—He quashed, spring of 1814, every *venire* around the Southern Circuit because new jury lists had not been made out within three years, and from them the jurors drawn and summoned. This was a great legal blunder, and worked great delay in the administration of justice. Still no one doubted the purity of the Judge, although bench and bar condemned the act as high-handed and uncalled for.

Judge Smith possessed a wonderful memory; and I have often heard it said that he reported to the Constitutional Court the case of the State vs. Fley and Rochelle, without reference to his notes. "He never forgot the faces of men or their peculiar traits of character." If he knew a man once, he knew him ever after, and neither the lapse of time, nor the place where he might meet him, however little expected, misled or deceived him. As an illustration the following incident may be noted. He had been employed, many years before, to defend a man at Pinckney or Spartanburg, for killing a horse in the night time, which by our statute is a clergyable felony. His client did not meet his trial—he fled the State. If the case occurred during the existence of the Court at Pinckney, at least twenty years must have come and gone; and if at Spartanburg, at least ten years must have elapsed before Judge Smith entered Congress as a Senator from South Carolina. Walking into the Hall of the House of Representatives soon after he had taken his seat as Senator, he discovered his client in the person of John Alexander, commonly called the "Buffalo of the West," sitting as a member from Ohio. In Spartanburg the name was usually called Elchinor, and so the Judge addressed him.—The member professed not to know him.—The Judge, with one of his oaths, swore he should know, telling him he had his note at home for $100, and that he should pay it. He wrote to his wife to send the note, and by the return mail it came, and Mr. Alexander admitted the acquaintance by paying the note.

The speeches of his political opponents he never forgot, and often to their dismay the Judge from the bottom of his old trunk fished up some speech, or speeches, entirely at war with their present views. What a terrible bastinadoing he gave to Mr. De Wolf, the Senator from Rhode Island, when he arrayed before him the evidences of his participation in the slave trade before 1808, will be recollected by some, even at this late day.

WONDERS OF THE CREATED UNIVERSE.—What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, recurring at equal intervals, no less that five hundred million of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color.—That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second! Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madness than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained. —*Star.*

SENSIBLE men show their sense by saying much in few words.

Washington.

Great Washington! in virtue all sublime!
The gift of God, the heritage of time!
Oh, name immortal! of celestial birth:
Grand as the mountain monuments of earth;
Unfading as the stars that glow by night;
Refulgent as the Sun's unclouded light;
Sacred to childhood, early taught the word;
Guide of the lands by revolution stirred:
Revered by all whom heaven's broad arches span:
'Graved on the heart of universal man:
Unspotted as the snow that Winter brings;
Melodious as the song that freedom sings;
Bright in the past on all that patriots claim,
Splendid in future as eternal fame.

From the London Field of July 24th.

A Shower of Toads.

We had thought that in these enlightened days, the fallacy which had been so ably exposed by Mr. Buckland, relative to frog showers, would have been consigned to oblivion; but we are surprised to find it not only resuscitated in the columns of the Manchester Examiner, but fostered by the protecting arms of the Times, in which the following extract from the former paper has just caught our eye:

TOADSTORM AT DUKINFIELD.—A very heavy shower of rain took place on Sunday, about one o'clock, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and loud claps of thunder. The lightning struck a tree near the Dukinfield Recreation-grounds, Cheetham-hill-road, and near the premises where considerable damage was done by lightning some years ago. There was also a very heavy shower of rain in Dukinfield on Friday last; and after it was over, thousands of small toads were found in Hall-green and about Dukinfield-park. We understand that a couple of handsful were taken out of one small hole, and the children were filling their pockets with them. Many are yet to be seen in Dukinfield-park.

Possibly "the Thunderer" knows more of the results of storms than merely human naturalists; but as a most plausible explanation of the sudden appearance of frogs has been given by Mr. Buckland in his "Curiosities of Natural History," we extract it for the benefit of those of our readers who may like to compare it with the Times paragraph, premising that it applies to toads as well as frogs. Small fish do, no doubt, sometimes fall on the land at a long distance inland, and these are probably taken up by waterspouts from the sea; but frogs and toads, being denizens of freshwater ponds, are not subject to these influences, and as their presence is easily explained, we have no necessity for having recourse to supernatural powers. The following is an extract from Mr. Buckland's book:

"It may not here be out of place to give the interpretation of frog showers, as now most generally received by competent judges. The actual fact, that considerable spaces of ground have been suddenly covered with numerous small frogs, where there were no frogs before, has been proved beyond a doubt. Some have called in the aid of waterspouts, whirlwinds, and similar causes, to account for their elevation into the regions of air, and some have even thought that they were formed in the clouds, from whence they were precipitated. It has generally been in August, and often after a season of drought, that these hordes of frogs have made their appearance; but, with Mrs. Siddons, we will exclaim, "How gat they there?" Simply as follows: The animals have been hatched, and quitted their tadpole state and their pond at the same time, days before they became visible to, or rather observed by mortal eyes. Finding it unpleasant in the hot, parched fields, and also running a great chance of being then and there dried up by the heat of the sun, they wisely retreated to the coolest and dampest places they could find, viz. under clods and stones, where, on account of their dusky color, they escaped notice. Down come the rain, out come the frogs, pleased with the chance. Forthwith appears an article in the county paper; the good folks flock to see the phenomenon. There are the frogs hopping about: the visitors remember the shower, and a "simple countryman" swears the frogs fell in the shower, and he saw them fall; frogs, visitors, countrymen, editors, are all pleased, and nobody undeceives them, nor are they willing to be undeceived.

The Seven Ancient Wonders of the World

These were, first, the brass Colossus of Rhodes, one hundred and twenty feet high, built by Cares, A. D. 283, occupying twelve years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes sixty-six years, and was thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew from the Saracens, who loaded nine hundred camels with the brass.

2. The Pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 360,000 workmen thirty years in building, and has now stood at least three thousand years.

3. The Aqueducts of Rome, invented by Appius Claudius, the censor.

4. The Labyrinth of Psammetichus, on the Nile, containing with one continued wall one thousand houses, and twelve royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. One building was said to contain three thousand chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods.

5. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 252 B. C. It was erected as a lighthouse, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen near a hundred miles off; mirrors of enormous size were fixed around the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place.

6. The Walls of Babylon, built by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzer, and finished in one year, by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness.

7. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, sixth king of Rome. It was four hundred and fifty feet long, two hundred broad, and supported by one hundred and twenty-six marble pillars, seventy feet high. The beams and doors were of cedar, the rest of the timber cypress. It was destroyed by fire, B. C. 365.

ON Sunday, a lady called to her little boy who was tossing marbles on the sidewalk to come into the house. "Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? Go into the back yard, if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday." "Well, yes. But ain't it Sunday in the back yard, mother?"

ADVERSITY overcome is the brightest glory, and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trials of gallant spirits.

THINK OF THIS SERIOUSLY.—No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object—that has realized no hope.

Always Singing.

While talking with a neighbor, I heard a sweet plaintive voice singing that beautiful hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul!"

The child was up stairs; I knew it was a child's voice from its silvery softness I listened awhile and then said:

"That child has a sweet voice."

"Yes, she has," said my friend. "She is always singing!"

Always singing! Sweet, happy child!—Bird of angel wing! Who would not envy thee that gushing flood of happiness within thy soul? A soul strong to will and to do; a soul lighted with the smile of Jesus, and anchored on the surest hope; a soul that with more than a child's strength shall part the dark waves as it goes down the surging tide of death.

Always singing! I passed that way again. Summer was here in her fullness, strewing the earth with flowers, and the sky with stars. The same sweet voice was thrilling on the air:

"Oh! had I the wings of a dove!"

This time the little singer was in the yard. I gazed upon the spiritual softness of her features—the sweet eyes like "brown birds flying to the light," the fine expressive lips, the dark silken curls; I felt that she would soon have her wish answered, and "find a refuge in Heaven."

Always singing! Autumn came; the wild swan was turning towards the South; the leaves were dropping from the trees, and spears of frost glittered among the grass. A strip of crape fluttered from the shutter of the house where my little singer lived. Her voice was clothed in death, and trembling hands had bound those truant tresses around her white brow. By the great white throne, by the river of eternal gladness, she was striking her golden harp, and singing in the gushing fullness of imperishable glory!

[*Stauffer.*

TOO BIG TO OBEY A MOTHER.—A boy "too big to mind his mother?" Such a boy must be larger than a giant, and one with strange ideas of the rights of big people. I should not like to live near him, nor even see him, for I should expect he would feel too big to mind the laws of his country, or the laws of God, and thus be a dangerous neighbor. I am told that there are some boys, or rather those who think they are "too big to mind their mother."

What does your mother want you to do? To stay in of evenings, to let tobacco alone to avoid associating with bad boys, to read useful books, to shun novels and idle newspapers, to mind your studies or trade, or whatever you are engaged in on week days, with diligence, and on the Sabbath to be regular at church and Bible class, and above all she wants to see you a faithful Christian boy. This would make her happy beyond description, and you feel "too big" to yield to her wishes.

My boy, believe me, you are in a most dangerous state of mind which makes me tremble for you, both for this world and the next. Think of Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords. When he was old enough and wise enough to confound the learned doctors in the temple at Jerusalem he was none too old and wise to obey his mother; and when he was dying, he took care to provide her with a son to render to her honor and affection.

Believe me when you are small enough to depend upon your mother for your food and clothing and daily care, and while she is so anxious to see you growing up into a good and worthy man, and so willing to make any sacrifice to help you on in life, you should be ashamed to—, or even think "I am too big to mind my mother."

Search all the biographies in your own or your fathers library, and tell me if you can find a case of a man distinguished for greatness and goodness, who allowed such a thought to enter his mind. No: such men prize a good watchful mother, obey her goodly maxims as long as they live, and teach them to their children.

You are "too big" to disobey your mother; but don't allow yourself, my dear boy, to become such a monster of iniquity as to be "too big" to mind a good mother.

[*American Messenger.*

QUITE SENSEY.—"You called me a scoundrel and liar, you have spit in my face and you have struck me twice. I hope you will not attempt to carry this any farther, for if you do you will rouse the sleeping lion in my breast." That is what might be termed a spunky man if sufficiently aggravated.

AN old lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. "Fault, madam?" said one; how can you call that a fault?" "Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in the form of brandy."

MY WIFE.—"When we married, my wife erected a family altar. I could not pray; but she could. I did not love to pray, but she did; for ten years she led in prayer, and, blessed be God, she has prayed us all into the kingdom of God—me, my two apprentices, and I expect all three of the children," said a rough man, now subdued into Christian meekness and sobriety. "I thank God for a wife that has had courage to pray before an ungodly husband."

LIKE a bell that's rung for fire—like a ceaseless auction crier—like, oftimes, a graceless liar—mischief-making tattlers go. Stopping you with quaking fear—whispering as you lend an ear—"Mercy on us did you hear? Betsy Bean has got a bean."

AN Irishman caught a hornet in his hand, but dropping it, exclaimed: "Be jabers, what kind of teeth your birds have in Amerikey?"

WHY is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his gait is broken, and his locks are few.

THE ORPHAN'S TEXT.—"I am glad I went to Sabbath-school, for there I learned the sweetest verse in the Bible," said a poor little orphan. It was this: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up: and I know it's true," she said.

A WORD of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

GIVE your children an education, and no tyrant will trample on your liberties.

"I do wish, madam, you would pay a little attention to me for a few minutes." "Most gladly sir, if you will only promise to stop paying attention to me."

ENVY never pardons merit but when it is deceived by its own malignity, and conceives it has found out faults it can feed on.

HABIT is everything. It either makes or breaks a man. If they are good, he goes starwards; if bad, mudwards.

TAKE counsel of one greater and one less than yourself, and, afterwards form your opinion.

ONE reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming others, and never thinks of reforming himself.