

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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Katharine of Russia.

Dark and dreadful was the night of the 25th of November, 1689, and heavily fell the snow flakes; but darker were the prospects, and heavier was the heart of the poor Livonian, as he reached the skirts of the dense forest surrounding the town of Marienburg. Misfortune had compelled the indignant peasant to sever the endearing relations that bound him to his native village, to bid a final adieu to the scenes of his early days, to abandon his favorite haunts of sacred memory, and seek among strangers that which was denied him in the midst of his friends.

Accompanied by his first born, a sprightly youth of fourteen, and bearing in his weary arms a tender infant, the express image of her whom he had lately consigned to the silent tomb; he had well nigh completed a faithful journey through a black and inhospitable region. A violent storm of snow and wind (peculiar to that drear country) fiercely raged, bearing destruction and desolation in its progress, and producing terror in the minds of the unsheltered wanderers. Overcome by the severity of the cold, and unable longer to sustain his precious charge, he carefully deposited it upon a bed of snow, and went in quest of assistance and a kind retreat from the howling storm. But he returned not again. The early dawn had discovered a frozen corpse to the astonished tenants of an obscure cottage in the outskirts of the quiet village.

"Great God! what do I hear?" ejaculated the pious minister, Skovrouski, as its subdued cries of distress, falling upon his eager ear, during a temporary cessation of the storm, attracted his attention to the frozen embankment upon which rested the deserted infant. He hesitated not to reflect upon the cruel misfortune that had bereft the infant of parental protection; nor did he waste time in the fruitless endeavor of discovering those who had abandoned their offspring to the peltings of the storm. But content to acknowledge the mysterious agency of Him who doeth all things well, and heareth the young ravens when they cry, he fled with winged footsteps to its rescue. Wrapping it in his ample cloak, he hastened to reach his humble home, that he might minister to its reliever the spirit had fled to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. Arrived at the peaceful cot, he consigned his tender charge to the care of his kindhearted house-keeper, and again sallied forth in search of other objects for his benevolence. He had not proceeded far before his attention was called to the melancholy scene before noticed.

Papers were found upon the unfortunate stranger which induced the good minister to believe that he was the parent of the infant which he rescued from the pitiless elements of the night before; and no sooner was he impressed with the idea, than the resolution was taken to adopt the tender babe as his own daughter, and bring it up in the path of duty, and in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Ordering that the last tribute of respect be paid to the remains according to the rites of the Greek Church, he took charge of its effects, for the benefit of his youthful protegee.

Years passed away, and under the affectionate care and protection of the good pastor and his benevolent companion, Katharine, (for such she was named by her foster parents) increased not only in personal beauty and loveliness, but as she grew in years, developed those peculiar graces and dispositions which became an amiable and grateful daughter. And soon she was enabled, by assiduous attention to the wants of their declining years, to testify her appreciation of their self-sacrificing devotion to her youthful days.

The Czar of Russia, not content with his widely extended dominions, and desirous of the conquest and annexation of the province of Livonia, had already marched his forces upon its chief city. Katharine had attained her thirteenth year when his formidable cannon announced to the inoffensive inhabitants the bombardment of their quiet town. With a view to her safety, she was separated from the aged pastor and sent to his sister Alexia. The patriotic Skovrouski remained to assist in the defence of his native city. But the efforts of the besieged proved fruitless, and they were compelled to surrender captives of war and subjects of the Emperor of Russia.

The humiliating news spread like lightning, and no sooner did it reach the eager ears of Katharine than she determined to return and share the fate of her benefactor.

The dusky shades of evening were just closing in as a horse, reeking with foam, and almost ready to sink from exhaustion, reached the border of the wood nearest the gates of Marienburg. Emerging from the shade of the trees, its progress was suddenly arrested by a soldier seizing the bridle, and rudely demanding

"Where are you going?"
"What is that to you?" was the peremptory reply. "I am in haste, and pray you allow me to pass unmolested."

"Impossible!" replied the sentinel, "thou art a Livonian, and now Livonia, belongs this day to Peter I. of Russia. You are, therefore, my prisoner, and must be conducted to our General." Arrived at the general's tent, she threw herself at his feet, and demanded the privilege of seeking her protector among the slain. Moved at the sight of her youth, and astonished at her courage, the general granted her request on condition of her returning to him when she had completed her search.

The night was dismal, and the undertaking a fearful one, but the difficulties daunted not the resolute Katharine. She soon came upon a field covered with the unequal contest, while the groans and cries of anguish told that many still survived the slaughter.

Intent alone upon discovering her more than father, she did not discover the presence of a young Cossack officer, who, struck with her charms, and admiring her boldness, had accompanied her to the gory field.

"The evening air is chilling, and this is no place for women; pray return, and leave me to seek your wounded kinsman." Astonished at the sound of a human voice, she turned and recognised in the stranger the sentinel who had impeded her progress without the city walls. Refusing his generous offer, she permitted him to aid in her errand of mercy and love.

Long and tedious was the search, but unavailing, and at early dawn they returned to the city, having failed to find the remains of the good old minister.

Katharine religiously kept her word, and surrendering herself a prisoner of war, demanded the protection of the noble general.

Bereft of her preserver and benefactor, she was now alone in the world, and young, with promise of long life, there were no ties to bind her to earth, and she longed to join her pious and devoted guardian. A prisoner, she was treated with marked courtesy and respect by the general-in-chief, who ordered her well furnished apartments and every attention to her comfort and pleasure. She received many kindnesses from the youthful Cossack, who at length became enamored with her charms, and proved the strength of his attachment by procuring her release from confinement, upon parole of honor, and personal security for her safety. His assiduous attention to her wants, and earnest efforts in her behalf were not without reward; for she soon came to regard him as her hope, her refuge, and lord of her affections.

The General and the young officer, who appeared from his dress to be but a simple lieutenant, were the only occupants of the tent, and Katharine was employed in superintending their domestic affairs. One day as she was engaged in serving their customary meal, their conversation turned upon the merits of their fair maid, and the young officer addressing the former in tones laudatory of her courage and beauty, concluded with the inquiry—

"General, will you sell your prisoner?"
"And what will you do with her?"
"What say you, Katharine?" added he, turning to the blushing damsel.

Her hesitating response was, "I would rather be the wife of a soldier than the wife of a great general."

"Bravely spoken!"—from this moment you are mine," he rejoined; "but we must

obtain the permission of the Czar. I will go immediately to the Emperor's tent, and receive his sanction to our union. Remain here, while I seek an audience of our majesty."

In a few moments a young lieutenant, advancing to the General's tent, said—
"The Czar, Peter, commands the presence of Madame Katherine."

With a quick, though trembling step, she followed, and on entering the magnificent tent, discovered a throng of officers surrounding one who was seated, and whom she recognised as her affianced husband.

"Where is the Emperor?" demanded Katharine of her conductor.

"There!" replied he, pointing to the soldier who was seated.

"That is my husband."

"He is thy husband, and Czar of Russia likewise," broke out the Emperor (for it was he) and presenting her to his officers, bade them acknowledge the humble Katharine as the future Empress of Russia.

LAMARTINE ON ATHEISM.

A little pamphlet under this title, translated from the French of Lamartine, has been published by Messrs. Philips, Sampson & Co. It is well worthy a wide circulation. Lamartine disclaims the charge frequently brought against him of holding to the dim doctrines of the Pantheists. "Pantheism," he says, "which I have always scorned as a contradiction and as a blasphemy, resembles entirely the reasoning of the man who would say, 'I see an innumerable number of rays, therefore there is no sun.'" A very happy illustration that!

Remising that his belief in God is not that vague, confused, indefinite, shadowy sentiment, which compels one to see a cause, because there are certain effects—"an evidence not reasonable, not religious, not perfect, not meritorious, but like the material evidence of light which enters our eyes when we open them to the day"—he admits that, although faith in its rudiments, may proceed from the first instinct, yet, in proportion as intelligence develops itself, it goes from knowledge to knowledge, from conclusion to conclusion, from light to light, from sentiment to sentiment, infinitely farther and higher in the idea of God; "It does not see him with the eyes of the body, because the Infinite is not visible by a narrow window of flesh, pierced in the frontal bone of an insect called man, but it sees Him with a thousand times more certainty, by the spirit, that immaterial eye of the soul, which nothing blinds."

But God is not a mere idea, a notion, an evidence. He is a law—the living, the supreme, the universal, the eternal law. "Because God is a law on high, he is a duty on the earth, and when man says, 'I believe in God,' he says, at the same time, 'I believe in my duty towards man.'" God is a government. From this Lamartine proceeds to specify the duties resulting from this belief, one of which duties is that towards society. He then analyzes the social system, and arrives at the broad conclusion that "To love the people it is necessary to believe in God." "Therefore, atheism in the people is the most invincible obstacle to the establishment and consolidation of that sublime form of government, the idol of all ages, the tendency of all perfect civilization, the dream of every sage, the model of all great souls—the government of the entire people by the reason and conscience of each citizen—otherwise called the republic."

A nation, he contends, where each citizen thinks only of his own private well-being here below, and sacrifices constantly the general good to his personal and narrow interest—a people having no God but its selfishness, no judge but interest, no conscience but cupidity, will fall, in a short time, into complete destruction, and be incapable of a republican government, because it casts aside the government of God himself, will rush headlong into the government of the brute, the government of the strongest, the despotism of the sword, the divinity of the cannon—the last resort of anarchy, which is at once the remedy and the death of nations without God."

"But that people which forgets God forgets itself. What right has it to be a people if it have not its origin and hope in Him? How can the men of any nation expect tyrants to remember and respect its destiny, if they themselves debase this destiny to that of a machine with ten fingers, destined to weave the greatest possible number of yards of cloth in seventy years, to people as many hundred acres as possible with creatures as much to be pitied and as wiser as themselves, and to serve, from generation, to generation, as human manure for the land, to fertilize the soil of their birth, their life, and

their graves? How can the moral spiritualism of a people long resist such theories? Where can they find God in this workshop of matter?"

"If you wish that this revolution should not have the same end, beware of abject Materialism, degrading Sensualism, gross Socialism, of besotted Communism; of all those doctrines of flesh and blood, of meat and drink, of hunger and thirst, of wages and traffic, which these corruptors of the soul of the people preach to you, exclusively, as the sole thought, the sole hope, as the only duty and the only end of man! They will soon make you slaves of ease, serfs of your desires."

"Seek God, then. This is your nature and your grandeur. And do not seek him in these Materialisms! for God is not below—He is on high!"

"LAMARTINE,
"Representative of the People."

These are great truths; and nowhere should they sink deeper into the hearts of the people than in republican America.

[Boston Transcript.]

Southern Colony in California.—The following appears in the advertising columns of the Mississippian:

"California—The Southern Slave Colony.—Citizens of the Slave States desirous of emigrating to California with their slave property are requested to send their names, number of slaves, and period of contemplated departure, to the address of 'Southern Slave Colony,' Jackson, Mississippi.

"All letters, to meet with attention, must be postpaid.

"It is the desire of the friends of this enterprise to settle in the richest mining and agricultural portions of California, and to secure the uninterrupted enjoyment of slave property. It is estimated that by the first of May next, the members of the Slave Colony will amount to about five thousand. The mode of effecting organization, &c., will be privately transmitted to actual members."

The Yankee Wife.—General Herrera, a chivalric Mexican, travelling at the North the past summer with his beautiful New England wife, who was once an operative in the Lowell Mills. He is described as a tall, finely moulded specimen of the Mexico-Spanish gentleman. His mouth and chin are buried in a profuse blending of moustache and whiskers, while beneath a smooth and jutting forehead, a pair of dark and singularly winning eyes constitute the most expressive feature of his handsome face. His complexion is a deep southern, and in repose his countenance is slightly melancholy. He is now on a visit to the native cot of his wife, that nestles like a gem in a wild and beautiful valley, lying in the shadow of the White Mountains.

The Rope Dancer.—It is in the humbler classes of society, that the most beautiful sparks of virtue often shine. A fire broke out in a house at Alencon, the flames of which made rapid progress, and produced dreadful ravages. An entire family was saved by an unknown man who scaled the walls with a wonderful agility, treading with dexterity the burning beams, and who, from an abyss of fire, extricated victim after victim, in the midst of acclamations from the spectators. This man was Joseph Pledge, who exercised the humble profession of a rope-dancer; and it was the agility and dexterity developed by his occupation, that enabled him to save a whole family, by venturing on narrow and moving surfaces, to snatch them from the flames. The company to which the worthy Pledge belonged, were preparing to quit Alencon, but their departure was delayed, to give him a benefit. The theatre was crowded in every part, and thunders of applause greeted the courageous rope dancer, who, covered with burns and bruises, endeavored to merit the enthusiasm by which he was overwhelmed. When the receipts, which were considerable, were handed to him, Joseph Pledge presented the whole amount to the family he had saved. "These poor people, said he, 'are ruined; what good shall I have done to have saved them from the flames, if I leave them to the horrors of starvation?'"

The authorities gave a medal of honor to the brave man who had displayed so much humanity, devotion, and virtue.

W. W. Oates, Esq., has just returned from Havana, in the Isabel. He went out in quest of Mr. Balloch, the absconding Cashier of the Rail Road Bank, but as was anticipated, has returned, without having discovered any trace of him.

Mr. Oates informs us there is any number of fugitives from justice at Havana, who stalk about the streets and public places as if they had never violated the

laws of their country. Of this class, is a Mr. Simpson, about 18 years of age, who is charged with poisoning her husband somewhere in North Carolina, and a Mr. Carter, who was charged with robbing the Brooklyn or some other Bank near New York, of which he was an officer.—*Savannah Republican.*

THE OLD CLOCK IN THE HALL.

It stands in a corner of the room;
Behind the door in the shade and gloom,
In a heavy and antique case,
Rich mahogany, maple and oak,
Battered and scratched, and dim with smoke,
And the hands are bent on the face!

The knob and hinges are red with rust,
The top o' th' moulding's covered with dust,
The panels are yellow with stains,
And a ragged web like like a tattered pall
Runs from its side to the sombre wall,
And over the window panes.

The pendulum swings, the wheels go round,
Making a dull monotonous sound,
As the vanishing moments fleet;
A 'tick' like the falling grains of sand,
As if time was pouring out of his hand
The dust of years at his feet!

Years have vanished—forgotten years—
With all their sorrows and sins and tears,
And left their marks in the hall;—
The old have died, the young grown old—
Generations have gone to mould,
And the clock survives them all.

Beautiful girls have watched the hours,
Knitting at stands, or working flowers,
In frames of 'brodery fine—
And mornings, the young folks playing late,
Wishing the moments fettered to 'eight,
For the school began at 'nine!

Mothers, with sons in distant lands,
Sorrowing, hid its lardy hands,
And dreamed of the meeting dear—
And wives, whose husbands returned at night,
Marked the time in the fading light,
And listened for footsteps near!

Blushing brides, at their toilets gay,
In snowy robes on the happy day,
Have waited the hour to wed:
And sick folks tossing on beds of pain,
Gazed at the clock again and again,
And watched beside the dead!

But years have vanished, and others fill
Their place, and the old clock standeth still!
Ticking as in its prime—
Summer and winter, day and night,
A sexton chiming the hours' flight,
Tolling the knell of Time!

FURTHER BY THE NIAGARA.

NEW YORK, March 23.

The result of the elections in France was not known on Thursday. The Government has established a censorship on foreign books brought to France. A corvette has sailed for Lapland. The menaces of Prussia on the Swiss Cantons have been renewed; but as Austria and France have interfered, nothing serious is apprehended.

DENMARK AND THE DUTCHIES.—The report gains ground that the armistice is to be prolonged. It is currently reported that Denmark has concluded a private treaty with Prussia, by which the latter is to have Bohm for its support should hostilities exist with Schleswig.

TURKEY.—The Sultan proposes that the refugees should be detained in Asia Minor for a period not exceeding one year—Kossuth and others not to be removed.

Fears are entertained at Naples that Admiral Parker will pay his respects to the Neapolitans as soon as he leaves the Greek coast. Similar apprehensions are entertained at Madrid.

There are no indications of a speedy return of his Holiness, the Pope.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.—The Vienna Journal states that intelligence has been received from Transylvania, to the effect that the Russians were assembling in considerable numbers at the Gelle Gerts, with the intention of occupying Transylvania, so as to allow the Austrian troops to pass through it to Italy and the German frontiers.

THE UNIVERSE IN MOTION.—Could our vision be made so acute as to view the progress of nature for one year, at a single glance, we should behold no repose in the heavens, and the earth. This globe and ten thousand starry hosts, would appear before us, rushing like steeds on different courses. We would be enabled to look into a humble grain of wheat stirring itself in the bosom of the earth, then rearing its head, and anon wearing a golden crown, when its course was run. The flowers would appear to us moving upwards from the grassy turf, then dancing to the breeze, and anon flinging their perfumes abroad upon the gale.