

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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## THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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## CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Written for the Carolina Spartan.  
"SHE KICKED HIM."  
BY J. V. O.

In one corner of a large and illuminated hall, where lived old Major B., the wealthiest and most influential personage in the district of S., there sat a handsome young man, apparently about twenty-six years of age.

Though surrounded by a large circle of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were numbered the wise, the beautiful, and the wealthy, he manifested an entire and somewhat contemptuous indifference to the several characters present, and the lively and engaging scenes which were being enacted around him won from him no response.

I was pleasantly employed in waiting upon Miss W., at the piano, and while turning over the leaves of her music book, my eyes accidentally met those of Edward, the young man who appeared so sad, and secluded himself so much from our society.

His glance was that of mingled envy and keen contempt, and the dark cloud which mantled his fine brow grew strangely ominous of coming storms.

The mystery of that look, which none had observed but myself, made my position exceedingly unpleasant; and I congratulated myself when Miss W. declined executing another piece on her piano.

I had no sooner handed the lady to her seat, when Edward brushed madly past me, and crushed a small piece of paper into my open hand. I hastily glanced over it, and read with some difficulty the following pencilled lines:

"Sir: The ant that ventures to dine upon the lips of a lion must be a very courageous ant. Meet me at V. grove, one hour hence."

"Why, what in the name of '76 is the matter with you, that you look so pale?" said old Major B., as he clapped me on the shoulder.

I know not how I looked when reading that strange and unintelligible note, but I certainly felt considerable uneasiness, if not a measure of positive fear; but, not wishing to draw attention to the unpleasant subject, I laughingly replied:

"Why, major, you could scarcely expect me to feel otherwise than delighted in such pleasant company; and, so far as looking pale is concerned, I really think you are mistaken, for it was only the reflection from the candles upon this piece of paper which gave me that complexion."

"Piece of paper!" repeated the major. "Ay, and pray what means the piece of paper—what's the matter with Edward?"

"Do not know, major, but rather expect that he is ill, as he wishes to see me as soon as possible."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the major. "Young men in my time were never sick, but now the poor fellows cannot sit up one hour after supper without getting the colic or beribererous!"

There was a perfect outburst of laughter from the company at this termination of the major's remarks, except one lady and a fascinating girl. She was calm as the stars, and quiet as the foot fall of the dew-drop, amid the burst of merriment. The reader will excuse the vulgarism, but I can find no more expressive word to give an idea of my feelings upon this occasion than to remark that I was added. Miss W. awhile ago had played upon the piano, and sung so pleasantly with me, until that suspicious-looking fellow looked a hurricane at me. Then came that classic note, and out flew the author of it; and then I am left to meditate upon the anticipated pleasure of meeting a half madman—

"By moonlight alone!"

in that old dismal grove at V.

Then Miss W. had suddenly grown so still and silent, and every thing began to wear such a mystic appearance, that I really felt that I had somehow or other got myself in a very nice fix for the night. I was quite young then, my reader, and must confess, that I was very much excited and scared about the whole affair.

During the course of the next hour Miss W. appeared desirous of conversing with me, so seating myself beside her, and playfully taking her hand merely to awake her to her usual happy mood, I observed:

"What is the matter with you, Miss W. Do you feel unwell?"

"No, sir," she hastily replied, "I am feeling well enough; but to change the subject, do you know Mr. Edward M.—?"

"Indeed I do not, except what I have seen of him during the evening," I replied.

"Have you ever seen him before, and do you know who invited him here this evening, sir?"

"Well, Miss W., I do not remember to have seen him until to night, nor do I know whom else could have invited him here but the major. Very likely he may be able to give you all the information which you may wish; but you know, Miss W., that I am comparatively a stranger here myself."

"And for that very reason let me advise you, sir, to be very careful how you act in this matter of visiting Mr. Edward M.—?"

"You do not suppose, Miss W., that I am

afraid to meet him in the grove!—do you?" I asked.

"In the grove!" she exclaimed. "Is it there that you are to meet him!—and alone too!"

"Mr. F., can I have a few moments' conversation with you, and will you not excuse me, Miss W., when I assure you that the interruption was necessary?"

These words were addressed to us during our conversation by one of the gentlemen of the company, who took me aside, and questioned me very earnestly upon the strange manners of Edward towards me. I handed him the note which I had received, and, after reading it over and over again, we concluded to leave the company privately, and went our way towards the V. grove.

The cold night air, as we left the warm and brilliantly-illuminated parlor or hall of old Mr. B., made us draw our cloaks closely about us and walk briskly forward. Neither of us seemed disposed to enter into conversation, for our heads and faces were almost covered by our cloaks. As I walked along in silence, I reviewed in my mind the events of the evening, and could not shake off sad forebodings. At times I regretted that I had been over-persuaded by my youthful impetuosity to venture upon so novel and mysterious a meeting with an entire stranger in a dismal wood. Then I began to suspect my companion's motives, and thought how easily he might act the accomplice for Edward, and lead me directly to danger—or perhaps death.

What connection was there between Miss W., and Edward and myself? What did Miss W.'s warning mean? All these thoughts ran hurriedly through my mind, nor could they be answered or explained by reason.

"Hark! did you hear that whistle? Mr. F.," I asked my companion.

"No, sir, I heard nothing," I replied, "and would just as leave return again as venture further, for it's all madness and folly any how."

"Scared! by jingo!" exclaimed my companion.

"Well, sir, I acknowledge that I am, and I would like to know what the whole thing means."

"Pshaw, man, it's nothing but an affair of honor, no doubt."

"An affair of honor, sir, means a duel in South Carolina, and a retreat to the Clifton House in Massachusetts; which do you mean?"

"Capital! but, Mr. F.—capital! 'pon my word!" exclaimed my companion. "Yes, it was a Capital hit, sure enough," I replied; "but answer my question."

"Mr. F.," I exclaimed, my companion, stopping short before me, "it is rather a cold night for a man's head to remain uncovered, but I waive all such thoughts as these, and present you with my hat."

"Now, my dear sir, will you not tell me at once if I am really to fight a duel with this Mr. Edward M.—?" I asked, as I pushed his proffered hat aside.

"Well, seriously, Mr. F., I should so judge from the tone of the note which he handed you."

"Then, sir, I am not such a fool as you or he supposes me to be, and will not meet him," I angrily replied.

"What! not meet him?—and you call yourself a South Carolinian! Why, Mr. F., you surely are joking."

"Look here, friend," I exclaimed, as I grasped him by his arm, "the fact of my being a Carolinian does not weigh anything in this matter, and did I consent to exchange shots with Mr. Edward M.—?"

"I do not know that he intends a duel, but let us wait and see anyhow."

Sure enough, we had reached the grove, and were just about to enter, and with weary feet and saddened heart we were moving forward as fast as the darkness would permit.

"Suppose, Mr. F., that I kindle a fire just here, and then withdraw, that Edward may indeed meet you alone," suggested my companion.

"Well, perhaps that would be the proper course to pursue," I replied; "but be sure to be near enough, so that you may render me assistance should I need it."

My companion then hastily kindled a fire, and, after warming his feet awhile, handed me a revolver, and then darted into the thick wood surrounding the grove. I listened to the sounds of his foot-fall among the fallen leaves, until all became silent again, and I found myself alone.

When and how will this adventure terminate, and what does it all mean? I asked myself, as I seated myself beside the crackling fire, and examined my revolver. Well, well, here I am, and must of course remain, until the problem is solved and the mystery unraveled! I exclaimed aloud.

After waiting what seemed to be an eternity of time, I distinctly heard approaching footsteps, and rising to my feet, I discerned through the darkness an object slowly advancing.

"Who's there?" I cried out.

"Keep still, sir, and for God's sake put out that fire!" replied whom I now recognized to be Edward M.—"

"Why do you wish me to put out the fire?" I asked.

"Oh! yes! Alice will be anxious about you, no doubt! I really wonder that you could afford to leave her so long; but—"

"What are you talking about, Mr. M.," asked I; "and to whom do you allude?"

"You wish plain talk, do you? Well, sir, I charge you with the crime of robbing my heart of its idol, and blotting out from my soul the only ray of light which cheered it."

"For L. Jove of Heaven, man, speak out, for I really know not of what you are speaking," I exclaimed.

"You love Alice W.," he exclaimed; "my Alice, who loved me long and dearly—even from boyhood; and you have succeeded in winning her affections from me by your artful lies."

"Stop, sir!" I madly exclaimed. "I deny your vile charges, and defy you to prove the least of them. Alice W. is, as you very well know, an almost entire stranger to me, and you are aware that I was only introduced to her last evening at the residence of her father. Be careful, sir, how you use such words as 'artful lies' to me, for I am not beyond the help of friends to defend both my character, and person."

"Ah, sir, such tales won't do for me," he contemptuously replied, "for I know you, William Bradford, well enough."

"You are altogether mistaken, man, for such is not my name. I am G. J. F. Nor do I know anything of him who has thus acted towards you."

"Not William Bradford!—that's a fine one, now," he very angrily exclaimed. "Why, sir, the scar upon your shoulder would mark enough for me, disguise yourself as you will."

"For God's sake, sir," I exclaimed, "believe me when I tell you that you are mistaken, for I have no such scar as you speak of."

"Seeing is believing," he coolly replied. "True, sir," I replied, "and therefore you shall see."

I hastily withdrew my cloak and threw off my coat, and was in the act of taking off my vest, when something fell from my pocket. I stooped to pick it up, but Edward rushed forward and possessed himself of it before me.

"Sir," I exclaimed, "I desire you to hand me that at once, for you have no right with my property."

"Never, sir, until I examine it," he replied, "this eyes glaring in triumph. He moved towards the almost spent fire, and opened what I then found to be the Daguerrotype of a dear friend, which I was accustomed to carry about my person. His countenance fell when he looked upon it, and, turning towards me, he asked:

"Who is this?"

"Not whom you supposed it to be, I should infer from your looks," I replied.

"No, it is not Alice—dear Alice—as I thought; but who is it, sir?"

"Never mind, sir, who it is; hand it to me, if you please," I replied.

"Yes, you shall have it; but is she not beautiful, sir! Do you love her?"

"As much as you love Alice, Mr. M.—," I replied, as he placed it in my hand.

"Not no!" he exclaimed, "not as much as I love Alice—that were impossible!" and leaving his head against an old oak, he sighed as if his whole heart were convulsed in agony.

I sympathized with this poor heart-broken creature, and longed to learn his sad history; so, going up towards him, with my shoulder uncovered, I exclaimed:

"See here, my poor fellow; are you convinced now that I have not wronged you?"

"Convinced that you have not wronged me!" he repeated; "not until my eyes shall convince me;" and so saying, he snatched a flaming brand from the fire and held it closely to my shoulder.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "a moment longer, and I would have shot you; and yet you are not Bradford!"

"So I told you, sir, at the very outset," I replied.

"Ay! but liars are yet abroad, and how knew I but that you were one of them?"

"Well, sir," I replied, "since you have found out your mistake, I trust you will allow me to proceed homewards."

"Yes, sir, but answer me one question: Does Alice love you?"

"Indeed, sir, it is very improbable—at least I know not."

"Then, sir, he exclaimed, 'do you love my Alice?' Not I solemnly swear that I do not," I replied.

"Then, sir, forgive me," he said, grasping me warmly by the hand. "But, oh! you know not how my heart's affections have been trampled upon by that villain Bradford."

"Who is this Bradford of whom you speak, and what connection is there between Alice and yourself?" I asked.

"Not now, he replied, 'can I answer those questions; but will you not meet me here to-morrow, or call upon me at my residence?'"

"Most gladly, sir, would I do so," I replied. "Then our business for the evening is finished—good night!" And before I could reply he darted into the woods and was gone.

I seated myself beside the dying embers of my fire, and wondered, until my very soul grew weary, what all these strange events meant. Then I thought of Alice W.—her angel look and seraph form, and could not but feel for him who had lost the love of so sweet and beautiful a girl. Could I not aid in bringing those hearts together once more. Ah! surely an angel whispered that sweet thought to me in that old dreary grove, and my heart grew bold in hope.

How long I remained in the grove I know not, until I was startled to my feet by the report of a pistol, and upon looking behind me recognized my companion, who had, as my reader will remember, entered the grove with me.

In the name of feather-beds, Mr. F., how long do you mean to remain in this dreary grove! I have been walking, and running, and climbing, and doing everything else, to keep myself warm for the last

hour, but have given it up, and insist upon returning home, right away for that coward Edward is not coming here to-night anyhow."

"You are much mistaken, sir," I replied, "for Edward did meet me, and has but just left."

"Well, what was the upshot of the whole matter? The indignantly asked, as he gave the smoking embers a heavy kick."

"Such as I will not reveal, sir, without his permission," I positively replied.

"Well, I declare now, that's poor; but, as sure as my name is Bradford, its some love affair is it not?"

"Is your name Bradford?" I asked.

"Why, yes! but what in the name of common sense do you mean by giving me such a look as that?" he replied.

I immediately saw the necessity of disguising my feelings, so I laughingly replied:

"Why, my dear sir, I am not conscious of giving you any but an ordinary look; but let me tell you that a man half frozen to death is not very particular how he looks at another."

"Do you know the time of night?" he asked, paying no attention to my reply.

I consulted my watch, and found it to be just two, and answered him accordingly.

"Let's be off, then," he replied; and buttoning his coat, and throwing his cloak over his head, he made his way home ward.

We walked on in silence, being guided by the soft starlight and holy beams of a full-orbed moon. Ever and anon the sovereignty of silence was broken by the rippling of the streamlet and the foot-fall of the dew-drop.

After a tedious walk we could catch every now and then a view of the old major's mansion through the trees. The party, even at this untimely hour, had not dispersed; and, as we drew nearer, we heard sounds of lively music and voices of glad and merry tones. Suddenly the music ceased, and a silvery voice came upon the still morning air like strains from the far away God-lit land.

"That's Alice!" exclaimed Bradford; "come, let us enter now, for our absence from the company so long will certainly demand an explanation from us."

"You may go in, Mr. Bradford," I replied; "but, as I am the major's guest for a few days, I shall just slip around to the back door and go to bed."

We were now directly before the house, and without saying more to my companion, I crept stealthily around the left wing, and had just gained the back door when I was saluted with—"Who in the name of thunder are you?" and immediately recognised the major's voice.

Having discovered who I was, he burst out into a hearty laugh, and declared that I had really frightened him by my sudden appearance. Of course I could not help following the major into the hall. So I put the best face I could upon the affair, and smilingly entered.

## Eulogies on P. S. Brooks.

From the Eulogies delivered in Congress on the death of Preston S. Brooks we select those of Messrs. Keitt in the House, and Huxter in the Senate, as containing complete biography and perfect sentiment:

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, then rose and addressed the House as follows:

Mr. Speaker, it is my mournful duty to officially announce to the House the death of the Hon. Preston S. Brooks, one of its members from the State of South Carolina.

Mr. Brooks died at his residence in this city, on Tuesday evening, the 27th instant, at 7 o'clock. His disease was acute inflammation of the throat; and so swiftly fatal was it that not even his medical advisors believed him to be in danger until within the briefest possible period before his decease. Science availed not; skill availed not; delicate assiduous attentions availed not. Yonder vacant seat, badges of mourning, and sorrowing friends, attest that he is gone from among us.

Mr. Brooks was born in Edgefield district, South Carolina, in August, 1819. His father was Whitfield Brooks, a son of Z. S. Brooks, who had gone through the sufferings and gathered some of the honors of our Revolutionary struggle. His mother was Miss Mary P. Carroll.

He was educated at the South Carolina College, which he left in 1839, receiving one of its distinctions. In May, 1843, he was admitted to the bar, and in November, 1844, was elected to the General Assembly of the State. In 1846, when troops were called for by the Federal Government to repel the invasion of Mexico upon our soil, his native district (Edgefield) furnished a company to the Palmetto regiment, of which he was unanimously elected captain, and was mustered into the service in December of that year. He shared the earlier and later events of the campaign between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, having in the mean time been recalled home by a severe and exhausting attack of illness.

After the close of the war he withdrew from the bar, and devoted himself diligently to the pursuits of agriculture. As a planter he was eminently successful. While engaged on his plantation, Mr. Burt, the then Representative of the "ninety-six district," voluntarily retired from the trust, and Mr. Brooks was elected his successor in February, 1853.

He came here the Representative of a proud and gallant constituency—a constituency whose history had been illustrated by the virtues of the statesman, and the eloquence of Robert Goodloe Harper, John C. Calhoun, and George McDuffie.

I will not speak of his services here. In the archives of the country are the monuments of his reputation; in the hearts of those who served with him upon this floor are the testimonies to his character.

In fancy Mr. Brooks was chaste, and in judgment solid and discriminating; in diction he was simple, and in taste refined. No indirection marked him either mentally or morally.

In his bearing he was manly and in intercourse generous; in dispute he was sincere and in friendship tenacious. Failings he had, for they are the allotment of humanity; but long may the country mourn ere it mourn a better patriot or a nobler spirit.

Mr. Speaker, had he fallen in the evening of life, or had he even sunk down under the gradual inroads of disease, I could have realized his extinction in death. But for his sun to set while in its noonday blaze, it is hard to feel that it will rise no more. For years we have been on terms of extreme intimacy, and he is still to me a presence. Even now the living man, in the glory of his intellect and manhood, and the dead man in his dreary shroud, struggle for the mastery. Alas! the struggle can be but a brief one; for death has its victims, and though its stings may be taken away, on earth it has no conqueror.

Sharp, however, as may be our pangs, sharper far will be the pangs in yonder sheltered home. There a stricken wife and four orphan children will be smitten with the awful tidings to-day announced. With in the sanctities of that home I will not intrude, but I supplicate Heaven for balm to their crushed and bleeding hearts.

Mr. Speaker, let there be reverence to the memory and peace to the ashes of the dead, and let us mingle our tributes with the funeral offerings which others will pour around his grave. A confiding constituency will sob over it, and a State which honored him will be choked with sorrow, for earth has never pillowed upon her bosom a truer son, nor Heaven opened wide its gates to receive a manlier spirit.

Mr. Huxter, of Virginia, said: I rise to second, with all my heart, the resolutions which the Senator from South Carolina has offered as a token of respect to his deceased colleague, whose character and high qualities he has portrayed with so much of truth and feeling. As we gather around the grave of a departed brother, not only is friendship eager to present the tribute of its affection, but even enmity, if it be the enemy of a generous mind, is ready to bury with him its bitter recollections and animosities as an offering to the common brotherhood of humanity. Who of us does not feel that when one has paid the last debt of nature he has settled his accounts with man? Who, too, could stand by the last resting place of a fellow-being, and deepen its gloom by casting upon it the darker shadows of his mortal hate? Here, sir, at the threshold, as it were, of these portals through which the spirit of a brother has just passed from time to eternity, we bury the recollections of the past in our contemplations of the future, whose dark curtain hides from our eager scrutiny the way which we ourselves so soon must tread. It is upon such an occasion as this, and in contemplation of such a journey, that we would divert ourselves of all those feelings which might prove evil companions by the way.

Mr. President, Preston S. Brooks has gone to his long home, where no bump

voice can reach him more. Detraction has no shaft that can touch him now, nor even flattery's voice soothe the dull cold ear of death. Life's bitter fever is o'er. His passions lie hushed and still in slumbers long and deep, nor can the storms of this world, or its cares, or its sorrows ever disturb them again. May a kindly spirit watch over and preserve the quiet of his deep repose; for his must have been a kindly spirit to have drawn to him, as with links of steel, so large a circle of affectionate friends. His love of his dependents, the devotion of his family, and the warm attachment of his friends are evidences of his high and generous qualities and of his genial and attractive nature. He has served his country in war and peace, and in all capacities he has won and retained the confidence of his constituents.

But, Mr. President, it is not my purpose to deal in the language of mere eulogy. Every human life is a history. The events of his life have been told by another. Let that history speak for itself. Still less do I mean to intrude upon the sacred privacy of domestic grief. Alas, sir, what consolation could any man offer to a bereaved mother, who survives to mourn a much loved son, buried in an untimely grave, or to the wife, upon whom the unexpected message fell from the telegraph wires as a thunderbolt from Heaven, or to those children, some of whom may be old enough to understand and appreciate their loss? He alone who dealt the blow can heal the wound.

Nor do I intend to pursue the dead with vain regrets. It is true that death's blow is most startling when it strikes down the young in the flush and prime of manhood and in mid career. We feel as if the book of life had been closed whilst half its tale was yet untold. The order of nature appears to be reversed, when those, who in its usual course ought to have led the way, follow him to the tomb. It has been said that in the death of the young life's year is robbed of its spring. And yet, sir, had that year rolled on who can say how weary might have been its summer, or how much sadder still its autumn and its close? Who knows that such might not have been the case in which

The wiser mind  
Mourns less for what Time takes away  
Than what it leaves behind!

We may estimate, in part at least, what is lost by the death of a friend; but none can tell what is saved to himself, unless he can read the secrets of human destiny, whose book is sealed and put away from our view.

But, whilst I will not presume to question the purposes of Providence, the heart may find relief in performing the last offices of friendship; and may feel that to respect the dead is to honor humanity itself. We, too, may gather from the thrilling event which has occurred in our midst some lesson of useful instruction to ourselves. We may be thus admonished of the slender thread by which we hold to life—so slender that even the winds of heaven may snap it should they visit it too roughly. We may be more impressed, too, with the necessity of turning to the best account those golden opportunities which are measured by the wasting sands of life—sands which cannot be many and may be very few, according to the will of Him whose purposes are unknown to us. I commend, then, that custom of the Senate, honored alike by time and experience, by which, upon such occasions as this, it suspends its usual business to afford a season to its members in which they may turn aside from their daily pursuits, their worldly schemes and machinations, to pause by the grave of a brother and take to heart the sad lesson of mortality which his death may teach us. Happier it will be for us all should we return from such contemplations with a kinder spirit to each other and a deeper sense of the duties which we owe to the great brotherhood of humanity, and to Him who rules the issues of our destiny.

From the Washington Union we extract the following editorial account of the funeral obsequies. Truly South Carolina was honored both in the life and death of her son:

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES AT THE CAPITOL.—The public having been previously notified through the city papers that the formal announcement of the death of Hon. Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, would be made in the two branches of Congress yesterday, and that the remains of the lamented deceased would be taken to the hall of the House of Representatives prior to their removal to the Congressional Burying Ground, at an early hour yesterday morning thousands of our citizens repaired to the Capitol to witness the solemn and imposing ceremonies. The crowd in the House of Representatives was immense. The galleries were filled to their utmost capacity, and on this occasion the rules of the House were so far relaxed as to extend to a large number of ladies the privileges of the floor. After the customary preliminary business had been disposed of, Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, rose in his seat, and in a voice trembling with emotion announced the death of his friend and colleague. He spoke of the deceased as he knew him from personal knowledge, first entering upon the busy scenes of life as a lawyer; then as a member of his State legislature; then as a leading a company of his neighbors to distant fields of glory, at the summons of his country; then as a representative in Congress; and then as husband, father and friend. The faltering words of the eloquent speaker came fresh, and pure, and unbidden from the heart, and produced a sensation which has seldom been experienced in a legislative hall. Mr. Keitt was followed by Gen. Quitman, of Mississippi, who in the course of his impressive remarks bore eager testimony to the gallantry and heroism of the deceased in the Mexican war. He was followed by Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, who, although he had been a decided and even prominent political opponent of the deceased, could not forego this opportunity of testifying to his high social worth as illus-

trated in instances which placed his warm, generous, impulsive, and chivalrous nature in the most conspicuous as in the most attractive light. Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, next spoke. The district which he represented adjoined that of the deceased. He knew him well—the warmth and tenacity of his friendships, his self-sacrificing spirit, his undaunted heroism, and child-like gentleness. Other gentlemen had spoken of the deceased as a lawyer, a legislator, and a soldier; but Mr. Clingman simply wished to speak of him as he was at home; and to say (said Mr. C.) that he was idolized by his constituents would be to give only a feeble expression to the feeling of proud affection which they ever entertained towards their gifted, gallant, but now lost representative. After some further remarks by Mr. Savage, of Tennessee, resolutions of condolence and respect which had been previously offered by Mr. Keitt were unanimously adopted, and the House then took an informal recess with the view of affording the necessary time to bring the remains of the deceased to the hall of the House, where it had been arranged the religious exercises should take place prior to their removal to their temporary resting place already designated.

During the brief recess, the area in front of the Speaker's desk was arranged for the reception of the distinguished dead. Chairs were brought in for the committee of arrangements, the pall-bearers, and the other high officers of the government who were to form the funeral cortege. At a quarter of two o'clock, the Speaker, in a mourning scarf, took his chair. Nearly at the same time, the Sergeant at Arms, similarly attired, made his appearance, and thus silently made known the arrival of the body at the Capitol. Members and spectators at this moment looked eagerly and anxiously towards the main entrance. The first person seen to enter was a venerable looking gentleman, of tall and commanding person, who was immediately recognized as the President elect. Unaccompanied he proceeded down the main aisle—all eyes following him—and took one of the seats to the right of the Speaker. The justices of the Supreme Court, in their full robes, were then announced, and were escorted by officers of the House to the seats which had been assigned them. They were followed by the justices and officers of the Court of Claims. Then came the committee of arrangements, the pall-bearers, and the body in a highly-finished rosewood coffin, at the head of which was a wreath of natural flowers. The President of the United States, the members of his cabinet, and his private secretary were next announced, and, in the arrangement of their seats, the President elect was placed between President Pierce and Secretary Marcy. Finally, the members and officers of the Senate were announced, the President of the Senate taking his seat by the side of the Speaker of the House.

The religious exercises were then opened by the venerable chaplain of the House, who offered up a most solemn and appropriate prayer to the Throne of Grace. He afterwards improved the occasion by a short but address, which seemed to touch all hearts by its earnestness and unaffected simplicity. The exercises were closed by an impressive prayer from the chaplain of the Senate, when the funeral procession was formed in the usual order.