

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE. Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany. \$2 PER ANNUM.

VOL. XIV. SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1857. NO 2.

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.

T. O. P. VERNON, Associate Editor.

Price Two Dollars per annum in advance, or \$2.50 at the end of the year. If not paid until after the year expires \$5.00. Payment will be considered in advance if made within three months. No subscription taken for less than six months. Money may be remitted through postmasters at our risk. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates, and contracts made on reasonable terms. The SPARTAN circulates largely over this and adjoining districts, and offers an admirable medium to our friends to reach customers. Job work of all kinds promptly executed. Blanks, Law and Equity, continually on hand or printed to order.

CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Written for the Carolina Spartan.

"SHE KICKED HIM."

BY J. F. G.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST SPARTAN.]

"The heart, methinks, Of every happier time, when life was fresh, And love and innocence made holiday." [HILLHOUSE.]

I returned to my temporary home at the major's, feeling much more inclined to retire to my room than to partake of his excellent dinner. Alice and Bradford were in the piazza as I entered, seated side by side, and engaged in lively conversation. "Really, Mr. F.," said Alice, "you seem determined to give us as little of your company as possible. You have been up in your room one half of the morning, and you have spent the other half in walking about town."

"I went to see Mr. Edward M——n," I replied, looking her full in the face. Alice blushed—she always did when that name was mentioned. Perhaps she felt herself to be the criminal which she was.

I hastened to my room, anticipating a glorious nap before dinner, but had no sooner thrown my exhausted self upon the lounge than some one tapped at the door. I kept perfectly quiet, hoping by this stratagem to rid myself of the troublesome visitor; but my silence only tended to increase the impatience of the outsider, who now fairly thundered blows upon the door.

"Come in!" I impatiently exclaimed, at the same time throwing the door open, and resuming my position on the lounge.

"Well, I think you take long enough about it," exclaimed whom I now recognized to be Bradford.

"What's that?" I indifferently asked.

"Why, Mr. F.," replied Bradford, "you seem to be in a bad humor this morning, but I came to ask you to be more limited in your attentions to Alice."

"I make my own limits, sir, and never suffer myself to be dictated to by any but such as my reason leads me to obey."

"I am not dictating, Mr. F., nor do I wish to offend you; but really, sir, you know how very unpleasant it must be to me to hear Alice make you her almost continual subject of conversation."

"Mr. Bradford," I replied, rising from the lounge, "if Miss Alice is pleased to make me the subject of her conversation, I am sorry that I cannot return the compliment. I have had as much of Miss Alice as I care for, and these things must end just here."

"Be careful, Mr. F. I am Alice's protector."

"I do not mean to have you understand me that I would speak lightly of Miss Alice, but I allude to the misunderstanding between Edward, Alice, and yourself."

"Misunderstanding?—O, yes, I see what you are driving at now; but really I consider it anything but what you have been pleased to term it. But what have you to do with it?"

A regular sociologist, true enough, and under the circumstances a hard question to answer, for what did I have to do with other people's business.

I confess, my reader, that I felt rather cheap; for, after all, I must come to this conclusion, that my interference in the affair was anything but discretion, and hardly appropriate. True, I had been forced into my course of action by the conduct of Edward on the night of the party, but how I could have allowed myself to proceed so far I cannot now imagine.

"I have nothing to do with it, Mr. Bradford," I replied.

I then related Edward's conversation with me in the grove, and the subsequent interview at his residence. He turned pale with the intensity of his passion, and starting from his seat he eagerly asked:

"And do you believe that?"

"Believe it? Why I cannot do otherwise, Mr. Bradford, for the letters in Edward's possession are unanswerable credentials of the truth of his story."

"It's a lie!—every word of his story is a base fabrication of falsehood gotten up to injure me in some moment of petty jealousy!"

"Personal—by Jove!" exclaimed Bradford, rushing from the room and slamming the door behind him.

I wonder what Alice has been saying to Bradford, to make him request me to be more limited in my attentions to her. I do hope that she is not a coquette, or that she is not trying to win my affections, for she will find me more than proof against her charms. Ah! how many stout hearts have thought the same thing; but, when the crisis came, have surrendered before the citadel of beauty! And was not Alice like

"A dream of poetry, that may not be written or told—exceeding, beautiful!"

I postponed my intended nap, as the bell had rung for dinner, and more for the purpose of hearing the major's jokes than anything else, went down and took a seat at the table.

"Alice," said the major, as soon as I became seated, "pass the salt to Mr. F."

"The salt?" asked Alice, laughing. "Do you really want it, Mr. F.?"

"Of course I do, Miss Alice," I replied, favoring the joke.

What the major meant I am sure I know not, but I coolly turned the joke upon himself, by remarking that he was no doubt out of sugar; and supposed that the salt would be turned into such by the time it reached me, as Miss Alice had been requested to hand it.

It is somewhat strange how a remark strikes different persons, for no sooner had I said this than Bradford half arose from his chair, his lips pallid with the jealous emotions raging within his bosom, while the good old major calmly placed his carving knife upon the dish, and fairly laid back to enjoy his laugh.

Alice of course blushed—said something about compliments—then laughed.

I felt angry—very much so—that Bradford should be so foolishly sensitive about a mere passing joke, and determined to make him jealous with a vengeance. To carry out my intention, I manifested the most particular attention to Alice, which (I wonder why?) seemed to give her much pleasure.

Dinner being over, I asked Alice if she would not ride with me about two hours before dark.

"Delightful!" exclaimed Alice; "of course I will!"

"Thank you, Miss Alice," I replied, "I shall see you again before we are ready to go; but do excuse me for the present, as I must really take a nap, or I shall be altogether unfitted for the party to-night, and—"

"Excuse me, Mr. F., for interrupting you, but speaking about the party, will Edward M——n, I mean, be here?"

"Would you like him to come, Miss Alice?" I asked.

"No, sir!—not for anything."

"I have reasons for believing that nothing would be gained, and perhaps much lost by their meeting."

"Who?"

"Mr. Bradford and—you know."

"Edward?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Miss Alice, Edward is too much of a gentleman to be guilty of an impropriety among a party of ladies and gentlemen."

"Yes—but Mr. Bradford?"

Nevor fear, Miss Alice, for he dare not even lift his voice in Edward's presence."

"Dare not?" repeated Alice, how do you know that, Mr. F. I should like to know what Mr. Bradford dare not do!"

Alice was always beautiful, but when she said this, her lips pouting and quivering, and her bosom heaving, she was almost irresistibly so.

It was very evident that she loved Bradford, at least to some extent; but, strange to say, she never would allow Edward's character to be assailed in her presence without palpable manifestations of deep emotion.

major gave me the worst horse he owned, merely to bother me. In fact, I know but one other horse which can match him for galloping sideways, and but one other rider who appeared to enjoy these original freaks so well—and these were seen in Spartanburg some days ago. I do not allude to the Old North State gray, however. But I am digressing, and must proceed with my story.

"Why, Miss Alice, how strange it is that 'a kingdom' has been offered for a horse! I wouldn't give a fig for this uncouth animal, even with seventeen dollars to boot!"

"Don't speak so, Mr. F., about him, when he has already influenced you to favor me with a classical quotation," laughingly replied Alice.

"I do hope, Miss Alice, that we will meet no person, for really my noble steed would scare a man and make him run away."

"Well, I think it very probable that you shall meet many persons, for don't you see several coming this way? Look yonder."

"Yes, Miss Alice, I do see some manifestation of animal life where you point, but I fully agree with the poet, that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," if they are looking in this direction."

"Well, now, that's complimentary, I declare."

"I alluded only to myself, Miss Alice."

We were now approaching the V. grove, and somehow or other, our spirits seemed to flag immediately, for both of us had been there under saddening circumstances before.

It was beneath these venerable oaks that she had last conversed with poor Edward—it was here that she had cast him off with a broken heart. Just as we entered the grove, the sharp crack of a rifle reverberated around us, and the next moment her frightened animal plunged madly into the thick wood, carrying all before him.

Gods! what a shriek broke from the lips of Alice, as she vainly attempted to rein in her animal.

I clapped spurs to my horse, that I might follow her and save her from injury, but the worthless beast would not move, and before I could alight Alice was out of sight.

Oh! horror! what a moment of agony flooded my soul, as I pictured to myself the bleeding, lifeless body of beautiful Alice stretched upon the turf.

"Great God!" I exclaimed, "is this to be the termination of my adventure in S——?"

I rushed into the thick wood surrounding the grove; and, almost breathless with excitement, ran as fast as the briars and bushes would enable me.

I know not how long—it seemed fully two hours—I ran, but when just about to sink through exhaustion, I heard voices near me.

"Alice! Oh! Alice!" I cried out, but I could stand no longer.

The earth seemed whirling around me, a mistiness filled my eyes, and confused murmurs jarred my ears, and I fell senseless upon the earth. When I revived, Alice and Edward were standing over me, chaffing my temples. I had struck my head against an old stump as I fell, and my hair was dripping with blood.

"Mr. F.," said Alice, her eyes filled with tears, "are you much hurt?"

"Thank God! dear Alice!" I exclaimed, "for preserving your life."

"Amen!" exclaimed Edward, solemnly.

"How came you here, Edward?" I asked, "and how did you escape, Alice?"

He saved me, Mr. F., said Alice, bursting into tears, pointing to Edward.

"My poor child," said I, drawing her to me, "be calm, and tell me all about it."

She laid her head upon my shoulder like a little girl, and sobbed as if her very heart would break.

"Do not agitate yourself so, Alice," said I, smoothing back her soft and beautiful curls.

"Poor girl," said I, turning to Edward, "I love her with all of a brother's love."

My emotions of gratitude, joy, and delight were so overwhelming, that I did not stop to select words for their expression, or I certainly would not have spoken to Alice as I did.

"Excuse me, Mr. F., I forgot myself."

"Say not so, Miss Alice. It is I that must apologize for in the gladness of my heart, in seeing you safe, I have spoken to you as to a sister, and allowed my feelings perhaps too much rein."

"No, Mr. F., I appreciate your kindness, and know that you meant no harm."

"Meant no harm!"—"The villain should be Heaven cursed and blasted that would harm you, Alice!"

Alice, of course, objected, because of reasons well known to the reader; but after awhile allowed herself to be over-persuaded, and permitted us to assist her into the buggy.

Edward and myself were too much impressed with the peculiarity of Alice's position to be at all talkative, so our ride was continued in silence.

Edward's mother met us at the door of her residence, in whose charge we placed Alice, while I accompanied Edward to his room.

"Mr. F.," said he, "I will not be at the party to-night, for this sudden interview with Alice 'numms me quite.' The last time she was in this house she loved me, and was mine, but now circumstances have changed, and to look upon her is agony, for it only recalls the past, and shuts off every ray of hope for the future."

How could I reply to this! Poor heart-broken Edward!

Oh! there are moments in every man's experience, when he realizes the impotency of human comfort, and inwardly ac-

knowledges the necessity of "the balm of Gilead—the physician there."

Alas! for man, that his capabilities for inflicting woe and measureless sorrows are not commensurate with his abilities for soothing and comforting.

"Comfort cannot soothe the heart. Whose life is centered in the thought of happy loves, once known, and still in hope Living with a consuming energy."

These moments are too painful to all parties to be lengthened out; so, as soon as I had washed the blood from my head, and partaken of a glass of wine, I proposed to Edward that we had better go down and make arrangements for leaving at once, as our horses had no doubt returned to their stables at the major's, and would occasion considerable anxiety on our account.

"Excuse me, Mr. F.," said Edward, "but I must not look upon Alice again; for it is like gathering locust spirits before the gates of Paradise, merely to intensify there woe by contrast."

"Well, well; be it so, Edward, for I would not willingly add the weight of a sigh to your already heavy affliction."

I shook him warmly by the hand, and sending my whole soul along with the pressure, and sorrowfully left the room.

Alice was ready for me as I descended the stairs. She was seated beside Mrs. M——n, who was arranging her beautiful curls. The boy had brought the buggy to the door, and we were all ready to start, when Alice asked for Edward.

"Do you wish particularly to see him, my dear?" asked Mrs. M——n.

"I owe my life to him, and would thank him for his timely assistance personally," replied Alice, trembling like a leaf.

"I shall speak to him, Miss Alice," said I; "no doubt but what he will see you, if you particularly wish it."

I hastened to his room and delivered my message, but Edward could not be persuaded to come down, for an obstinate gloom had settled upon his heart.

"Then you will not consent to Alice's wishes," said I.

"No, sir!" he emphatically replied.

"She will feel hurt, Mr. M——n, if you do not."

"Perhaps not!"

"Well, well," said I, "have your own way."

"Stop!" said he, placing his hand upon my shoulder; "leave me not thus, for I would not have you suppose me so arrant a fool as to be influenced altogether by an obstinate spirit. You wanted to reason me out of my woe this morning, and now I ask you if Alice's request is reasonable. No, no!—my heart is torn enough already, but a look from Alice would crush it in hopeless agony. Leave me!"

As my reader will very naturally suppose—that is if he could have seen the half-crazed countenance of Edward as he said this—I left. Alice received my news of Edward's refusal with a dignified grace, but made no remark. It was very evident, however, that she was deeply hurt and mortified by Edward's conduct, which, under other circumstances, would have been exceedingly rude on his part.

"Come, Miss Alice, our friends will be anxious about your safety; let's go."

Bidding the old lady a "good-bye," we seated ourselves in the buggy, and drove off at a rapid rate.

Observing Alice's low spirits, I made every effort to cheer her, by alluding to more agreeable topics of thought.

"I tell you what, Miss Alice, you should have seen my horse when that rifle was fired. He made a dead pause, nearly throwing me over his head, and I verily believe that he is standing just where I left him."

"Why, I thought he threw you!" said Alice.

"Threw me! No, indeed; I deliberately dismounted, and ran after you as if ever so many imps of darkness were at my heels."

"Is it possible? How came you to get so severe a fall then?"

"Why, Miss Alice, to speak the truth, I was so fearfully scared when your pony took fright and dashed into the wood, that I lost all control over my nerves. I knew that there was a fearful responsibility resting upon me, for I had voluntarily taken you out under my special care. What with the state of my nerves, and horrid forebodings of I know not what, I became so overpowered with exhaustion, that the first thing I knew was—nothing."

"You fainted, I suppose."

"Now, Miss Alice, don't let such a tale get abroad," said I.

The Cotton Interest.

Among the mass of information found in our foreign files by the Baltic, nothing appears to us more important than the proceedings of a meeting of the manufacturers in England in regard to cotton. It is announced officially by English authority, that at the end of this commercial year there will not be one bale of cotton on hand in Liverpool!

To appreciate the immediate importance of this great commercial fact, a glance at the question in its many ramifications in Europe is necessary. In 1846 the "stock on hand" in Liverpool was over 450,000 bales American cotton, or twenty weeks' supply, working full time; in 1856 the stock on hand was 332,000 bales, which, allowing for the additional number of spinners, furnished only eight weeks' supply. Estimating the present crop at 3,000,000 bales—a liberal estimate—the increased demand for the raw material all over Europe, from the Baltic to the Black sea, will take up, at high figures, every pound of that 3,000,000 bales, work up the present limited stock on hand, and leave the markets of the world bare. "There will not be one bale of surplus cotton in Liverpool." The increase of consumption over production during the last ten years has been at the rate of 16.64 per cent. against 9.77 per cent. This shows an increase of consumption of 6.87 per cent. for ten years. Before the year 1845 the proportion was the reverse.

If this condition of things continues, the market in 1858 (October) will open on cash orders from the actual consumers in Europe for every pound of cotton we can possibly produce or spare from our own manufacturers.

It appears, from the various data before us, that this destruction of the surplus at Liverpool, and with it the monopoly so long exercised by that market, is owing entirely to the policy inaugurated on the continent of Europe during the last six or seven years. The spinners on the Rhine, in Holland, in Belgium, and even in Austria, formerly purchased their supplies in Liverpool. Russia alone took at the rate of 150,000 bales of our cotton annually from the English depot. The movement to establish a direct trade between the American planters and the continental spinners gave a sudden impulse to the cotton manufacturing interests throughout the continent. The Prussian Commercial League gave attention to it, the Netherlands Trading Society took it up, the merchants of Bremen, Hamburg, and Antwerp entered into it, and the continuous agitation in the cotton States of America attracted the attention of those European official influences always on the look out for important movements. We find the duties on cotton first reduced and then repealed. Every drawback to the free importation of the great American staple was removed, and at last the peace policy of Russia adds to the imposing character of this great commercial and industrial party on the continent of Europe for a direct trade with the cotton growing States of America.

With the surplus at Liverpool destroyed—and with the monopoly there broken up, and a direct trade, based on the continental demand, thus a fixed and leading feature in the cotton trade—the United States possess another bond of peace, not only upon England, but on all Europe. The fair promise of a wise and far seeing administration under Mr. Buchanan guarantees these advantages, at least for four years, and we believe for a long time afterwards.

We cannot allow the opportunity to pass without directing the public mind at the South to the benefits of practical statesmanship. Here is a great result worked out by private means within the Union, and under the general prosperity incident to that Union.

The English manufacturers are calling on the East India Company for assistance! They had better rely upon peace with the United States. Nature has settled the matter: Cotton is king, and the planters now control the power.—Washington Union.

Wine Prospects in Ohio.

We lay before our readers some extracts from a letter of Mr. Robert Buchanan, one of the most eminent of the vine cultivators of the west:

CINCINNATI, Dec. 8, 1856. F. S. COZZENS, Esq.—My Dear Sir: I have sold my wine crop of 1855 at \$1.50, and 1856 at \$1.40, in a bulk, to the Missouri Wine Company. Owing to the short crop, our native wines will be scarce and high next year. The demand is so great West and Southwest that we cannot keep a supply ahead.

Grape culture in vineyards, wherever practicable, is largely on the increase in the United States, particularly in the Southwest. The soil and climate of North Carolina and Georgia are especially favorable to the cultivation of the Catawba, our great wine grape. The product there is enormous. How it will hold out has yet to be tested; but thus far it greatly exceeds the Ohio Valley productions. It shows what this fine grape will do in its native localities. It has been travelling all over the United States for 50 years, and is now just being tried in vineyards at home with wonderful success. This grape was first found by Col. Murray, in Buncombe County, North Carolina, in 1802, and planted in his garden. From thence it spread to the North and East, being but little cultivated South, where the Seppewinog and the Warren were the favorite wine grapes.

A letter from Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, says: "I would strongly urge the raising of seedlings from our best native grapes, and without a cross with European grapes. It will be our own fault if we do not, by selecting our best wild grapes and planting their seed, soon equal the best table grapes of Europe, and surpass their wine grapes, and supply them with wine."—Cozzens' Wine Press.

Mr. Buchanan is six feet, one inch high, and weighs over 200 pounds.

The Negroes in Africa.

We are permitted (says the Boston Post) to make the subjoined extract from a letter written by an officer of the United States navy to a friend in this city. The writer is a son of a late distinguished senator from one of the New England States. The letter is written from on board the United States ship St. Louis, and dated October 15, 1856, at "Little Fish Bay, west coast of Africa."

"There is very little variety upon this coast. 'Niggers' slaves 'niggers' is the cry. This town is, like most other places upon the coast, made up of a few people, called white, and a crowd, a mass of miserable, filthy, worthless, indolent, (niggers) natives. If Charles Sumner, Jack Hale, or any other sensible man, wishes or is willing to be permanently cured of his mock philanthropy and sickly sentimentality in regard to the universal negro race, he has only to take a six-months' cruise upon the coast of Africa. If that will not cure him, and convince him that his sympathy for the three and a half millions of the happiest negroes upon the face of the earth is misplaced, then I have only to say he is past hope and past cure."

"As I live, I do not believe there is one negro in one thousand upon the coast of Africa who is as well off, morally, physically, or socially, as the worst-abused slave in the United States. Slavery here is slavery indeed, and of the most horrible kind! Cruelty practised here by black slave owners is heart-rending to witness. Some chiefs (black) own thousands—they sell, torture, or kill them, at pleasure. Ninety-nine of every hundred negroes, slaves or free, even in towns, would gladly exchange their condition with the meanest, most ill-treated slave in the Union. It is impossible to picture the miserable condition of the native African upon his own soil. Civilization, or even partial culture, with the mass of natives, is an idea so perfectly absurd, that it does not admit of a thought. With the combined efforts of a million competent, honest, industrious, persevering philanthropists; with millions of money yearly expended to the best possible advantage for a million of years, would not develop one hundred native Africans who would be of any account to the world at large. So much for 'niggers.' Having seen our negroes at home in our southern States, and having seen them here, I regard the 'institution' as it exists there as a benign, nay, heavenly institution, and our southern brethren deserve the thanks of the whole Christian world for having ameliorated, in such striking contrast with their brethren here, three and a half millions of negroes. You may imagine that, although never a democrat, I pray for the election of Mr. Buchanan, and mainly because upon this negro question the democratic party is right."

Reformation in Church Music.—A letter in the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, from Rome, says:

Another reformation in church music has just been ordained by a Papal decree, which banishes the noisy overtures and operatic airs that had rendered it "rather a scandal than an edification in the faithful," and requires henceforth the strictest conformity "to the common sentiments of devotion." Even certain passages in the masses of Mozart and Haydn have fallen under clerical censure, as not expressing the sentiments of the words. In view of these and other abuses, such as the introduction of "improper instruments, a profane manner of singing, long preludes and vain repetitions," the circular of the Cardinal Vicar ordains: 1st, that no music shall be introduced in the churches but vocal music, "in the grave and severe style of the Palestrina, or with the sole accompaniment of the organ," unless by a special written permission—"drums, cymbals and instruments of percussion" being interdicted without benefit of clergy. 2d, The utmost gravity of manner in singing, without the repetition or arbitrary inversion of words, which must be pronounced distinctly—the pauses being so made that the music will follow them. 3d, Leaders must beat time only with a piece of music paper, avoid indecent haste, prevent whispering and conversation, going in and out, &c. 4th, Organists must avoid "brilliant and distracting pieces, indecorous variations, or the admixture of anything that recalls the theatre." Music galleries over the doors are also condemned, and the choristers are to be arranged at the side of the altar. An ecclesiastical commission has been charged with the execution of these reforms and the penalties of disobedience.

An Intelligent Voter.—An amusing incident occurred in the town of Oxford, Conn., on election day. A voter, whose literary qualifications were called in question by the board of selectmen under the "reading" law lately passed in this State, undertook to enlighten their minds by complying with its provisions. He could spell tolerably, but found it difficult to read. An easier place was found, and by spelling slowly, the sense was determined until the last word was reached, which was "governor." The voter here came to a full stop—a dead halt! That word was a "poser." He was requested to spell it. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it again. He did so, but hesitated again. He stumbled among the three syllables for some time, and at last was requested to pronounce the word. A long pause ensued. He then braced himself up for the effort, and with determination in his face, he said he could not, exactly say what the word was, but he believed it was "governor." He was told that he was a "governor" himself, but if he would stick to his spelling book a year more, he would probably be so far in the possession of the legitimate qualifications that he could be made an elector.—New Haven Palladium.

MATERIA MEDICA.—Credit is given to clergymen in notices of marriages. Why should not notices of deaths be equally civil with physicians!