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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Recent Confession of an Opium-Eater.

There is no necessity for telling the reader how I came into the company with which he finds me associated in the ensuing narrative; and there are several reasons why he need not be informed on that point. In the first place, he has no right to inquire; for I hold, and always have held, and maintained, both in argument and practice, that a man is responsible only to himself for the company he chooses to keep...

resolution. On Williams' right was seated a more commonplace miser, whose coarseness of appearance and conversation betokened atrocity unrelieved by refinement, and whose name of Squabby (by which his companions addressed him) was not without a certain philological fitness. One of these external indications of character, which garments often convey, appeared in the contrast afforded by the dress of these men; for while Bill's shabby, scanty, and close buttoned black coat, rather exaggerated the unfavorable impression made by his thin angular form and cadaverous countenance...

Bill, then, read my heart—could he pry into my soul? Why, here was the very poison for which I had been thirsting as never before! Arab thirsted in the desert, and now (here I sipped again)—it was no mirage, but the divine nectar itself. Tossing off my glass, I at once resumed my wonted cheerfulness. I noticed that, instead of talking as before, Bill and the woman now intently watched me (Squabby was by this time very nearly blind drunk); and my intellect regaining its usual vigour, I at once perceived that Bill, with what design I know not, intended to "loot" me. The absurdity of an attempt to render me insensible with laudanum presented itself so vividly to my mind, that I had much difficulty in preventing myself from exploding in laughter. However, I managed to preserve my gravity, and entering into the humor of the thing, at once resolved to drink against my entertainer—Laudanum versus Pot—

to buy a coffin for her dog, (whom she had every reason to suppose dead), returns, and finds the presumed corpse in a state of exaltation or laughter. They were so astonished that, when I desired them to be seated, they mechanically complied, and, addressing them in a little speech, I proposed the health of the lady as a convivial toast, and, tossing off my glass, invited them to do so, and sat for a time staring at me, while I watched them with calm certainty. Well did I know the train of symptoms by which they who dare to trespass, without due caution and neophtism, on the imperial domain of opium, approach insensibility. Gradually their muscles relaxed—their heads sunk—their inspirations lengthened, and deepened—till they sank side by side on the floor, not in the divine dream of the qualified practitioner, but in the dull stagnation of the presumptuous quack.

Death of the High Priest of Japan. The Dairi, or High Priest of Japan, inhabits a splendid palace in the city of Miao, on the I-land of Nipon. His court is composed of 20,000 priests, who are entrusted with the charge of the 4,000 temples of this immense city. His costume is a long tunic, over which he wears a large red dress, a white transparent veil, ornamented with golden fringe, is worn upon his head; falling about half way down the body. His countenance remains always invisible. On the 1st of July, 1856, the Dairi was taken ill. Immediately the chief priest, with his ghostly colleagues, 200 priests of the first rank, who are endowed with the religious power of the empire, were summoned to the palace. By the next day the invalid's situation became more critical, and on the 3d his death was pronounced to be inevitable and close at hand. The priests repaired at once to the temple, and informed the populace that the Dairi had entered into a compact with the Seven Gods of Heaven, and was upon the eve of rejuvenating his mind in the embrace of Ted-yo-dai-shin, the principal deity of the Japanese beliefs. He has been at the head of affairs for about 25,000 years, and from his spring all the royal families of Japan. To her the inhabitants of the entire empire address their invocations as the protectress of the land.

By a well concerted stratagem, the priests had abstracted the body of the Dairi, supplying its place with his son, who inherits his father's station. The state bed being hung around with drapery, rendered it all the easier to perform the trick without arousing the suspicions of the credulous inhabitants. The corpse of the Dairi was carried in the night time to the Yeto temple by the priests, where it was laid upon a pyre and burned to ashes. This being done, the temple is closed, and all persons are forbidden to enter it. A violation of this law is punished by burning to death. The Yeto temple, the handsomest one in the city, contains several rows of earthen statues, of the deity Ten-yo-dai-shin. These statues are about one yard high, are hollow, and have each a large opening in the back of the head. The ashes of each Dairi are preserved in one of these statues, the same as in an urn. The inhabitants are not permitted to enter the portion of the temple where these figures stand. On the day after the death occurred, ceremonies of a very different character take place—the inauguration of the new High Priest, who, as the people suppose, has had his soul renewed in the residence of the great gods. On the 7th of July, the new Dairi, surrounded by chosen priests, issued from his palace and paraded the different portions of the city of Miao. The people thronged themselves to the death, and addressed prayers to him as a god. Upon this day all work was forbidden, all prisoners were set at liberty, and all criminal processes annulled.

A YOUNG LADY SLANDERED.—At the recent Court of Common Pleas for Greenville District, there was a case of slander—a foul slander, on a young, innocent and beautiful school girl, just verging into womanhood. She brought her action, by her father, in vindication of her character, and a Greenville jury awarded her the sum of four thousand dollars. We hope this verdict will show the world the estimate put on character by a Greenville jury. The defendant was a man of property, and he fled the country with his family, but one dollar however, is the plaintiff disposed to touch; but her counsel had not the same delicacy of feeling or repugnance to the touch of the defendant's money. After the payment of counsel fees, the remainder can be appropriated to various pious and charitable purposes, without offending the delicacy of any one. The slanderer must be punished.—Greenville Patriot.