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BY F. M. TRIMMIE

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For the Carolina Spartan.

Manuscript Found in a Prison Cell.

My hours are numbered! A felon's doom awaits me! From my damp dark cell, I go forth to the gibbet and the halter! Tomorrow's sun will set upon my unhallowed grave—the grave of the assassin! None will regret my untimely end. The eye of pity will be dry—the voice of compassion mute as the spirit of the murderer takes its flight. Ah! I thank thee Heaven, that no kindred eye will behold the execution of my doom; that no father, no mother liveth, to call me son; that no relative remaineth to call me friend. Death has taken all—all save one—whom I once fondly believed, had been spared in mercy to me. Ah! why have we two, the last of our ill-fated race been reserved, only to become the victims of an accursed destiny?

And thou art dying Ellen! They have told me so—and I am here in chains—I who should hold thee in his arms—I who, but peace my heart, ere I go mad! * * *

It seems but yesterday that I held thee on my knee (a child myself) and kissed thy tiny hands and feet, and taught thy lisping accents to repeat, "Cousin Walter." * * *

Now does the vision of our childhood days, uprising before me—our journeys to and from the little school house—the paths on which we strayed in search of wild flowers—the bridge over the brooks whereon we lingered to watch the changing shadows on the water, or to listen to the music of its flow. And the dear old home! The cottage in the vale! I see it now, and the garden and orchard, the grove, the meadow, the dancing rivulet, I see, I see! Oh my God! The face of a fair young girl at the latticed window shading her eyes with her hand as she watches at sunset, for the coming of a youth who is hastening homeward across the fields. * * *

We believe in the eternity of our happiness, as we believe in the eternity of our love! A shadow at length fell across the sunshine of our Eden. Our mother—your own, mine by adoption—was seized with the fatal malady of our race; our watchful care and tender love were powerless to save. The death summons came. Ah Ellen! think not that I have ever been unmindful of that hour, when our mother, holding our hands in her dying clasp, demanded of me a promise—a promise, without which she said she could not die happy. I gave the promise to our dying mother, nay I took an oath, calling upon the angels in Heaven to witness it, to devote my whole existence to her child, to love and cherish her, to protect her with my life. Have I not kept my vow? Oh my God, do I not die for her now! I could not shield her from harm, but I have avenged her wrongs, and my life is the penalty. Yes it is for thee Ellen I die! This thought will be present with me in my last moment, and thrill with rapture my last heart throb. * *

Men call me murderer, I, who slew the monster that in the name of husband destroyed thy happiness. They who condemn me, know not the damnable wrongs he has inflicted upon thee and upon me. Did they know all, they would absolve me before the great tribunal. * *

Our wedding day had been decided upon. A few weeks more would have made Ellen my bride—when I was unexpectedly but peremptorily called to a distant part of the country on business involving the whole of my pecuniary interest. Then it was that this man—this cowardly black hearted wretch, who had entertained a grudge against me for years, seized this opportunity to avenge it. What phrenzy seizes my brain at the thought of the dastardly act? He sought Ellen in my absence, and after gaining her confidence, lied to her about me, her betrothed, persuaded her that I was false, had given my love to another, and then, when she had been stun-

ned, broken hearted by the cruel blow, he succeeded in persuading the poor friendless orphan in to marrying him. Could the fiends in hell have conceived a deeper atrocity, a more damnable revenge! Had I known the truth at first, I would have rescued her, the poor victim at once, but thinking that she loved him (forgive me Ellen) I would not have harmed a hair of his head, to have saved my own life. Mindful of my promise to the dying, I watched them. I took lodgings across the street for the purpose of observing all that passed to be able at any moment to serve her for I knew the man. I was not long in learning the truth. I was not long in discovering that Ellen was suffering. I beheld her pale, and drooping, and sad. Sometimes I witnessed bursts of agony when no one was near. I beheld the tear streaming eyes, and hands raised Heavenward as if imploring aid, with an agony beyond expression, I watched and waited. At length, one evening—be still my heart, while I relate it! I saw the pale face of Ellen at a window; her hand was pressed tightly upon her chest. Was it pain? For she too had inherited the fatal disease of our race. I saw him approach and gesticulate violently—his features distorted with malignant rage. I darted across the street to the door of their dwelling—I heard the sound of a blow—I rushed in. My God! My God! Upon the floor, where he had felled her, lay Ellen, my Ellen! I saw no more, for my eyes seemed balls of livid flame. I sprang upon him. Madness was in my brain—a tiger's strength was in my arm. At last! At last! I exclaimed, as my knife was buried deep—deep into his heart, and the life blood gushed up in my face. * * *

They came and laid violent hands upon me. Ha, ha, ha! What cared I? My work was done! I saw them raise Ellen. I thought her dead, but she was only stunned, and opening her eyes, gazed at me with a look of glad surprise, then seeing the corpse upon the floor, she comprehended all. I burst from my captors—sprang to Ellen, and knelt at her feet. Ellen! Ellen! Remember my vow! Remember all, and forgive me! Farewell, farewell forever! One look of tender compassion she gave me—one look of deep passionate love, as she tried to articulate my name, when a crimson stream, flowing from her parted lips choked her utterance. * * * I was dragged away to prison.
Spartanburg, So. Ca.

MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH SCENE.—The vengeance of the Allied Powers demanded some victims, and the intrepid Ney, who had well nigh put the crown again on the head of Bonaparte, was one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to Luxemburg, on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers drawn up in line to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him, saying: "Are you ignorant that for twenty-four years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullets?" He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that staided his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said: "I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy. *Viva la France!*" He then turned to the soldiers, and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers, fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the bravest of the brave sank to rise no more. He had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor! As I looked on the spot where he fell I could not but weep over his fate. True he broke his oath of allegiance—so did the others, carried away by their attachment to Napoleon, and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris. Still he was no traitor.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE IN LYNCHBURG.—The Lynchburg News mentions the following case of suicide in that city:

An aged lady, Mrs. Mary Ross, wife of Moses Ross, living on Taylor-street, near the corner of Eighth, committed suicide between eleven and twelve o'clock, on Friday night, by jumping into a well, on the lot of her husband, some sixty or seventy feet deep. The deceased was about seventy years of age, and for some time had been in failing health, which unsettled her mind, and caused her thus to terminate her life by her own act. For some days previous to her death her family had entertained slight suspicion that her mind was not altogether in as healthy a condition as it should be; but no serious consequences were apprehended. On the night of her death she retired as usual; but about eleven o'clock her husband awoke and found her place vacant. He immediately called upon the members of his family, and a search was instituted, which resulted in finding the mangled body of the deceased at the bottom of the well. Her death must have been instantaneous.

The deceased is represented to have been an amiable lady, of exemplary piety, and beloved by all who knew her.

Advice to Young Men.

The following is worth reading by any body, and all who do so—old or young—you will find themselves amply repaid. The young men of the South are given much sensible and wholesome advice. It is taken from the Memphis Avalanche;

The dangers which beset you are so numerous and great that it behooves us to point them out so as the more forcibly exhibit the duties which devolve upon them. The most of the young men of the South have returned from a struggle of four years, on which they have periled all, and in which they have lost all. Impoverished and disappointed, they have returned to find poverty and disappointment at home.

Poverty and defeat are apt to bring despondency. *Never despond!* The young men of the South must bear with a manly fortitude the evils that have resulted from an unsuccessful revolution. They must be brave and cheerful, energetic and hopeful. They bore themselves during the unequal contest with a manliness and courage, which have excited the admiration of friends and foes. Now they must not despond.

No self-reliant, virtuous young man ever known to fail. Let the young men dare to carve out their own fortunes; to meet the stern realities and sterner duties of life with an unquailing devotion to principle. With no cloud upon the brow, no bitterness in the heart, no vindictiveness in the spirit, let them on to the great battle of life. They must be cheerful in poverty, hopeful in adversity, patient under defeat, and firm and self-reliant in all circumstances. They must guard against sloth. Idleness is the bane of all good, the destroyer of all manhood. It paralyzes effort, precludes exertion, prevents improvement, blights genius, annihilates talent, and forbids hope. It fills the present with countless evils, and darkens the future with visions of wretchedness and ruin. It is a foe to virtue and a prolific source of vice. It palsies the brain, and sits an incubus on the mind. It sleeps while others toil, and languishes while others flourish. It sows no seeds, cultivates no field, reaps no harvest. It acquires no knowledge, secures no wealth. Yet idleness is seductive, and is especially so at this time. Let us urge our young countrymen against the dangers of idleness. It is thought that the change from the constant excitement of war—from the sword and the battle—to the tranquillity of peace, is unfriendly to industry. The lack of excitement is apt to produce apathy and sloth. It will never do for the soldiers of a hundred well fought fields, for the heroes of Manassas and Shiloh and the Wilderness, to settle down to a life of indolence. The battle of life requires readiness of combination, celerity of movement, quickness and perseverance of action. But idleness binds the man, hand and foot, heart and brain, and so fetters him with its ponderous chains, that he can put forth no exertion, and gain no victory either in the field of intellect or morals, or in the countless plains where physical labor wins bloodless victories and gains unmeasured wealth. Our young men are the hope of our desolate South land. They must revive our trade, vitalize our institutions, increase our products, restore our prosperity and rebuild our shattered fortunes. The results of the war have been very destructive to the lives of our old men. Many of them have been unable to survive the loss of their children, the destruction of their property and the defeat of their cause. It is to our young men that we must look in these times of disaster, and amid this almost universal ruin. We expect nothing from idlers and loafers, nothing from drones and loungers. The young men upon whom we place our hopes must be steady of purpose, quick of movement, and persevering of labor. Go not to Pompeii or Herculaneum, not to Thebes or Palmyra, to find ruins; but go to Charleston and Columbia, to Richmond and Petersburg, to Vicksburg and Atlanta, and there listen to the question, "Why stand ye here idle?"

Again our young men are in danger of forming habits of dissipation. Excitement they must have. The wild adventures of the war must be substituted by the excitements of the drinking saloon or the gambling house. It is strange that any young man will venture where so many have been shipwrecked. Genius has paled and imagination has sickened under the moulder influence of intoxication. Drunkenness has been the shame and degradation of our country, the ruin and disgrace of our young men, the curse of our old men, and the prolific source of tears, anguish and death to our wives and daughters, our matrons and maidens, during the whole of the present century. Let not this terrible calamity be added to those we already suffer. Not less than three hundred thousand graves attest the disasters of the cruel war. Our Confederate dead far outnumbered the living soldiers when the cause was lost! Let this be enough. Increase not this frightful number by dissipation. Quit yourselves like men. Resist the tempter. Yield not to a vice whose victims are num-

bered by the thousands. We appeal to you young men of the South, by the graves of the dead, by the poverty and rags and wretchedness of the living drunkard, to shun the path of iniquity, this road to certain ruin. We warn you by intellect stultified, by passion inflamed, by all the generous principles eradicated, by the fearful and rapid advance of crime, by the hands of the drunken murderer, reeking with his brother's blood. We warn you young men of our dear native South, not to follow after strong drink. We beseech you by the love of dear sisters, by the devotion of noble mothers, by the sanctity of domestic life, by the glories of the past and the hopes of the future, not to become the slaves of an appetite that will bind you in chains which no earthly power can break.

ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.—The ground work of our manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness.—That virtue lies at the foundation of every word said. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in the child there is something to depend upon; but when truth is gone, all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it may you never depart again.

WESTERN EMIGRATION.—The tide of immigration is setting strongly Westward this spring. The Kansas City (Mo.) Journal of Commerce of the 8th instant, says: "The immigrant trains, of all sizes and descriptions, from two to a dozen wagons, loaded with household goods and agricultural implements, many accompanied by small droves of cows and young cattle, are pouring through our streets, wending their way Southward and Westward to the inviting lands of Missouri and Kansas. In the course of half an hour, while coming from Westport into the city, we counted twenty-two wagons with their freight of furniture, farming tools and children. At this rate the usual length of the migration season would give to Southwestern Missouri and Southeastern Kansas a population that will soon double the wealth and production of those sections."

A VOLCANIC SHOCK IN THE OCEAN.—The Captain of the British ship Orient, at London, from Australia, reported that on Friday, November 17, at 7:15 A. M., in lat. 51 degrees 44 minutes South, and long. 160 degrees 49 minutes East, with a moderate wind from North northwest, and a clear sky, the bells of the ship began to ring, and the vessel trembled violently, as if she were passing over a rough bottom in shallow water. In an instant all was confusion on board, as the crew and passengers thought she was settling down. The violent trembling lasted two or three minutes with nothing visible. The officers sounded the pump well and found no water; and sounded over the ship's side with the deep sea lead but found no bottom. The conclusion arrived at by all on board was that the ship had experienced the effects of a sub-marine volcano.

CURE FOR SMALL POX.—We clip the following from one of our exchanges:

The mode of treatment is as follows: When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking internal organs. This is said to be the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, by general orders, and it is regarded as a perfect cure.

THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.—Michael L. Sullivan, of Champaign Co., Illinois, has a great farm. It consists of 70,000 acres, 23,000 acres of which are under fence and in active cultivation.—Much of the work is done by machinery. He drives his posts by horse power, cultivates his corn by machinery, ditches, sows, and plants by machinery, as that all his laborers can ride and perform their duties. Mr. S. gives employment to two hundred farm hands, two hundred horses, and a large number of oxen.

Among a collection of autograph letters by Lord Byron, lately sold at auction in London, was one in which he says: "I hope you will find me an altered personage; I do not mean in body, but in manner; for I begin to find out that nothing but virtue will do in this damned world." It sold for seven guineas.

Byron must have made this discovery late in the day.

The Late Jared Sparks—the Historian.

Jared Sparks, the well known American historian, who died at Cambridge, Mass. on Wednesday, was born at Willington, Conn., May 10, 1789. Like so many of our American public men, he rose from humble life by dint of his own exertions.

We give the following sketch of his life:

His earliest occupation was upon a farm, and he also wrought in a grist and saw mill. This latter leaving much spare time, he devoted it to books, and thus imbibed a great fondness for learning, which he soon improved as well as he could in the country schools. Being next apprenticed to a carpenter, he worked at that trade for two years, during which his taste for learning became so strongly developed that his master cancelled his indentures, and Sparks became a village schoolmaster at Tolland, Conn., earning a living in summer, when the school was closed, by odd jobs as a carpenter.

It is a curious instance of his early struggles that he shingled the barn of the Rev. Hubbell Loomis, in consideration of that gentleman teaching him Mathematics and Latin. Another clergyman, the Rev. Abiel Abbott, secured for him a scholarship at the Phillips Exeter Academy, in New Hampshire, on a charitable foundation, which gave him at the same time education and a home free of cost. So destitute was the young student, that he had to travel on foot to Mr. Abbott, at Coventry, and thence to Exeter, to begin his studies. He was subsequently sent to Harvard College, where he graduated in 1815. During his college life he taught for a time a small private school at Havre de Grace, Md., and while there served a short time in the militia, called out to repel an anticipated attack by the British. He afterwards began the study of theology at Cambridge, Mass., and for two years, 1817-19, was college tutor in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He also became one of an association by which the North American Review, established in 1816, was conducted.

In May, 1819, he was ordained minister of a Unitarian congregation in Baltimore, and the next year published Letters on Ministry Ritual and Doctrine of the Episcopal Church, (8 volumes, Boston.) He remained in charge of the Church in Baltimore four years. In 1828 he published a life of John Ledyard, the American traveler, which became quite celebrated in Europe and America. This was the key note of his great career. After nine years of elaborate research and preparation, he published in successive volumes, from 1835 to 1857, his famous "Life and Writings of Washington," the most thorough and reliable work on that theme extant. In 1840 he completed the publication of the works of Benjamin Franklin.

All Mr. Sparks' historical works are distinguished by thorough research, candid judgment, dispassionate criticism and accuracy and simplicity of style. Mr. Sparks was McLean Professor of History at Harvard College from 1839 to 1849, and President of the College from 1849 to 1853. In 1857 he made a tour in Europe, and since his return he resided in Cambridge, where he died.

Affairs in Alabama are represented by our exchanges from the interior as in a better condition than almost any of the cotton States. With few exceptions the people are well satisfied with the new order of things, and bend every effort to reclaim, as may be in their power, the losses of the war. The freedmen realize that work is necessary for their support; and readily enter into contracts for the year at from seven to ten dollars per month. Considering all circumstances, the agricultural prospects of the State are excellent. Planters are entering into cotton raising on a large scale, the freedmen work with alacrity, and the most favorable results are expected. Labor is fully equal to the demand. Saw mills and factories are being restored and built. Strangers are cordially welcomed, and meet with all the information and assistance they desire.

The petroleum excitement is spreading in the interior of Alabama. A good deal of machinery has been ordered from the North by companies located in Memphis, Montgomery, and other places. A gentleman from Newbern is going to use the ordinary well boring apparatus of the prairie country for the purpose of testing the existence of petroleum.

It is estimated that not less than five thousand new houses have been erected in Memphis during the past year. Every day adds to the number. Still there is no abatement in the demand. On the contrary, there is as great a wait now as at any previous period for all sorts of houses for business purposes, as well as private residences.

Fights in a grog shop are now called spiritual knockings.