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The Broken Engagement.

BY AMELIA PETIT.

No, Carrie, "not even a bud," can I spare from my peerless rose. No doubt it seems selfish to keep them all, when you so much desire a single one. You have been very kind to me, darling, since my illness, brightening by your presence and sympathy many dark hours of suffering. The rose tree shall be yours when my nights have become days in that other land. Since little Eva was in, prattling of your two lovers, I have had a story to tell you; if you have leisure to remain. I think I think I feel strong enough to relate it now. Raise my head a little, please; that will do nicely—thank you.

It will be twelve years to-morrow, since my twentieth birthday. Your mother was but one day past eighteen, but we always celebrated the festivals together. Upon this occasion uncle gave us a grand party. I dressed early, for my betrothed, Lawrence Elmore had promised to come before the company arrived and bring me flowers. I anticipated something beautiful, for his taste was exquisite. He came, bringing a bouquet of half-opened rose buds and blue violets; besides this a branch from a rose tree, bearing three fragrant white buds, just ready to expand into full flower. The buds he insisted upon twining with his own hands among my braids and ringlets, which he accomplished with wonderful skill, making the green leaves and snowy buds gleam here and there among the dark curls, in a way that won praise and admiration from all. "My taste" was commended again and again, and I laughed the compliments off as best I could; for to no one, not even your mother, had I told the secret of my engagement. Lawrence was a clerk, industrious and economical. Still he deemed it not prudent to marry in less than two years, and I insisted that if he waited so long, the engagement should not be public. My only motive was to avoid the comments and discussions of acquaintances.

Our party passed pleasantly; the refreshments, music, flowers, everything, were admirable; the company was in fine spirits, and nothing occurred to make it as a dark hour in my life. Among the guests was Mr. Hueton, just returned from a lengthened tour in South America.

Early in the evening he was introduced to me, and entertained me greatly with accounts of wild adventures and descriptions of tropical scenery. Several times, during the evening, we were thrown together, and that subtle something which tells a maiden when she has won a new admirer, told me that Lewis Hueton would pursue the acquaintance. Months of gaiety followed, and people began to notice the attentions paid me. Lawrence was seldom present; books and study occupied his time, save when he spent a quiet evening with me. These evenings became less frequent, for I went out constantly. There was a new charm in the devotion of wealthiest, best educated man of the set. I never stopped to think whether I was drifting. One day, some six months after our party, a bouquet was sent me, with a note. I had not seen my betrothed for two weeks, and said to myself, he has sent this to say he is coming to night. I opened and read.

"Clara: With the flowers, accept the devotion of one who would be more than a friend."
LEWIS HUETON."

The paper fell from my startled fingers, and for the first time in months I was obliged to think. Stooping to raise the note, I brushed against the rose, which, with infinite care and patience, I had reared from the branch worn upon my birthright. The gentle touch of the leaves upon my cheek smote me like a blow.

All the day was spent in thought. Lawrence, I argued, does not really love me, or he would be more attentive. I have scarcely seen him for two months, and he is becoming so quiet and abstracted, that his visits are not as pleasant as formerly. Why should my youth and beauty be wasted in planning little economies, as a clerk's wife, when, as Mrs. Hueton, every wish would be gratified! At evening, having stifled love and conscience, I dressed to meet Mr. Hueton. He came—told me how I had grown into his affections, and offered heart and hand for my acceptance. I did not then accept his proposal, though I gave him reason to expect my answer would be favorable, if my relatives were pleased.

Before sleeping, I wrote to Lawrence, saying as gently possible, that I could not happily share his lot; that, brought up in luxury, though having no fortune of my own, I could not cheerfully labor as I ought to make his salary suffice for us; therefore I ask freedom from my engagement. Three days later a reply came, in the following words:

"CLARA: My best beloved—you are free. I have nothing of yours to return, save a bit of blue ribbon that once tied your curls. I retain that."

LAWRENCE."

I felt instinctively, that my freedom had been purchased at the price of mortal anguish to another, and would gladly have undone my work. Shutting myself from every eye, that day, I did not weep, but suffered none the less that tears were denied me. The evening brought Mr. Hueton, and with the hearty approval of my uncle and aunt, I was again betrothed. Lewis urged an early day for the marriage, but aunt insisted that four months was the least possible time in which my outfit could be prepared. The next three months were passed in a whirl of silk, laces and muslins, which wearied me. Mr. Hueton often remarked my silent ways and thoughtful looks, which he attributed to shyness and over-exertion. With his grand faith in me he never imagined my love was half vanity.

At length, but eight days were to pass before our marriage. The rose tree was full of opening buds, and I anticipated wearing them at my bridal. Two buds were half opened, and I brought the plant down to show Lewis, when he came in to spend the evening.

"Do you know, darling," said he, "that the charming taste with which the roses were twined in your hair, the first time of our meeting, was what attracted me to you?" I bent over the tree to hide my glowing face. He continued:

"But I have not told you—I can remain no longer this evening, having promised to spend the night with a sick friend. By the way, he is passionately fond of flowers—give those two, for they will fade before the day, and others will come out."

I cut the flowers and he left me. The day following, a messenger brought a request from Lawrence Elmore, that I would lend him for one day, my rose tree; he was ill, had heard of its wondrous beauty, and knew how I had reared it. I could not send it, with every caution for its safety. Instead of calling that evening, Mr. Hueton wrote that he was staying with a dying friend. The thought that his friend was my discharged lover did not cross my mind.

The next morning Mr. Hueton brought the rose tree, shorn of every bud and blossom. He placed it upon the table saying: "My friend, Lawrence Elmore, cut them off, and started upon a long journey with them in his hand!"

"O, pity me!" I cried, and fell senseless upon the floor. When consciousness returned, he was holding me against his heart; but with such a desolate, broken-hearted look in his face, that I was fain to turn away my eyes.

"Pity you, Clara?" said he. "Pity me! I have lost my best loved friend and my beloved wife. Lawrence did not willingly betray your fault; it was only in the delirium of his dying moments that I learned what caused his illness and death."

Gently placing me upon the sofa, he left the house.

The wedding invitations had not been given out, and were now delayed by my sudden illness. From a servant I learned when Lawrence's funeral would take place, and in spite of remonstrance, attended, dressed plainly and wearing a heavy veil to avoid recognition. He was buried in Greenwood, and, alone in the carriage which my uncle sent, I went to the grave. Mr. Hueton stood by my side, as the last solemn words were said, though I fancy he did not recognize me, until, as we turned away, he offered his arm, conducted me to the carriage, and left me without one word.

May my darling Carrie never know such agony of remorse as I suffered that day and for many years, feeling that I had murdered the man I loved, and destroyed the happiness of one so worthy of respect and affection as Mr. Hueton. At evening the package containing the few notes I had written him and my miniature, was handed me by a servant. I looked in vain for one written word of his. He was too noble to add one reproach to those he knew I suffered, yet too truthful to attempt a palliation of my fault. It then became necessary to tell my uncle that there would be no marriage, and that the fault of the broken engagement was mine; yet I could not bring its contempt upon me by telling him all. I have related this to you, Carrie, as a warning. If your affections are given to one man, do not trifle with the holiest feelings of another. Sometimes, when I am gone, and you come to Greenwood, bring a rose for Lawrence Elmore.

It is far less dangerous to slip with the foot than with the tongue.

From the New York News.
Carmen ad Terry.

BY HORACE MILTON.

Terry leaves us, sumus weary;
Jam nos taedet te videre,
Si vis nos with joy implere.
Terry, in hac terra tarry
Diem narry.

ii.

For thy domum longest tuo nonne?
Habes wife aut filios bonny—
Socios Afris magis tony?
Haste then, Terry, military,
Federa ferris.

iii.

Forte Thaddeus may desire thee,
Sumner, et id om. (admire thee)
Nuisance nobis (not to ire thee)
We can spare thee, magne Terry,
Freely—very.

iv.

Hear the Præx proclamation,
Nosfideles to the nation,
Gone est nunc thy place et station,
Terrifer momentary
Sine query.

v.

"Yea thy doom est scriptum—Mene."
Longer ne nos naso tene.
Thou hast dogged us diu bene.
Loose us, terrible bull Terrier,
We'll be mrrrier.

vi.

Bid thy dulces Afros vale—
Pompy, Scipio et Sally—
Seek some back New Haven alley.
Terry quit this territory,
Con amore.

vii.

Sid verba tibi abitare;
Pay thy rent bills; et conjuro,
Tecum take thy precious Bureau;
Terry, Turner, Blue coat homines,
Abhinc omnes.

An Indian Legend.

The legend of the Florida Indians, as to the proper place for the negro, is correct. When old Duval was sent to that territory many years ago as its Governor, he assembled the chiefs and braves and made them a speech. They listened with the greatest decorum and respect, while he told them that they ought to quit their wild roving habits of hunting, get books, maps, charts and philosophical instruments, study them; and become great and intellectual like their white brothers. At the conclusion of his address, the chief replied that the suggestions were so grave, and contemplated such a complete revolution in their mode of living, that they would take until the following day to consider them, whereupon the meeting adjourned.

Assembling again at the appointed time, the chief arose and said to the Governor that they had duly considered the propositions, and respectfully declined changing their mode of life. "We have a legend," said he, "that after the Great Spirit had created the earth, he attempted to make a man. His first effort he did not like, and that was the negro. He made another effort, and still was not satisfied; that was the Indian. He tried the third time, and made the white man, with whom he was perfectly satisfied. Three boxes were placed before them. The first contained books, maps, charts and philosophical instruments; the second, bows, arrows, fishing tackle, traps and nets; the third, shovels, axes, hoes, plows, and many other implements of labor. To the white man he gave the first choice. He passed by the first box without looking at it; but when he came to the one containing bows, arrows, &c., he looked at it a long time. The Indian trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. But he finally took the one with books. The Indian at once took the second, leaving the negro to take the one with the shovels and the hoes." And saying that we do not wish to chance the order in which the Great Spirit started the three men into the world," the council adjourned "sine die."

The Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle illustrates the present political status of the South by this humorous and striking figure:

It seems to us as hard to get in the Union as it is to get out. The South respectfully asks to move one way or the other. We are like the fellow who was forced to go to the show, and then not allowed to go any further than where he had paid for his ticket. We have been dragged into the doorway of the Federal tent, and are not allowed to see any of the performance except to settle with the tax collectors. We can hear the animals growling inside, and hear the crack of the ringmaster's whip, but we can't see the show unless we pay for two and take in a colored lady. And the worst of it is, they keep a great eagle perched over the entrance, which, if you attempt to go back, swoops down upon you and picks a hole in your head. We justly think this is unreasonable; they ought either to let us pass in, or refund our money and tie up the eagle.

When I hear a woman speak with contempt of the opinion of the world, it argues in her neither good feeling, cleverness, nor true courage.

From the Courier des Etats Unis.

The Man who Guillotined Himself.

The validity of the will of a person who has committed suicide is at this moment under discussion in the courts of the kingdom of Naples.

Mr. Couvroux selected for himself a singular manner of dying—he guillotined himself. We borrow the following details from the correspondence of the temps.—The writer obtained them from M. Jammi, consular agent of France at Castellamare.

Mr. Couvroux, a man of about fifty-four years of age, had chosen for himself, some years back, a residence in a hotel of Castellamare upon the delightful hill Quisisana. (Here one recovers his health.) To the public he appeared but a simple, inoffensive lunatic; his madness was ever veiled by a taste for literature and art; he touched the piano and composed romances. Within himself he was a prey to two ideas—to lead a life of chastity and to die without pain. The influence of the former had induced him to imitate the famous sacrifice of Origen—the second led him to guillotine himself. He read everything that had any bearing upon the sacrifice of the guillotine.

Well-thumbed pages were found in his rooms, in which it was discussed whether the head of the person guillotined sees and feels after execution. There is reason to suppose that he arrived at the conviction that the mode of death is easy. In this belief he erected a handsome guillotine in the door-way which opened from his parlor to his bedroom. The important feature in his invention was a sliding axe, which he loaded with one hundred and thirty-two pounds of lead. He tried the instrument on several animals. I was afterwards remembered that he had often carried into his rooms cats and chickens which had been no more seen. When he had satisfied himself as to the excellence of his machine, he proceeded to ornament it. He set it in a frame of two red curtains gracefully drawn apart; between the curtains and under the fall, he planted firmly a table with steps leading to it, and covered all over with a black cloth. He placed a white and soft pillow near the corner of the table, upon which was to rest the severed head.

Everything being in readiness, towards half-past nine o'clock in the evening, he played upon the piano a hymn to the Virgin, of his composition. He dressed himself in white flannel, he ascended the steps of his scaffold, and extended upon his back, looking upward so that he might see the instrument of death fall upon his neck. It seems that to be able to see better, he even placed a lighted lamp upon a piece of furniture near by. He touched the cord which retained the suspended axe—the axe fell, and at a blow struck off the head, which separated itself but little from the trunk and rested in an easy position upon the white pillow prepared to receive it. When the room was entered the next morning, all the details of a horrible catastrophe were investigated, upon the table was found a will by which several thousands of francs were left to the servants of the hotel.

It is this will which is now being contested before the civil court of Castellamare. The relatives of Mr. Couvroux are attempting to upset the will as the act of a lunatic. The employees of the hotel assert its validity.

FINDING THE ROAD.—A Yankee traveling the other day, in Dauphin county, rode up to a Dutchman cutting bushes along the fence, and asked him the road to Harrisburg. "To Harrisburg, Vell, you see dat road pon de hill," pointing in that direction. "O, yes, I see it." "Vell, den, you must not take dat road. You see dis road by te coal bank?" "Yes." "Vell, dat ish not ter road too; but you must go right by te barn dare, and ven you see von road jhust so," (bending his bows, and describing at the same time,) "and ven you kit dere, keep right along till you gets furdere. Vell, den, you will turn the potato patch round de bridge over de river up stream, and de hill vop, and directly you see mine proder Frj's parn, shingled mit straw, dat's de house where mine proder lives. He'll tell you better as I can. And you go little bit furdere you see two roats—you must not take both of 'em." The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—When Gen. Butler was recalled from the Department of the Gulf, and superseded by Gen. Banks in the command of New Orleans, the Mayor's office was tendered to him to take his *corge* of such persons as felt desirous to honor his departure. As may be supposed, there was a gathering of the low orders, male, female and juvenile, and among them several Hibernian ladies, with their unwashed babies, who came to shake hands with the General. One Irish woman handed her baby for a kiss, and taking the General by the hand, addressed him as follows: "Good-bye, General; I'll say this for ye—that ye never stole anything from me. Good-bye, General."

Gratitude.

"What the beautiful flower is to the earth, gratitude is to the heart of man." It is the incense of love arising from a soul touched by divine goodness, and softened by the acts of kindness shown to him by his fellow man. It is the delicious bloom of spirit that would spend itself in thanksgiving to God, acknowledging in tenderness from the heart the blessings and favors received. Like the gentle drops of rain and the warm rays of the sun, which fall upon the earth to give nourishment to the plant, and by which means the fields in spring-time are clothed with rich verdure, so gratitude gives nourishment to the affections for truth, and clothes the character with heavenly beauty. It makes life sweet under every circumstance—filling it with scenes of ecstasy and driving away the scenes of grief. Our burdens are made lighter; our troubles more endurable. The ungrateful man never finds a real friend to sympathize with him in his hours of sorrow; while he who is grateful finds all along his pathway those hearts which are in sympathy with his own—comforting him in his scenes of gladness. Let us feel the obligation we owe to God and one another; and let our hearts swell with gratitude to all, according to the kindness shown us, and we shall become better fitted for the life which is to come.

INTELLIGENCE OF A DEAF MUTE.—A pupil of the Abbe Sicard gave the following extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower; and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday, or to-morrow; a line that has no ends."

"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends; a path which begins in the cradle, and ends in the tomb."

"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch-maker of the universe, the soul of the world?"

"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates; he decides. God is omniscient; He knows all things. He never doubts; He therefore never reasons."

The creations of the sculptor may moulder into dust, the wealth of the bard may wither, the throne of conquerors may be shivered by an opposing power into atoms, the fame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrels, the hopes may be disappointed, but that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace—VIRTUE—shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God, it is written on the pillars of Heaven, and reflected down to earth.

A Dutchman had two pigs, a large one and a small one. The smaller one being the elder, he was trying to explain to a customer, and he did it in this wise:—"The little pig is the piggest." Upon which his wife, assuming to correct him, said: "You will excuse him, he no speak as good English as me; he no mean that the little pig is the piggest, but the youngest pig is the oldest."

An exchange tells the following rather tough yarn: A family of five persons resided in Derry, New Hampshire, for a period of fifty-three years, during which time there was neither a birth, death nor marriage in the family; neither did they during that time put a letter into the post office, take one out, or take a newspaper.

Friendship is a vase, which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it never can be trusted again. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again—precious stones, never.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you—keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think; rather to improve our minds so as to make us think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish from unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than from any other calamity in life.