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BY F. M. TRIMMIE

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The European War.

The following article from the New York Herald will be read with interest at this time:

In the peculiar facts and circumstances of the late ominous speech of Napoleon, at Auxerre, much more than in the speech itself, the European kings and money-changers are justified in their acceptance of it as a declaration of war.

First, the Mayor of Auxerre, in welcoming the Emperor, tells him that "fifty-one years ago, the Emperor Napoleon II was received in this town with such proofs of devotedness and joy that he retained a vivid recollection of them which he expressed on his death bed (at St. Helena) in the most affecting terms," and that the same devotion of the town has no more been found wanting to the nephew "in the days of trial and adversity, than in those of prosperity and triumph." Here is a good foundation, and the Emperor builds upon it. He says to the Mayor: "Be certain that on my side I have inherited the sentiments of the head of my family for the energetic and patriotic populations who supported the Emperor in good and in evil fortune." Hence he stands as a party leader, rallying his supporters from the masses of the French people, the adherents of the Emperor, peace or war, against Bourbons, commercial conservatives and intractable republicans. Next he tells his friends what is coming, in telling them that they elected him to the French Assembly of the republic of 1848, because they knew that his interests were those of France and that "like the majority of the French nation, I detested those treaties of 1815, which some parties of the present day wish to make the sole basis of our foreign policy."

This means war—a revival of the 'gloire' and 'victoire' of Austerlitz—a revival of the empire as it stood before its expulsion and the humiliations inflicted upon France by the Holy Alliance, and mainly through the perfidy of Austria.

A financial war panic instantly follows. The shop keepers and stock jobbers of Paris are thrown into a high state of alarm and indignation. It becomes expedient to soften down their apprehensions. Hence the semi-official journals undertake to explain that this dreadful Auxerre speech was perfectly harmless, and that there was nothing in it that Napoleon had not often expressed before. But, in addition to the suggestive circumstances detailed, it appears that this speech, after its delivery, was revised by the Emperor and forwarded by him to the *Moniteur*, with instructions for its immediate publication, and that it is a much stronger war manifesto as published than it was as delivered. The conclusion is justified, that after delivering the speech, considering the temper of his audience and the Napoleonic France it represented, the time and the place were deemed proper for a Napoleonic declaration of war.

Hence the failure of the soothing explanations attempted by the semi-official journals of the French capital. The Emperor himself, meantime, having issued his manifesto, has nothing more to say. A word of peace from him would suffice, but he does not speak it. In short, all things being ready, he has given the signal for war. The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the sentiments of this Auxerre speech "are the revenge taken upon the commercial and bourgeois classes," the advocates of peace that the Emperor cannot "breathe freely" among them; but that he goes "among the working men and the peasants to find the true genius of France." In other words, the France of the Bonapartes and the empire is among the producing classes—the bone and sinew of the French people. It is the France inherited by the first Napoleon from the first republic and by the present Napoleon from the second republic. It is the empire by the will of the people. Herein lies the strength of Napoleon. It is the strength of the many against the few; of the masses against the aristocracy; of Andrew Jackson against the old United States Bank and the old Whig party of this country, and of Abraham Lincoln against the aristocratic slave holding Bourbons of the South; it is Cæsar against Pompey; it is Napoleon against the Holy Alliance.

The Emperor first proclaims his party, and then he proclaims war because he knows that his party will absorb all other parties in France in the revival of the empire as the armed dictator of the continent.

THE IRON VAULT.

I live in San Francisco, and am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination rendering it one of the most agreeable of pursuits. Many who follow it, see nothing in it but labor—think of nothing but its returns in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon, almost daily, to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasure piled within; and quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion; to pick the locks of drawers containing peace destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband, or father in possession of the missing key; to force the fastenings of cash boxes and the depositories of records, telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, or orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this?—no food for speculation—no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then, who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story, either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely more than the introduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy, write the rest. In the Spring of 1856—I think it was in April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japanned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door, and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and a pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I rather inquisitively.

I felt a rebuke in her reply: "In requesting you to close the door I had no other object than to escape the attention of persons."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed: "The little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If I cannot forget your face I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a sudden discovery partially for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters, and a daguerreotype, as I slowly passed the box to her. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she passed into the street, she merely whispered—"Remember!" We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About 2 o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awoke by a gentle tap at the window of the little room back of the shop, in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time in convenient reach of my bed-side.

"Who's there?" I inquired, raising the hammer, and peering out into the darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window; "upon the door, I have business with you."

"Rather pass business hours, I should say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar's.

"Nor no one that can!" I replied rather emphatically, by way of warning, as I tightened my grip upon the hammer and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opening the door, discovered the stranger already upon the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you," answered the same voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy raglan around his shoulders, and a blue navy cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledged to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light upon the table, and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened the little box about a month before! Having completed my hasty toilet, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact is, I was confounded.

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said: "Disguise is useless; I presume you recognized me?"

"I believe I told you, madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before daylight to-morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I, inquiringly, "that commands so munificent a compensation."

"It is a labor common to your calling," returned the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it must be performed."

"And what is the condition?" I inquired.

"That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own door blindfolded."

Idea of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime to villainy, hurriedly presented themselves in succession, as I politely bowed, and said: "I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired.

"No—nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and—"

"You have gone quite far enough, madam, with the explanation," I interrupted, "I am not at your service."

"As I said," she continued, "you are required to pick open the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days."

"To whom does the vault belong?" I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy? or rather, how came a man confined in such a place?"

"I secreted him there to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much, and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault, and quit the house by the back door, I did not dream, until to-day, that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convince me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband, unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I 'drugged' him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets, but could not find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, Madam, on such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself; there is a cab waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing myself with the required implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey. I entered the vehicle, followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated she produced a heavy handkerchief, which, by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the car started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant, as it was evidently driven in anything but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage, to see if my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me the bundle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house which I knew was of brick, and after ta-

king me along a passage way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within, and the next moment the lady reappeared, and leaning upon her arm a man, with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of his confinement!

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern; "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close it, madam?" said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm; "it awaits another occupant!"

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted, impatiently, holding the handkerchief to my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion and continued: "Do not be alarmed. You are not the man!"

"I could not mistake the truth of the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than the one by which we came. Arriving in front of the house, the handkerchief was removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that I saw the lady and the gentleman taken from the vault walking leisurely along Montgomery street.—I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within the vault, and his bones are there to-day. The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

THE TRUE FREE MASON.—He is above a mean thing. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secret confided to his keeping. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never sabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred. He possesses no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted, himself out of sight—nearest the thinnest partition—any where. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open and manly. He cannot descend to surreptitious. Billingsgate slang don't lie in his track. From all profane and wanton words his lips are chastened. Of woman, and to her, he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices towards every man.

Many attempts have been made to account for the intense blue of the ocean. It has been attributed to the reflection of the firmament, to the depth of water, and to other causes which philosophical inquiry into the subject has shown no to be true ones. At length we have a rational solution of the problem. The real cause of the azure tinge appears to be salt. Where the ocean is saltiest, there it is bluest.—Where it is freshest, there it is greenest.

A young Prussian officer lately died whose heart was on his right side, with the liver on the left, and other internal organs correspondingly reversed. He had always enjoyed good health, and died of typhus fever.

Josh Billings' Lecturing Held through the State of Maine.

I have just returned from the State of Maine, I went through the State endways—that is to say, from top to bottom, and lectured as I went.

I like the inhabitants.

Everybody works in the State of Maine. Maine is bounded just now as follows: On the North by the land of the deserters, on the South by the great Atlantic saltwater privilege, on the West by the Rocky Mountains.

The best productions of the State is men and women. The women have more indigenous hair on their heads than you can find in the whole of the Middle States.

Everybody goes to bed in the State of Maine at 9 o'clock, P. M.

I lectured at Gardiner—at 9 o'clock audience arose all at once, and bidding me a fond farewell, said it was bed time. I took the hint and stopped lecturing.

Bangor has something less than one hundred thousand inhabitants (about 75 thousand less, I believe)

Bangor aint the capitol of the State at present. It has the best tavern in the State; it is called the "Bangor House," and is kept by Shaw. He and I are cousins by marriage (we both married females.)

I lectured in Bangor.

The thermometer was 16 degrees less than zero, and the spectators couldn't absorb the lecture. The morning paper said "sum liked the lecture and some didn't." This put me in mind of the parable in the Bible, about the 10 virgins, they was affected in the same way, 5 was wise and 5 was otherwise.

The churches in their outside appearance are a compliment to the cause, I haven't any doubt the stockholders are all of them 4th prof.

I was taken around the town by Mr. Shaw (my cousin) in a delicate gig, pulled by 10,000 dollars worth of natural trotting property.

Bangor and its clever people are morticed into my bosom—they are tenants there for life. If I ever go there again I shan't fail to see them.

I also lectured in Dexter, an inland town, about 15 hundred miles in a westerly direction from the City of London.

I gave a free lecture, and to my surprise I had a full house. The hat was shoved around at the close of the services and \$300 (more or less) was entrapped.

This place was named after the celebrated trotting horse Dexter. Dexter can trot (in private) in 2.06. I will bet 60 dollars of it, and I ain't worth a cent to bet, owing to a natural weakness.

I likewise lectured at Augustus, the capital of the State, and I had a full house of benches. This was owing to a misunderstandingness about the weather.

The people offered to turn out if I would find the umbrellas, but we split on the umbrellas.

I could not do myself justice at Augustus. There warn't but one lady present in the hall, and me and the audience was all the time looking at her.

What an awful state of things it would be if all the women and ladies were taken out of this world, to their home up in the skies! Wooden dolls would advance 5 foot in a week.

FROM SERV TO NOBLE.—Says a foreign letter: Of all the romantic stories in the Arabian Nights, there is none more extraordinary than the little episode that has just occurred at St. Petersburg. You will have noticed that an attempt was made to shoot the Emperor, which was frustrated by the prompt action of a young man who stood near the would-be assassin. That young man, acting from a momentary impulse in striking down the arm he saw raised against his sovereign, was afterwards so frightened at his own rashness that he ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. He was pursued and brought back to the presence of the Emperor, at whose feet he threw himself in a state of abject terror, as if he had been the assassin himself. The Emperor raised him, embraced and kissed him, and proclaimed him a Russian noble from that hour. The romance of the story is this: The new Russian noble, only five minutes before was a poor illiterate drudge in a small hatter's shop in St. Petersburg. A week ago his habits and daily occupation were of the most vulgar and menial character. To-day he ranks with the most ancient nobility of the empire. A subscription was at once set on foot to provide him with means to sustain his new dignity, and presents are flowing in upon him from every direction. His photograph is displayed from every shop window, prayers are said for him in all the churches, and a retinue of the Czar's own servants are in constant attendance upon him.

Franklin said if every man and woman would work four hours a day at something useful, want and misery would be banished from the world, and the remaining portion of the twenty-four hours might be leisure pleasure.