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BY F. M. TRIMMIE

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The Army of Northern Virginia.

The concluding paragraph in an article in the Crescent Monthly, entitled "General Lee and his Campaigns, by J. Quitman Moore, Esq.," is the most graceful and touching tribute to the gallant army of Northern Virginia, and its last and most renowned chief, that we have read:

"There stood the mournful remnants of that once glorious army, that had dipped its conquering banners in the crimson tide of eight and twenty sanguinary battles, and strewn its heroic slain from the feet of the Pennsylvania mountains to the gates of its own capital city; that had given Manassas to Beauregard, and twined the fame of the Seven Pines battle in the laurel wreath of Johnson; that had caused the waters of the Shenandoah eternally to murmur the fame of Stonewall Jackson, and, stretching out its right arm to the distant West, had planted victory on the drooping banners of Bragg; and had witnessed four gigantic campaigns and through all their shifting and tragic scenes and under all difficulties and dangers, had remained steadfast and faithful to the last. And, after having witnessed the rising of the Southern constellation, as it loomed up brightly on the horizon of war, pursuing its splendid zenith the fiery path of Mars, now beheld not unmoved, its declining splendors going down in the gloom of eternal night.

"And he, its illustrious chief, whose lofty plume was ever its rallying point in battle, and around whom its affections warmly clustered, now commended it for its past devotion, and bade it adieu forever. Slowly and sadly he rode from that mournful field, and the cause that he fought for was beneath the foot of power. Few were the eyes that grew not moist at witnessing that departure. It was the agony of a great cause finding expression in the sublime soul of its great defender. And though that cause be dead, yet will its memory continue to live, and ever honored will be those illustrious names that sacrificed at its altars. And on the scroll of fame no name among the list of eminent worthies will shine with a purer, serener, or more resplendent light than that of Robert Edmund Lee. His fame is monumental. His name will be placed along-side of those of the great captains of history—Marlborough and Saxe, of Tilly and Eugene; and as long as the fame of the Southern struggle shall linger in tradition and song, will his memory be cherished by the descendants of the Southern races; while his character will stand up in the twilight of history like some grand old cathedral, lifting itself in imperishable beauty above the objects of earth, majestic in its vast proportions, awful in its solemn stateliness, sublime in its severe simplicity."

How Astor Became Rich.

A writer in Harper's Magazine, speaking of the late John Jacob Astor, thus refers to the mode by which he acquired his great wealth:

"It was neither furs nor teas that gave him \$20,000,000. When he arrived in New York, it contained only 25,000 inhabitants. In 1800 when he began to have money to invest, the city had begun to double in population, and had advanced nearly a mile up the island. Astor foresaw its future growth, and bought all the lands and lots just beyond the verge of the city that he could get. One little anecdote will show the wisdom of this proceeding.

He sold a lot in the vicinity of Wall-street in 1810 for \$8,000, which was supposed to be somewhat under its value. The purchaser, after the papers were signed, seemed disposed to chuckle over his bargain.

"Why, Mr. Astor," said he, "this lot is worth \$12,000."

"Very true," replied Astor, "but now you shall see what I shall do with this money. With \$8,000 I will buy eighty lots above Canal street. By the time your lot is worth \$12,000, my eighty lots will be worth \$80,000," which proved to be a fact.

In the course of time the island was dotted all over with Astor lands to such an extent that the whole income from his estate for fifty years could be invested in new houses, without buying any more land.

"If you would be known and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know and not be known, live in a city."

Emigration to Brazil.

The Chester Standard remarks on this subject:

We have had the pleasure of congratulating Dr. J. McF. Gaston upon his safe arrival from Brazil. The result of his exploration of that country will soon be given to the public in an extended report, which is now in the course of publication. The doctor will remove, with his family to Brazil in the course of a few months. He corroborates, in every respect, the report of Messrs. Meriwether and Shaw, of Edgefield, a portion of which was published in our last issue. His general opinion of the advantages offered by the soil, climate and productions of Brazil is highly encouraging to those contemplating emigration. The soil is exceedingly fertile, the climate healthy, and the productions varied and valuable. In the province of St. Paul, where he designs locating, lands of the best quality can be purchased for twenty-two cents per acre, on a credit of five years, without interest. The water is freestone, and unalloyed by minerals.

An industrious emigrant can comfortably support himself by his own labor during the first year and lay up something handsome. The method of agriculture in Brazil is of an exceedingly rude and primitive character. The crops of cotton, corn, coffee, sugar, &c., are planted and worked by the hoe alone. The average yield of corn is from thirty to fifty bushels and one thousand to two hundred pounds of seed cotton to the acre. Tropical fruits of every description grow spontaneously and in great abundance. The better classes of society are intelligent, courteous and refined, and Dr. Gaston met everywhere the utmost kindness and hospitality. The authorities are anxious to secure a large immigration and every facility will be afforded strangers to examine the country and make settlements. No restrictions are imposed on religion or education. Taxes are light, and the policy of the Government exceedingly liberal and enlightened.

Awful Visitation.

We find the following amongst the sections of the Dublin Nation:

A correspondent sends us the following remarkable narrative: A melancholy instance of the danger of taking God's name in vain has occurred in Brixton, England. A few days ago, as some boys were playing together in a court leading out of Edward street, in that town, a dispute took place between them about the number of "notches" one of them, a lad named Richards, had made whilst playing "cat and dog." Richards declared that he had scored more than his companion gave him credit for, and high words and bad language were indulged in on both sides. At length Richards flew into a violent passion and exclaimed, "May God strike me blind if I have not made more than twenty!" He had scarcely uttered the adjuration when he threw up his arms and exclaimed, "Oh, I can't see!" and begged of one of his companions to lead him home. This was immediately done, and on examination it was found that a thick film had overspread his eyes, completely obstructing the sight. In this pitiable condition he has remained ever since, and there is little or no hope of his ever recovering his sight. The affair has caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood in which the occurrence took place. Richards is only thirteen years of age.

Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post-mortem examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs; that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are, cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating upon the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under a verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death if they knew it lay in their power.

Mr. W. L. Robinson, of New Orleans, proposes to publish, in book form, a record of the names and services of every citizen of that city who served in the late war with specifications of all items of interest.

The Idols of India

Dr. Butler came from a land, he said, where the sun shone constantly and brilliantly, where every thing was fair and perfect to the eye; but amidst all the cultivated loveliness he did not remember a single flower, except the rose, that emitted any fragrance, and though the birds were gorgeously apparelled, there was not one that sang. It was a sad thought, but might also be applied to the people. He had never heard a hearty, happy laugh from woman outside the pale of Christianity. With every opportunity for observation, he had never seen amongst them a happy female face. It was a land where dark and dreadful idolatry had taken the joy from her heart, and sunk her to the level of the brute. He was once on a journey from Benares to Calcutta, and went to see a "dharbar," or court, held by Sir John Lawrence. A native prince, during rebellion, had given shelter to a number of Europeans who had escaped from the Sepoy murderers; and Sir John had been commissioned by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to invest the Rajah with the order of the "Star of India." The great men were assembled in an immense pavilion, awaiting the arrival of the Rajah; and after about an hour spent in settling the difficult matter of precedence amongst these nabobs, a salute of twenty-one guns announced his coming. The scene within the pavilion was very grand, and the habiliments of the Rajah were in keeping with the surroundings. He wore a cloth of gold coat, was loaded with gold and jewels, and had on a large crown glistening with gems. But as he went to take his seat on the throne at one end of the tent, and while the Governor General was presenting him with the various paraphernalia of the order, the doctor remarked the singular awkwardness and helplessness of the prince. Upon inquiry, he learned that this great man was a leper, without a finger on his hand or a toe on his feet; and with all his wealth and grandeur was burdened with a loathsome disease that no money could cure. And this was exactly the condition of poor India; decked with splendor and magnificence, and yet a moral leper, reeking with "wounds and bruises and unhealing sores;" and with no means of purification, except the fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness. He had seen 200,000 people standing upon the banks of the Ganges, and at a given signal all plunged beneath the sacred stream, in the vain hope of washing their sins away—a change which the children knew naught but the Gospel could effect.

Why Children Die.

The reason why children die, says *Hull's Journal of Health*, is because they are not taken care of. From the day of their birth they are stupefied with food, choked with physic, slashed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed clothes. So much for in-door. When permitted to breathe pure air, once a week in summer, and once or twice during the colder months only the nose is allowed to peer in daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes on at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare neck, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other part of the body. A stout, strong man goes out on a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings, and thick double soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood and bone and constitution, goes out with shoes as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare, an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice! To accustom to exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery! To raise children thus for the slaughter pen, and lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty had a hand in it. And to draw comfort from the presumption that he had any agency in the death of the child, is presumption and profanation.

A good story is told of a doctor in a town not a hundred miles from Vermont. The doctor kept missing his wood, and set watch. As was expected, it proved to be the work of a near neighbor, who soon appeared, and carefully culling out all the dry wood, started off with an armful. The doctor hastily gathered up an armful of green wood and followed, trudging as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful, the doctor did the same, exclaiming, "There, you must burn green wood part of the time, as well as I," and departed, leaving the thief to his own reflections.

A gentleman having asked a young student "What gender is Thomas?" was duly answered, "It is masculine." "What gender is Mary?" "Why, the crinoline gender sir."

Very Heavy on the Thief.

Some villainous fellow, without the fear of the law before his eyes, feloniously entered the sleeping apartment of a printer at Atlanta a few nights since, whereupon, Watson of the *New Era*, lets off the following series of shells, grape, schrapnel, and minnie balls at him. He had better send back the stolen goods and get A. R. to take back his "cussin." Hear the latter: "Some wretch entered the sleeping apartment of a printer on Saturday night, and stole most of his wardrobe, including a suit of new clothes. A man who could do such a thing as that would steal the headstone from his mother's grave to knock out his father's brains. He would borrow a key from his mother-in-law to unlock his wife's toilet that he may steal her pin money. He would steal an orange from his sick baby if he could sell it for two cents.

May his head be taken for a foot ball and the balance of his carcass for a scare-crow. May he have the itch, the measles, and the small pox all at once. May the suit cling to him like the shirt of Nessus and sting him with the stings of ten thousand scorpions. May the cholera rioter through his intestines till he howls like a mad bull. May he have the toothache, the headache, the earache, the other ache, neuralgia and all other ills that flesh is heir to. May he grow pot-bellied. May his nose turn up, his mouth get twisted, his hair and whiskers turn to little snakes. May hornets build nests over every door and window in his house. May all his chimneys refuse to draw, his wife scold and his children squall. May his pickles all be sweet and his sugar sour. May all his whiskey be made of rotten sorghum, and his lager beer be mean as garbroth. May every dollar he puts in his pocket burn a hole in it and get lost. May his creditors be as thick as skippers in fly time, and his debtors as scarce as doodles in December. May no rain fall on his potato patch, his pea-vines grow green persimmons and his snap beans grow emetics. May twins be born unto him, and a cow-hide given to each to lash their father with. May he be compelled to teach a negro school through the month of August. May he be allowed to read nothing but Harper's Weekly, New York Tribune, and Brownlow's Whig. May he have the Poll-Evil, the King's Evil, and legion of devils, and when he dies may his starveling soul be metempsychosized into a yellow cat and be worried by a stump tailed egg-sucking, sheep killing dog.

WHAT COMES OF GETTING FLIES IN THE EAR.—A French Medical journal contains the following account of a singular case:

A locksmith, aged fifty-two, having been treated at the Hospital Beaujoin for a dislocation, has been sent to the Aisle de Vincennes for his complete recovery. A few days before leaving that establishment he felt as if a fly had got into his left ear. He took a lucifer match and tried to get out the intruder with it; but not succeeding, and the pain having subsided, he took no more notice of it. Three days later, being at St. Queen, he experienced a tickling in his ear, which prevented him from sleeping, and on the following day he went to Dr. Jarjavay's consultation. Here upon examination, two small larvae, like those which are met with in dead bodies, were found in his ear. The patient complained of very violent pain in that organ, and all along a line which, beginning from the middle of the forehead, followed the eyebrow, and, crossing the temple, ended behind the mastoid apophysis. He had cramps and a tingling sensation in the arm, fits of trembling, sickness, &c. On visiting him in the evening, Dr. Jarjavay poured a few drops of ether into his ear. This caused great pain at first, but soon after it produced considerable relief, and during the night upwards of one hundred larvae fell out of the ear on the man's pillow. On the following morning the doctor perceiving some large larvae of musca carnaria at the bottom of the meatus auditorius. The doctor got a few out with a proper instrument, then made some injections which brought out fifteen more, and in the evening poured a drop of ether in the ear, whereby three more were got rid of. On the day after no more larvae were visible, but the tympanum was discovered to be perforated. The case was now treated with injections of mowles and emollient poultices, and three days later the patient left the hospital perfectly recovered.

An elegantly dressed young lady recently entered a railway carriage in Paris where there were three or four young gentlemen, one of whom was lighting a cigar. Observing her, the Frenchman asked if smoking would incommode her? She replied, "I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."

A pretty girl says: If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls?"

The Dog and the Thief.

"No dogs admitted, sir," said the porter to a gay assemblage, as a young man and his dog appeared at the entrance; "you must leave him behind, if you go in."

"Very well," said the young man; "stay about here, Prince, until I come back;" and he joined the crowd within. By and by the young man wished to refer to his watch, when behold the chain had been nipped in two, and the valuable time piece was gone. He considered the case a moment, and then a sudden thought flashed into his mind. So, stepping out, he whispered the fact to the porter and gained permission to take in his dog for a minute or two.

"Look here, Prince," said he, "my watch is stolen," and he showed him the empty pocket and the cut chain. "In there is the thief. You find it, my good doggie. You understand, do you?" Prince wagged his head and tail, and then the two went in again. Quietly this dumb detective glided around among the people smelling at this one's coat and that one's chain, until at last he set his teeth firmly into the coat skirt of a genteel looking man, and could not be shaken off. The young man quickly made known the case to the bystanders who gathered around him, and had the thief's pockets duly searched. Six other watches were found about him, which he gathered up in the course of the morning, and which their rightful owners were very glad to get their hands on again, Prince selected out his masters property in a twinkling, as that was all he cared for, and gave it to him joyfully. It would have taken a very keen policeman to do the work so neatly and quickly, and all agreed that he merited as fine a dinner as a dog could have.

A FREEDMAN EXPLAINS.—A freedman explains the difference between a Yankee and a Southerner thusly:

Now, white folks, I'se a gwine to tell you de difference 'tween a Southern man and a Yankee. Well, de Southerner man he stop at de hotel, he ax for a room, he git de key; he say, "Here Jim, take my valise." When he git in de room, he say, "Jim, you black rascal, brush my coat and boots, and be in a hurry. While I'se doing dat he wash hisself, comb his hair, take a drink, and when I gives him de boots he hands me a dollar. When de Yankee stops at de hotel, he says, "Mr. Johnson, please brush my boots—Mr. Johnson please carry dis note to Mr. Smith at the railroad depot—Mr. Johnson, I guess I'll have to trouble you to bring me a pitcher of water—Mr. Johnson, please carry dis message to de telegraph office—Mr. Johnson, I guess I ought to have a cigar—run down and get a five cent one." I cum back, and speck of course, he gib me about two dollars, but instead of giving me de money he ax me to take a seat and tell him 'bout my granfadder, my granmudder, my brudder, my sister, and my cousin, and my old massa, and how much I'se makin' and how old I is, and all sich nonsense, and after a while he say, "Well, Johnson, I guess I'll have to give you a dime afore I leave here."—Now, white folks, dat's de difference 'tween de Southern man and de Yankee, and its every word truf.

EFFECT OF SORROW.—Life has long years; many pleasures it has to give in return for many which are taken away; and while our ears can receive the sounds of revelry, and our eyes are sensible of pleasant sights, and our bodies are conscious of strength, we deem we live. But there is an hour in the lives of all when the heart dies; an hour unheeded, but after which we have no real life, whether it perish in the agony of some conquering passion, or die wearily of sorrow; an hour which they may try to trace, who say, "Ay, I remember I thought and felt differently then—I was a mere boy—I shall never feel the same again; an hour when the cord is snapped, and the chain broken, on which depended the harmony of existence. Short little children! shout and clap your hands with sudden joy! Send out the sound of ringing laughter over the face of the green bosomed earth! From you the angel hath not yet departed; in your hearts still linger the emanations from the Creator—perfect love and perfect joy.

HORSE LAMENESS.—HOW DISCOVERED.—Take notice, that in examining a horse for lameness, you may often detect it by only looking at his ears; for all horses that are lame before, drop their heads when they throw their weight on to the sound leg; and those that are lame behind, throw their head up when the sound leg comes to the ground.

HONEST TOIL.—A cheerful life must be a busy one. And a busy life cannot be well otherwise. Frogs do not croak in running water. Active minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebodings. They come up only from the stagnant depths of spirit, unstirred by the generous impulses of the necessities of honest toil.