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BY F. M. TRIMMIE

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Prison Life of Mr. Davis.

The following extracts are from a work just issued by Dr. Craven, formerly Post Surgeon at Fortress Monroe, and form a vivid picture of the incarceration and treatment of the distinguished prisoner:

MAY 21, 1865.—The procession into the fort was under the immediate inspection of Major General Halleck and Chas. A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War; Col. Pritchard of the Michigan cavalry, who immediately effected the capture, being the officer in command of the guard from the vessel to the fort. First came Major General Miles holding the arm of Mr. Davis, who was dressed in a suit of plain Confederate gray, with a gray slouched hat—always thin, and now looking much wasted and haggard. Immediately after these came Col. Pritchard accompanying Mr. Clay, with a guard of soldiers in their rear. Thus they passed through files of men in blue from the Engineer's Landing to the Water Battery Postern; and on arriving at the casemates which had been fitted up into cells for their incarceration, Mr. Davis was shown into casemate No. 2, and Clay into No. 4, guards of soldiers being stationed in the cells numbered one, three and five upon each side of them. They entered; the heavy doors clanged behind them; and in that clang was rung the final knell of the terrible, but now extinct rebellion.

Being ushered into his inner cell by General Miles, and the two doors leading thereto from the guard room being fastened, Mr. Davis, after surveying the premises for some moments, and looking out through the embrasure with such thoughts passing over his lined and expressive face as may be imagined, suddenly seated himself in a chair, placing both hands on his knees, and asked one of the soldiers pacing up and down within his cell this significant question: "Which way does the embrasure face?"

The soldier was silent. Mr. Davis, raising his voice a little, repeated the inquiry.

But again dead silence or only the measured footfalls of the two pacing sentries within, and the fainter echoes of the four without.

Addressing the other soldier as if the first had been deaf and had not heard him, the prisoner again repeated the inquiry.

But the second soldier remained silent as the first, a slight twitching of his eyes only intimating that he had heard the question, but was forbidden to speak.

"Well," said Mr. Davis, throwing his hands up and breaking into a bitter laugh, "I wish my men could have been taught your discipline!" and then, rising from his chair, commenced pacing back and forth before the embrasure, now looking at the silent sentry across the moat, and anon at the two silently pacing soldiers who were his companions in the casemate.

His sole reading matter, a Bible and a prayer book, his only companions those two silent guards, his only food the ordinary rations of bread and beef served out to the soldiers of the garrison—thus passed the first day and night of the ex-President's confinement.

On the morning of the 23d of May, a yet bitter trial was in store for the proud spirit—a trial severer, probably than has ever in modern times been inflicted upon any one who had enjoyed such eminence. This morning Jefferson Davis was shackled.

It was while all the swarming camps of the armies of the Potomac, the Tennessee and Georgia—over two hundred thousand bronzed and laureled veterans—were preparing for the grand review of the next morning, in which, passing in endless succession before the mansion of the President, the conquering military power of the nation was to lay down its arms at the feet of the civil authority, that the following scene was enacted at Fort Monroe:

Captain Jerome E. Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania artillery, entered the prisoner's cell, followed by the blacksmith of the fort and his assistant, the latter carrying in his hands some heavy and harshly rattling shackles. As they entered, Mr. Davis was reclining on his bed, food placed near to him the preceding day still lying untouched on its tin plate near his bedside.

"Well!" said Mr. Davis, as they entered, slightly raising his head. "I have an unpleasant duty to perform, sir," said Captain Titlow; and as he spoke the senior blacksmith took the shackles from the assistant.

Davis leaped instantly from his recumbent attitude, and then his countenance, growing livid and rigid as death.

He gasped for breath, clenching his throat with the thin fingers of his right hand, and then recovering himself slowly, while his wasted figure towered up to its full height—now appearing to swell with indignation and then to shrink with terror, as he glanced from the captain's face to the shackles—he said slowly and with a laboring chest:

"My God! You cannot have been sent to iron me?"

"Such are my orders, sir," replied the officer, beckoning the blacksmith to approach, who stepped forward, unlocking the padlock and preparing the fetters to do their office. These fetters were of heavy iron, probably five-eighths of an inch in thickness, and connected together by a chain of like weight. I believe they are now in the possession of Major General Miles, and will form an interesting relic.

"This is too monstrous," groaned the prisoner, glaring hurriedly round the room, as if for some weapon, or means of self destruction. "I demand, Captain, that you let me see the commanding officer. Can he pretend that such shackles are required to secure the safe custody of a weak old man, so guarded and in such a fort as this?"

"It could serve no purpose," replied Captain Titlow; "his orders are from Washington, as mine are from him."

"But he can telegraph," interposed Mr. Davis, eagerly; there must be some mistake. No such outrage as you threaten me with is on record in the history of nations. Beg him to telegraph, and delay until he answers."

"My orders are peremptory," said the officer, "and admit of no delay. For your own sake, let me advise you to submit with patience. As a soldier, Mr. Davis, you know I must execute orders."

"These are not orders for a soldier," shouted the prisoner, losing all control of himself. "They are orders for a jailor—for a hangman, which no soldier wearing a sword should accept! I tell you the world will ring with this disgrace. The war is over; the South is conquered; I have no longer any country but America, and it is for the honor of America, as for my own honor and life, that I plead against this degradation. Kill me! kill me!" he cried, passionately, throwing his arms wide open and exposing his breast, "rather than inflict on me, this insult worse than death."

"Do your duty, blacksmith," said the officer, walking towards the embrasure as if not caring to witness the performance. "It only gives increased pain on all sides to protract this interview."

At these words the blacksmith advanced with the shackles, and seeing that the prisoner had one foot on the chair near his bedside, his right hand resting on the back of it, the brawny mechanic made an attempt to slip one of the shackles over the ankle so raised; but, as if with the vehemence and strength which frenzy can impart, even to the weakest invalid, Mr. Davis suddenly seized his assailant and hurled him half way across the room.

On this Captain Titlow turned, and seeing that Davis had backed against the wall for further resistance, began to remonstrate, pointing out in brief, clear language, that this course was madness, and that orders must be enforced at any cost. "Why compel me," he said, "to add the further indignity of personal violence to the necessity of your being ironed?"

"I am a prisoner of war," fiercely retorted Davis: "I have been a soldier in the armies of America, and know how to die. Only kill me, and my last breath shall be a blessing on your head. But while I have life and strength to resist, for myself and for my people, this thing shall not be done."

Hereupon Captain Titlow called in a sergeant and file of soldiers from the next room, and the sergeant advanced to seize the prisoner. Immediately Mr. Davis flew on him, seized his musket and attempted to wrench it from his grasp.

Of course such a scene could have but one issue. There was a short, passionate scuffle. In a moment Davis was flung upon his bed, and before his four powerful assailants removed their hands from him, the blacksmith and his assistant had done their work—one securing the rivet on the right ankle, while the other turned the key on the padlock on the left.

This done, Mr. Davis lay for a moment as if in a stupor. Then slowly raising himself and turning round, he dropped his shackled feet to the floor. The harsh clank of the striking chain seems first to have recalled him to his situation, and propping his face into his hands, he burst into a passionate flood of sobbing, rocking to and fro, and muttering at brief intervals, "Oh, the shame, the shame!"

It may here be stated, though out of its due order—that we may get rid in haste of an unpleasant subject—that Mr. Davis some two months later, when frequent visits had made him more free of converse, gave me a curious explanation of the last feature of this incident.

He had been speaking of suicide, and denouncing it as the worst form of cowardice and folly. "Life is not like a commission that we can resign when disgusted with the service. Taking it by your own hand is a confession of judgment to all that your worst enemies can allege. It has often flashed across me as a tempting remedy for neuralgic torture; but, thank God, I never sought my own death but ease, and then when completely frenzied and not master of my actions. When they came to iron me that day, as a last resource of desperation, I seized a soldier's musket and attempted to wrench it from his grasp, hoping that in the scuffle and surprise some one of his comrades would shoot or bayonet me."

A Sad Story.

Some time during the fall of 1861, the 1st regiment of Arkansas volunteers arrived at Bowling Green, Ky., and were assigned to duty as a portion of the army of observation under Gen. Buckner, at that time occupying that place. Among all the gay young officers collected there, no one was more flattered or envied than Capt. B., of the above named Arkansas regiment. Polished and insinuating in his manners, of undoubted wealth and position, courageous and intrepid to a degree, he was a universal favorite with the men, and when we add that he possessed a faultless person, a cultivated mind, and an abundance of assurance, it is scarcely necessary to add that he was the pet and idol of the women.

Prominent in the galaxy of beauties that flocked each evening to witness the dress parade of the various battalions, was a daughter of gallant old Barren county, whom we will call Miss Ida S., whose bright smiles and manifold graces had already fired the hearts of more than one of the brave officers stationed upon this lookout of the infant republic. In an evil hour she fell under the eye of the irresistible Captain B., and in time—to make a long story short—it was noised about that a marriage was on the tapis between the aforesaid dashing Captain and Miss S. So the months wore on until February, when the company to which Capt. B. was attached, was ordered to Fort Henry, and, by agreement—it being understood that the father of Miss S.—was opposed to the match—she proceeded to Memphis to await his coming, upon which event the hymeneal knot was to be tied. There could be no doubt in the mind of the innocent and unsuspecting girl of the truth of her lover's declarations, and she acceded to his wishes, arriving here and stopping at one of the principal hotels—her affianced having supplied her with a sufficiency of cash for her immediate wants. At the battle of Fort Donelson Captain B.—distinguished himself by his reckless bravery, escaped capture, and reached Memphis, where he, with others who made their way out of the net spread by the wily foe, were made hosts of. His visits to his betrothed were resumed, and all bade fair for a happy marriage.

But who shall account for the waywardness of destiny or the fickleness of fortune, or for the frailty of humanity? One after another his fair promises were violated, one after another the joyous hopes of her future were clouded, and—she fell.

"O what may man without him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!"

The false lover—the perjured man—he who had wrought this ruin—returned to his regiment, leaving her the frail victim of his duplicity and lust, to brave the consequence of her weakness or seek a Lethe under the dark waves of the turbid Mississippi. She has not yet taken the fatal plunge, and the gilded walls and loathsome pleasures of a bagnio are her home, and the daily and nightly scenes of her sin-cursed life, here in the Christian city of Memphis, within a stone's throw of the steeples of Cavalry and St. Paul's.

He, the author of her ruin—he, who has brought the drégs of the cup of shame to the lips of an angel, and the gray hairs of a pious father to the grave in sorrow, is a respected citizen of a neighboring State united to a fair woman who, perhaps, little suspects the load of sin that lies upon the head of him whom she calls husband!

Such is a faint picture of real life as it is even now in our midst.—*Memphis Argus, June 5.*

Those of our readers who paid sufficient attention to our story of "Truth Stanger than Fiction," in Thursday's paper (re-published in yesterday's *Gazette* under the heading "A Sad Story"), will probably be interested to learn that the unfortunate victim, having procured a copy of that issue and seen the account published, doubtless became partially deranged from the reflection which a perusal of her own sad experience was calculated to produce, and proceeding to the wharf-boat of Johnson & Wright, foot of Adams street, yesterday, made a desperate and almost successful attempt to drown herself. Through the efforts of various persons who were present, her rash design was frustrated.

It seems that while a number of gentlemen were standing chatting together on the above named wharf-boat a woman

closely veiled, came hurriedly on board, and passing around to a secluded place, removed all her clothing, except a few articles not necessary to name, and plunged madly in the swift flowing river. Instant efforts were made by every person to rescue the unfortunate from a watery grave, and finally, after many attempts, a young man succeeded in extending a pole within her reach, which, we need scarcely say, was seized upon with avidity, and she was brought to shore, more dead than alive, and terribly frightened. She was placed in a vehicle and conveyed to the city hospital, where a course of kind treatment soon restored her to calmness, and she declared that she was the person referred to in our yesterday's article.—[*From the Memphis Argus, June 8.*]

Treatment of Hydrophobia.

A dog, which showed signs of rabies, recently escaped from Mr. Higgs, of Treco, communicating the disorder to other dogs, and doing other mischief. About a month ago a servant girl in Mr. Higgs' service was tying up the dog, when the animal bit her on the right thumb. She experienced no serious results until Tuesday week, when her thumb, and chest became considerably swollen, accompanied with great heat, pain, redness, stiffness and numbness, the arm being so stiff that she was almost unable to move it. Mr. Higgs sent for Mr. Pope, surgeon of this town, who saw the girl on Thursday and found her evidently suffering from hydrophobia, the result of the bite of the dog. On Friday night she became very ill, biting and tearing at almost everything near her, and suffering much from convulsions. She repeatedly declared that she heard the dog growling at her; indeed, she displayed all the symptoms of this dreaded disease. As surgical writers on the subject do not lay down any specific mode of treatment in cases of this kind, Mr. Pope determined to cause profuse salivation in the patient, with the view of neutralizing the poisonous character of the saliva or hydrophobia. This is a course of procedure not often pursued, but its beneficial effects were soon apparent. On Sunday the convulsions and spasms from which the poor girl also suffered, had ceased, and there now appears to be every prospect of her ultimate recovery.—*English Paper.*

IMPATIENT HEARERS.—One Sabbath morning the Rev. Richard Watson, when engaged in preaching, had not proceeded far in his discourse, when he observed an individual in a pew just before him rise from his seat, and turn round to look at the clock in the front of the gallery as if the service were a weariness to him. The unseemly act called forth the following rebuke: "A remarkable change," said the speaker, "has taken place among the people of this country in regard to the public service of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in the service. A sad and an ominous change!"

IS ANIMAL FOOD NECESSARY.—Mr. Curling, seventeen years agent on the Devon estate in Ireland, says: "There are 6,680 persons on the estate. They are energetic, moral and well behaved. I do not remember a crime in seventeen years, not even so much as stealing a chicken. They are contented, graceful people—grateful, even for fair play. Out of 600 farmers, deduct fifty, and the rest do not see a wheaten loaf, or small meat, except at Christmas and Easter. They have been brought up to this custom. One tenant on the Devon estate I have seen sit down to potatoes, buttermilk and Indian meal, who purchased at a recent sale £10,000 worth of property, and did not have to borrow a shilling to pay for it. I believe this to be the usual mode of living in Limerick."

HOW SALT FISH SHOULD BE FRESHENED.—Many persons who are in the habit of freshening mackerel or other salt fish, never dream that there is a right and a wrong way to do it. Any person who has seen the process of evaporation going on at the salt works, knows that the salt falls to the bottom. Just so it is in the pan where your mackerel or whitefish lies soaking; and, as it lays with the skin side down, the salt will fall to the skin and there remain, when if placed with the flesh side down, the salt falls to the bottom of the pan, and the fish comes out freshened as it should be. In the other case, it is nearly as salt as when put in. If you do not believe this, test the matter for yourselves.

An old lady who recently visited Oneida, N. Y., was asked on her return if the canal passed through that village? She paused awhile and answered, "I guess not; I didn't see it; and if it did it must have gone through in the night when I was asleep."

From the *La Crosse Democrat*. Lead him not into Temptation.

Blustering, drunken Ben. Wade, submitted a joint resolution to the Senate a few days since, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, authorizing and directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay to General (we should say Major General) Benjamin F. Butler, otherwise "the Beast," of the moral militia of miserable Massachusetts, the sum of sixty thousand dollars, "in trust," as President of the Board of Managers of the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteers.

We object! We vote "nay" sixty thousand times. What—trust the most notorious thief in the United States with \$60,000? Who will make good the three thousand dollars if Benjamin Butlers on them, and stows them away with the spoons, silver plate and gold? That is what we want to know. Benjamin may be honest—we have heard within a few weeks an affirmative answer to the question, "Can an Ethiopian change his skin?" but we must confess to a doubt concerning the inflexible rectitude of the Haynau of New Orleans.

When we take an observation of that unprepossessing countenance, those flabby, hanging cheeks, the muchly cooked eyes, we tremble for the safety of those thousands of dollars. We once heard of a man "down East" whom a neighbor would not trust with a worthless piece of hoop iron, not an inch square. Desirous of entertaining a charitable opinion of all humanity—even of the Massachusetts kind—andor compels us to observe that we wouldn't trust the heroic exploder of the powder boat and originator of the Dutch Gap Canal with the scales scraped from a piece of hoop iron.

It may be constitutional weakness with Benjamin—he may not be able to conquer it—but honesty is his "poorest hole." The word was not contained in his primer when he went to school—his optics were so awry that he couldn't hear the minister preach it when he visited the "God save the Commonwealth" meeting house—and on his arrival at what should have been years of discretion, he was spoiled for a man, but a mighty nice graduate for a College of pickpockets—the "Artful Dodger" could have gone to school to him, and learned dexterity and thoroughness in "going through" a house or a victim.

For a long time he had no great opportunity to display his peculiar talents—then the war came, and from being a despised and pettifogging lawyer, he bloomed into a first class brigadier general; from thence to a major generalship. While some brigadiers stole cotton, others pianos, some libraries, others silk dresses, Benjamin "went" for spoons and plate. His hearing became so acute while residing in New Orleans that people went down into subcellars and muffled their dollars in cotton before counting them, and his gimlet eyes penetrated the thickest stone or brick walls, and discovered at a glance, just how much plate a "disloyal" family possessed, and what it would be worth in Lynn, Massachusetts. You could not humbug him as to the quality of the plate. He could tell German silver as easy as he could a "loyal" man, and could detect a counterfeit dollar from a genuine as quickly as sound travels.

His brother attended to the cotton and sugar departments of the business, and the worthy Butlers turned numerous "honest pennies." But when the war terminated, Benjamin, the surviving partner of the firm, returned home to declare that after all his "pickings and stealings," he was a poor man—that he had sacrificed his fortune to serve his country! A hard position, truly.

We feel for Benjamin—all "loyal" people will feel for him—as he would feel for our spoons and silver things, if there was only a "military necessity" or opportunity for him to do so. If he is poor, now, it may be an inducement for him to be honest—if he is honest he will be happy—if happy, virtuous—why, then, tempt the illustrious champion "Beast" with chances to defraud soldiers out of \$60,000?

Can it be expected that one whose stony heart was steeled against the sorrows and sufferings of helpless women in a conquered city, will consider, or care for sick, crippled or worn-out men. If he must have anything send him a package of tracts concerning "The Dying Thief"—"Honesty the Best Policy"—"The Reformed and Conscience-smitten Spoon-Stealer." Give him benefit of clergy—opportunities to prepare for eternity. The devil does not want him, and "the Beast" needs much moral improvement to prepare him for the fellowship of the saints. Give Ben. a chance, and save the Treasury \$60,000.

A justice in an Eastern town, better versed in law than Gospel, not long since married a couple in this way: "Fold up your hands. You solemnly swear that you will faithfully perform the duties of your office, jointly and severally, according to your best skill and judgment, so help you God. That's all—fee one dollar."