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poetry.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier. Faith and Hope.

BT P. BENJAMIN GACK.

Down Time's dark and rushing river, Mortal after mortal goes, Parting quickly and for ever. From life's pleasures and its woes.

All must go from their eujoyments, From their glory and their shame; From their honers and employments, To the dust from whence they came.

Man, what art thou ? Canst thou tell me Whence and why thy being came ? Knowest thou, and canst thou tell me. When and where shall go the same ?

All thou knowest is before thee!
From the cradle to the grave;
Thou caust reason—then comes o'er thee
Dark oblivion's gloomy wave.

In the Spring time's enerry breezes, Pass thy earliest hours away, While gay dreams thy fancy pleases Dreams that vanish in a day. Summer comes -and wealth is gotten,

Honors too must form a crown, Soon to rot and be forgotten— Soon to wither and go down.

Winter reigns—and pale and breathless
Lies thy form among the dead!
But the Spirit strong and deathless—
Tell me, whither has it fled?

Oh! the mystery of thy being Thou canst never comprehend! But the Mighty and All-Seeing Knows its destined aim and end.

Trust Him who in mercy gave theo Heritage so bright and fair. And H a boundless love shall save theo From the portals of despair.

Faith and Hope be thine forever!
Thine to shirld thy soul from fear,
Till the hand of death shall sever
All the claims that bind there here!

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

The Author-Hero of the Revolution.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was in the time when a band of Rebels sate in Carpenter's Hall, when the smoke of Lexington and Bunker Hill was yet in the sky, and the undried blood of Warren and all the martyrs was yet upon the ground, it was in this time, in the blood-red dawn of our Revolution, that a scene of some interest took place in the city of William

yonder, and behold that solitary flinging its dim light through the shadows of a neatly furnished room.

Grouped around the table, the glow of the lamp pouring full in their faces, are four persons-Boston Lawyer, a Philadelphia Printer, a Philadelphia Doctor and a Virginia Planter.

Come with me to that lonely room. Let us leat ourselves there. Let us look into the facel of these men-that man with the bold brow and resolute look is one John Adams, from Boston; next to him sits the calm faced Benjamin Rush; then you see the marked face of the Printer, one Benjamin Franklin, and last of all your eye rests upon a man distinguished above all others by his height, the noble outlines of his form, the solemn dignity of his brow. That man is named Washington-one Mr. George Washington, from Mount

And these men are all members of the Rebel Congress. They have met here to talk over the affairs of their country. Their conversation is deep-toned-cautious-hurried. Every man seems afraid to give free utterance to the thoughts of his

Confiscation—the gibbet—the axe! These have been the reward of brave men before now, who dared speak treason against his Majesty by the grace of God. Therefore, is the conversation of the four patriots burdened with restraint and gloom.

They talk of Bunker Hill, of Lexington, of the blood-thirsty British Ministry, of the weak

and merciless British King.

Then, from the lips of Franklin, comes the great question : Where is this war to end ! Are we fighting only for a change in the British Ministry ? Or-or-for the Independence of our native land ?

There is silence in that room,

Washington, Adams, Rush, all look into each other's faces, and are silent.

Round to England by ties of ancestry-language -religion-the very idea of separation from her

seems a blasphemy. Yes, with their towns buent, their people mur-

dered-Bunker Hill smoking there, Lexington bleeding yonder-still, still these colonists cling to the name of England, still shudder at the big word that chokes their utterance, to speak-In-DEPENDENCE. At this moment, while all is still, a visitor is an-

rounced. A man somewhat short in stature, clad in a coat of faded brown. He takes his seat at the table, is introduced to these gentlemen by Franklin, and then informed of the topic under discussion. Look upon his brow, his flashing eye, as in carnest words he pours forth his soul.

Washington, Adams, Rush, Franklin, all, are

husbed into silence. At first, the man in the brown coat startles-horrifles them with his political

But as he goes on, as his broad, solid brow warms with fire, as his eye flashes the full light of

ter is specias of the land house see. swell into countless millions—her Navy, that shall Army. whiten the uttermost sea-her Destiny, that shall stride on over the wrecks of thrones, to the Universal Empire of the Western Continent!

They rise round that table ; they press that man I hey had round that table; they press that man in the brown coat by the hand—nay, Virginia-Planter, Washington, grasps both his hands, and in a voice deepened by emotion, begs him for the sake of God, to write these words in a book! A book that shall be read in all the homes, and

hundered from all the pulpits in America. Do you see the picture, my friends?

That man in the brown coat, standing there lushed, trembling, with the excitement of his own thoughts—that splendidly formed Virginia planter on one side grasping him by the hand, those great-souled men encircling him on the other, John Adams, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin. Their gleaming eyes shine with one will and read on the great cloud of the Future this one word—INDEPENDENCE 1

Let this scene pass : let us follow this man in the brown coat through the year 1775. The day after this scene that modest Virginia

planter, George Washington, was named Com-mander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies.

And in the summer days of '75 that man in the brown coat was seen welking up and down in front of the Old State House, his great forehead shown in full sunlight, while, with his hands placed behind his back, he went slowly along the pavement. Then he would hurry to his lonely garret, seize the quill, and write down the deep houghts of his brain.

Then forth again for a walk in the State House Square-up and down under these old trees, he wanders all the afternoon-at night, there is a light burning in yonder garret window-what see

A rude and neglected room-a man short in stature sitting beside an old table, with scattered slicets of paper all about him—the light of an un-snuffed candle apon his brow—that unfailing quill in his hand!

Ah, my friend, you may talk to me of the sublimity of your battles, whose poetry is bones and skulls, whose glories are like the trophies of the butcher's shambles—but for me, there is no battle so awfully sublime as one like this, now being fought before your eyes.

A poor, neglected author sitting in his garretthe world, poverty, time, space, all forgotten—as with his soul kindled into one steady blaze, he plies that fast-moving quill. That quill writes down words on that which shall burn into the brains of kings, words like arrows, winged with fire and pointed with vitriol.

Go on, brave Author, sitting in your garret, alone at this dead hour go on on through the silent wotches of the might, and to a historing a fall like breeze of June, upon your damp brow.

Go on, in the name of God and man, for you are to stand forth the same of God and man, for you are the brown coal

the brown cost.

State House Square. The process him with scorn. Yet he was thinking great rank and feet at the claims of pride or thoughts, which would cat away the throne of that wraity do not imerical with those of friendship? Tory king! The Tory, the vulgar rich man, the results is the claim of pride or the cost of the cost the small dog in office, passed him by with scorn, the small dog in office, passed him by with scorn, but men of genips took him by the arm, and called him brother. The yonder! There in a lonely garret, night after night, burns that solitary lamp, think himself happy in your society, and instead happy and have on till break of day. burns and burns on, till break of day.

At last the work is done. At last, grappling the loose sheets in his trembling hands—trembling self your friend, and cheerfully assist you to sup-because feverish from the toil of the brain—he port the burdens of your afflictions? When sickrushes forth one morning. His book is written; it now must be printed—scattered to the homes of scenes of the world, will he follow you into your America. But look ye, not one printer will touch gloomy abode, listen with attention to your tale the book, not a publisher but grows pale at the of sympathy,' and minister the balm of consolasight of those dingy pages. Because it ridicules tion to your fainting spirit! And lastly, when the British Pope; ridicules the British Monarchy; death shall burst as under every earthly tie, will because it speaks out, in plain words, that nothing he shed a tear upon four grave; and lodge the now remains to be done but to declare the New dear remembrance of mutual friendship in his

This shocks the trembling printers—touch such a mess of treasonable stuff—never! But at last a printer is found, a bold Scotchman, named Robert Bell. Write that name on your haven. Bell. Write that name on your hearts, for it is worthy of all reverence! He transformed those loose pages into type, and on the 1st of January, 1776, COMMON SENSE burst on the people of the New World like a prophecy!

Yes, that book bursts on the hearts and homes of America like a light from Heaven.

reads it to his people, and scatters its great truths lightning are made manifest to bur senses. with the teachings of revelation.

"It burst from the press," says the great Doctor Rush, "with an effect which has been rarely produced by types or paper, in any age or country!"
Ramsay, in his History of the Revolution, and

fact that this book was a most important cause of the separation from the Mother Country. Thomas Jefforson, Joel Barlow, George Wash ington, unite in their praises of this work. Long after its publication Jefferson sent a Government ship to bring the author home from France;

Washington invited him to the shelter of his own home ; Barlow described him, yes, the man in the brown cost, "One of the most benevolent and disinterested or mankind, endowed with the clearest and the greatest breadth of thought." In August, 1785, after the battle was fought and

the Empire established, Congress, in a solemn the great men of the Revolution.

This book was the cause and fore-runger of the Declaration of Independence.

In this book, for the first time, were written these great words : "The free and Independent States of America."

Let us follow this man in the brown coat thro

them by the camp fire, with them in the hour of

Why is he with them?

Is the day dark-has the battle been bloody-do he American soldiers despair? Hark! that printing press yonder, which moves with the American camp in all its wanderings, is scattering pamphlets

through the ranks of the army.

Pamphlets - written by the Author-Soldier: a soul roused into all its life, as those deep, ear; the midnight fire, or amid the corses of the dead. lence.

Army. Tell me, was not that a saldime eight, to see man of genius who might have shone as an orator, a poet, a novelist, following with untiring devo-tion, the bloody-stamped forsteps of the Conti-

nental Army? Yes, in the dark days of 'b, when the soldiers of Washington tracked their potsteps on the soil

of Trenton, in the snows of Trinceton, there, first among the heroes and patrios, there, unflinching in the hour of defeat, writing his "CRISIS" by the light of the camp-fire, was to Author-Hero of the Revolution.

Yes, we will look into the half-clad ranks of Washington's army, we will be hold each corporal surrounded by a group of sodiers, as he reads aloud the pamphlets of the Author-Soldier. What hope, what joy, what energy gleams over tee veteran faces, as words, like these, break on the frosty air-

"These are the time that try men's souls. The this crisis, since of service of his country; but he that stands it nov, deserves the love and thanks of men and women. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered, jet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more

glerious the triumph."

Do not words like these stir up the blood? Yet can you imagine heir effect, when read to groups of starved and bleecing soldiers, by the red watch-fire, in the cold air of the winter dawn ?

Such words as these stirred up the starved Continentals to the attack on Trenton, and there, in the dawn of that glorious morning, George Washington standing sword in hand over the dead body of the Hessian Rohl, confessed the magic

influence of the Author-Hero's pen.

The vilest enemy of this Author-Hero, a base hireling of the English Court, ves even he, Atheist, Blasphen er, Libeller of Jefferson, and Franklin, and Madison, as he was, even he, a thing so small in his soul that his very masters were ashamed of him, as forced to confess that—"The cannon of Washington was not more formidable to the British, than the pen of the author of Common Sense."

Is there a heart that does not throb at the name of the author of the Declaration, Thomas Jefferson, the Statesman-Hero of the Revolution?

And do your hearts throb at the mention of his name, and yet refuse to pay even the tribute of one solitary pulsation of justice to the memory of his brother-patriot, his forerunner in the work of freedom, the Author-Hero of the Revolution-THOMAS PAINE ?

Character of a True Friend.

Concerning the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove to your ar back ? Will be dare second: But though patronized and raised to in-

of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy

Source of Electricity.

The earth is the great rejervoir of electricity. from which the atmosphere and clouds receive their portion of this fluid. It is during the process of evaporation that it is principally excited. and silently conveyed to the regions above; and It is read by the Mechanic at his bench; the also during the condessation of this same vapor Merchant at his desk; the Preacher in his pulpit the grand and terrific phenomena of thunder and

In order to form a correct estimate of the immense power of this igent is the production of electricity, we must bring to our view the quantity of water evaporated from the surface of the earth. and also the amount of electricity that may be his brother historian, Gordon, solemnly state the developed from a single grain of this liquid. According to the calculations of Cavallo, about five thousand two hundred and eight million tons of water are probably exaporated from the Mediterranean Sea, in a single sumper's day. To obtain some idea of the vast volume of water thus daily taken up by the thirsty heavens, let us compare it with something rendered more apparent than this invisible process. President Dwight and Professcr Darby, have both estimated the quantity of water precipitated over the falls of Niagara at perception, an uncommon share of original genius, more than eleven millions tons per hour. Yet all the water passing over the catract in twenty days would amount only to that accending from the Mediterranean in one day. More recent estimates resolution, stamped the author of Common Sense make the mean evaporation from the whole earth with their approbation, as one of the greatest of as equal to a column of thirty-five inches from every inch of its surface in a year, which gives ninety-four thousand four hundred and fifty cubic miles, as the quantity continually circulating thro the atmosphere.

THE END OF PRUDENCE .- The great end of Let us follow this man in the brown coat thro' the scenes of the Revolution.

In the full prime of carly manhood, he joins the army of the Revolution; he shares the crust and the cold with Washington and his men—he is dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments of diswith those soldiers on the toilsome march, with guises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless en cumbrances, and to lose all effect when they be-come familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is, in-deed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed written sometimes on the head of a drum-or by for show in painted honor and fictitious benevo-

This celebrated English post, was born Describer 9, 1608. He was intended by his father for the church, but he expressed an aversion for the ecclesiastical profession, and by degrees drew dis satisfied with the established form of church government. When he left Cambridge he returned o his father, who had settled with a competent fortune at Horton, near Colbrook, in Buckinghamhire, and in this retirement he laboriously devoted himself for five years to reading the purest classics in Greek and Latin. Here likewise he produced his Comus—L'Allegro—Il Penseroso and Lycidas, poems of such untrinsic merit as would have transmitted his fame to the latest period of time, if he had written nothing besides. On his mother's death, he obtained his father's permission to travel abroad, and in 1638, he embarked for the continent, attended by one servant. From Paris, where he was introduced to the great Hugo Grotius, he proceeded to Nice, and by sea to Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and then to Florence, where he spent two months, respected and beloved by persons of emmence, rank, and tearning. His next visit was through Sienna to Rome, where he passed two months, delighted with the vast treasares of the Vatican, and honored with the kindness and civilities of Cardinal Barbarini, Holstenius, and other learned men. From Rome he went to Naples, and formed the design of visiting Sicily; but the disturbed state of affairs at home engaged now all his attention, and he determined to hasten back. In 1641, he published some paraphlets; in which he vented his virulence gainst the church, and supported the republican principles of the times. In 1843, he married the daughter of Mr. Powell, a justice of peace in Oxfordshire; but as she had been educated a firm royalist, this union proved unhappy, and after liv-ing with him about a month, she left him; and would not return. Disgusted with this conduct; the poet thought he might be permitted to take another wife; and he not only wrote some strong his invitations, relented, and throwing herself at his feet; obtained his forgiveness and reconciliation, in 1645. His talents were too great to be neglected and therefore he was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and in this office he answered the Icon Basilicon, by his Iconoclastes, 1649, and two years after published his celebrated work against Salmatius, Pro Populo Anglicano Defens o, which not only spread his fame through Europe as an elegant Listinist and able disputant, but procured for him from the government, a present of one thousand pounds. About this time he lost his eye-sight, which had been gradually decaying from his severe application to his studies; but he nevertheless continued zealous and active in the support of his principles. In 1662, his wife died, soon after the birth of her

tourth child, and some time after; he married a

..... his safety, on the restoration, he concealed himself in a friend's house in Bartholomew-close; but though his sentiments and his active conduct had marked him out at first for destruction, yet by the interest and influence of his friends, especially Sir Andrew Marwell, Davenant, and others, who respected his learning and his abilities, while they detested his principles, he was included in the act of amnesty, and permitted to appear in public. Though reduced in his circumstances by the restoration, he refused to accept the Latin secretaryship which was honorably offered him by Charles II., and he devoted nimself earnestly to the completion of his great poem, on which he had already bestowed much abor. He was assisted in his literary pursuits by Thomas Ellwood, a quaker, who acted as an amanuensis, and daily visited him. In 1665, during the plague, the poet retired to a small house at St. Giles, Chalfont, Buckinghamshire, and while in this place, he was visited by his friend, into whose hands he put his Paradise Lost, now finished, and modestly requested his opinion. Ellwood read the work with approbation, and in returning it to the poet, told him he had read much about Paradise Lost, but, added he, what hast thou to say of Paradise Found? The hint was not lost Paradise Regained was begun, and afterwards when visited by Ellwood, Milton presented him the poem which originated in his conversation. It is singular that the poet considered Paradise Regained as a superior performance to Paradise Lost, but posterity have decided otherwise; and this matchless poem, which long remained unknown from the prejudice entertained against the author, gradually rose to notice, to fame, and immortality. The critique opened the eyes of the nation, and in banishing prejudice, liberally proved that however violent the publications of Milton were, howand however blameable in some parts of his political life, yet his merits as a poet cannot be affected; he must shine as the greatest ornament of the British Isles, and in the ranks of immortality, be placed by the side of Homer, of Virgil, and of lasso. Milton died in the beginning of November, 1674. It is supposed that Milton drew his dea of his great work from an Italian tragedy on the Loss of Paradise, on which he originally intended to compose a tragedy; but as his matter enlarged, his genius gave it the form of an epic poem. His Samson Agonistes was written after he Greek model, but is unfit for representation the Comus was first acted for the benefit of his grand daughter, Mrs. Clark, a widow, in indigent sircumstances, and the public support was earnestly solicited by a prologue from the nervous pen of Dr. Johnson. The prose works of Milton are numerous and highly respectable. Besides his political tracts, he wrote a History of England, (quarto), down to the conquest-Areopagitica, or the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing-Letters-History of Muscovy, a Treatise on Christian Doctrine, and some other works. The person of Milton was fair, so that he was called at Cambridge, the lady of Christ-college; his hair was ight-brown, and his features exact and pleasing. He was of the middle size, well proportioned, nervous, and active ; but his constitution was ten der, and his health consequently weak. Though he did not inherit much from his father, yet frugality maintained him in a respectable manner, and at his death he left about fifeen hundred pounds besides the value of his household goods.

There is a great difference between the power

We are not disposed to be misunderstood upon this question. We believe that the South and Southern institutions have to undergo a severer trial, in connection with this subject, than any they have had yet to encounter; and it becomes the carefully examine and weigh minutely the several polits involved in its discussion. The advocates of a protective tariff—the Whig journals of the South—are unanimously pressing the adoption of manufactures as a system upon a people whose position, climate, soil, and peculiar kind of labor nake it their paramount interest to continue their agricultural pursuits. Let the farmers and planters of the Southern States be seduced from those avocations which God and nature have allotted to the "American System," or the deceptive gew-gawry of extensive machine shops, and continuous ranges of the white cottages of factory operatives. and the other paraphernalia which invest these looms and spinning jerinies, and a fatal blow will have been struck at Southern capital and pros-

From the South Caroliniani

The introduction of manufactures as a system in the Southern States, we are convinced, will effect disastrously our institutions: In the first place, it would be calculated to create prohibitive restrictions upon foreign manufactures; it would drive from our marts the products and capital of other countries, and the inevitable result of such a course would be the complete prostration of commercial interests. The city of Charleston, and other Southern seaport towns, would speedily feel its effects in the depreciation of every species of property; their harbors would be deserted, and their markets glutted with manufactures, for which no sale would be found. This most certainly would recoil upon the people of the State; and a another wife; and he not only wrote some strong tracts in favor of divorce, but paid his addresses to another lady, of great wit and beauty. This had due effect; and his wife, after long despising his invitations, relented, and throwing herealt tal of our citizens: and as such must be employed and invested in that manner which yields the greatest remuneration, consistent with our happiess and advancement as a people. Experience has taught us that the appropriate department for that labor is agriculture; and this fact alone is sufficient to outweigh all the plausible arguments of the manufacturing protectionists here or elsewhere. We have no such population at the South establishments: their place is filled by another race. And any unprejudiced mind will see at a glance that one of two consequences must follow xtensive system of manufacturing forced upon us, now: Either manufacturing with our species of labor must depreciate their value as property, and therefore render their employment in that department ultimately less profitable, or they must be driven but to make room for the other kind of labor; by which alone Southern manufactories can come into successful competition with those of the North Nor Note, ben Littler would unqueste would prove an-

Another point to be examined is, how would the carrying out of this system affect the Northern people? Would the employment of that labor which they are now trying to render valueless and unprofitable—in a department which comes in immediate conflct with their interests, render them more friendly to this institution ! Would it not rather increase their hostility, nerve anew their energies against us, and, in all probability afford their whole people such a bond of union as would enable them to strike a fatal blow at our institutions? We defy any argument to prove the negative of this question. And as it is of the highest importance to the people of the South, both in a political and social point of view, to preserve intact their rights under the Constitution, and maintain inviolate the conservative principle of that institution upon which entirely depends their prosperity as a people, their soler judgment must condemn any change in their general policy or industrial pursuits. In connection with this point, ve remark, and we think that statistical facts will bear us out in the assertion, that the institution of slavery has invariably receded before the advance of a wide-spread system of manufacturing. If his be true, and none familiar with the history of Northern progress will doubt it. the conclusion is self evident that our institutions must be injuriously affected by the adoption of this system. It is but proper, therefore, to warn those who are in hot haste to fasten a favorite and cherished system upon our people, that they may have cause to repent of their being instrumental in the down-fall of Southern prospeaity, and of unintentionally aiding and abetting the enemies of our institu-

We have invariably been the advocates of in-dustrial pursuits, and a diversity of them among our people ; but this is a subject entirely different from that which now occupies our thoughts. We want each branch of industry left to its own resources and energies: feeling assured it must eventually be well sustained and encouraged by our people. The industrious and skillful mechanic must ever be recognised in all enlightened communities as one of its principal members; and the greatest evil we have to lament is, that industry, in many of its avocations, is not held in proper esteem among us. This senseless prejudice must vanish before a well ordered system of popular education and enlightenment. But that all branches of mechanical art may flourish, it is absolutely necessary that our agricultural interests be cherished and sustained, and not be displaced by the revival of exploded theories.

We love FREE TRADE as an American citizen. because all its tendencies are to develop the immense resources of our country, and add to its greatness; we love it moreover as a Southerner, because it is the true policy for the cotton planter; and we cling to it too as an element of strength against all the assaults of interested or fanatical opponents to our rights and institutions.

An Inisit Bui.t .- Two Irish friends, had, from requent practice, arrived at a hight point of stealng. One, having appropriated a goose, was on he point of being condemned by a jury for theft. hen the friend appeared and swore that the bird was his, and had ever been since it was a gosling, and the prisoner on this was acquitted. terwards, in the course of calling the ingenious witness was himself arraigned for stealing a gun. "Don't be onasey," whispered the former culprit.
"I'll release you." Thereupon he stepped into of giving good advice and the ability to act upon the witness box, and holdly affirmed that the gum I was his "and had been ever since it was a pistol."