

CAROLINA SPARTAN.

CRIME AND SUICIDE.

Since our last issue, a case involving circumstances of deep and exciting interest has been developed in our very midst—exciting in every detail from the beginning, but doubly more so in the tragical issue.

Our readers will remember to have seen, some time since, an advertisement in the Watchman, by our townsman Col. E. J. Moses, of two slaves who were missing from his premises. Their long absence, which could not be accounted for on the score of any provocation or indignity offered them, or of any expressed dissatisfaction on their part, taken in connection with the mysterious disappearance, some time before, of a negro boy of another one of our citizens, soon induced the belief in the minds of most persons that they were stolen.

Various circumstances fixed the suspicions of the community upon a particular individual. The matter was kept silent, however, for some time, until at last, after some fishing, a sufficient clue was obtained to warrant a gentleman of our town in taking a trip to the town of Americus, in the lower part of Georgia. Arrived there, he was not long in discovering the person to whom they had been sold, and in identifying the negroes. The purchaser, Mr. Hooks, upon being convinced that he had been victimized, readily yielded them up, and, upon the suggestion of the gentleman who had gone in quest of them, consented to return with him to this place. They arrived here on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst. After some delay in making out the necessary papers, Mr. Hooks, accompanied by our efficient sheriff and others, strolled by the new store of Byrd & Louis. It was brilliantly lighted up, and was filled with a jolly company. Immediately and without hesitation, Mr. Hooks declared that in the person of William Friendly Byrd he recognized the individual from whom he had purchased the slaves. The sheriff then entered the store, accompanied by a friend of Mr. Hooks. Telling him that there was some dissatisfaction about the titles to certain property that he had sold, he was easily persuaded to make confession of judgment. It is said that he understood the allusion to be to another transaction; but of that we cannot speak. This accomplished, the sheriff produced a warrant, arrested him on the charge of negro stealing, and lodged him in jail. The Grand Jury returned a verdict of "true bill" on the indictment on the next day, and the prisoner was at once arraigned. But, at the request of his attorneys, the trial was postponed until Monday.

In the meantime Capt. Frierson, the sheriff, observed every precaution for the safe-keeping of the prisoner. He was confined in a dungeon and chained to the floor. There are no iron cuffs for the ankles in the jail, and accordingly it was necessary to bind a common chain about his ankle and secure it with a padlock. It will be seen at a glance, that it is impossible to adjust the unpliant links very closely to the limb without injury to it. Still, he was thought to be securely bound. This was deemed necessary, at first, from several considerations, but especially so afterwards, when there were good reasons to believe that he mediated mischief upon himself. A note to his wife, written in pencil, on the margin of a newspaper, was intercepted. In it, he implored her to send him strychnine or laudanum, saying that he wished to die; that the whole world was against him; that the sheriff had confined him so closely that he could see no one out of his presence.

On Monday morning, when the jailer opened the door of the cell to give the prisoner his breakfast, he was startled with a horrid spectacle. Suspended from the iron grating of the window, with a sheet twisted into a rope and tied about his neck, was the unfortunate man—dead. By dint of hard squeezing, of which his feet suffered from the loop of the chain. The rest was easily done. He climbed to the window, fastened the sheet to one of the bars; passed a slip-knot over his head; tied his feet; secured his hands behind his back with a handkerchief; and leaped to the floor. Immediately upon the discovery a physician was called in, but he was beyond the reach of remedy. Miserable man! A jury of inquest was unspanned by Coroner Nettles, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the circumstances that we have detailed.—Spartan Watchman.

A LETTER FROM BARNUM.—Barnum thus writes to the editor of the Providence Journal: "I have no desire to extenuate my faults, but I never knowingly wronged any man. My husbands were gotten up more for the fun of the thing than anything else. I always strove to make my patrons feel that they got their money's worth, and if they thought they did, they did, for as a man thinks, so he is. I loved to make money, but not better than I loved to spend it. I gave \$20,000 per annum in charity for the last ten years, and if I had not been a fackler, impulsive and capricious, I should not have been ruined. I have paid and secured all my personal debts, offered checks and creditors \$100,000 to erase my name from all Jerome paper, but they have proved bigger asses than I was, for they, by refusing it, locked up my property, forced me to immense sacrifices in order to pay my private debts, and thus they get nothing from my estate, and I lose all."

"I have no ambition to 'try again,' for what the use, when \$400,000 are hanging over my head? I can always earn my living, and shall try for nothing more. It is hard at my time of life to lose all, but I trust I can muster sufficient philosophy to enable me to bear up under it."

"LAY OF MACDUFF."—The editor of the Spartanburg Express and "Viator," a correspondent of the Spartan, are engaged in a sharp and pungent discussion upon the State appropriation to the South Carolina College. "Viator" recently published a communication in which he adverted to the institution, and handled it with "gloves off." This called forth a defence of the institution from the Express, and the result is a lively and interesting discussion. Our sympathies are with Viator, and we rejoice that the discussion of the subject has been commenced. We are always open to conviction, and if the friends of the institution can sustain the expediency of the present appropriations, we for one would join in with them, and forever after "hold our peace." But this has not been done, and with all respect to the talent and ability of the opposite party, we doubt if it can be done.—Anderson Gazette.

Judge Butler and his Accusers.

It is sought to be made fashionable in South Carolina just at this time to arraign our esteemed Senator, Hon. A. P. Butler, for inconsistency of conduct and impurity of motives. Beside the studied attacks of the Evening News and Charleston Mercury, philippics have lately been fulminated against him from Columbia and from Unionville. One or two other minor machines have caught up the javelins hurled by their bettorgrown models, with the vain desire to bring down the towering eagle from his pride of place. It is gratifying to see that these efforts have fallen in their incipency and are likely, if they produce any effect whatever, to recoil upon those who originated them.

What has been the political crime of Senator Butler? No question seriously implicating either the honor or the interests of his State has here demanded that he should speak out with the authority of a leader and a guide. The policy of going into the Cincinnati Convention is to be agued, and has been argued, as a matter of propriety and good sense. No issue is necessarily involved in it that should call forth from our congressmen warnings of peril at hand. It is accompanied by no dangers from without nor symptoms of revolution within. It is a peaceful measure of State policy, threatening neither our happiness nor our reputation. And as such we hold it to be one of those matters upon which it would be well for the people to decide for themselves. The head and front then of Judge Butler's offending has been that, while leaving his high-minded and intelligent constituency to adopt such action in the premises as their patriotism might suggest, he has yet ventured advice for the purpose of imparting to any delegation South Carolina may send to Cincinnati as much responsibility as can be given to it by the judgment and influence of our most experienced citizens. Where is his delinquency of duty here? Where his inconsistency? Judge Butler has not from the first given encouragement to a representation in the Democratic Convention. And still he has regarded it as one of those things from which he might withhold his assent, and in some measure aloof, at least to the extent of refraining from any uncalculated official pronouncement against the views of a large and respectable portion of his people. In private he has spoken his sentiments candidly upon this subject. Before leaving for Washington in November last we heard him thus express himself. And we doubt not, if he had been properly called upon, that his views would have been readily given through the press at any time. If some of his fellow-citizens choose now to regard his omission to push his opinions on this question before the people of South Carolina (asked or unasked) in the light of a heinous delinquency, a far greater number of them, we are sure, will approve his discretion and sustain his course.

Some men there are in South Carolina who are continually croaking about the falling off of good principles and good manners in our State, and yet, when occasion prompts them, they can exhibit evidences of as rapid declension as the rest. It has been a custom amongst us, call it "time-honored" if you like, to reverence age and integrity, especially when connected with long and laborious public services. And yet for slight cause, it is now attempted to impugn the motives of as noble and distinguished a heart as ever beat for the honor and weal of the Palmetto State; and this, too, when the individual is one whose life and strength have been well-nigh exhausted in the employment of that State. The demonstration needs no comment.

We make no charge of unworthy intentions upon those who have thought it right thus to assault our Senator. They are gentlemen, above all trickery and dishonesty. But, unwittingly, they are inflicting upon an old servant a grievous wound—a wound of the spirit, which might perhaps go further towards bowing his gray hairs into the grave than all the toils of many years. And we call upon them, by every motive of Palmetto fellowship and Palmetto generosity, to desist their ill timed attacks.—Elginfield Advertiser.

An exceedingly interesting case has been decided by the United States Supreme Court. Win. Wells was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hung. President Fillmore granted him a pardon in these words: "Sentence of death is hereby commuted by imprisonment for life in the penitentiary of the District of Columbia." This pardon was formally accepted by Wells, and now his counsel contend that "the President has no power to grant conditional pardons—that the pardon is absolute and the condition void." The case was carried to the Supreme Court from below on appeal.

This is the first time that the Executive prerogative to grant pardons was ever brought under review by the highest federal judiciary. The Court decided that the power must rest somewhere, or the political morality of the government would be most imperfect. The constitutional power must be construed with reference to the laws and customs in force at the date of the constitution; and hence the words of the constitution convey to the mind the pardoning power as exercised by the Crown of England. Both here and there the word pardon means the same thing, as has already been decided by this Court; and the power to grant is unlimited, and may be coupled with any conditions not of themselves unlawful. If the conditions be not complied with by the criminal, then the pardon is void. The same powers extend to the Governors of States unbridged by statute.

Justice Curtis gave a dissenting opinion on the point of jurisdiction. As the judgment of the circuit court was final in a criminal matter, it was absurd in the Supreme Court to review the proceedings of a court whose judgment it could not change.

To select eggs containing male or female chickens: If female birds are required, select the roughest and bluntest shaped eggs, but for males, the longest and most pointed. Another, by the position of the air cell at the butt end of the egg; those may be selected that will produce the male sex; in these the air cell is in the centre of the end. If the cell be a little on one side, the egg will produce a female chicken. The position of the air cell is easily discovered by holding the egg between the eye and the light.

The summer residence of Mrs. Amelia Haile, (says the Camden Journal of the 15th.) near town, was consumed by fire on Friday afternoon last, together with considerable furniture, and three or four fat horses, fowls, &c.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER BALTIC.

New York, April 17.—The steamer Baltic has arrived, with Liverpool dates of the 2d.

Peace has been formally proclaimed, amid salves of artillery, at London and Paris. Paris was illuminated, and in England the church bells were pealed. Four weeks will elapse before the ratifications are exchanged. The treaty was signed at 12 1/2 o'clock on Sunday, the Emperor having previously given his final instructions to Count Walewski.

The English Parliament would reassemble on the 21st. Lord Palmerston, in answer to a question as to the conditions of the treaty, replied that they would not be made public till ratifications were exchanged, at the same time expressing the opinion that the terms would be satisfactory to England and to Europe.

Lord Palmerston said that the objects of the war had been fully accomplished. The integrity and independence of the British Empire had been secured, and a treaty honorable to all parties effected. The news of peace was duly bonneted in England by official demonstrations, but the people received it with no enthusiasm.

The state of siege in Parma continued, everything being under the dictation of the Austrian Governor—over 800 arrests had been made.

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

Our highly respectable reformer of female attire, seeming disposed bashfully to decline the honor of her own bright invention, her followers have rashly denominated her masculine progression towards the trousers a Turkish costume. The women of Turkey are proverbially the most modest in the world. But Mrs. Bloomer's somewhat extraordinary compound of breeches and petticoats does not resemble the extremely modest disguise in which Turkish ladies are wont to muffle themselves in the street. A principle dearer to every Turkish woman than her hopes of heaven is scrupulously to veil her face from the eyes of every man, save those of her own husband. This lesson she earliest learns; religion and fashion unite in impressing it on her after years, and she preserves it through life most sacredly. Appearances in Turkey are as much thought of as in more civilized countries. If thus modest about her face, it is scarcely necessary to say how religiously she hides other portions of her person which the innate delicacy of every female must tell her should be concealed. With her face mysteriously bandied up, the Turkish woman is, in public, enveloped in a long shawl or gown. And yet worthy Mrs. Bloomer persists in calling that immodest emanation from her own brain a Turkish costume!

I cannot agree with the great prophet of the East as to the propriety of muzzling her in a pretty woman's face than in any other mundane article of the same dimensions that I am aware of. No man can gaze upon it without being better. And it is altogether too much like "hiding a light under a bushel" to reserve as great a blessing to every society as I regard a lovely female face for the exclusive gaze of any one man, were he forty times a husband. Really I think a purely female woman acts upon a community of men like alum on our Mississippi waters—sending all the sediment to the bottom. But there are some things about a woman—her legs, for instance—that I would as sacredly guard as Mahomed himself from all eyes except those of her husband. These Mrs. Bloomer seems bent on exposing to the indecent comments of the vulgar.

I have reverence for a petticoat; it is a mystic garment whose influence over me renders almost on the supernatural. There is virtue in every stately fold; there is respectability in its very length; and I would not for a whole regiment of Bloomers have one impressive inch curtailed. "There's such divinity doth hedge" a petticoat that even brutal minds are awed in its presence. Its elastic ruffle strikes more terror into a coarse heart than the combined laws of God and man. It is absurd to talk of its inconvenient length, of its sweeping sidewalks and swabbing up gutters. For more than two centuries our grandmothers have worn petticoats with dignity to themselves and honor to their country. And who is Mrs. Bloomer that she should give them up now? The brightest of our country's virtues is the chastity of every woman, and a petticoat is its natural safeguard. I would make a petticoat one of our national emblems; I would have it revered with the stars and stripes; for surely the respect it has always inspired in every class of our countrymen has contributed more than all else to our civilization.—Mississippi Paper.

LOUIS NAPOLEON WHILE IN NEW YORK.—A French exile, named Tineili, residing in Brooklyn, who was an associate of Louis Napoleon when he was in New York, is out in a letter in which he denies that the Prince stopped at a hotel in Hoboken and lived extravagantly there, or that he was ever committed to the Tombs. The latter "institution," he says, was not even in existence when the Prince was in the United States. We quote the material portion of the letter.

"From the day of his arrival, until that of embarkation upon the packet ship Independence, the 28th of June, 1837, Louis Napoleon lodged at the Washington Hotel, situated in Broadway, in the place where the magnificent store of Stewart now stands. There he received and sometimes entertained at his table—besides Count Arce, one of his most intimate confidants—a very small number of friends: Messrs. Confalonieri, Forastri, Maroncelli, Hackett, Penget, Lacoste, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, and some others. He led a very retired and remarkably regular life, not even accepting the invitations with which he was incessantly besieged. He only made exceptions for the soirees of Madame Marchion Livingstone, whose family he particularly esteemed, and of Madame Lannon, who assembled once a week the elite of the French society.

"Far from leading the life that is imputed to him, the Prince occupied himself on the contrary with serious labors and projects. A short time before he left, he asked me to plan for him a great agricultural establishment, for he had the intention of buying lands and locating upon them a little French colony. This design was not fulfilled, only because the bad news which he received of the health of his mother required his immediate departure."

"I am not, sir, in your behalf, to assure you that if you do not consent, in peace or in war, to do as I desire your country's honor, you will always receive the welcome punch—Sweet dove, then good and faithful servant!—from virtuous women, than which no crueler reward could be more grateful to the heart of the brave and the good man.

In emulation, I bid you, one and all, welcome—three welcome—to the hospitalities of our town.

The Spartan.

SPARTANBURG.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1856.

THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY.

This corps, whose visit to the Corpsus has been so long the prominent thought among our citizens, reached our town on Saturday a little after noon.

Five miles out a special messenger, previously dispatched for the purpose, met them, and communicated the facts connected with their reception, and returned with information of their distance. At once the Committee of Arrangements was on the road, and came up with the corps three miles from town, where the company was halted for a rest. After repose for an hour the line of march was resumed, and within a mile of the village the Committee of Reception, on horseback, at the head of which was Brig. Gen. Edwards, was drawn up in line. Salutes were exchanged in passing. The Infantry being formed into line on the right of the Committee, Gen. Edwards was introduced to Capt. Hatch, and imparted to him the preparations in words of welcome, in substance, as follows:

CAPT. HATCH—I am pleased to form your acquaintance. We are appointed, sir, by the citizens of our town to welcome you, and your gallant company to the hospitalities of the same. I know too well the fatigue your company have necessarily endured to detain you with idle remarks. But, sir, allow me to say in behalf of our citizens, we feel proud that they are attracted to our District, which have offered an inducement to the men of the several regiments to lay aside for a time the implements of life's warfare, and pay us a visit in the mountains. We hope it will be a profitable one, not only to yourself, but to you, that it may be a means of kindling the fires of patriotism which should always burn on the altars of our hearts. We flatter ourselves, sir, that we are not strangers to that spirit which inspired our forefathers, and nerved their arms for the victory won on the very field to which you are now marching. And we hope to demonstrate the truth by a cordial welcome to every soldier.

Then, sir, allow us to conduct you to our public square, where a formal reception awaits you in the presence of our citizens, and we expect the pleasure of introducing your married ladies to our married ladies, and your young men to our young men, where the toils of the camp will be forgotten, and every soldier feel that he has at least a temporary home.

Taking the right, the Committee escorted their guests to the Palmetto House, where, under the waving folds of the State Banner, and puzas lined with the grace and beauty of our ladies, and a host of citizens, a formal welcome awaited our honored guests.

Maj. Legg, Lieutenant of the Town, introduced to Capt. Hatch Maj. J. D. Wright, who thus addressed him:

Captain of the Washington Light Infantry: It becomes my pleasing duty, in behalf of the citizens of Spartanburg village, to tender to you, and to you, the members of your company, the hospitalities of our town.

We do not propose to salute you with the dash of glittering swords, the roar of cannon, or the display of colors, as some victorious army returning to receive you as an army with banners, and to meet our common country's foe. But, sir, we extend to you the cordial hand of welcome from far more pleasing considerations than any drawn from the pride and circumstance of glorians war could inspire. We desire to see you, to preserve in the spirit that prompted your visit amongst us, and to meet our common country's foe. But, sir, we extend to you the cordial hand of welcome from far more pleasing considerations than any drawn from the pride and circumstance of glorians war could inspire. We desire to see you, to preserve in the spirit that prompted your visit amongst us, and to meet our common country's foe.

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To which Capt. Hatch responded substantially as follows:

Mr. Speaker—Sir: We would be wanting in those feelings of pride and gratitude which should characterize the true Carolinian could we do else than thank you for your kind and generous reception. From our first approach to your village we had evidence of the cordiality with which we would be welcomed. A few miles from here we were first met by a single messenger who kindly invited us to your town; a little further on, a few more with smiling faces greeted us; and again, on the edge of your beautiful village, a still larger company met us to escort us in; and now, sir, we are received here not only by a large crowd of gentlemen, but where grace and beauty meet us with their soul-reviving and heart-cheering smiles to welcome us among you.

To the ladies we always feel under the deepest obligations. That flag, sir, which we are pledged to preserve, was presented to us by a lady, which adds additional value in our estimation to that which it merits, having waved over many a victorious field.

For the manifestation of your kindness, and the complimentary manner in which you have extended it, we thank you in the fulness of our hearts, and we thank you.

On the conclusion of these remarks a spontaneous call, amid a shower of bouquets, was made upon Lieutenant Simons, who promptly stepped to the front, saying:

"I am not so vain as to attribute this call upon me to any merit on my part, or any partiality on yours toward me individually, but only as a member of the Washington Light Infantry; in whose behalf permit me again to return you your sincere and cordial thanks, feeling assured that you will sympathize and co-operate with us in the object of our mission, and to assure you that whatever of toil and suffering we may have endured in our march hither, we are amply repaid by mingling and conversing with the fair and well-checked daughters of the mountains to-night at the entertainment which I understand is to be prepared for us."

The Infantry then gave three hearty cheers for the people of Spartanburg and a like number of enthusiastic ones for the ladies. This compliment was returned heartily for the Infantry and the honored flag they bore, when the company was escorted to their camping ground, to which many of our citizens repaired.

In the evening, under escort of the Committee of Arrangements, the Company repaired to the Palmetto House, where a social entertainment awaited their participation. The room was filled with the beauty and virtue of Spartanburg, and judging from the many encomiums of the Infantry, the enjoyment was complete. At a quarter past 10 o'clock the company adjourned to the supper room, where two elegant tables were spread with meats and confections in rare perfection, and it is not easy to say how much to give to Mr. Finley, the host of the house, credit for adding the climax to the pleasures of the evening, and we should feel in duty to omit mention of the fact. About eleven o'clock the party separated, the soldiers retiring to their camp and the ladies and citizens to their homes.

But, judging from certain sure indications, we shall feel no surprise should the ensuing summer bring back to us several of our Charleston friends.

On Sunday morning our guests attended service at the Methodist Episcopal Church, and listened to one of those eloquent and practical sermons for which Rev. Whitford Smith, D. D., is so justly distinguished. Rev. Mr. Kelly, presiding elder of the district, invited Dr. Gilman to a seat in the pulpit, and at the close of the sermon Dr. Smith requested him to conclude the services, which he did. This attention to the venerable chaplain was peculiarly gratifying to the recipient and his company, and made pleasant impressions of the christian charity of our Methodist friends.

In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Gilman, chaplain of the company, preached to them and a large congregation in the Presbyterian Church, the use of which had been kindly granted for the occasion. The unassuming modesty of the speaker, the didactic and chaste style of the sermon, and the fervent prayer breathed throughout, impressed his audience most favorably, and left impressions time can hardly obliterate, and which must be remembered in eternity.

On Monday morning, at 8 o'clock, the Infantry left for the Corpsus Battle ground, where they arrived between four and five o'clock. The route being pitched on the right, and close to the road, they at once commenced laying the foundation of the Monument with rock previously provided for the purpose. When we reached the ground on Tuesday morning the structure was advancing with great industry. Each Infantry man had his allotted work, and labored with zeal to push forward the generous enterprise that won the company to their weary march. At two o'clock p. m., the shaft, crowned by the gilt eagle, was placed in position, and was saluted by the Infantry and the large concourse with three times three, and the booming of cannon from the Corpsus Artillery and the rolling of drums. The Company and many guests then repaired to a well-spread lunch, on the conclusion of which, in full parade dress, the Infantry were formed around the Battle Monument, to inaugurate it with proper solemnity and ceremony.

As the work had a two-fold character—pious and patriotic—the venerable Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Gilman, after a few happy prefatory remarks, beseeching commendable praise upon the company for their patriotism and sacrifices in thus perpetuating, by an honorable testimonial, the recollection of the brave deeds of our ancestors, read a portion of the 27th chapter of Deuteronomy, the appropriateness of which he remarked upon. This will be sufficiently apparent from the following verses:

"And it shall be on the day when ye shall pass over Jordan into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, that thou shalt set thee up great stones, and plaster them with plaster: And thou shalt write them all the words of this law, when thou art passed over, that thou mayest go in unto the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, a land that floweth with milk and honey, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee."

This was followed by a fervent prayer to God for his blessing upon the work, and the perpetuation of the greatness, glory, and happiness of our beloved country.

Then W. D. Porter, an ex-captain of the Light Infantry, then addressed the multitude in commemoration of the event. The erection of a monument by a single military company was a circumstance unexampled in the history of any corps, and challenged the admiration of the State and country.

When Senator Porter had concluded, loud calls were made by the Infantry upon Ter. J. G. Landrum, who responded in a speech of considerable length and deep interest. He traced the movements that preceded the battle, and corrected and harmonized legend with history in such manner as to afford greater satisfaction to those who exhibited by their presence from the sequestered absorbing veneration for this battle-field. A speech was also made by Dr. Bruns, a member of the corps, followed by the singing of an ode, called the "Banner Song," already so extensively circulated among the people of our District as to render its republication unnecessary this week.

Leut. T. Y. Simons, jr., then recited an Ode, written on the occasion by Dr. Samuel Henry Dickson, which closed this branch of the exercises.

The Infantry, to gratify the immense concourse of spectators, then exhibited the perfection of their drill and skirmishing evolutions, on the completion of which (about 4 o'clock) they took up the line of march for Greenville, where they expect to arrive at noon to-day.

We have omitted many pleasant and interesting details connected with the day from want of time to dwell upon them, and pass lightly over the speeches only from a knowledge that they will appear in full in the Charleston Standard, and ethnographic reporter was on the ground and took copious notes. The appearance of these, we shall await for a subsequent issue, and thus do justice to the several speakers.

Before final separation the citizens of Spartanburg gave three cheers for the Monument and three for the Infantry, and Mr. Landrum pledged Spartanburg to the erection of an iron-railed enclosure to protect from injury the noble monument left to the custody of our District by the Washington Light Infantry.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

On a solid foundation rises an octagonal base of concrete, composed of shell and sand from Fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor. Capping this is an eight-sided slab of white marble from which springs a cast-iron shaft, surmounted by (as we have been told) an English bombshell, on which is perched a golden eagle. The several sides of the marble slab bear the following inscriptions in gilt letters:

"WASHINGTON."

"MORGAN."

"HOWARD."

"Fort Moultrie, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Eutaw Springs—our Heritage."

"PICKENS."

"To the Victors of Cowpens: we enjoy the result of their struggles, let us emulate the virtues which secured it."

THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

A CORRECTION.

Messrs. Editors: In my communication of the 10th inst., published by you, I made a remark in relation to the Hon. Richard DeTreville, and following the statement of the journal to which the article was a reply, I stated that Mr. DeTreville was a graduate of the South Carolina College. A moment's reflection would have caused me to recollect that Mr. DeTreville was a graduate of West Point, New York; a fact I had learned more than a dozen years ago, from a class-mate of that gentleman.

I am in receipt of a private letter from one of the most distinguished men of the State, whose name I am not at liberty to publish—a mutual friend of Mr. DeTreville and mine—from which I make the following extracts:

13TH APRIL, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have just read your article in the Spirit of the 10th, under the signature of 'Viator.' With respect to Mr. DeTreville you have made a mistake. You say 'and Mr. DeTreville was elected to that office, and he was a graduate of the College,' &c. He is a graduate of West Point. Had he been a graduate of the South Carolina College, I think he would have been elected Attorney General, during the canvass, that he would be better because he was not, and his opponent was, a graduate of the College."

"I sent my sons to the South Carolina College for the reason which influenced Maj. Henry to send his son there. It was a grinding academy. I had many objections to the College, but they were on account of the expense, and the extravagant habits which boys are apt to acquire there, but because I do not think the education so perfect, or thorough, as that which is to be obtained at some other College. But as I supposed in after life, not merely on account of the expense, and the extravagant habits which boys are apt to acquire there, but because I do not think the education so perfect, or thorough, as that which is to be obtained at some other College. But as I supposed in after life, not merely on account of the expense, and the extravagant habits which boys are apt to acquire there, but because I do not think the education so perfect, or thorough, as that which is to be obtained at some other College. But as I supposed in after life, not merely on account of the expense, and the extravagant habits which boys are apt to acquire there, but because I do not think the education so perfect, or thorough