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BY F. M. TRIMMIE

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Speech of Hon. S. S. Cox.
At the great Washington meeting in support of the President, that distinguished Democratic statesman, S. S. Cox, formerly of Ohio, delivered the following speech. It presents in the most succinct manner, the great issues now before the country, and the position of the Northern Democracy:

Mr. Cox said that the Hon. Mr. Stevens, whose age and brains entitled him to respect, incidentally remarked the other day in his seat that there were "Earthquakes about!" [Laughter.] In the volcanic regions these terrible phenomena are preceded by strange rumblings and eruptions of fire, ashes, and smoke! [Laughter.] The worst crime enacted on this star was accompanied with violent quakings of the earth. St. Matthew tells us "the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, and the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of saints which slept arose and came out of their graves after the resurrection, and went into the holy city and appeared unto many." Without wishing to arrogate any saintship, it seems cheerful to see so many brother Democratic saints coming forth from their graves and appearing unto many this day! [Laughter.] Salvation, we learn, came out of the very agonies of nature. [Cheers.] If our crucified land shall see salvation, it will be through the rending of party veils and party rocks [cheers]; the separation of the good from the bad, the conservative from the revolutionary. The signs in the sky, after the strange commotion, broken a united, peaceful and happy land again! [Cheers.]

What has done all this? Simply the attempts of the President to see that the "laws be executed." He would execute the supreme law, the Constitution. He has exercised the power given him in the Constitution, and as a part of the Legislature disapproved of one of its revolutionary measures. This veto power was placed in the Constitution for wise purposes. It is a check from the President of the people upon the representatives of the States and people. He was bound as an honest officer to veto what he thought was inconsiderate and hasty, unwise and unconstitutional. If he has done this with respect to one of the least objectionable measures of the Radicals, what will he do, and what sort of quakes will follow the future vetoes?" "If this be done in the green tree what will be done in the dry?"

The Radicals would seem to have been a little negligent in this matter of amendments to the Constitution. They have only proposed some thirty seven; but notwithstanding all the promissory symptoms of a veto no one proposed to abolish that. Wonderful thought of sagacity! Terrible lack of forethought! It remains, and while it remains, and Johnson lives, there will be hope! Let the quaking go on—frail tenements tremble; we ghosts of departed Democracy now come forth and appear unto many, and while we pay our taxes are privileged to speak. [Laughter and cheers.]

The country is in the path to peace and Union! It seems to me that the very sky is bluer, the air more blithe; the flowers and grass are shaking off their winter lethargy and peeping above the earth to greet the shine of the spring dawn. The veto which Jackson used for one class of malcontents and mischief-makers, his heroic successor has used for another—Even Nature rejoices! It is not that I rejoice with nature in the coming of this better and brighter day because he has vetoed this Bill about the black charities. In the hands of a just Executive it might not have been so bad, however unconstitutional and impolitic. But it is because, in his message, he has drawn the line of separation between himself and the disunionists—not in the question of black benevolence, but of white liberty and State existence and equality. [Cheers.]

Mr. Raymond, in his paper of the 21st, refers to the "exultation of a faction who see in the veto the establishment of an irreparable breach between the President and the Union party." He says they will be disappointed, as some measure on this freedmen's business will yet be coddled up upon which the President and Congress may agree. I am one of the exultants in this breach, and I hope no such coddling

will be accomplished. It will result only in unmixed harm—

1st. Because any Bill about freedmen will be impolitic and despotic, unsuited to our system of Government. The reasons against this Bill just vetoed are equally strong in time of war or peace against the existing law. When the present law was first introduced on the 17th February, 1864, by Mr. Elliott (who is one of the pegs in the national shoe for our mortification and discipline), I had the pleasure to give it the first gentle tap to test its soundness. It was objectionable then, because it was founded on confiscation, on mistaken humanity, on a heresy as to our system of Government; because it usurped powers not belonging to the Federal Government; because corrupting and extravagant; because the Government should not go into the philanthropic line of business, and because there was "no warrant in the Constitution to establish such clemency system." If bad in time of war, how utterly senseless and ruinous to both black and white in time of peace! This the President demonstrates with a practical sense and statesmanship that should commend him, as it does, to the popular favor. [Cheers.]

It is no part of my wish now to discuss this vetoed measure. It is full of objections as Congress is of malice. First. It is bureaucracy against Democracy. Second. It disturbs the relations of the owners and laborers of the land. Third. It makes a class of Government dependants for charity and employes for greed. Fourth. It is a war measure. Fifth. It is ruinously expensive at a time when retrenchment is needed. Sixth. It aggrandizes power in the direction of the centre, and to do this steals it from the people and the States. Seventh. It is a gratuity and premium on laziness, shiftlessness and crime. Eighth. It is a system unsuited to peace or civil life. Ninth. It is the hypocritical offspring of "all uncharitableness," professing to be founded in charity; worse than Pagan hate formalized and crystallized.

But I rejoice in this veto, not so much because this Bill is defeated. It shows that Mr. Thaddeus Stevens & Co., reckon wrongly when they count on Executive aid to keep up the disunion of these States. Mr. Stevens may be, as I am informed, holding a commission from the devil, with a supply of saltpetre, [laughter] and matches to make a little hell on earth [laughter]; but he has no business to intrude his diabolic system upon this lacerated and torn nation. The people crave peace and union. [Cheers.] They do not favor this cry of Pennsylvania and New England to increase the national debts so that more tariff duties can be robbed from the people. They do not wish such unexampled power to be given, even to a good Executive, who like another Washington refuses to accept it! They want the States restored, and with them the old order and good will. They hail Andrew Johnson as their savior from the factionists in Congress. He will not prove faithless! [Cheers.]

Let us not underrate this conflict. Radicalism will die hard. It has many wild inspirations and elements of success. It is organized compactly in phalanx, both in Senate and House. The President, God help and bless him, [cheers] stands like a rock against them. Some of his Cabinet, Mr. Seward among them, will be to night in New York to defend their chief. They will reach the popular sense. Cheers for Ward Beecher in his noble dedication of his eloquent voice to the offices of peace and Union! Let the people move. [Cheers.] Let party be forgotten. The one million eight hundred thousand Democrats, for whom consciously I speak as the great reserve corps in this struggle, are with the President. [Cheers.] The next Congress will show their earnest devotion to the Union.

This scheme which is vetoed is a portion of the great conspiracy against the Union. It is an insult to every Union soldier. It would pollute every drop of blood spilled for the Union. It dishonors every heroic grave in the land. It is a party scheme gotten up by this Congress for the perpetuation of its power. The President has foiled it. By the Radical programme, the States are to be kept out until after 1868. But if Andrew Johnson lives, these States will live and vote. [Cheers.] Their votes will be counted! Mark that! Let the Revolutionists beware! The guillotine fell with a sharp edge on its inventor!

The conflict now is between Bureaucracy and Democracy [cheers]; between the Rump and the Executive; between State existence and State destruction; between Constitution and anarchy; between liberty ordered by law and liberty disordered by Radicalism; between Union and Disunion; between perpetual peace and incessant agitation. [Cheers.] Let the people rally to the work of the President, and give him their whole hearted confidence and aid! He has ignored himself, ignored power, refused the tempting lines of added patronage, upheld the fasces of the Republic, and he will have the voice of the people thundering in his favor! [Cheers.]

Confession of Starkweather, the Murderer.

Albert J. Starkweather, it will be recollected, was accused of murdering his mother and sister last summer. His trial has just closed at Hartford, and a verdict of guilty rendered. An attempt has been made to prove him insane, on the ground, chiefly, that he had no motive to commit the horrid crime. But it appears, from a confession just made, that he had a motive. A young lady whom he sought as his wife—Miss Emerett Campbell—had suggested to him that his business embarrassments rendered it improper that he should marry. To remove his impression from her mind, he decided to her certain property. This was displeasing to his mother, who had it in her power to render one of the deeds void. This she did in the manner detailed below; and the assumed motive for the murder was to get possession of the entire property of the family, and thus remove the seeming obstacle to his marriage. The Hartford Courant publishes the following as the murderer's:

CONFESSION.

In the early part of the week preceding the homicide, his mother, he said, came to Hartford and executed a deed to him of the homestead. Previously (in 1862) she had delivered to him a deed of a lot, containing sixty-three acres, though the deed had never been recorded. In giving him the deed of the homestead, she had required him to give in return a mortgage note for fifteen hundred dollars in favor of Ella, his sister. On the Saturday following, he said, he went to Rockville, and, securing the services of a lawyer there, had the sixty-three acres of land, given to him in 1862, and the homestead which had just passed into his possession, deeded by a warranty deed to Emerett Campbell, thus disposing to her of all the estate to which he held title. On his return home that evening he stopped at Mr. Campbell's house, and gave the deed to Emerett, (as stated by her in the testimony. When he reached his own house he told his mother what he had done, and she, very faintly, censured him for doing what she pronounced to be a very foolish act, and expressed herself in strong terms. She finally told him, however, that if he was willing to take the deed of the place, as previously agreed upon, and let the note of \$1500 in favor of Ella stand as it was drawn, and would keep the deed in his own name and live on the premises, the arrangement she had made with him with regard to the property might remain binding, and if Emerett would marry him she could come there and live; but if he chose to treat the matter as he had—deeding away all he was worth—he should not have an inch of the ground. The words quoted are precisely those used by her, as stated by Starkweather in the confession. He told her that he would do nothing of the kind—would not take back the deed he had given to Emerett—and then accused her of interfering with his own and Miss Campbell's arrangements. Some further conversation, of an excited character, ensued, which resulted in his mother going and getting the deed and note (which were in her possession) and tearing them up in his presence. "High words followed, and I told her," said he, "that I would be revenged." [The destruction of the deed and note, it will be observed, rendered the deed he had given to Miss Campbell totally valueless.] "From that time," he added, "until the time of the murder, the idea of killing mother did not leave my mind." He said he thought of it constantly—all night Saturday, and Sunday, and Sunday night, and all of the following day, "and the more I thought of it the madder I grew," were the words he used. Monday night he made up his mind to do the deed, as a favorable opportunity was presented by the absence of the hired man and boy. His mother and sister sat up to a very late hour, as they were frequently accustomed to do. Toward morning, about 3 o'clock, the house became quiet, and he took the axe from the wood-shed, and the knife from the drawer, and proceeded to the bed chamber of his mother, up stairs. On getting there he immediately struck her blows upon the head with the axe, and in so doing startled his sister Ella, who was lying in the back part of the bed, and she sprang up and jumped towards him! He did not expect to kill her, but awaking as she did, and as he supposed, seeing him, he was led to knock her in the head in order to put her out of the way, that she might not be a witness to the crime against him. To make certain work he used the axe freely, and then stabbed his victim with the knife. Having done this much, he says he knocked his head against the wall, and made a bruise on his forehead, and one on the side of his face, and then took his jack knife from his pocket and cut his shirt, and his breast, so that the story he had decided to tell, relative to his being assaulted by two

men might be believed. After this, in order to cover up the crime, he set fire to the beds, particulars of the finding of which by Mr. White, to whose house the murderer repaired and gave an alarm, have appeared in the testimony of that gentleman.

Spanish Insurrections.

The recent revolt in Spain gives interest to the following account of former insurrections in that country, which we find in the *Paris Siecle*:

It is a sort of Castilian appanage to wish to be free and independent, and to proclaim one's opinion sword in hand. We will not go back to the days of Cid and the pronunciamiento of former times, but will confine our remarks to those of former times. The staff of the Spanish army consists of ten Marshals (Captains-General), of whom five are honorary, the King, the Infantes and the Duke de Montpensier. The five others, Espartero, Duke de la Vittoria; Narvaez, Duke de Valencia; Gutierrez de la Concha, Marquis del Duero; O'Donnell, Duke de Tetnan; and Serrano Dominguez, Duke de la Torre, have all taken part in celebrated insurrections.

If they have fought the enemies of their country, they have also chiefly owed their elevation to the energy with which they have combated their rivals. Among the generals commanding the different arms, the most illustrious, General Ros de Olano, Marquis de Gaudy Gela; General Zavala, Marquis de Sierra Bullones, who is now pursuing General Prim; General Dulce, Marquis de Castellforte; General de Messina, General Genaro Quesada, and many others, have also shared in pronunciamientos. All those risings have not triumphed; but it must not be supposed that a man is ruined forever through having failed once. Some few generals have been shot; but most of the vanquished have only been exiled. On the other hand if a man does not always succeed on the first attempt, it is seldom he is not more fortunate in a second.

Thus Narvaez, after his first, in 1838, was exiled, and took refuge in Paris; but in 1842, while still in that capital, he organized a vast conspiracy with the money of the exiled Queen Regent. He landed at Valencia, passed between all the generals who were watching for him, July, 1843, entered Madrid in triumph and recalled Maria Christina. In commemoration of this successful attempt he was made Duke of Valencia, where he first touched land.

Marshall O'Donnell, now President of the Council, had long conspired against Espartero before directing the famous rising of 1854. After his success on that occasion, he mercilessly crushed, in 1856, those of Madrid, Barcelona and Saragossa, directed against himself, and only secured his power after the days of the 14th, 16th, 18th and 22nd of July, for a very short period. Narvaez again became Prime Minister. Marshall O'Donnell resumed what might be called the Grand Viziership in 1857, and he then gave General Prim an opportunity of distinguishing himself by his side in Morocco. Notwithstanding his laurels of Tetuan, he was compelled to see Marshall Narvaez take precedence of him in 1864, and did not re-enter the Ministry till July, 1865.

The power of the chiefs of Spanish insurrections is not always of long duration. Thus Espartero (by whom we ought to have commenced) after his first rising in 1852 in favor of the innocent Isabella, passed eight years in combatting Carlism before he found an opportunity to take the first place. This occasion arose on his second revolt in 1841, when he became regent in the place of Maria Christina. But his companions and rivals, Serrano, Lopez and Cabellero, pronounced against him; Narvaez landed at Valencia, as already stated; Espartero was obliged to fly to England for a refuge. Returning from exile, he again became the head of the Progressist party, and after the rising of 1854 was made President of the Council. But O'Donnell, his rival, compelled him to resign in 1856, and the risings then made in his name were put down, so that the Duke de la Vittoria might now be called the Duke of Defeat, if real and great services rendered to Spain did not protect his name from outrage. It is not impossible that he may yet be in power again, notwithstanding his advanced age. The above facts will show that many illusions are entertained respecting pronunciamientos. They are the life of Spain, and will continue to be so until a strong civil Constitution shall place the conduct of its own affairs in the hands of the Spanish nation.

Imparting pleasure is like putting money out at interest; it benefits both the lender and borrower at once. No one can be really and truly happy unless others sympathize and share that happiness.

A person was boasting that he was sprung from a high family in Ireland.—"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

Turner Ashby.

The New York World of the 16th ultimo, contains a graphic and interesting sketch of "General Ashby—the partisan," by "J. E. C." which all will at once recognize as the initials of that vigorous and charming writer, John Esten Cook, Esq., of Virginia. His description of General Ashby's appearance is as follows:

"What the men of Jackson saw at the head of the cavalry from March to June 1862, was a man rather below the middle height, with an active and vigorous frame, clad in plain confederate gray. His brown felt hat was decorated with a black feather; his uniform was almost without decorations; his cavalry boots, dusty or splashed with mud, came to the knee, and around his waist he wore a sash and a plain leather belt, holding pistol and sabre.

The face of this man of thirty or a little more was noticeable. His complexion was as dark as that of an Arab; his eyes of a deep rich brown, sparkled under well formed brows; and two-thirds of his face was covered by a huge black beard and mustache, the latter curling at the ends, the former reaching to his breast. There was thus in the face of the cavalier something Moorish and brigandish; but all idea of a melo dramatic personage disappeared as you pressed his hand, looked into his eyes and spoke to him. The brown eyes, which would dash terribly in battle, were the softest and most friendly imaginable, the voice, which would thrill his men as it rang like a clarion in the charge, was the perfection of mild courtesy. He was as simple and friendly as a child, in all his words, movements and the carriage of his person. You could see from his dress, his firm tread, his open and frank glance that he was a thorough soldier—indeed he always 'looked like work'—but under the soldier, as plainly was the gentleman. Such in his plain costume, with his simple manner and retiring modesty, was Ashby, whose name and fame, a brave comrade has truly said, will endure as long as the mountains and valleys which he defended. * * * Apart from what he performed, he was a personage to whom attached and still attaches a never dying interest. His career was all romance—it was as brief, splendid and evanescent as a dream—but, after all, 'twas the man, Turner Ashby, who was the real attraction. It was the man whom the people of the Shenandoah Valley admired so passionately, rather than his glorious record. There was something grander than the wonderful achievements of this soldier, and that was the soldier himself."

Marvelous Cave Story.

At St. Joseph, Mo., correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says that a wonderful cave has been found in the bluffs about a mile above St. Joseph, which has been explored by some of the leading citizens of the place.

Provided with all things necessary, they entered the cavern about 10 a. m. and were gone until 4 p. m., when they returned, expressing the greatest wonder, and relating marvels too strange almost for credence. Before proceeding very far they came to a vast and splendid chamber, whose ceilings and sides were adorned with various stalactites of every form and hue, and transparent in their brightness. Fish and beasts and human forms were represented by this brilliant accretion, and massive curtains of it, brilliant in hue, were pendant from the ceiling and hung heavily around the walls.

Passing through this vast chamber, they found themselves in a sort of grotto, whose sides were formed of crystal columns, and whose arched ceiling resembled a gorgeous bow of diamonds. Emerging thence, they beheld another hall vaster than the first one and far more gorgeous in all of its appointments. Here were niches, columns, recesses, fountains, all arranged as if by the hand of some great artist; and what was stranger still, a sort of low melody seemed to fill all the space. The last they attributed to the murmur of a crystal streamlet, which leaped from a portion of the wall, and ran into a recess over glittering pebbles. On one side was a raised platform of pure white marble, extending the entire length of the room; and on this platform they discovered a human skeleton of gigantic size, and in excellent preservation. Its length, from head to feet, was thirty-eight feet six inches. They could not measure the circumference of the head, but it was immense, they should image about six feet. Two of the teeth were dislocated, and these they brought to town, and I have seen. They are now on the counter of the office of the Pacific Hotel, for general inspection. One of them is ten inches in circumference, and the other about six. It is almost impossible to imagine an animal large enough to use such masticators.

A high standard—an elevated aim—this is the safe-guard of character, and the main-spring of excellence. This makes the skillful mechanic, the enterprising merchant, the useful citizen, the learned jurist, the eloquent orator, the wise statesman.