



as the night the day, thou can't not then be false to thy man!

To thine own self be true, and it must follow,

WALHALLA, S. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 11, 1869

BY ROBERT YOUNG & CO.

VARIETY.

[From the New York World.] Our New Minister to Spain.

DANIEL E. SICKLES.

The appointment by President Grant of Daniel E. Sickles as Minister to Spain, vice John P. Hale resigned, has occasioned so much comment that we print below a sketch of certain portions of his career that have from time to time been brought in public notice.

Daniel E. Sickles was born in this city in October, 1821. When he was old enough to be put to some useful employment he was taught the printer's trade, which he followed for several years. As he emerged from boyhood he took part in ward politics, and soon became notorious in all the mysteries of ballot-box stuffing, running primaries, and manipulating voters at the polls. His manner of life brought him into several denigrating scrapes. In 1837 he was indicted in the Court of Sessions in this city on a charge of false pretences, but the matter was hushed up, through political influences. A few years later he was arraigned before the same court on a charge to pay over certain misappropriated funds to one Moore, who was the plaintiff. In December, 1846, he was indicted by the Grand Jury on a charge of grand larceny. The offence charged against him was that he had taken a mortgage, entrusted to his care in his father's office for delivery to Keuble & Co., and sold it, appropriating the money to his own use. He was tried for the offence, and acquitted on the plea of the statute of limitation.

In the meantime, Sickles had studied law, and had received admission to the bar in 1843. His activity in local politics was rewarded by a nomination for the State Assembly, in 1847, and this was followed by his election. At this time he was living with Fanny White, the keeper of a notorious house of prostitution in Mercer-street, and it was the current belief that she supported him with the wages of her shame. A curious incident took place which brought his name before the public in no available light. There was a milk bill due at the bagnio of Fanny White, and early one morning, when the milkman called for the payment, Sickles' mistress took the money from his pocket and gave it to a servant girl to settle the claim. The money proved to be counterfeit, and the servant girl was arrested, and on the trial all the facts came out.

During the session of the Legislature, Sickles took Fanny White to Albany and introduced her in the Assembly Chamber. This scandalous conduct created a great deal of indignation, and the House by a vote passed a censure upon the act. In 1862 there was a bitter fight in this city over the office of Corporation Counsel, Robert J. Dillion and Nelson J. Waterbury being the opposing candidates. The friends of Waterbury prepared a circular addressed to voters, which was enclosed with a ballot in an envelope, and taken to the Broadway Post-office for delivery. Sickles belonging to the opposing faction, and when he got wind of this, gathered his roughs about him, and with several carriages drove to the post-office. He charged the building, captured it, and tearing open the mail bags, carried off the obnoxious documents. He was arrested upon the charge of robbing the mails, but as usual, the matter was hushed up and never came to trial.

In 1855 Sickles was elected to the State Senate. He took a conspicuous part in that body in fighting the Albany Bridge Bill, and also in defending the Trinity Church Corporation in the contest over their property. The statement has been made that he received \$10,000 in each of these cases for his influence. At any rate he was living the following year at the rate of \$30,000 per annum, which was a remarkable change for one who had been comparatively poor but a short time since.

His Senatorial career was cut short by his nomination by the President as Secretary of Legation to London. It is understood that Mr. Buchanan, then Minister to England, solicited this appointment, and it was made against the protest of Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State, who, as an old New Yorker, had had occasion to know a great deal about the appointee. The new Secretary of Legation carried his characteristic failings with him to England, much to the annoyance of his chief. He borrowed money freely, and in return gave drafts on the United States Treasury. The Secretary of the Treasury at the time, Mr. Guthrie, refused to honor these drafts, and when at last Mr. Buchanan was obliged to send Sickles home, the disappointed creditors, among whom were some lordlings and men of fashion, followed him, and in vain importuned him for payment.

Upon reaching New York from his foreign exploits, Sickles again plunged into politics. He procured the nomination and election to Congress from one of the lower districts of this city. His opponent contested the seat, and it was charged in the public prints that Sickles imported voters from Brooklyn, and affidavits to that effect were printed. He was distinguished for nothing during his first term, save the expression of ultra pro Southern and pro-slavery sentiments, all of which he repudiated when the war opened a better chance in another direction. He was re-elected to Congress in 1858, and it was during the latter part of this term that he became an actor in the most terrible and disgusting tragedy that has stained the annals of the national capital.

The circumstances of this affair, as appeared upon the trial, were these: Mrs. Sickles, who was the daughter of a woman with whom it was alleged Sickles had once maintained a criminal connection, resided with her husband in Washington. There through an introduction by her husband, she became acquainted with Phillip Barton Key, a gentleman of culture and address, who became a frequent visitor to Sickles' house, and the acquaintance with Mrs. Sickles eventually ripened into criminality. It is said that Sickles knew or suspected of this intimacy. At any rate, it was the common talk in the city long before he took measures to avenge his "disobedience." An anonymous note addressed to him, with details of Mrs. Key's crime, roused him to action. It appears that eighteen hours after the receipt of this note, and when, as the prosecution afterwards contended, he had had ample time to cool off from the first effects of the dreadful disclosure, he sallied out with a friend, and finding Key at the corner of Lafayette place, near the Club House, slaughtered him where he stood. This was on a Sabbath afternoon, as Key was on his way home from church. Sickles shot him with a revolver in the groin. The wounded man took refuge behind a tree, crying out, "Don't shoot me." "Don't murder me," Sickles followed him up, and shot him again. He fell to the sidewalk, and for a moment rested his head upon his arm. Sickles then stood over him and shot him in the breast. Just then Butterworth came up, and touching Sickles on the shoulder, advised him to desist. Sickles took his friend's arm, and the twain walked away. The murderer exhibited the utmost coolness during the entire affair. Key never spoke after the third shot. He was taken into the Club House and expired in a few moments.

The murder took place February 28, 1860, and the trial came off in the following April—just ten years ago. It lasted from the 4th to the 26th, and created great excitement both in Washington and throughout the country. A great array of counsel appeared for the defendant. Among them were Edwin M. Straton, James T. Brady, John Graham, Reverdy Johnson, Thomas Francis Meagher, and Colonel Phillips of Alabama. The Hon. Robert Ould, now of Richmond, Virginia, conducted the prosecution, assisted by Mr. Carlisle. Towards the close of the trial Mr. Ould endeavored to introduce testimony as to Sickles' previous bad character, but it was overruled. The court-room was crowded with his New York friends, who made boisterous demonstrations in his favor, and the rulings of the judge were nearly always in his favor. Brady and Stanton made elaborate arguments for the defence, and when the jury rendered an acquittal, a scene followed rarely witnessed in a court house. The people went wild with cheers, one of the counsel kissed the liberated man, and another sat down and wept. Sickles was carried in triumph to his home, and a band of music in the evening serenaded his counsel, and would have serenaded him but for the good sense of Mr. Brady, who made them a speech, and begged them to go home.

accusation of writing what he should not write Sickles submitted to terms—he went back to his wife. The notes were settled several years afterwards.

The year following the murder the secession troubles commenced, and Sickles, true to his Congressional record, was eloquent in defence of the course of the South. It was stated at the time that some weeks after the firing upon Sumter, when the whole North was aroused to a frenzy of warlike excitement, Sickles met a band of Southern sympathizers at the New York Hotel, and harangued them upon the folly and wickedness of coercion. Suddenly he gave way to the current and blossomed into an ardent patriot. He raised a brigade for service in the field. He was in hot water from the beginning. His first trouble was with the Union Defence Committee because they would not accept his vouchers and pay money on them when they were written with a lead pencil. At last he received \$11,000 from the committee, but sub-

sequently around the negro by our own wise legislation, the safeguards of the law would not put him in the schools with your children, nor upon the jury bench, nor into the Legislature. I would to God I could be hard all over my district and all over the State, upon this question. I would to God that there was to be a general canvass, and that the people might be allowed to shed this issue at the ballot box. Then we would know whether they wish the negro in the public schools, in the Legislature, and beside them in the jury box, for that is what a negro equality means, and nothing else.

Do not make mistakes in this matter. You are a great, powerful nation, the greatest that the world has seen. You have forty millions of people, and you are the strongest nation the sun ever shone upon. The rivers of South America are broader and deeper than ours. Their groves are spicier, and their groans with the riches of the earth, yet you have no rank among the nations. They made the same mistake which the Republicans are now making, and incorporated an inferior race into the body politic. It led last into an admixture, and finally to equality, and those great countries are inhabited by mongrels, and yet they are countrymen of Columbus, and the descendants of the followers of the great Cortez.

"HE THAT GOVERNETH HIMSELF," &c.—here is little gained and much lost in losing one's temper. Anger unbalances us, and makes us the prey or the sport of the less irritable. We say and do things under the influence of anger, which we afterward bitterly regret. Anger lessens our power and lowers our dignity. When the sacred writer says, "He that governeth himself is fit to sit with the king," he means the government of temper. The power to quell our rising tempests of passion, to say to the provoked spirit, "peace, be still!" this is a mighty and noble power. This brings man sovereignly to the judgment seat of the highest reason and conscience.

The proverbs have it, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath"—that "anger consumeth the heart of man"—that a contentious woman destroyeth the peace of a household." A Christian temper—peaceful, charitable, kindly, considerate and forgiving, what else can give great a charm to character, or shed such lustre on the soul? The atmosphere of such temper is fruitful of blessedness. There, there is sunshine and blossom of spirit. There, there are no social frosts, nor clouds, nor storms. Childhood is softened by its example, and old age under its influence reveals the freshness and mellowness of youth.

O, that the angel of Peace might visit eyeholds of man, and sweeten the contentious lips that make so much daily life a wailing, withering curse.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—During one of the college vacations, he and his father returned to their father, in Salisbury, thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps, and then resting his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter Dan?" "My scythe won't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it and Dan went to work again, with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe—and then it was again tinkered—but it was not long before it wanted fixing again, and the father said in a fit, "Well hang it to suit yourself." Daniel, with great composure, hung it on the next tree; and putting on a grave countenance, said, "It hangs very well now; I am perfectly satisfied."

An octogenarian says: "I was born at the wrong time. When I was a young man, I saw men were of no account. Now I am old, and find old men are of no account."

of political principles, with the clouds lowering over our heads charged with thunder, dashing with the lightning, and ready to burst with fury upon us, as I look back into the beautiful past, where our father's precepts adorn the gallery of our glory, it seems, as though we had been driven from Paradise, and I long to go back and drink one more deep draught from the fountain of their wisdom. It is enough for me to point out what has been achieved by their great doctrines. It inclines me to turn away from these modern innovators who call themselves reformers, and contemplate the dignity and glory of these ancient men.

As for myself, I shall never bow down to this thing. I would, as I have just said, keep the powers of this Government where our fathers placed them as the best for your safety, for the safety of your children, and also for the safety of the black man. Those men who propose negro equality are the worst enemy of the colored race. As for myself, I will never bow down to this thing. I would, as I have just said, keep the powers of this Government where our fathers placed them as the best for your safety, for the safety of your children, and also for the safety of the black man. Those men who propose negro equality are the worst enemy of the colored race. As for myself, I will never bow down to this thing.

Three or four fellows then seized me, and with a demoniacal laugh pitched me on the animal's back, telling me at the same time to look for squalls. I have been in many scrapes, Mr. Editor; I've been pitched out of a four story window; I have gone down in a railway collision; but this little goat excursion was ahead of 'em all. The confounded thing must be all wings and horns. It bumped me against chairs and tables, and the ceiling, but I hung on like a Trojan. I turned front somersaults and rolled over. I thought it was over with me. I was on the point of giving up, when the bandage fell from my eyes, and the goat bounded through the window with a yell like a wild Indian giving up the ghost. I was in a lodge of Masons.—They were dancing a war dance around a big skull, and playing leap-frog and turning hand-springs, and the big fat fellow of the ante-room was standing on his head in the corner.

THE SUCCESSFUL FARMER.—A man must know something about farming before he can become successful. He may desire to be a farmer or gardener; but before he becomes one he has something to learn. We are constantly meeting men, both old and young, who say that they would like to become farmers. They like fresh milk, butter and eggs, the country air, and fresh strawberries. Oh, yes, they like all these good things, and many of them think they can be had for the asking, no skill being required in their production. "I would like," says another, "to be a doctor or lawyer." Well, do they become rich without study? No; nor does any one think of such a thing. Yet it would be just as foolish to think of becoming a scientific and successful farmer without study as to become a lawyer or doctor. A love for the country is not enough in itself to prepare one for being a farmer. There is no business which requires a more thorough observance or clearer perception of the laws of nature than farming, except perhaps that of being a physician; and the two professions are very much alike, for we must study the laws which control life in both. We trim our trees and care for them, as though they were patients under treatment, and our knowledge of natural laws and principles must be our guide. Perhaps this will account for the success of most of the doctors who have become farmers and gardeners.—Dr. F. M. Hexamer.

A GOOD HIT.—That somewhat notorious sheet, "The Imperialist," sometimes makes a good shot, as will be seen by reading the following:

"That intensely Red Republican sheet, 'Wilkes' Spirit of the Times,' scents at the theory that all men are not born equal. Nevertheless it devotes whole pages to the pedigree of negroes. Blood, it seems, will tell in horses, but not in men. Whether Mr. Wilkes is descended from a king or a cobbler is in his opinion, a matter of no consequence; but it is vastly important that his horse should trace its lineage to a noble sire."

MURDER WILL OUT.—A gifted legal friend of this town gave us the following account of a heartless murder, and its final revelation, that took place in this State many years ago. A man by the name of J., of Wayne County, N. C., sold a free negro (whom he had cheated into the belief that he was but hiring) to a gentleman whom we will call Brown, in one of the Districts of South Carolina, the adjacent wards Brown—Sometime afterwards, Mr. J. discovered the fraud, and immediately wrote to J., from whom he had purchased him in Wayne County, that if he had paid back the "money" he had paid him for the free negro, he would not prosecute him, and besides keep it a profound secret. To this, Mr. J.—replied he would gladly do so, and urged Mr. Brown to come for it immediately; and closed by assuring him of his gratitude that he had spared his family the humiliation of a public disclosure.

Mr. Brown, thereupon, left his home or horseback for Wayne County, and upon reaching the residence of Mr. J., he was kindly received and sumptuously entertained. The money was paid over to him, and he valled on to spend several days with him, and enjoy the sports of the country. After a very pleasant sojourn of a week, he started for his home in South Carolina, with the best wishes of his host and family that he might have a safe journey, and return to enjoy their hospitalities. Several weeks after, his departure letters were received from Mr. Brown's family, making enquiry for him, and stating that he had not returned to his home. Search and inquiry, however, proved fruitless. Mr. Brown never returned. Mr. J., who had sold the free negro, never appeared at his case afterwards; but it was thought to be owing to the unaccountable and mysterious disappearance of Mr. Brown, who had been his guest.

Years afterwards, and not long ago, Mr. J. on his death-bed, urged his family and friends not to bury him in the family grave-yard. He was very vehement in this request, but it was presumed to be but a vagary of his diseased brain, and his dying wishes were, therefore, disregarded. His remains were carried to the family burying ground, and the gravedigger commenced his work; but when he had reached a certain depth, his spade struck a solid object—obstructions which, upon their removal, proved to be the skeletons of a man and horse, with the irons of a saddle; the iron buttons, too, upon the skeleton were found to be the same that Mr. Brown had worn. Thus, even at the grave, before the clouds of the valley had shut him out forever from the light of day, surrounded by those who had met to do honor to his memory, without judge or jury, these silent witnesses, his own dread of the spot, the ghastly skeleton, with grinning teeth and sightless eyes, the buttons, the saddle irons, pronounced him, to the judgment of all present, a heartless, fiendish murderer. There was no appeal from this decision. Of a truth, "murder will out!" [Walshboro Argus.]

UNDERPAID LABOR.—Underpaid labor always revenges itself upon the employer in negligence and waste. The man cares little for the interest of the master who cheapens the sweat of his brow to the lowest possible farthing, and the work he does is never performed with cheerfulness or alacrity. Getting the greatest amount for the least outlay, never yet paid in the long run. You may feed your horse on thistles, and drive him at the top of his speed for a time—but for a time only. With enough of remuneration to make him defy the wolf at the door—to keep in clothing and a chance to lay up a "against a rainy day," one will sing the while he labors faithfully—take an interest in what he does, and strive to gain a still higher recompense by making himself more useful. And there is still another strong point in the case. Poor pay is great temptation to theft. You have plenty and to spare—the one you employ plenty of nothing but poverty. It is hard for him to reason that such a state of affairs is right—that you should race in a coach, while he cannot spare a sixpence to patronize a car after hours of hard work.—These contrasts are ever before him. He sees them by day, dreams of them by night, and when the week or month is ended the little pittance he receives is instantly swallowed up in keeping body and soul together—in making and recruiting strength to do your work.

It is strange then that so many should fall to keep in the straight forward path! We opine not, and the sooner there is more liberty on the part of employers—the sooner something of a co-operative system is inaugurated, the sooner more and better work will be done and honestly be the rule—not the exception.

"Sally" said laughing: "If you love me, you shall not be the only one who loves me."

Ballato, New York. 31. May 1869.