

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIER

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Bill Arp Addresses Artemus Ward.

ROME, GA., September 1, 1865.

Mr. Artemus Ward, Showman—Sir: The resun I write to you in partickler, are bekaus you are about all the man I know in "God's country," so called. For sum several weeks I have been waitin tu say sumthin. For sum several years we rebs, so-called, but now late of said country deceased, have been tryin mity hard to do sumthin. We didn't quite do it, and now it's very painful, I assure you, to dry up all of a sudden and make out like we wasn't thar.

My friend, I want to say sumthin. I suppose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin don't help me. It don't let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better. You see I'm tryin to harmonize. I'm tryin to soften down my feelins. I'm endeavorin to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin circumstances, so-called. But I can't do it until I am allowed to say sumthin. I want to quarrel with somebody and then make friends. I aint no giant killer. I aint no Norwegian bar. I aint no boar-constrikter; but I'll be hornsawgled if the talkin and the writin and the slanderin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Sum of our folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage so-called. Aint your editors got nothin to do but peek at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man what can write a paragraf to consider us bars in a cage, and be always a jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what's disharmonious, and do you just tell em, one and all, a pluribus unum, so-called, that if they don't stop it at once, or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, so-called, have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to—to—think very hard of it, if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I aint agwine to commit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I aint agwine to say all I think, like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Alderig, so-called. Nary time. No, sir. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show; if we aint allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in hatin and hatin runs heavy in my family, sure. I hated a man so bad once that all the hair cum off my head, and the man drowned himself in a hog waller that night. I could do it agin, but you see I'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiesce, to become kalm and serene.

Now I suppose that, poetikally speakin, "In Dixie's fall We sinned all."

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, so-called, got into a fite, and they fout and fout and fout a long time, and everybody all round kept hollerin hands off, but kep helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite I tell you, Selah.—Well, what did the big feller do? take him by the hand and help him up, and brush the dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No sur! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throwed mud on him, and drug him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin up his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, so-called. Blame my jacket if it aint enuf to make your head swim.

But I'm a good Union man—so-called. I aint agwine to fite no more. I shan't vote for the next war. I aint no gurilla. I've done tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated, and humiliated, and amalgamated, and enervated, as Mr. Chase says, it aint so—nary time, I aint ashamed of nuthin neither—aint repent—aint axin for no one horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin priest around me. I aint got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor widers and orfins. I'd fatten my own numerous and interestin offspring in about two minutes and a half. They shouldn't eat roots and drink branch water no longer. Poor, unfortunate things! to cum into this subloony world at such a time. There's four or five of 'em that never saw a sirkus nor a monkey show—never had a pocket knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a resin. There is Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chekahnony Arp, that never seed the pikters in a spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth—but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah! and the whole Amerikin nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Amerikins can do when they think

they are imposed on—"so-called." Didn't our four fathers fite, bleed and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousand drunk it! Bekaus they sukseeded wasent it glory? But if they hadn't I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and serapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down, it would make about half a pint of hambug. We had good men, great men, Christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the undiscovered country, and have got a pardon as is a pardon. When I die, I'm mity willin to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So mote it be Selah.

Well, maybe I've said enuf. But I dont feel easy yit. I'm a good Union man, set in and sure. I've had my breeches died blue, and I've bought a blue bucket, and I very often feel blue, and about twice in a while, I go to the doggery and get blue, and then I look up at the blue serulean heavens and sing the melankoly chorus of the Blue tailed Fly. I'm doin my durndest to harmonize, and think I could succeed if it wasent for some things. When I see a black-guard goin around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes, I hate the whole Yanky nation. Jerusalem, how my blood biles. The institution that was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts now put over us with powder and ball? Harmonize the devil! Aint we human beings? Aint we got eyes and ears and feel in and thinkin? Why the whole of Afriky has come to town, women and children and babies and baboons and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the mile post. They won't work for us, and they won't work for them selves, and they'll perish to death this winter as shore as the devil is a hog, so-called. They are now baskin in the summer's sun, livin on roastin ears and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will cum agin, or that castor oil and salts costs money. Sum of 'em, a hundred years old, are within around about going to cawedge. The truth is, my friend, somebody's badly fooled about this bizness. Somebody has draw the eletant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's jest throwin his snout about loose, and by and by he'll hurt somebody. These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I aint agoin to support nary one of 'em, and when you hear any body say so, you tell 'em "its a lie," so-called.

I golly, I aint got nuthin to support myself on. We fout ourselves out of every-thing exceptin children and land, and I suppose the land are to be turned over to the niggers for grave yards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I aint ambitious, as I used to was. You all have your shows and monkeys and surkusses and brass bands and organs, and can play on the petrolyum and the harp of a thousand strings, and so on, but I've only got one favor to ax of you. I want enuf powder to kill a big yaller stum-tail dog that prowls round my preunises at night. Pon honor, I wont shoot at anything blue or black or mulatter. Will you send it? Are you and your foaks so skeered of me and my foaks, that you won't let us have any amynition? Are the squirrels and crows and black rakoons to eat up our poor little corn patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all around us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hiderfoby, is the whole commuinity to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! It looks like your pepul had all tuk the rebelfoby for good, and was never gwine to get over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize certain.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I haint made nobody firtin mad, for I'm not on that line at this time. I am trooly your friend—all present or accounted for.

BILL ARP, so-called.

P. S.—O d man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Confederik money. He said it would be good agin. He says that Jim Funderbunk told him that Warren's Jack seed a man who had just cum from Virginny, and he seed a man told his cousin Manly that Lee had whipped em agin. Old Harris says that a man by the name of Mack. C. Million is coming over with a million of men. But nevertheless, notwithstanding, somehow or somehow else, I am dubious about the money. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade?

When the Southern members of Congress left their seats in that body and joined the rebellion, they were traitors. Now when they have left the rebellion, and want to take their seats, they are traitors still. The Republicans tried to prevent their leaving their seats in the first instance, but they oppose their resuming them now. How consistent!

A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all conditions.

[From the Missouri Republican.]  
Letter from Gen. Sterling Price.  
CORDOVA, MEXICO, Dec. 16, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR: Your kind and much esteemed favor of the 19th ult., was handed me a few days since, and I now proceed to answer it, in camp and without shelter, but upon my own six hundred and forty acres, near the town of Cordova and the railroad leaving from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. The lands in this vicinity are not surpassed by any of the Platte land in fertility of soil, and in the finest climate I ever saw; the thermometer never above ninety degrees, or below seventy, and in full view of mountains covered with perpetual snow. I am gratified to be able to say that as soon as the survey was completed the thirty Confederates now here, unanimously tendered me the choice of sections. I think I have made a judicious selection. I have donated to the colonists twenty four acres for a town-site on a rushing stream of water and by a large spring of excellent water. We have laid off the ground into town lots and named it Carlotta, after the Empress, and we are all now upon our lots clearing away the brush to erect our houses. I wrote my family to-day to join me here as soon as they can raise the means to do so. I cannot think of returning to the States and be required to ask pardon for the action I took in the struggle. I am entirely satisfied with the part I took. I would do the same again under similar circumstances. I did all that my talents enabled me to do to avert the calamity of war. I was not a secessionist, but when the struggle came I did not hesitate to take the side of the South.

I pray to God that my fears for the future of the South may never be realized; but when the right is given to the negro to bring suit, testify before courts, and vote in elections, you all had better be in Mexico.

There is no doubt of the stability of this government. French troops are arriving every week, and the marauding bands that have infested the country for ages past are fast being exterminated; no quarters are given.

When the character of our lands is well understood, immigration will be a fixed fact under any circumstances, and the best lands that can be procured at low rates will command large prices. I have never known the cultivation of lands to yield such large profits. My neighbor, Mr. Fink (a man of science), cultivates (80) eighty acres in coffee with ten hands, and sold his last year's crop for \$16,000. His coffee field, shaded with every variety of fruit trees, in full bearing, and the walks fringed with the pineapple, is the most beautiful sight I have ever seen.

I am, dear sir, your friend, truly,  
STERLING PRICE.

### Opponents of Reconstruction.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald writes:

Some of the most indefatigable workers against reconstruction are to be found among the subordinate officers of the Freedmen's Bureau in the South. They as yet only supply members of Congress with data for speeches, and do not confine themselves to the channels prescribed by the regulations in their transmission. This procedure ranks General Howard, whose innate honesty would prompt him to suppress many of the exaggerated yarns if they came through the office of the bureau. In several districts they control a newspaper or two, and they manufacture public sentiment, which comes to Congressional deadhead subscribers through the mails, as the expression of a free and independent press, is dovetailed into speeches, and of course has its weight with the uninitiated. The New Orleans Tribune, a paper of this class, bound hand and foot to the Conway clique, is regularly furnished to radical members of Congress for the above named purpose. Since Gen. Fullerton's visit to the Louisiana district, and his correction of corruptions there, there has been considerable discussion and some ill feeling among the officers of the bureau in that district; especially, and many of their little secrets have come out. It is evident that, notwithstanding General Howard's efforts to prevent it, the bureau has come to be quite a political machine. Unofficial news from officers of the bureau and Southern newspaper extracts quoted in Congressional speeches should be taken with a grain of salt.

It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you or that you should hear him. The latter is the most general desire; and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they receive daily favors, but still practice a skillful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse.

What is the best to prevent old maids from des pairing?—Pairing.

### District Assessors.

The following appointments of Assistant Assessors for the Third Collection District in South Carolina, have been made by the President, viz:

Richland—John B. Black, Andrew G. Baskin.  
Lexington—Bolívar J. Hayes, Godfrey Leaphart.  
Edgefield—Richard C. Griffin, James O. Ferrell, William W. Adams.  
Abbeville—George Allen, John H. Marshall, Newberry—John S. Hair, Benson Jones.  
Fairfield—Richard W. Gaillard, Robt Hawthorne.  
Chester—Thomas M. Graham, William Butler.  
Laurens—James M. Boyd, James J. Shumate, Homer L. McGowan.  
Anderson—Thomas S. Crayton, William E. Walters, J. Scott Murray.  
Pickens—Washington E. Holcombe, Benjamin F. Morgan, James E. Hagood.  
Greenville—William Goldsmith, Henry M. Smith, William T. Shumate.  
Spartanburg—Joseph M. Elford,  
Union—J. W. McLure, John C. P. Jeter.  
York—H. F. Adicks, Robert M. Wallace, Walter B. Metts.

WASHINGTON, January 19, 1866.

The Negro Suffrage Bill passed the House without qualification by a more than two-thirds majority. The negroes and their worshippers applauded. From the galleries and floor shouts of applause arose when the vote was announced. It is a decree of "liberty and equality." The question had been made one of strictly party character, and every man in the House who was not prepared to forfeit his party relations voted with the majority. Many of the Republicans voted with a view to force an issue between themselves and their political opponents, before the people, and also to force President Johnson to an issue with their party. They know that they can keep the South out of the Union in some way or other, and that for their own term at least, they will be able to cripple and control the Executive power.

The Senate will pass the Bill, as it goes to them from the House. It would thus pass in a shape that would serve to compel a vote from the President. If he veto it, the conservatives triumph. If he sign it, the radicals will use him as their own stalking-horse; for his credit for purpose and consistency will greatly aid them in their future policy.

The whole amount of the matter is this: Whether the Negro Suffrage Bill be passed or not, the Republican party intend to keep the South out of the Union as long as they can. The most hopeful of the Conservatives have come to this conclusion. Now will the President aid them in this design? If so, he will oppose this, their leading measure. You will see in the proceedings of Congress, Senator Wade's speech against reconstruction, and the interjections thereon. Whether it be done by legislation, according to the idea of Mr. Sumner, or by the requirements of the President and test oaths, the South is to be forced to adopt the radical measures. So Mr. Wade declared that the Southern States, which had acted under President Johnson's admonitions, that they must adopt certain measures or be kept out of the Union, will have the right to repudiate all those measures they adopted under moral or political duress. This is also Carl Schurz's argument against present restoration.

LEO.

### The Administration at Work.

From the following, which we clip from the New York Tribune, it would seem that the Administration was at work in New England:

"THE ADMINISTRATION IN CONNECTICUT.—It has leaked out that the Federal office-holders in Connecticut—postmasters, revenue collectors, tide waiters, &c.—are making strenuous efforts to get possession of the Union State Convention, which is to assemble at Hartford, on February 14. The intention is to have resolutions passed there, endorsing the President's reconstruction policy, whatever that may be; to instruct the Congressional delegation of the State to vote for the early re-admission of Tennessee, and generally to have the Union party of Connecticut put forth a platform calculated to secure the movers in the possession of their plans. Senator Dixon left Washington for New York, a few evenings since, it is believed, for the purpose of conferring with a delegation of Connecticut office holders upon the measures to be adopted to insure the success of this movement, and especially the platforms to be adopted."

The Tribune evidently fears that the Administration will be successful in Connecticut, and in advance is attributing responsibility to the office holders that belongs really to the people.

TO BUSINESS MEN.—The Carolinian says if you want to coin money, advertise! Keep your name before the dear public. Make it know you, think and talk about you. Make it believe that you are doing a smashing business. Now a days the man who stops advertising might as well tie crape on his doors. Its the life of trade, the animus of competition. If your neighbor has one column in the morning paper do you occupy two. A thousand dollars in a newspaper always pays, and it is the knowledge of this fact, and the courage to buy money for the time being in this manner, that has made the fortune of half the sardine aristocracy of the country.

An old sailor said that he supposed that dancing girls wore their dresses at half-mast as a mark of respect to departed modesty.

From the London Times.

### The Fate of Poland.

Numberless are the melancholy details foreshadowing the ultimate extinctions of the Polish race which flow in from every part of the Russian Empire! Gen. Kaufman, the Governor of Lithuania, will not allow the sound of the Polish idiom to be heard in public. With a view to the realization of this extreme ideal, he is traveling in the country receiving deputations, and lecturing people on their omissions and commissions in the past. The Polish nobility he has repeatedly asked on such occasions to become Russians from the sole of their feet to the tip of their tongues, or if they want to be Poles, to be off at once and emigrate to some non-Russian country. The townspeople, most of whom are Poles, are inexorably fined for any words in their native language uttered aloud in a public thoroughfare, and quite recently the General has also begun to chide the Lithuanian peasantry of the province for talking Lithuanian when they are Russians, and when it is most shameful for them to be heard speaking anything but the language sanctified by the Imperial decree abolishing serfdom, having been composed in it. It is in keeping with this injunction that all instruction in these provinces must be imparted in Russian, and that the teachers whose names happens to terminate in "ki," the characteristic ending of Polish patronymic have been commanded to change the revolutionary syllable for its royal Russian equivalent "koi." It is surprising that this Russian fanaticism should be manifested by a General, not a Russian by birth, but a German servant of the Czar!

In Poland proper the same process is going on, with even more immediate results. Being the nearest to Germany, it has been invaded by German capitalists, buying up landed estates at nominal prices. With them came German laborers, overseers and mechanics, welcomed by their numerous countrymen already residing in the kingdom, and like them, dispossessing the natives of their available sources of wealth. By this time there exist none but German mills and manufacturers in Poland, and there are whole towns, such as Lodz, Wroclawce and others, where the educated classes and a large portion of the lower orders are either exclusively German or more or less Germanized. The Government seems to be well content with the growth of the German element, which is instinctively hated by the Poles, and, on its part, returns the compliment by supreme contempt. A short time since the Warsaw authorities proposed to allow the nobility some respite in paying up interest for their mortgaged estates to the National Banks; but though a considerable portion of those estates had been taken from them and distributed to the peasantry in the course of the emancipation measure, and there is no prospect as yet of the indemnification money being handed over to the former proprietors, the proposal was not approved by the Central Government at St. Petersburg. This is first impoverishing a man, and then obliging him to meet his engagements without a day.

### The National Banks.

The Washington correspondent of the Constitutionalists, says:

There is a good deal of nervousness, (which is kept out of the newspapers as much as possible,) respecting the issues of the National Banks. It is true they are secured by the deposit of Federal securities, but like the seven-thirties and ten-forties, (which are much below the par of greenbacks,) they are not legal tenders except to the government. A man may not be compelled to receive them for a debt. It seems to be the policy of the Treasury Department to diminish as rapidly as possible the volume of "legal tenders," but to swell with at least equal rapidity, the volume of currency that is not "legal tender." Thus it is proposed to fund the compound interest legal tenders (amounting to \$172,000,000) in gold bearing bonds; and to withdraw a hundred million dollars in greenbacks, substituting them for an equal amount of national currency. The result may be that the National Treasury and State Banks may resume specie payments very soon, and all debts become payable in gold or its equivalent, and yet these issues of the National Banks remain at an uncomfortable discount. As soon as the financial policy of the government shall be fully inaugurated, the issues of the National Banks may fall to a discount of five per cent. The difference between legal tender, and not full legal tender, is known by one fact. The ten forties, bearing five per cent interest in gold, (or more than seven per cent in currency,) sell at 98. The interest bearing legal tender bearing but six per cent, in currency, sell at 101 1/2 a 108.

So far a man ought to make use of suspicion as to provide as if that should be true that he suspects, it may do him no hurt.