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BY F. M. TRIMMIE

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[From the Metropolitan Record.]
Bill Arp to Mr. Tammany Hall.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Feby. 1866.

DEAR TAMMANY: You are a glorious old feller. You've got a heart—a great big heart—and if you were here I would exclaim in the language of my unkle Billy, "put your hand in mine, honey, and kiss me." We are whipped at last, old Tammany. We rebs are conquered, subdued and subjugated, not by bayonets or bullets, but by your friendly overtures, your manly speeches. You and Sunny South Cox and Company have captured us, taken us prisoners, and we are now as docile as we have been hostile. Didnt I tell you that we would meet you on half way ground? Didnt we stretch forth our arms for sympathy, and wasent we about to turn away in defiance and despair for the want of it?

"We spread the mantle of oblivion over the past. If you of the South have the spirit to accept, we of the North have the heart to tender you the offices of kindness. We will help you plant again the seed whose perfect leaves, flowers and fruits shall be yours with ours to enjoy."

Did Mr. Cox say that, old Tammany, and did you clap your hands and say "ongkhoré?"

"We are to-day arrayed against the contention concerning the black race, and are looking forward to the white race for the welfare and greatness of our country."

And didnt you say that, too, old Tammany? and didnt all hands jubilee and exclaim "that's it, them's 'em, that's the doctrine, the nigger may be a big fish, but the white man is a whale." And didnt you all take another drink on that, Mr. Tammany? Wish some of us rebs had been there, old fel, jest to have techd tumbler with you. Thank the Lord that there are good men North of Dixey. There's a heap of 'em here, Mr. Hall, and their hearts are jumpin and a buupin and a thumpin us big as yours. Their hearts were castles, and their buz urns sitadels, but you have taked 'em. Dont be alarmed, dont reseed, dont take back nuthin; be kalm and serene, and we of the rebellious South will wipe out the last spark of hatred to such as you. We are now wipin away the curses that were upon our lips. We are risin up from our humiliation, and like strong men are shakin the dust from our garments. Think of it, Tammany. What a glorious sight to see a brave peepul lifted up—a whole nation of white folks rekindled. What spirit, what gosh, what inspiration told you how to reach us? How did you know that we was weak where we was strong, in the same secret corner of our buzzums?

You've got us Tammany, and we'll respond to you, we'll reinforce you. We've said some hard things, Mr. Hall; we've tried to skoreh, and blister and excoerate, but you see we were guarded, gored by bulls—Trumbulls and Republican bulls. They bellered and we pawed dirt. They punched us in the cage, and we growled. They put tax under our saddles and we kicked. What else could we do? Jest think of it, Tammany. Ruined and desolate, the people in mournin and their homes in ashes—no luxuries, no comforts, no Christmas worth a cuss, no Santa Claws, no nuthin. Could we lick the hand that laid us low? Nary time—no, never. While we was struggling to rise from out the wreck, to breath the air above us, to take an invoice and see if there was enuf left to live for, our enemies were a shoutin hit him, kick him, smash him agin.

We were then at the bottom, Tammany. We didnt know there was any lower deep, but our enemies were huntin, and they still are huntin some deeper pit to put us in, and some pendulum of Poe to swing and cut us. Well we aint heathens, we've been to meetin, we've seen missioneries, we've got churches, and sermons, and hymn books and prayers. We've got pi ous old men and wimmen, and brave boys, and maidens who are finished all the way up like the corners of a temple. God bless em Tammany, partikler them last, for in connection with them are centered the hopes of posterity and the joys of our life. We've all got hearts, old Tammany, and there's many a good Samaritan among us who wouldnt pass you by and go over to the other side. We've got charity, too, and long suffering, and patience, and hope in abundance, though we cant believe them Radikals will walk right straight into heaven without knockin at the door. That doktrin of elekcion is a powerful thing, Tammany, but as shore as you are born it looks a little unconstitucional to us for them fellers to enter the celestial city. They may pass amendment enuf to do it, and I

rekon that's what they are tinkerin so long at the old dokument for; but somehow or other when I hear of one of em a dyin, my thoughts naterrally have a downward tendency. I can't help it Tammany.

But maybe we'll get over sich feelins. My wife says we will *atterrahle*. We are all right towards you, old Hall, and our Legislature have been trying for about two month to harmonize things generally, and any reasonable man ought to be satisfied with the efforts they have made. But we cant satisfy them Radikals, I dont care what we do. We elekted Mr. Stevens and Hershel Johnsin to the Senate, and they are mad about that. They wanted John Hill and Jeemes Johnsin because they was *Union*. Well, now, Mr. Tammany, its better always to take men who have done sumethin than men who have done nuthin. Mr. Hill delivered his farewell address before he was bet, and he said he would like to know why we sung hosanna to Andy Johnsin, who fought agin us, and yet we wont elekt him who didnt. That's whats the matter Joshua, if I may be allowed to apostrophize you, you didnt take no side at all. You say you can take the test oath and git in. Well I dont see how exaktyly. You run for Governor in sixty-three, and you writ a letter agin rekonstruction, and compared the old union to a porcelain vase that was broke, and couldnt never be mended agin—no never.

And dont you know if you'd been elekt you would have had to take the oath of office, and be swore to support the Constitution of the Confederate State, so called, now deceased. But you are smart Joshua, and it was funny what you said to the General that night, when he axed you if you would have taken the oath. You paused Joshua, for nearly a minit. It was a mity tite question, considerin the porcelain vase that was broke. I dont blame you for pausin, my friend. Finally, says you, "Well—General—I—didnt—much—expekt—to—be—elekted." Bully for you, Joshua. But now about that sea-saw business you spoke of. You said in your speech that you was playin see-saw in politix, and if your end of the plank went down in Georgy it would go up in Washington, by which I suppose you meant that you was ready to swap ends jest to suit your pekuliar secumstances; and that's what's the matter agin Joshua. You have been see-sawin too long and changin ends too often. Twasent no time to be swappin hosses my friend.

But see here Joshua, Mr. Marshall may be a clever reporter, but he treated you badly. He's left out a heap of your speech. He aint had printed that see-saw figer at all, and it was, I assure you, a most beautiful metator of speech. And hees left out them little sparks of Southern patriotism which you emittet. Hewsomewer, maybe these things would have been in the way of the *Washington* and of the see-saw. I'll tell you my friend, where you wasted time in your remarks. You said that if we didnt elekt you *now* we might want you hereafter, and we could'n git you. Dont worry yourself on our akkount. Dont cross the bridge before you git to it. It will be time enuf, Joshua, for you to refuse when we ax you. We have been ruining you down to give you offis, and we aint a goin to. Do you see-saw away on you plank, and take good care that you dont fall off. Your speech was sorter spitelul, Joshua, and if reduced to its gum would read about thus: "Boys, I'm a whale, I am, and I'm a prophet, and if you dont elekt me to the Senate, I'll go to Washington and give you the devil."

Well, we didnt elekt him, Mr. Tammany, and the devil may come. In the language of Patrick Henry, "let him come." I repeat sir, sur, "let him come." There was another candidate, Mr. Hall, whose name was Jeems Johnsin. Well, I like Jeems purty well. He didnt run nobody down, nor put on airs. I must have voted for him if he had lived in the State, and I hadnt liked Hershel better. The truth is, I was partial to Jeems for his "old lang sine." He was a powerful war horse in sixty-one. How glorious he figured at the Columbus war meetins. He encouraged the boys amazin, and he beat anybody a gettin volunteers. How proud he was of him that night, when he and Colonel Sims made friends on the stand, and the Colonel pind a secession cockade upon Jeems' coat collar. He then got inspired and spoke for two hours in words that breathed of ditches and death, and was full of the spirit of '76. His watch word were "*Bennyng and secession*," and he voted for 'em both. Oh he's a whale in gettin up a war. Alas! he were *sik semper* then, but he are *sik transit now*. So mote it be, Mr. Tammany; I couldnt help it. Hewsomewer, it dont matter much, I reckon, for we've got another Johnsin, and they are a high roostin family, shore.

Now you understand the trouble, Mr. Tammany, about this elekcion. We was huntin for two full blood Union men who could find their way to Washington and back without a way bill, and we couldnt find em. They aint in the State, I tell you. So we fell back upon the old land

marks, we are ridin the old wagin hosses, and our opinion is, that Andy wont raise any row in partikler about it. If he does we dont care a darn.

BILL ARP.
P. S.—I'm gettin to be highly loyal. Mr. Hall, I know I am; for a feller tried to sell me a little nigger to-day, and I wouldnt buy him. I heard of a bill that's comin up to bind out the niggers for 99 years, and I a'm agin it. Darned if I'll vote for more than 50. You can tell Thad. Stevens of these hopeful signs. B. A.

The Pastoral Address of the M. E. Church, South.

BALTIMORE CONFERENCE—JUDGE BOND'S OPINION.

Last week the Rev. Mr. Clemm, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Alexandria, Va., delivered an address before the congregation of which he is pastor, against the Pastoral Address of the late Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church, South. After claiming that the Conference had been influenced by an unchristian and uncharitable spirit, he also introduced Judge Bond, of Baltimore—a brother of one of the authors of the Pastoral Address—who gave a short account of the disturbances which occurred in the Church in 1844 and 1861, and their causes. The Alexandria Gazette says that Judge Bond "admitted that his portion of the Baltimore Conference, at Staunton, Va., had committed a fault and a sin in agreeing to ignore the subject of slavery—in relinquishing a principle for the sake of peace. That in that conference he had acted with the majority, and had gone further than an honest man ought to go. He said that the history of the United States, and the history of the Methodist Church in the United States, were parallels; that as there could be no peaceable secession of a State from the Union, there could be no peaceable secession of one portion of the Church from another—that if a member of a firm did not like his association he could quit it—there was no law to compel him to stay, but he could not take the property of the firm with him; the Church property in the Valley of Virginia belonged to the Baltimore Conference, and that Conference meant to retain it—supported by the whole power of the Northern Church, so called, and assisted by the Sheriff's writ, if necessary, the soldier's sword, if essential.

He read extracts from the Pastoral Address, commented upon them severally, and said he was afraid the d—d was leading its authors into the unknown paths of the wilderness, and if they persisted in the course they would see the end of Christian forbearance and brotherly love, but not of the strife they were engendering; that peace was the mission assigned to all true Christians, and that its furtherance could be effected more efficaciously by other means than following Gilmor's raiders when they stole greenbacks on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

In alluding to the paragraph from the Pastoral Address, which contains the word "They take our Churches by force, and install their ministerial agents by files of soldiers; they imperiously ordered our families from their homes, and bring strangers to occupy them; they extrude congregations, and force them to comfortable rooms, and to woods and fields." he said no instance of the kind had occurred to his knowledge. He related an anecdote of a member of his Conference who once told another member, afflicted with the bronchitis, that he had "cough up the negro he sold two or three years ago," and concluded by assuring those present that liked or disliked, applauded or condemned, the Baltimore Conference meant to preach the gospel in the Methodist Churches in the Valley of Virginia.

Mr. Clemm then announced that a Committee would be appointed to draw up an address in answer to the Pastoral Address, to be distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and after singing the doxology, the congregation dispersed.—*Petersburg Express.*

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.—The moment a man parts with moral independence; the moment he judges of duty not from the inward voice, but from the interests and will of a party; the moment he commits himself to a leader or a body, and winks at evil because division would hurt the cause; the moment he shakes of his particular responsibility, because he is but one of a thousand or million by whom the evil is done—that moment he parts with his moral power. He is shorn of the single hearted faith in the right and the true. He hopes from man's pebey what nothing but loyalty to God can accomplish. He substitutes coarse weapons, forged by man's wisdom, for celestial power.—*Channing.*

When Cesar was advised by his friends to be more cautious of the security of his person, and not walk among the people without arms, or any one to defend him, he always replied to the admonitions, "He that lives in fear of death, every moment feels its tortures. I will die but once."

A Northern Estimate of the Confederate Leaders.

We extract the following from a long review of the late war in the New York Citizen, a Republican paper, edited by Col. Halpine, late of the United States army:

DAVIS.

Let those loyal gentlemen, disciples of Mr. Abbott, who worship the character of Bonaparte, make some consistent homage to the brilliant directory of Jefferson Davis. Both were men of destiny, and the person of the survivor is by far the nobler. Of the fallen angels whose dark plumage swept from our Senate Halls, he made the most courtly adieu. Of all the traitors he was most entirely in earnest. Of all decision he was the sagest, the promptest and the most enduring. He, only, of the conspirators, felt that his quarrel with the Union was irreconcilable, and stood by his capital till the last, and has never yet advised submission. His captivity has been belittled by none of Bonaparte's querulousness. Blind, and grey, and wasted, his dominions are narrowed to a casemate, while the Republic he would overthrow reaches to the silent oceans.

LEE.

In Robert Lee the same austere Providence, to purify our republicanism, shattered our faith in traditional respectability. The heir of Washington went with the rest of the new chivalry, and with ten times the talent of that great Fabius, crushed the armies of our own lesser respectabilities, till he met in Grant a man without a pedigree. He was the equal of Wellington in manoeuvring great bodies of troops upon small interior forces. The Duke at Waterloo fought his whole army upon a mile and a quarter arc; but Lee, at Cold Harbor, for five days presented a solid line of battle wherever we sought for him, till his whole force seemed manoeuvred by the wink of his eye, and every salient that we touched was a corps. While the fortifications of Richmond stand, his name shall evoke admiration. The art of war is unacquainted with any defence so admirable. Splendid as were the triumphs of his engineering, the victories of his infantry were his best monuments. But over the glory of his talent fell a shadow as eternal as his memory—the frown of a resolute Democracy, whose sacrifice was longer than his art.

STUART.

Let us in the cemetery of Hollywood at the grave of Stuart—a space without a shaft. He revolutionized the cavalry tactics of our time, and was in dash and disengagement the Prince Rupert of the West. Forrest and Stoneman, Morgan and Grierson, Mosely and Kilpatrick were his imitators. He inaugurated the grand raid which taught Sheridan the nothingness of distance, and emboldened Sherman to tear the continent like a pocket map.

The fervid imagination of the Southern people, demonstrated in feats of romance, like Stuart's, made them, during the war, the great suggestive captains. They built the first iron clad, made the first of the great rides, and under Stonewall Jackson executed the earliest of the great infantry marches. But the colder adaptability of the North developed every hint from the South into a perfect system. The experiment of the Merrimac has grown to the Dictator, the Dunderberg and the Ironsides. The engineering assiduity of Beauregard, imitated by the North, has marked the camps of our armies, as if the protecting mountains had followed our columns. But it may be doubted that any division commander has yet arisen to rival the splendid infantry genius of Jackson.

JACKSON.

As Lee was master of manoeuvre, Jackson was the great captain of aggressive warfare. He combined the cunning and the boldness of Napoleon. To cover his great movement by the flank in 1862, he did not hesitate to fight Pope's whole army with a division, and the celerity of his march up the Shenandoah, to appear again on the field of Bull Run, was only equaled by the energy of his attack. He moved infantry with the speed of horse, and having hurled three great commanders back from the Old Dominion, died before the lustre of its arms had diminished in that flush of victory when rebellion had assumed, indeed, the proportions of a nation. He was the most republican of rebels, stern and simple as any Roundhead, and this is why he holds his memory greener than that of his companions whose defection to the Union was augmented by their treason to popular institutions.

There were other personage identified with this grand historical defence, but these are the great statues—Davis, Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Beauregard.

It is not what we earn, but what we save, makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember and reflect upon, that makes us learned.

A Striking Letter from Robt. J. Walker.

At the grand conservative meeting held in New York on the anniversary of the birth of Washington, the following letter was read from the Hon. R. J. Walker, one of the most influential Union men during the war:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 22, 1866.

Simon Drooper, esq.

Detained from the great Union meeting by circumstances beyond my control, I must address it telegraphically, and not as I did after the fall of Sumter. President Johnson's veto opens a new campaign in favor of the Union. It arrests the overthrow of the States and the concentration of all power in one consolidated military despotism. It prevents the expulsion of eleven States from the Union, and the erection of seven Irelands within its limits, to be controlled and oppressed by military power. It prevents the quartering of a large standing army and hosts of officials in the South, with an enormous increase of our debt, to be followed surely by oppressive taxation, or dishonoring and disgraceful repudiation. It prevents the defeat of the plans of the Secretary of the Treasury for the funding and reduction of the public debt, and a safe and gradual return to specie payments. Repudiation is disgrace and ruin, and the probable extinction of republican institutions throughout the world.

This result, or large standing armies and oppressive taxation, caused by the policy of the President's opponents, would produce an earthquake convulsion. It would quadruple the excise and income tax—blight every field—becalm every vessel—break every bank and railroad, and ruin every factory in the country. It dissolves the Union, destroys the Constitution, and erects a military despotism upon its ruins. It would postpone, perhaps, indefinitely, the transfer of the command of the commerce and exchanges of the world from Europe to America. European despots would exult, while the friends of freedom in the old world, and especially in Ireland and Germany, would weep tears of blood. Johnson is walking in the footsteps of Jackson and Lincoln, and teaching their sentiment. The Union shall be preserved. The prolonged government of eleven States as conquered provinces, enforcing taxation without representation, would permanently alienate the South from the North. It might drive them to madness and despair, and renew the civil war when our credit and resources were exhausted. We have emancipated, through a great constitutional amendment, carried only by Johnson's policy, four millions of negroes.

Let us not attempt to enslave eight millions of our erring white brethren of the South. They will all welcome death before such a state as this. I have fought all my life against secession and disunion in the South, and I renew the contest against it in the North. Congress has no constitutional power to dissolve the Union; and to condemn eleven States to territorial pupillage is a dissolution of the Union. I cannot go with Northern or Southern disunionists. Johnson's policy alone can practically restore the Union. It has already crushed the heresy of secession at the South, and it alone has secured a constitutional majority for the abolition of slavery. If the heresy of secession is crushed at the South, and emancipation secured, the crowning glory rests upon the head of Andrew Johnson. Slavery and secession—our only discordant elements—being thus extirpated, the Johnsonian policy will go conquering and to conquer, not by the sword, but by wisdom and magnanimity. It will subdue the South passions and prejudices, it will touch their hearts and conquer their affections.

We shall hear no more of exceptional and individual acts of insubordination, for we shall have a Union of interest and affection; a Union of States with States, and not with conquered provinces. We shall have the Union and representation of all the States as ordained by the Constitution. We shall have a cordial, fraternal, an ever-expanding, an omnipotent, an indissoluble and perpetual Union. Men of the South, from Virginia to Texas, close up the ranks, and fight harder to get in the Union than you ever did to get out of it. You fought us under the secession flag with unsurpassed courage and endurance to get out of the Union. Come now, our erring, but still much loved brethren of the South, and reassemble with us again at the political family altar at Washington. Come with loyal hearts under the flag of our sires and to the music of the Union, and we will give you a cordial welcome. Come, and the recording angel will blot out, in reconciling tears, the memory of human follies and frailties. The people on whom Johnson always relied are with him, and will welcome back all loyal Unionists to seats in both houses of Congress.

There are two reasons why we do not trust a man; one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.