

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIER.

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## The Bloody Field of Corinth.

THE FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE DEAD.

From a correspondent of the Memphis Argus, written from Corinth, Mississippi, we make the following interesting extract:

The first point usually visited by those who stop here to examine the battle field, is a strong earthwork known as Fort Robinson, immediately north of the Memphis and Charleston road, on the hill, just above the first "cut," on that road, about a quarter of mile west of the town. Here occurred, on the morning of the 4th of October, that desperate conflict, so well known to immortal fame, in which Col. Wm. P. Rogers, of the 2d Texas Regiment, commanded on that and the previous day a brigade of Texas and Arkansas sharpshooters.

Col. Rogers fell, fighting, within the fort, and is buried just without the ditch. Of all the Confederate dead on this field, Col. Rogers is, I am told, the only one who was properly buried; that is to say, the only one who was buried deep enough to prevent the rains from washing the dirt away and exposing his bones. He, it is said, was buried under the immediate supervision of Gen. Rosecrans, who had a substantial paling placed around the grave, and a headboard, with this inscription: "COL. GEO. ROGERS, 2D TEXAS REGIMENT, KILLED OCT. 4TH, 1862." As will be seen from this (which is an exact copy), General Rosecrans made a mistake in the first or Christian name of Col. Rogers. It should read: "Col. William P. Rogers, 2d Texas," &c. It will be remembered by many of your readers that General Rosecrans, in some official correspondence with Generals Van Dorn and Price, soon after the battle, spoke in most glowing terms of the gallantry of Col. Rogers, naming him, I believe, "the bravest of the brave." He also complimented the entire division to which the knightly and peerless hero belonged—Maury's—and said that "the bravest of so gallant a division should never want for fitting burial at his hands"—or words to that effect. No doubt the General fully intended to carry out this promise, and probably issued orders accordingly; but those orders were certainly never fittingly carried out, as will appear to any one who rides over the field—as has appeared to hundreds and thousands who have ridden over it since the close of the war.

In the northwestern angle formed by the crossing of the railroads, from Corinth out to and beyond the outer line of works, three and a half miles distant, the whole of this great battlefield is dotted, here and there—in some places thick as meadow molehills—with the graves of Federal, and the exposed remains of Confederate dead.

The Confederate dead, it clearly appears, were merely covered up on the ground where they fell. The Federal dead were all neatly interred, in the usual way, with head and foot boards in every instance, and in most cases, I believe, were enclosed with wooden palings. I saw but one Federal grave where the bones were at all exposed. I saw but one Confederate *tumulus* where the bones—generally the skulls—were not more or less exposed or scattered around in all directions. At the outer line of entrenchments, where a portion of Maury's Division made the assault, I saw two human skull bones, one pelvis, and two jawbones, lying on a stump, with no trace of a grave or *tumulus* nearer than fifty or a hundred yards. In front of the outer breastworks, not far from the same spot, I saw two *tumuli*, where some six or eight Confederate dead had been covered up on the side of a hill. Here several of the skulls and the feet of most of the bodies had been uncovered by the action of the elements, and were lying around upon the ground, already bleached perfectly white, and of course rapidly crumbling to decay.

The condition of these *tumuli*, I am told by gentleman residing in the vicinity who have examined every part of the field, is a fair specimen of all the rest. In one place (as I was informed by Capt. Mask, of this town, who, with Col. Polk, rode over the field with me) the bodies of two or three Confederates were placed by the side of a log, (to save labor, I suppose,) and a little dirt thrown upon them; and the skeletons lie, wholly exposed and uncareful for, "like the beasts that perish!"

A description of the condition of the remains of the Confederate dead on the field of Corinth will, I presume, answer for that of most of those who fell in the desperate and sanguinary battle of Shiloh; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the public journals of the South will, at an early day, call attention to the subject, and urge the people to move in the matter immediately, to the end that remedial measures may be adopted, and the demands of common humanity satisfied.

All over these fields of carnage the bones of brave men from every Southern State lie exposed to the action of the elements above ground, and are rapidly hastening to decay. Especially interested in this subject, and in seeing that justice be done in the premises, are West Tennessee and North Mississippi, and Memphis and New Orleans, whose gallant sons perished here by the hundred and by the thousand, in a cause which, though now forever lost, they honestly believed involved the salvation of a great principle and the defence of their native land from unwarranted invasion. Shall the memory of these brave and earnest men be thus dishonored? Shall that memory be held so cheap by us, the survivors, that we may deny to them the poor tribute of decent burial, and a compendious monument, here at Corinth, to perpetuate, at least, their daring and their devotion to principle? Forbid it, Heaven!

The cause for which they struggled has gone down beneath the stern decrees of fate; but they were none the less good men and true. The great and still open question of ultimate State sovereignty, for which they had died, has been decided adversely by the supremest of all earthly courts, but they were none the less honest litigants, and are entitled to the respect of all honest men everywhere, however much differing with them in opinion. The renown of their courage and devotion, rivaling that of the bravest and truest knights of old, or that of the men of King Leonidas at the "Pass," has gone throughout all lands,

"Where'er beneath the sky of Heaven,  
The birds of fame have flown."

Everywhere, except among those unappeasable cowards of our own land who commenced fighting after the war was over, these noble dead have been recognized as gallant gentlemen who laid down their lives like the true Anglo-Saxons of every age, for a principle. Without deciding whether their cause was, on the whole, right or wrong, the intelligent, the good and the truthful of all civilized countries have hailed them as heroes, and held up their noble qualities to the admiration of all mankind. Shall we be less respectful to our own brethren? Shall we neglect them? Shall we permit their bones to bleach and rot above ground on all those battlefields? Again I say, forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, every noble, every honorable impulse of our common humanity!

## The Great Telescope.

We copy from the Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle the following interesting facts in relation to the grand telescope intended for the observatory in Chicago:

"Understanding that the great refracting telescope, constructed by Alvan Clark, was to be taken to its destination in a few days, I embraced an opportunity of visiting his place to examine the instrument, which has already become so famous. Mr. Clark invited me to look at the different portions of the telescope, which occupied various parts of the shop. The mahogany tube is twenty-three feet focal length, and I inquired of Mr. Clark how he was intending to pack it for transportation; he remarked that it would be quite easy, as an aperture was to be cut in the end of the baggage car, when it could be readily loaded. In one end of the upper rooms of the house, we saw the object glass, or great eye, of the telescope; it is over one foot and a half in diameter, and consequently nearly five feet in circumference; it is said to be the largest refracting telescope in the world now in working order, and is probably equal in power to the great Rosse and Herschel reflectors. One of the lady visitors at Mr. Clark's expressed much regret that this telescope was to be taken one thousand miles West, and inquired with great earnestness why it was not retained in Massachusetts.

"The first cost of the object glass, which consists of two disks, was one thousand dollars each, in Birmingham, England, and its present worth (now completed) is eleven thousand one hundred and eighty seven dollars, and it is insured for eleven thousand dollars.

"The expense of the equipment is seven thousand dollars, making a total for the finished telescope of eighteen thousand one hundred and eighty seven dollars.

"Mr. Clark and his assistants (two sons) intend to start for Chicago with the great telescope by the middle of March. It will then be permanently attached to the tower already prepared for it at the Dearborn Observatory. The best wishes of the friends of science will attend them on this journey."

## Sut Lovengood's Daddy Acting Horse.

"Hold that ere horse down to the yerth."  
"He's spreading his tail to fly."

These and like expressions were addressed to a queer looking, long-legged, short bodied, white haired, hog eyed, funny sort of genius, fresh from some second-hand clothing store, and mounted on "Tarpole," a nie-tailed, long, poor horse, enveloped all over in a perfect network of bridle reins, cruppers, martingales, straps, sirsingles and red terretting, who had rained up in front of Pat Nick's grocery among a crowd of wild mountaineers full of fight and bad whisky.

"I say, you darned ash cats, just deep your shirts on, will you? You never seed a raal horse till I rid up. Tarpole is next to the best horse that ever nelled nubbins, and he's dead as a still worm; poor old Thick Tail."

"What killed him, Sut?" said an anxious enquirer.

"Why, nothin' you tarnation fool; he jis' died, stapping up at that. Warn't that good luck? Froze stiff; no, not adzactly, but starved fust and then frozed afterward; so stiff that when dad and me pushed him over he jist stuck out so, (spreading his arms and legs) like a carpenter's bench, and we waited seventeen days for him to thaw afore we could skin him. Well, that was dad and me (counting his fingers) dad and me, Sal and Jake—fool Jake, we used to call him for short—and Phineas, and Simeon, and Jonas, and Charleaton, and Callina, and Cashus Henry Clay, an' Noah Dan Webster, and Catharine second, and Cleopatra Antony, and Jane Lindy, and Tom Bullion, and the baby, and the prospect, and marm herself, all left without any horse to crop with. That was a nice mess for a 'spectable family to be slushed in, warn't it? I declare if I didn't feel like stealin' a horse sometimes. Well, we waited and rested, and waited well on to strawberry time, hoping some stray horse might come along; but dog my cats of any sich luck as that ever come whar dad is, he's so dratted mean, and lazy, and savage, and ugly, and tryin'.

Well, one nite, dad he lay awake all nite, a snorin' and a rolin' and a whisper in' at marm, and next mornin' says he: "Sut, I'll tell you what'll do; I'll be hoss myself, and pull the plow while you drive me, and we'll break up corn ground, and then the old quilt (that's marm) and the brats can plant or let it alone, jist as they please."

"So out he goes to the pawpaw thicket and peeled a right smart chance of bark, and marm and me made gears for dad, and tney become him mighty; then he would have a bridle, so I gits an old umbrella what I found—its a little piece of iron, sorter like onto a pitchfork, ye know—an' we bent and twisted it sorter into bridle bit, snail shape, (dad wanted it kerbed, as he hadn't worked for some time he was afeared he might feel his oats and go to cavortin.) Well, when we got the bridle all fixed on dad, he chomped his bit jist like a raal horse, (he always was a most complicated durned old fool anyhow, and marm always said so when he warn't about,) then I put on the gears and out dad and I goes into the field, I a leadin' dad by the bridle and totin the gopher plow on my back.

"When I come to the fence, I let down a gap; that made dad mad, he wanted to jump the fence on all fours, hoss fashion. I hitched him to the gopher and away he went, leavin' forward to his pullin' right peart, and we made sharp plowin', dad go in right over the bushes and sprouts same as a raal hoss—the only difference is he went on two legs. Presently we come to a sassafras patch, and dad, to act up his character as a hoss, bulged squar inter it, and tore down a hornet's nest as big as a hoss head, and all the tribe kivered him rite strate. He rared and kicked once or twice and foteched a squeal wuss nor ary hoss in the district, and sot into runnin' away jist as natural as you ever seed.

"I let the plow go and hollered, woa, dad, woa, but ye mout as well said woa to a locomotive. Jewhikkins, how he run. When he cum to a bush, he'd clear it gopher and all; he thot there mout be another settlement of bald hornets in it; and that it was safer to go over than thro, and quicker done. Every now and then, he'd paw one side of his head with fust one fore leg and then tother; then he'd gin himself an open handed slap, that sounded like a wagon whip, and runnin' all the time and a carryin' that gopher jist about as fast and high from the yerth as ever a gopher was carried, I swar. When he cum to the fence, he busted right thru it, taren nigh into seven panels, scatterin' and breakin' the rails mightily; and here he left the gopher, gears, singletree and klevvis, and mixed up, not worth a dern; most of his shirt stuck to the broken end of a splintered rail, and nigh onto a pint o' hornets staid with the shirt, a stingin' all over—the balance on 'em, about a gallon and a half, kept on with dad. He seemed to run adzactly as fast as a hornet could fly, for it was the tightest race I ever did see; down thru the grass they all went, the hornets

sorter makin' it look like smoke all round dad's head, and he with nothin' on but the bridle, and nigh onto a yard o' plow line sailin' behind him. I seed he was aimin' for the swimmin' hole in the creek, whar the bluff is over twenty feet perpendicular to the water, and it's nigh onto ten feet deep. To keep up his character as a horse when he got to the bluff he jist leaped off, or rather he jist kept on runnin'. Now, right thar, boys, he over did the thing; if that was what he was arter, for thar's nary hoss ever foaled, darned fool enough to leap over sich a place; a mule mout have done it, out dad warn't acting mule. I crept up to the edge and looked over. Thar was old dad's bald head, for all the world like a peeled ingun, a bobbin up and down, and the hornets a sailin' and circlin' round, turkeybizzard fashion, and every once in a while, one, and sometimes ten, 'ud make a dip at dad's head. He kept up a peart dodgin' under, sometimes they'd hit him and sometimes they'd hit the water, and the water was kivered with drowned hornets.

"What on yearth are you doin thar, dad?" says I.

"Don't (dip) you see these infernal varmits (dip) into me?"

"What?" sed I. "Them are hoss flies thar; ye aint really afeared of them, are ye?"

"Hoss flies?" sed dad; "they're real (dip) genuwine bald hornets, you (dip) infernal cuss."

"Well, dad, you'll have to stay thar till nite, and arter they go to roost, you come home and I'll feed you."

"And knowin' dad's unmodified natur, I broke from those parts, and sorter cum to the copper mines. I staid hid till about next afternoon, when I seed a fellow travellin', and sed I, 'What was goin on at the cabin this side of the creek you passed it?'"

"Why, nothin' much, only a man was sittin' in the door with nary shirt on, and a woman was greasin' his back and arms, and his head was about as big as a ten gallon keg, and he had'n't the first sign of an eye—all smooth."

"That man's my dad," sed I.

"Been much fite in this neighborhood lately?" said the traveler dryly.

"Nun wuth speakin' of, personally or perticular," sed I.

"Now, boys, I haint seen dad since, and would be afeared to meet him in the next ten years. Let's drink."

THE DEVIL KILLED.—One night last week a man in Caroline was aroused by an unusual noise in his yard, and went out and found that some one had broken open his meat house, and was making off with his meat. He hailed the supposed thief, but found to his astonishment that he had waked up the most unearthly looking four legged customer he ever beheld. At first he was tempted to leave the field to the intruder, but not liking to lose his meat, he concluded to make at him. He was met by a ferocious growl. He at once ran to the house, got his gun, and blazed away at the monster. The shot had about the same impression on it as would be produced by shooting green peas against a brick wall. The devil uttered a growl, shook his chains, spit sparks of fire from his mouth, and filled the air with the smell of brimstone. The unearthly manifestations of the demon made the hair stand on the man's head; but he could not bear to lose his bacon.—He then, nothing daunted, determined to have another fire at the devil and took the precaution to put a minnie bullet in his gun. The shot took effect directly in the eye of the monster, and he rolled upon the ground a lifeless corpse. Upon examination it was found to be a negro man, wrapped in a mule skin, which he had padded and fixed up, to render it impervious to shot, and the fire and brimstone was but an artifice intended to frighten away intruders, while he committed the robbery.

Easton (Md.) Star

HOW TO KNOW 'EM.—It is generally thought that the feminine dress has no particular significance; but some one skilled in the art of female attire makes the following statement in regard to long ribbons hanging round the neck: When the girls wear the ends hanging in front it means "the lady is married;" over the left shoulder, that "she has a fellow coming to see her, but isn't engaged," and down the back it means, "Boys come follow me." If she doesn't wear any at all, it means she "is engaged," and don't wish to have any thing to do with "any other fellow."

A REMARKABLE DREAM.—A few days since a robber entered the house of Mrs. Powell, in Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, and carried off \$500. Mrs. Powell saw the thief as he made the exit, and was able to identify him when arrested shortly after. No clue could be obtained to the stolen funds. Mrs. Powell, however dreamed that it was secreted in a batch of dough. She communicated dream to the police, and Captain Leich going to the room of the robber the next day discovered the money hidden in a loaf of bread.

## The Scotch Covenanters.

One of the most sublime and affecting scenes in the religious history of Scotland is connected with the signing of the Covenant in 1638. By this Covenant, the people of Scotland engaged themselves to the Lord to maintain among themselves the pure doctrine and discipline of his church in opposition to all Papal and Episcopal errors and innovations. A National fast had been appointed for the 28th of February in the Grey Friars' church, in Edinburgh. As many as sixty thousand, it was computed, from all parts of Scotland, filled the church and the large space around it, at an early hour of the day. At 2 o'clock the Covenant was brought in, ready for signature. After the meeting had been constituted with prayer by Henderson, "verrie powerfullie and pertinentlie," the Covenant was read a'oud by Johnston. The reading was followed by silence as still as death, till Rothes called for any who had objections to present them. When the doubts of a few had been satisfactorily answered, the venerable Earl of Sutherland stepped forward, and put the first name to the document. After it had gone the round of the whole church, it was taken out to be signed by the crowd in the churchyard. Here it was read and subscribed by as many as could get near it. Many, in addition to signing their names, wrote "till death," and some opened a vein and shed it with their blood. The large sheet soon became so much crowded with names on both sides, and wherever there was room, that there was not space left for a single additional signature. Zeal for Christ and the liberties of Scotland warmed every breast. Some expressed their joy in shouts, but a much greater number wept bitterly for their past defection from the Lord. When called upon to testify their sincerity by the additional confirmation of an oath, they all, with groans, and tears streaming down their faces, lifted up their right hands at once. When this awful appeal was made to the Searcher of hearts at the day of judgment, so great was the fear of breaking this solemn engagement, that thousands who had often faced the dangers of battle undaunted, now trembled in every joint. The solemnities of the day were closed by a powerful exhortation to the people to begin their personal reformation; and about 9 o'clock in the evening the vast crowd retired.

Copies of this Covenant were immediately sent to all parts of the kingdom, and before the end of April there were few parishes in Scotland where it had not been signed by nearly all of competent age and character. Never, except, perhaps, among God's ancient people, the Jews, was a covenant so truly National.

## Ex-Postmaster Gen'l Reagan.

The New Orleans Crescent of the 29th ult., publishes a private letter from Hon. John H. Reagan, Postmaster General of the late Confederate States, written to a gentleman of that city. We publish an extract to show how the author adapts himself to the present condition of affairs, and as an example of industry in a gentleman who has occupied high public station, that others would do well to imitate:

"On my return home I determined that it would comport most with my self respect, and with what was due to my friends, for me to avoid all participation in public affairs, and I choose not to engage in the practice of my profession, for the present at least, and have quietly settled myself down to farming. I found my farm in bad condition, though I am now getting it into a good state of cultivation, and have improved it much since the first of January. I have one white man and seven freedman at work; have planted some fruit trees and shrubbery, and most of my vegetable garden and Irish potatoes, and bedded out my sweet potatoes, and planted thirty-five acres of corn and have as much more ready to plant; have sowed down twelve or fifteen acres in small grain, and shall plant about thirty-five acres in cotton. I am orchardist and gardener myself, and when not engaged at this, or in the necessary superintendence of the freedmen, I work on the farm constantly with my own hands, and can do as much work with apparently as little fatigue as any of them. I make fence, grub, and pile and burn brush, plow, etc., and am as thoroughly bronzed as other laborers.

"You can hardly imagine the sense of relief and repose of mind I enjoy in the absence of the cares and perplexities of official and public life, or the great interest I take and the enjoyment I experience in my retired and quiet life. And if our country was again blessed with constitutional government and civil liberty, and my beloved chief and a few other dear friends were restored to their liberty and families, I should feel perfectly contented and happy."

A lady speaking of the gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court-house, said she supposed they had gone "to view the ground where they must shortly lie?"