

*Selected for the Carolina Spartan.*  
**THE BROKEN MUG.**  
ODE ON A LATE MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT IN THE  
SHEANDOAH VALLEY.

My mug is broken, my heart is sad!  
What woes can fate still hold in store?  
The friend I cherished a thousand days  
Is smashed to pieces on the floor!  
Is shattered and to Lumbo gone,  
I'll see my mug no more!

Relie it was of joyous hours  
Whose golden memories still allure—  
When coffee made of rye we drank,  
And grey was all the dress we wore!  
When we were paid some cents a month  
But never ask'd for more.

In marches long by day and night,  
In raids, hot charges, snocks of war,  
Strapped on the saddle at my back  
This faithful comrade still I bore—  
This old companion true and tried,  
I'll never carry more!

Bright days! when young in heart and hope  
The pulse leaped at the words "La Gloria!"  
When the grey people cried—"hot fight!"  
Why we have one to four!"  
When but to see the foemen's face  
Was all they asked—no more.

From the Rapidan to Gettysburg  
"Hard bread" behind "Sour Krout" before  
This friend went with the cavalry  
And heard the jarring cannon roar  
In front of Cemetery Hill—  
Good Heavens! how they did roar.

Then back again, the foe behind,  
Back to the "old Virginia shore,"  
Some dead and wounded left—some holes  
In flags the sullen grey backs bore;  
This mug had made the great campaign  
And we'd had gone once more!

Alas! we never went again!  
The red cross banner, slow but sure  
"Fell back"—we bade to sour Krout  
(Like the love of Lenore)  
A long, sad, lingering farewell—  
To taste its joys no more.

But still we fought and ate hard bread  
Or starved—good friend our woes deplore!  
And still this faithful friend remained  
Riding behind me as before—  
The friend on march, in bivouac,  
When others were no more.

How oft we drove the horseman blue  
In summer bright or wintry frore!  
How oft before the Southern charge  
Thro' field and wood the blue birds tore!  
I'm "harmonized" to day, but think  
I'd like to charge once more.

Oh yes! we're all "fraternal" now  
Purged of our sins we're clean and pure,  
Congress will "reconstruct" us so n—  
But no grey people on that floor!  
I'm harmonized—"so called"—but long  
To see those times once more.

Gay days! the sun was brighter then,  
And we were happy though so poor!  
That past comes back as I behold,  
My shattered friend upon the floor,  
My splintered, useless, ruined mug,  
From which I'll drink no more.

How many lips I'll love for aye,  
While heart and memory endure,  
Have touched this broken cup and laughed—  
How they did laugh—in days of yore!  
Those days we'd call a "beauceous dream  
If they had been no more!"

Dear comrades, dead this many a day!  
I saw you weltering in your gore  
After those days amid the pines  
On the Rappahannock shore!  
When the joy of life was much to me,  
But your warm hearts were more!

Yours was the grand heroic nerve,  
That laughs amid the storm of war—  
Souls that "loved much" your native land,  
Who fought and died therefor!  
You gave your youth, your brains, your  
arms,  
Your blood—you had no more!

You lived and died true to your flag!  
And now your wounds are healed—but  
Are many hearts that think of you,  
When you have "gone before,"  
Peace, comrade! God bound up those forms  
They are "Whole" forevermore!

Those lips this broken vessel touched,  
His too!—the man we all adore—  
That cavalier of cavaliers,  
Whose voice will ring no more,  
Whose plume will float amid the storm  
Of battle never more!

Not on this idle page I write  
That name of names, shrined in the core  
Of every heart! peace! foolish pen,  
Hush! words so cold and poor!  
His sword is rust; the blue eye dim,  
His bugle sounds no more!

Yet even here write this, He charged  
As Rupert, in the years before,  
And when his stern hard work was done,  
His griefs, joys, battles o'er—  
His mighty spirit rode the storm,  
And led his men once more!

He lies beneath his native soil,  
Where violets spring or frost is hoar;  
He roars not—charging squadrons watch  
His raven plume no more,  
That smile we'll see, that voice we'll hear,  
That hand we'll touch no more.

My foolish mirth is quenched in tears:  
Poor fragments strewed upon the floor,  
You are a type of nobler things,  
That find their use no more—  
Things glorious once, now trodden down—  
That make us smile no more!

Of courage, pride, high hopes, stout hearts,  
Hard stubborn nerve, devotion pure,  
Beating his wings against the bars,  
The prisoned eagle tried to soar!  
Out matched, o'erwhelmed, we struggled still  
Bread failed—we fought no more.

Lies in the dust the shattered staff,  
That bore aloft on sea and shore,  
That blazing flag, amid the storm!  
And none are now so poor—  
So poor to do it reverence,  
Now when it flames no more!

But it is glorious in the dust,  
Sacred till time shall be no more,  
Spare it, fierce editors, your scorn,  
The dread "Rebellion's" o'er!  
Furl the great flag—hide cross and star,  
Thrust into darkness star and bar,  
But look! across the ages far  
It flames forevermore!

A negro employed on General Forrest's  
plantation, while assaulting his (the negro's)  
sick wife, was remonstrated with by General  
Forrest. The negro drew a knife and attempted  
to kill the General, who, after receiving a  
wound in the hand, seized an axe and killed  
the negro. Gen. Forrest then gave himself  
up to the sheriff. The negroes on the planta-  
tion justify the homicide.

**WIT AND HUMOR.**

Why is a newspaper like an army? Be-  
cause it has leaders, columns and reviews.

Woman's influence is powerful, espe-  
cially when she wants anything.

Why is an Archbishop like the Secre-  
tary of War? He regulates the canons.

A lady's dressing table is perhaps call-  
ed a toilet because it is there most of her  
toil is generally performed.

Why are young ladies, travelling with  
baggage, like trees? Because their hearts  
are in their trunks.

We all have two educations—one of  
which we receive from others; another,  
and the most valuable, which we give our-  
selves.

A celebrated character, who was sur-  
rounded by enemies, used to remark:  
"They are sparks which, if you do not  
blow, will go out themselves."

An Irishman describes metaphysics as  
"Two men talking together, one of them  
trying to explain something he knows nothing  
about, and the other unable to under-  
stand him."

A cotemporary, announcing the mar-  
riage of an editor, says he was always  
of the opinion that editors had just as good  
a right to starve some man's daughter as  
any one else.

The darkey who greased his feet so that  
he would not make a noise when he went  
to steal chickens, slipped from the henroost  
into the custody of the owner. He gave  
as a reason for being there, "Dat he only  
cum dar to see if de chickens sleep wid  
dere eyes open."

A clergyman at the examination of the  
young scholars of his Sunday school, put  
the following question:  
"Why did the children of Israel set up a  
golden calf?" "Because they had not money  
enough to purchase a cow."

Whatever faults Voltaire may have had,  
he certainly showed himself a man of sense  
when he said, "The more married men  
you have, the fewer crimes there will be.  
Marriage renders a man more virtuous and  
more wise."

A wag says of a woman: To her virtue  
we give love; to her beauty we give ad-  
miration; to her whims we give indulgence;  
to her tongue we give liberty; to her wants  
we give our purses; to her person we give  
ourselves; to her hoops, the whole pave-  
ment.

"Father, did you ever have another wife  
besides mother?" "No, my boy; what pos-  
sessed you to ask such a question?" "Be-  
cause I saw in the old family bible where  
you married Anno Damini, 1835, and that  
isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

There is a girl in Troy whose lips are  
so sweet that they stick together every  
morning by the honey they distill, and she  
cannot open her mouth until she has part-  
ed her lips with a silver knife. She will  
be a treasure to her husband, not only on  
account of her sweetness, but because she  
can occasionally keep her mouth shut.

A descent was made on a body of smug-  
glers at Bristol, Mass., on Sunday. The  
goods were in a barn, where the officers  
found twenty eight barrels of rum covered  
up under the hay, and about ninety thous-  
and segars, in boxes about the size of a  
sugar box, and sixteen demijohns of liquor.

Some wag, who ought to be condemned  
to read the speeches of Sumner and Stev-  
ens from beginning to end, lately sent to  
the President a copy of a medicinal play-  
card, lettered "Shattered Constitutions  
restored. Use Helmbold's Buchu." The  
barbarian wrote in pencil on the margin  
"Try it, Andy, on the present Constitu-  
tion."

Women require more sleep than men,  
and farmers less than those engaged in any  
other occupation. Editors, reporters, prin-  
ters and telegraph operators require no  
sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much  
as they choose, as they will thus be kept  
out of mischief. Clergymen are allowed  
to sleep twenty-four hours, and to put  
their parishes to sleep once a week.

**JACOB SMALL & CO.,**  
Bakery and Confectionary,  
CORNER KING & PRINCESS STS.,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

CONSTANTLY on hand a large  
assortment of BISCUITS  
and CRACKERS, CANDIES and  
CONFECTIONARY. All goods  
warranted and orders filled with dispatch, and  
sold at the lowest market rates.  
March 1 5 3m

**Henry Biscoff & Co.,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
And Wholesale Dealers in  
Groceries, Wines, Liquors, &c.,  
No. 197, East Bay,  
OPP. FRAZERS WHARF,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

HENRY BISCHOFF. | C. WULBURN.  
Mch 1 5 3m

**WILLIS & CHISOLM,**  
FACTORS,  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
AND  
SHIPPING AGENTS,  
Will attend to the purchase, sale and shipment  
to Foreign and Domestic Ports, of Cotton, Rice,  
Lumber and Naval Stores.  
Atlantic Wharf, Charleston, S. C.  
E. WILLIS, | ALEX. R. CHISOLM.  
Mch 1 5 3m

**PHILIP FOGARTY & CO.,**  
Wholesale Grocers  
AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
Corner of Atlantic Wharf & East Bay,  
P. FOGARTY, | Charleston, S. C.  
S. FOGARTY, |  
Agents for BOYD BROS. & CO'S Cream Ale.  
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**HUNT & BRO.,**  
Shipping, Commission & Forward-  
ing Merchants,  
Accommodation Wharf,  
I. F. HUNT, | Charleston, S. C.  
J. H. HUNT, Jr. |  
(Formerly of NEWBERRY, S. C.)  
Promptly forward all Merchandise consigned  
to us arriving in the City from  
NORTHERN OR FOREIGN PORTS  
We will give strict attention to Sale and Purchase,  
of Cotton, Rice, Flour, &c.  
Liberal Advances on Consignments.  
REFERENCES.—G. W. Williams & Co., Char-  
leston, S. C.; Russel & Ellis, Wilmington, N.  
C.; Biglow & Sargent, Baltimore; Lathbury,  
Wickersham & Co., Philadelphia; N. L. Mc-  
Creedy & Co., New York; Ray & Walter, Bos-  
ton; G. W. Germany, Savannah, Ga.; G. R.  
Wilson, esp. Norfolk, Va.  
Mch 1 5 6m

**STOVES, GRATES,  
RANGES, FIRE BRICKS &c.**  
**ADAMS, DAMON & Co.,**  
HAVE REOPENED BUSINESS AT THEIR  
OLD STAND,  
16, Broad Street, Charleston, S. C.  
And keep Constantly on Hand  
COOKING STOVES  
OF THE  
Latest Improved Patterns,  
Ranges, Grates, Marble Mantles, Tinners'  
Machines and Tools, Plumbers' Materials,  
Iron and Brass, deep well Force and  
Light Pumps, Sheet Lead, Lead  
and Iron Piping, Railroad  
Force Pumps. Also the  
Great Labor-Saving Washing  
Machine and Wringer.  
All orders attended to with Dispatch.  
Mch 1 5 1y

**J. A. HENNEMAN**  
WATCH MAKER  
AND JEWELLER.  
Spartanburg C. H., So. Ca.  
HAS JUST RECEIVED  
A SELECT ASSORTMENT OF  
WATCHES, JEWELRY,  
PLATED-WARE  
AND  
Fancy Goods.  
ALSO  
A NEW LOT OF EIGHT-DAY AND TWENTY-  
FOUR HOUR CLOCKS, A FIRST-RATE  
ARTICLE.  
WARRANTED  
TWO YEARS.  
Spectacles for all Eyes and Ages.  
WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY  
neatly repaired, and warranted.  
J. A. HENNEMAN,  
At the Old Place on Main-Street.  
Feb 29 4 1f

**THE SOUTHERN DRUG HOUSE.**

**KING & CASSIDEY,**  
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,  
No. 151 Meeting Street, Charleston, So. Ca.  
OPPOSITE CHARLESTON HOTEL.

E. D. KING, M. D.,  
JESSE J. CASSIDEY. } of North Carolina.  
CHARLESTON, FEBRUARY 13, 1866. 3-3m


**UP-TOWN STORE**  
**TEPPE & SMYTH,**  
At the old stand of Fogaties & Stillman, opposite Palmetto House,  
Spartanburg, So. Ca.

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM THEIR FRIENDS AND THOSE WHO DESIRE  
NEW GOODS, AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES,  
THAT A VISIT TO THE  
UP-TOWN STORE, WILL REPAY THEM, FOR THE TROUBLE.


**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CLOTHING,  
HATS AND CAPS, HARDWARE,  
BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
AND A GENERAL VARIETY OF ARTICLES MOST NECESSARY FOR HOUSEHOLD  
AND FARM USES.

**Fred. Teppe. Aleck H. Smyth.**

**FOWLER, FOSTER & Co.**  
Thankful to our Patrons for past favors, we again  
offer our services as Manufacturers of  
**CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,  
ROCKAWAYS, WAGONS.**



WE HAVE CONNECTED WITH OUR BUSINESS  
**A HARNESS SHOP,**  
AND HAVING RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF BALTIMORE OAK TANNED HARNESS  
LEATHER, WE CAN FURNISH HARNESS, EQUAL IN STYLE OR QUALITY TO  
ANY MADE, NORTH OR SOUTH.



We have on hand an assortment of sizes of Patent Air Tight METALIC BURIAL CASES  
AND COFFINS, ready made, or made to order at very short notice. We also have a good  
HERSE, which we will send to Funerals, with a careful driver, when requested.  
Our prices we intend shall be as low as we can possibly afford, and we will receive in pay-  
ment all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, at market prices.

**ALSO FOR SALE**  
CARRIAGE AND BUGGY TRIMMINGS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH, BOLTS,  
SCREWS, CASTINGS, AXES, IRON, NAILS, &c.  
**FOWLER, FOSTER & CO.**

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.  
SPARTANBURG DISTRICT.  
T. M. Petty, and wife Amanda, Applicants,  
vs  
Nancy Patton and others, Defendants.  
Petition for sale of real estate of Margaret  
Hindman, deceased

IT appearing to my satisfaction that the legal  
heirs and representatives of JANE HIND-  
MAN, deceased, names not known, NANCY  
PATTON, legal heirs and representatives of  
FRANCIS TAPP, deceased, names not known,  
THOMAS LUCAS, and MARY ANN PETTIT  
and her husband, Pettit, defendants in this  
case, reside without this State; it is therefore  
ordered that they do appear and object to the  
division or sale of the real estate of MARGA-  
RET HINDMAN, deceased, on or before the  
20th day of April next, or their consent to the  
same will be entered of record.  
Given under my hand this 27th day of Jan-  
uary, A. D., 1866.  
Feb 1 1 3m  
JNO. EARLE BOMAR, O. S. D.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.  
SPARTANBURG DISTRICT.  
S. N. Evins, Administrator, Applicant,  
Mary Dodd and others, Defendants.  
Petition for proceeds of sale of real estate to  
be paid over to the Administrator to pay  
debts, settlement of estate, &c.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that MAIDEN  
GREEN, and the legal heirs and represen-  
tatives of FLOYD TANNER, deceased, names  
not remembered, Defendants in this case, re-  
side beyond the limits of this State; it is there-  
fore ordered that they appear at the Court of  
Ordinary to be holden at Spartanburg Court  
House for Spartanburg District, on the 27th  
day of April next, to shew cause if any exists,  
why the proceeds of the sale of the real estate  
of W. T. TANNER, deceased, should not be  
paid over to S. N. Evins, Administrator, to be  
applied to the payment of the debts of said de-  
ceased; and also to shew cause, if any, why  
a final settlement of the personal estate of  
said W. T. TANNER, deceased, should not be  
made.  
Given under my hand this 27th day of Jan-  
uary, A. D., 1866.  
Feb 1 1 3m  
JNO. EARLE BOMAR, O. S. D.

**DR. W. T. RUSSEL,**  
WILL continue the practice of Medicine,  
Surgery, and (at his office) Dentistry  
OFFICE—OVER HEINISH DRUG STORE.  
Feb 15 3 1f

**MUSIC.**  
MRS. ISABELLA FALK, widow of the late  
Prof. E. A. FALK, will be glad to receive  
a few scholars in Music, at her dwelling place,  
on CHURCH STREET, next door to Methodist  
Church.  
TERMS made known on application.  
March 29 9 4t

**LAW NOTICE.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS RESUMED  
THE Practice of Law. Office up stairs,  
immediately over former office.  
Feb 15—3-3m JAS. FARROW.