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Correspondence of the London Times.
The Tyranny of the Rules of the House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1866.

* * * They (the Radicals) have everything their own way at present, and the result is that Congress is under the sway of tyranny which is unprecedented in the history of civilized government. There is much talk everywhere of this being the country where greater freedom and liberty are found than in any part of the world; but the history of this session helps to prove that there is no country where majorities rule so despotically, or where the people submit to them so patiently, as in America. Freedom of debate is practically impossible here. Take what happened last Monday in the House of Representatives as an example, and even Mr. Bright would probably find it hard to defend or gloss over such an example. A member of the Radical party, Mr. Wilson, moved that the Civil Rights Bill pass, and by previous arrangement with his leaders demanded the "previous question" upon that motion. It was consequently not in order for any member to speak upon the resolution before the House. Now, there were several members belonging to the three different parties in the House, who were very anxious to say a few words upon the bill, or in explanation of the votes which they intended to give. Some of these were like Mr. Wilson himself, Radicals. They went privately to him—I am repeating these facts from their own lips, so that there can be no mistake about them—and begged him to waive his demand for the "previous question," so that they might be allowed to speak for a few minutes. He kept his position on the floor, and refused. The noise and excitement increased, and members surrounded Mr. Wilson, beseeching him to force so important a bill to the vote, under what is called the "gagging law"—that is the demand for the previous question. A judge of the State of New York was one of those who thus remonstrated with him, but Thaddeus Stevens was there to prevent Mr. Wilson giving way, and he proved immovable. Some members urged that out of respect to the President's veto, they ought to be allowed time for discussion, but Mr. Wilson simply shook his head. At last there was a general cry, "Give him an hour," but this request—and surely it was not an unreasonable one—was peremptorily refused like all the rest. Thus debate was more effectually stifled than has ever been seen in the French Legislature, and certainly such a strength of tyranny was never exercised before in an assembly of men boasting to be free. Some members asked me whether such a thing was possible in the House of Commons. Here was a bill which had been declared by the Executive to be unconstitutional in its character and dangerous to the peace of the country in its provisions, and no one man in the House elected by the people was suffered to say a single word upon it. "What would Mr. Bright think of our freedom if he saw this?" said one member to me. I think that at least half of the House were thoroughly ashamed of what they were doing—for, of course, a majority had sustained the demand for the previous question. But "Thad Stevens" had smacked his whip, and his obedient followers gathered around him, willing and subservient. Let the bill be wise or unwise, just or unjust, the manner in which it was hurried through the House would be a scandal to any assembly of freemen. In less than ten minutes the bill had been brought forward, and the vote upon it taken.

This is but one instance, and compared with which I could give you, a slight instance, of the despotism which the Radical majority in Congress is exercising. They have filled every office in and about the capitol, and their wonderful machinery of Committees (unknown in England) has the whole business of the country in its grip. Foreign relations, domestic affairs, financial policy—everything is placed in the hands of Committees, and a majority in every Committee consists of Radicals, appointed by the Radical Speaker of the House, or the equally Radical President of the Senate. It would be well if Mr. Bright and others who wished to "Americanize" English institutions could see this one in full working. Such a system for concentrating the power of Congress in the hands of a few men, and for disarming independent members of the slightest authority and influence, was never seen in a deliberate assembly before. The way in which

it is worked is this: Let the Reconstruction Committee of Fifteen be taken as an instance. In the first place, no step what ever can be taken in Congress, as a body, toward reconstruction, until it has been submitted to this Committee. It manages, controls, and directs all proceedings, from the smallest to the most important, in relation to this subject. Say that an independent member brings forward a resolution for the admission of Tennessee into Congress. A Radical member would get up and propose that it be referred to the Reconstruction Committee; the motion would be carried, and the resolution would go to the Committee, never to make its appearance again. The Committee would simply "burke" it. This is no hypothetical case—the thing has been done over and over again this session. I have watched the process in scores of instances since last December. Nothing returns from these Committees which the Radicals disapprove. Consequently any man who throws himself against the Radical party destroys his influence and position. He stands alone, as Mr. Raymond does in the House at this moment. Then the Committee meets together, in secret, and agrees upon a certain resolution. It is laid before the House or Senate; a Radical majority is there strong enough to carry almost anything; the previous question is demanded, that no debate shall take place, and the public outside be kept in ignorance even of the bare fact that there were members who wished to speak against the proposition, and a handful of men impose law upon the country. Can the President be mistaken in believing that the people of the United States will rise against this dictatorship before long; that they would overthrow it now if they did but properly understand it.

Beauty on Earth.

"There is beauty enough on earth to make a home for angels."

There is a strange proclivity in man to misapply or neglect altogether what was intended by the Creator of man for his comfort and profit. Those whom he has crowned with uncommon gifts of mind are prone to abuse the trust by perverting into base uses, or to dim its lustre by indifference or excesses. Those whom He has adorned with peculiar charms of person are too apt to employ those charms for unholy purposes. Those whom He has gifted with the hallowed influences of poetry, who have the power to entrance their followers with a single sweep of the lyre, too often tune the bacchanal note, and write for the ball of revelry, rather than in praise of the King. Witness the case of Isabella, of Spain, of Byron, and tell us if these things are not so.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!" The Queen who staggers under a load of jewels soon learns to despise the brilliant things, and count them as dross. The florists soon cast off the spell which his gorgeous array of blossoms first exerted, and regards them as mere matter of merchandise. The naturalist soon loses his admiration of the charms and wonders of the natural universe. And Man, walking in the light of God's natural smile, surrounded by the loveliness that God has prepared, and partaking of the bounties that God has dispersed, soon becomes indifferent to them all.

Possession is want to become neglect. Because we may enjoy the enchanting beauties of nature, without money, without molestation, it comes that they pall upon us and renders us restless and dissatisfied. Everything in nature is so much a matter of course that we sigh for something novel, something superior, something more gorgeous and absorbing. And yet, neglect as we will, "There is beauty enough to make a home for angels."

We have thought that if men would but analyse and seek to appreciate the attractions of earth they would have quite enough to occupy their attention, without searching after novelty.

The morning, the noon and the night; the spring, the summer, the autumn and the winter; the buds and the blossoms; the resurrection of the grass and the foliage, the career of their decay, the shooting of the blade and the ripening of the ear; the babbling brook and the rushing of the river; the hail, the rain, the vapor, the rainbow; all these are the type and the substance of beauty and the pledge of instruction. Tell us of these, ye ingrates, before ye clamor for a change.

Because we will not remove the scales from our eyes, shall we therefore declare that we cannot see? Because we do not, or cannot appreciate the beauty of earth, shall we say that the earth has no beauty? Let this truth shame us into new experiments, that although we have not found it, yet "There is beauty enough on earth to make a home for angels."

The past is disclosed; the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is headless of the past and fearful of the future, regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unravelled.

From the LaCross (Wisconsin) Democrat.

A Political General's Soliloquy.

Whir-r-r?
How like a rocket I went up, terrifying the innocent.

Spit!
How like a stick falling in the mud did I come down!

When the rebellion began, I did not amount to enough to add up and give one to carry. I was a sort of a second rate loafer, begging tobacco, standing around saloons and bar-rooms, waiting to be treated by liberal strangers. I had no clean stockings—no neat home—no money saved—no credit—no fine food, and but little coarse. "But suddenly a star fell!" Brave men were wanted—I had peddled whiskey at the polls to elect men on the God-and-morality, retrenchment-and-reform ticket—I could tell a bigger lie and stick it closer than any hungry politician in the country, and the late administration—no noble administration—gave me rich reward. I was made a captain, and like a blue tailed bottle-fly I strutted about my native town.

Guess I wasn't old style, in white gloves, and stripes up my legs. Guess I didn't support the Government. Reckon I didn't get trusted to little things at stores, and when a man wouldn't trust me, guess I wouldn't incite mobs on such Copperheads. And I was put in command of a hundred men. Egad! that was a joke. Why, Lord bless you, I didn't know as much about war as a dog knows of his grandfather—but I had political influence—could absorb large quantities of whiskey, and could steal. Or like John Brown.—Or like Butler. Or like any other house robber.

And I went to war. And I hired correspondents to mention my brave exploits in Republican papers. And I stole wines from hospitals, and treated my friends. And I read army letters which I hired written and which poor fools printed for political friends. And I kept out of the way of bullets and such—and I stole piles of household goods, from rat traps to pianos—from silk elastic to linen intended for infants yet unborn, and I so on in the eyes of the late administration proved my fitness for higher position.

And I was made a Brigadier General. Big thing. Nearly every fool in the army was a Brigadier General. While brave men fought I stole spoons and such. While other men were at war, I was punishing Democrats, issuing petty orders, "taking toll" from Union farmers, and sending canes, chairs, tables, beds and bedding, pictures, books, spoons, knives and forks, nut crackers, glass and silver ware, mirrors, sideboards, parlor ornaments, ladies' silks and ladies' underclothes, stolen from private drawers, trunks and bureaus, up North at Government expense, to let people know that I was saving my salary to beautify my home.

Canning cuss!

And I denounced Democrats, thereby winning promotion and good opinions from Republican papers. And I spent my salary for whiskey, except what went for—nothing now, not much at first. And I went on raids, captured imaginary bands of enemies, reported by the papers as real. And being an unscrupulous knave, intent only on money, I was hired by the administration of the late lamented to go up and down the country for and in behalf of negroes—and Abolitionists—*par nobile fratum*.

And I sent Democrats to the front and they were shot down like dogs, or dragged back wounded to die in hospitals, or swear allegiance to Abraham. And I stuffed election returns—and I stole cotton where ever it could be found; mules ditto; Government stores, ditto; and other things, ditto, till I became rich. And what a lot of men who believed we were fighting to subdue the rebellion. That was a good joke. 'Twas merely a pleasant little murderous crusade for cotton and negroes—the cotton for the rich, the negroes for the poor tax payers to support.

The war was a God send to me. It took me from the gutter, or a stool in some saloon, and made a great man of me. It lifted me by the waistbands right up alongside of Wellington, Napoleon, Alexander, Washington, Jackson, Grant, Sherman, and other great men. And didn't I strut? And didn't I fall back upon my dignity? And didn't I snub those whose servants I was—and win the contempt of every sensible man in the land? And didn't negro wenches fall in love with me? And didn't I keep abandoned women at headquarters, on money I stole from my bleeding country? To be sure I did. That was the acme of "loyalty." That was known as Lincoln patriotism. That style was the style that paid. That style made popularity with the Abolitionists at home. And didn't I drive Southern roosters from watching the nest? And didn't I go into that business for them? And didn't I go into the patent bleaching business on joint account, half for myself and half for the Government?

There were some good men in the army,

some fine officers—some gentlemanly, patriotic officers—but they were in hard luck and took lower seats. And didn't I get promoted for being caught out at nights roaming over the country, poaching on some negro or white man's domain in behalf of my Government? And wasn't I sorry when we stole the South poor and were obliged to close the war? The occupation of Othello was gone. I returned home. People did not make speeches and welcome me back as they did when I left. I strutted around with the blue tailed plumage till it looked slumpy, and people began to take in clothes from the lines in my neighborhood when it became known that I was a political General, whose best hold was stealing and endorsing abolitionism. No one cares for me now. A hunting dog is more petted now. A buck negro is of more account in the eyes of Congress and the people. People whisper strange things about that Stonewall Jackson song of—"Whose pin here?" etc.

I am not half so popular as I was when in the army. In fact, I believe I am about played out. Why can't we have another war? Lots of fellows have come out of State prisons since the war ended; and there is plenty material for more of these political army officers, who could draw beer better than blood. Never mind; "I'll put the money I stole in Government bonds—there is no taxes to pay on them. I'll sit around and draw my interest on them, live in idleness, and be supported by the poor fools who have bonds, but who pay taxes while I do not, and who pay me for being a thief and living in idleness. You see I am one of the supporters of this Government. I can put my money in bonds—somebody pays the taxes of this country, and pays me interest, but it is not us bondholders. Oh, dear! Suppose the people should repudiate these bonds, as they surely will, if they are not taxed—what will become of me? I'll have to work the same as other men, or go to the poor house with liberated negroes, for tax paying white men to support.

Higher.

Higher! it is a word of noble meaning—the inspiration of all great deeds—the sympathetic chain that leads, link by link, the impassioned soul to its zenith of glory, and still holds its mysterious object standing and glittering among the stars.

Higher! lisps the infant that clasps its mother's knees, and makes its feeble essay to rise from the floor—it is the first inspiration of childhood—to burst the narrow confines of the cradle, in which the sweetest moments are passed forever.

Higher! laughs the proud school boy at his swing, or as he climbs the tallest tree of the forest, that he may look down upon his less adventurous companions with a flush of exultation, and abroad over the fields, the meadows, and his native village. He never saw so extended a prospect before.

Higher! earnestly breathes the student of philosophy and nature; he has a host of rivals but he must eclipse them all. The midnight oil burns dim, but he finds light and knowledge in the lamps of heaven, and his soul is never weary when the last of them is hid behind the curtains of morning.

And higher! his voice thunders forth, when the dignity of manhood has invested his form, and the multitude is listening with delight to his oracles, burning with eloquence, and ringing like true steel in the cause of freedom and the right. And when time has changed his locks to silver, and world wide is his renown; when the maiden gathering flowers by the roadside, and the boy in the field, bow in reverence as he passes, and peasants look to him with honor, can he breathe forth from his heart the fond wish of the past?

Higher yet! He has reached the apex of earthly honor, yet his spirit burns as warm as in youth, though with steadier and paler light, and it would even borrow wings and soar up to high heaven, leaving its tenement to moulder among the laurels he he has wound around it, for the never ending glory to be reached only in the presence of the Most High.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend.

When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly too, but therein lies one of the great trials of a man that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness truth.

Brick Dust for Sore Heads.

This reminds us of a little story! Say, you radical, nigger-loving, Anna Dickinson, Fred. Douglass, Ben. Butler style of republicans, how do you like Johnson? How do you like going out of the Union for a President? You men who preach that God is controlling events political as well as eternal? How do you like Tennessee statesmanship? How does it compare with the flat boat style?

And God said let there be light, and there was light! This is Bible.

"And being in torment, they lifted up their eyes and saw" not Abraham in the bosom of Lazarus, but Andrew Johnson in the White House. Pretty picture isn't it, you freedom shrieking, press mobbing, democrat hanging, cotton stealing, woman robbing, plunder loving, prison advocating, democrat abusing, ballot box stuffing, office holding sepulchres full of nigger's bones.

How do you like the new President?—Wouldn't you choke gently on Booth's windpipe if he were still alive? How do you like this going into the Democratic party for a horse to hitch up with your mule? The seed of white men shall bruise the head of republicanism, and Johnson shall be next President. Verily we say unto you now is the time to repent! It is a bad time for you fellows to swap horses when crossing a stream! Why don't you republican wench hugging, freedom shrieking, law breaking, union hating, members of the only treasonable party in the union, get drunk and parade with torches? Stand by the President! The President is the government, you know!

Blessed doctrine thought divine
But this President dodge is fine!

He who speaks against the President is a traitor. Let traitors be hung! Why don't you get drunk, burn printing offices, murder a few democrats, throw a few printing presses into the street, stop your newspaper, hold prayer meetings in bars, and get drunk as owls, as you did when the other President spoke? "Who's pin here since I sh pin gone? 'Who elected Johnson? Why in the thunder don't you get out the Wide Awakes, burn democrats in effigy, shoot at them as they go around corners, waylay them in post offices, shout 'rah for Link—Johnson,' and hold fast to the prize you found down South.

"Why down South, in the land of Dixie." Ain't that a pretty little song? How do you like this "expediency" dodge? Why don't you cackle when your President lays an egg? Why don't you celebrate, jubilate, investigate as you used to once?

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,"
Johnson ready stands to save you,
Now this cruel war is o'er!

Why don't you laugh—smile—talk, say something, if it is not so alfred smart?—Gracious, but you fellows are busy about now? This is your President. God gave him to you. You selected and elected him! What's the trouble in your camp? Oh, but you are a sweet set of roosters! Well, never mind. We shan't hurt you.—We won't mob you—prison you—hang you—abuse you—harass you in business—malign you—insult you—rob you and use you as you have for five years used us. You needn't look scary like when you see a rope, a prison or a gun!

Get out the Wide Awakes. Call out the loyal leagues! Get some Sanitary Fairs. Appoint a few Brigadier Generals. Raise some colored troops. Turn your prayer meetings into electioneering booths. Tamper with election returns. Control the telegraph. Lie to the nation. Open your mouths and guffaw when the President speaks. Be sociable. Don't act like wandering drops from a grand funeral procession. Why you looked pleasantly good, joy struck, happy, angelic when Lincoln died compared to the way you look now! Poor republicans—how dreadfully grief wears on you!—La Cross Democrat.

EVER OF THEE.—A sad story is connected with the name of the writer of the beautiful song "Ever of Thee," which has been sung and admired by so many in this country and in Europe.

Foley Hall was a gentleman by birth and education. Wealthy in his own right, with large expectations, he led a heedless life, not choosing his associates, but allowing himself to be drawn into the society of the vicious. His property soon disappeared, and he was left without resources sufficient to buy his daily bread. His musical talents had been highly cultivated, but as he never needed them, he scarcely knew to what degree they could be made available. In his distress, however, he wrote his charming song, "Ever of Thee." A London publisher gave him one hundred dollars for it, but that amount, with such a spendthrift, would not last long. He wrote other songs, but the money not coming as fast as he wished, in a weak moment he forged the name of his publisher, and although every effort was made, even by the publisher, to save him, it was all no use, and poor Foley Hall went to Newgate and died broken-hearted before his trial came on.