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BY F. M. TRIMMIER

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The Soliloquy of a Political Preacher.

What a liar I am! God knows it—I know it—the world knows it. A few years since I experienced religion. I attended divine service—took part in religious meetings. I stood up in a church—I arose from the anxious seat and told the brethren and sisters that the blessed love of Christ—the wondrous love of peace and good will to all men—the desire to do good and to live at peace with all the world filled my soul to overflowing!

AMEN!
How those echoes came up from all parts of the room. And I knelt in prayer, and this was the burden of my supplication.

Oh Merciful God in Heaven, be pitiful to me a sinner. For years I have sinned. For years I have offended thee. For years I have been wandering to and fro, my heart filled with wickedness, my soul steeped in hate, my mind thinking only evil and wickedness. And now, oh God, thy Grace has reached me. The blessed influence—the peaceful spirit of Christ who is and who was, and who ever will be all love, has filled my heart and I am ready to die if my death seemeth good in thy sight. I have no hates, no envy, no spite—no malice—no wickedness—no desire to wound, to offend or to injure any one of my fellow beings, but had rather all should live in peace. And oh! God in Heaven, for this most wondrous peace, to thee I give thanks, and here before the world, before thee, before the angels and the spirits of life and death give I myself unto thee. Take me as one of thine anointed; take me as one redeemed from all evil passions. Take me, oh God, to thy love, for the love of thy Son, Jesus Christ, fills my heart with peace, with joy, with love to all men and to thee, and faithful to those vows will I be, that I may meet with the pure, the good and the holy in thy kingdom, there to be forever blest. And now, guide, watch over and guard me, for Christ's sake. AMEN!

AMEN!
The meeting will join in singing—
"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in CHRISTIAN LOVE!
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity!

Oh the blessed influences of Christianity. It fills us all with love for others—with love for those who have wronged us, as Christ loved those who sinned against him. How I talked, and prayed, and sung. And I set myself apart for the ministry. And I began to teach Christ and Him crucified. And I professed to labor for the good of souls alone. I was an Agent for Heaven. I was a professed follower of that dear Jesus who is all love and kindness. And I was looked upon as a sanctified son of a sinner, and walked as one who was better than his neighbors.

Oh what a liar I am!
"While dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live."

And I was called to take charge of a congregation—to work in the vineyard—to save souls—to teach perfect love to Christ and to all our fellow-men. And I prayed—and I talked—and I exhorted—and I wore a long face—and I made folks think I was good—and I knelt by the dying—and I gave away in marriage—and I baptized infants—and I won an influence.

And then I forsook Christ, and took up politics. And I taught people to hate each other. And I taught my church to hate the men of the South—to hate other denominations—to hate, and vilify, and slander, and abuse, and to insult, and to quarrel with those who did not agree with them in politics. And I instilled sectional hate, discord, envy, anger and wickedness into the hearts of the simple ones who were confided to my charge.

I taught people to hate each other. I preached the negro and abolitionism instead of Christ and salvation. And I neglected the souls of sinners. And I endorsed wars. I preached that it was worth a crown to save even one poor soul from hell. And I urged men to go to war—to become mad—to kill each other and to go into the presence of God with an oath on their lips—death in their hearts—their eyes set

in rage—their hands striking the steel to the hearts of their brothers.

Politics paid better than religion. Politics were popular. I wanted notoriety. I did not care a curse for the cause of Christ. Private ends and a little money were the things I was after. Christ never preached hate, envy, discord, malice, etc., as I have for years. But this is American religion. It is popular. It is the kind that pays. Christ is out of mind now. It is all niggers and popularity. But ain't I a pretty man of God to kneel beside a dying man!—What damnable mockery! As if Christ would listen to such a liar, backslider, hypocrite and villifier of religion as I am!

"My former hopes are fled;
My terror now begins:
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins."

But what of it? I'll go on and fool people. I'll fill hell with sinners if I can't fill Heaven with saints.—I'll have a friend in the devil if not in Christ. I'll damn poor ignorant souls if I can't save them. I'll earn political pay if I can't win the approval of God—the God I am trying to fool. I'd like to hear Christ preach a sermon. I wonder if he'd instill hate, sectional discord, envy, oppression, persecution and such ideas into the minds of his followers. He said:

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called."

I think that is a mistake. I don't believe Christ ever said it. I think the one who reported that sermon must have been drinking the sacramental wine too freely. That is where Christ and I differ.

American religion is that of hate, wrong, discord, envy, war, oppression, persecution and killing of people for a difference of opinion.

"But thou soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee;
And hast accepted those alone,
Who in the spirit worshipped thee."

But it makes no difference with me. There is no true religion in me. I'd endorse the devil and preach hell if it was popular and paid. I'd forsake Christ any time for an increase of pay, and let the cause of our religion die out forever.

What a liar I am!
And what liars all those so-called christians are who profess to have their hearts filled with Heavenly love, yet war upon a people for a difference of opinion—who read from stolen bibles—who kneel by stolen chairs—who read in stolen books—who look at themselves in stolen mirrors—who lay their children to sleep on stolen sofas—who themselves slumber on stolen beds—who eat from stolen dishes—who beautify their dwellings with stolen ornaments—who go to church in stolen garments—who partake of the blood of the Redeemer from stolen silver cups—who ride to funerals in stolen carriages—who ride for pleasure behind stolen horses—who have shrouds made from stolen cotton—who are awakened in the night by the braying of stolen mules—who are purged with stolen medicines—who get drunk on stolen liquors—who play sacred airs on stolen organs and melodeons—who play patriotic airs on stolen pianos—who, surrounded by thousands of things stolen from the South, in the name of loyalty, by the men who are the brothers of their victims—by the christians of the north whose preacher and Heavenly guide-board I am!

Won't I catch it when I die? If there is a hot place in hell—a lake where the molten brimstone is deepest—a locality where the eternal worm is bigger than the serpent of the late rebellion, I'll have it if there is a just God who punishes those who enlist for him, and work for the devil—to fill hell with victims rather than Heaven with ransomed ones. The only consolation I have is that four fifths of the ministers of Christ are as great liars and hypocrites as I am, and if they can spend an eternity in hell, I know I can.

[La Crosse Democrat.]

AN EDITOR IN HEAVEN.—Under the above caption an exchange gives a long obituary notice of a deceased brother editor, from which we have room only to extract the closing paragraph:

"Should we then not rejoice that our late friend of the scissors and quill is in heaven? In that paradise the cry of 'more copy' will never again fall upon his distracted ears. There his enjoyments will no more be interrupted by the growls of the unreasonable subscriber, or the duns of the paper maker. There he will enjoy entire freedom from the detractions and misrepresentations of political opponents, and the caresses of ambitious political aspirants. In that blest abode he is no more to be troubled with illegible manuscript or abominable poetry. No rival editors will there steal his thunder or his items, and typographical errors shall know him no more forever."

The people of Nashville, Tenn., are taking active measures to secure the construction of a railroad from that city to Knoxville.

Our Cherished Dead.

What, tho' no stately column
Their cherub names may raise,
To dim the eye and move the lip
With gratitude and praise!
The blue sky, hung with bannered clouds,
Their solemn dunes shall be;
All Heaven's choiring winds shall chant
The anthem of the free.

The spring with vine-clad arms shall clasp
Their hillock'd resting places,
And summer roses droop above
With flushed and dewy faces.
For daisies, rayed and crowned, shall spring
Like stars from out of their dust,
And look to kindred stars on high
With eyes of patient trust.

And vainly shall the willing lips
Assail with envious dart
The fame of our heroic dead,
Whose stronghold is the heart;
The Nation's heart—not crushed,
Tho' each thro' be in pain;
For Life and Hope must still survive,
Where Love and Faith remain.

Sublimity and Variety of the Bible.

The true reason why some men disbelieve the Bible, is the one given by Dr. Johnson—"because they are ignorant of its contents." And the same may be the reason why so many readers fail to read this "book divine." Mrs. Ellis, in her 'Poetry of Life,' has well said:

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point, or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of the past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust to the track of the leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above the clouds—from the wild beast of the desert, to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locusts, to the cattle on a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Lebanon—from the clear crystal stream, gushing from the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the barren waste, to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the path of the wanderer, to the gathering of a mighty multitude from the tent that falls in secret, to the din of battle and the shout of a triumphant host—from the cottage to the throne—from the mourner clad in sackcloth, to the prince in his purple robes—from the gnawing of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic visions of the blessed—from the still small voice, to thunders of Omnipotence—from the depth of hell, to the regions of eternal glory—there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness nor gleam of light, that does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scriptures; and therefore there is no expression or exception of the mind that may not here find a corresponding picture; no thirst for excellence that may not meet with its full supply; and no condition of humanity excluded from the unlimited scope of adaptation and sympathy comprehended in the language and spirit of the Bible."

Women.

Varied as the flowers of the earth is the character of women; to a large garden may the whole sex be compared; rank weeds are found there, the sharp, stinging nettle and the poisonous nightshade; but like wise are seen blooms of rich beauty—plants of graceful growth—the scented rose and the climbing jasmine—the painted tulip and modest lily—all are set in the great parterre of the world, blooming side by side, mingling either fragrant or poison with the air around. And the influence of woman is as diversified as her character, whether in a domestic or public point of view. Two women may be placed in precisely the same circumstances socially, the one will diffuse happiness, the other destroy it; the one will give a perfect charm to life, and the other make it almost a curse, and simply by a diversity of temperament producing different results.

An ill-tempered, quarrelsome woman is a nuisance on earth. A ill-tempered man is bad enough, but the perpetual "niggle" of a sour-tempered woman is insufferable; there is a meanness about her irritability which men generally do not possess. A man may swear and behave like a brute—such conduct is as common as daisies in summer, but unless he be something below the level of a brute—all that is low enough—he won't keep up an incessant small shot charge of hint and innuendo, and pettish rejoinder—[what is the style of these nettles of the human race, these vegetable blistering plants of humanity—cross-grained women. Sub women, without having anything of positive vice in their composition, do an incalculable amount of harm; there is sorrow and trial enough in the world, without ill-temperament adding to the burden; a cheerful heart and a cheering word of comfort, it is woman's prerogative to bestow, and if she fails to exert her prerogative, she loses, and deserves to lose, that supremacy over man she is born and destined to hold.—Tail's Magazine.

The End of a Gambler.

Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Barber, a gentleman who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard, in twelve months. According to the story told of this madman—for we call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre, at a gambling house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his house in town, he resolved upon having one more throw to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nervous for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him a chance at recovery or fight with him.

His proposition was this: That his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate and furniture—in short all he had left in the world, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown at a single cast. No persuasion should prevail on him to depart from his purpose. He threw, and lost; then, conducting the winner to the door, he told the coachman there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house or home, or any one creditable means of support. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly in charity, sometimes acting as the marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper in a livery stable.

In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries. He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming house and increased them to fifty. He then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won £20,000. Returning the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject poverty, died a beggar in St. Giles.

LOOK TO THE SCHOOL BOOKS.

We advise our Democratic friends, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, to look closely to the kind of school-books that are put in the hands of their children. As a specimen of its necessity, read the following from the New York correspondent of a Georgia exchange:

But the most noticeable publications that are brought out, are those designed entirely for children. Through these a big crop of hate and persecution for "rebels" is being planted, precisely as Abolitionism was sowed thirty years ago. I remember then finding Abolitionism in my school books. One of my little boys got a prize at school the other day; it was a book entitled "The Soldier Boy." The frontispiece contains an atrocious libel, in representing a Confederate soldier attempting the life of a Federal soldier who had given him a drink of water. It narrates with approval all sorts of outrages perpetrated by "The Soldier Boy" and his friends upon "Southern sympathizers" or "traitors." The book, in short, is an abominable tirade against the South; and yet it is permitted to be distributed to the school children in this most conservative quarter of the North. There is no instruction in it, only a spirit of malice against the South and the Copperheads.

A McIntosh.

The New Orleans correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says:

Among the recent arrivals here is Gen. McIntosh, grandson of the old Scotch General McIntosh of Georgia, and son of Gen. William McIntosh, by the beautiful Wattie, daughter of a Chattahoochee Creek chief, of course the noblest in the land—as much nobler than the descendants of Pocahontas as the McIntoshes and Troups, of Georgia, were nobler than John Smith, the Oriental rover and colonist of the James. Gen. McIntosh is direct from the Creek Nation, in behalf of his destitute people, and tells me that the war has left a fearful desolation in the Indian territories. It will be gratifying to you to learn that the illustrious half-breed, though sixty-four years old, and the father of eleven children and thirteen grandchildren, and co-captain in the Confederate armies of the Trans-Mississippi, still bears witness to the truth of the saying that "blood will tell." He is as straight as an arrow, elastic in step, and as handsome as all the McIntoshes and Troups in Georgia.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A gentleman who has traveled a great deal, remarked to us, the other day, that he considered the advertising columns of a newspaper as infallible mirrors of the business of a place. The fact has been established, that not only does advertising and merit open the way to fortune, but those who advertise are more liberal dealers; and, inasmuch as they keep themselves and their wares constantly before the public, it is certain evidence that they have what they advertise, and are anxious to secure customers whom they will exert themselves to retain by liberal dealing. We can point to our advertising columns with pleasure, and would say to our friends, by all means, bestow your patronage upon those whose advertisements there appear, as they will be found to be honest, liberal minded and accommodating men in business. Mark this.

Griffin Star.

A meeting of citizens was held in Gordonsville, Va., on the 1st of April, to devise measures for the purpose of a suitable lot, near Gordonsville, to which the remains of the late Confederate dead who have been buried in the counties of Orange, Green, Madison and Louisa, may be removed, and said cemetery to be so laid out and beautified as to make it a suitable tribute to our noble dead.

Time.

"A million of money for one inch of time," said England's proud Queen Elizabeth, while filled with remorse in her dying moments; but all the wealth of the world could not purchase a single hour.

Young woman, are you improving your golden hours so as to save yourself from vain regrets by-and-by, when the fatal archer lets fly the arrow of death and cuts short your dream of life? You have heart sympathies to cultivate, mind to educate, powers to make active for good, and influences to wield for the right and the true. How much of your time is absorbed by lofty aims and noble strivings?

Young man, can you afford to waste an hour in idleness and frivolity? Can you afford to neglect your opportunities of storing your mind with useful information, of making solid acquisitions, and preparing yourself thoroughly for those high efforts that win success in the great undertakings of life? You have a great deal to do, before you attain to your majority, in order to meet the just expectations of society. You have to do with a fast age, to share in operations moving with lightning speed and you must be capable of quick decisions and brisk movements, for time and tide will not wait for you. Every hour not needed for repose and recreation should be filled up with benefits to yourself and others. Act upon this hint, and you will bless us for dropping it. Here is an old saying and a true one, which you will do well to fix in your memory: "Who knows nothing in his thirtieth year, is nothing in his fortieth, has nothing in his fiftieth, learns nothing, is nothing, and comes to nothing."

THE FROZEN WELL OF BRANDON, VT.

The Freeman thus speaks of this remarkable well:

This well has existed seven winters and six summers. Its depth is 41 feet. The water is from two and a half to three feet in depth. A coat of ice is formed on the wall of the well the whole depth of the water. The ice becomes so thick in winter as to render it difficult to dip up water with a common bucket. The surface of the water also freezes over every night during the winter. Ice has thus formed four inches in one night, the present winter. The owner is obliged to descend into the well and cut open the ice every morning in winter, in order to draw water. As spring advances, the surface of the water ceases to freeze, but the ice remains on the wall around the water, diminishing in quantity as summer advances, but does not entirely disappear, some remaining until the next winter's freezing commences. The well yields an abundant supply of water.

A THRILLING ACT OF HEROISM.

As a train of the Grand Trunk was passing through this locality during the night, a young gentleman, Mr. Bachand, noticed that a house was on fire, while the people seemed not to have wakened up. He urged the conductor to stop the train, or at least to slacken it, but met with a refusal. The courageous young man leaped, however, from the cars, broke his leg, and yet crept to the burning house, which was that of Mr. Urgele Desmarais, merchant. The family were all asleep, as Mr. Bachand had supposed, and he roused them just in time to save their lives, with one exception, that of a young lady 22 years old, a niece of Mr. Desmarais. She has perished in the flames, and the Coroner has returned in reference to her a verdict of accidental death. Mr. Bachand certainly deserves a reward from the Humane Society of England. St. Hyacinthe (C. W.) Courier, 28th.