

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIER.

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### Mosquitos on a Bender.

By "BRICK" POMEROY.

Night before last, in order to sleep, we placed a piece of raw beef steak at the head of our bed. In the morning it was by the mosquitos sucked as dry of blood as an old sponge, and our skin saved at least two thousand perforations. All about the room in the morning were mosquitos, plethoric with blood, loaded till they could not fly. We killed a few, but the job was too sanguinary, so we left them to their feast.

Last night, in order to get even with the serenading devils, we steeped half a pound fresh beef steak in some old rye whiskey and left it on a plate by the bed. In ten minutes after the light was extinguished a swarm of these back biting bill posters made an advance movement. One of them creased us sweetly on the nose—he sent in his bill—there was a slap—a diluted damn—a dead mosquito! Soon we heard a tremendous buzzing about the whiskey-soaked beef.

The entire mosquito family come singing in, and such an opera—good Lord deliver us! But they did not disturb us with bites—we fell asleep to be awakened in ten minutes by the worst mosquito concert editor, mortal, devil, angel, divine, Dutchman or any other man ever listened to.

We raised a light, and the greatest show of the season was there to be seen. Every mosquito was drunk as a blind fiddler, and such an uproarious night as the long billed whelps had, never was seen before this side of Selah! The worst antics! Some were playing circus on the plate. One big fellow, with a belly like Falstaff, full of blood and whiskey, was dancing juba on the Bible, while a fat friend of his tribe lay on her back beating the devil's drum on an invisible tamborine with one hind leg! Two more were wrestling on the foot board of the bed, each with his bill stuck fast in the timber. Another was tying the legs of our pants into a bow knot to place about the neck of Anna Dickinson, which hangs against the washstand, while another red stomached customer was trying to stand on his head in the wash bowl.

All over the room were drunken mosquitos! One long billed, gaunt representative was trying to ram the mucilage bottle full of newspaper clippings. Another chap was drilling a hole through a revolver handle and singing "My Mary Ann," while another was limping across the window sill in search of fresh air, to the agonizing tune of tramp—tramp—tramp! One little rat of a skeet was trying to jam the cock out of Ben Butler's eye with a tooth brush, as his picture hung in the room beside that of Kidd the pirate, and a few other thieves. Another drunken statesman of the mosquito family, reminding us of Zach Chandler, was talking Russian to a lot of drunken companions as they lay in a heap on the plate, while still another one sat in the handle of our bowie knife, doubled up with cramp on the stomach, and trying to unite his tail with his bill, which seemed like Lincoln's back bone when Anna Dickinson said it wanted stiffening. He was a sick looking skeeter, and died in three minutes after we saw him, her, or it, as the case may be. Another one combed his hair with a paper of pins, tied a piece of white paper about his neck, pasted a five cent in fernal revenue on his rump, and died like a loyal citizen. A worse behaved set of bummers we never saw. They have acted fearfully. About two thousand lie around dead, but sadness seemed not to break in upon their hilarious rioting upon blood and whiskey. Half a dozen of them sat on our new hat playing draw poker, using worm lozenges for checks, while one of the party got clean busted by making a fifty dollars blind good to a four flush which didn't fill! He will be apt to wear cotton socks next winter and keep away from church collection day. Six others were trying to hang one who looked like a Copperhead, to the corner of a match safe, but as they were drunk and he sober, it is not safe to bet on his being dangled. They have eaten the beef—drank the blood and whiskey—drilled the plate full of holes—and on the centre table organized a Son of Malta lodge, using a five cent shipplaster for a blanket in the act entitled "The Elevation of Man."

Another red bellied leader of the Miss Keeter family had a battalion of drunken bummers on the edge of a spittoon watching him jam a fur over coat into his left

ear. He acted foolish—foolish enough for a brigadier general or member of congress. A little cuss, with black legs, crimson stomach and double jointed bill, was vomiting in a satin slipper, while his wife, a sickly looking lady of her tribe, was gnawing at the bed post, thinking it a belogna sausage. Another one, evidently an old maid, sat under the sofa milking the cat, while her sister was crowding a pair of woollen drawers into her waterfall, singing in a subdued train:

"Come rest in my bosom."

Another one, with a certificate of marriage on his head in the shape of a welt the size of a candle mold, was dancing a fandango with two mosquito virgins on a watch crystal, while a deacon in one of their churches sat playing old sledge with a corkscrew, to see which should go for a gin cocktail. We should say it was a gay party—quietly so.

Talk abouts hows, concerts, dog fights, amputations, circuses, negro funerals, drawn poker, sparking, or other amusements, there is nothing to be compared to a flock of mosquitos on a bender. If you don't believe it, fix them up with a piece of steak soaked in whiskey, and laugh your side sore at the antics the drunken warblers cut

### THE SECRET OF THE NEEDLE GUN

DISCOVERED.—The peculiarity of the gun is a secret preparation for igniting the powder next the ball, instead of at the rear of the powder, by which the powder is all consumed and the greatest possible force is given to the charge. It is said also, that only one person is in possession of the secret, and he is constantly guarded by a force of twelve men from the regular Prussian army, to keep him from imparting it to others.

The Cincinnati Gazette states that Mr. E. Kronenberg, of Newark, N. J., has been experimenting with a view to learn the composition of the igniting material of this gun, and that a few months since he achieved a complete success. But before letting the fact be known he communicated with the governments of France, England and Austria, to learn what proposition they would make him for the secret. Having heard from them, he now proposes to offer it to the United States Government

### ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH.

"As I grow older," says a distinguished preacher, "I do not recede from a sense of the need of theology, but I intensify in my conception of the need of the simple virtues, as they are called, and of no one more than that of truth, not only in the inward parts, but outwardly in the work. The habit of yea, yea, and nay, nay, is but very poorly formed in this country. All throughout the national character, the habit of not waiting to think before using words, the habit of saying one thing and meaning another, the habit of equivocation, of half speaking, of exaggeration, of suppression, is fearfully prevalent. And I hold that among the things that should occupy the attention of Sabbath schools, and common schools, and pulpits, is the indoctrination of this people in the necessity, and simplicity, and beauty of speaking the truth always."

A HERO.—Peace hath not only her victories, but her heroes. The St. Hyacinth Courier thus records an instance of true 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 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. Urgelie Desmarais, merchant. The family were all asleep, as Mr. Bachand had supposed, and he roused them in time to save their lives, with one exception, that of a young lady, twenty two years old, a niece of Mr. Desmarais."

### THE GREATEST CURIOSITY OF THE AGE.

—One of the most remarkable curiosities of the age, in the way of monsters, is now on exhibition in this city. It is the head of a colt, born on the farm of Mr. —, three miles south of this city, with but one eye, and that immediately in the centre of the forehead. The eye was fully developed and capable of sight. There is a malformation of the upper jaw, a deficiency in the growth of the bone, which gives it a still more hideous appearance.

[Hawkinsville Dispatch.]

By some curious coincidence it appears that the coming year, 1867, has been fixed by Mahomedans, Brahmans, and various other sects, as well as by some few Christians, as a period in the history of the universe, to be marked by some great and marvellous change.

### While It is Called to-day.

BY FANNY TRUE.

Let us love while life is given,  
For we cannot tell its length;  
Death may call us in our weakness,  
It may snatch us in our strength.  
Let us love! oh, fully, freely,  
Let the blessed fountain play,  
Washing every stain of anger,  
From each bosom, all away.

Let us love in work and action;  
Not alone in word and thought;  
Time is swiftly, surely passing,  
Have we on its pages wrought  
Some kind act, some silent blessing,  
Prompted by a loving heart,  
DAILY, with an earnest purpose,  
Choosing thus the better part!

Let us love! oh, love will lighten  
Every burden or complaint;  
It will strengthen weary footsteps,  
It will cheer the sad and faint.  
Let us love! give out the sunlight,  
On the darkened ways of life,  
Let its sweet rays melt the hardness,  
And subdue the wrong and strife.

Let us love! oh, love will hallow  
Every duty, pain or care;  
Give it freely, give it fully,  
It is needed everywhere.  
Let us love while life is given,  
For we cannot tell its length,  
Death may call us in our weakness,  
It may snatch us in our strength.

### Finding the Stolen Jewelry.

A New York correspondent of the Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist* writes to that paper:

"A Southern lady, on a visit to this city, went to worship in one of the up-town churches. Soon after an elegantly attired New York lady, of high social standing entered the same pew and remained during the service; after which, the Southern lady called her aside into the vestry room, and in the presence of the rector, with whom she was well acquainted, thus addressed her, 'Madam, I do not wish to offend you, but that shawl you are wearing belongs to me' (The shawl was a superb one.) The New Yorker protested, and declared that there must be some mistake. 'If,' says the Southern lady, 'you will examine a certain corner you will see my initials worked in it, and the rector knows my name very well.' The Southern lady then remarked, 'That ring you wear upon your finger is also mine, and if you will look the trouble to examine the interior, you will see the same initials engraved in the ring.'

Similar movements as above described took place, and with similar results. Turning to her again the Southern lady said: 'Madam, that bracelet you have on is mine also, and by pressing a spring on the inside, it will unclasp and show you my portrait.' The New York lady did as requested, and there was the lady's portrait.' She promptly returned the ring and bracelet, as she was convinced, beyond the power to controvert it, that they were the property of this Southern lady, and remarked as she did, 'They are yours and you are welcome to them; but as I wore the shawl to church, I must beg the privilege of wearing it home again.' The Southern lady assented, of course, and they exchanged cards. The shawl came back in due time, but the New York lady had obtained the articles in such a manner as to render it too unpleasant to divulge. No more was said about it.

MORAL.—If Southern ladies want to know where their articles of missing jewelry and wardrobe furniture are, let them attend some fashionable "up town" New York church; and if the men want to know what has become of all their fine horses shipped North by any officers and "bummers," let them spend an evening in Central Park.

A TRUE MAN.—The man whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself—whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it.

He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to secure a really good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while she breathes, and break when she dies. —Scott.

A TRUE WOMAN.—Her very soul is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the centre. Her husband will be to her what her father is now—the object of all her care, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing, and connect herself with nothing, but by or through him. If he be a man of sense and virtue, she will sympathize in his sorrows, divert his fatigues, and share his pleasures. If she become the portion of a churlish or negligent husband, she will suit his taste also, for she will not long survive his unkindness. —Scott.

"Belle Boyd" has recommenced her professional career, and reappeared lately at Manchester as Pauline, in the "Lady of Lyons."

### Sins of the Flesh.

The Christian Inquirer has some good remarks on the tendency of the age to sensual indulgences, and on the importance of bringing the whole power of the Gospel to bear in subduing them:

"The sin of the flesh seem to be gaining on us as a people and age. The tendency is to pamper the body, stimulate the blood by high living, heat the passions by a sensual literature, the theatre, fashion, and the corrupt appliances of the Greek and Roman age. Intemperance, licentiousness, the relaxation of the marriage ties, the frequency of divorce, the scandals of the public press, the addition to the esthetic arts even, and the immense subsidizing of a vast material prosperity and boundless resources of commerce, the useful arts, sciences, and the culture of the earth, to gratify the senses and pamper the fleshly and moral appetites, demand vigilance and reform. The anxious question presses upon many hearts. How shall we clean out this Augean stable of modern civilization? Reform as reform has been tried, with its societies, pledges, and the whole apparatus of agitating machinery, and it has accomplished much good. But we have, we confess, little faith in the repetition of the same efforts. Nothing seems adequate to the sins of the flesh in our latter days but the same remedy that recast the old sensual civilizations, and out of them brought forth modern Europe. The spirituality of the Christian religion seems alone to possess that courage, persistence, resource, and tender love of humanity that can match these awful forms of vice, and can say to the drunkard, the debauchee, the glutton, the sensualists of every form, Go, and sin no more. But to do the work it must be applied, preached, and wrought with amazing zeal and energy into the working thought and impulse of the time. May it not be questionable whether the pulpit does not here a little ~~too~~ high, and while sounding the lofty key of thought, and reaching the more intellectual and cultivated in society, it does not fail in being faithful and effective in its administration of Christianity, and all the resources of modern science, thought, history, and experience, to the sins of the flesh? It is a need so imperative as to demand all the spirit forces we can bring into the field.

### Rigors of Austrian Discipline.

In 1844 I had a terrible example of the military discipline of Austria. Owing to the state of war the frontier was then guarded by Croats. I dined every day with the Austrian officers at the little village of Orsovo, on the banks of the Danube. One day I expressed a desire to see the place on the other side of the Danube, where Kossuth had buried the crown of St. Stephen, of Hungary, when the army fled into Turkey; the place had been discovered, the crown disinterred; but I wanted to see the singular tomb.

Colonel P. promised to go with me the next day on the other side of the bridge which separated us from the enemy. That same evening as I was taking my walk, I said to myself, suppose I go now. I passed the body guard, and proceeded to the bridge, and had nearly reached the opposite side when I heard a report, and three or four balls whistled by me. I stopped. Several Croats rushed upon me, muttering something which I could not understand, and led me to my friend, the Colonel. He looked at me exasperated. Sir, said he, what were you doing on the bridge?

I went to visit the tomb.

Enough! Without a permit? And the sentinel did not arrest you at the entrance of the bridge!

A sergeant answered in German, "We were dining with the body guard."

Ah! Is this so? And all that time spies could be going and coming—how many were you?

"Four men and myself," said the sergeant.

"You shall all be shot!"

The Colonel went to the window, called the guard of the opposite tent, and gave the men into custody.

The next day the men were shot in spite of my appeals to the Colonel, on my knees, for pardon for the unfortunate man of whose death I was unwillingly the cause. The Colonel was inflexible. When those five Croats, pierced by shots had fallen, the Colonel, who regretted his soldiers and seemed to forget our friendly relations, said:

"And now, sir, leave the territory in two hours, or I shall have you arrested as a spy!"

"But, Colonel—"

He looked at me, and with a terrible voice, said: "Upon my honor, sir, I swear it."

A quarter of an hour afterward I left Orsovo. Five years after, I saw among the list of officers killed at Magenta, the Colonel's name.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

Radical philanthropy—paying freedmen's wages in corn at 83 per bushel.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

What is necessary to a farmer, to assist him?—system.

The road to ruin is always kept in good repair, and travellers pay the expenses of it.

Some wives are so jealous that they don't like their spouses to embrace a fair opportunity.

'Tis true, 'tis pity; 'tis pity 'tis true.—Honeymoon bliss sometimes turns out to be moonshine.

A lady last week had her likeness taken by a photographer, and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

A wag on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business "sooted" him.

Aunt Betsy says, "a newspaper is like a wife, because every man should have one of his own." Aunt Betsy is right.

A Connecticut paper gives a lengthy account of damage recently inflicted by "the lightning."

Why is President Johnson like a fine poet? Because he can "wake to ecstasy the living lyre" (Forney.)

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of a flour barrel, and asked her husband to read them O I-C-U-R-M-T.

The war in Prussia has caused such a scarcity of labor that women are employed in repairing railroads.

General love is like a mitten, which fits all hands alike, but none closely; true affection is like a glove, which fits one hand only, but fits closely to that one.

Dobbs says that beauties generally die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser till the market is closed.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," as the farmer exclaimed when he traced half his rotten peppins to the pockets of a truant schoolboy.

Tom.—Look here, Jam, there is a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me. Jam.—Why here is the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?

If you wish to recollect a man's name, go security for his house rent. For keeping your memory fresh there is nothing like it.

A lady who wished some stuffing from a roast duck which a gentleman was carrying at a public table, requested him to transfer from the deceased low to her plate some of its artificial intestines.

If your neighbor asks the loan of five dollars of you, tell him you were not present, but if he will pass on to Jones or Smith, he will ascertain exactly the whole particulars of the accident.

"Do you think I'll get justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel. "I don't think you will," replied the other, "for I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

A poor widow was asked how she became so much attacked to a certain neighbor, and replied that she was bound to him by several cords of wood which he had sent to her during the hard winters.

A Kansas paper says: "Two men of the horse-thieving fraternity danced in the air on Lightning Creek one day last week. They immediately retired to a hole in the ground after their exercise."

A young lady on pulling open the fig, was shocked to find an insect burrowing in the core, and instantly threw the fruit into the grate. "There," said she, "I have burnt the creature in F-I-G!"

"One more question, Mr. Parker. You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?" The one he's got on now, I think is rather tight under the arms, and too short waisted for the fashion! You can take your seat, Mr. Parker."

A man being awakened by the captain of a boat with the announcement that he must not occupy his berth with his boots on, considerably replied: "O, the bugs won't hurt 'em, I guess; they're an old pair."

A correspondent writes from Helena City, Montana, that there is no city in the country more quiet or well governed, and adds: "We have an active vigilance committee, plenty of rope and a pine tree handy where justice is laid on at the time. There have been seven men hung on that tree."

Hosea Merrill, of Pittsfield, was married last week, aged 82 years. He gave his bride thirty thousand dollars, she being somewhat younger than himself. He was unable to get out of his carriage, and the ceremony was performed while the parties were sitting in the carriage.