

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIE.

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### Pretty Pictures! For Old and Young Children.

We have a little picture box in our sanctum. It is six years since we began filling it with the beautiful little pictures which are so lovely to look upon. We are filling it with pictures for leading members of the Republican party—not John Brown or another martyr, but for the sinister chap, who has all such burning lights of radicalism in his warm keeping. If you want to look in and see the happy family Photograph Box, sit down here beside us. Oh! There are several of you in the party who would see! Well stand a little back—the pictures are so distinct they can easily be seen—give us room to point, and then look.

Here is a Church. A meeting House. A house of God, so called. Quiet, pretty, attractive. Those birds flitting about are not swallows, but blackbirds with red wings. The spire points Heavenward. The man in black broadcloth and white choker is the man of God—the pure, peace preaching, mild, Christ converted, Christianity teaching agent of the Most High, ordained by prayer and purified by baptism to save the souls of us poor sinners. He is a good man—recruits for Heaven and reports directly to his Commanding General. All those men and women following him into the House of God are lambs of his fold—loving Christians, purified from wickedness, forgiven of sin, and believers on Him who preached peace on earth and good will to all men.

But that minister is a liar. He is an agent of the jailor of John Brown and all other martyred prisoners. His lambs are wolves in sheep's clothing. He preaches hate. His lambs—his christian lambs fumble their hymn books—callous their knee pans, roll their closed eyes skywards, shout "Amen!" and wad their Christian gun with blood-bones and goods stolen from their victims. How they reconcile their religion with their politics, none but a Republican can tell.

Here is a picture of a gentleman in shoulder straps. He was a lover of the late lamented. He is one of the saviors of his country. He is sandwiched between a loafing saloon and a pile of stolen goods, but many of you might not notice all, so beautiful does he look. His best hold is in not resembling any of the patriotic generals of the Revolution. That suit of blue and those straps are the price of the man. The horse he is on was stolen from his erring brothers. The boxes piled up by him are filled with spoons, plate, jewelry, mementoes, &c., &c., found in the homes of his brethren. He votes the Republican ticket, and clothes his wife in stolen silks, while her daughter entertains her company with music from a stolen piano. But they are all loyal.

Here is a man hanging to a tree, kicking thin air, growing black in the fall, dying. He is a wicked Democrat. He wouldn't love a nigger. The party about him are members of that Church we saw just now—all good Republican Christians, on the way to roam, hand in hand, through purgatory, and to follow the ghost of John Brown as he goes through hell with his tramp, tramp, tramp!

Here is a man lying on the ground. His brains are spattered over a wood pile as at New Lisbon. His hair lies in tufts on the ground. The sod is red with his blood. His flesh is quivering with agony not quite stilled. He was a plain spoken Democrat, but he was no match for two hundred male and female members of the God and morality party dancing in drunken glee over the murder they had done. But they are loyal Republicans, followers of Christ; shouters for freedom!

Here is a picture of a democratic editor in New Hampshire, one of the six radical warts of Christianized New England. It is surrounded by mild milked school marmes, long haired pedagogues, nasal twanged tin peddlers, bean eating church members, psalm singing hypocrites and red mouthed fanatics who are pounding him with the furniture of his office to a state of helplessness and two years of death bed suffering because he believed the constitution-given right to Free Speech, Free Press (and Free Kansas) was more than a Scotch capped joke. A picture of New England bravery and the republican style of making converts: very choice.

Here is a picture of soldiers in uniform. While the commanding general is drunk,

they are tearing silks from women, diamonds from female fingers, prying open drawers with their bayonets, and insulting the defenceless victims of their hate.

And here is another picture of American soldiers—not at war for the right, but breaking in the doors of a democratic newspaper and murdering the editor thereof to win promotion from Stanton or his master while the crowd on the front seats are the select elect of the God and morality party. Here is a widow in black—her husband slain in the crusade for cotton and niggers. Here is an orphan tolling on a farm to pay interest money to the pampered, protected bond holder who is able to work but protected in his laziness by a radical congress in obedience to the dictum of New England.

Here is a view of a Southern plantation, in two parts. The first view shows a happy negro servitude, dancing on the lawn, at work in the cotton field, driving to market with the crops. The next is a view of monumental chimneys, desolate yards, unearched for negroes dead or dying in the blessings of freedom. Strictly republican.

Here is a picture of a poor white man working at his saw buck while a nigger is in idleness close by, admiring the new bureau just given him by Government, which the white man is working to pay for.

And here is a gang of thieves with Butler the brute, Curtis the cotton collector, Prentiss the piano stealer, Banks the cotton robber, and others of that class in line, waiting for posterity to pass sentence upon them. A sort of purgatorial pot pie made from rotten democrats seasoned with dishonesty, sandwiched between abolition fools and covered with a crust of dead niggers. This is a loyal picture.

And here is a map of the country and congress trying to keep half of it out of sight.

And here is a beautiful hospital scene. Those full boxes contain jellies, fruits, preserves, cologne, and all such articles carefully prepared by the loved ones at home for the use of the sick and wounded soldiers half sacrificed on the negro altar of Abraham the good! Those men you see eating the delicacies and lugging them away to private quarters are the hospital officers, the christian army chaplains who play cards, drink whiskey, mulatto meander and grow fat on the sanitary articles stolen from the soldiers. Genuine members of the God and Morality party.

Here is a picture of a woman paying forty cents a yard for the sheeting she bought six years ago for six cents.

Here is a picture of a man tapping a little bell and ordering innocent men into loathsome dungeons.

Here is a picture of a pale haggard bleached skeleton just released after a years confinement in a military fort ignorant of the offence he had committed, released without trial for a trial would have but proved his innocence.

We have lots of these pictures in that little box, but here is enough for to-day. Show them to Republicans—they will recognize them very readily.

[La Crosse (Wis.) Democrat.]

The gallant Stuart has not been forgotten abroad. The military correspondent of the London Times thus writes from Powlowitz:

"Were there such a cavalry General on Austrian side at present as the Confederate General Stuart in the American civil war, he would have a granted chance to-day to win a glorious stake by a raid upon Brunn. The King of Prussia is in that town at the present moment, and only two battalions of infantry and one squadron of cavalry have been left as his escort. With him are Count Bismark, General Von Roon, and a large staff of officers. If these could be captured, or even one alone, on what different terms could Austria sue for peace? But it would need a man of Stuart's intrepidity to attempt to seize the prize, and the prize, and the capture would not be effected without severe costs; but to secure the King would compensate for any sacrifice."

**SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.**—Colored starch is the latest and greatest novelty of the season. It is made in pink buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely colored—dyed we should have said, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pink to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterwards, we can hardly say "dyed." It is intended especially for those bright and treacherously colored muslins, that are costly, wash out and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. While anti-macassars or lace curtains may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety afforded.

An extraordinary surgical operation was performed, which killed the patient. The physician is doing well.

From the Atlanta Intelligencer.

### Paddy O'Shea.

One midsummer day  
Poor Paddy O'Shea  
Met Logic returning from school,  
And here, by the way,  
It is proper to say  
That Logic thought Paddy a fool.

But Patrick O'Shea  
Was a wit in his way—  
Too clever a fool to be caught;  
Quoth Logic: "Hello!"  
Pat how do you do?"  
And Paddy responded: "Do what?"

"Why, how do you find  
Yourself, body and mind?  
Is what I would ask you, you goose?"  
"Och! sure as to that,  
Misthur Logic," said Pat,  
"Myself I'm too sharp for to lose."

"Pshaw! Paddy give in,  
You know what I mean,  
So, how are you feeling to-day?"  
"Why, Misthur Logic,  
I feel pretty shlick—  
Just tell me," quoth Paddy O'Shea.

"Well, Mr. O'Shea,  
I'll bid you good day!  
The patience of Job you would try."  
"Tis not a good day,"  
Said Paddy O'Shea,  
"For the weather is hot and dry."

### Just out of their Holes.—Four Confederates Come in and Surrendered.

The Petersburg Index, of Wednesday, says the serenity of the office of the commanding officer of this post was agitated on yesterday, by the apparition of four Confederate soldiers, who gave the names and "descriptive lists" as follows:

Anthony Monkas, Co. E, 52d Georgia Infantry, 3d Army Corps, A. N. V.  
Thomas Wells, ditto.

James Brinberter, ditto.

Allan Tewksberry, 43d Louisiana, ditto.

A more ragged set of mortals had never appeared before the Colonel during all the dealings he has ever had with the "ragged rebels" of Lee's army. Tewksberry was a sort of walking illustration of original patchwork. His clothing had been tied, and sewed, and stuck together with string and thread, and thence, until there did not appear a solitary square inch upon it which had not been tied up, sewed up, or stuck up, in some way or other. His companions were not quite so badly off, one having a pair of blue Yankee pantaloons, with only a half a dozen rents in it; another hiding the raggedness of his grey pants with a ribbonry Yankee overcoat, and the other making his decency apparent by concealing the defects of his upper garments with an old cloth fly, awfully bedaubed with mud.

Tewksberry stated to the Colonel that he and his party stopped on the Appomattox about seven miles above the city, after the evacuation of Petersburg, for the purpose, at first, of resting; that they stayed longer than they expected, and were cut off. They then made a vow to live on that spot, and never go home or give up until the Confederacy was completely annihilated. They sought out a cave on the banks of the river, which, at that point, is very rocky, and, after some little industry, succeeded in erecting for themselves a most comfortable little home. Here they lived upon fish and game and occasional roasting ingers during all last summer, and upon bread made of corn they had gathered from the cornfields, and an occasional pig they found without a mother, in their rambles during the winter. This spring and summer they lived as they did last summer, but recently, hearing from an old negro man that the Confederacy had undoubtedly "gone up," they concluded to quit the barbarian life and surrender. They marched to the city yesterday morning, with their muskets and accoutrements, stacked arms in front of headquarters, sent in word that they were the remnant of the army of Northern Virginia, and that they wished to surrender upon the conditions accorded to the main body. Col. Milton cordially assented to their request, gave them transportation to their homes, and bade them adieu.

The illustrious four roamed about town for a short time, had new suits of clothing given them, and, after being made about half drunk, embarked on the Southern train for their homes.

A little white girl, five years of age, while playing near the railroad track in Nashville, Tenn., on the 9th, became so helpless through fear of an approaching train, that she sank down upon the track, and was cut directly in two. Her mother came up in a few minutes in search of her, and the sight of the mangled remains was the first intimation she had of the dreadful loss she had sustained. The child's father was killed by the cars near the same spot about two years ago.

A Cincinnati dispatch says, there were seventy eight deaths from cholera in that city on the 17th.

The Richmond Board of Health announces seven cases of cholera. There have also been ten cases among the troops at camp Jackson.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 17.—Cholera deaths yesterday were twenty-seven.

### Brick Pomeroy on Brownlow.

Low Parson Brownlow—Preacher Brownlow—Minister Brownlow—Governor Brownlow of Tennessee—calls President Johnson a dead dog. If so, Brownlow is brave enough to attack him. And if Johnson is a dead dog, who had not rather be in his place than to bear the name of Brownlow, the reeking, cowardly, red-mouthed, radical, lecherous, ranting, praying, blasphemous carved lava of hell, now sitting as Governor of Tennessee? In all the annals of sinners, whelps, hypocrites, lunatics, blackguards, and blood-loving hyenas of humanity, we know not one so saturated with hate and brimstone as this lanternjawed structure dignified in sarcasm with the name of man. Who is Brownlow? He is a reckless radical adventurer. He is an ordained minister of the gospel. He is an illegitimate child of hell, let loose on speculation. He is a blasphemous old tyrant—a drunken politician—a dishonest Governor—a bigger traitor at heart than ever was John Brown, Thad. Stevens, or any other of that corps of Union haters. He is a minister without religion. A preacher without a convert. A Governor without brains. He has the tongue of a bedlamite of hell—a heart without mercy—he is an adventurer without bravery—a rascal without discretion—a liar without taste and decency—a sinner without the least show for heaven—a man with the heart of a fiend—a brute by instinct—a ruffian by nature—a blackguard by profession—a hypocrite certain of hell—a foul, nasty, reeking sore on the political mass of corruption to which he belongs—a stigma—a disgrace—an insult—a byword and a reproach to the list of Governors of American States. When he prays it is to the devil. When he sings it is the drunken ravings of a fiend. When he indorses it is to damn. When he loves it is to destroy. When he speaks it is to insult. When he interferes it is to blacken. When he smiles it is to hide some of the deep and diabolical villainies his blasphemous soul is ever planning. There is not a devil in Pluto's dominions but is more of a true Christian—there is not an orangoutang in the world but is more of a statesman—there is not a pisauro on the prairie but is more of a warrior—there is not a robber in prison but is more honest—there is not a beast in the forest but is more lovable—there is not a murderer in the land but is more innocent—there is not a fishwoman in all the Billingsgate district but is less of a blackguard—there is not a lost soul in hell but is more of a saint—there is not a name in the history of traitors but is more patriotic—there is not a warty, sweaty, slimy toad in all the dungeons of the world but is sweeter, purer, and more attractive than Parson Governor Blackguard Brownlow, the ranting lunatic, radical whelp of the devil now acting as Governor of Tennessee. Should Butler, Stanton, and Brownlow reach hell the same day, we should have the devil on earth at once, for either of the above named excrecences are more fit to rob, torture, and destroy than all the satanic fiends of hell acting in concert.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—An able writer gives utterance to the following valuable secret:

"This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for."

A curious case of love and persecution has come to light in New York. A man named Romero fell in love with his son's intended wife, and in order to marry her, sent Romero, Jr., to Cuba. The latter was soon after reported to be dead, and the wedding took place. Subsequently the young man returned home, when his father caused him to be arrested and put in the lunatic asylum. The wife has discovered the facts in the case, and secured the release of her first, and perhaps only love, and an interesting and spicy lawsuit is now said to be probable, growing out of this exceedingly romantic affair.

A German paper relates the following story of one of the late battles, which is not altogether incredible: A young soldier in the midst of the tumult of battle thought he saw on the grass a four-leaved shamrock growing. As such a plant is rare, and is considered to bring good luck, he stooped to take it. At that very instant a cannon ball passed over his head, so near that he must have been killed if he had not been bending down. The man so miraculously saved, has sent the plant to which he owes his life to his betrothed at Koenigsberg.

### Description of Vienna.

A foreign correspondent writes: Although Vienna is already a vast city of nearly thirteen miles circumference, yet the amount of improvement and building that is going forward is very great. The old city of Stadt is about three miles in circumference, and was built chiefly in the middle ages, and was consequently densely packed together within a wall that was erected for defense. It is a curious old honeycomb, that old city. The streets run crowded about; they are generally only from twelve to twenty feet wide, often not more than eight; the houses tower many stories high, and away down between them the sun is scarcely ever seen.

Hundreds of houses are built entirely over the streets, so that carriages drive directly through the house, as it were, under arched ways, long and narrow and dark. Gas burns here day and night. It is surprising what a limited extent of the room a poor family will occupy, the tradesman working in the same room occupied by his family. Here you are shaved for two and a quarter cents, your boots are mended for five cents, you make a substantial dinner of soup, beef, potatoes and pudding for fourteen cents, and so forth. The same pavement of solid, square stones extends all the way across the streets, and you walk in the middle or on the side, as you can find room among the rattling carriages. You seldom enter a hotel or store or a large private dwelling from the front, but go in the coach way, which leads to the inner court, and turn to the right or left.

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 set up an ox," was the reply of a little chap who took a dollar-and-cents view of the matter.

A soldier who lost both hands in the war was furnished with a hand organ, and with his son, a young lad, has travelled a year or two in the vicinity of Boston, with remarkable success, having already accumulated \$15,000, the generous contributions of the charitable.

Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom or virtue has any vigor or immortal hope except in principles of the Christian faith and in the sanction of the Christian religion.

"Now, my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so still that you can hear a pin drop. For a minute all was still, and a little boy shrieked, 'let her drop!'"

"Husband, I hope you have no objection to my being weighed?"

"Certainly not, my dear; but why do you ask that question?"

"Only to see, love, if you would let me have my own weigh once."

Several New York cotton speculators are already at Columbus, Ga., endeavoring to get hold of the forthcoming cotton crop by offering advances freely, but planters generally avoid this class of men.

Many a true heart that, like a dove to the ark, would have come back after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and manner of an unforgiving spirit.

As well might the chemist hope for a universal elixir from the polluted water of a stagnant lake, as mankind expect from earthly things the light and bliss of their immortal souls.—Dr. Beaumont.

An Austrian regiment of infantry contains four battalions of twelve hundred men each, making the regiment as strong as an American brigade.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, is really so; but he who thinks himself the wisest man, is generally the greatest fool.

The Alabama State University is trying to raise means to restore its buildings—which were burned by Gen. Wilson—by a lottery, the prizes in which amount to \$50,000.

A sentimental youth: "My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?" Practical girl: "How many acres are there in your lot, sir?"—[Exchange.]

A recruit going through the exercise of sword cut, asked how he should parry. "Never your mind that," said the old hussar, "only you cut; let the enemy parry."

A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot-house.