

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIER

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## THE CAROLINA SPARTAN

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### Webster's Dictionary, So-Called

Our attention was sometime since called to the new definitions of certain words foisted into the last edition of Webster's large Dictionary—e. g., the words slave, compact, state. This tampering with a great national work deserves severe reprobation, which it gets in a communication to the Louisville Courier, by the Rev. J. Ditzler—a part of which we transfer to our columns:

By this time, at least, every thinking and observing man has ceased to be surprised at anything New Englanders do, unless it should be decent or generous. But the crowning act of their infamy in the way of letters is the manner in which they have mutilated the new editions of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. It is enough to say that the editions since 1861 are no longer reliable, and have no authority so far as Webster is authority; for they are not Webster's definitions, but those of the double-dyed radicalism of Massachusetts. I call attention to this, as seen in a few words—the words: slave, compact, state, and contraband. These words had most to do—all—between the North and South, between conservatism and radicalism; but as to their application, we have nothing to say. It is the infamy of the editors and publishers of the dictionary at Springfield, Massachusetts, who prostituted such a work to the vile subserviency of a faction, that calls for attention. The word "compact" lies at the root of the whole issue of 1860 to 1866. In the edition of 1860, and all former editions, (unabridged,) Webster thus defines: "Compact, n. l. [compactum] an agreement, a contract between parties; but it is more generally applied to agreements between nations and States, as treaties and confederacies. So the Constitution of the United States is a political contract between the States—a national compact." Now this is the definition given by every authority, from Aristotle and Thucydides till the present time. In 1787 the framers of the Constitution constantly so termed it. Blackstone, Hallam, the great constitutional critic and historian, Chitty, Macaulay; in the United States, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Taney, Adams (J. Q.), P. Henry, and all the text-books also agree with the above. Indeed, it is well known to the historian that Madison, "the father of the Constitution," had Rousseau's "Social Contract" before him all the time when making the Constitution. But now Puritanism, to serve party ends, leaves out all the above, and gives an entirely new and unheard of definition, to chime in with the present aims of the fanatics.

Webster's Dictionary, up to 1860, (unabridged,) defined a State to be (quoting Blackstone) "a political body governed by representatives—a commonwealth—as the States of Greece and the States of America, and says in same place: "Municipal law is a rule of conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a State." (Ed. of 1860.) Now see the Puritanical definition of the mutilators of the great American lexicographer: "State—No. 8. A political body, or body politic; the whole body of a people united under one Government, what ever may be the form of that Government. 9. In the United States one of the Commonwealths or bodies politic, the people of which make up the body of the nation, and which, under the National Constitution, stand in certain specified relations with the National Government, and are invested, as Commonwealths, with full power in the several spheres, over all matters not expressly inhibited." (Ed. of 1865.)

The above is as unlike, and as radically opposed to, and subversive of, Noah Webster's definition, as the fanatical folly and hate of the associates in crime of the Massachusetts editors are subversive of the principles of Washington and the framers of the Constitution. Every particle of the above was added to Webster since 1862—in 1865. So of all important words that relate to the war or character of the Federal and State Governments. Contraband is defined to be a freedman, and the name of Butler lagged in as the authority. Let the people North and South, who respect honesty, repudiate these editions, and demand the speedy return to Webster, unpolled by the foul touch of Puritan hands.

### A Manly Darling.

A dozen or more times during the heat of politics, we have been asked by letter to define the word darling for some of our valued lady correspondents both North and South. For the past six months the labor of politics has left us no chance to run our pen lightly or dip its point into the home hearts of those who live for affection. But now the contest for this season is over for a brief time, and we set by the desk to chat a little more as of old, before the hundreds of political letters come flooding in upon us.

What is a darling? We step out of a man's heart and go in to that of a loved woman for the time, and here is what the spirit says—Write. My Darling! Yes I have a darling, not a Pet, for men are not Pets, though in forgetful moods we often call them so. At times the fullness of love in our hearts—the earnestness of love leaps out with Pet—but the indrawn sigh which draws him, I love so close to my soul, lingers on Darling. He is all the world to me. He is dearer than life. I love him—He is mine! He is a man. He has, oh! such a stout heart! And such earnest eyes. And he is so kind—so gentle, so earnest with me. He loves me! He is my Darling!—He may at times speak cross to others, but never to me. He may at times strike others, but he would sooner die than strike me. He battles with the world. He fights bravely with its trials, vicissitudes, temptations and hypocrisies—he labors day after day all for me! When he leaves me it is with a kiss, I feel his lips—I see deep into his eyes—I feel his firm, manly, gentle touch—I rest in his heart like a ship at calm, all the hours he is from me, for he is my Darling! His eye is clear—his voice that of love—his touch is constancy, he is mine, and God knows I love him as a Darling should be loved.

Ah! that is he! I know his step. Firm, quick, manly, ringing and looked for. His hand is on the gate—he springs up the steps, or hastens across the porch, he touches the door, it opens, he still flutters heart—his arms fold me to his heart, his lips—his eyes, himself—all mine; My Darling! Don't you know him? I do! Would know his step, his touch, his voice, his presence from all the millions of God, for he is my Darling. He brings me books, papers, pictures, keepsakes; he fills my lap with gifts, and my soul so full of joy, not for his gifts, but for his remembrances of me, and because he is my Darling.

Do you see this house? This home? This air of comfort? The carpets, the pictures, the furniture, this home, all mine as is my Darling, for he gave all to me. And do you know how safe I feel when he is by? And how tremble and tremble when he is away, for there are more dangers in the air than there should be. I do not fear for myself, but for my Darling! No I don't! He is good! He is brave. He is manly. He loves me. He is true and constant. He loves me—he will soon be with me, lie still fluttering heart, my Darling will soon be here!

The years creep over us. The storms fall about. The winds pipe shrill. The thatch fades and thins, but this heart of my Darling, and his Darling are warm and loving. You cannot win him from me. Others cannot win from me. Time cannot win him from me, my Darling.

What care I for the smiles or frowns of others? His arms—his eyes—his kisses—his heart! Wealth is nothing, poverty is nothing—my Darling is all. I love him in health when the blood courses hot and swift through his veins, I love him when the fever or delirium parches his cheeks, thickens his sweet, unstained breath, or throws his brain in a whirl, for he is my Darling here as he will be hereafter.

POMEROY.

### SEEDLESS PEACHES.

—To make peaches grow without stones, an agriculturist who has tried it with success, says: "Turn the top of the tree down, cut off the ends, stick them into the ground, and fasten so with stakes. In a year or two these tops will take root, and when well rooted, cut the branches connecting these reversed and rooted branches with the tree proper, and this reversed peach tree will produce fine peaches without stones." The same experiment may be tried with plum, cherries, and currents.

### WORTH THE CHARM.

—Young men are mistaken when they think good looks their principal recommendation to woman. A woman admires a handsome man for a time, but it needs something more than a good looking face to retain this feeling. A woman is, as a general rule, more strongly drawn by the intellectual qualities of the opposite sex, is also true of the gentler sex.

"Dear me, how fluidly he talks!" said Mrs. Partington, recently at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms every cartridge of my body."

### A Daring Railroad Robbery.

The following account of one of the most daring robberies of this century, perhaps, we take from the Nashville Banner. It smacks very much like some of the exploits of Claude Duval and Jack Shepherd:

Another bold and daring sally has been made by the booted, spurred and belted ruffians who have so long infested the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. At about two o'clock yesterday morning, the Nashville bound passenger train was thrown from the track six miles north of Franklin, Kentucky, and a second class passenger car burned to ashes, the stoves having been upset in the rapid descent and heavy concussion. The locomotive was turned over three times, and the express car was thrown straight down the embankment, the end resting on the track, and the baggage car piled upon it.

The obstructions on the track were about three hundred yards apart, and were formed by bars of railroad iron projecting from the cross-ties toward the approaching engine. Fence rails were also piled up on the track. Obstructions were placed in the rear of the train after it had passed, so that there could be no escape for the doomed train, even if it should be backed up.

The engineer, Jas. L. Stewart, saw the danger when very close upon it, and gallantly stood to his post, reversing the engine, and so breaking the force of the concussion as to save the life of every passenger, though he did it at the risk of his own. He was badly bruised, and a number of others were more or less injured, but not a single life was lost.

The fireman jumped from the engine, escaping unhurt, and the hoofs of the robbers' horses almost touched him as he lay hidden when the troop passed him on their way from the scene of their depredations.

The sleeping coach and the ladies' car remained on the track, the sleepy passengers supposing they had arrived at another station, when the sudden stoppage was made.

The conductor, Mr. Charles Rice, went forward to learn the cause, and did not long remain in ignorance. He was called upon to halt, and in a moment was surrounded by a dozen or more heavily armed ruffians, armed to the teeth, and apparently upon some desperate errand. He managed to effect his escape, however, and was soon in Franklin, where he telegraphed the news of the terrible occurrence back to Louisville.

An individual, whose curiosity was somewhat aroused, thrust his head out of the window, but hastily drew it in again, a bullet whizzing close to his attentive auricular.

Another man, who had stepped out upon the platform, was also compelled to retire to the music of whistling lead. The ruffians, making a cicerone of the baggage-master, came to the doors of the sleeping car, and with drawn pistols demanded the immediate surrender of every weapon in the car. Few of the passengers being armed, however, only one or two revolvers were given up.

Some of the passengers were still asleep, and one young man was seized and robbed just as he was climbing into his berth. Others had just been discussing the robbery of the day train, which occurred a short time ago, on this same road, little dreaming of the similar fate that awaited them.

The robbers were very boisterous, though apparently unused to their business, and as much frightened as their victims. All but one, a tall, slim man, were disguised, their ugly, villainous looking faces being thoroughly blackened with charcoal or some like substance. They had on spurs, wore their pantaloons inside their boots, and looked fierce generally, with the intention, no doubt, of at once striking terror to the hearts of their unfortunate, unarmed victims.

The precise number of the marauding party is not known. Only ten or twelve were seen.

The leader was a large man, weighing perhaps two hundred pounds, a blood-red comforter girdling at his waist and dangling at his side. He rather kept aloof, however, and not much was seen of him.

The man who took the pocket books was a little fellow, two of the robbers at his side entreating his demands by placing the muzzles of their pistols at the heads of those who seemed at all disposed to withhold their currency and valuables.

Placing themselves at the door of the car, after they had taken up their collection, they made the unfortunate passengers file into the next coach, keeping them covered by deadly weapons, and taking care that none should jump from the platform and escape.

They then went through the vacated car and picked up some articles of clothing while searching for concealed money.

These proceedings lasted about fifteen minutes, and by this time the express car was in flames, and rapidly crumbling into ashes, much to the chagrin of the sable bandits, who, in hastening up the embank-

ment to secure the passengers, had neglected to look to the little iron safe and its treasure.

Going to the baggage car, they secured a number of valises, shouting, as they left the ill-starred passengers, that the first man who stepped out upon the platform of their temporary prison should die for his temerity.

They then disappeared in the woods, from whence they had come, the light from the blazing car revealing their dark forms as they flitted away to the shelter of the gloomy forest, now and then looking back upon the destruction they had wrought.

Up rolled the bright flames, throwing the rays of dancing light far down along the track, as if inviting swift justice to the fleeing desperadoes and welcoming the little band of determined men who were to hasten to the rescue as soon as the tidings should reach them.

The robbers having fled, the passengers succeeded in securing the remaining contents of the baggage car before it was consumed.

Many of the passengers saved considerable by stowing money and valuables in their boots and other places, the hurried search being by no means a thorough one. The ladies were not molested, and only the occupants of the sleeping car were financially disturbed.

Rev. H. C. Honardy, of Atlanta, Georgia, was awakened by the pressure of the muzzle of a pistol against his temple, and while three or four others were brought to bear upon him, he surrendered \$220 to the robbers. He also lost his valise.

J. R. Slaughter, President of the Savannah and Memphis Railroad, lost a small amount.

A Mobile man lost \$4,000 in Government vouchers.

Capt. Brown, late Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. A., was aboard, but we did not learn whether he gave up anything.

Mr. Guilford, sleeping car conductor, through whose energy the coaches remaining on the track were saved from burning, lost \$300.

Dr. J. G. Thomas, of Savannah Ga., saved considerably by distributing his money in various parts of his clothing cupped with others. He gave them his pocket book and the \$20 it contained, and came near getting off at that, but he was afterwards made to surrender a coat in which he had secreted \$500.

James Watson, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, \$178, and a valise, with its contents, valued at \$100.

A Hebrew, whose name we did not learn, lost \$1500.

R. R. Dankerson, of Evansville, Indiana, lost \$80.

A Northern man, name not ascertained, lost \$350.

R. R. Goodwin, Agent of Neale, Netherland & Co., Louisville, gave up \$24, but concealed the balance of his cash, and saved his watch, by transferring it to his boot.

S. Wertheimer, of Columbia, Tennessee, lost a valise and contents worth \$60.

M. Rehoefer, of Louisville, lost \$67.

N. Roseneau, of Louisville, lost his pocket book and \$9.

One man surrendered \$147; and concealed \$700 in his boot.

A number of others lost various amounts, none very large, however.

The loss of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, by the destruction of the engine and three cars, is estimated at from \$25,000 to \$30,000.

Everything in the express car was burned. Only the ashes of the greenbacks in the safe were to be seen upon opening it. It is said that there had been deposited in it \$25,000.

Captain Brown tracked the robbers some three miles, and recovered most of the vouchers which had been taken, they having scattered them along the way.

The passengers made up a purse for Mr. Stewart the engineer, to whose presence of mind they owed their lives.

The light of the burning cars was seen at Franklin, and created much wonderment. As soon as the news of the robbery became known, a special train which had been engaged by Mike Lipman for the transportation of his circus, was tendered by him for the use of the unfortunate passengers, and with a squad of armed men aboard, it reached them about daylight.

A letter signed by, and expressing the thanks of the passengers, had been addressed to Mr. Lipman.

The train arrived here yesterday at noon with the robbed travellers nearly all aboard.

The only object of the desperadoes who committed this flagrant outrage, seems to have been plunder, as no one was in any way injured by them.

A party of mounted men, well armed, left Franklin yesterday in search of them.

### ARREST OF THE RAILROAD ROBBERS.

—The Louisville Courier of the 15th says:

We are glad to be able to chronicle the capture of the gang of outlaws who robbed

the passenger train on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad a short time since, in such a daring manner. Since this affair, the authorities have been on the alert, but failed to do anything; but what the authorities seemed unable to accomplish, our law-loving citizens took in hand themselves, and with what success the sequel shows. The citizens of Franklin, Ky., and vicinity, having been on the watch for some time past, were made aware yesterday that the gang of robbers, under the leadership of one King, were in the vicinity of that town, and turning out in short order, they captured King and six of his party. About the same time yesterday evening, as the train from Nashville, being behind time, was on its way to this city, it was compelled to run very slowly and carefully, being running on the time of another train. When between Rocky Hill and Bristol station, some of the passengers discovered four men in the vicinity of the train whose movements excited suspicion. Some of the passengers therefore went out and arrested them, and three of them were identified by passengers on the train as being with the gang who robbed the train a short time ago. Three of these, whose names are J. P. Jackson, David Russell and Jake Smith, were brought to this city and committed to jail. The other man was let go. A dispatch received last night by Mr. D. W. Rowland, assistant superintendent of the L. & N. Railroad, stated that King would be sent up here from Franklin today, and that the others would be sent up on the late train last night. These men arrested are supposed to embrace nearly all the gang.

### Random Paragraphs.

If you would have an idea of the ocean in a storm, just imagine ten thousand hills and four thousand mountains all drunk, chasing one another over newly ploughed ground.

A down east editor said he was in a boat when the wind blew hard, but he was not at all alarmed, because he had his life insured; "he never had anything happen to him by which could make any money."

Artemus Ward boasts that his family is descended from the puritans, who nobly fled from a land of dissipation to a land of freedom, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoying it.

A roaming youth, who claimed that he had made a vast deal of money in one part of the world and another, on being asked what he had done with it, said he had invested it in houses and lots. On further inquiry, it turned out that he had laid it out in eating houses and lots of rum.

Whatever you do, do willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips off his coat in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

The tendency of people to carry quotations too far, was illustrated in a New Haven prayer meeting the other day by a brother, who exclaimed in an agony of piety—"O Lord, have mercy upon us poor miserable sinners, of which I am the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

To dream gloriously, you must not gloriously while awake; and to bring down angels to converse with you in your sleep you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.

Josh Billings says there is nothing more touching in this life, than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a moustache.

Coleridge, standing one day wrapt in poetic wonder and admiration as the Niagara poured its angry waters into the depths below, exclaimed, "How sublimely beautiful!" A countryman at his elbow said: "Yes, it's very nice."

"This augurs well," as the mosquito said when he settled on a fat man's nose.

Reverence and tenderness are the hallowed avenues through which alone true souls can come together.

It is stated that General Tom Thumb will soon have another "Thumb" on his hands.

The Constitutional Amendment has been rejected by the Legislature of Georgia. In the Senate, the vote was—yeas 36, nays none. In the House—yeas 189, nays 2.

The last rebel prisoner was recently released from prison in Washington. His friends had mourned him as dead, and respect of funeral services was paid to his memory a year ago.

There was a wrestling match at the Nashville race-course, the other day, between a white man and a negro, for \$1000. The white man was thrown, as he deserved to be, and the negro took the currency.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of former kindness is obliterated.