

THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIE

Devoted to Education, Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mechanical Arts.

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SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1869.

NO 17

Sheriff's Sales FOR JUNE, 1869.

BY virtue of sundry writs of fieri facias, to me directed, I will sell before the Court House door, in the village of Spartanburg, on the first MONDAY in JUNE next, with in legal hours, the following named property to wit:

271 Acres of land, more or less, bounded by lands of Jas. Macomson, South Carolina Manufacturing Company and others. Levied on as the property of A. E. Smith at the suit of D. C. Robbins. Also,

80 acres of land, more or less, bounded by lands of the South Carolina Manufacturing Company, Dock Ray, W. P. Moore, and others. Levied upon as the property of Elizabeth McCarr, at the suit of A. H. Williams. Also,

286 acres of land, more or less, bounded by lands of Tinsley Ballinger, M. Landford and others. Levied upon as the property of Ephraim Bonham, at the suit of R. E. Cleveland and J. S. & A. Hill. Also,

113 acres of land, more or less, bounded by lands of Wm West, H. H. Grambling and others. Levied upon as the property of Richard B. Gowin, at the suit of J. M. Bowden for another. Also,

400 acres of land, more or less, bounded by lands of A. Adkins, Lavina Burns, and others. Levied on, as the property of Joseph Lawrence at the suit of S. Bobo. Also,

Also, 315 acres of land, more or less, bounded by lands of Jas. C. Moss, H. J. Bishop, J. G. Mabrey and others. Levied upon as the property of A. Tolleson, at the suit of W. W. Harris, vs J. M. Bost and Tolleson.

One lot in the town of Spartanburg, where on stands a three story brick building, (store room) now occupied by Dr. A. W. Cummings, bounded East by lot and building of J. W. Maxwell, West by Court House, South by Public Square; said lot containing one-seventh of an acre, more or less. Levied upon as the property of D. L. Twitty, at the suit of J. Bonmar & Co., vs W. R. Neilson, Decatur I Twitty vs Wm. R. Neilson & Co.

Defendants interest in one lot in the Town of Spartanburg, whereon stands a Two story brick building, (store room) now occupied by Moore & Coffield, and bounded East by lot and building now occupied by Hardy & Co., West by lot and building of D. I. Twitty, South by the Public Square. Said lot containing 1/10 of an acre, more or less. Said interest levied on as the property of J. W. Maxwell, at the suit of J. S. Henderson.

TERMS of Sheriff Sales, Cash. Purchasers to pay for Titles and Stamps.

JOHN DEWBERRY, S. S. C.

May 20-15

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA Spartanburg-In Probate Court

John T. Howell, Applicant, vs. John Ross, Richard Ross, and others.
I appearing to my satisfaction that Clark Ramsey, and wife Nancy Ramsey, the children of Jesse Ross, deceased, (names unknown) the children of George Ross, deceased, (names unknown) the children of Alexander Ross, deceased, (names unknown) the children of Elizabeth Burgess, deceased, (names unknown) the children of Polly Burgess, (names unknown) and the children of Jane Ross, (names unknown) reside without the limits of this State.

It is therefore ordered, that they do appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Spartanburg Court House, for Spartanburg County, on the 4th day of June next, to show cause, if any they can, why a final settlement of the estate of George Ross should not be made.

Given under my hand this 19th day of April, 1869.

BENJ. WOFFORD, J. P. S. C.

April 22 -td

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA Spartanburg-In Probate Court.

Petition for sale of Real Estate.
Warren D. Pearson, Simpson M. Pearson and Harrison C. Pearson, by their next friend, H. J. Pearson, Applicant, vs. J. P. Edwards, Guardian, Defendant.

In obedience to an order from the Court of Probate to me directed in this case, I will sell to the highest bidder, on Saturday in June next, the following tracts of land, the same being the real estate of DAVID W. PEARSON, deceased, to wit:

One tract of land, situated in Spartanburg County, lying on waters of Jemmes Creek, and bounded as follows, to wit, by lands of Jerry Lanford, William Allen, Ephraim Drummond, and containing
100 Acres, more or less.

The other tract, situated on waters of Jemmes Creek, and adjoining lands of Dr. M. D. Drummond, Catharine Bragg, and others, and containing

50 Acres of Land, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE: Credit one and two years, in equal instalments; the first instalment due and payable on the first day of June 1870, the second instalment due and payable on the first day of June, 1871, with interest from date; cost of these proceedings to be paid down on day of sale, purchasers giving bond and good security and mortgage of the premises to secure the purchase money. Purchasers to pay for stamps and papers.

JNO. DEWBERRY, S. S. C.

May 17 15 3w

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA Spartanburg-In Probate Court.

John S. Todd and wife, vs. Jane Hannah and others.

Petitions for account, Relief &c.
I appearing to my satisfaction, that Wm. F. Hannah, Benjamin N. Young and wife, E. F. A. Young Erastus Smith, Isaac Hanna, defendants in this case, reside from and without the limits of this State, it is ordered that they do appear, answer, plead, or demur to this petition within forty days from this date, or judgment pro confesso will be given as to them.

BEJ. WOFFORD, J. P. S. C.

April 8 9 8m

[From the Detroit Post.

Sue Mundy.

AN EVENTFUL HISTORY—THE CAREER OF A FEMALE GUERRILLA.

Nearly every pleasant day pedestrians on our principal avenue pass a dark-eyed brunette, of medium size, a plump figure, and richly dressed. In the early Spring of 1861 Sue Kiteage, a lovely girl, just returned from boarding school, lived upon her father's plantation in one of the rural districts of Kentucky that hung in a balance, uncertain whether to risk its fate with the new "Confederacy" or hang back. Sue was 17, a frequent visitor at the adjoining plantation of Mr. Mundy, an old gentleman whose wife and son, a young man, composed a happy family.

One day a company of Union cavalry rode down upon the place, plundered the premises, carried off the valuables, burned the residence, and finally slaughtered the parents, who were defending their own fireside, laying waste the country in their track, and leaving young Mundy and Sue orphans indeed. Young Mundy was at last aroused, and while being carried off a prisoner no word escaped his lips but "Sue." When asked his name he repeated "Sue," probably the effects of a disordered brain. His linen being examined, the indelible name of "Mundy" was found, and ever after he was known as "Sue Mundy," the constant terror of Union citizens and soldiers in that section.

After being released on parole, he immediately returned and interred the charred remains of his own parents, as well as the body of M. K. Taking a solemn and fearful oath of vengeance, and accompanied by Sue, who was now without home or friends in this wild world, he started for a neighboring camp of bushwhackers or guerrillas, where he was received with open arms, and was soon promoted to the office of commander of the force, while Sue, disguised and passing by the name of "Kit"—an abbreviation of Kiteage—proved invaluable as a spy, a fearless rider, and of undoubted bravery. Kit, after serving nearly two years as a spy and general planner for the band, found her health failing. Disguised and armed with the highest testimonials, she succeeded in procuring a position on the staff of Gen. Cleburne, the hardest fighting Irishman in the rebel army.

This position she held, doing her duty like a man, until the battle of Franklin, July 12, 1864, in which Pat Cleburne was killed. Returning to her youthful hero and his band, she again revelled in the carnival of blood, and though her evil spirit was weak, and Kit was again transferred to duty at Andersonville. Prisoners who have shared hospitably of that celebrated camp will perhaps remember a short, stout, muscular young lieutenant, with flashing black eyes, a face smooth as a maiden's, and cruel as though a fiend incarnate lurked within.—This was Sue Kiteage, the amiable young boarding-school Miss, the cheerful companion, the once wealthy heiress, the beautiful maiden and firm friend of young Mundy, whose life to her was dearer than her own. Sue Mundy and a part of his band were captured and tried by a court martial. Kit was present during the whole trial, and used her great influence, but of no avail. Sue Mundy was convicted and hanged, at Louisville, Ky., in March, 1865. The flowing hair still hung about his shoulders, and when his youthful corpse was taken down and laid away in his narrow bed, this bleeding and broken heart of Sue Kiteage was buried with it; and now, a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and friendless, she lives without hope of mercy, forsaken and dishonored, and cast away.

The principle which Senator Ross says Grant enunciated, when he declared that holding office under President Johnson eighteen months a sufficient cause for removal, must apply to J. Kramer, who is married to Grant's sister, Mary, and who was appointed by Johnson as Consul at Leipzig, in 1867, which position he now holds; and also to Grant's father, whom Johnson appointed postmaster at Covington, Kentucky. Why are they not also removed?

HYPOCRISY.—We learn from the New York Tribune that "forty freedmen's schools have been closed in Maryland, because the teachers could not find homes with white people." Well, believing in negro equality, why did the mains put so fine a point upon lodging with white folks? asks the *Agusta Constitutional*.

A woman at one of the city dispensaries applied for medical aid, stating her disease to be flirtation of the heart. "Not an uncommon ailment with your sex, ma'am," "but it is not dangerous if the proper remedy is applied."

From the Banner of the South.

The Soldier's Grave.

BY PAOLA.

Down 'neath a weeping willow,
His comrades worked away,
Seeking a suitable pillow
For the soldier that fell that day.

Working and weeping so sadly
When they think of his mother away,
Who will bear the loss so badly
Of the soldier that fell that day.

First, in a lonely manner,
To wish and hope and pray,
That his country's beautiful banner
Might proudly hold her away.

First to meet the foe man,
First to lead the way;
First to shout the victory,
And first to fall that day.

But, now the grave is finished,
His comrades move away;
Their ranks are now diminished,
By the one that fell that day.

Rest in peace, our brother,
While we will trust and pray,
That God will guard the mother
Of the one that fell that day.

Pacific Railroad.

HOW TRAVEL IS TO BE CONDUCTED.

In expectation of the junction of the two roads, the Central and the Union Pacific, both companies have made ample preparations to accommodate trade and the traveling public. The first thing upon which they had to agree was, of course, the rate of passage from ocean to ocean. The respective officers of the companies were in consultation yesterday, and they came to a temporary understanding that the fare from New York to San Francisco for emigrants and second class passengers should be \$75, and for first class passengers \$175. In regard to the charge to be for through freight nothing definite has been arranged, but a tariff will be determined on in a few days. It is expected that the trip from shore to shore can be made in between six and seven days. For the present the time of running will be rather slower, as the track is new and wants ballasting and "surfacing." After that, when from running trains the proper firmness is gained, the time will be somewhat inside of six days. So that a person leaving New York on Monday morning may spend his next Sunday in sight of the Golden Gate of the Pacific. The Union Company, as well as the Central, have over 2,000 freight cars in readiness to transport whatever of merchandise may offer, and while the first has over 150 locomotives, the latter counts 190, all in good working order. They were all made in the Eastern States, excepting two, which were constructed at San Francisco. The Central burns wood only in their engines. The Union was fortunate enough to find heavy and extensive beds on the government lands donated along the line, sufficient to yield them fuel for centuries to come, and they had their locomotives constructed to burn coal and they mine the material themselves.

On passenger trains everything will be provided that the wants of man may suggest. Sleeping cars, drawing room cars for ladies, saloon cars for gentlemen, restaurant cars, with kitchens on wheels, in fact, everything that a first class hotel in a city can offer, will there be found in the comparatively small limit of a railway train. And it has been suggested—and the suggestion is not a bad one—that to each train there should be added a printing car, where, every morning and evening, the news from the East and the West may be gathered at the telegraph stations, put in type and printed in sheets, so that the traveling passengers, during the several days route, may have the regular morning papers as well as their meals.

No name has yet been fixed upon for the place where the two roads connect. Union City, Junction City and other names have been proposed; but none of them is as yet approved, though it is probable that before many days the name of the "great city" yet to spring into life, and where the East and West will shake their iron hands and exchange greetings, will finally be determined.—*N. Y. Herald*.

MEMPHIS, EL PASO AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.—A Washington despatch of the 5th says: "Information has been received here that General Fremont, who is now in New York, will sail to-morrow for Europe on business connected with the loan he has negotiated in Paris for the construction of his Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railroad. The company will build about one hundred fifty miles of the road in the State of Texas this summer. The iron has been already purchased, and will be shipped by the 1st of June."

A Singular Suicide.

The suicidal mania lately so prevalent, last evening claimed another victim in the person of John J. Miller, a native of the United States, 51 years of age, who for the past two years has resided and carried on his business as a hatter, in the basement of No. 131 Amity street. The details of this last self-murder will show it to be one of the most deliberate acts of the kind upon record.

Yesterday afternoon Miller and his son, a boy 14 years of age, were out together and shortly before their return the father and son entered the drug store of Dr. O. B. Price, where the former purchased something in an envelope for which he paid thirty cents. As he came out from the store the son asked his father what he had bought, to which he answered in an excited manner, "I want to kill myself," but instantly afterward corrected himself and said he was only joking, and that, feeling sick, he had bought some medicine which he was going to take. When they arrived at home Miller told his son to prepare a place for him to lay down in the back room, and to bring him a glass of water. When the boy had fulfilled these directions, the father told him to go and get his supper, which the boy accordingly did, and was absent about an hour and a half. When he returned about 5 o'clock and entered the back room he found his father lying dead upon the bed. An alarm was of course, instantly given, and among the first to come was Dr. Hessler, who occupies the upper part of the house, and who, immediately upon entering the room, found an envelope upon the table, which, upon examination, he decided had contained morphine. It was therefore easily inferred that this envelope had contained the drug which he had purchased during the afternoon and which he had used to put an end to his life.

New York Times.

BAD DRESSING.—"Men as well as women," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article on the dress of English women "sometimes dress in an eccentric manner from mere caprice, or from an idea that it is unworthy of a sensible person to take any trouble whatever about dress. They think it is creditable to them to say, 'I do not care how I dress.' In reality, it only shows that they are untidy by nature. No man pays his brains a compliment by going about the streets a sloven. Men of talent, great writers and great orators, must cherish the belief that they are superior to dress, or the shabbiest men in the community would not be found so often in their ranks. Clever women usually show the same contempt of dress. If untidiness were confined to them, it would not be of very much consequence, but it is more general with their sex, strange to say, than with ours. And yet very few women can prudently disregard the attractions which they might derive from dresses of graceful tints and perfect shape. The draggled appearance of married women of the poorer class is, we do not doubt, one cause of the preference which their husbands show for the public house. It must be a miserable thing to live in the same house with a woman who is, figuratively speaking, down at heel all over."

According to "the very latest Paris fashions report" we find that—

The entire head of hair evenly divided between any two colors—a pearly white on one side and ebony black on the other, or a fiery red and a brilliant green, according to the wearer's action, is the latest eccentricity of harlequin fashion. The Elizabethan styles are abandoned. My lady's pet poodle undergoes the same transformation over his entire body. Yes, I assure you in all earnestness, the above is the phase of fashion fixed upon, and ladies calling themselves the *haut ton* may daily be seen promenading the Champs Elysees and principal boulevards, flaunting these gay colors in their hair.

A poor man came to a minister and begged to be unmarried. The minister assured him that it was out of the question, and urged him to put away the notion of anything so absurd. The man insisted that the marriage could not hold good, for the wife was worse than the devil. The minister demurred, saying, that was quite impossible. "No," said the poor man, "the Bible tells ye, that if ye resist the devil, he flees from ye; but if ye resist her, she flees at ye."

A curious card appears in a Texas paper. A man advertises that his brother is candidate for Sheriff of the County because he himself is disfranchised, but that he is to be the real officer. "You are voting for me, and that is for my benefit, and I am to receive all the pay it I am elected."

A wise old gentleman, who knew all about it, on retiring from business gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

Woman.

Is it not strange, after all the Bible says of woman and women, ladies should be preferred by any of her sex. "She shall be called woman," is the first intimation we have of her name. We read of the gentle, loving Ruth, the queenly Esther, and Elizabeth, the mother of John, all as women, and she, who was the most exalted of all, Mary the mother of Jesus. If lady had been a superior title, or something equivalent to it, it surely would have been conferred upon her. True, she was poor, the wife of a carpenter, her babe was born in a manger, yet the angels rejoiced, and the morning stars sang together, as she (a woman) held the child in her arms. Who bathed the Saviour's feet with her tears, and followed him to the cross and tomb, and received the first blessings of the risen lord? Woman—ever kind and compassionate, the very name seems to breathe of love and adoration. In all ages, noble heroic women were the mothers of true, brave men. Our grandmothers were all women; they loved the husbands, taught their children, and made home happy; their sons grew up and called them blessed. The words woman, mother, home, and friends form the golden links that keep society together; there seems a comfort in each word, but the word lady brings to our mind's eyes sickly children, little graves, a disorderly house and a bankrupt husband. It is this love of show that is ruining the American people; we want no en, good and true, to preside over the homes of their husbands and children, to fill the places that God intended them to fill, directing the minds of sons and daughters to future usefulness for themselves and their fellow-creatures.

THE "SUNDAY STONE."—In one of the English coal mines there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and as the water passes off, these become hard and form limestone. This would always be white, like marble, were it not that men are constantly working in the mines, and as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed. In the night, when there is no coal dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the mines are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on, alternately, black and white, through the week, until Sunday comes. Then, if the miners keep Sunday, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Sunday night, and the whole of Sunday, so that every seventh day the white layer is about three times as thick as any of the others. But if they work on Sunday, they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence, the miners call it the "Sunday Stone."

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.—A young man stood listless watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a packet filled with wholesome looking fish he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy, I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other eagerly.

"Only to tend to this line till I come back, I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and, when the owner of the line returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."

A MINISTER PROBABLY MURDERED.—We learn from the *Eastern News*, of Thursday, that the horse of the Rev. McKee, a traveling Presbyterian Minister, was found last Monday, at Joiner's Bridge, on Pea River. Mr. McKee himself could not be found. It seems that the buggy was considerably injured, and the horse detached therefrom, but entangled among the vines in the swamp. It was supposed he had been murdered and thrown in the river.

The *Galveson News* wants to know where the pigeons go, and offers a pigeon pie for the information. The Home Advocate says "they go to roost"—and claims the pie!