

THE WEEKLY UNION TIMES.

Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Economy, Polite Literature, Politics, and the Current News of the Day.

UNION C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1875.

1875

SAGACITY OF A CIRCUS HORSE.

Without depreciating modern establishments of this kind, our recollections go back to Astley's Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge, as it is used to be, thirty or forty years ago, under the management of the late Mr. Ducrow. The feats there performed by some of the horses were exceedingly wonderful. The animals seemed to possess a degree of human intelligence. They were accomplished actors. Their powers of simulation with a view to entertain spectators went far beyond what any one could expect, whose knowledge is confined to the ordinary class of horses. We will mention a few particulars regarding the horses at Astley's as they occur to our memory. One evening the performance represented a house on fire.—All the inhabitants of the dwelling had managed to escape except a lady in an upper story. You saw her at a window, throwing about her arms wildly, and screaming for help. Her appeals to the assembled crowd beneath were heart-rending. The firemen could not reach her, for the stair was seemingly in a blaze, and there was no fire escape. The spectators in the theatre were wrought up to an agony, it being but too evident that the poor lady was doomed to perish by a painful and violent death. In the midst of the commotion, a horse which belonged to the lady rushed upon the stage. In its stable it had heard the screams of its mistress, and hastened to do its best to save her. Without bridle or saddle, it was seen to rush into the house and climb the stair, amidst flames and volumes of smoke. It reached the apartment where the lady was. She mounted on its back, holding by the mane, and the horse, descending the stair, brought her safely to the ground. Prolonged shouts of applause rewarded the hard-earned exploit. The whole thing was a beautiful piece of acting, and evoking throughout sentiments of pleasure and admiration.—Nothing but kindness and long training could have made the horse so clever in knowing what to do and to do it well. The feat was the more surprising, as horses usually have a dread of fire which is not easily conquered. It will be understood that the fire had been so adroitly managed as to effect no injury on the theatre, and that there never had been any real danger.

On another evening at Astley's, a still more remarkable piece of acting, by a white horse named Prince, was offered for public entertainment. It was a play called the High-mettled Racer. The play was in several acts, and designed to present different stages of degradation in the career of a horse, from youth to old age. The spectacle was painful but touching, but unfortunately in too many cases true to nature. We shall endeavor to describe some of the scenes.

When the piece opens, we have a view of an English mansion. In front there are several mounted huntsmen in scarlet coats, ready to set out on a fox-chase. They are waiting until a young lady comes out of the mansion to accompany them. We see the lady, properly equipped for riding, descend the steps to the doorway, and by the aid of a groom mount a young and beautiful shaped white horse that is in readiness for her.—She speaks to it affectionately and calls it her dear Prince. The elegant form of the animal, its proud bearing, its glossy coat and the spirited way it prances about, excite general admiration. After a little galloping to show its pace, the horse with its fair rider goes off with the huntsmen and horses in pursuit of a fox, that was also a stage actor in its way, which leads the party through a variety of difficulties, such as climbing up rocky heights, leaping over hedges, &c., till at length, on the point of being run down, it dashes into the cottage of a poor old woman, who humanely gives it shelter. She takes up the fox lovingly in her arms, and saves it from seemingly impending destruction. That may be called the first stage of the horse's career, during which Prince was well attended to and happy.

At the beginning of the next act, the horse is to every appearance several years older, and is no longer fit for racing or hunting. The lady, its first owner, had from some circumstance been compelled to part with it. From its swiftness in running, it had been purchased to run at celebrated horse races, at which it had, on several occasions, won prizes, and its sprightliness obtained for it the name of the High-mettled Racer. After this it was transferred from one owner to another, always in a descending scale, until poor Prince is seen in the condition of a cab-horse in the streets of London! It has somewhat the look of its former state, but is terribly broken down in figure and spirit. Its plump and glossy appearance is gone. It is dirty and dejected. It hangs its head droopingly down. Its ribs shine through its skin. Its joints are stiff. It stands on three legs, with the other leg resting on the point of the foot, just as we see cab-horses trying to rest their aching limbs, when standing in a row for hire.—What a wretched down-come from that which Prince had enjoyed, in life's young dream! There awaits it, however, a still lower depth of misery.

In the following act, Prince is reduced to the forlorn condition of drawing a sand-cart, when it can hardly draw its own legs after it. To appearance it is half-starved. A child offers it a few straws, which it is glad to eat. It seems to be a little better than skin and bone. The cart in which it

is yoked belongs to a rude jobber, whose object is to wring the utmost possible work out of the animal, before selling it to be killed. A feeling of horror and compassion thrills through the spectators. They can hardly believe they are only looking at a play, for the simulation is perfect. Staggering along with his draught under the cruel urging of the whip, the moment arrives when Prince can go no further. Its unhappy span of life is terminated. It suddenly drops down under its weary load—to die, and be relieved of all its troubles.—Unyoked from the cart, and relieved of its harness, there it is, stretched out, with a crowd of idlers about it, seemingly at the last gasp, and offering in its fate a dreadful instance of undeserved cruelty to animals. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Quite true; but, alas! inhumanity to man is nothing in comparison with the inhumanity which is rocklessly exercised towards the horse.

There is a concluding scene in the life of the horse we have been describing, which, on no account, must be omitted. While lying in the streets in his death-struggle, and when preparations were making to drag it off to the shambles, a lady who is passing recognizes the dying animal as being her favorite horse Prince, which she had ridden years ago at the fox-chase. At the same time, the poor beast, faintly lifting his head, recognizes its old mistress, and with failing eyes seems to implore her compassion. In a state of distraction the lady kneels down, takes the horse's head in her lap, speaks to it consolingly and once more calls it her dear Prince. Oh what would she not do to revive the dying animal and give Prince a new lease of existence! Just at this juncture, in the manner of the old plays, when something supernatural was required to get over a serious difficulty, a sylph-like being, in the character of a benevolent fairy, appears on the stage, carrying a magic wand. Her mission, she says, being to redress wrong, she touches the dying horse with the wand and bids it rise. In an instant Prince starts up from its recumbent position, and to the delight and amazement of everybody, it is as fresh, glossy and beautiful as when it went out with the hounds in the fox-chase. The lady springs upon its back, and off Prince goes at a splendid gallop. The applause was, of course, immense!

Perhaps in the whole annals of horsemanship there was never demonstrated a more wonderful case of acting. The horse had all along been feigning for public amusement. It had feigned to be tired when it stood on three legs. It feigned to be dying when it dropped down in the sand-cart.—The whole affair was a piece of simulation, and by means of some adventitious aid in discoloring the skin, the deception was complete. A hasty rub with a cloth puts it all right; and instead of dying, Prince gallops off in the consciousness of having performed a brilliant piece of acting.

What we have narrated from recollection will assist in illustrating the natural intelligence of the horse, and the extent to which it can be educated by patient and gentle training. Harsh treatment would be all a mistake. Words kindly spoken, some small reward in the shape of a mouthful of what is agreeable—a trifling sweetmeat, for instance—will work wonders in forming the horse's habits, and teaching it to perform the required feat. We have always thought that an impressive moral lesson was conveyed in the play of the High-mettled Racer.

RYE FOR PASTURE.—A correspondent of the *Elmira*, (N. Y.) *Farmers' Club* writes as follows: "Farmers who are in want of first-class pasture at least expense, for this season, should prepare a lot for the purpose and sow the same to winter rye; and they will soon have a pasture for sheep, calves, poultry, in fact any kind of stock; and for young lambs it cannot be excelled. Heavy stock will trample it to the ground, to some extent, if put on early in the season, but later they can be kept on it at a profit.—Winter rye sown in the spring will not head out till the second year, but will stool out so as to cover the ground, producing a luxuriant mass of feed that will pay every experimental trial. It can be cut for soiling purposes the second year for grown up stock, or it can be raised for pasture, as stated before, or it can be allowed to attain its growth and mature a crop to harvest. It will also stand drouth very well, and enrich the land.—From one and a half to two bushels per acre should be sown according to the wealth of the land."

SENTIMENT AND OPINION.—Sentiments join man to man; opinions divide them.—The former are elementary, and concentrate; the latter are composite, and scatter. The friendships of youth are founded on sentiment; the dissensions of age result from opinion. If we could know this at an early age—if, in forming our own mode of thought, we could acquire a liberal view of others, and even of those that are opposed to ours—we should then be more tolerant, and endeavor to reunite by sentiment what opinion divided and dispersed.

Josh Billings says he knows people who are so fond of argument that they will stop and dispute with a guide-board about the distance of the next town.

OUR DIET.

We have always thought, says the *News and Courier*, that our diet is the cause of most of the summer diseases that prevail in this latitude, and have seen nothing that induces a change of opinion upon this subject. In towns and cities where the convenience and variety of markets can be had, there are perhaps such changes in diet that diseases may not be traced to this source for their causes. But how is it in the village, and on the farms where a vast majority of our readers live? Brother farmer, what did you eat for dinner to-day? Was your bill of fare made up of cooling, nutritious, wholesome, anti-febrile dishes? Or was it a variety of vegetables, potatoes, greens, beans, and so on to the end of the chapter, all boiled pretty much in the same pot, with a huge piece of Northwest-side bacon in the center, like a diamond in a casket of jewels? Soggy corn bread, greasy vegetables, and the inevitable chunk of badou constitute the average bill of fare for dinner all the summer, while not much better baked bread and fried ham or bacon are the bulk of the morning and evening meals. Unless a man has a stomach like a grist mill is it any wonder that such food creates indigestion, fever, disease and death?

We are told that negroes live on such diet, and grow fat. True; but no argument can be taken from that premise to reach a similar conclusion as to the white race. A negro will cover his head with four folds of a blanket and stick his head in hot ashes and sleep comfortably. They and we have not the same physical structure, for while they can digest and assimilate the strongest diet, they can also weather the storm on rots and berries, as doubtless many of them are doing to-day. But our race is required to be more select in what they eat, if we desire to promote health. 'Tis said that the first order Secretary of war was to destroy every frying-pan in the army, for it was killing more soldiers than battle was. So we think, and hence advise our readers to be a little more delicate at this season in their diet than they have been heretofore.

The following extract from the *New York Tribune* is so forcible upon this point, that we commend it to the careful perusal of all our readers:

The thermometer may be used to a certain extent as a guide in the selection of food. With the mercury at 40 degrees below zero, a healthy stomach will crave an abundance of carbonaceous matter to supply the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade, we want slight help from food to keep the blood at its normal temperature of 98 degrees, but the wastes of nerve and muscular tissue may still require large supplies for re-enforcement. The falling off of the appetite in springtime is a fitting preparation for the heats of summer close at hand, and everything that suggests coolness and lightness of diet is grateful to us. A natural division of foods is into those which maintain the heat of the body and those which go to the production of muscular and mental force.—Carbon, in one form or another, is the basis of all heat-producing food, and nitrogen is the basis of muscle-making food. In well-proportioned food carbon stands to nitrogen in the ratio of five to one; that is, we swallow five ounces for warmth to one for strength. But this ratio varies, as already intimated, with the height of the mercury. In winter starchy foods, oils, fats, are in demand. In summer acids, lean meats, curds and such other articles as keep up the strength of the body without overheating it. Every housekeeper should understand how to feed the various members of her household with food convenient for them. Analyses of blood, of muscle, of brain and nerve tissues, and of the various foods which have been made, render this knowledge quite possible to her if she will seek it. For illustration: Suppose she has half a dozen hungry farm laborers to feed, she will not give them chicken croquettes, tongues and wiches and ice cream, for this would not feed them. She would rather place before them corned beef well done, cabbage, onion, beans, potatoes, buttermilk, and bread and butter. In the corned beef they would have for every hundred grains eaten fifteen grains of nitrogen, which would go at once to repair muscular waste; in cabbage, every hundred parts would give them four parts of nitrogen; in onions they would have five parts of nitrogen in every hundred parts; in beans about the same, and in potatoes both nitrogen and potash, though in smaller proportions. The buttermilk, besides affording a cooling acid, is a refreshing beverage, since every constituent of milk but the fatty parts present in it. A piece of apple pie would fitly close the repast. But such a meal would not suit the brain-worker; it is too hearty, and makes larger demands on the digestive organs than would be agreeable to him. For him the food should be at once lighter and more concentrated—a cupful of nutritious soup, a piece of juicy meat (fish, fowl, or fowl), a baked potato, eggs, bread and butter, fruit with some light dessert without pastry, which would permit him, after a short interval, to resume his work without heaviness.

There is a great deal said in praise of French cookery, but the demands of the intense life Americans lead cannot be met by mere flavors and simulated dishes. Our

palates may be cheated by the *cuisinier*, but he cannot cheat our stomachs. Food we must have, food that on analysis gives fibrin and gluten and albumen, and puts such restlessness into our muscles and our brains that we cannot choose but work and think. The hearty worker is invariably the hearty feeder. While it is right and proper to utilize everything edible, and wrong to waste what may serve a useful purpose, there is no economy so unwise as that which leads to defraud our blood by filling the stomach with what seems to be food, but is lacking in the essential elements of food. In the summer time fruits and vegetables naturally form a large part of our diet. When neither under-ripe nor over-ripe nothing can be more wholesome than fruit. But there are no articles of food more deranging to the system than unripe fruit, or that, verging on decay, in which the fermentations of decomposition have begun. So far as possible fruit should be eaten without sugar. Sugar is carbon in a saccharin garb, and carbon is heat. Curds are very delightful and nutritious articles of food. For breakfast on a sultry morning in June and July nothing can exceed a cream cheese for delicacy and satisfaction.

The habit once formed of eating cold dishes in summer, and the American idea that every meal must taste of the fire being discarded, large comfort ensues to the cook and the eater no less. Cold tea and cold coffee, if rightly made and cooled, are as refreshing and stimulating as the same beverages at 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Cold meats are as nutritious as warm meats, and many vegetables are as palatable when they have been half a day from the fire as when first cooked. Salads of all kinds are specially grateful in warm weather, and should form a part of every dinner.

GOOD FARMING.—Under this head the *Keowee Courier* publishes the following complimentary to a farmer of Anderson County:

We had the pleasure recently of visiting the farm of Mr. R. M. Morris, who lives near Sandy Springs, Anderson County.—Mr. Morris gave us some facts concerning his farming last year, which we take pleasure in publishing, in the hope that it may stimulate some of our Oconee farmers. In 1874 off one acre of ground Mr. M. produced 32½ bushels of wheat, weighing 62 pounds to the bushel. After the wheat was harvested he planted the same ground in corn, and gathered therefrom 26 bushels, weighing 60 pounds to the bushel and 364 crop, including wheat, corn and fodder, was \$95.50. The cost of production was \$28, leaving a net profit off of one acre of \$67.50. Upon another acre the same year he produced 12 bushels of wheat, 12 bushels of corn, 13 bushels of peas, 150 pounds of fodder and 600 pounds of pea vines, the total value of which was \$57.50. The cost of production was \$10, leaving a net profit of \$47.50. Total profit off of two acres of land the same year \$115. Mr. Morris also informed us that on the 25th of June he sowed broadcast eight acres of stubble land in speckled peas at the rate of 1½ bushels to the acre, and that he gathered therefrom nine bushels per acre. Can any of our Oconee farmers beat this? If they can, we would be glad to hear from them. It beats cotton planting all to pieces. Mr. M.'s present crop of wheat, although injured considerably by the late hail storm, will make an abundant yield. One acre we think will turn out as much as 25 or 30 bushels.

A negro preacher had elaborated a new theory of the Exodus, to wit: that the Red Sea got frozen over, and so afforded the Israelites a safe passage; but, when Pharaoh, with his heavy iron chariots, attempted it, they broke through and were drowned. A brother rose and asked for an explanation of that point. "I's been studyin' gography, and de gography say dat be very warm country—where dey have de tropics. And de tropics too hot for freezin'. De p'int to be explained is, 'bout breaking through de ice." The preacher straightened up and said: "Brudder, glad you axed dat question. It give me 'casion to 'splain in de ole time 'fo' dey had any gography—'fo' dare was any tropics."—*Springfield Republican*.

An item in the ship news of Saturday brings the information that 40,000 boxes of cheese were dispatched to England on that day. In course of time some of this will get back to us as "fine old English cheese," at a high price, which (the change of name and increase of price) will give it an excellent flavor with *connoisseurs*, notwithstanding its origin in our own American cheese factories. Black silk dress goods made in this country, as good as any in the world, meet with small favor unless they are labeled "French" or "English;" and, as for carpets, our unquestionably fine Philadelphia make, although sold by the manufacturers for what they really are—Philadelphia made goods—do not get very far from the city before they are metamorphosed into the "best imported."—*Phil. Ledger*.

Be ever ready to forgive. "Remember, he who refuses forgiveness breaks the bridge, over which he must pass, for all need forgiveness."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CURE FOR A FELON.—Take a teaspoonful of black pepper, a tablespoonful of vinegar and the yolk of an egg. Simmer together and bind on. Renew twice a day.

FOR CLEANING black cashmeres, wash in hot suds with a little borax in the water; rinse in blueing water,—very blue, and iron on the wrong side while damp.

WASHING CARPETS.—Housekeepers may be glad to know that a tablespoonful of ammonia in one gallon of warm water will restore the color of carpets.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of a cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of an egg, adding the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known to effectually cure the ailment.

BROILING MEATS.—When meats are broiling on a gridiron over hot coals, the sudden heat applied sears the outside, which shuts in the juices, and the rapid application of heat soon cooks the meat through, if in moderately thin slices. It is then tender, juicy and palatable. Those who never broil their fresh meat, fish or poultry, do not know the excellence of a properly cooked dish of animal food.

LEMON BEER.—An authority says: Cut two large lemons in slices and put them into the jar, put a pound of white sugar over the lemons, add one gallon of boiling water, stand it away until it is cool, and then put in one-quarter of a cup of yeast, let it stand till it ferments, bottle in the evening in stone jugs, cork it tight, and there's your good lemon beer. It beats larger and is more of a temperance drink.

IMPROVED SCRUBBING MACHINE.—This machine consists of a wheeled frame, carrying a reciprocating scrubber and mechanism for operating it; also a water holder, which is connected with the scrubber by a flexible tube, and a mop and pan, for taking up the water that has been used in the scrubbing operation. The machine is pushed about on wheels, so that the floor is both scrubbed and mopped as the machine advances.

BOILING BEETS.—With many housewives there is a great deal of boiling of beetroots in case it should lose its color, and minute directions are generally given in all cookery books as to washing the roots carefully, so as to avoid all abrasion of the skin, clean before being put into the pot is, of course, very necessary; but the most simple way to avoid spoiling the color is to drop the roots into boiling water.

BLACKBERRY FRITTERS.—Are made by mixing a thick batter of flour and sour milk or cream as for pancakes, only quite stiff.—If cream is used, allow one more egg than for sour milk, then stir thick with berries. Have ready a kettle of hot lard, dip a tablespoon into the lard, then take out a spoonful of batter and drop it into the boiling lard; the grease will prevent the batter from sticking to the spoon, and will let it drop off in nice oval shapes. Eat with syrup.

A gentleman observed an urchin who had a large slice of bread in his hand and who was crying very bitterly. "My son," he exclaimed, "what are you crying about?" "Mother won't (boo-hoo-oo) put any butter on my bread (boo-hoo-oo)" "Oh, is that all?" said the gentleman. "Come, dry up your tears and be a man." "It ain't so much the butter," retorted the little urchin; "it's the disposition of the old woman."

An ounce of alum put into the last water used in rinsing children's dresses, it is said, will render them almost uninflamable. They will take fire very slowly, if at all, and not burn with a flame. Mothers who live in houses where open fires are kept, will do well to try the experiment, not on the children, but on the dresses.

"William," said one Quaker to another, "thee knows I never call anybody names, but, William, if the Governor of the State should come to me and say: 'Joshua, I want thee to find the biggest liar in the State of New York,' I would come to thee and say: 'William, the Governor wants to see thee particularly.'"

"Stick a ginger snap on the end of a knitting needle and you have the latest style of parasol."—*N. Y. Herald*. "And wrap a sheet of foolscap around the neck of a mineral water bottle and you have the latest style of a gent's collar."—*Norristown Herald*.

Let us discuss the question why a woman can pin on a man's collar the first time trying, when the very same pin, if engineered by a man, would double up and run backward to stick in his thumb.

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy by madness.

A young lady says that "if a cart wheel has nine fellows attached to it, it's a pity that a girl like her can't have a few!"

It's a mighty sick printer who throws up his case.