

THE WEEKLY UNION TIMES.

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

VOL. IX.—NEW SERIES.

UNION C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA.

NUMBER 28.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE. CHAMBERLAIN AND BLAINE MAKE COMMON CAUSE.

WOODSTOCK, CT., July 4.—Ex-Governor Chamberlain in his speech here to-day, after a long history of the Louisiana and South Carolina cases, and a general denunciation of the President's policy, attacked his civil service policy, and proceeded as follows:—Look next at the relations of this administration to the present financial issues.—President Hayes has heretofore entitled himself to the confidence of honest men by his course on this question. Nothing, sir, but the necessity of gaining support for his Southern policy could have induced him to contemplate an alliance with the silver conspiracy, a conspiracy which regards silver with favor only because it has lost all virtue as a standard of value, and as a currency is cheaper than greenbacks. It is the inherent and unavoidable weakness of his present position, the effect of his wretched Southern policy, that he must conciliate an outraged party so far as possible by yielding now to the demand for the spoils and now to the demand for cheap money. Again, the Republican party by all its recent platforms pledged to oppose the grant of subsidies to private corporations. No man who to-day knows anything of the current of the influences which are gathering at Washington is ignorant of the fact that a vast scheme is steadily maturing, unopposed, if not favored, by this administration, which aims to take from our public domain and from our public treasury untold subsidies to build a Southern Pacific railway, a railway for which there is no present public need, and from which private capitalists would shrink with contempt. In the train of this gigantic effort at public robbery will come the revival of the defunct Northern Pacific, the building of levees on the Mississippi, and kindred schemes sufficient to again corrupt the morals and blast the prosperity of the whole country, and all this is the price which must be paid for the privilege of overthrowing two lawful State governments and trampling upon the principles upon which our government and institutions rest, the rule of the majority. Sir, there are laws of moral cause and effect as true and certain as any physical laws.

No political leader, no political party can forfeit honor or desert principles at one point and maintain them at another. Integrity is indivisible. You cannot be dishonest on one subject and honest on others. The President's Southern policy, conceived in his own mind, a shock and offence to his party, reckless of justice and of constitutional duty, if unopposed will more and more weaken the moral bonds which have hitherto, in spite of all its failings, secured to the Republican party the confidence of the majority of the most intelligent and patriotic Americans for more than twenty years. But, fellow citizens, this gathering is not for me alone.—Others, whose titles to your confidence and attention are older and better than mine, are here. The subject which I have discussed still stretches on before me, but I must close. We are summoned to the duty of exposing and denouncing a great crime—a crime more wanton and unpardonable than the crime against Kansas, which aroused the sleeping conscience of the North, and gave its earliest victories to the Republican party. That crime was committed by a President at the bidding of the party which elected him.—This crime has been committed in defiance of the principles and pledges of the Republican party, and in defiance of the personal declarations and obligations of the President.

No man who counts the cost of arraying himself on the side of freedom and constitutional principles is worthy to enlist in this new struggle for the honor and peace of our country. If I have to-day spoken the sentiments of none but myself, be it so. Silence is for me cowardice. If, as I believe, the heart of the nation is true to the old cause, to the principles of free government, to the principles of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, then let it be heard, let it speak by the voices of our leaders. Let the memories which haunt this day be our inspiration. Let us walk again with Adams and Hancock and Jefferson of our early revolution, with Lincoln and Stanton and Sumner of the later revolution. Shades of the great founders and saviours of our loved country be with us in this struggle! Speak to us again your great lessons of patriotism, of courage, of self-sacrifice! The marble and bronze in which we have preserved your human forms will crumble and corrode, but let your unconquerable spirits never behold the day when a blow struck at the heart of the Republic shall find your children's lips dumb, or their hearts dismayed.

When Governor Chamberlain had concluded his speech, the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, of Fairhaven, Mass., arose and said, that he desired with all due respect to Governor Chamberlain to say that he believed the sentiments expressed in the address did not represent the feeling of New England. He then called for all those who endorsed the policy of President Hayes to signify it, and three hearty cheers were given for the President. Somebody then called for three cheers for Governor Chamberlain, and they were loudly given.

Mr. Wait, president of the convention then arose, and stated that it should be understood that every speaker was personally responsible for what he said. As for him-

self he had an abiding confidence in the integrity of President Hayes, and confidence in his policy.

Mr. Blaine after a full statement of the relations between the United States and Mexico, spoke to the younger generation, "who constitute the larger part of my hearers.—The war with Mexico is merely a diu tradition or an historical fact, but elderly and middle-aged people will readily remember that the final act which precipitated actual conflict between the two countries in the spring of 1846, was not so palpable nor so menacing as that which is now being foreshadowed on the part of our nation's future from the same disturbed quarter in the political heavens, and if the course of our government shall now be guided, or even largely influenced, by the men and the interests that stand behind this movement, some of them masked and some of them in sight, we may find ourselves rushed into a war requiring indeed but a petty fraction of our military strength, yet involving a serious drain upon our treasury, to be reimbursed in the end by a cession of territory acquired at the wrong time, located in the wrong place, inhabited by an undecipherable population, adding weakness where we want strength, discord where we need peace, a lack of patriotic aspiration where, most of all, we require the devoted spirit of a true American nationality. We are passing through an era of test and trial for the Republic. The war of the rebellion is long since over, but political questions resulting therefrom, the new adjustments rendered necessary by the issue of the conflict, the permanent status of a race brought into new relations, have not yet been settled upon a basis that gives adequate guaranty for peace, harmony and security in the future. I do not wish to exaggerate these sources of disquietude, nor do I wish to underrate them. They present the grave problems of statesmanship for the present generation, and it remains to be seen whether our wisdom in peace is equal to our prowess in war. Nor would it be just to ignore or belittle the grave difficulties which the States lately in rebellion have upon their own hands and within their own borders—questions which they alone can adjust, but which are assuredly rendered more difficult to them by their jealousy and distrust of the National Government, and in certain aspects these questions are being continually complicated and rendered more embarrassing by the action of these States themselves.—When, after the close of the rebellion, the States engaged in it were readmitted to a participation in the government of the Union, they all came in with constitutions distinctly recognizing and affirming the paramount authority of the National Government, and the paramount allegiance due to it from every citizen of the United States. Several of the States thus reconstructed have since changed their constitutions, and in every instance save one, they have struck out the paramount authority of the Union and the paramount allegiance of citizens to the National Government. The latest example is that of Georgia, that has just voted for a convention to revise her constitution on which she was readmitted to representation in Congress, and her distinguished Senator, Mr. Hill, is credited by the public press with declaring that among prime motives for changing the constitution of Georgia is to strike from it pages the assertion that the late war was rebellion, and further, to erase and annul that majestic utterance contained in the 33d section of the declaration of fundamental principles which expresses more true patriotism than was ever before proclaimed on the soil of Georgia.—It is in these memorable words: "The State of Georgia shall forever remain a member of the American Union. The people thereof are a part of the American nation. Every citizen owes paramount allegiance to the Constitution and Government of the United States, and no law or ordinance of this State in controversy or subversion thereof shall ever have any binding force."

Mr. Hill is reported as saying that this patriotic provision should be struck from the organic law of Georgia, and he concluded his speech by assuring his hearers that the full power of the South is just dawning, and that the day is not far distant when it will control the government of the Union. In view of these significant facts and still more significant tendencies of the Southern part of our country, I ask men of all parties here assembled on the soil of Connecticut, if they think it wise to provide now by the acquisition of Mexican territory for the creation of additional States holding these views of the National Government, as inevitably they would hold them by reason of proximity of location, by the character and creed of men who would naturally inhabit and control them. In States north of certain lines a countless majority of the people of all parties believe their paramount allegiance to be due to the Government of the United States, so that a conflict between a Northern State and the United States is practically impossible. In a majority of the States south of the same line, a great mass of those who term themselves the governing class believe in an allegiance to their respective local governments superior to that which they owe to the Government of the Union. It is the same heresy that hurried tens of thousands of brave and honorable men into a conflict with the government in 1861, and now sixteen

years having elapsed, with their frightful record of war and blood, of cruelty, of carnage, the tragedy ends in one important aspect just where it began, with the men who precipitated the conflict in solid power from Maryland to Mexico, resolute in purpose, and holding with tenacity the creed that underlay the rebellion, a creed that is utterly irreconcilable with the least devotion to the Union of States: I do not have the slightest doubt that their views are honestly held by those who avow them.

Mr. Blaine then went on to review the policy of the government in past times in annexing territory, and claimed that all annexations for sixty years from the foundation of the government had been in the interest of the South. He next advocated the annexation of Canada, and concluded by saying the government ought to be controlled by the North, and that every possible danger of its falling into the hands of the South should be avoided.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.—John Hancock could not have been very warm when he signed the declaration of independence, or he would not have had the energy to sling the ink round in the profuse manner indicated by his signature. But John was a youngish, vigorous sort of man at that time, and being the first on the list, perhaps he wanted to let posterity know by his signature that he wasn't afraid. The weather, however, must have told on old Mr. Hopkins, for his pen wobbled about as if it was slipping through his fingers, and his signature looks as if several big beads of perspiration might have dropped down upon the ink. Aside from the weather, it must have been rather a warming time. Yet the rest of them seem to have written off their names in the utmost coolness.

Those were times that tried men's souls and signatures. These are times that try men's paper collars and stomachs. That is the only difference. Many a patriot will start out this morning like John Hancock's signature, bold, firm and erect, and will come home this evening like Stephen Hopkin's signature, wabbling and staggering, and not very certain where he is going to stop. A decent respect for the opinions of mankind will fail to deter many men from celebrating this glorious one hundred and first anniversary of the occasion when we assumed a separate and equal station among the powers of the earth, by imbibing a prodigious amount of good lager and mean whisky.—When both are good the mixture is not visible; when both are bad the consequences are horrible; when the whisky alone is poor it destroys a very good beverage, and the results cannot be counted upon with any degree of certainty.

We have nothing to say concerning the day we celebrate. We are all patriotic, and it has all been said. But we have a word of advice for those who celebrate the day, and it is this: Don't celebrate too much. The thermometer is floating around in the nineties, the sun is scorching hot, and some people have already succumbed to excessive heat. Sometimes a man puts something in his stomach and wants to keep it there, and he can't; sometimes he puts a thing in his stomach and then wants to get it out, and he can't; sometimes, again, he puts something in his stomach for his stomach's sake, and it all goes into his head and he feels top-heavy, and then tries to feel all right, and, equally, he can't. None of these conditions are desirable at any time, and especially on a hot day.

These are all the suggestions we have to make concerning the appropriate, decorous and healthy observance of the nation's natal day. By noting them there may be some ardent brother who will be spared the regret that this day is still so near, was so dear, and seduced him with so much beer, and left him feeling so queer.—*Columbia Register*

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—In 1853 four gentlemen entered their sons at a boarding school at Cokesbury, in South Carolina. They had been for years intimate friends, and were clergymen in the Methodist church. These boys remained at this school as room-mates and class-mates for two years and entered Wofford College, standing relatively first, second, third and fourth.—They remained at this institution four years, and were room-mates all the time, graduating relatively first, second, third and fourth in a large class. They entered a law office at Spartanburg and studied law under the same chancellor. The war broke out, and at the call for troops they entered Jenkins' rifle regiment from South Carolina, and were mess-mates in the same company. Being near the same height, they stood together as comrades of battle in this regiment. At the second battle of Manassas, August, 1863, a shell from a Federal battery fell in the ranks of this company, and killed these four men (and no other in the company.) They are buried on the battle field and sleep together in the same grave. Their names are Capers, McSwain, Smith and Duncan, and the sons of Bishop Capers, Rev. Dr. McSwain, Rev. Dr. Whiteford Smith and Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Virginia, and the last brother of Dr. Duncan, of Randolph (Macon) College.—The grave is marked by a granite cross enclosed with an iron railing.

Many a fellow is like a pig; you never look to him for a straight tale.

THE COMPOST HEAP.

In the first place let us have a clear understanding of what a compost is. The word literally signifies 'a putting together,' and no word could better express the idea. A compost is a compounding of such elements of plant food as will best serve to render land fertile. A good cook brings his food on to the table so compounded with fat and lean, so seasoned with salt and pepper, and so prepared for easy assimilation that the very smell stimulates the appetite and the stomach finds no trouble in its digestion. What the cook does for the food of man the farmer should do for the food of his plants. Compost such elements of nutrition as will best nourish vegetation, and let them lie together and cook during the warm weather, as they will by the heat generated internally by oxidation, favored by the genial condition of the air. The compost heap may be likened to a loaf of bread, in which a little leaven has leavened the whole lump, converting by a chemical process unpalatable dough into sweet food.

The simplest form of vegetation requires at least a dozen elements for its perfect development. Hence a compost properly prepared is the true idea of plant food. It is nonsense to suppose that because the potato is a potash plant it can live on potash alone. All plants and animals must die unless furnished with food compounded of a dozen or more elements. Not that every fertilizer must be such a compound, for many, generally all most of the elements of plant food abound in the soil and air, and it may only be necessary to supply those that are lacking in order to render a soil fertile.

This leads us to inquire of what the compost heaps should be made. The answer to this question must depend somewhat on the condition of the soil and the nature of the crop to which it is applied. If the soil is naturally full of vegetable matter and inclined to be cold, it would be folly to make muck the basis of the compost heap. Sand or sandy loam would be much preferable.—On the other hand, if the compost is to be applied to sandy soil, muck is just the thing for its basis. In like manner if the compost is to be used for a nitrogenous crop, cabbage for instance, ammonia in some form should be a prominent component part. In general it may be said that phosphate of lime, ammonia, and potash are the constituents most likely to be found wanting in our long cultivated fields, and most essential to plant growth. These therefore should enter largely into the compost heap. Other constituents should be added as the soil demand, or opportunity is furnished to supply them. Among these we may mention chloride of sodium, (common salt) and sulphuric acid, which can most economically be applied in the form of sulphate of lime, (plaster.) All the inorganic elements of vegetation may be found in ashes. We therefore put upon our compost all the ashes, leached or unleached, upon which we can lay our hands.

These constituents of the compost placed in juxtaposition and being mixed and covered with some absorbent, such as muck, earth, or leaf mould, heat up by chemical action, are decomposed and recombined—in other words are cooked, forming new compounds which are readily assimilated by plants. The muck and leaf mould are also hastened in their decomposition by the influences of the decomposing mass, the whole forms a food which plants devour greedily.

But where shall we get the phosphate of lime, the ammonia, and other constituents of the compost heap? is the next very proper question of the farmer. Bones are the great resource for the phosphate of lime. These are lying around every slaughter house, every tanyard and almost every farm in the country, dried by the sun and air, and consequently slowly decaying. Let them be gathered and broken up by a sledge hammer if there is no mill convenient for grinding them, or they may be put into large hogsheads with alternate layers of wood ashes and kept constantly moist for a few months during warm weather, when they will be found sufficiently softened to be cut with a sharp spade. In this condition put into a fermenting compost they will further disintegrate and add greatly to the value of the pile.

The next constituent of the compost heap is ammonia, and this may be found in barnyard manure, night soil, dead leaves, and dead animals of all kinds, the refuse of the tannery, the woolen or paper mill, the slaughter house, the cesspool, and divers other places too numerous to be mentioned. Precious as ammonia is, there is probably no substance which is more wasted. It is going off to the sea in our sewers by thousands of tons each day. The rivers which pass our manufacturing establishments and dense villages are full of it, so much so as to be sources of miasma during the warm and dry months. There is no lack of ammonia, if farmers will only keep a vigilant eye for it. In fact they may shut their eyes and their noses will tell where ammonia abounds.—Ten chances to one they can smell it ascending from their horse-stables, barn-yards, privies, and cesspools, to be wafted over others' lands, upon which it will descend with the dews and rains. Our advice to farmers is to look sharp for ammonia on their own places first, and when they have exhausted this resource go to the village, where night soil will be given them for the hauling, or to the woollen factory, where waste shoddy, or to the paper mill, where the waste

sizing can be had; both these articles abounding with ammonia, and both well calculated to heat up the compost heap and set the whole in fermentation. Living near a village, as we do, our great resource for ammonia is night-soil, and there can be nothing better. Dead animals is another great resource, and it is wonderful what an amount of these a village will furnish if the farmer will only let it be known that he has a gogtha where they may be buried. There is no trouble in finding ammonia if we only search for it.

Potash is not so easily found. When we could buy wood ashes for ten cents a bushel these furnished an abundant supply, but now they are scarce at twice and thrice the price. Wherever unleached ashes can be obtained for twenty-five cents per bushel, and leached for half this sum, the farmer can put no better material in his compost. If placed, however, in direct contact with ammoniacal compounds their tendency is to set the ammonia free, and it must be absorbed by soil or some other covering of the compost or there is great waste. In the present dearth of wood ashes Providence has furnished another resource for potash in the mines of Germany.—ALEXANDER HYDE, in *New York Times*.

FATTENING ANIMALS.—A very common error among farmers, which need correction, is the opinion that animals may be fattened in a few weeks and fatted for market by heavy feeding, or, as it is termed, by pushing. Many farmers do not think of beginning to fatten their hogs or cattle for early winter market until the weather has actually commenced. Their food is then suddenly changed, and they are dosed with large quantities of grain or meal. This sudden change often deranges the system, and it is frequently some time before they recover from it. From observation and inquiry we find that the most successful managers adopt a very different course. They feed moderately, with great regularity, and for a longer period. The most successful pork raiser that we have met with commences the fattening of his swine for the winter market early in the preceding spring.—In fact he keeps his young swine in a good growing condition all through the winter. He begins moderately, and increases the amount gradually, never placing before the animal more than it will freely eat. With this treatment, and strict attention to the comfort and cleanliness of the animal, his spring pigs, at ten months, usually exceed 300 pounds, and have sometimes gone as high as 450 pounds, and wintered over each a weight of 500 or 600 pounds.—The corn which is ground and scalded before feeding, nets him, on an average, not less than \$1 per bushel when the market price for pork is five cents per pound.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF HORACE GREELY'S DEATH.—*The Sun*, in an article on Horace Greeley's death, claims that the loss of the Tribune, and not his defeat in the election or domestic afflictions, was the cause of his insanity and death. It publishes a *fac simile* of an article written by Greeley, for insertion in the Tribune editorial columns, of November 8, 1872, claiming the authorship of an article entitled "Crumbs of Comfort," which appeared on November 7, 1872, simultaneously with his card in which he announced his intention of resuming control of the Tribune. His disclaimer, which the *Sun* says is now published for the first time, is as follows:

"By some unaccountable fatality an article entitled 'Crumbs of Comfort' crept into our last issue by our editor, which does him the grossest wrong. It is true that office seekers send to pester him for recommendations when his friends controlled the customhouse, though the 'red-nosed' variety was seldom found among them. It is not true that he ever obeyed a summons to Washington in order that he might there promote or oppose legislation in favor of that private scheme. In short, the article is a monstrous fable, based on some other experience than that of the editor of this journal."

The *Sun* says this disclaimer was never published in the Tribune, by order of the editor in charge, though Greeley begged and entreated for three days, that it might. Greeley then began to realize that he had been deceived and that if he remained connected with the Tribune any longer, it must be as a mere subordinate. He would not consent to that, and on November 12, he left the editorial rooms of the Tribune forever, a broken hearted man, and he never returned. Almost his last coherent words were: "The country is gone, the Tribune is gone, and I am gone."

A youth of six years, on returning from church, inquired of his father if those who engaged in silent prayer on entering the church, all made use of the same words.—His father was unable to inform him, but asked what led to the inquiry. The boy replied that he overheard the prayer of Mr. X., who on bowing his head, made use in an audible voice of the following words:—"I wish to Heaven I had bought a barrel of flour before this cursed war broke out. Always my luck."

There was an old doctor, who, when asked what was good for mosquitoes, wrote back: "How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what ails the musquitto?"