

# THE WEEKLY UNION TIMES.

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## COTTON CONSUMPTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHAT THE NORTHERN MILLS HAVE DONE, AND WHAT THE SOUTHERN MILLS CAN DO. The New York Financial and Commercial Chronicle, of the 7th instant, contains an article on the above subject, a brief synopsis of the main points of which will be of interest:

In July, 1874, the cotton mills and their agents found that they had a large surplus of stock on hand, and it was at once claimed that there was an immense over production of manufactured goods. In July, 1875, however, it was ascertained that though the mills had used up as much cotton as ever, still they held, at that date, a decreased stock of goods, thus disproving, to a great extent, the conclusion of the previous year regarding alleged over production. Again in July, 1876, the stock of goods held by manufacturers was still further reduced, although more raw cotton was consumed than in years past, and hence it was shown that the country was really steadily absorbing more than the current production, notwithstanding the universal business depression which prevailed.

An investigation into the actual number of pounds of cotton worked up during the past six months by fifty-eight of the larger cotton manufacturing establishments of New England, shows still an increase over previous years in the consumption of raw material.

Comparing the consumption of these mills for the first six months of 1877 with the same period of 1876, it is shown as follows:

In the first six months of 1877 the 58 mills consumed.....	94,650,874
In the first six months of 1876 the 58 mills consumed.....	91,469,447
Pounds.	
Increase in the last six months... 3,181,427 or 3:43 per cent.	

Commenting on this, the article referred to says:

"These fifty-eight mills use about four hundred and nine thousand bales of cotton each year, which would be about thirty-three and one-eighth per cent. of the entire Northern consumption; and, as they represent a fair average of all the Northern cotton mills in styles of production and in other particulars, we may safely take the increase obtained above as representing the actual increase this year in the consumption of cotton by our Northern mills as compared with last year. One further fact of importance is also brought out by this inquiry, and that is that the goods manufactured from this cotton have all disappeared—having gone into actual home consumption or been exported—in the face of the very dull trade during all the early months of the year. Could we have more positive proof that at low prices consumption has outrun production, and is constantly increasing? The population has increased since the 1873 panic; the buying capacity of our people, under the recuperating influences of good crops and past economies, is rapidly on the increase; and the export demand is also decidedly larger and at paying prices; altogether giving to the manufacturing outlook an extremely favorable aspect—never more promising, unless prices be run up to a point which shall check consumption."

Comparing these facts with last year's transactions will give an insight into the future. Various causes led to a decline in prices generally last season. During that dull time, spinners almost universally adopted the policy of working up their cotton and pushing the sale of their productions. In Europe stocks are now about exhausted, and what is hereafter consumed must be taken from the market out of the visible supply. It will therefore be interesting to see what of last year's crop of 4,000,000 bales will be kept for export after deducting what is needed for home wants.

From the figures given above it is estimated that our Northern mills will yet require this year 139,000 bales additional to what they have already consumed and have on hand. Bearing this fact in mind, then, the following is shown:

Stock in ports June 29, as above.....	257,000
Receipts at ports and corrections after June 29, estimated.....	50,000
Overland after June 29, estimated.....	30,000
Total supply after June 29.....	337,000
The stock in ports 1st September is a varying quantity, larger or smaller as demand and prices may control it.	
Last year 120,000—suppose it this year.....	100,000
The freight engagements at all the ports for export June 29, were about.....	35,000—135,000
Which leaves.....	202,000
To supply the home want for spinning.....	139,000
Leaving for export.....	61,000

And, as the article referred to says in conclusion: "Last September our spinners were bare of stocks, having allowed them to run down, as the growing crop promised during the summer a very full yield.—Should any circumstance lead manufacturers to stock up this year, of course to just that extent their demand would be increased and the above surplus for export be diminished.

The secret of running a boarding house probably, is to find out just what your boarders don't like, and then feed 'em lots of it.

## THE SITUATION.

The close of the war found the planter in a most critical condition. His plantation out of repair, his cotton screws and gin houses crumbling to pieces, his laborers rendered unmanageable by the interference of the United States military satraps placed over him, and without farm implements or horse power to operate with, he was forced to use every expedient to raise money to make a beginning. Hence he gave liens and mortgages to borrow means at most exorbitant interest, and made such contracts as he could with the "freeman"—contracts which were one-sided. He provided the laborer with rations, paid all the taxes and incurred all the risks, without any power to enforce the performance on the other part.

With inefficient labor, bad seasons, caterpillars, buying all his provisions at high prices, costly transportation to and from market, factor's commissions, interest and taxes, high prices did not put him ahead. At the close of the year he was in debt deeper than at the beginning. The planter, although he has the reputation of being a "craacker," is always hopeful. After the cotton is disposed of no more work is done on the plantation by the freedman. The winter, which used to be the season for ploughing, repairing and fixing up for the next year, is spent in loafing, frolicking and deceptions. Christmas week is converted into Christmas months, and when the season for planting comes round, everything is done in a hurry, and, consequently, not well done.

The planters, hopeful that cotton will be higher next Fall, give another lien and pichess in again for a big cotton crop. The freedman is averse to planting again, he knows that he will be provided for, and wants only what he can readily convert into money.—Grocery stores with Western flour, bacon, and corn, spring up at every railroad station and cross-road store. The raising of stock is abandoned on account of bad fences and shot guns, and the whole energy of the farmer is devoted to the production of cotton.

Since the war another item has entered the expense account of no inconsiderable importance—commercial fertilizers. The use of it has come to be so much the fashion that many farmers believe it is impossible to grow cotton without it, while some close and cautious men entertain a different opinion. All agree, however, that it is a very troublesome item of expense. Every year has been but a repetition of this order of things, and it is not strange that the condition of the planting interest is worse now than it was at the initiation of peace, "so-called." No planter of experience will pretend that cotton can be grown at the present price profitably, and it is plain that no country can prosper under a system of agriculture which annually only adds to the embarrassments, and must end in the ruin of the planter. We must avail ourselves of the teachings of experience and change.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

How FAR WILL A GREENBACK GO.—Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner, Mr. Black, the baker, Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took out of his pocket book a ten dollar note and handed it to Mrs. Brown, saying:

"Here, my dear, are ten dollars towards the twenty I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying:

"That pays for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the note:

"That will pay you for your work on my curtain."

Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour, feed and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill.

Mr. Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying:

"That pays ten dollars on my board."

Mr. Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her the twenty dollars he had promised. She in turn paid it to Mr. Black, to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for the amount on his flour bill; he again returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark, that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Brown put it back into his pocket-book, exclaiming, that he "never thought a ten dollar bill would go so far."

Thus a ten dollar greenback was made to pay ninety dollars indebtedness inside of five minutes. Who says greenbacks are worthless:

To HELP A CALLA LILY TO BLOOM.—Be sure it has a good rich soil; water with very warm water, with a little ammonia or bone dust added once in a week or two.—Every morning pour boiling water in the saucer of the pot the lily is in, and give it plenty of heat and sunshine. I have two pots of lilies and have two flowers on one and one flower and two buds on the other.—*Etc.*

A fair reputation is a plant delicate in its nature and by no means rapid in its growth. It will shoot up in a night like the gourd of the prophet; but, like that gourd, it may perish in the night.

## THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC.

The death, at Selma, Ala., of Lieutenant Catesby Jones, recalls one of the most momentous events of the war of the rebellion, and the beginning of a new era in the history of naval warfare. Lieutenant Jones, who was a brilliant officer of our navy, ranking with Dahlgren as an authority in ordnance and gunnery, took the side of the South during the war. It was he who commanded the Merrimac, or Virginia, as she was called by the Confederates, in her famous fight with the Monitor, and that is the event to which we refer.

On the afternoon of the 8th of March, 1862, the improvised iron clad Merrimac, whose appearance had long been anticipated and dreaded, steamed down the Elizabeth River toward Newport News. Her appearance was speedily signalled to the Union blockading squadron in that neighborhood, which consisted of the frigates Congress and the sloop-of-war Cumberland at Newport News, and the frigates Minnesota, Roanoke and St. Lawrence, at Fortress Monroe, six miles distant. Lieutenant Catesby Jones was in command of the Merrimac, which had been made into an armored vessel by razing to the water line the old and famous frigate Merrimac, then lying abandoned at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and building up on her an iron casement to protect her battery. This shield was in the form of a roof, and the plating, which was of railroad bars, was four inches thick, which would be considered an absurdly weak armor now-a-days.—Her battery consisted of eight 9-inch Dahlgren guns, and four 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rifles of the Brooke pattern—a powerful armament for that time.

The fleet at Fortress Monroe slipped their cables and advanced toward the monster, while the Congress and Cumberland stood ready to meet her. The three ships were soon engaged in a hot fight; but our vessels saw to their dismay that their shots had no more effect on the terrible Confederate than peas on an elephant's hide, while the Merrimac poured forth her broadsides with disastrous consequences to the wooden ships. The fight was a short one, the Merrimac soon striking and sinking the Cumberland, whose gallant crew went down with her.—The successful vessel then paid her attentions to the Congress, dealing out to her a raking fire of hot shot, for the heating of which Lieutenant Jones had prepared a furnace aboard the Merrimac, which was unharmed by the shells of the wooden frigate. The Congress was soon in flames, and the Merrimac made for the other vessels, but owing to her great draught of water was unable to get near enough to them to do them injury; and at seven in the evening the Confederate iron-clad and her consorts steamed back to Norfolk. Lieutenant Jones, in an account of the battle, which he published long after, says he was satisfied with the day's work, as well he might have been, and had no doubt of his ability to start out on the morrow and clean out the rest of the Union fleet. Meantime a panic prevailed at Fort Monroe, and the whole country held its breath.

But Lieut. Jones did not do any more clearing out. At 8 o'clock in the evening there appeared off Fort Monroe a strange looking little craft, which, two days before, had left New York.—It was the Monitor, an experiment in naval construction, in which every thing was new and untried, turrets, machinery and all. Her guns had been only once fired; she had gone to sea from the stocks; the paint upon her was scarcely dry, and her officers, except the two engineers, knew nothing, by experience, of her working or capabilities. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, (Sunday,) the watch-officer of the Minnesota espied the Merrimac steaming toward them from Sewall's Point, while the mist overlaid the water. The Monitor was signalled, and promptly hoisted anchor, battened down her iron hatches, and prepared for her maiden fight. The Merrimac hove in sight, and at once made for the Minnesota, which she intended to capture and carry off as a prize to Norfolk, where crowds lined the wharves, waiting to see her towed into the harbor in triumph. But, before the Minnesota was reached, the little monitor came out from under her quarter, and David advanced to meet Goliath. She ran down to within short range of the Merrimac, which promptly gave her turret three broadsides, but they glanced off without doing harm. The Monitor replied with her two eleven-inch guns, and, beginning at 8 o'clock, the naval duel proceeded, lasting until noon, the two contestants frequently touching each other, and sending their shot at so close quarters, while, through a large part of the fight, they were only a few yards apart. In the excitement, the Monitor at first fired wildly, so elevating her guns that most of the missiles were wasted, but, later, the guns were depressed, and the shot began to tell. Mortally wounded, the Merrimac was towed to Norfolk, where she soon sank. If the Monitor had known what was subsequently proved, that her eleven-inch guns could stand a charge of thirty pounds of powder with solid shot, instead of the small charge she used, the fate of the Merrimac would have been decided after a few rounds.

The country took a breath of relief, for one of the gravest dangers of the war had been overcome. If the Merrimac had followed up on the 9th the astonishing success she achieved on the 8th the whole fleet at Newport News would have been destroyed or captured. Fort Monroe would have been at her mercy, the James River would have been closed to the Union, and our whole Atlantic seaboard would have been in peril. The little Monitor had begun a new era in naval warfare, the era of the last fifteen years, and the one which is to be succeeded by that of the movable torpedo, which, properly developed, will neutralize the great monitors that now form the main strength of all modern navies.—Lieutenant Jones at once recognized that the impregnable turret was henceforth to be the chief feature of naval construction, and did not hesitate to so express himself. The building of the screw steamer Princeton was one of the milestones of progress; the use of shell guns was a second; the Monitor was a third; and now comes the movable torpedo, whose successful application will eventually make great navies things of the past, and the world will gladly get rid of such enormously extensive marine establishments. On the side of the Confederates, Lieut. Catesby Jones in this historic battle bore himself with distinguished gallantry and the success of the Monitor was chiefly due to the skill and bravery of her two engineers, Alban C. Stimers and Isaac Newton, who believed in their untried vessel, knew most about her, and dared to take all risks inside of her plated turret.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

During the latter year of the war a part of Spotted Tail's family was at Fort Laramie, and with them was his favorite daughter, a young girl of eighteen. The Fort was then garrisoned by companies of an Ohio volunteer cavalry regiment, and among the officers was a handsome young lieutenant, of pleasant manners. Spotted Tail's daughter fell violently in love with this young man. Her passion does not seem to have been reciprocated, and it is said he did all he could to convince her he could not marry her, and therefore it would be wrong for him to visit her or receive visits from her. But the infatuated girl would not be convinced and could not see why she, a Princess and the daughter of the most powerful chief on the plains, was not a suitable wife for the young soldier. Day after day she would dress herself with scrupulous care and come to the fort to see her beloved.—It was pitiable to observe her as hour after hour she would sit on the door step of the officer's quarters, waiting for him to come out. At other times she would follow him about like a dog, seemingly perfectly happy to be near him and enjoy the poor privilege of looking at him.

Spotted Tail, hearing of the strange conduct of his daughter, and deeply mortified at her want of self-respect, hastened to the fort and putting her in charge of some kind friends bid them carry her into the Rocky Mountains, where he had a little camp and a portion of his people dwelt in the fall and winter time. They were told to divert her in every way, and, if possible, endeavor to make her forget her foolish passion. She went away meekly enough, but fell into a deep melancholy, from which no effort of friends could rouse her. Presently she refused to take food and pined away until she was a mere skeleton.

One day a courier, whose horse was covered with foam, sought the chief to tell him his daughter was dying of a broken heart and wished to see him once more before she passed to the spirit land. Away, over mountain and stream, hurried the great chief, and paused not by night or by day until he reached the bedside of his beloved child. He found her alive, but sinking very fast, and she bid him sit close beside her and hold her hands in his while she told him all the simple story of her love and suffering, and a broken heart. She said: "I shall soon be at rest, my father, and with those of our kindred who have gone before. In that beautiful land I will wait for you, and you will soon come to join me, dear father, for your hair is white with years of care and toil and you are growing old and tired. You are a great chief, and have yet many warriors, but I pray you not to quarrel with the whites, who are more numerous than the leaves on the trees of the forest. Spare your people, my father, and rest yet a little while in peace; when you will have reached the end of the journey of life and come to join me in that happy home where I am going. The pale faces are the people of him I love so well, and between you and them I hope war will never come again.—And, oh, my father and my chief, when I am dead take my poor wasted body and lay it to rest on the hill beside the fort where I learned to love so well."

The chief promised he would do all as she wished, but bid her live and she might yet be happy. She lingered a few days and then the faithful heart ceased to beat. Almost heart-broken, Spotted Tail bid his attendants prepare the body for burial, and bear it as rapidly as possible on their shoulders to the fort.

We ought never to believe evil of any one till we are certain of it. We ought not to say anything that is rude and displeasing even in a joke, and even then we ought not to carry the joke too far.

## PUBLIC HANGINGS.

Bill Bradley, a negro, was tried last May a year ago, for the murder of Hamp Rankin, his brother-in-law. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the fourth Friday in last July, with one Wesley Brookes, who was convicted of murder at the same Court and sentenced to be hanged on the same day. On his way from the Courthouse to the Jail he said: "When they hang me, they will hang a d—d good man." A short time before the day of execution he and Brookes broke jail; it was strongly suspected at the time that the Jailor conveniently forgot to lock and bolt the doors. On the day of their escape, they broke open and robbed a store on the Port Royal Railroad.

Brookes was recaptured and hanged last July. Bradley made his way to Georgia and was caught in Augusta, a short time before last May court, and lodged in the Aiken jail. He was resented and expelled his crime yesterday, under as boiling a sun as usually visits us in July.

It is estimated by the Sheriff, the Clerk of the Court, and others well qualified to judge, that between two and three thousand persons were present. There were not more than four or five hundred white people.—Of the negroes, more than one-half were women. The prisoner was brought down from Aiken, on the night train of Thursday. Next morning he was brought in from Blackville, and arrived here about ten o'clock.—On his arrival he was taken up to the town guardhouse. When the rope was adjusted around his neck, he was perfectly cool, walked with a quick, firm step, held up his neck to have the rope properly fixed, and appeared to be perfectly ready to meet his fate. As he reappeared, he was dressed in a black pair of pants and white shirt, no other covering except a white cloth on his head. The wagon in which the prisoner rode, was guarded by the Barnville Greys, and escorted by the motley crowd of men, women and children.

When Bradley arrived at the place of execution, he ascended the scaffold with a firm step, addressed the crowd, saying he did not kill the man, but that it was in self-defense; that he had made his peace with God, and would soon be with Jesus. After he finished his short speech, he turned to the Sheriff and told him to proceed without delay, as he was anxious to be in the arms of his Jesus. He was knocked off, and after hanging some twenty or thirty minutes, the doctors pronounced him dead and he was cut down and buried in the colored graveyard near by.

Now, is it not time to cease these public executions and stop the education of this vicious taste. The universal opinion among the negroes is, that this murderer has gone straight to glory. As I heard a negro woman say in the presence of several other women, "there is no doubt he is with God."—Instead of an execution being the just punishment for the violated law, the prisoner is almost an angel; he springs right from the scaffold to Heaven, and nearly all of the negroes go away rejoicing in the belief, that a soul is saved and a good man has reaped the reward of the just. The execution should be private, and let the imagination do its work.

But that is not all—at least fifteen hundred laborers were drawn from the crops at the most important part of the season, some of them traveling from twenty to thirty miles to be present. The cost of this public execution in the loss of labor is at least two thousand dollars, to say nothing of the money spent for provisions and whiskey.—Is not this of itself a powerful argument against public executions? I heard a member of the Legislature say he intended to introduce a bill to charge each spectator twenty cents a head to witness a hanging, which he thought would support the poor-house of the county.

Crops are said to be doing well, and one or two more good rains will secure an abundant yield. The fruit crop is very fine, but melons are backward. I have not seen a ripe watermelon in the market.—*PETE, in Jour. Commerce.*

A passenger on one of the Midland Railroad trains has given to the Middletown (N. Y.) Press a sensational account of a recent thunder storm. The train was near Walton, and the storm was terrible. There was crash after crash of thunder, with blinding lightning, accompanied by a deluge of rain and hail. At one time the train seemed to be enveloped in a sheet of electrical fire. A fearful crash preceded, and instantly the engine was in a volume of electricity, balls of fire encircling the driving wheels as they revolved with lightning rapidity. Engineer Sanford beheld the phenomenon with wonder and awe, and, supposing that the end of all things was at hand, involuntarily shut off the steam. Nearly every person on the train experienced a severe shock.—A large tree by the track was shattered.

Ben Montgomery, a rarely successful and capable colored man, formerly a slave of Jeff Davis' brother, has recently died in Mississippi. When a slave he was largely the manager of his master's estate, which he purchased after the war for \$350,000 in gold. He also became the owner of President Davis' place as well as several other plantations, and altogether this ex-slave had a remarkably thriving career.