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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives: The adjournment of the last Congress without making appropriations for the support of the army for the present fiscal year, has caused the necessary suspension of payment to officers and men of sums due them for services rendered after the 30th day of June last. The army exists by virtue of statutes which prescribe its members, regulate its organization and employment, and which fix the pay of its officers and men and declare their right to receive the same at stated times. These statutes, however, do not authorize the payment of troops in the absence of specific

provision, and as May next is the time fixed for the opening of Exhibition, if our citizens are to share in the advantages of International competition of the trade of other nations, the necessity of immediate action is apparent. To enable the United States to co-operate in the International Exhibition, which was held at Vienna in 1873, Congress passed joint resolutions making an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars, and authorizing the President to appoint a certain number of practical artisans and scientific men who should attend the exhibition and report their proceedings and observations to him. Provision was also made for the appointment of a number of honorary commissioners. I have felt that prompt action by Congress in accepting the invitation of the government of France is of so much interest to people of this country and so suitable to cordial relations between the government of the two countries, that the subject might properly be presented for attention at your present session.

The Government of Sweden and Norway has addressed an official invitation to this Government to take part in an International Prison Congress to be held at Stockholm next year. The problem which Congress proposes to study "how to diminish crime," is one in which all civilized nations have an interest in common, and the Congress of Stockholm seems likely to prove the most important convention ever held for the study of this grave question.

Under authority of a joint resolution of Congress, approved February 16th, 1875, a commission was appointed by my predecessor to represent the United States upon that been at the earnest desire of the Swedish government, postponed to 1878, his commission was renewed by me, and an appropriation of \$8,000 was made on sundry civil service accounts of 1875, to meet the expenses of the commissioner. I recommend the reappropriation of that sum for the same purpose, the former appropriation having been covered in the treasury and being no longer available for the purpose without further action by Congress. The subject is brought to your attention at this time in view of the circumstances which render it highly desirable that the Commissioner should proceed to the discharge of his important duties immediately.

As several acts of Congress providing for detailed reports from the different Departments of the Government require their submission at the beginning of the regular annual session, I defer until that time any further reference to the subjects of public interest.

R. B. HAYES.

Washington, Oct. 15, 1877.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—There is an old Spanish proverb, "The hoof of the sheep is golden." Whether this is true or not, the universal experience of all who have attempted sheep husbandry is that it is the only or most practical renovator of our worn out soils; and the best test of the profits arising from it is the tenacity with which flock owners hold on to their ewes, refusing to part with them at almost any price, while they may be borrowing at a high rate of interest. This in itself should be conclusive to the doubtful and inexperienced. But we are all well aware that the hundreds of half starved and worthless cubs that infest the country are a serious drawback to successful sheep husbandry.

High taxation is the only remedy; and I do think it high time that some regard should be paid to the interests of the much abused farmers, the acknowledged backbone of the country. Candidates for the Legislature make great pretensions for the interest of the farmer, but when our votes send them through rejoicing, so much time is taken up with mileage and per diem that no time is left to us. Now, as a class, we have some rights, and we should pertinaciously demand them. Let every farmer resolve to cast his vote for no candidate that will not pledge himself to bring this vexed question to an issue, "whether a farmer's flock of sheep, huddled upon his own premises, is more subject to taxation than a vagrant flock of a half dozen worthless, half starved hydrophobic brutes, turned loose upon a community."—*Cor. Southern Cultivator.*

RIPE CORN.

The golden ear peeps through the husk,
The faded tassels dryly rustle,
So, ho, boys, ho! From morn till dusk,
We'll at it then with shout and bustle!
So, ho, boys, ho! Now for the tassel!
The lively work, we'll weather it!
The ripened corn, we'll gather it!
Ho, boys, ho! We'll gather it!
[C. L. Cleveland, in Scribner.]

AN EXAMPLE FOR UNION COUNTY.

A Georgia Inland Town Bringing the Mills to the Cotton—What has been Actually Accomplished at Columbus, Ga.

COLUMBUS, GA., September 28.—You may probably be interested to know something more of this enterprising little interior town than that it is at the head of steamboat navigation and has a population of some fifteen thousand people. A sojourn of a day or two here would inform you of the fact that it is the foremost manufacturing town in the South. The close of the war found it desolated by the vandals of Wilson's command, its factory buildings destroyed, its population reduced, its evidences of former prosperity obliterated, and its brave spirits were not vanquished. They went to work with a will, rebuilt what is now the Eagle and Phoenix Factory, two large brick buildings, one for the manufacture of cotton fabrics and another for woollen, furnishing employment for over seven hundred persons. Good management, close attention to business and fair dealing, soon brought their reward, and orders came in exceeding their capacity to supply them. The board of directors resolved to build another larger and finer mill than the two already in such successful operation, and the new building, now completed, and filled with the finest machinery of the very best quality, measuring some four hundred feet in length, sixty feet in width and five stories high, will soon be in operation, giving employment to eight hundred more employees. This company now manufactures forty-six different kinds of goods, from spool cotton to twelve-quarter blankets. Their sales during the last month averaged over \$5,000 per day, filling orders from Virginia to Texas, and from Florida to Missouri. They have no agents, but everything is sold at the factory. Their ginghams, diapers, ticking, denims, jeans, cassimeres, &c., compare favorably with the best products from English and Northern looms of similar quality. Their water power is immense, being the whole Chattahoochee River, which at this point at this time is seven hundred feet wide. The capital of the company is \$1,250,000. Their profits for 1876 were \$126,875.60. The stock on hand on 1st January last, (time of last report,) consisting of cotton, wool, manufactured goods, dye stuffs, chemicals, &c., amounted to \$408,461.28; cash and notes, \$210,630.53. There is a very commodious savings bank connected with the establishment, the books of which show amount due depositors (chiefly employees) \$429,417.78. Across the street near by is a well stocked retail store, under the management of some of the leading men of the factory. The president of the company is Mr. N. J. Bussy. Mr. W. H. Young, one of the directors, seems to be the chief directing head of this vast and very successful enterprise. There are other cotton factories higher up the river, and it is said that Northern capitalists are prospecting for sites along the banks of the Chattahoochee, which furnishes eligible water power for forty miles up. There is a manufactory of cotton bagging here, from jute, which turns out an article superior to the New York bagging, and sells freely all they make at 12 1/2 cents. There are large flour mills, an iron foundry, &c. The streets are wide; the main street, two hundred feet, is frequently thronged with wagons loaded with country produce. What corollary may we draw from what we have seen of this little inland Southern town? What she has achieved others may hope to do. Enterprise, judgment, capital can command success; diversity of interest is necessary to permanent prosperity; the looms should come to the cotton; a good product will find purchasers at remunerative prices. Will South Carolina embark more extensively in manufactures?—*TURBINE, in News and Courier.*

A TARANTULA'S NEST.—The nest of a tarantula (spider) has been found in California of the most singular construction. It is about three inches in length by two in diameter, built in adobe, the wall being nearly half an inch thick. Inside of this is a projection, which nearly divides it into two apartments, about an inch in diameter. The inside is lined with a white downy substance, not unlike velvet, and presents one of the cleanest and most tidy little households imaginable. But the most curious part of it is a door, which fits into an aperture, and closes it hermetically. The door is secured by a hinge, formed of a like fibrous substance as the lining of the house, and upon which it swings with freedom. The nest is occupied by a dozen little tarantulas, which seem to subsist on a yellow secreted substance, that appears upon the walls of the front apartment. The arrangement of the door for the protection of the little inmates indicates great instinctive architectural knowledge.

A Parisian speculator lost his pocketbook with 20,000 francs in it on the way to embark for America. Time was more than money, and with much anguish he went his way. On his return he hastened to the police and found his wallet. Eagerly he counted its contents, and his jaw was seen to fall. "Well," says the clerk, "hasn't it all right?" "No," says the baron, "it is short." "Short! How much? What don't you find there?" "The year's interest."

THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN OHIO.

The returns from the Ohio election herald a complete triumph for the Democrats, which will cause an immense rejoicing throughout the country. The Governor has been chosen by a large plurality, and the Legislature on joint ballot has a decided majority for the Democracy, which insures another Democrat in the United States Senate. This last stronghold of Radicalism is fast capitulating, and the bare majority in that body at this time will soon disappear. The blow struck at the Republican party in Ohio will set at rest all doubts as to a new political combination. The Democrats will be more firmly united than ever before, and will stand up for their "overwhelming" victory in the next Presidential contest. A solid North in favor of Radicalism is no longer within the range of possibility, and sectionalism will meet its death it deserves. A broad, liberal and catholic sentiment will pervade the victorious Democracy, marching on to fresh triumphs at every encounter with its ancient enemy. The immediate significance of the result in Ohio is the inevitable influence to be exerted on other States in a few weeks. Pennsylvania becomes the focus of interest for the application of this influence, and it is reasonable to expect that the Democrats will be reinforced by vast numbers of floating voters, who will seek to align themselves with the victors. Even Massachusetts will be affected to an appreciable degree, and a defeat of the Republicans in that State becomes one of the probabilities of the future. The Cincinnati Enquirer, a few days before the election in Ohio, presaged the far-reaching results of a Democratic triumph, recalling "the influence Ohio had four years ago when the trifling plurality of 817 votes for William Allen in October, following a Republican majority of 35,000 in the previous year, gave even Massachusetts to the Democracy, elected a Democratic House of Representatives, reversing a two-thirds majority in that body, and contributed so largely to placing a majority of the State Governments in the hands of the Democratic party. It may not be absolutely correct to say that Ohio alone accomplished all these things, but without that result in Ohio in 1873 those things would not have been done. It is a part of the national history that, so long as Pennsylvania was an October State, she national election, as the greater State of New York has done on several occasions.—The calendar position of the State made it the key to, if not the dictator of, the politics of the country. Ohio occupies that position to day. It is one of great responsibility. That responsibility is shared by every voter in the State. When Ohio goes Democratic, the country cannot vote Republican. When Ohio votes Democratic in any October, every close or doubtful State will follow, keeping step to the Democratic music, and a generation of men will probably come and go before this ceases to be the rule. The vast floating vote of the country will always be susceptible to this influence."—*Columbia Register.*

HORNED MULE CAVALRY.—John Cato, a "three-bale planter," who lives near Hopkins, is the owner of a young ox which he purchased last spring with a view of making a "crap outen him this summer."—John is none of your "fool niggers," but a real sensible colored man, who is trying to feed and care for his family by working a little patch near the above named place. As he lay awake in his humble bed, about 2 o'clock yesterday morning, he remarked to his wife that he heard something "which sounded scandalously like dat ox's foot tramping 'round." He got noiselessly up, stepping over his children here and there, who lay sleeping around, and peeped out of his door, when right in front of him, some fifty yards off, he discovered Wade Hampton Spann, a colored gentleman who lived some miles away, making a cavalry horse out of his only ox. John took in the situation at once, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, all the darkies, little and big, who were huddled around in quarters contiguous to Cato's, were informed of the movements of the enemy and summoned to the front. The chase continued for four miles—big niggers, little niggers and dogs, all joining in; Spann, mounted upon the ox, whose gait was a pretty good one, considering he had been ploughing all day, finally bringing up in a mill pond where animal and man were captured. Justice Marshall informed Mr. Spann that he was anxious to assist General Meade in organizing the militia in every way that lay in his power, but that he was not aware of any order having been issued by that officer for the impressment of the horned animal aforementioned as a cavalry beast, and he should, therefore, feel in duty bound to send him to jail until General Kershaw, who is now a Judge, could look into his conduct. And Spann went under the hill on Lincoln street to worry over the vicissitudes of a volunteer cavalry man's life until the October court.—*Register Local.*

HEALING POWER OF CHARCOAL.—Charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. On laying a small piece of cold charcoal on the burn the pain subsides immediately; and if the charcoal is held on for some time the wound is healed.

A FEMALE GAMBLING HOUSE.

In one of the most fashionable and respectable quarters in San Francisco, near Market street, stands a large and elegant looking house. The hundreds of people who daily pass it think it is a private residence, little dreaming that it is a female gambling institution, as it is, and in which thousands of dollars not unfrequently change hands nightly. It is patronized by men and women who belong to the wealthy class, and who move in aristocratic circles. The manager of this institution is a woman, who came here from St. Louis about a year ago. At one time she figured in Washington as a lobbyist. She is a lovely brunette, of quently appearance, and dresses elegantly. On your entrance to this abode you are generally welcomed by Madame in a back parlor, brilliantly lighted and handsomely furnished, into which you have been ushered by the colored servant who has answered your bell call. From thence you are conducted into the saloon of the establishment, down stairs. This apartment is gorgeously furnished. The carpet is of an elegant pattern, with heavy curtains and hangings to match, while the furniture is rich and massive. The walls are adorned with beautiful pictures, and articles of virtue are to be seen in profusion. In this apartment, night after night, into the wee sma' hours, are to be found leading merchants and stock brokers with the wives of some of their business associates, all engaged in play, which is only interrupted between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, by a lunch of cake and wine. The principal games played by these fashionable gamblers are faro, Boston and whist. Occasionally roulette and rouge et noir are played. The dealer at the faro table is a beautiful looking blonde, who passes for the stepdaughter of Madame the manager. She generally dresses in a white lace wrapper, with a lustrous diamond ring sparkling from an extremely white and delicately shaped hand. She is an adept with the cards, if one may judge by the way she handles them. There are other females, elegantly attired, in attendance, who are connected with the establishment, and who are always ready to take a hand in any game of chance that is proposed, and in which they are proficient. When not engaged they usually while away the time in playing billiards, in an adjoining room. The such that every night the establishment is well patronized. It is understood that Madame is backed by several heavy capitalists of this city.

A CARPET-BAGGER'S CONFESSION.—The wittiest, and in some respects the frankest, speech made during the Ohio campaign was that of Gen. George H. Sheridan, a Louisiana carpet-bagger. He gives a racy account of his application for office and what came of it, thus:

"I wanted to be Collector of the Port at New Orleans. I could not see how we could make a success unless I was appointed. Hayes asked me if I knew who would be a good man. That was a delicate question to ask, and I asked for time for reflection. He gave me time for reflection, and that is the only thing he did give me. I knew that the collector should be a man with an interest in the business of the city, a man of integrity, of good moral character, ability above the average and a Republican. I thought it over carefully, and came to the conclusion that I could come nearer filling the bill than any man I knew in the State. I had an interest in business, because I had paper out at that time. I knew I was a man of integrity; my moral character was as good as a somewhat tropical country might develop in a somewhat tropical country. I was sure I had the ability. I was a Republican—was once a Representative in Congress from Louisiana; it was but a short time. I was elected for two years. I was in for four hours before the Congress to which I was elected was adjourned; didn't have time to make a record, voted on both sides of every question, called out repeatedly, 'Mr. Speaker, told one member he was a thief and another that he was a liar, looked at the ladies in the gallery, spit tobacco, went in the committee room to look at some documents, borrowed some money and went home. I considered at the time that I made a pretty good average record. For these reasons, I thought I ought to be collector. President Hayes was very cordial—he is a very cordial man. When I spoke to him he said, 'Sheridan, I will make out the commission at once; but he made a mistake and got a name I had not thought of. I thought at that time, is this what I made 127 speeches for, or the same speech 127 times? I told Mr. Hayes how I felt. I moved him very much—moved him to advise me to pull down my vest or to go West, or something of the kind."

There is a story of two Irishmen who bought a little barrel of whisky in partnership to trade with on Derby day. They agreed that neither should drink without paying. On the way one drank a glass and paid his partner three pence. The other then had a glass and returned the three pence. They kept up this alternation until, when they reached the Downs, the whisky was all gone, and they had honestly paid for every drink, and were bewildered to find that they had only three pence between them.