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STONEWALL JACKSON.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Ah! but these calls for regimental reunions mean something more than decorated halls, grand dinners, and toasts and responses. Memory sits down with the boys in blue and the boys in gray, and makes their hearts thrill as they remember the terrible charge of the Confederates to possess themselves of the key-position at Gettysburg. She asks the veterans to remember how the brave Seventh Michigan pushed across the wide river flowing past Fredericksburg and looked into the fierce eyes of Barksdale's Mississippians. She calls upon the heroes of the battle at Trevilian Station, the tramp of Stonewall Jackson's men on the plains of Manassas, and the mad, eager rush at the earthworks around Petersburg.

Well may memory sit at every veteran's right hand, for under one soil, lulled to eternal repose by the same soft breezes, are the blue and the gray—falling on their skirmish line, in the charge, single and by scores—and no man dares say that they were not brave and true.

That was an awful day when that Confederate lion, Stonewall Jackson, crept upon poor Hooker, hidden in the wilderness. LEE ON ONE SIDE—JACKSON ON THE OTHER.

and the woods around Chancellorsville shook and trembled, and were almost swept from the face of the earth by the whirring round-shot, and hissing shell, and the screaming grape-shot. Men were struck stone-dead as the battle-line advanced or retreated. White-faced recruits and bronzed veterans were torn to fragments and hurled against the living.

Wounded men fell in their tracks, to be crushed in the earth by the great limbs cut from trees by shot and shell. The roar of guns, the crackle of musketry, the fierce shouts and awful groans, made such a hell upon earth that battle-field as was never seen before or after.

Fighting Joe Hooker was in a box, but not a man in his great army dreamed that it was so until the long gray line of Stonewall Jackson came creeping through the quiet forest at 3 o'clock on that ever-to-be-remembered 2d day of May, 1863. The light earthworks had been thrown up to face another way—toward Lee. All lines faced Lee; all men were looking for Lee, when three divisions of Confederates, moving with soft step, took Hooker's army in the rear, and drove one brigade pell-mell into and over another, until veteran soldiers were without strength or presence of mind. That awful night when

THE WOUNDED BEING BURIED ALIVE

in the woods, and the dead were thicker than the leaves just broadening into full life, a report ran through the reorganized ranks that the great Stonewall Jackson had been killed. Thousands believed it; but three of us, lying side by side in the new battle line, born after night came down, put no faith in the rumor. Why we did not is what I started to write about.

Stuart's cavalry had been following up Hooker's army, but it was like a rat following in the footsteps of a horse. Lee was so far away and coming up so slowly that Hooker had time to throw up light earthworks, seize the best ground, fell trees to protect his flanks and make ready to shatter and hurl back the expected attack. On that 2d day of May, his soldiers, hidden in the woods or lying in the fields, washed their clothing, wrote letters home, made comfortable beds for themselves, and were not in the least troubled about what another week would bring forth. As a deep river suddenly bends to avoid a bluff, so did that great army of Lee's bend to avoid the Wilderness. It split in two to attack at a given hour on both sides, and Joe Hooker sat in his tent and congratulated himself on his impregnable position—considered impregnable by him when two great highways ran along the rear of half of his army. So universal was the feeling of security that soon after noon three infantrymen started out to

BEG OR BUY FORAGE FOOD.

Sigel's corps was on Hooker's west flank, and commanded that day by Howard. Part of this corps faced the old turnpike and plank road; part faced the other way. Most of the men were hidden in the woods and behind ridges, and up the broad highways which should have been first looked to as Stuart was pushing his cavalymen askirmishers. We three men were beyond Sigel's corps, and on the point of entering a farm house from which everybody had fled, when, less than a rifle shot away, we caught sight of the Confederate advance. The cavalymen were advancing slowly, evidently expecting to find a heavy guard at some point, but at the time we imagined that less than a regiment of Stuart's men were feeling along up to pick up stragglers, locate positions, etc. We, at least, did not fear them, and the proposition to enter the house and secure a better view of the roads speedily conveyed us to a chamber window. We could see but little more from that post, but we did see, soon after reaching it,

THAT SAME STONEWALL JACKSON

ride from shelter out upon the turnpike in full view, attended by only three or four off-

cers. He had come out there to make observation. Like a cat before she destroys the mouse, he was wondering at what point he should strike to disbur his victim soonest.

Grim-minded and sour-tempered was the third man of us, and war's horrors delighted him. When he had taken his second look at the little party sitting on their horses on the open road, a wicked smile crossed his face, and he whispered:

"By the hundred gods of the heathen! but that chap on the left there is old Stonewall Jackson, and I'm going to drop him!"

Old Pete, our sour-tempered companion, had a first-class Minnie rifle with him. He had carried it for several months, in some way escaping the attention of the inspector and in some way always secured ammunition for it. I saw him in at least half dozen instances shoot down videttes or skirmishers who seemed to be half a mile away, and he was known throughout the regiment as a dead-shot.

There was considerable firing around us from foragers, stragglers, and men cleaning their guns, and a shot from the window might not attract particular attention. Resting the heavy gun across the window-sill, and having as steady rest as hunter ever asked for, "Old Pete" was ready to keep his word.

IT SEEMED LIKE COLD-BLOODED ASSASSINATION.

I could almost count the buttons on Jackson's coat, and there seemed no escape for him. I was watching him when the rifle cracked. He had a field-glass to his eye, and the only movement we could see was a quick motion of the head, as if the bullet had cut close to his ear. The glass was not even lowered. "Old Pete" swore a terrible long string of oaths as he realized his failure, but in a minute was ready again.

"I hope to never draw another breath if I don't kill him stone-dead!" he muttered as he knelt down. Jackson did not face us as before, yet was a good mark, even for a musket. We watched him as before, and this time the bullet must have swept past his face, as he dodged his head backwards. The glass was down then, but he raised it in an instant and went on with his survey.

"Have I got to be a fool! or have I grown blind!" howled "Old Pete," as he looked down upon his unharmed victim. "I'll kill him this time or shoot myself in this chamber."

It was dangerous to remain there longer, as the cavalry had crept nearer, and Jackson's aids seemed to have got the idea that a sharpshooter was posted near by. Yet "Old Pete" would have had a third shot if the Confederates had been in the house.

THE TARGET WAS AS FAIR AS BEFORE.

He took a more careful aim, and yet when he fired we saw splinters fly from a rail way over beyond the General. The cavalry were then close upon us, and our two muskets were lost in the hurried flight from the house. Half an hour after that Jackson was driving our brigades and divisions as he willed.

"I'll measure off the same distance, off-hand, and bet my life that I can hit a soldier's cap nine times out of ten!" growled "Old Pete," as he hurried forward, and suddenly overcome by indignation and chagrin, he battered his cherished gun against a tree and destroyed it. As if seeking personal revenge, Jackson's legions passed right by us. The nearest brigade of Sigel's corps was picked up and dashed to pieces as a strong man would lift and hurl a child. Running along with the amazed and frightened men, but bearing off towards our own division, we picked up other muskets to replace our lost ones. Reaching a knoll from which we had another view of the turnpike, we halted for a last, look over the heads of the frightened, fleeing soldiers—over the ground strewn with arms and accoutrements—over the blue smoke just beginning to rise.

WE SAW JACKSON AGAIN.

He was far away, but it was Jackson. "Curse him! but he has got a guardian angel," howled "Old Pete," as he shook his fist toward the turnpike.

No other man ever yet had a rifle drawn on him at such a range and escape three cool, carefully-aimed bullets. His escape sent a thrill of superstition through each mind, and from that hour to the moment when the news reached us "Old Pete" never spoke a word. It was a puzzle he could not solve. As we lay in line, every eye peering through the darkness to catch sight of the gray line coming on again, an aid came hurrying along and shouted out:

"We're all right, boys. Stonewall Jackson has been killed up the road there!"

"Old Pete" leaped up, whirled around to face the bearer of the news, and savagely shouted back:

"You lie! you lie! you lie! Stonewall Jackson can't be hurt by shell or killed by bullets!"

BUT IT WAS SO.

Lying in the arms of those who loved him, so near us that the cries of our wounded must have reached his ears, was the mortally wounded General whose skill and strength had no match. While the white-faced dead looked up to the torn and shattered forest trees—while the wounded crawled here and there in their awful agony—while the living looked into each other's

anxious faces and wondered if another night would find any of us there, the legions of Jackson were strangely silent. Now and then came the sudden boom of some great gun, sounding like a deep groan of despair, but there was nothing more to break the silence. While men rested in line of battle, having the awful horrors of war on every side, there was one who gave up his life as he whispered, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." —Detroit Free Press.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.—The great wall of China was measured in many places by Mr. Unthank, an American engaged on a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurements give the height at eighteen feet, and a width on top of fifteen feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower twenty-four feet square, and from twenty to forty-five feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. Mr. Unthank brought with him a brick from the wall, which is supposed to have been made 200 years B. C. In building this immense stone fence to keep out the Tartars, the builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms to save expense. For 1,300 miles the wall goes over plain and mountain, and every foot of the foundation is in solid granite, and the rest of the structure solid masonry. In some places the wall is built up against the bank, or cañon, or precipices, where there is a sheer descent of 1,000 feet. Small streams are arched over, but in the larger streams the wall runs to the water's edge, and a tower is built on each side. On the top of the wall there are breastworks, or defenses, facing in and out, so the defending force can pass from one tower to another without being exposed to an enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building or cost of this wall is beyond human skill. So far as the magnitude of the work is concerned, it surpasses everything in ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared to it.

COLORIED MORTALITY.—The extraordinary mortality among negroes of the United States is beginning to attract attention at the North, and the New York Times asks that the convention of the colored people of North Carolina, now in session at Raleigh, shall consider what must be done to decrease the alarming death rate. It seems that in all the large cities where the negroes have congregated since the war the average of deaths among the blacks is at least double and sometimes as much as five times as great as among the whites. In Richmond, for instance, 14 white people and 25 negroes died during the week ending August 28, this year, while the deaths during the week, in last year, were 11 whites and 28 negroes. Memphis shows a record still more startling, for during 1876 652 whites and 601 negroes died, which is a much greater mortality for the negroes than in Richmond, because of the larger proportion of white people in Memphis. But while this shows that very nearly four times as many negroes as whites died in 1876, the mortality reports this year indicate an increased death rate among the doomed colored people, 148 negroes and only 128 white people having died in Memphis during the months of July and August last—a proportion of five negroes to one white man. The causes of this excessive mortality are well understood; and, though the matter is not political in itself the negroes have certainly been brought to this dreadful condition by politics. If they had been permitted to remain in agricultural districts, instead of being encouraged in every way to herd in the cities for the use of the party which employed them as voting cattle, this terrible death rate would never have occurred.

A FEROCIOUS HORSE.—A telegram from Petaluma, California, says: "Last night the 'Man-eater,' a valuable but savage stallion that was brought here from the East some time since, heavily ironed, with shackles on his feet, on account of his well-known ferocious nature, got loose and escaped from his stable. At six o'clock in the morning a man by the name of Kenny was sent out to look for the horse, and two hours after he was discovered dead in the horse-track, where he had been killed by the stallion while trying to catch him. The body of the man was frightfully mutilated, his breast being torn and bitten in a most shocking manner, and disfigured by the hoofs of the fierce animal, that after throwing him down had evidently jumped and trodden upon him, crushing in his chest, and attacking him with his teeth. The wicked and dangerous Man-eater, that seems to be appropriately named, was subsequently captured by two Mexican vaqueros, and is now securely lodged in his stable."

"What did they ever name a horse Tom Ochiltree for?" asked an old-fashioned Senator. "He was once a United States Marshal in Texas. Was he free of foot?"—The answer of a Kentucky horseman settled the question: "Did you ever hear the expression?" "He can be as fast as a horse can run? Well, that was Tom Ochiltree's great forte, and hence the belief that no horse named after him can ever be beaten."

A FIGHT FOR LIFE WITH RATS. An Army of Rats Attacking a Signal Service Officer and His Wife—Conquering the Rebels by Electricity—Terrible Fate of a Child.

The vast number of rats inhabiting the rocky crevices and cavernous passages at the summit of Pike's Peak, in Colorado, have recently become formidable and dangerous. These animals are known to feed upon a saccharine gum that percolates through the pores of the rocks, apparently upheaved by that volcanic action which, at irregular intervals of a few days, gives to the mountain crest that vibratory motion which has been detected by the instruments used in the office of the United States signal station. Since the establishment of the government signal station on the summit of the Peak, at an altitude of nearly 15,000 feet, these animals have acquired a voracious appetite for raw and uncooked meat, the scent of which seems to impart to them a ferocity rivaling the starved Siberian wolf. The most singular trait in the character of these animals is, they are never to be seen in the day-time. When the moon pours down her queenly light upon the summit they may be seen in countless numbers, hopping around among the rocky boulders that crown this barren waste; and during the warm summer months they may be seen swimming and sporting in the waters of the lake, a short distance below the crest of the Peak, and of a dark, cloudy night their trail in the water exhibits a glowing, sparkling light, giving to the waters of the lake a flickering silvery appearance. A few days since Mr. John T. O'Keef, one of the government operators at the signal station, returned to his post from Colorado Springs, taking with him a quarter of beef. It being late in the afternoon, his colleague, Mr. Hobbs, immediately left with the pack animal for the Springs. Soon after dark, while Mr. O'Keef was engaged in the office forwarding night dispatches to Washington, he was startled by a loud scream from Mrs. O'Keef, who had retired for the night in an adjoining bedroom, and who came rushing into the office screaming, "The rats! the rats!" Mr. O'Keef, with great presence of mind, immediately girdled his wife with a scroll of zinc plating, such as had been used in girdling the station, which prevented the rats from climbing upon her person; and, although his own person was almost literally covered with them, he succeeded in increasing his legs each in a joint of stovepipe, when he commenced a fierce and desperate struggle for the preservation of his life, with a heavy war-club preserved at the station, among other Indian relics captured at the battle of Sand Creek. Notwithstanding hundreds were destroyed on every side, still they seemed to pour with increasing numbers from the bedroom, the door of which had been left open. The entire quarter of beef was eaten in less than five minutes, which seemed only to sharpen their appetites for an attack upon Mr. O'Keef, whose hands, face and neck were terribly lacerated. In the midst of the warfare Mrs. O'Keef managed to reach a coil of electric wire hanging near the battery; and, being a mountain girl familiar with the throwing of the lariat, she hurled it through the air, causing it to encircle her husband, and spring out from its loosened fastenings, making innumerable spiral ways, along which she poured the electric fluid from the heavily-charged battery. In an instant the room was all ablaze with electric light, and whenever the rats came in contact with the wire they were hurled to an almost instant death. The appearance of daylight, made such by the coarsening of the heavily-charged wire, caused them to take refuge among the crevices and caverns of the mountain, by way of the bedroom window, through which they had forced their way. But the saddest part of this night attack upon the Peak is the destroying of their infant child, which Mrs. O'Keef thought she had made secure by a heavy covering of bed clothing; but the rats had found their way to the infant (only two months old), and had left nothing of it but the peeled and numbed skull. Drs. Thorn and Anderson thought at first that the left arm of Sergeant O'Keef would have to be amputated, but succeeded in saving it.

DIDN'T WANT HIS HAIR CUT.—The following colloquy took place in a barber shop not more than a thousand miles from East Bay a day or two ago: Bulldozing barber. Have your hair cut to-day, sir? Customer. No, sir. B. B. (while thumbling among the locks.) Very long, very straggling, sir; comes clear down to your coat collar. C. All right; I'll have the collar moved down. End of the colloquy. Two men were riding in the cars the other morning, when one asked the other if he had a pleasant place of residence. "Yes," was the reply; "we have seven nice large rooms over a store." "Over a store! I shouldn't think that would be a quiet place." "Oh! it is quiet enough. The folks don't advertise."

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out, until they have been in hot water.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

JUMBLES.—One cup butter, two sugar, three eggs, four cups flour; mix soft; bake in round cakes.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY.—Cut in halves and boil in water till soft; two quarts water to half peck apples; strain and add one pound of sugar to one pint juice; boil 25 minutes.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—One pint of sweet milk and three grated sweet apples, two well beaten eggs, little salt, sugar and nutmeg to taste. Have only an undercrust.

KING'S PUDDING.—Beat six eggs; add one quart of sweet milk, one pound of white sugar, one dozen of soda crackers, four large apples, cut in very thin slices, and a little salt; spice to taste. Bake about two hours.

CURRENT CAKE.—Cream, one cup of best butter, and two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three well-beaten eggs—the whites and yolks separately—three cups of sifted flour, two cups of well-washed currants—dried and well dredged with flour—two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of sugar, three well-beaten eggs, four cups of sifted flour, (always sift flour after measuring it,) one half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, sifted in the flour, one cup of raisins well dredged with flour.

SUET PUDDING.—Two and a half cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful salt, one cup suet, chopped fine, two eggs, scant pint milk, one half teaspoonful soda, one half cup apples, chopped fine, one cup raisins, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, steam one and three-quarter hours.

APPLE FRUIT CAKE.—Soak three cups dried apples over night in cold water; in the morning chop and stew till soft in three cups of molasses; when cold mix with three cups flour, one cup butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, spices, two cups raisins, one of currants, one lemon chopped fine; this makes two pans of cake.

FRENCH CREAM CAKE.—Boil scant pint milk; take two eggs, and two small table-spoons of cream, and beat with a little milk; when the milk boils stir this in slowly with scant cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two tablespoonfuls lemon essence; make a cake of three eggs, one cupful sugar, one and one half cupful flour, teaspoonful baking powder, two tablespoonful milk; bake in three layers, and while warm spread with cream.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cupful of best butter, and two cupsful sugar, beaten to a cream; one cupful of sweet milk, three and one half cupful sifted flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, sifted in the flour; one-half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a very little hot water; the whites of four eggs, well beaten, and the yolks of six; make a frosting with the whites of two eggs, one and one half cupful powdered sugar, six tablespoonfuls grated chocolate, one tablespoonful of vanilla; frost when the cake is warm.

BAKED TOMATO PUDDING.—Take a deep pudding dish and butter the inside of it well; first put in a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of peeled sliced tomatoes, then a small onion cut very thin; dredge on a little flour, pepper and salt; now begin with bread crumbs again, tomatoes, onion and seasoning, till the dish is full; the top layer must be bread crumbs, with salt and pepper, and a few small bits of butter over it; put this in the oven, keep it covered with a tin plate for an hour, then remove the plate and let it brown. It does not require too hot an oven. It will take at least two hours to bake. Those who wish can add sugar to suit the taste. It is better to send it to table in the dish it is baked in.

Home has been happily saved and many a fortune retrieved by a man's full confidence in his wife. Woman is far more a seer and a prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, the wives confide the minutest of their thoughts and plans to their husbands. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? I am certain no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulses or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instinct, and what she most craves and most deserves is confidence, without which love is never free from a shadow.

Moved by the numerous cowardly murderers in Kentucky, the Louisville Courier-Journal breaks forth: "The puppy that is afraid to go among his fellow-men without a navy-six on his hip, ought to be kicked out of society on the tip-toe of public sentiment."

A man who edited a paper in Texas for two years is one of the curiosities now traveling with Barnum's show. He carries 37 bullets in his body, 116 Bowie knife scars, has one eye gouged out, one ear bit off, his nose twisted around on his left cheek, all his teeth knocked out and his skull trepanned.