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THE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF A MUTUAL PLEDGE IN THE DEMOCRATIC ORGANIZATION.

The Winnsboro *News and Herald*, in meeting an objection made to the requirement of a pledge from each voter that he will support all Democratic nominations, makes the annexed forcible argument:

This pledge is nothing more nor less than the famous "eighth article" of the Anderson constitution, adopted by many other counties. The objection now raised was heard in most of the counties two years ago, when the article in question evoked more discussion and feeling than all the other provisions of the constitution combined. Where adopted, it for a long time kept a number of the worthiest citizens out of the organization. Independence of thought had become so general in South Carolina that party dictation was viewed with abhorrence. Every good citizen constituted himself a committee of one to see that the State received no detriment, and he hesitated to bind himself to any party, because he feared that others, through mistaken zeal, might adopt a course injurious to the public weal, and he would be powerless to interpose a check. But, as time wore on, the absolute necessity of a mutual pledge became more apparent, until in those counties, we believe, in which the practical workings of the Democratic organization were manifested, all objection to the eighth article ceased. It is now recognized as a necessity, the saving clause in the constitution; and, in the language of quack advertisements, "no party having once tried it will ever consent to be without it."

Politics is a matter of business. It has its emoluments and practical rewards which prevent its ascending into the higher atmosphere of sentiment. The Democratic party in office differs from the Democratic party out of office. It is a joint stock company entrusted with the management of the political and financial affairs of the State. In common with other business associations, it must have specific contracts between its members—its mutual pledges. Self-interest does not always adjust the wavering balance in favor of the public good. Smith, or Brown, or Jones, as a mere private in the Democratic ranks, with no axe to grind, can well see that his interest demands the subservience of personal opinions to the will of a majority. But the same individual as a defeated candidate for office, or as a friend of such, believing that in some mysterious way he was juggled out of the nomination, cannot always see that it is better to submit to the will of the majority than either to gather his clans for an independent contest or else to sulk like Achilles in his tent, while Agamemnon grapples in unequal contest with his foes.

Moreover, when no pledge is required, the friends of any candidate may doubt the sincerity of their opponents, and may be thus induced to look to outside influences to an election; for a nomination that will not carry a solid party vote, is not worth the seeking. But let it be known that every member of the party stands pledged on his honor to abide by the will of the majority, and perfect confidence will result. The fight will be made within the party, and every effort will be made to perfect instead of to weaken party organization.

Wherever the experiment has been made, it has been found expedient to adopt this pledge. Without it, the organization is a rope of sand. That some good men will not pledge themselves is a matter of profound regret; but there ever has existed the obstinate twelfth juror. The effort must be made to bring him over, not to lead the other eleven back to him. Let every Democrat sign the pledge, and then work manfully to secure the nomination of the best men. But he must not be allowed to abstain from supporting the party nominee simply because his man was defeated. He might do this if not pledged.

NO DEMOCRAT DISFRANCHISED.—We do not endorse that part of the plan which confines the election of the nominees entirely to the club members of the Democratic party, but the object in doing so is not to disfranchise those Democrats who are not members, but to prevent parties of doubtful political faith, and political enemies, from having a voice in determining the nominations. As we can see no good reason why any Democrat should refuse to join his neighboring club, we would appeal to the common sense and patriotism of all those who have heretofore held themselves aloof to come forward, casting away their prejudices, if such it may be, and enrolling their names, join, with us in selecting men for candidates, who will be acceptable representatives to the majority of the entire Democratic party of our county.—*Lexington Dispatch.*

CABBAGE PLANTS.—As soon as your plants are large enough take up a dozen or so at a time and take to the place where you wish to set. Have a dish of water with you—I prefer rain water—make a hole and put in your plant, fill in the dirt and press it firmly around the roots until the whole is nearly full. Then turn in half a gill or more of water, and haul fresh dirt upon that, but don't press it. This will prevent the ground from baking, and the plant is almost sure to grow.

THE SOUTH AND MR. TILDEN

There is something more than the Polish attempt to go behind the finding of the Electoral Commission, as confirmed by Congress, than appears on the surface. The agitation, of which Mr. Blair is the fife and the New York *Sun* is the drum, has a purpose other than that which stands confessed. In plain words, the plan is to place Mr. Tilden on the track for the Democratic nomination in 1880, as the only adequate recompense for the wrong done him in 1876. As long as the public mind can be kept alive to the fact that he was defrauded of the exalted office to which he was elected, so long, it is expected, will the Democratic party be constrained to give the people an opportunity to right the wrong, by electing him, over again, by a majority that no single Southern State can affect, and that no packed tribunal can impair.—This is in keeping with the subtlety and indirectness which are Mr. Tilden's strong points. It is forgotten that the interests of Mr. Tilden and the interests of the American people are not necessarily one and indivisible.

The Southern States control the Democratic nomination for President. Without the South the Democratic party have no electoral votes worth talking about. The Southern Democrats do not desire that a Southerner be nominated for President. Their veto is final when they say that they will not agree to the nomination of a particular candidate. There are some Democrats with regard to whom the South intends to exercise its right of exclusion, and candor requires us to say that the first of these, a candidate who will not be accepted on any terms, is Mr. Samuel J. Tilden.

The inclination of the South in 1876 was towards a Bayard or a Hancock.—There was a general wish that a Democrat of the highest type, one far above the arts of the precinct politician, one inspired with love of country, should receive the nomination at St. Louis. The South swallowed Mr. Tilden, because the party magnates insisted that no other candidate could carry New York, and that, without New York, the Democratic candidates must be defeated. There was no mere enthusiasm in the South, when the nomination was made, than there is in Mr. Tilden at any time. The South bowed to the inevitable. Our whole duty was done! Every Southern State was carried by the Democrats. The people gave Mr. Tilden all they could give him. They could not endow him with boldness, decision or nerve. The want of these qualities, not the want of votes, cost him his office, and made Mr. Hayes the President. During the discussions preceding the agreement for an Electoral Commission, Mr. Tilden was as flabby as a summer oyster and as flat as yesterday's champagne. It was his part to be the leader of the Democracy, to guide and direct, and, if need be, to command. Where was he? In the shady recesses of Gramercy Park, explaining to casual visitors that he was not in favor of the Electoral Commission, but did not object to it, because "our friends on the spot in Washington, who ought to know best, think it is the wisest thing to do." This weakness, this uncertainty, this abdication of his position, led to the *saute qui peut* which gave Louisiana and South Carolina to the Democrats, and leaves Mr. Tilden at home.

The National Democracy have been beaten once by the feebleness of their leader, and the South says distinctly, and positively, that it does not mean to be so beaten again. The person who prevented the Democracy from enjoying the fruits of victory in 1877 will not be allowed to play the same game over again four years later. Mr. Tilden is not entered for the race. The South bars him. It is distinction enough for Mr. Tilden to be the only person elected President, since the foundation of the Republic, who did not obtain his office. This position is unique, like Mr. Tilden, and it is not proposed to compromise his dignity by allowing him to become President. The South will not have Mr. Tilden.—*News and Courier.*

A GENERAL SURPRISE.—We call the following from an article in *Scribner*, entitled "Deer Hunting on the Au Sable":—The next evening one of the dogs, footsore and worn out, remained in the woods. His master and one other sallied out into the inky darkness to look for him at points near which they deemed it probable he would have lain down. They took a lantern, without which it would have been impossible to walk, and after a fruitless search, extending to a distance of three miles or so, turned back. Suddenly they heard light foot-falls in the distance, and with two or three beautiful bounds, a young doe alighted within the circle illuminated by the lantern, approached it in wide-eyed wonder and almost touched it with her nose. A young spike-horn buck followed her and both stared at the light, their nostrils dilated and quivering, and every limb trembling with mingled excitement and fear. There was an exclamation that could not be suppressed, a vain effort to shoot, and the deer were gone like a flash into the darkness. It was curious to hear both gentlemen, on returning to camp, protesting that to shoot deer under such circumstances would have been wholly unparliamentary.

Difficulty is the spur of love.

THE UP COUNTRY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

We publish this morning copious extracts from a South Carolina letter to the *Springfield Republican*, an influential independent Republican journal of New England. The letter is written from Charleston, and gives the writer's impression of the political situation in our sister State. There is but one portion of this letter that calls for any present notice at our hands. The writer says: "The fact is that there are two strongly opposing elements in the Democratic party, which divide a good deal on the geographical line of the 'up country' and the 'low country,' the latter including the counties along the coast, with Charleston as the great center, and the former, the more remote parts of the State, including the mountain counties and such districts as Edgefield, where Gary, the leader of Hampton's opponents in the Legislature, lives.—Broadly speaking the wealth and intelligence of the State are in the 'low country'; the ignorance and poverty in the 'up country.' As a natural consequence liberalism has its headquarters in the 'low country'; Bourbonism in the 'up country.'"

We have nothing to say concerning the divisions in the Democratic party of South Carolina. We care nothing about the differences that are said to exist between General Hampton and General Gary. But we think that the sneers of this Charleston correspondent, who probably drew his inspiration from his surroundings, at the up-country of South Carolina should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. We shall not dispute the justice of his compliment to the wealth and intelligence and liberalism of Charleston. It is well deserved. But when the correspondent speaks of the up-country as the home of "ignorance" he simply displays either prejudice or a woful want of information. The people of the country may be poorer than the people of Charleston, for they have suffered much and have had to earn their bread in the sweat of their brows, but there is just as much of education, just as much of intelligence, of culture and refinement in their section of the State as in the favored region of the coast. Who says otherwise proves himself either grossly ignorant or as gross a slanderer. Charleston may be the home of liberalism and the up-country of Bourbonism; we shall not quarrel about terms.

But who ever knows anything of the political history of South Carolina knows that Bourbonism freed the State from the most galling tyranny while the policy of liberalism would have (no matter what the intention of its advocates) riveted its chains. It was liberalism that gave South Carolina Scott, and Moses, and Chamberlain, and Elliott, and Whipper, and Whittemore, and Wright and Bowen. It was Bourbonism (born of the "ignorance and poverty" of the up country) that gave the State Hampton, and Hagood, and Haskell, and Lipscomb, and Butler, and Aldrich, and Gary. Liberalism would have made terms with the spoiler. Bourbonism would make no compromise with corruption. Liberalism would have abandoned the fight against fraud in despair and been content with the smallest crumbs of power that fell from the Radical table. Bourbonism, "ignorant and poor," was determined to have liberty and honest government at any cost. In brief, liberalism sought to make Chamberlain Governor a second time; Bourbonism drove the corrupt usurper from the State, put Wade Hampton in his place and delivered the whole of Carolina from the power of the plunderer and oppressor. With such a record Bourbonism and the up-country can afford to treat with contempt the silly sneers of ignorance or of malice.—*Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist.*

BISHOP MARVIN ON THE SABBATH.

These two institutions—the family and the Sabbath—came out of the gates of Eden linked together; they cannot be disjointed. In the family the Sabbath has its chief expression, even more than in the house of God; for in the sanctuary there is often, on occasion, the same worship on other days as on that; but in the home there is no day like this one. No birthday nor holiday resembles it. It is an unseen but felt presence in every chamber and upon every heart; its touch is upon every face, and its tone in every voice; its light is purer than the light of common days, as if celestial beams were braided in with the rays that stream through the window or lie upon the threshold. The man-servant and the maid-servant rest; and even the horse and the ox roam in the pasture or sleep in the stall; the plane and the axe lie idle in the shop; the court house is closed; and every place of merchandise is still; human life has retreated from its contest. Men emerge from the doorway of home only to visit the house of God, and then return to commune with the Invisible in the domestic altar, and to rest. Here and now the heart gathers all its treasures together, and estimates them by a standard of values that finds its definition in such words as God and holiness, eternity and heaven. Thus home and the Sabbath belong to each other. There can be no home in the highest meaning of the word, without the Sabbath; and without the family and the home there could scarcely be a Sabbath at all upon the earth.

KILLING GRASS NOT CULTIVATION.

Many farmers in this section plant as many acres as they possibly can keep the grass down on, under the mistaken notion that if the grass is kept down the crop is all right. They ought to be called "grass killers." If there is no grass, there is no cultivation, for they let the field of corn or cotton stand until the grass springs up, though otherwise much in need of the plow. The number of acres they can keep clear of grass is assumed to be the number they can cultivate with their force, and thus overplanting goes on from year to year, while poor cultivation cripples the land, reduces the yield and disheartens the farmer.

How is it that these farmers cannot get it into their heads that cultivation means stirring the soil as well as killing the grass? They argue that in killing grass of course they stir the soil; and so they do, after a fashion, but they forget in this argument that in most cases the implements they use are designed not for the best cultivation, but for the best grass killing. Let them reverse this object, and we think the result will be satisfactory. Have your plows made for the very best cultivation, and let the grass killing be incidental. There will not be much grass if the field is well cultivated; but in order to do this your calculation of thirty to forty acres to the horse must be upset. One horse or mule cannot cultivate so much land well, and if he seems to have done so on a former occasion, reduce it now to twenty or twenty-five; cultivate better, stir the soil oftener, and you will be convinced by the difference in the yield that you have been overworked for no corresponding profit. Twenty acres of land well cultivated will certainly yield more than thirty acres poorly cultivated. Many of these "grass farmers," if not all of them, by thorough cultivation could dispense with one-third of their horses, plows and hoes, and produce better crops. It is difficult to break old habits, we know, but it is better to break bad habits than never.

Good cultivation requires watchfulness over the crops and frequent close inspections as to their true condition and needs, and when it is perceived that the earth has been repacked from heavy rains or long standing, or the surface baked or crusted from the same causes, as so often happens in our climate, be assured the plow is needed, and every day it is delayed brings loss to the farmer. Stirring the soil don't mean turning it bottom up. In dry seasons, especially, your crop will need all the moisture in the soil, and if you turn it up you release the moisture to the sunshine and winds. We use too many turn plows in summer. In fact, they should be used only in winter in breaking up when moisture is abundant.—If you do not use patent cultivators, long narrow scooters are best to side with when the crops are young, and also to keep the middles loose; to make time, two, three and even four of them may be attached to a single stock, while shallow sweeps are incomparable for skimming the surface to destroy grass.—L. C. B. in *Savannah News.*

TRAGIC RESULT OF A GIRL'S ELOPEMENT WITH A NEGRO.

A special to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* from Houston, Texas, states that three years ago a farmer named McGuire, living in Walker County, and head of a very respectable family, hired a young negro man named Walker Dening to work on his farm. McGuire has three daughters, one of them, Miss Fannie McGuire, a handsome young girl of 17, and who stood well in society. Recently Miss Fannie eloped with this negro from her father's house at dead of night and in a wagon. They escaped to the railroad depot, and thence to Houston, last Thursday, taking up their abode in a negro hut on the outskirts. Miss McGuire's brother started in pursuit, and on Sunday last, by the aid of a detective, found them. The Houston authorities arrested the negro, who was placed in an unoccupied house, with a trace chain around his neck and locked to a staple in the floor. Towards midnight on Tuesday a mob of twenty men on horseback, armed with double-barreled shot-guns, rode into Riverside to the house where Dening was, and began shooting. At every shot Dening screamed and cried for help, till the last four shots, when his voice was still. Two pounds of shot was left in his body. A whole load of buckshot was put into his heart. The mob then remounted their horses and rode away in the moonlight. The corpse was left lying with its face to the floor.

Heaps of corn, the Nebraska *Farmer* says, are nearly as common in the yards of that State as wood piles at the East, and for the same purpose, to wit: for fuel. It is on record that Kansas farmers have burned corn, and six months afterwards paid seventy-five cents a bushel for corn to feed their stock. And again, that within one year from the time when corn in that State was a drug at seven cents per bushel in the field there was ready market for it at ninety-five cents. The easy lesson of which is that in years of plenty it is the part of wisdom to provide for possible famine—as Joseph did in Egypt—and not pile corn on the kitchen fire.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SENTENCE BY A JUDGE.

The following extract is taken from a sentence recently pronounced by Judge Reading, of Chicago, upon the liquor dealers who have violated the law by selling it to minors. It will pay a careful perusal: "By the law you may sell it to men and women, if they will buy it. You have given your bond and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequence may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what consequences may befall, you are treated with violence, what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent—your business is legalized, and no one may interfere with you for it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or a sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your own lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements of amusements; you may use all arts to allure visitors; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choice wines and captivating beverages; you may induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, and then you may supply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful; you have paid for it—you have a license. You may allow boys and children to frequent your saloon, that they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they too can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their lips, but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. For while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say, Leave my son to me until the law gives you a right to destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection. That will be soon enough for me, for his sister, for his mother, for his friends, for the community, to see him take the road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few hours of his youth in which we can enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him.

"This is something which you who now stand prisoners at the bar have not paid for; this is not embraced in your license. For this offense the court sentences you to ten days' imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of \$75 and costs; and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid." We have not heard from any source, such an arraignment of the license law as this.

MODERN DEFINITIONS OF COMMERCIAL TERMS.

Bankrupt—A man who gives everything to a lawyer so that his creditors will not get it.

Assignee—It is the chap who has the deal and gives himself four acres.

A Bank—Is the place where people put their money so it will be handy when other folks want it.

A Depositor—Is a man who don't know how to spend his money and gets the cashier to show him.

President—Is the big fat man who promises to boss the job and afterwards sloblets it.

A Director—Is one of those that accepts a trust that don't involve either the use of his eyes or his ears.

Cashier—Is often a man who undertakes to support a wife, six children and a brown stone front, on forty dollars a month and be honest.

Collaterals—Are certain pieces of paper as good as gold, due and payable on 1st day of April.

Assets—Usually consists of five chairs and an old stove, to these may be added a spittoon, if the 'bust' ain't a bad one.

Liabilities—Are usually a big 'blind' that the assets won't 'see' nor 'raise.'

A Note—A promise to do an impossible thing at an impossible time.

An Endorser—Is a man who signs a commercial philopena with a friend and gets caught.

REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.—Take a pint of spirits of turpentine, to which add an ounce of champhor. Let it stand until the champhor is dissolved; then rub it on the part affected, and it will never fail of removing the complaint. Flannel should be applied after the part is well fomented with turpentine. Repeat the application morning and evening. It is said to be equally available for burns, scalds, bruises and sprains, never failing of success. Cut this out, it is the best remedy going.

Inebriate—Now look here; what I say is, what's the use of riches? 'Spouse a man's a Roth—you know—a Rothschild's bank, eh? Well, what's the good of it? He can't get no more drunk than I can—now can he?"