

Death and Funeral of Gen. Forrest. MEMPHIS, October 29.—Gen. N. Bedford Forrest, the great Confederate cavalry officer, died at 7:30 this evening, at the residence of his brother, Col. Jesse Forrest.

MEMPHIS, October 31.—The funeral of Gen. Forrest took place at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Stinlock, who had been a private soldier under Gen. Forrest, officiating. The streets for squares were crowded with people. Among the pall-bearers were Jefferson Davis, Governor Porter, Hon. Jacob Thompson, Col. Galloway, Dr. Cowan, and Maj. Rambant, of Gen. Forrest's staff. The funeral cortege was composed as follows: Mounted ex-Confederates preceding the hearse; music, Odd Fellows, the Chasasaw Guards, the Bluff City Greys, the Memphis Artillery, ex-Confederate soldiers, ex-Union soldiers, civil organizations, the mayor and city council, the fire department and citizens on foot.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT FROM HIS LATE COMRADES. WASHINGTON, Wednesday, October 31.—The adjourned meeting of Confederates and others, comprising subordinates and friends of Gen. Forrest, was largely attended, and the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, we have learned with deep regret that Gen. N. B. Forrest, of Tennessee, after a painful and protracted illness, has departed this life; therefore,

Resolved, That we, his companions-in-arms, deem it meet and proper to give expression to our admiration and esteem for our departed friend and fellow-soldier. Born of humble parents—poor and untutored in youth—he was successful in civil life, and was the noblest specimen of a citizen soldier. With unobscured power, he began his military career as a private in the ranks. With increasing consciousness of strength, he passed through the gradations of command until he stood at the head of a cavalry corps, the terror of one army and the admiration of the other. With the intrepid dash of a Murrat and the dauntless courage of Ney, he possessed a native strategy second to no man. In battle his name alone was a tower of strength—his presence ever inspiring courage in the weak and confidence in the strong, and he will live in history as Nature's military genius.

Resolved, That Gen. Forrest won his name in the Confederate service, but that his fame belongs to the American people, and will be cherished by all who venerate true courage, and who feel that the liberties of a Republic can only be preserved while its citizens prefer death to dishonor.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our sympathy for the great loss which they share in common with us and the State.

Signed: James R. Chalmers, Mississippi; G. C. Hibbert, Tennessee; Phil. Cook, Georgia; W. H. Porter, Alabama; J. Young, Tennessee, and Van H. Manning, Mississippi.

SOUTHERN SOCIETY PAPERS.—NOVEMBER.—The principal feature of the present number of this valuable periodical is the reply of President Davis to the article recently published by the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, in the Philadelphia Times. Mr. Davis takes issue with Mr. Hunter as to the motives which actuated the Confederate Government in appointing the "Peace Commission," of which Mr. Hunter was a member, and produces a letter of Secretary Benjamin, with copies of Mr. Lincoln's letter and the original and amended instructions to the Commissioners, in support of his position.

Of especial interest in this locality is an article from the pen of W. T. Glassel, Commander Confederate States Navy, giving his experience in the use of torpedoes in Charleston harbor in 1863. It has all the romantic interest of a chapter of Maryat, while the character of the author, the source from which it comes, (the South Carolina Historical Society,) to say nothing of the public nature of some of the facts which it records, put its truth beyond question.

The other articles, each of which has its peculiar interest, are: Gen. Patton Anderson's Report of the Battle of Jonesboro', Ga.; Gen. Perry's Report of the Battle of Chancellorsville; the Defence and Fall of the Spanish Fort; Gen. R. L. Gibson's Farewell Address to his Brigade; Col. E. P. Alexander's Report of the Battle of Gettysburg; Editorial Paragraphs.—News and Courier.

A DISTINGUISHED ASSEMBLY.—There is a certain exclusive dignity about all the proceedings of the Protestant Episcopal Convention which is attached to no body of Protestant believers. Besides this, the high intellectual order of the delegates and the marked personal of the delegates themselves impress one strongly. Inside the church, at all times, everything is dignity, order and impressiveness. There are no quarrels over parliamentary rules, no personal debates, no nonsensical resolutions, and no foolish splitting of hairs upon doctrinal questions.—The convention is apparently acting for the whole world upon matters that involve the future of the soul and the well-being of the church. It is a rare treat to listen to some of the arguments of the delegates. The learning evinced shows the high intellectual standard of the church. Among the delegates are men who are as able theologians as they are politicians. Governor Stevenson, of Kentucky, and the Hon. Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, are striking examples of this variety of useful training. The politician among the lay delegates of this Episcopal Convention is a theologian of more than ordinary mould. The stenographic reports of the daily sessions of the convention are produced by the reporters for the Congressional Globe. Some half a dozen or more short-hand writers manage to have laid before the Convention early in the morning a complete report of the previous day's doings. The total expenses of the Convention will foot up about \$50,000.

DEATH OF SENATOR MORTON.—Indianapolis, Ind., November 1.—1:30 P. M.—Senator Morton has been thought to be sinking since an early hour this morning. At 9 o'clock there was a rumor on the street that his death had occurred, but it was found on inquiry at his residence to be incorrect. The rumor of his death, doubtless arose from the fact that his pulse had grown so feeble at that hour as to be quite imperceptible, but subsequently his breathing grew strong and natural, and his voice clear, as he spoke several times in low words to his attendants.—At this hour he is resting quietly.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 1.—8 P. M.—Senator Morton died at 5:30 P. M.

THE FOUR PLANETS.—The four planets usually visible to the naked eye may now all be seen in the early part of the night, and will continue to be visible nearly all the remainder of the present year. Jupiter will disappear first; he may now be seen in the southwest, Venus in the west, and Mars and Saturn in the southeast; the last named are now about half an hour apart—Saturn on the left—and will gradually approach each other until the 2d of November, at about eight o'clock, when they will appear to almost occupy the same place, or Saturn will get behind Mars, and afterwards appear on the right.

PATTERSON'S BROTHERS.—A Columbia correspondent of the Charleston News and Courier says: "No less than fifty witnesses, all ex-members of the General Assembly, have testified before the investigating committee to the fact of having been bribed by Patterson to vote for him for the United States Senate. The evidence against Patterson is so full and conclusive that even Washington lawyers will hesitate to undertake his defence."

The Weekly Union Times. R. M. STOKES, Editor. UNION, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1877.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. 1 Copy, one year, IN ADVANCE, \$3.00 2 Copies one year, " " 5.50 5 " " " " " 11.00 10 " " " " " 20.00

ADVERTISING. One square or one inch, first insertion, - - - \$1.50 Each subsequent insertion, - - - 75 Liberal discount made to merchants and others advertising for six months or by the year. Obituary Notices of ten lines or less, inserted free. Over ten lines, charged as advertisements.

Sammy Green, Senator from Beaufort, has handed in his political checks, to Hon. W. D. Simpson, President of the Senate.

If you want cheap Dry Goods, go to S. W. Porter's New Store, opposite the "big oak tree."

M. B. Friedberger is just getting in a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods, and says he has instructed Straus and Humphries to sell them out quick and cheap, for cash.

Mose Wilson, the negro who murdered Mr. Murphy, and set fire to his Store and threw the body into the flames, at Lynchburg, last March, was hung at Sumter last Friday.

One of the finest eating Apples we ever tasted was given us last Monday by Mr. William Smith. We regret that we cannot give the name. It is a seedling, and if we had the stocks to graft on we would have four or five trees of them in our garden.

The Wheeler House, Columbia, has been reopened under the management of Maj. R. N. Lowrance, who is favorably known to the traveling public, and visitors to the State Fair will secure all the comforts of a first-class hotel by stopping with him.

Gentlemen should examine Porter's Stock of Ready made Clothing, if they want good clothes cheap.

The Cotton Market. The Fair has interfered with the cotton market this week. Only 275 bales were sold in this market, and the prices ranged low, in consequence of buyers being busy at the Fair and had no inclination to buy. Prices ranged from 9¢ to 10¢. Farmers should not offer cotton on Fair days.

Notwithstanding it was a very rainy, unpleasant day, a large number of our country friends were in town last Monday. The crowd looked more like moneyed men than we have seen for many a salesday; but if there was any money among them only two or three showed any signs of it to us. We are still on the anxious seat—and so are a number of Printers, Merchants, &c.

Ladies should examine S. W. Porter's Stock of Dress Goods, Notions, &c., before buying elsewhere.

P. M. Cohen. From some unaccountable cause, we have neglected to mention our friend P. M. Cohen in our notices of the Merchants of this town. It was purely accidental on our part, for we consider him one of our best and most reliable Merchants and, withal, a constant advertiser.

He has received an uncommonly large stock of Fall and Winter Dry Goods and Notions, with Groceries, Crockeryware, Glassware, and every other kind of goods needed in this market; and like all the other Merchants, has put the prices down to the lowest mark possible. Let no one come to town without calling on him. You will find him and his clerks obliging and ready to show their goods.

The Jury, after being out twelve hours, returned a verdict of "guilty" against Carlozo, for misdemeanor, in that he stole and assisted others in stealing large amounts from the State Treasury.

How is it that during this trial the News and Courier has so little to say for or against Carlozo. It will be remembered that two years ago that paper was the volunteer champion of Carlozo, when his own party accused him of the very crime of which the jury has just convicted him. Then it was suspected that Carlozo's money saved him; now it is suspected that it would not do for some people to push him too hard, for fear he might be driven to tell how and where he applied that money. When we put that and that together it does it look suspicious.

Our Merchants Winning. A gentleman from the country said to us the other day, "I'll be blamed if I can't do better in selling cotton and buying supplies in this town than I can in Spartanburg. I've tried both places the past month, and I know all about it. My negroes went to Spartanburg and came to Union, on the same day, to sell cotton and buy supplies. I got 10¢ for cotton and they got 9.5¢. It took them two days and me one to go to market. My groceries cost about the same as theirs—if there was any difference it was in favor of Union. Dry Goods the same in both places. I have cursed the Union Merchants as bad as any man, but I'll stop that and trade with them again, if they will continue to do as well with me." Nuff said.

ANOTHER VACANCY.—The following correspondence explains itself: NEWBERRY, S. C., October 12, 1877. Hon. W. D. Simpson, President of the Senate of South Carolina: Dear Sir: I have the honor to hereby tender my resignation as State Senator from the County of Newberry. Thanking you for the many acts of kindness at your hands, and with my best wishes for your future prosperity, I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, Your obedient servant, H. C. CORWIN.

SPARTANBURG, C. H., October 27, 1877. Hon. H. C. Corwin: Dear Sir: Your resignation as Senator from the County of Newberry has been received, and is hereby accepted. You have my thanks for your kind wishes as to my future prosperity. Respectfully, W. D. SIMPSON, President of Senate of S. C.

THE COUNTY FAIR. A GLORIOUS SUCCESS. Spartanburg, Newberry and Chester occupy prominent places in the Picture and carry off a number of Premiums.

The Ladies to their Duty, as Usual. The Association made a proud and Permanent Organization of the County. EVERY DEPARTMENT FULL AND HIGHLY CREDITABLE.

Notwithstanding Monday was a most uncomfortable rainy day and the barometer indicated a continuation of such weather, which caused many persons living some distance in the Country not to start from home in time to enter their articles for exhibition at the time specified in the Rules and Regulations, the Fair was a Grand Success; in every respect, and Union may well be proud of it.

We shall not attempt to give a full account of it this week, for at the time we are compelled to go to press the exhibition is in full blast and the Fair Grounds are crammed with visitors. We hope to have the use of the books of the committees and the assistance of the Superintendent of the several departments to make a full report and do ample justice to each and all next week. It was too large a thing to make a hasty report upon.

We can only say now, it was so well managed that we heard less grumbling than at any Fair we ever attended.

The charge of partiality cannot be made against the committees, for all articles were entered by numbers and no member of a committee of awards was permitted to know who entered any article exhibited. That was known only to the Superintendent who received them, and he was not allowed to be even with the committee when they passed judgment upon them.

THE FIELD DEPARTMENT. Was more extensive and the specimens finer than we ever saw, even at the State Fair.

THE GARDEN. In vegetables it was a grand display, from a pod of Cayenne Pepper to a three foot stalk of Celery or a 12 pound beet.

THE DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT. Could not be excelled by any county, either in the quality or quantity of its Preserves, Pickles, Jellies, Marmalades, Bread, Butter, Cakes, &c.

THE LADIES DEPARTMENT. In Fancy work, Quilts, Counterpanes, Clothing, Hosiery, Knitting, Crochet work, and everything else that the ingenuity and refined taste of Ladies could devise and perform, was truly a grand display, and does the Ladies of Union great credit.

THE HORSE EXHIBITION. We cannot now give the number of Horses and Mules on exhibition, but we can say that the display was greater in numbers and finer in quality than last year. Among the number of full-blooded horses the dam Fanny Fisher, and two brothers of the celebrated horse, "Granger," "Tom Bacon" and "Santue," were conspicuous.

We have prepared a long article upon these horses, but are compelled to omit it on account of the crowded state of our columns.

In single harness and saddle horses, we believe Union can challenge any county in the State.

THE CATTLE DEPARTMENT. Was not as good as last year. Only two or three really fine animals were on exhibition. We know that Union can show more and better cattle than were on exhibition, and we hope to see them upon the grounds next year.

THE LADIES. When we called upon the Ladies to help the officers in their efforts to make a grand and permanent institution of the County, we believed they would respond to the call with willingness and efficiency, and we were not disappointed.—They did their whole duty with liberality and untiring energy, and to them the thanks of the County are due for most of the pleasure and success of the Fair.

SECRETARY BUNGAN. Must feel proud of the success which his indomitable energy and tact has achieved. In season and out of season he has applied his time, for the past two months, to the work of making the Fair an undoubted success. Too much praise cannot be giving him for the manner the Fair was managed and the good it has accomplished.

The office of Secretary of an Agricultural Society is one of labor and unthankfulness, and requires a man of either great availability or case-hardened character to fill it. He is sure to get the monkey's allowance—more kicks than pennies.

But we must not neglect to state that all the other officers did their duties with equal zeal and energy, from the untiring President down to the Gate keeper.

FROM 800 TO 1200 VISITORS attended the exhibition during Tuesday and Wednesday, but unfortunately on Thursday, the closing day, it rained and was so unpleasant that but few could be there.

The printers admonish us to "hold up" as there was no more room in the paper.

There is an advertisement in our columns to which we take much pleasure in referring our readers, because we believe in it and can conscientiously and heartily recommend it. We refer to Hall's Hair Renewer. We remember many cases in our midst of old and middle aged people who formerly wore grey hair, or whose locks were thin and faded, but who now have presentable head pieces, and with no little pride announce to their friends that they haven't a grey hair in their heads. It is a pardonable pride, and the world would be better off, if there was more of it, for when the aged make themselves attractive to others they are more certain to win and retain the esteem and respect to which a lifetime of well spent years entitles them. Try Hall's Hair Renewer if age or disease has thinned or whitened your locks, and you will thank us for our advice.—Pinebluff News, Wellsburg, W. V.

Death of a Respected Colored Man. A few days ago a circumstance occurred in this county showing how hard it is for the colored people to overcome the prejudice which has been instilled into them, by unprincipled leaders, against men of their own race who have ever dared to exercise the right of voting as they pleased and supported the democratic ticket. We are credibly informed that their minds are even now being poisoned against the democratic party in this County, by men formerly claiming to be democrats, but who are looking forward to the next election with a view to running as independent candidates for county offices and the Legislature. We warn the colored people against such men. They are false to their old political friends and will prove false to them.

The circumstance alluded to above, was the death and funeral of old and quiet, industrious and much respected colored man, named Tom Faucett, who died on the premises of Mr. James Sinclair, a few miles below this town. He had been a consistent democrat and was esteemed by all as a good christian man, but during his illness the republican negroes refused to visit or wait on him, nor would they attend his funeral.

But Tom did not want for anything. He found ready and willing friends in the white people to wait on him and administer every needed comfort during his sickness, and at his funeral a large number of the most respectable portion of the white citizens of the neighborhood followed his remains to the grave and laid them beneath the sod in a respectable christian manner. The only objection his own race had to him was, he was a democrat.

A funeral sermon on his death will be delivered next Sunday, at Brown's Creek Church.

For the Times. Old Rye on Old Farmer, Paoclet and Barley. Mr. Editor:—I have been reading with considerable interest the diversions of "Old Farmer," "Barley" and "Paoclet," and wonder what they will make out of it. There is a screw loose somewhere, that is certain.

There must be some reason for the death by starvation of so many Agricultural Journals; and whether they died from the lack of readers or writers, is a matter of very little consequence. To my mind, if they had had readers they would have had writers too. It is not in the power of an Editor to make up a paper to give satisfaction to everybody, I don't care what his ability may be. Versatility is necessary.—Views from different standpoints must be taken, different opinions advanced, so as to bring about a collision of intellect.

Unless farmers read they will not think much; unless they think they will not talk or write.—We don't want fine writers, rounded periods or fanciful pictures; but we want facts; we want the results of experience; or, if theories are advanced, we want them sifted to the bottom.

I presume there are about a thousand farmers in Union County. How many of them take an Agricultural paper? How many of them are they who take any paper, or who won't swear that book farming is a humbug and believe nothing they read in any magazine or paper, on farming? One of the poorest farmers of my acquaintance told a friend of mine that he had "quit the Southern Cultivator," because he found that the Editor pretty much carried out his notions in farming.

I know farmers who will not soak their wheat in bluestone, and they have smut every year, while their neighbors who soak their wheat in bluestone never have smut. It was book farming—humbug.

I have seen farmers work with a bad implement, doing half work with more labor, while their neighbors who were doing better work, and saving time and muscle. Was this a "lack of intelligence?" Observation is the mother of intelligence. The man who shuts his eyes to improvement never progresses.

I have noticed that the men who are generally picked up by humbugs are those wisecracks who know too much to be taught. Humbuggers always avoid the houses of men who "take the papers."

June Mobley, in a speech on the Liberia Exodus, to the colored people of Chester, said: "You have heard that panacea grow upon trees; that is not so; but I tell you what is true, in Liberia you can bore holes in the trees and get as much milk as you want, and you can make as much butter as you please, and you can go out with bags and get as much good coffee as you want for the picking. India Rubber grows wild."

Upon calling for subscriptions to defray his expenses, as a commissioner to go to Liberia and make a truthful report of the actual condition of that country and the advantages it offers to the colored people, he told them that he could not go there upon less than one thousand dollars. He said he "wanted to appear well there; he could not go in his common boots, besides, some of the first class gentlemen might ask him to join in champagne, and he would like to return the compliment."

"Aha!" said a worthy old dorky, "dar whar dat money's gwine, dat man gwine to enjoy dat money himself."

Another said, "I'll bet dar am lies tole 'bout Liberia, anyhow—how you specs milk will cum from de trees? Umph! June Mobley! I worked wid him once—he's de biggest liar I know."

It appears that June made nothing out of the Chester colored people.

At Lancaster June made his "Libery" speech, and at the close collected 75 cents toward that \$1,000. Now, the question is, when will he start, at that rate of collecting the means. We are afraid June will never go to a champagne party in "Libery," or get a pair of fine boots to gather coffee in.

A capital communication from our very able and valued correspondent, "H. E." has been crowded out this week. After the business of the Fair is ended we shall catch up and give our readers a goodly improved paper.

"Barley's" Reply to "Paoclet after Barley" and "An Old Farmer." I have read "Grango alias Paoclet," Mr. Editor, but for the life of me can't find what he is after. He candidly admits that he "can see no connection between the Military, Agriculture, Mechanics and the Fine Arts," barring that "cheap men want to make use of the Military furgo to get into office." Good! very good for Paoclet. "He must be an old sportsman, to scent his game so well. In old times this was a common trick, but I think it will die out with Governor Hampton. The people need peace, quiet and work. The mowing blade, the plough, the loom and anvil, will be much more appropriate stepping stones to power, I trust, in the future."

Let the Granges see to it. Let the Agricultural and Mechanical industries strike out for new fields of usefulness, and through their intelligence secure a place in the reorganization of the government. The politicians have had their day; let them step down and out, and let those who pay the taxes run the machine awhile. "It is a poor rule that don't work both ways," and if the Farmers will not turn out en masse to agricultural exhibitions, and if the death of eight agricultural Journals is not attributable to a want of intelligence among the agricultural class, I would like to know what is the cause?

Paoclet says, he "might say that those eight journals came to their death deservedly, because they failed to meet the demands of an intelligent people." And I might ask whose fault was it, if the assertion be true? Manifestly, the fault of those intelligent Farmers, who always hide their light under a bushel and content themselves by finding fault with everybody else.

What makes the Southern Cultivator one of the best authorities on Southern Agriculture? It is well patronized—it is the recognized medium of exchange between all wide-awake, progressive Farmers. They read it and approve or disprove its teachings, with freedom and effect.

But, says Paoclet, "admit the truth of Barley's assertion, is it right to permit the people to grope their way in darkness," &c.

Certainly not. I am the last man to give up the ship. Do all you can, in every way you can, to stimulate improvement, to arouse the Farmer to a proper appreciation of his own importance to society, to the importance of his improving his intelligence, his familiarity with everything connected with his calling. And when I say calling, I do not mean to confine him to the plow, the loom or anvil. He may find it necessary to know something of finances, of statistics, of commerce, of statesmanship. There is no reason why he should not be a Legislator. But I do not believe this can be achieved by spasmodic efforts—by annual County Fairs, with military drills, baby shows or monkey shows. It is like whipping a lazy mule; you get for one spasmodic jerk half a dozen hangback ones.

I assert that the trouble at the bottom is a "lack of intelligence"—intelligence mainly upon agricultural subjects. Our Farmers do not read,—do not keep posted upon the improvements of the day. They grumble about the scarcity of labor and will neither adopt labor-saving implements or put their own wits to work to make improvements. If the Farmers of Union County had half the pride, or felt half the interest they should, in their calling, they would not require the earnest appeals of the indefatigable Secretary of the county Association to come to the Fair, or the constant drumming of the friends of that enterprise to secure their attendance.

"It is high time for the intelligent people to combine to give light and life to their country." Then wake up your Granges, go to the Fairs, and go there to learn something. Subscribe for a newspaper of Agricultural reputation, and read it. Talk with your neighbors; don't believe that you know more than any body else about farming; try experiments, and give to the press your failures as well as your successes.

BARLEY.

For the Times. Watching the Spigot and not Looking at the Bung-Hole. I have noticed, Mr. Editor, that amongst most of our Farmers too little attention is paid to small matters—little economies. One rarely takes into account the importance of looking into details. The little leaks on a farm are all lost sight of in looking after that all-absorbing subject, the Cotton Plant.

I was once at a friend's house—a neighboring farmer, who, in most things was a systematic and economical man. Walking through his horse lot at feeding time, I noticed that the mules had finished eating, but the troughs were full of Oats. I asked, is this the way you feed?—"Oh! yes," says he. "When I have plenty I give plenty. The cows will get it when they come in, anyhow."

Now, the only way to have plenty always, is to practice economy when you have an abundance. In the feeding of horses—or stock of any kind—there is as much, almost, in regularity as in quantity.

A friend furnished me with the following mode of feeding horses in Charleston, which may prove instructive to your farming readers: The Express Horses, which are always fat and sleek as moles, and do a great deal of work, have at night, 2 quarts of Oats and 15 pounds of Hay each.

At morning, 2 quarts of Oats each.

At noon, cut feed, hay, with a little rice flour mixed, dampened and salted. Water twice a day.

Dray Mules—worked very hard—have 5 quarts of corn at night, each, 4 quarts Oats in the morning and 20 lbs. of hay per diem. No food at noon. Water 4 times a day. Some Draymen, while they are eating their lunch at noon, throw their mules a handful of dry Hay.

ECONOMY.

MARIETTA, GA., March 22, 1870.—Messrs. Readfield & Co.,—Gentlemen:—We send you two certificates from perfectly reliable persons—would have sent them before, but waited to see if the cure would prove permanent.

W. W. ROOT & SONS, Druggists.

For sale by all druggists, and by A. IRWIN & Co., Union, Nov 9