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## THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH.

Any one, who expects to farm successfully the present year, must be ready to push work vigorously now. The blacksmith's motto is, strike when the iron is hot—the farmer's should be, plough whenever the ground is dry—and only then. If land has not been broken heretofore, lay off rows and bed up now, with a view to reversing beds before planting time. If this provisional bedding in advance was universally adopted, it would prevent the formation of many a gully. Defects in laying off rows could readily be discovered and remedied whilst bedding. But if rows are permanently laid off at first, and manure put in, defects are never corrected again that year, and, by the end of the season, a permanent wash is established. The proper time for bedding is determined by the nature of soil—if very light and sandy, it is best to do the work some time in advance of planting, to allow "settling" and compacting of the soil—otherwise the surface dries off so rapidly, becomes very difficult to obtain a "stand," particularly of cotton. If the land is "stiff," it is better to delay the operation longer.

## PUTTING IN MANURE.

This, of course, ought to be done whilst bedding. By plowing out the water furrows of the first bed very deep, the manure may be put in very deep also, if desired. The proper depth is to be determined by circumstances. In clay lands, where both the soil and climate are unfavorable to early maturity of cotton, it is best to put manure in rather shallow, say 3 or 4 inches below the surface. But where there is no difficulty about the crop maturing, if the land is broken deep, it is well to put the fertilizer in still deeper, as the crop is then less liable to be "burned up" by it. Where it is put in deep, however, a small portion ought to be deposited with the seed when planted, to push the crop forward at once. It is an excellent plan to distribute manure, cover with two furrows, and finish bed just before planting. This gives a clean bed everywhere, unless it be a narrow strip on the top, and that is cleaned in the act of planting.

to allow time for the seeds getting thoroughly wetted, and for their more soluble portions to diffuse themselves through the adjacent soil. Commercial fertilizers may be put in last, their small bulk requiring little water to wet them thoroughly. There is not much danger of leaching, except in case of very light sandy lands, and where manure is applied is a nitrate—this should never be applied long in advance of the crop which is to be fed on it. The same remark applies also to highly ammoniated manures, for the ammonia is constantly disposed to change into nitrate.

## PREPARATION FOR CORN.

Inasmuch as fertilizers adapted to corn are highly ammoniated, it is not a good policy to apply the larger portion of them in advance of the planting. A little put in the drill and bedded on, probably answers a good purpose in making the young corn strong and vigorous, but an abundance of food, in the early stages of growth, encourages the formation of too much stalk—a tendency already too strong in our hot climate—and long summer. The larger portion of the manure applied at the second working, or when the corn is half leg to knee high, seems to produce the heaviest crop. At that stage, the corn may be sided very closely without material damage, the spar or brace roots, which form soon after, repairing any injury done, and taking up, as needed, the manure last applied. We should be very glad to have reports of the big crops of corn made last year—mode of manuring, cultivating, &c.

## SPRING OATS.

If fall sown oats have been killed out by cold, sow over again; or, if you did not sow enough then, put in more now. Don't sow spring oats on poor land—unless you are willing to manure them well. A good application of stable manure, or cotton seed meal, or the crushed seed, (500 lbs. per acre) nitrate soda, applied as a top-dressing the latter part of March. If any of the phosphates are used, the most highly ammoniated will be best—but none of them are as highly ammoniated as they ought to be for a grain crop—they are arranged to suit the wants of cotton, not grain. Peruvian guano and cotton seed are much better adapted to the latter.

## CLOVER AND GRASS.

From the 15th February to the 15th March is the proper time to sow clover and winter grasses, whether upon small grain or by themselves. We repeat advice often given, sow a plenty of seed—clover 15 lbs. per acre, Orchard grass, two bushels, Herds and Blue grass, one bushel each. Clover and orchard grass make a good combination, as they are ready to mow at same time.—Elephant pastures of blue grass can be made

at the South, by thinning out pines in old fields, where the soil is naturally strong and stiff, burping off, sowing seed and lightly harrowing them in. It may be done either in spring or fall. None of the cultivated grasses grow well on poor land—they require a soil as rich as that required to make good wheat.

## BERMUDA GRASS.

As many are seeking information concerning this grass, we devote a paragraph to it. The plant bears flowers in this country, but does not perfect seed—hence must be propagated by portions of its underground stems. All that is necessary, is to drop pieces of these at short intervals in furrows three feet apart and list on them. By the second year it will be able to take possession of the land. We would remind the inexperienced that it is very difficult to eradicate, and should only be put on land intended for permanent pasture. In its place it is very good, but it is very bad. By far the best summer grass we have, and an indispensable adjunct to sheep raising.

## SWEET POTATOES.

Prepare a good large patch for potatoes. Land rather dry is best. Lay off rows 4 to 5 feet apart, and put in a liberal supply of wood ash and lime. In the absence of ashes, use 100 lbs. of kainit and 100 lbs. of acid phosphate with the woods ash. Make low beds six—complete them hereafter. Arrange to have a hot bed or its equivalent to enable you to have "slips" ready by the last of April. Glass desirable, but not indispensable—a supply of planks to cover at night and in cold weather and to keep out rain is all that is necessary. Dig out in a shallow place, a trench 5 feet wide, (length to be determined by quantity of seed potatoes) and 2 feet deep, and about the middle of March fill it to depth of one foot with a mixture of stable manure and leaves—mow these lightly and tramp them moderately. Place upon this a layer of rich, friable earth 6 inches thick, then potatoes upon this and cover with same kind of earth 4 inches deep. Pat on

with those obtained in the usual method.

## UPLAND RICE.

This is a valuable crop, and worthy of more extended cultivation than it has received. With proper management, rice produces and matures well as far north and at an elevation as this locality—about 800 feet above the sea. It is planted in drills 2 1/2 to 3 feet apart, and hills left at intervals of a foot. Cotton seed and stable manure are excellent fertilizers for it—must be ploughed and hoed sufficiently to keep down crab grass, which is its greatest enemy.—Southern Cultivator.

**THE ROMANCE OF FIGURES.**—If one cent was set out as compound interest in the year 1, 1866, it would amount to 1 quintillion 301,456 quadrillions 882,000 trillions of dollars. It would take this sum as a capital, and would use its yearly interest (four per cent.) to pay the income tax we have to pay at the rate of one per cent., would be 480 quadrillions 583,320 trillions of dollars. If we paid the tax collector this sum in silver, he would need 8,044,346,000,000,000,000,000 wagons for its transportation. Provided the whole earth's surface, both land and water, was peopled as densely as possible, we should have but the two-millionth part of the drivers required, and the 8,044,346,000,000,000,000,000 wagons would have the length of 8,044,346,000,000,000,000 miles per second, and would travel 743,600 years to reach the bottom of the Atlantic at the furthest wagon, if we had the best control over the wagons on the globe, stationed themselves in the center of the line. Again, a robbery could be committed on the hindmost wagon, which would not be discovered till the 24,778th generation of tax collectors. If, on the contrary, instead of using the interest of the cent, (the bulk of which, by the way, would be equal in gold to fifty-four globes,) this capital were distributed among the people of the earth, each one of its 1,000,000,000 inhabitants would receive about 1,200 trillions of dollars to live on, and could every second use \$2,000,000, for 38,096,000 years, without reaching the bottom of his purse.

**A GOOD CEMENT.**—A good cement for mending almost anything may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh paty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars or any other coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash boilers, cracks and holes in iron kettles, &c. I have filled holes an inch in diameter in kettles and used the same for years in boiling water and feed. It may be used to fasten on lamp tops, to tighten loose bellows nuts are lost, tighten loose joints of wood or iron, loose boxes in wagon-hubs, and in a great many others. In all cases the article mended should not be used till the cement has hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used. This cement will resist the action of water hot or cold, acids, and almost any degree of heat.—J. H. P. Franklin, in N. Y. Tribune.

## BEN HILL'S GREAT SPEECH IN FAVOR OF THE ELECTORAL BILL.

WASHINGTON, January 26.—The feature, to-day, in the House was the ten-minute speeches of members on the Edmunds bill, and there could have been given no better evidence of the truth of Mr. Conkling's paradox when he apologized the other day, in the Senate, for the length of his speech "because he had not had time to shorten it." Nearly every speech was a model in its way of taking Judge Black's celebrated plan of "coming at once to the middle of things," of terseness and directness to the point desired, and in several instances drew applause from both sides of the House greeted the member as the Speaker's hammer fell.

## DEN HILL'S BRILLIANT SPEECH.

Especially was this so in the case of "Ben" Hill, of Georgia—who has always been known as representing the freighting element of the South. When he started off the noisy House calmed down to listen as they thought to a repetition of last year's intemperate madness—to call it by a mild name—but no, the man whose aspiration to the higher seat in the Senate of the United States was at that very moment prevailing in the presence of realization or rather altered the most patriotic sentiments in a few of the most thrillingly beautiful periods that probably ever were spoken in that chamber. Before he sat down every body was convinced, even the most partisan demagogues, toward whom he was looking on the other side of the house, that he was bidding for no votes, though the snarling pessimist might say so, but simply giving in a few burning words his adhesion to the measure. His sentences describing the condition of the South, speaking as he did of himself as the product of Southern institutions, created an "effusion," to use a French word, among the listeners of a full house and crowded galleries, which broke out in applause so sincere and so well merited that Randall had not the heart to curb it with his generally industrious gavel. PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

"The South!" cried he, in a splendid

cluding to the results of civil war—and her cry is Peace! Peace! Peace! with one voice—civil war redresses no wrong, preserves no right—if you doubt it look here and be convinced!" and then he came to his peroration, the whole House by this time standing mentally a-tiptoe to hear his words—"My country, my whole country." \* \* \* Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed be he that curseth thee!" Here he closed amid solid applause and made a motion to sit down, but a little telegraph boy handed him a dispatch. He broke the seal and read what had that moment been received, for it bore the private mark of "130" showing the minute it had been received.

ATLANTA, GA.—Hon. B. H. Hill: You are elected Senator.

So that literally while he was uttering his patriotic words, the ballots were falling which would give him as a reward the object of his highest ambition—a seat in the United States Senate.

Probably every man in the House in the next hour, Republicans and Democrats alike, shook his hand in congratulation, both for his speech and for his success over Norwood, (the present Senator, Frye, of Maine, one of the most Radical members, expressed the general feeling when he said: "I give you my most sincere congratulations." Hill was as pleased with his telegram as a child with a new toy; smiles flooded his somewhat rugged face, which, say what you please, is not the ideal type or head of an able man, but rather suggest a narrow soul and a soured life. But his words do not thus slander his heart, if from the heart the mouth speaketh. He remarked to a questioner, alluding to his election, "I thought it was possible this morning but not probable."

**A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.**—Dr. Cheney, of Boston, has lately discovered that hypsulphate of soda is the specific remedy against diphtheria—that so much dreaded ailment, which of late years has carried off many valuable lives. He reports a very large number of cures (158 within his own practice) saved by the use of this remedy. The dose of the hypsulphate is from 5 to 15 grains or more in syrup, every two or four hours, according to age and circumstances. It can do no harm, but if too much is given it will purge, as much as the patient can bear without purging is a good rule in the severer cases. The solution of mixture can be used in doses of five drops to half a drachm in milk. The amount for thorough stimulation is greater than can be taken in water. The doctor usually gives it in such doses as can be easily taken in milk using milk, besides as food for small children. One fact, however, needs to be borne in mind, namely, the hypsulphate prevent the digestion of milk, and should not be given in less than an hour after taking the medicine. They may be used alternately, however, without interference, in sufficiently frequent doses.

## THE SCENE DURING SENATOR CONKLING'S GREAT SPEECH.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Senator Conkling finished his speech on the Compromise Electoral bill to-day. It has been the greatest oratorical effort of his life. History will rank it with the best efforts of Webster, Calhoun and Clay. Yesterday it was Perry—the embodiment of the infamous proposition that to the President of the Senate belonged the right of counting the electoral vote—who fell before Conkling's critical analysis of the Constitution and precedents.—To-night Morton and Sherman as propagators of that fallacy, promoters of factions, partisan opposition, and instigators of the direful necessity which would force one man to assume super constitutional power, and place a dagger in the White House, he protested under Conkling's complete refutation of their assertions and his scathing denunciation of their methods. The cobwebs of doubt they spun he has swept away with his resistless logic. He has fortified the findings of the committee by the opinions of the greatest jurors and lawmakers this country has produced. He has smitten the conspirators hip and thigh with their own records.

Words would fail to paint, to portray the dramatic power which the New York Senator displayed to-day. Morton, brazen faced, sat through it all in his place, almost within reach of Conkling's sweeping gestures; but the angry look in his eyes, the affected sneer about his mouth, and the angry tone of his occasional interjections, which would not be altogether suppressed, showed plainly how terribly the chief of the bloody shirt brigade was suffering under the biting sarcasms which fell from Conkling's lips. Every phrase was sugar-coated in language most perfectly parliamentary; but the sugar-coating only made more bitter the gall and wormwood underneath. Sherman, livid with anger and baffled hate, sat next to Morton, his eyes cast down, his fingers toying nervously with pencil and paper.—Above these two Conkling's tall form towered. Toward them he faced almost constantly, and through voice and gesture there seemed to run a threat of triumph and defiance as though the favorite son of New York was conscious at last of having routed the carpet-baggers who have sought to make him a Prodigal Son in his own party. The scene in the Senate Chamber while Mr. Conkling was speaking was a more interesting event than yesterday.—The galleries were again packed full at 10 o'clock, and a more brilliant assemblage, if possible, blanketed the floor of the chamber. Sen. Sherman, smartly like his

himself behind his brother, and sat through the long session. From the Diplomatic Gallery above his head Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, looked down an observant and interested spectator. Grandpa Taft's obese form and Pecksniffian face occupied a conspicuous place in the front row on the Republican side. The cynical Edmunds, with chin on chest, sat hugging himself with delight, and smiled with a sort of sardonic satisfaction at every telling sentence. Tuid Hamlin left his seat at Conkling's right, and his attenuated form paced slowly back and forth behind the Senatorial benches. Nearly every Senator sat with bowed head and in an attitude of profound attention. The galleries had listened to a wearisome harangue of three hours from Sargent before Conkling began; but he held them in rapt attention from 2 o'clock until nearly 6.

**A CHANGE.**—There is a disposition shown on the part of some of the Republican leaders to advocate the abolition of negro suffrage when it becomes apparent that the colored vote can no longer be controlled by themselves.

In a recent number of the New Orleans Republican the proposition was distinctly stated, that if the Republican party should, from any cause, be brought to believe "that the representation of the colored people can no longer be directed by them in the manner that their hearts and consciences would dictate"—meaning if they should refuse to vote en masse according to the orders of their self-sustained leaders—then the very object of wanting that representation would be best promoted by suppressing a power captured and turned against its defenders. To this the Picayune replies that, though the Democratic party opposed universal suffrage ten years ago, because the emancipated slaves were not prepared for it, yet that party has never countenanced the disfranchisement of citizens already possessing the suffrage, and is not likely to countenance it now. Thus we see a leading Republican newspaper in Louisiana suggesting that it may be necessary to deprive the colored citizens of their right to vote, and a still more prominent Conservative journal declaring that the Democrats will not accede to such a change.—Northern Ec.

**THE METHODISTS ON MOODY.**—NEW YORK, January 29.—At a meeting of the Methodist ministers to-day, the question: "Is there any cause to have evangelists among us?" was discussed at great length. Many powerful addresses were made, and the room was crowded with anxious listeners. Dr. Kistel argued that there was no necessity for either revivals or evangelists, and that they did more harm than good. The idea of sudden administration he regarded as absurd. Dr. Scudder held similar views. Dr. Crook thought Evangelism has done much for Christianity, and its principles are good. Dr. O'Connell said evangelists and missionaries are almost identical. The great work has been done by them for the church, but a pastor should be an evangelist. Many evangelists do good abroad who could work no good at home, owing to their character. Weeping, singing and mesmeric evangelists he deplored. They pass over districts like fire over prairies leaving nothing but ruin behind.

## GOV. NICHOLLS, OF LOUISIANA.

The unhappy political and commercial condition of Louisiana renders interesting everything concerning the brave men who are endeavoring to steer her through the hudsonic surf-breakers in which she is floundering. In such connection the Upper Marlboro Prince Georgian furnishes some particulars of Francis T. Nicholls, who has been inaugurated as the Democratic Governor of Louisiana, and is bravely endeavoring to fill his high office in spite of Packard and Federal bayonets. Gov. Nicholls' father, Thomas Nicholls, was born and raised in Upper Marlboro, Prince George's County, Md., and was a nephew of Col. David Crauford and Mrs. Sarah Forrest, prominent and wealthy citizens of that county some thirty-five years ago. Thomas Nicholls migrated to Louisiana, taking with him three children, Patsy, David and Thomas. Patsy Nicholls became Mrs. Morse, and her son, the late Isaac E. Morse, represented New Orleans district in Congress several terms, and was subsequently sent by President Buchanan as United States Minister to Venezuela. David Nicholls was a midshipman, and was aid to Commodore Perry at the battle of Lake Erie. He was with the Commodore when transferred from the flagship in a small boat to the Niagara under fire of the British line-of-battle ships; and Thomas Nicholls is father of the present Gov. of Louisiana. The "old Maryland line" preserves its true and pure blood, even in the perilous and turbid political atmosphere of down-trodden Louisiana, and Gov. Nicholls shows himself a worthy son of Maryland ancestry. During the late civil war Gov. Nicholls commanded a regiment in Gen. Dick Taylor's brigade, and lost an arm in battle. So soon as able to report for duty he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, and lost a leg. When convalescent he tendered his services in the field, but the authorities declined to subject him to further exposure, and assigned him to duty in command of the military post at Lynchburg, Va., then one of the most important strategic positions in that region, because of the immense commissary resources that were there centered for the use of the Confederate army.

**HOG CHOLERA.**—For the prevention of hog cholera, and other diseases, nothing is more necessary than the giving to hogs, about twice or three times a week, an ounce each of hypo-sulphate of soda and coppers. I would recommend the following as sufficient for sixteen hogs:

- Hypo-sulphate of soda, 1 pound.
  - Coppers (sulphate of iron) 1 pound.
- Dissolve in about three gallons of water and add bran or meal to make slop. This should be given twice a week in the absence of disease, as a preventive. If disease should manifest itself, give to the sick hogs the following:
- Hypo Sulphate of soda... 1 lb. (Anti-septic)
  - Sulphate iron (copper) 1 lb. (Tonic & astringent)
  - Powder May apple root... 1 lb. (Purgative)
  - Powdered ginger... 1 lb. (Stomachic)
  - Cayenne pepper... 1 lb. (Stimulant)
- For ten hogs.—Ex.

**HOG CHOLERA.**—I got my hogs into close pens, make a mop or swab, and with that anoint them thoroughly. The anointment consists of two-thirds good soft tar, one-third hog's lard, with four ounces sulphur and one-half ounce carbolic acid, added to every gallon of tar and lard, all well stirred up together. After anointing once, you will have no more trouble with cholera while the smell of the tar and sulphur remains on them, which will be several months. After the disease is developed, I use as a cure the above ointment, carefully applied to the skin, and a drench consisting of a table spoonful of Sulphur in buttermilk, (they will mingle readily) repeating the dose every twenty four hours, two drenches will be sufficient if the case is not very severe. Every raiser of swine ought to notice them frequently, and not allow parasites to accumulate on them, for even if they do not become so numerous and voracious as to produce cholera, they do great damage if allowed to become very numerous.—C. H. McCull in Buena Vista Argus.

The miner's sweetheart had jilted him. He loaded his six-shooter and wrote to his landlady this little missive: "I am tired of life, and will blow out my brains in the cemetery to-night. My rent is paid up to the 8th. I do this because life has become a burden to me." He then set out for the cemetery, which he had fixed upon as the scene of his blood. On his way he took a short cut across a chicken ranch and was attacked by a savage bull-dog. Thinking that he had enough in his six barrels for self and dog, he opened fire on the animal, but in a twinkling of an eye the owner of the ranch covered him with a shot-gun. He fell on his knees, begged for his life, and made the most abject apologies for his presence there. His life was spared. Instead of hastening to the cemetery and blowing out his brains, he returned to the city, and after lunching on beer and sandwiches, told his landlady that he had changed his mind, and then took another girl to a Virginia City theatre.

"Young man, do you ever drink?" asked a mild-looking man, accosting Jones.—"Well, yes, thank you, as it's a cold morning I don't mind," replied Jones, removing his quid of tobacco. "Don't do it any more," rejoined the mild man, "or you will eventually be cursed. Good morning!"

## A NIGHT ON THE BORDER.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., January 25.—Philip Ames intended to clope from his home near Albany, in this State, a few days ago, deserting his wife and going away with her sister. Neighbors learned of what he was about to do, and at night surrounded his house for the purpose of taking him out and coating him with tar and feathers.—Their rough usage had not progressed far, however, before Mrs. Ames besought them to stop, and, in consequence of her entreaties, they spared him; but, before releasing him they warned him that any further misbehavior on his part would bring on him certain and severe punishment.

Ames was infuriated by this experience, rather than subdued. Soon after the departure of the mob, he went to a room where his wife was praying, knocked her down, dragged her out of doors, and beat her to death. Then the sister, who had hidden herself in a barn during the presence of the neighbors, returned to the house. How she was affected by the murder is not known; but it is certain that it did not turn her against Ames. They did not abandon the idea of elopement. Two horses were saddled, and as much of their portable property as could be packed in traveling bags was got together. The body of the dead wife was laid across one horse's back, and the sister mounted the other, the first horse being led by Ames. Thus they went about a mile to a river, which was frozen over. Ames cut a hole through the ice, and threw the body into the water. Doubtless he supposed that, when in the morning the disappearance of the family was observed, the belief would be that all had quit the neighborhood together. That result was prevented by the fact that a young man saw what was done at the river, and immediately aroused the men who had formed the first mob.

Ames and his sister-in-law mounted the horses and rode away, not knowing that they had been watched. It was then nearly daylight; but they had spent time enough in hiding the body to give the mob a chance to form anew. They were overtaken and captured. Ames was promptly hanged to a tree. The woman was delivered to the sheriff of the county.

A remarkable story of accumulating disaster is told in the New York papers, which record the death, at the asylum for the insane at Poughkeepsie, of James H. Elmore, at one time a wealthy merchant and a well-known and successful operator in oil. He was engaged in business in New York, but at the outbreak of the oil excitement became interested in the celebrated Noble well, which brought him an easy fortune, and he retired about ten years ago, with a quarter of a million dollars, and established himself in a luxurious country seat on Long Island. Disastrous speculations, including the building of a horse railroad on Long Island, led to a long series of law suits, in which Elmore's property was gradually eaten up. He himself was stricken with paralysis; his daughter died, and on the announcement of an adverse decision in an important suit, his wife dropped dead upon the floor before him. The property had belonged to her, and as she left no will, Elmore's life interest in the estate was sold, with all personal chattels, to satisfy judgments, and he and his two sons were cast out upon the world homeless and penniless. He traveled from place to place, a cripple, subsisting on the benevolence of sympathetic friends, until, on Christmas night a year ago, his eldest son was killed upon the Pennsylvania Railroad. The tottering intellect of the infirm old man gave way under this blow, and he was taken to the asylum where he died. His death affects a suit now pending, and saves to his remaining child, a minor son, a portion of the property on Long Island; but this is all that now remains of the handsome fortune with which James Elmore retired ten years ago. What a text for the preacher in this pitiable tale!

## FIFTEEN CONDENSED OPINIONS OF THE BILL.

- R. Burenay Hayes says: I do not care on my own account, but my heart does bleed for the poor African.
  - William Almon Wheeler says: It is of the nature of a compromise, and entitled to no respect whatever.
  - Ulysses Simpson Grant says: It is better to be tight than to be President.
  - Oliver P. Morton says: A shameful specimen of political trickery.
  - John Sherman says: A direct and deliberate insult to the Louisiana returning board.
  - Wells, Anderson, Casanave and Kenner say: It is unpatriotic, unstatesmanlike, dishonest and revolutionary.
  - William Pitt Kellogg says: That's what comes of parting your hair in the middle.
  - Jay Gould says: It knocks hell out of my investment; [and therefore]
  - Whittle Law Reid says: It is plainly unconstitutional.
  - Don Cameron says: No high-principled statesman can approve such political truck and barter as this measure involves.
  - Simon Cameron says: You heard Don? John A. Logan says: But what becomes of Me?
  - James G. Blaine says: It is the logical outcome of Andersonville.
  - Zach Chandler says: —————
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- The common sense of the country says: A patriotic measure of intentions; we hope it will prove wise and work justice.—New York Sun.