

THE PEOPLE.

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1878.

NO. 57.

Special Requests.

1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post Office address.
2. Business letters and communications to be published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary note when required.
3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and on only one side of the page.
4. All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

Travelers' Guide.

South Carolina Railroad.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.



On and after Sunday, next, the South Carolina Railroad will be run as follows:

FOR AUGUSTA,
(Sunday morning excepted),
Leave Charleston . . . 9 00 a. m. 7 30 p. m.
Arrive Augusta . . . 5 00 p. m. 6 55 a. m.

FOR COLUMBIA,
(Sunday morning excepted),
Leave Charleston . . . 5 00 a. m. 8 20 p. m.
Arrive at Columbia. 10 50 p. m. 7 45 a. m.

FOR CHARLESTON,
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Augusta . . . 8 30 a. m. 7 40 p. m.
Arrive at Charleston 4 20 p. m. 7 45 a. m.
Leave Columbia . . . 6 00 p. m. 8 00 p. m.
Ar. Charleston, 12 15 night and 6 45 a. m.

Summersville Train,
(Sundays excepted)
Leave Summersville 7 40 a. m.
Arrive at Charleston 8 40 a. m.
Arrive at Summersville 4 25 p. m.
Breakfast, Dinner and Supper at Branchville

Camden Train
Connects at Kingsville daily (Sundays excepted), with day passenger train to and from Charleston. Passengers from Camden to Columbia can go through without detention on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and from Columbia to Camden on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays by connection with day passenger train.

Day and night trains connect at Augusta with Georgia Railroad and Central Railroad. This route is the quickest and most direct to Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and other points in the Northwest.

Night trains for Augusta connect closely with the fast mail train via Macon and Augusta Railroad for Macon, Columbus, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and points in the Southwest. (Thirty-six hours to New Orleans.)

Day trains for Columbia connect closely with the Charleston Railroad for all points North, making quick time and no delays. (Forty hours to New York.)

The trains on the Greenville and Columbia and Spartanburg and Union Railroads connect closely with the train which leaves Charleston at 5 00 a. m., and returning they connect in same manner with the train which leaves Columbia for Charleston at 5 30 p. m.

Laurens Railroad train connects at Newberry on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Blue Ridge Railroad train runs daily, connecting with up and down trains on Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

S. S. SOLOMONS, Superintendent.

S. B. PICKENS, General Ticket Agent.

Savannah and Charleston Railroad Co.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 5, 1878.

On and after Monday, January 7, 1878, the trains on this road will leave Depot of Northeastern Railroad as follows:

Fast Mail Daily.
Leave Charleston . . . 3 15 a. m.
Arrive at Savannah . . . 9 00 a. m.
Leave Savannah . . . 5 00 p. m.
Arrive Charleston . . . 11 00 p. m.

Accommodation Train, Sundays Excepted.
Leave Charleston . . . 8 00 a. m.
Arrive at Augusta . . . 5 15 p. m.
Arrive Port Royal . . . 1 50 p. m.
Arrive Savannah . . . 3 50 p. m.
Leave Savannah . . . 9 00 a. m.
Leave Augusta . . . 7 30 a. m.
Leave Port Royal . . . 10 20 a. m.
Arrive Charleston . . . 6 30 p. m.

Night Passenger, Sundays Excepted.
Leave Charleston . . . 8 50 p. m.
Arrive Port Royal . . . 5 45 a. m.
Arrive Savannah . . . 7 25 a. m.
Leave Savannah . . . 10 00 p. m.
Leave Augusta . . . 9 00 p. m.
Arrive Charleston . . . 8 45 a. m.

Fast mail train will only stop at Adams Run, Yemassee, Grahamville and Monticell.

Accommodation train will stop at all stations on this road and makes close connection for Augusta and Port Royal and all stations on the Port Royal Railroad.

Fast mail makes connection for points in Florida and Georgia.

C. S. GADSDEN, Engr. and Supt.

S. C. BOYLSTON, G. F. and T. Agent.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND AUGUSTA RAILROAD.

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 6, 1877.

The following Schedule will be operated on and after this date:

Night Express Train—Daily.
GOING NORTH.
Leave Columbia . . . 11 15 p. m.
Leave Florence . . . 2 40 a. m.
Arrive at Wilmington . . . 6 32 a. m.

GOING SOUTH.
Leave Wilmington . . . 6 00 p. m.
Leave Florence . . . 10 02 p. m.
Arrive at Columbia . . . 1 25 a. m.

This Train is Fast Express, making through connections; all rail, North and South, and water line connection via Portsmouth. Stop only at Eastover, Sumter, Timonville, Florence, Marion, Fair Bluff, Whitville and Flemington.

Through Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points. Pullman Sleepers on night trains.

Through Freight Train—Daily, except Sundays.

GOING NORTH.
Leave Columbia . . . 5 00 p. m.
Leave Florence . . . 4 30 a. m.
Arrive at Wilmington . . . 12 00 a. m.

GOING SOUTH.
Leave Wilmington . . . 2 30 p. m.
Leave Florence . . . 2 35 a. m.
Arrive at Columbia . . . 10 10 a. m.

Local Freight Train leaves Columbia Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only, at 6 a. m. Arrives at Florence at 3 30 p. m.

A. POPE, G. F. & T. A.
J. F. DEVINE, Superintendent.

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES.

BY GORDON M'CADE.

I pictured her there in the quaint old room,
Where the fading fire light starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight tender gloom,
With the shadows that dance on the dim
lie walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
From their antique frames in a grim re-
pose—
Slight scholarly Ralph, in his Oxford gown,
And staunch Sir Alan, who died for Mon-
trose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
There are smiling beauties with powdered
hair;
But she sits there febrile a thousand fold,
Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-
chair.

And the rosy shadows of fading light
Slightly, clear steal o'er the sweet young
face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-
night
With the guileless pride of her knightly
race.

Her small hands lie clasped in a listless
way
On the old romance, which she holds on
her knees,
Of "Tristram," the bravest of knights in the
fray,
And "Iseult," who waits by the sounding
sea.

And the proud, dark eyes wear a softened
look,
As she watches the dying embers fall—
Perhaps she dreams of the knights in the
book,
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the
wall!

What fancies, I wonder, are thronging her
brain?
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson
glow,
Perhaps—ah! no, how foolish and vain!
But I'd give my life to believe it so.

Well, whether I ever march home again,
To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men,
I'll be true to the end all the same!
Pegram's Bat, Artillery, A. N. V., Dec., 1864

The South Carolina Railroad.

[News and Courier.]

The contest in the United States Court over the South Carolina Railroad case has ended in a change of the controlling management of the road, Mr. John H. Fisher having been appointed Receiver.

The strenuous, though unavailing, opposition that was made to the Receivership, on the part of most of the Charleston interests represented in the case, had, we fancy, even a deeper root than the grave objections formally urged in argument.

The experience of our people of late years as to the practical effect of Receiverships, under the State Courts, has hardly been such as to incline them favorably towards that species of legal remedy; and a large proportion of the Charleston bondholders had come to regard the motion for a Receiver with a vague distrust, if not with positive alarm.

It is but fair, however, to say that the Receivers controlled by Judge Bond have not hitherto given occasion for reproach, and it is to be hoped that the appointment of Mr. Fisher, whose administration of the Air-Line Road in a similar capacity was, we believe, eminently satisfactory, will ensure to the benefit of the large number of suffering creditors of the road, mostly in Charleston, who, in the present posture of affairs, are confronted with serious embarrassment, and, in many cases, with actual distress.

President Magrath, who is now relieved, has been thirty-two years an officer of the South Carolina Railroad, and for half that period its President. Succeeding Mr. Caldwell in 1862, he had to face the trials incident to the latter half of the war and to struggle with the terrible embarrassments incident to its close. In 1865 eighty-five miles of the road had been destroyed; rails, cross-ties, trestles, culverts were all gone. Everything needed for the restoration of the road was held at the enormous prices of the period, the iron to replace the old rails costing eighty dollars a ton, though new worth but thirty-five dollars. The Sterling debt, to the extent of \$2,500,000, had matured, and three-quarters of a million in bills of the Southwestern Railroad Bank were pressing for payment. The new exigencies of traffic and transportation demanded the control of important connections and improved ocean facilities, both involving large cash outlays. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that the debt of the road should have largely increased, or that,

with the Port Royal, Air-Line and Coast Line of Railroads to divide his once ample revenues, there should have come such a decline in the net income of the South Carolina Railroad since 1873 as to have rendered it imperatively necessary to adopt measures of financial relief.

President Magrath's path ever since the war has been beset by difficulties, and it must be said to his credit that he brought the road from its ruins in 1865 to the highest point of income it ever attained, eight years later. If, since the panic of 1873, he has not always been able to command success, he has at least deserved it; and it was no mean tribute that the representatives of all the diverse interests engaged in the recent proceedings, and even Judge Bond himself, should have joined in the expression of a sense of his integrity, ability and unselfish devotion to the service of the road.

And now a few words in justice to the Syndicate. In the last months of 1876, when the political future of South Carolina was uncertain and the critical aspect of things in Columbia was reacting unfavorably in business circles, the President and Directors of the road foresaw, from the statistics of income before them, that to meet the falling off in business and the uncertainty of the coming year's income, fresh efforts must be made to bridge over one or two years of what they honestly believed were difficulties which would give way before the then expected change of State government.

The road had some stock of only nominal market value and other securities much depreciated from their face values. No bank or banker would entertain a proposition for a loan on such collaterals. At this juncture five directors, the Hon. Henry Gourdin, G. W. Williams, Esq., James S. Gibbs, Esq., F. J. Pelzer, Esq., and L. D. DeSausure, Esq., of the Committee on Finance, came forward and offered the use of their names as personal guarantors for a loan of two hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of maintaining the credit of the company and carrying it forward to better times.

The fruit of this generous move was that, within sixty days, by their united efforts, the interest on the floating debt of the road, then carrying rates of 9, 10 and 12 per cent. per annum, was reduced below 7 per cent. and a saving effected of nearly \$50,000 a year in the interest account of the company. The aid of the Syndicate was given without any kind of compensation, beyond the consciousness that they were doing a great and needed service to the road and to Charleston.

These are the facts. They form the best answer to the ridiculous language in regard to the Syndicate in which some of the counsel at Baltimore saw fit to indulge. But in truth, wherever the character of the gentlemen composing the Syndicate is known, they need no vindication.

PRINCESS ALICE HORROR.

Touching incidents of the catastrophe on the Thames.

LONDON, September 14.—All England is overswept by a great surge of horror and pity and grief, caused by the terrible collision in the Thames between the powerful iron screw steamer the Bywell Castle and the large, but fragile, steamer the Princess Alice, in which the latter was cut in two, and sunk in less than three minutes. Few of all that multitude escaped, except such as were able to swim—though doubtless some strong swimmers were dragged down by drowning and desperate human creatures—"as thick in the water," one witness said, "as a swarm of bees." I am afraid there was the usual amount of selfish, savage brutality. It was unconsciously shown in the accounts of some of the survivors. One says: "I cannot swim, but I managed to keep my head above water until I was enabled to grasp a rope, by means of supporting myself on the bodies of human beings, still afloat, and by moving from one to the other. What a ghastly case-way, what a death bridge to life, was that! Another survivor, one of the sort who always survives, relates that he was in the water with his wife and child—he holding on to the anchor-chain of the Bywell Castle. He told his wife to sacrifice the child, which she held in her arms, and cling to him, or she would be lost, but she would not give up the baby, and so they were both drowned. Verily, she chose the better part. Yet there were several touching instances of devotion and self-sacrifice. A story is told of one of the lost, a young London manufacturer, which recalls the heroic death of the captain of the Northfleet. He supported in the water a young American girl, to whom he was betrothed, till he was nearly exhausted, when a boat seemed coming to their rescue. It was passing by,

being already over-filled, but at his earnest entreaty, "one more," she was taken in. When he saw her safe out of his falling arms, he said: "Good-bye," dearest Mary, we shall meet in Heaven," and went down without a struggle. Husbands and wives have been brought up closely clasped together, resisting the rude divorce of grappling hooks; mothers are found holding two children, the little ones having still toys and dolls in their clenched hands. Yesterday, a family of four were raised and brought on shore, all firmly locked and interlocked together in the strong embrace of death—of something stronger than love," and the love which can master the wild selfish terrors and the mortal agony of such moments, and hold its own, and to its own friends down the deeps of death in the triumph of a blessed immortality. So awfully sudden was the collision, and so strangely a slight the shock, that many of the passengers who were in the cabins, talking, eating and drinking—the younger portion playing and abiding in the last ebullition of their holiday glee—could scarcely have guessed what had happened, or had not time to change song or laughter to prayers, before they went plunging down, thus confined together, into their murky, watery grave. Divers have been sent down, and it is reported that owing to the density of the Thames water it is impossible for them actually to see anything on board. One of them says that in the cabin, in the after-part of the ship, he felt bodies "packed four and five deep." Can anything be imagined more horrible than such a blind groping through the dense and slimy water among that ghastly company—silent and cold and rigid, waiting in awful patience for their uplift to the light, but not the life of the upper world! Little children were under his feet everywhere, and babies floated against him as gently as sea-weed in the restless watery dark.

A SPLENDID TRIBUTE.

Heroism of the Southern People in War and in Pestilence.

[From the London Standard, September 7.]

The younger among us cannot perhaps remember the keen, warm sympathy with which the English of 1861-65 witnessed the heroic struggle maintained by their Southern kinsmen against six-fold odds of numbers and odds of position, resources, vantage ground, simply incalculable. Even those who from sympathy with the Northern States were unfavorable to the cause of a great nation revolting against a real tyranny could not but feel proud of our near kinship with that incomparable soldier—so designated by their enemies—which, on fifty battle fields, maintained a contest such as no other race has ever in modern times maintained, and at last, when all hope was gone, held for six months, with 45,000 men against 150,000, a slender line of earthworks thirty miles in length; who marched out 25,000 strong, and after six days' retreat in face of a countless cavalry and overwhelming artillery and infantry pressing them on all sides, surrendered at last but 8,000 bayonets and sabres. It is this people, the flower and pride of the great English race, on whom a more terrible, more merciless enemy has now fallen. There can be no no division of sympathy, as there is no passion to excite and keep up the courage needed for the occasion. Yet the men and women of the South are true to the old tradition. Her youth volunteer to serve and die in the streets of plague-stricken cities as readily as they went forth, boys and gray haired men, to meet the threatened surprise of Petersburg—as they volunteered to charge again and again the cannon-crowned hills of Gettysburg, and to enrich with their blood, and honor with the name of a new victory, every field around Richmond. Their sisters, wives, mothers and daughters are doing and suffering now as they suffered from famine, disease, incessant anxiety and alarm throughout the four years of the civil war. There may be among the various nations of the Aryan family one or two who would claim that they could have furnished troops like those which followed Lee and Johnston, Stuart and Stonewall Jackson; but we doubt whether there be one race beside our own that could send forth its children by hundreds to face in towns desolated by the yellow fever the horrors of a nurse's life and the imminent terror of a martyr's death.

MYSTERIES OF YELLOW FEVER.

Is the Pestilence Infectious?—An Unprofessional Opinion.

[From the New Orleans Times.]

That the hypothesis of contagion or infection will not answer for yellow fever is sufficiently shown in the fact that other places, subject to daily and hourly and most intimate intercourse with New Orleans, and lying in the so-called yellow fever belt, have thus far remained entirely free. What the real explanation is no one at this moment can even conjecture. Science falls as utterly here as it has failed to state any proposition touching the origin of the disease or nature of its germ and propagation—any proposition, at least, which appeals to the reason of intelligent men. An unprofessional person called upon to pronounce judgment would be apt to say that this thing we call yellow fever is, in the United States, simply a malignant type of bilious or malarial fever, liable to break out spontaneously in any place where the sanitary and atmospheric conditions favored its development. If this be not true, why does it devastate small interior towns quarantined to the point of extinction, while it spares suburbs of New Orleans in hourly communication with the fever foci? Why or how did it appear in Gallipolis, on the Ohio river, more than seventy-five years ago, at a time when a journey from New Orleans consumed two or three months, or more, and when, to build up a theory of infection from here, one must assume that the yellow fever prevailed here in March? The truth is that the infection hypothesis will not stand the simplest test of experience and fact. Where one set of events seems to support that hypothesis, another set, equally genuine, contradicts it as positively.

Of course the unprofessional opinion above described would be indignantly scouted by the doctors, just as any opinion advanced by any one of them is derisively poo-pooed by the rest of the fraternity and received gingerly, to put it mildly, by the rest of the world. Nevertheless it is as good and respectable a proposition as any in the field. The fact is that at this season the fever has wandered at its own sweet will all over the Southwest, skipping one locality and pouncing upon another, though both have suffered equally from the dangers of infection, and generally demolishing the most hoary traditions of the disease. If nothing else has been proved, we think it safe to say that no one will question our proposition that the total absence of any specific knowledge has been proved, and, such being the case, yellow fever becomes at once a National peril and a National calamity.

What Hampton Said at Greenville.

I do not know that there is any other point on which I should detain you, and I find the fatigue of speaking is greater than I expected. I will, however, say one word upon the dangers that are threatening our party. The greatest of these, in my apprehension, is that of an Independent movement. He who sets up his own individual judgment as a rule of action, and refuses to act in full and perfect accord with our platform, in spirit as well as in letter, is an Independent, and an Independent at this crisis in our affairs is worse than a Radical. He places himself, by his own action, outside of the pale of our party and he should be ruled out of the party. He who is not with us is against us and should be ranked among our opponents, for an open enemy is far less dangerous than a pretended friend. Our party must be kept fully organized, perfectly compact, and thoroughly disciplined. Every member of it must yield implicit obedience to its dictates, sacrificing, if need be, his private judgment to expressed policy, and subordinating all personal ambition to the public welfare.

Another danger lies in ever confidence. The Democratic party thinks it is invincible, and it is so when thoroughly disciplined and properly led, but if we have dissensions and divisions, and if we allow ourselves or any men to set up false gods or indocinate us with political heresies and lead us from the straight road which led to victory in '76; if we are neglectful or forgetful of the great issues under which we are fighting, that great and invincible party which has lifted South Carolina from the depths of woe and degradation into which she had fallen—that party will be scattered as these leaves now shimmering above us will soon be scattered by the blasts of October.

We must be united and move together, for on that depends now the very life of the State, not the mere supremacy of one party for an hour. Your children for generations to come will be influenced by your action. I am not now—God forbid that I should be—advocating a policy simply for momentary triumph or personal gratification. No, I have been looking far beyond the present day—for it has seemed to me that I have been able sometimes to catch transient glimpses of the future through the veil that hides it from us—and I have

thought that in that far future, in the day when you and I and all of us shall have been gathered to our God, I could see a great and happy State and people. Our children's children—wise by the errors we have committed, chastened by sorrows we vicariously have borne for them, instructed by the experience we have gained—shall build up a new and great country. They will lift up South Carolina and place her where God intended her to stand—with a united, free and happy people, walking on the great road to national prosperity and peace. I have seen the future, and I have worked for it; I have prayed for it. And, surely, if in the Providence of God it is given to us after death to look back upon the scene of our labors here, even the pleasures of Heaven would be brightened by such a view. I trust in God it may come. It would be the highest reward that could come to me if in the heart of those descendants of ours yet unborn they could say that I have worked for South Carolina. I would feel if God had left me sensible then of any emotion, the greatest throbs of pride that could stir my heart. And I would want no nobler epitaph to be placed on my tombstone than that I had been true to South Carolina, and in war and in peace had done my whole duty to her. God save our State, and God for all time to come bless her people.

A Picture of the Memphis Misery.

[From the Latest Copy of the Avalanche.]

A stricken city! Alas, fair Memphis! What sight meets the eye of those who yet remain in your midst? At every turn and corner a cry of distress is wafted on the breeze that floats o'er housetops, through your streets and alleys. On every side is met the lowly form of some citizen who has lost a relative or friend.

"The river in a calm is hurried onward through channels of despair."
The small burnt piles of bedding that are seen on every street but tells the passer-by, "A death has occurred here." These blackened spots that are growing in number daily, and yet there are scores of brave hearts who, remaining, bound by a duty to their fellow-man, cannot but shudder in anticipation that perhaps within the week the bed on which he throws himself to rest to-night will mark the street with its burning record of a sacrificed life. During the day there is bustle and confusion. Doctors are hurrying by. The hearse is met on every square. The Howard visitor is seen in every inhabited dwelling. The change of this comes when night has thrown its mantle of darkness over all. Then, only the rumbling of some buggy over the stony street is heard; or, some nurse is sent in haste for a physician to come and try to bring back to life the dying patient, as met as he speeds in search of the doctor; or, the patrolman, as he walks his beat guarding the store or dwelling of some citizen who has fled to escape the epidemic, is seen by some Howard who has toiled late in the night to succor the orphan children of a dead parent. Every day brings its changes. The form that but yesterday was seen in the full vigor of manhood, to-night lies tossing upon a bed, aching with fever. The chair on which a dear friend chatted while relating the horrors of the plague, scarcely twenty-four hours since, is filled now by him who had shown such a brave spirit the night before—no, he is in his bed, stricken down, leaving his friend to try and write of death's doings, that is making such a fearful record in the history of our city. Who will be left to tell the tale to-morrow.

Proclamation.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, COLUMBIA, September 24, 1878.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to visit a portion of His people, our brethren, with grievous suffering and mortality; and whereas it becomes us, who have been spared the visitation of the dread pestilence "that walketh in darkness and destroyeth in the noonday," to offer up our humble supplications for those who are so grievously afflicted, I hereby fix and appoint Friday, the 4th day of October, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

And I request all God-fearing people, not only to offer up on that day their earnest prayers to the Throne of Grace that health may be restored to our stricken land, but to bestow charity on those who, in the providence of God, have been left desolate and bereaved.

In testimony whereof I have heretofore set my hand and caused the seal of the State to be affixed, at Columbia, this 24th day of September, A. D. 1878, and in the one hundred and third year of the Independence of the United States of America.

WADE HAMPTON, Governor.

By the Governor: R. M. RICE, Secretary of State.

thought that in that far future, in the day when you and I and all of us shall have been gathered to our God, I could see a great and happy State and people. Our children's children—wise by the errors we have committed, chastened by sorrows we vicariously have borne for them, instructed by the experience we have gained—shall build up a new and great country. They will lift up South Carolina and place her where God intended her to stand—with a united, free and happy people, walking on the great road to national prosperity and peace. I have seen the future, and I have worked for it; I have prayed for it. And, surely, if in the Providence of God it is given to us after death to look back upon the scene of our labors here, even the pleasures of Heaven would be brightened by such a view. I trust in God it may come. It would be the highest reward that could come to me if in the heart of those descendants of ours yet unborn they could say that I have worked for South Carolina. I would feel if God had left me sensible then of any emotion, the greatest throbs of pride that could stir my heart. And I would want no nobler epitaph to be placed on my tombstone than that I had been true to South Carolina, and in war and in peace had done my whole duty to her. God save our State, and God for all time to come bless her people.

A Shocking Tragedy.

New York, September 22.—A report from Norfolk says that the farm house of W. H. Deale, at Boykins, in Northampton county, was the scene of a shocking tragedy yesterday morning. Luther Deale, a young son of W. H. Deale, was sent by Edward Barton to the room of Miss Mollie Nelson to obtain a shot-gun to shoot a hawk. A few moments afterwards an explosion of firearms in the lady's room alarmed the family, and on rushing into the room Miss Mollie was found on the floor with her skull blown off and her head and shoulders bathed in blood. Young Deale in handling the gun accidentally discharged it, and the whole load struck Miss Nelson. She died after an hour's unconsciousness. The deceased was a sister of Mrs. Deale and on a visit, having come the day before from her home in Northampton county, North Carolina.

Mis Wardlake rejected one lover and married another.

This was at Juniata, Cal., of which place she was regarded as the belle. The wedding brought together all the fashionable folk of the place, including Henry Barron, the rejected suitor, who joined the rest in seeming heartfelt congratulations of the bride. It was afterwards remembered, however, that he acted like a man in a daze—conduct at the time attributed to the too free drinking of the beverages that formed a part of the refreshments. Just before the assemblage was about to disperse, Barron approached the bride, bearing two glasses of wine. He handed her one and drank the other himself, saying significantly, "Let us drink together once more, for the last time on earth." She was rather saddened, but supposed that they referred to the necessary end of their intercourse; and drank the wine. In half an hour both were dead, Barron had put poison in the wine.

We find the following in the New York Tribune:

"Ex-Senator Robertson, of South Carolina, expects to see a solid Democratic Congressional delegation elected from that State this Fall. He says the Republicans will make no fight except in the First and Second Districts, and he does not think that they can succeed there, as the colored vote can no longer be held for them. He is sure that Hampton will be elected to the United States Senate, and hopes to see him a candidate for Vice-President in 1880. All of which shows that the Democrats have the upper hand in the State, and are bound to keep it."

Last Tuesday night, in Columbia, S. C., two men, named Littleton Reynolds and William Joyner, became intoxicated, and consequently a row ensued, when Joyner drew a pistol and shot Reynolds in the left leg just above the knee, severing, it is thought, the main artery of that limb. The parties live in Lexington, S. C., and it is said that no "bad blood" had ever existed between them before. Before the police could arrive on the ground Reynolds had tied his handkerchief above the wound and had moved towards home. It is probable, if medical assistance did not arrive in time, that he died.

A private letter to J. M. Keating, the editor of the Memphis Appeal, says:

"Our fair city is literally a charnel-house. The sights are awful and the scenes are sad to a degree blood-curdling. I can add nothing to what has been given to you daily. I would have to go into details that would fill volumes. Every day we put away hundreds, and wonder where they all come from, the city is so deserted." Mr. Keating has passed through three yellow fever visitations in Memphis. Of the large staff of his paper he is the only one left on duty.

Hendricks has just begun to get mad over his loss of the Vice-Presidency.

At a speech at Montezuma, Ind., on Tuesday night, he hopped off the fence, which he has been straddling with the rest of them, hallooed for greenbacks as the forerunner of true specie resumption, gave it hot and heavy to Hayes, claimed Nationalism as the steering tail-feather of Democracy, and generally bombarded his twelve hundred hearers with straight-out doctrines. Maine freed him.

The Democratic Convention in Connecticut has re-nominated Governor Hubbard and has adopted a new platform.

It makes an overtone of greenback fanaticism, but is full of square for sound money. It is emphatically the independent and irredeemable currency platform.

A juror in a case presented a trial offered to insure an acquittal.

The juror was informed that the defendant had obtained an acquittal, and that the juror was to be paid for his services.