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Address, THE PEOPLE, Barnwell C. H., S. C.

# THE PEOPLE.

VOL. II.

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

NO. 95.

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.

## South Carolina Railroad.

### CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.



Up Day Passengers.  
(This Train does not connect with Train for Columbia at Branchville.)

Leave Charleston	6:45 a.m.
Branchville	10:20 a.m.
Midway	10:28 a.m.
Blazberg	10:38 a.m.
Graham's	10:43 a.m.
Lee's	10:57 a.m.
Blackville	11:03 a.m.
Elko	11:17 a.m.
Windsor	11:26 a.m.
Windsor	11:48 a.m.
Midmorenci	12:08 p.m.
Aiken	12:21 p.m.
Arrive Augusta	1:25 p.m.

Down Day Passengers.  
(This Train does not connect with Train for Columbia at Branchville.)

Leave Augusta	3:20 p.m.
Aiken	4:40 p.m.
Montmorenci	4:53 p.m.
Windsor	5:18 p.m.
Williston	5:24 p.m.
Elko	5:42 p.m.
Blackville	6:07 p.m.
Lee's	6:21 p.m.
Graham's	6:37 p.m.
Danberg	6:45 p.m.
Midway	6:45 p.m.
Branchville	7:25 p.m.
Arrive Charleston	10:10 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS.  
Leave Charleston 10:15 p.m.  
Arrive Augusta 8:20 a.m.  
Leave Augusta 7:30 p.m.  
Arrive Charleston 6:00 a.m.

Down Leave Blackville 11:25 p.m.  
Up Leave Blackville 4:30 a.m.  
Connects with Trains at Branchville for Columbia.

### FREIGHT AND ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Charleston	7:40 a.m.
Arrive Augusta	9:35 p.m.
Leave Augusta	6:00 a.m.
Arrive Charleston	6:15 p.m.
Down Leave Blackville	10:24 a.m.
Up Leave Blackville	4:56 p.m.

## Magnolia Passenger Route.

### PORT ROYAL RAILROAD.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1879.

The following passenger schedule will be operated on and after this date:

Holden	12:07 Down
Holden	3:30 Up
Allendale	12:30 Down
Allendale	3:00 Up

### DAILY PASSENGER TRAIN.

Going South.

Leave Augusta	10:00 a.m.
Arrive Yemassee	9:05 p.m.
Leave Yemassee	2:10 p.m.
Arrive Savannah	4:35 p.m.
Leave Savannah	4:45 p.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	8:00 a.m.
Arrive Charleston	9:00 p.m.
Leave Yemassee	2:46 p.m.
Arrive Beaufort	4:02 p.m.
Arrive Port Royal	4:17 p.m.
Arrive Augusta	5:30 p.m.
Leave Yemassee	1:20 p.m.
Arrive Savannah	1:20 p.m.
Leave Savannah	10:15 a.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	6:50 p.m.
Leave Charleston	7:15 p.m.
Arrive Yemassee	1:00 p.m.
Leave Beaufort	11:23 a.m.
Leave Port Royal	11:00 a.m.

Trains run through between Augusta and Savannah without change, making close connection at Savannah with A. & G. R. R. train for all points in Florida.  
Baggage checked through.  
Through tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices.

ROBERT G. FLEMING, General Superintendent.  
J. S. DAVAT, General Passenger Agent.

## Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta R. R.

### CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLOTTE, COLUMBIA & AUGUSTA R. R. GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 27, 1878.

The following passenger schedule will be operated on and after this date:

### No. 1—Night Express, South.

Leave Charlotte	1:00 a.m.
Arrive Columbia	6:00 a.m.
Leave Columbia	6:05 a.m.
Arrive Augusta	10:50 a.m.

### No. 2—Night Express, North.

Leave Augusta	5:55 p.m.
Arrive Columbia	10:00 p.m.
Leave Columbia	10:10 p.m.
Arrive Charlotte	3:10 a.m.

### No. 3—Day Passenger, South.

Leave Charlotte	11:27 a.m.
Arrive Columbia	4:10 p.m.
Leave Columbia	4:15 p.m.
Arrive Augusta	8:30 p.m.

### No. 4—Day Passenger, North.

Leave Augusta	9:03 a.m.
Arrive Columbia	1:20 p.m.
Leave Columbia	1:30 p.m.
Arrive Charlotte	6:30 p.m.

These trains stop only at Fort Mill, Lock Hill, Chester, Winnsboro, Ridge way, Leeville, Batesburg, Ridge Spring, Johnston, Tienton and Graniteville. All other stations will be recognized as flag stations.

T. D. KLINE, Supt.  
JOHN R. MACMURDO, Gen. Pas. Agent.

## Savannah and Charleston Railroad Co.

### CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

JANUARY 1, 1879.

The following schedule is in effect at this date:

### Fast Mail, Daily.

Leave Charleston	7:15 a.m.
Arrive at Savannah	1:00 p.m.
Arrive Port Royal	4:17 p.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	6:35 a.m.
Arrive Savannah	8:35 p.m.
Arrive Charleston	9:00 p.m.

### Night Train, Daily.

Leave Charleston	8:10 p.m.
Arrive Savannah	6:40 a.m.
Leave Savannah	9:00 p.m.
Arrive Charleston	8:00 a.m.

Pullman cars on all Night Trains.  
C. S. GARDNER, Engr. and Supt.  
S. C. BOYDTON, G. Y. and T. Agent.

## Scandal.

A woman to the holy father went, Confession of sin was her intent; And so her misdeeds, great and small, She faithfully rehearsed them all; And chiefest in her catalogue of sin, She owned that she a tale-bearer had been, And borne a bit of scandal up and down To all the long and gossiping town. The holy father for her other sin Granted the absolution asked of him; But while for all the rest he pardon gave, He let her this offense be very grave. And that to do full penance she must go Out by the way-side where the thistles grow, And gathering the largest, finest one, Scatter his seeds, and when this was done She must come back another day To tell him his command she did obey. The woman, thinking this penance light, Hastened to do his will that very night, Feeling right glad she had escaped so well. Next day but one she went the priest to tell. The priest sat still and heard the story through, Then said, "There's something still for you to do. These little thistle seeds which you have sown I bid you go together every one." The woman said, "But, father, 'twould be vain To try to gather up those seeds again; The wilds have scattered them both far and wide, and wide will grow to noxious weeds." The father answered, "Now I hope that thelesion I have taught you will miss; You cannot gather back the scattered seeds, Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds; Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown By any penance be again undone."

## A Jolly Fishing Party.

MR. EDITOR:—Probably a description of a fishing excursion undertaken by a few of our villagers on the eve of June, will interest some of your readers, or rather be a lesson to those who would like to embark hereafter. On said day about three p. m., a party of six left town to meet one Mr. Fisherman who had promised to teach them the mode of catching and eating fish. Well, they landed first on the outskirts of the swamp at Mr. Fisherman's dwelling, but did not find him as per agreement; but were instructed to continue on their journey to the lake, where they would doubtless meet up with him. After landing at said lake and going through all the usual duties incumbent upon fishing excursions, such as digging bait, cutting wood, building fires, singing songs and following generally, the party quietly sat down to await the coming of aforesaid Fisherman. About 8 o'clock at night Mr. Fisherman not having turned up, it was suggested that a few fish poles be cut and fishing lines tied thereto, and that the same should be baited with fat bacon and set out for fish. In a few moments after this it was suggested that supper should be commenced, whether there was fish caught or not. Well, the corn meal was mixed up with lake water, and the bacon was fried; after which all was called up; but before grace was allowed to be said, it was suggested that the whole party take a little corn first, and by a unanimous vote the chemical was imbibed, next the supper, that fish supper, corn bread and fried bacon. The meal being over, all hands thought it best to fish a little, but one who said it was no use as "our mans will soon be here," and as the party looked upon said speaker as sort of boss and fortune-teller combined, there was no fishing done. But soon the aforesaid boss was snugly cooped under one of the buggies and snored so loudly that the owls began to answer him in the swamp. Arousing him from his slumber, just as an owl squeaked, he ran out from under the buggy, and said, "dere boys, our mans is coming. Don't you here him holler?" Well, after a long time he was persuaded that the noise came from an owl and not the Fisherman. After being convinced, he remarked, "Well, vat dus dis d-n ting costs any way? Let me see I brings 1/2 pk meal, 14 lbs bakin and our dollars worth of coffee and \$11 worth of veels dat broke down in town," and then by way of casting aside the boom that aforesaid remarks had caused, he struck up and danced the familiar tune, "Ven der ban bekens to blay, Ven der ban bekens to blay." The whole party joined in the chorus, and for a time all felt jolly and in good spirits again. Mr. Fisherman not having put in an appearance up to 11 o'clock, it was suggested by the boss, "Dat we cook anudder subber." Just at that time their cook who was trying to catch a cat-fish, fell into the river, so the boss called out, "You Shim, you come rite away out dat place and cook us anudder subber, va has got already 2 full woggles our own shack vish und you meks up a sewe rite away—rite away, you hear dat." Well, Jim out 2 1/2 lbs. fat bacon and put the meat to boiling; after which he scalded the cat-fish and jack in the same way and mixed the same with the boiling bacon. Jim then put some lake water in the coffee pot and put the same and a hoe cake of bread on the fire. Soon supper was announced the second time, when the boss put a series of questions to Jim, the cook:

"Vell, Shim, how much bepper you put in dat sewe?"  
"I put all in what you brought."  
"Vv, you don't told me so. Dat was three woggles pound bepper."  
"Well, sir, it is all in."  
"Vell, you but zalt in dat ting?"  
"Oh! yes, sir; I always put salt in

## stews.

"Vell den; how much?"  
"About a double hanful."  
"You don't say so? You dink wa can daste de fish?"  
"I dunno, sir, but I speck you can, if they ain't all cooked up."  
"Vell, den ve dries it; cum up, boys, and let's dry de sewe. Oh! first, let's dry some more dat corn fore we eat des subber."  
And all the hands tried the corn, but not all the supper. However, as soon as supper was finished, the boss struck up the familiar piece, "Ven der ban bekens to blay, Ven der ban bekens to blay." All joined the chorus; and on motion it was agreed that the whole party break up the fish and go back home, nine miles to travel and three o'clock in the morning. The party arrived at home about day-break, and the boss went off immediately to our town wood workman and was informed, "Dat dem veels und gasts 15 or 20 dollars," he says, "the next dime I won't go a vishing," and so won't I.

## Young Men's Society.

[News and Courier.]  
Once launched in society, it is the duty of every debutante to make herself as attractive as possible. The unwritten law is strict on this point. It is assumed that those within the charmed circle are desirous of giving a fair equivalent for the entertainment they receive. Nothing, however, will destroy a debutante more effectually than an attempt to appear superior to her surroundings. The way to retain the approbation of society is not always the way that self-respect would dictate, or true dignity could follow. To reign a supreme favorite implies more amiability than most people would care to possess. "What man is there who offendeth not?" And the woman who strains that degree of perfection is less sensitive or more accommodating than one need desire to be. Extreme forbearance is bad in anybody, however charming it may be from a social point of view. It is the duty of woman to cultivate a sharp tongue and fiery scorn for everything that is base, indelicate and irreverent. The popular favorite, by reason of her office, must contrive not to see unpleasant things. If she succeeds, she will retain the crown, but her success will be no especial credit to her. It was secured by the sacrifice of something far better and more valuable. Perhaps the saddest fate that can befall a young person is popularity. The idol considered most worthy of ancient reverence was too holy to be profaned by common eyes much less by common touch. Contrasting the slights, humiliations, annoyances and heart-burnings of the most fortunate of social toilers with the serene life of those who are content to shed their light on something better than society, it becomes a marvel that candidates for social honors should ever be found. The best woman is the one of whom least is known, and who is consequently least discussed. And the best man is one whose dignity and self-respect keep the host of flatterers at a distance where they can respect his worth, if unable to appreciate it. Break down the barriers and the crowd of fools will be increased by one more. Let a woman seek social distinction rather than the triumph of reigning supreme in her own honored home, and she has parted with a birthright more precious than that of Esau, one she cannot regain when she is ready to sacrifice the barren conquest of which she is weary.

Taken at its best, it is a pitiful kingdom over which society reigns. Whatever is mean flourishes, its baseness concealed under smooth conventionalities. Whatever is good and true fails to please, unless accompanied by meretricious graces. The typical man of society are those whose record it would not be proper to mention in the presence of the fair women who contend for their approbation. Whatever the reason, it is certain that the belle of society may wither away unplucked, while the humble wall-flower is selected as the one best adapted to create and preserve a happy home. But however vain or silly fashionable women may be, the poorest among them is only too good for the class of men surrounding them. Socially, it is not thought undesirable to bring in contact with guileless girls, men whose very glance is degradation and whose admiration is an insult. Or some "capital fellow" habitually addicted to the "flowing bowl" is cordially received, because he is known to be "a perfect gentleman" even when "affected"—as it euphuistically termed. Society demands this tender consideration for the weakness of its favorites. Indeed it carries forbearance to the extreme of making special provision for the comfort of "providals" who are unwilling to leave the swine. In ultra-fashionable circles virtuous matrons

## are sometimes heard discussing the means of saving china, carpets, and furniture from the ruin which awaits these household gods at the hands of the gentlemen! who will certainly abate the hospitality they accept. In such circles, even the presentation in society of a young girl is not unfrequently celebrated by what, in the end, is a disgusting orgy. Prudent housewives talk of covering their carpets or hiring a public hall for the occasion; but it rarely occurs to them that it would be still wiser to procure appropriate substitutes for their innocent daughters. No solicitude is shown on that score. Girls must have "society," and young men will get drunk, and the sooner any squeamishness is overcome, the better it will be for the comfort of all parties! To discriminate between drunk and sober is to court social ostracism. The worldly-wise mother holds that it is better to tolerate the inconsequence of an occasional debauch, than to lose a large portion of her visiting circle.

What can be expected from a creed which teaches that society is the all-potent thing, and that its morals are immaterial? What hope is there for the pure in heart, or for the voluntarily depraved, who are taught alike that society is the supreme end of life, and then learn, by observation, that society means studied fraud, and gilded corruption? And this is the social duty to which women are taught to sacrifice themselves, and for which men court shame and disgrace!

There is a class of harmless young men who are hardly less reprehensible than bold sinners. These affect life brotherly and platonic sentimentalities, and cultivate the Ivy-like qualities which demand a responsive soul to cling to. It is unnecessary to say that the desired object is found in the person of an inexperienced girl; or of a matron who happens to have no inconvenient big brother. Embarrassment, ignorance, and the fear of offending, have led many women to submit to what they know to be an impudence. There is an ascending scale. She who permits a familiar address will not be savage if her hand is touched. And if her hand can be taken, why should she shun an endearing arm? "Where is the harm?" innocence asks; and the wickedly wise shrinks from the answer, which is that to man at least woman should be an angel. And if he can approach her without reverence, something of her boldness has gone from her. Lastly, whether the meaning is plain or not, it will be impressed on every girl that while "kiss is the aurora of love," it is also unquestionably "the sunset of chastity."

If women only knew their worth there would be fewer tragedies to record. Suppose that, as a sacred sisterhood, they refused to recognize the man who was false to his better self, or was false to one of their own number! How long would the scandals and outrages of society, or private life, exist? It may be urged that the erection of any rigid standard of morality and propriety would deprive its advocates of that sine qua non, a proposal. The unlikened they fear this. But among men it is an open secret that nothing so much incites them as a seeming obstacle to his lordly will. Remove it, and the most witching woman loses the secret of her enchantment. No desirable lover was ever yet baffled by lack of opportunity to make his feelings known. On the contrary, the more they are repressed, the more vehemently they seek utterance. On the other hand, it may be delicately intimated that many a fair queen has lost the dear object of her hopes through too ready an acquiescence in his faintly indicated desires. Reserve is an important factor in such calculations. If this be doubted, it is only necessary to try it.

## It Will Not Work.

It is said, by persons who can hardly be called disinterested witnesses, that the State of South Carolina is as certain to go Republican in the next election as Iowa of Massachusetts; and that the Democratic leaders have become so firmly convinced of this fact that a compromise has been talked of by which the electoral ticket, and the first, second and fifth congressional districts shall be given to the Republicans, while the Democrats hold the State government, and the congressional seats from the third and fourth districts. We should imagine that for either party to such a bargain it might be much easier to promise than to perform; without, indeed, the leaders of both sides join their forces for the purpose of "fixing things" after their own minds. Free government at the South, from whatever point of view considered, is something which does not improve by close examination. Perhaps it would be better to have the State go one way by means of intimidation, than to have the spoils divided by a fraudulent arrangement.—Boston Herald.

## Details of the Hull Murder.

On the morning of June 11, Mrs. Jane L. DeForrest Hull, wife of Dr. Alanzo Hull, of No. 149 West Forty-second street, New York, was found dead in her bed-room. She was bound hand and foot, her feet being tied one to each side of the bed with strips of sheeting. Her hands were tied tightly at the wrists and crossed over the breast. There was a piece of sheeting over her mouth tied at the back of her head, and she was blindfolded. A trunk beside the bed was open and had been rifled of its most valuable contents, while the rest of them were left scattered about the room. She had evidently died by violence after her emerald and diamond rings had been torn from her fingers. The house she lived in was a four-story stone one, set in a block of handsome buildings in its rare style of architecture. Mrs. Hull leased the house and kept lodgers. The discovery of her death was made just before 7 o'clock by Nancy Francis, the colored cook, who slept on the top floor with the chambermaid, Nellie West. They got up at about the same time and lit the fire in the kitchen. Presently Nancy went up stairs to get her instructions from her mistress for the day. As she reached the top of the stairs she noticed that the front door was open, but she did not apprehend anything wrong, till she went into the front parlor and found the folding door open. Becoming frightened she hurried through them into the dining room which she found in confusion. She knocked at Mrs. Hull's door, but received no response. She knocked again, and finally opened the door and looked in. She then saw Mrs. Hull's body and the room in the condition above described. She ran out of the room screaming, "Mrs. Hull is dead." The people in the house hurried down stairs, Dr. Hull who occupied a small back bed-room on the fourth floor, among them. Dr. R. M. Fuller, of No. 136 West Forty-second street, was informed that a murder had been committed and was summoned. Being reluctant to go alone, he called Dr. Henschel; and they went together, and were shown to the bedroom by Dr. Hull. There were slight contusions on the nose, cheek and neck of the murdered woman, who had been dead some hours. On the bed was an overturned water pibboc and a bottle of eau-de-cologne. There was a pillow on a sofa by a window, both sides of which were bloody. A dark dress of a thin texture and a light shawl, both of which belonged to Mrs. Hull, were wrapped around her throat, but not tightly. These and the bed clothes, as well as her hair, were saturated with cologne and water, from which it is inferred that her assailants had not intended to murder her, and had made an effort to revive her. Both eyebrows were singed. Her fingers were badly torn in the act of pulling off her rings, but not enough to account for the blood on the pillow, and there was not a spot of blood on her body or on the bed clothes. It looked as if the blood, which had probably come from her nose and ears, had been washed off, and the pillow removed. Everything about the room indicated that Mrs. Hull, who was a stout, portly woman, weighing fully three hundred pounds, had made a struggle. Her gold watch and chain, a mosaic ring on which was a full length portrait of a dancing girl, two solitary diamond rings, a pair of cameo ear-rings, and a set of amber jewelry, except the buttons, were carried away. The greater part of these were in a cabinet in the dining room adjoining. On the top of this cabinet were some eighteen large pieces of silver plate, which were not disturbed.

Capt. Williams was summoned from the station house, and he, with detectives, made a search of the house and questioned the inmates, but failed to get any valuable information. Mrs. Hull was last seen alive on the previous night at 11 o'clock, when she had been playing whist and chatting cheerfully with her husband and some friends who had called upon them. A colored cook who had been in the service of the Hulls about seven months had been discharged about six weeks before, after a violent quarrel with Mrs. Hull. The detectives are looking after her, though her residence is not known. A Bedlington terrier dog to which Mrs. Hull was very much attached, had been poisoned about three weeks before the murder. Mrs. Hull was about 58 years old, the daughter of Lawrence DeForrest, an old Broad street dry goods merchant. She was married to Dr. Hull when she was 16, and the union has apparently always been a happy one. Not long after her marriage she visited England with her husband and was presented to Queen Victoria. She was then a young lady of extraordinary beauty. She was in late life a member of the Sorosis club, and for many years took an active part in all measures looking to the advancement of women in the social or rather professional scale. She was also fond of literature, and a literary society was for several years

## In the habit of holding meetings at her house.

Her husband at one time enjoyed a very lucrative practice, and some of the profits of his practice were by her turned into bonds. Of late years, however, she had lost in speculations and became reduced in circumstances. She had no children.

## Washington Notes.

[J. R. R., in the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel.]  
During this debate I must mention, with special pleasure, that Gen. Hampton contrived to inject into the belly of Edmund's speech an explanation that sickened it. The South Carolina Senator showed that Judge Bryan, District Attorney Northrup, and his assistant, Maxwell, were all disqualified by the infamous test oath, and yet were potent to disqualify jurors who appeared before them. In addition to this, Gen. Hampton gave a bit of secret history, showing that Mr. Edmunds, when chairman of a committee, had presented him and Gen. Butler as leaders of the Ku Klux, and when they came to Washington and demanded investigation he noticed that Edmunds made his points in a telling style, and exacted from Mr. Edmunds an amount of confusion and apology not often conceded by that relentless person.

One of the conspicuous wonders of this wonderful city is the official hostility of Congressmen and their personal intimacy. Burnside cracks jokes with Cerro Gordo Williams; Edmunds practices at the bar with Thurman; Eaton and Conkling have strawberry marks on the same arm. And so it goes. Mr. Conkling is one of the most gracious and charming of men in personal intercourse, and everybody knows that Mr. Blake is the prince of good fellows who is not on dress parade. There are some hatreds, in and out of the Senate and House, between Democrats and Republicans, but such instances are rare, and probably spring from bigotry or spleen. No doubt many of our people do not approve of such social courtesies between redoubtable political foes, but I clearly think that it is at least good for the country and creditable to human nature that the fury of debate does not altogether survive and transcend the arena upon which it is propagated. Washington is filled with beggars, old and young, black and white, male and female. Strangers are easily quiled by them, but not so the old stagers. These pests pipe the same tunes. They want "a penny to buy a loaf of bread," to "help mother out of a sick bed." The whole system is a lying one and ought to be abated by the police. Now and then, perhaps, a really needy person is refused, but not often. There is much misery and hunger, but it is silent and proud. The other day I met a friend of old times, who had not had a morsel of food in forty-eight hours, and knew not where to lay his head. In other times he had held conspicuous posts in the service of the United and Confederate States. At the end of the war he possessed \$200,000 in gold, but was swindled out of it. Now he often wants bread and is seeking employment of a menial kind around the Capitol. I could mention other cases, sadder even than this, but it is not necessary to do so. I merely wished to show two extremes of misfortune.

## Lynch Law in Spartanburg.

At twelve o'clock on Monday night a body of one hundred and fifty armed men entered Spartanburg on horseback and proceeded to the jail where they demanded John Moore, a prisoner committed for the outrage and murder of Miss Fannie Heaton, on the 5th inst. Sheriff Thompson, having been warned that an attempt would be made to lynch the prisoner, had removed him to the Air Line Railroad, about a mile from town, intending to board the northern bound train and reach Columbia, but he had been watched, and before the train arrived, the lynchers secured Moore and took him to the scene of the murder, near Welford, twelve miles distant, where they hung him at ten o'clock on Tuesday. The lynchers had given notice on Monday night that the hanging would occur at ten o'clock on Tuesday, and six hundred persons were present. Moore made no confession, but maintained a stoic indifference to the end.—Lexington Dispatch.

## ROUGH ON JOHN SHERMAN.

Talk about "nepotism" under Grant; but just make John Sherman President of the United States, and the true meaning, not only of the word but of the system which it represents, will be understood. It will be not nephews only but his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts." In the early period of the war, when Sherman was Senator, he got every male relative he had on earth placed on the pay-roll, and when the war was over there wasn't one of them among the killed, wounded or missing.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Sherman and the Sovereignty of Ohio.

[New York World.]  
William Tecumseh Sherman, the General commanding all the armies of the United States, has entered the political fray in an erratic fashion as a letter-writer to promote the Presidential aspirations of his brother, John Sherman, who as Secretary of the Treasury commands all the Treasury office-holders of the United States. These bold brothers lead the Republican campaign against Grant. In a recent letter "Tecumseh the warlike" tells a Louisiana correspondent that he must beware of the Democratic party, being a majority of the American people, and of Congress, being the lawful makers of American law, because they are endeavoring to revive secession ideas of State rights which would justify the absurd claim that Louisiana should control the navigation of the Mississippi River, because Louisiana owns the mouth of that great river. The proposition is quite Shermanesque alike in its vagueness and in its vehemence, but the Sherman cry for 1880 against Grant of "national supremacy in national matters."

William Tecumseh Sherman, it was mistake not, was the elementary superintendent in Louisiana of a State military school when the terrible events of 1861 overtook us. After the State seceded he resigned. His first went to St. Louis and entered the railway business. After this he became a colonel of one of the new regiments, and passing through a brief campaign under Stanton as a madman, ascended step by step in the career of military glory which culminated in his brilliant "march to the sea" and in the words of peace which he made with General Johnston in April, 1865, for the surrender of the Confederate forces under the control of that officer. Those terms were disapproved at Washington by Stanton in a way which General Sherman regarded as insulting. The stipulation is now some fourteen years old, but our recollection of it is that General Sherman accepted the supremacy of each State of the South covered by the agreement and agreed to recognize it with its anti-bellum constitutional rights unimpaired. Are we not right in this? Our belief is that General Sherman did not think it necessary to say anything about the right of secession by a State, or "national matters," or Federal power to coerce a State. Even slave labor was left to be passed upon by State action and by amendments of the Federal Constitution which were afterwards adopted by the States.

## D. T. Corbin on Judge Mackey.

In a letter received recently Mr. Corbin answers the remarks of Judge Mackey, as follows:  
I thank you for the newspaper slip containing Judge Mackey's remarks; I had seen them before. It is certainly not pleasant for any one to receive the delicate attentions of a polemic, as all that can be done is to bury your clothes, fumigate your person and cleanse yourself before you can again endure yourself or society can endure you. You will gain nothing by retaliating upon the polemic, because his stench is the greatest of all stenches, and the less you have to do with him the better you are off. Judge Mackey is the worst polemic I ever met. I had occasion once in 1869 to help kick him out of the City Council of Charleston for attempting to murder one of his fellow-aldermen in his seat—while the Council was in session he fired three shots at him—and he has never ceased since then to throw his polemic stench at me. I never pay any attention to him, as even in South Carolina he is an outlaw and outcast in society. I could not have anything to do with him without hitting myself. A charge of powder would be wasted on him, as like the sickening animal I have compared him to, he would only more completely contaminate the atmosphere around him.

## Fine Grain Crops.

The crops of small grain harvested on the farms around Winnsboro this season have been unusually fine. Of wheat, Mr. W. R. Garrison made 270 bushels on eight acres—an average of 33 3/4 bushels to the acre; Mr. G. H. McMaster gathered 89 bushels from one acre; Abraham Moore, colored, colored, 21 1/2 bushels from two-fifths of an acre; and Fred Steele, colored, 31 1/2 bushels from an acre and a half. Of oats, Mr. J. F. McMaster made 290 bushels from four acres, and Mr. D. R. Flenniken 300 bushels from twenty acres. Other persons have made equally fine crops, but the grain has not been threshed, and no exact report can be made. We shall be glad to hear from them.—Winnsboro News and Herald.

Ex-Judge Samuel F. Neal, of Montgomery, Alabama, has made \$200,000 in cotton speculations since December.