

# THE NEWBERRY HERALD.

## The Kemper County Trials.

Mrs. Chisholm's Story of the Murder of her Daughter.

Telegraph to The News and Courier.

DEKALB, Miss., September 9.—The taking of evidence in the trial of Henry J. Gully for the murder of Cornelia Chisholm, on April 29, 1877, began yesterday. Seventy witnesses, thirty-two for the State and thirty-eight for the defence, were put under oath and examined by the court. Mrs. Chisholm, the first witness, testified that an excited crowd of men entered Dekalb on the evening of April 28, 1877, and it was largely increased on the following morning. Sinclair, then sheriff, arrested her husband on the morning of the 29th. He asked to be placed under guard at his own home, and sought an instant investigation of the charges against him. Armed men kept coming around the house. Sheriff Sinclair conversed with them and then talked to Chisholm. Chisholm told one of the crowd: "You cowardly scoundrels, you will kill me before evening, but before you do I will make some of you bite the dust." Sinclair came to my husband about 11 o'clock and said they say you must go to jail. McLellan, myself, my sons Clay, Johnnie and Willie, and daughter Cornelia, accompanied my husband to jail. We were clinging to him to shield his body. Mr. Mosely and Mr. Overstreet were inside the jail with the party, and the door of the lower floor of the jail was locked behind them. The family were upstairs, and the door was locked on the inside. I was sent home by my husband on an errand. Heard firing as I came back toward the jail, and saw old man McLellan fall pierced by several bullets behind the jail. I rushed inside the jail and found the stairway crowded with men. Rosser was at the top of the stairs, and Wm. Gully was trying to break the lock of the upper door with axes. My daughter Cornelia, son Johnnie and Mr. Overstreet were holding the door on the inside. My daughter's face was bleeding. Rosser said to my daughter, "Damn your soul! I will blow your brains out if you don't get out of the way." Rosser fired the first shot through the broken lock which severed my son's hand from his arm. The door was then broken open and my little boy shot through the heart. Some one inside fired and Rosser fell dead. Two men caught him by the heels and dragged him down stairs. My husband was bewildered at the death of Johnnie. I and my son Clay carried the dead boy down stairs. Cornelia and father came down stairs. Henry J. Gully came up and raised his gun. I closed the grated door at the bottom of the stairway. My daughter clasped my husband around the neck. Gully fired through the grating in the door. My daughter screamed "I am shot." Judge Chisholm opened the door, and as he stepped out Henry Gully came out of an adjoining room with another gun and fired again at him, and he fell. Clay and I assisted my husband in reaching home. My daughter was bleeding in the face. Her eyes were blackened by a blow. She was shot in the ankle and in the heel. She was shot by Henry Gully. She died from the effects of her wounds. Mrs. Chisholm produced Cornelia's bracelet, which was broken and driven into her arm, also one buckshot taken out of her body.

## The Chances for Cotton.

A Rather Unfavorable Report from the Charleston Exchange.

News and Courier.

To the President and Directors of the Charleston Exchange:

GENTLEMEN—Your committee beg leave to submit the following report, based on 77 replies from 29 counties.

The weather for the month of August is almost universally reported as unfavorable, too much rain or else too much cold being complained of, and compares not well with last season.

The late growth is generally reported as fruiting, but poorly, excepting in a few counties, and not retaining the bolls.

The condition of the crop on the 31st ult., is reported fully as good to better by twenty; about the same by ten; not quite so good by thirty-five, and from 10 to 50 per cent. worse as compared with last season by twelve.

Picking has commenced in all but six counties, and will be general in the lower counties by the 8th and in the upper by the 15th instant.

Worms are only reported in one county, and no damage is anticipated therefrom.

The plant has been considerably injured, both by shedding and rust, the rain having caused the weed to put on too much growth, and to fall off the fruit either to rot or to much off. On an average we should say about 20 per cent. has been lost by shedding.

To estimate the comparative damage by rust is hardly possible, as every season there is considerable loss from this cause.

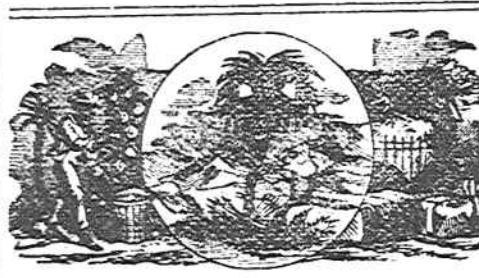
Everything now depends on the weather. If the same is seasonable and with a late frost, a good crop may yet be made.

A. NORDEE, Chairman,  
E. WILLIS,  
R. D. MYER,  
L. J. WALKER,  
Committee on Information and Statistics.

Ye Pimpled, Blotched and Ulcerated Victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SANS-PARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.

## The Herald.

THOS. F. GRENEKER, } EDITORS.  
W. H. WALLACE, }



NEWBERRY, S. C.  
WEDNESDAY, SEP. 17, 1879.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Herald is the highest respect a Family Newspaper, devoted to the material interests of the people of this County and the State. It circulates extensively, and as an advertising medium offers unrivalled advantages. For Terms, see first page.

## Hard Times in the Old Country.

The tidings that have come from England, France and other European countries for the past several weeks exhibit a distressing state of affairs. Their crops were extremely short, and they are dependent on America for their bread supplies. Millions of gold have come from them to us in exchange for provisions. Here is a statement for two days, September 10th and 11th: "The steamship Algeria, from Liverpool to New York, yesterday, brought \$1,550,200 in gold, and the St. Laurent, from Havre, \$1,595,600 in specie. The steamship Welland, from Hamburg, this morning brought \$1,290,000 in French and German gold coin. The steamship Weser, from Bremen, brought \$450,000 in foreign coins and bars."

Poor crops and scarcity of provisions are not the only ills the people are suffering. Large numbers are out of employment. Many manufacturing, iron works and other industries are idle, and the former employees can find nothing to do. Those who can find work have their wages reduced to such an extent that they find them insufficient for the support of their families; and, as a consequence, "strikes" are frequent. Another consequence is that emigration to this country is greatly increasing, and for some time to come will be unusually large. A telegram from London, dated September 10th, says: "The Echo, this afternoon, says that Howocks, Miller & Co., the largest cotton manufacturers in the North of England, have given notice of five per cent. reduction in the wages of their employees, and that this probably heralds a general reduction. The cotton operatives of Padesham, Lancashire, have proposed to form a branch of a National Emigration Association."

The distress in England is of such a general and serious nature that Parliament has taken hold of the matter, and has appointed a committee of its members "to investigate the causes of the prevailing distress in the agricultural districts of England." A sub-committee, consisting of two members of the House of Commons, arrived in New York the 6th instant. This sub-committee is charged with the duty of inquiring into the condition of the agricultural classes in this country, and the method by which our agricultural system is conducted, with a view of applying them to their own system. Doesn't it look strange; and isn't it a distinguished tribute to Young America, that the mother country should pay her so much honor? Should consent to sit at her feet and learn from her?

The grain crops raised in this country during the past season were very large, and we suppose she can supply all demands from a foreign source.

The distressing times in Europe have rebounded to the benefit of America in two very important particulars: they have been the cause of a large immigration and a large influx of money.

A widow named Potts is walking from Philadelphia to New Orleans for a wage of \$5,000. The distance is 1,200 miles, in a "bee-line"—much farther, of course, the way she travels. She started last May, and had five months in which to make the journey. She reached Charlotte, N. C., the 10th instant, seven hours ahead of time, having walked something over 400 miles.

The State Educational Board of Examiners, in session last week in Columbia, adopted the following rules with reference to the examination of Teachers:

1. That in all cases in which first grade certificates have been granted to applicants upon the second series of questions for 1879, the County Boards of Examiners shall have authority to renew said certificates annually for a period of time not to exceed three years, provided that the holders of such certificates shall give to the County Boards of Examiners satisfactory evidence of continued good character and efficiency as teachers.

2. In like manner County Boards of Examiners shall have authority to renew second grade certificates annually for a period of time not to exceed two years.

3. All applicants for third grade certificates to be examined annually as heretofore.

Dr. W. R. Nelson, a member of the Legislature from Kershaw County, died last week. That is the third death since the session closed. It looks a little dangerous to be a Legislator, but we doubt not that there will be no lack of men willing to run the risk.

Dixon Addy, son of Dr. Addy, of Lexington, a young man of twenty-four years of age, had his arm torn off in a cotton gin at Ridge Spring the 10th.

Spartanburg will soon be lighted with gas.

## The New York Democracy Playing the Fool.

The State Convention of the Democratic party of New York met in Syracuse, September 10th and 11th, to nominate State officers. Lucius Robinson, present Governor, Henry G. Slocum and Jno. C. Jacobs were nominated. The Tammany delegates from New York City were "teetotally" opposed to Robinson. Several speeches were made against his nomination. It was moved that Jacobs, who was Chairman of the Convention be elected by acclamation. The Secretary put the motion, and there was an almost unanimous response of "ayes"; and the Secretary declared him elected. Jacobs decided that his nomination was irregular, and declined. Great confusion ensued and the roll was called for votes for the nominees. After twenty votes had been cast for Robinson, the Tammany delegates, seeing his nomination was sure, bolted from the Convention. The remainder of the Convention nominated Robinson by 243 votes to 58. Clarkson N. Potter was then nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and the rest of the ticket filled out.

## Last Year's Cotton Crop.

The National Cotton Exchange has made its report of the cotton crop of the United States for the year beginning September 1st, 1878 and ending August 31st, 1879. The number of bales was 5,074,155.

The Greenback Labor party of Massachusetts met in Faneuil Hall, Boston, the 12th instant, to nominate candidates for State officers. Gen. B. F. Butler was nominated for Governor, and Wendell Phillips for Lieutenant-Governor.

## New York Letter.

Quick Time—How to Find What is in a Man—Erratic Dick—Gang to Stratford.

New York, Sept. 10, 1879.

The Herald has been so extensively communicated lately that we will not inflict upon it a long letter, although it be from the city of huge proportions and wonderful sights. The distance, eight hundred and fifty miles, was made in fast time—inside of thirty hours, leaving Columbia at 10:40 Friday morning, and reaching New York at 5 Saturday afternoon. Some of the fastest time was made on Friday night, between Danville and Washington, while the traveller reclined at full length on a Pullman stretcher at a cost of one dollar, hoping, longing to be rocked to sleep. Occasionally the hair of the rapidly whirled traveller would rise while contemplating what might happen in the event of collision, telescope, run off, or some other dreadful accident. There was no mishap fortunately, and daylight found a trio of Newberrians, Capt. McFall, Dick Satterwhite and the writer, dusty and haggard, but sound in mind and limb and ready, after the shaking, jerking and thumping, for breakfast, which was not realized, as on this Midland quick time route after supper at Danville—and a good one by the way—you get nothing more in shape of a regular meal till New York is reached, with the exception of a snatched lunch at Wilmington.

If you want to find out what is in a man take a ride of a few hundred miles by rail with him and you will be gratified. Sometimes you can find it out on a steamer when the waves roll mountain high—this is by no means the pleasantest mode, however. In our ride we found McFall as solid as Gibraltar's rock, as true as steel, with no "demotional nonsense" about him. Nothing frets or ruffles him. He would make a good commander of a forlorn hope, run a steamboat or a hash house in a time of famine without showing any doubt of being able to master the situation. We feel largely indebted to McFall, and the friends of Dick, above named, will be also, on being informed that only by his great and constant watchfulness and experience was that erratic individual kept from going astray or being forever lost. It was his first big trip, and fortunately he placed implicit confidence in his guide—in proof of which we cite one little instance: At a station where we stopped for a few moments a passenger asked Dick the name of the next stopping place, "don't ask me," said he, "but Capt. McFall, I'm travelling with him: he knows." What trust and confidence! The long ride over and the danger of leaving our friend on the road somewhere, McFall and ourselves felt easy. Dick in the city, and what he has done and seen, and his reflections, would fill a book, but as we stated a long letter will not be inflicted on the reader, and particularly as our two friends will leave for home to-night and reach there before this gets in print, and will tell a vast deal more than we could possibly write. We will not return until the close of the week, intending first to visit our friends, the Hurd's, at Stratford, Conn.

## Examination of Teachers.

The city is in a blaze of beauty and attractiveness, and full of business—on Monday last there being no less than eighty-nine South Carolina merchants here, a larger number than known in several years. In tender consideration we close.

If there is anything in the "survival of the fittest" Dr. Ball's Baltimore Pills must be "counted in"; they have lived long and do better work than ever.

## Memphis.

There has been no material change in the condition of Memphis during the past week. The number of deaths from Yellow Fever is about the same. The total number of new cases reported for the week was 132; whites 62, colored 70. The total number of deaths for the week, reported, was 48; whites 32, colored 16. Up to Saturday night there had been 1,136 cases.

## For the Herald.

To a Literary Donkey.

He Browses in Utopia and Discourses on the Common Public Free School System.

He Raises Common Schools and Raises Colleges.

No. 2334.

Sept. 9, 1879.

SIR DONKEY: A word with thee.

Thy name, or the name thou hast assumed, bespeaks the possession of long ears. Lend me thine ears.

In the concluding lines of a lengthy discourse on Common Public Free Schools, thou didst solemnly nunciate that thou art a donkey, unadmitted. The appellation is not singular and its choice is a little singular. What motive led to the choice? Couldst find no name more calculated to captivate the public ear? Or didst thou have more regard for propriety than for euphony? Perhaps it was thy hope to enhance the credit of having written so long a treatise, by conferring its authorship upon a donkey. Or didst thou think to avert the scalpel of criticism by plaintively crying, "Am I not thy Donkey? I notice in thy illustrations a frequent recurrence to the term 'asses'; perchance a fellow feeling guided thee in choosing. Or didst thou think to disarm suspicion by speaking the truth? I give it up. Thou hast baffled even conjectures, and much surmising has set my brain a-throbbing and my poor head a-ringing as with the tintinnabulation of many bells. At all events, I have the utmost respect for a donkey that appears as a donkey, while I entertain the supremest contempt for the mongrel that brays, though wearing the lion's skin. But let's pass from thy name and its occult import, to something more tangible. Turn to the Herald of the 3d instant and read the 23d objection and answer contained in an article headed, The Common School System of South Carolina. Read those lines again; they are the darling offspring of thy genius, and richly merit a repudiation. Hast flushed? Then, lay aside the Herald, and attend. The objection and answer sound well, don't they? The "answer" is nicely framed, isn't it? Sir Asinus, I am neither a faculty nor a member of a faculty of any "one-horse college, so called," and hadst thou adhered to the line of argument indicated by the caption of thy articles which have drawn their slow length through six issues of a weekly journal, I should have remained in the unbroken quiet that becomes my obscure position. Thine articles might, for my part, have fallen still-born from the pen that gave them birth. 'Tis no part of my design to take issue with thee on The Free School System; I do not design running a tilt or driving a quill for or against this or any other system whatsoever; 'tis not my trade. I do not object to a man's riding his hobby, if he ride quietly along his course; but when he turns aside and endeavors to coerce others into getting on behind and joggling along with him, it is too much for human nature. It is not enough to advocate thy system; thou must needs in *transitu* give thyself a pivotal swing, flourish thy heels, and launch vigorous kicks at our colleges.

It is plain that no sensible man adjoined that "23d objection" to Common Free Schools. Dost suppose any one dolt enough to think an advocate of collegiate education would have couched an objection in such language, or that the snarl which lurks beneath, ever distorted a "collegian's" lips? No, Donkey, this objection, with numerous others, had its origin in the fertility of thine own brain. The "answer" was antecedent to the objection, and the objection was framed simply to justify thee in giving public expression to the "answer." Dost follow me? I heartily concur with thee in the opinion that the "objection" as an objection is worthless—yet it admirably answered the purpose of its invention.

Is it the consensus of the enlightened men of South Carolina—we are speaking exclusively of South Carolina—that we have too many "one-horse" colleges? Is it? Am I presuming too far when I say the only way to reach your real sentiments as to the relative importance of common schools and colleges, is to omit the conditional "if" from the clause—in "answer"—commencing, "If these so-called colleges, which only a few, &c." Is the demolition of our "denominational colleges" an indispensable condition to the success of the Common Public Free School System? (That's a deucedly long title.) I trow not, as I can prove by thine own mouth. See! In "answer," thou speakest of "colleges, so called, which only a few of the wealthiest can attend," and immediately succeeding, thou declarest—by implication, at least—that these "colleges live and fatten ghouls-like only on the corpses of the murdered Common Public Free Schools which alone the great mass of the people

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can attend." The italics are mine; look at them. Now, answer me, is it not eminently absurd to intimate even that an institution composed of "only a few of the wealthiest" can conflict with or in any way "live and fatten" on another institution composed of "the mass of the people"? Thou astute logician, thou Clodius who sittest on the judgment seat, my knowledge of dialectics leads to this observation: In order to the erection of a perfectly rounded, logical argument, there must be a nice correspondence between all its parts. Verily, consistency finds no lodgment in thy soul.

Again, Thou sayest, "The only legitimate sphere of a rightly called college is in that region lying above and beyond the prescribed course of the Common Public Free School System." Certainly; I yield thee my heartiest concurrence. But, what is the "prescribed course" of which thou speakest. Canst refer me to a Common Free School conducted on a plane so elevated as that upon which our colleges exist? Advert to the college at Spartanburg and that of the Lutherans at Newberry—representative denominational colleges—and tell me whether they have descended to an invasion of the Public School System. Did the teachers' examination at Newberry require proficiency in any branch of study that appears above the Preparatory Department in the "small colleges" of our State? Dost not know Preparatory Departments are the outgrowth of a long-felt necessity, a necessity arising from the want of thorough primary training, and from the inefficiency of the majority of Common School teachers? When will the Common Free School System be able to confer equal advantages with our "colleges"?

I once heard a scholarly gentleman—not discreet—an alumnus of a "small denominational college", and teacher in a Common School, say—"My school is a feeder to no college." With admirable equipment and rare opportunity he never carried a student beyond the Freshman class of a "small college". His attempt to raise a common school to the importance of a "one-horse college" was about as successful as that of the frog that attempted to assume the huge proportions of an ox. Both ceased to attempt.

Is it not true that the school system thou hast in mind, exists only in Utopia—Sir Thomas More's synonym of nowhere? And has not thine observation shown thee that our three-months, three-dollars-per-capita system has demoralized the patronage of our common schools?

'Tis true; 'tis pity; And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

I'm loth to acknowledge thee to be a more earnest advocate of public education than I am. I hold in utter detestation the midnight ignorance of Italy, and the intellectual gloom that overshadows hybrid Mexico. I long to see the day when there may go up from the entire area of our little commonwealth, a *te deum* as glad and grateful as ever floated across the still waters of beautiful Lucerne; when we can boast a counterpart of the system of public instruction that has dotted the lovely vales and slopes of Switzerland with institutions of learning, and has given Germany a universal reputation for culture and enlightenment. It did not require remarkable profundity on the part of the rats to determine the desirableness of inducing cats to wear bells. But the question—How are we going to bell them? was mooted; and to this day cats go without the tinkling appendage. Thou mayest advocate and endeavor to perfect this system, but it will require thy undivided effort. Don't, I pray thee, go aside to destroy the colleges. True, by their demolition notoriety might be thine, on the principle that

"The aspiring fool that fired the Ephraim dome Outlives the pious man that raised it," but our colleges were not established to be kicked down by a donkey.

I understand thy line of argument: Our college faculties comprise some of the rarest qualities of head and heart, and the most distinguished teaching ability in the State; ergo, they should cease to exist: Our colleges furnish the most capable teachers found in our common schools; ergo, they are worthless: One of our denominational colleges imparted to thee thy grace of style and facility of expression (am I correct?); ergo, it should be abolished.

Forbear, thou'lt hurt thy precious heels. Don't! Some venerable professor may become provoked and dismiss thee with "avaunt! thou vile donkey!" Were thy system of common schools as elevated in reality as in imagination—equal to our colleges—then "I, at least, would be opposed to colleges both now and forever." Amen. Selah. Were they. I commend to thy careful consideration, this reflection: A donkey may be very scholarly, and yet fail of the attainment of his purpose from want of judgment.

I am, have been, and shall ever be—in the presence of donkeys—A QUAKER.

## For the Herald.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10, 1879.

Maine is shown by a few thousand votes to have given a few thousand more votes to the combined opposition candidates than to the Radical candidate for Governor. The result doubtless shows the feeling of the voters of the State. The only safe thing to predicate on this result is that Blaine, if the candidate for President next year, will not receive the vote of the State. He was the Republican party in the late election, except in so far as Hamlin and others secured for the party the support of their personal adherents. Mr. Blaine cannot carry his own State in 1880, and that opens to Republicans and people generally the interesting question as to what Republican can carry it. I have long believed that Grant would be the Republican candidate, but Grant can hardly succeed where all the Republican party of the State has failed. Nevertheless, Grant has a chance, as an untried man in the present emergency, which Blaine, as one tried and found wanting, has not.

The Convention of the Democracy in New York to do will have important work to do. If, as every good Democrat hopes, it shall make a nomination acceptable to the Democrats of the whole State, New York is as certain for the party as Kentucky. Despatches received here last night promised harmony at the polls, whatever the Convention might do.

Secretary Sherman goes to Ohio again to speak on political subjects. This may indicate a fear that the Radical ticket in that State is in danger, or Mr. Sherman's own fear that Messrs. Conkling and Blaine will, unless he makes himself prominent in the near future, occupy more of the public notice than he will. Having announced himself as a Presidential candidate it would not be like him to let any one forget the fact.

Now and then a Cabinet officer drops into the city. Postmaster General Key did yesterday. He left again last night and will be in New England for some time. The bad example of Grant and his Ministers is having its effect, notwithstanding the early announcement of Mr. Hayes that he would not follow it in absenting himself from the Capital. DEM.

## For the Herald.

Our Family Reunion.

(REV. M. M. BOYD'S.)

MESSRS. EDITORS: 'Twas a joyous reunion at this dear family altar on the evening of the 2d inst. Our venerable father had the pleasure of seeing the family circle complete, with the exception of one brother, Geo. M., whose ministerial duties detained him at Yorkville. We missed him from the circle, and wished he were here.

Merry hearts and voices made these dear old walls re-echo the music of other days. Fond memories were awakened as these loved forms and faces filled again their places at the fireside, the table and altar. Some of them had been absent for years. Others have been privileged to come oftener, but a full family reunion seldom occurs. Can you then imagine how fully each heart enjoyed its pleasures? After the first evening, with its pleasant exchange of news items, its music and late hours, family worship and sweet repose, we found ourselves refreshed and ready to begin a new day together. This brought us a family dinner, which was appreciated by all. I didn't at the beginning enumerate the participants—twenty, with father, children and grand children, with our very agreeable junior, Rev. W. P. M., who was among the first and made a list of twenty-one names.

Later in the afternoon we visited the quiet church yard where sleep the loved forms of some whose faces we miss and whose places are vacant at this dear hearthstone. A tear to their memory, and a walk through the broad aisles of our nice new church, (which stands near the dear spot where loved ones sleep,) with a pleasant drive back to the dear old home gave us time for sad and sweet reflections. Memories deep and tender fill the heart as we retrospect the past.

Gratefully we recognize the Hand Divine which continues to bless and preserve us as a family. Here these greetings and partings may still be ours, bringing alternate joy and sadness. Through these we look with confident hope to that reunion which shall last through eternal ages.

"We'll remember the hearthstone within this dear old home."

Where we all met at eve. 'Twas a bright halloved spot, Of parents, and brothers, and sisters—our band Was unbroken—untouched by Death's icy cold hand.

Some have now left us—some are laid far away In the cold silent tomb, and are moldering And we ne'er can meet by that dear fireside more, For alas! we are scattered this weary world o'er."

COUSIN MATTIE.

Sept. 5, 1879.

## For the Herald.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 10, 1879.

Maine is shown by a few thousand votes to have given a few thousand more votes to the combined opposition candidates than to the Radical candidate for Governor. The result doubtless shows the feeling of the voters of the State. The only safe thing to predicate on this result is that Blaine, if the candidate for President next year, will not receive the vote of the State. He was the Republican party in the late election, except in so far as Hamlin and others secured for the party the support of their personal adherents. Mr. Blaine cannot carry his own State in 1880, and that opens to Republicans and people generally the interesting question as to what Republican can carry it. I have long believed that Grant would be the Republican candidate, but Grant can hardly succeed where all the Republican party of the State has failed. Nevertheless, Grant has a chance, as an untried man in the present emergency, which Blaine, as one tried and found wanting, has not.

The Convention of the Democracy in New York to do will have important work to do. If, as every good Democrat hopes, it shall make a nomination acceptable to the Democrats of the whole State, New York is as certain for the party as Kentucky. Despatches received here last night promised harmony at the polls, whatever the Convention might do.

Secretary Sherman goes to Ohio again to speak on political subjects. This may indicate a fear that the Radical ticket in that State is in danger, or Mr. Sherman's own fear that Messrs. Conkling and Blaine will, unless he makes himself prominent in the near future, occupy more of the public notice than he will. Having announced himself as a Presidential candidate it would not be like him to let any one forget the fact.

Now and then a Cabinet officer drops into the city. Postmaster General Key did yesterday. He left again last night and will be in New England for some time. The bad example of Grant and his Ministers is having its effect, notwithstanding the early announcement of Mr. Hayes that he would not follow it in absenting himself from the Capital. DEM.

## For the Herald.

Our Family Reunion.

(REV. M. M. BOYD'S.)

MESSRS. EDITORS: 'Twas a joyous reunion at this dear family altar on the evening of the 2d inst. Our venerable father had the pleasure of seeing the family circle complete, with the exception of one brother, Geo. M., whose ministerial duties detained him at Yorkville. We missed him from the circle, and wished he were here.

Merry hearts and voices made these dear old walls re-echo the music of other days. Fond memories were awakened as these loved forms and faces filled again their places at the fireside, the table and altar. Some of them had been absent for years. Others have been privileged to come oftener, but a full family reunion seldom occurs. Can you then imagine how fully each heart enjoyed its pleasures? After the first evening, with its pleasant exchange of news items, its music and late hours, family worship and sweet repose, we found ourselves refreshed and ready to begin a new day together. This brought us a family dinner, which was appreciated by all. I didn't at the beginning enumerate the participants—twenty, with father, children and grand children, with our very agreeable junior, Rev. W. P. M., who was among the first and made a list of twenty-one names.

Later in the afternoon we visited the quiet church yard where sleep the loved forms of some whose faces we miss and whose places are vacant at this dear hearthstone. A tear to their memory, and a walk through the broad aisles of our nice new church, (which stands near the dear spot where loved ones sleep,) with a pleasant drive back to the dear old home gave us time for sad and sweet reflections. Memories deep and tender fill the heart as we retrospect the past.

Gratefully we recognize the Hand Divine which continues to bless and preserve us as a family. Here these greetings and partings may still be ours, bringing alternate joy and sadness. Through these we look with confident hope to that reunion which shall last through eternal ages.