

THE HARRY NEWS,
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T. W. BEATY, Editor.
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ADVERTISEMENTS

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(From the New York Observer.)
INSOUTH CAROLINA.

"O winds of March, how soft ye blow
Across this lovely land of flowers,
The very winds that toll the snow
On far-off Northern hills of ours!
How strange to dream of storm and cold,
Of frosty nights and days of gloom,
When jasmine twines its wreaths of gold
And bright azaleas gaily bloom!"
So musing, wandering on apart
With idle steps, I chanced to stray
To where, against the city's heart,
An ancient churchyard nestling lay.
A sapphire sky was o'er my head,
Fresh springing grass beneath my feet;
That quiet dwelling of the dead
Seemed made for slumber calm and sweet.
Great names of old, their country's pride,
Were graven here on many a stone;
But, passing there, I turned aside
To one low cross that stood alone.
"He died at Gettysburg," it said,
"An only son—Aged twenty years."
Down on the grass I laid my head
And wet the grave with bitter tears;
For at that moment, to my thought
Another cross appeared to rise,
Almost the self-same words were wrought
Upon the marble where he lies:
"At Gettysburg, just twenty-one"—
"My boy, my hero, young and brave!"
"He was his mother's only son!"
Her heart is buried in his grave.
A voice was sounding in my ears,
A voice that spoke with cruel tone:
"O foolish woman! Useless tears!
Who knows which side the right doth lie?
Dispute the question as you may,
The noble boys went out to die—
"No life was surely flung away!"
"No, no!" I cried. "We needs must take
Our journey off through cloud and night;
Yes, even at the morning's break,
We turn, bewildered, from the light.
The eagle minds, whose steady eyes
Can face the sun, and slay a few;
But since we cannot all be wise,
Thank God, we can at least be true!"
"The gold is mixed with baser ore,
But yet the furnace can refine;
In self-devotion, evermore,
Some sparks of heavenly metal shine;
And so the soldier who laid down
His life for what he deemed the right,
He surely shall not miss the crown
Kept for all heroes in the fight."
"In years to come, when men shall learn
To view this conflict from afar,
True faith and courage, then will burn,
Amid the darkness like a star.
Perhaps the children may exclaim,
"Our fathers stumbled in the night;
Their grand devotion shall not shame
Our better wisdom, wider sight."
Then, rising from that holy ground,
I plucked a leaf of budding palm
And laid it gently on the mound.
"After the tempest comes the calm;
Sleep, gallant boy—the life you gave
Its precious fruit one day shall bring,
As, even now, from out your grave,
The flower of sympathy doth spring."
PRO FACE.

The Mad Driver.

AN OLD MERCHANT'S STORY.

Many years ago, when a lad about ten, I was one of the lowest subordinates in the large house of Maxwell & Co., of T—. The duties allotted to me in that extensive establishment were of such a menial character as to deeply wound my pride.
However, I labored with untiring energy. I was ambitious, and struggled for advancement.
Slowly, step by step, sometimes faltering and losing heart, I went on until finally I reached a point which my boyish fancy, in its wildest flight, had not surveyed. At the age of twenty-one I became the junior member of the firm.
In those days Maxwell & Co. had an extended business, and it became necessary from time to time to visit the various places where the interests of the firm were located.
These journeys, usually made by me, taking place before the era of easy and elegant travel of the present day, were often tedious and attended by hardship.
An incident of one of them I am now about to relate. One of the principal debtors of our house was a man named Braithwaite, living at D—, Kentucky. He had, by uniform honesty, secured an almost unlimited credit.
At length, however, suspicions arose and it was feared that he was about to make a fraudulent disposition of his property. Consequently it was exceedingly urgent to have a representative on the ground to guard our interests.
I undertook the journey. Riding on horseback day and night, through a thinly settled, wild country, seldom stopping, even for rest, I finally reached the little village of P—, where I was to take stage for my destination.
The only place in P— for the traveler's accommodation was a little inn standing a few yards from the highway.
The coach register contained the names of four persons to go that day—two gentlemen beside myself, and one lady.
Soon I heard the rumbling noise made by the coach as it approached. The particular coach in question, to which I was about to commit my fortunes during my trip to D—, had no doubt once been of superior quality, and though time had dimmed its colors and weakened its frame, it was still staunch and presentable in appearance. The horses attached to it (four in num-

ber) were fine, high-spirited, powerful animals.
The driver was a veteran of twenty years' experience, well known to all travelers by that route as "Old Jimmy." If he ever had a surname, I am sure I never heard it.
Everything was now ready for the departure. I took my place in the coach, and immediately afterward there followed two gentlemen, and a few seconds later, a lady.
The door was closed with a bang, and off we started.
My companions was as follows: On the front seat with me was a man of about forty-five years of age, stoutly-built, medium height, honest, homely features. One glance at his sun-browned face and large, coarse hands satisfied me that he was indeed a farmer. No doubt a farmer. He was quiet and unassuming in demeanor, neatly but coarsely clad. We meet such men every day, and find nothing about them peculiarly interesting. It is a common sight, his name was Simpson.
On the middle seat directly facing me, was a man of a very different stamp. Had you met him in a crowd he would have attracted your special attention and interest. Exceedingly tall, massive, and broad-shouldered; no doubt possessed of great strength; the head large, covered with abundant hair, iron gray in color, and so long as to touch his shoulders. His features were regular, and by the casual observer would have been called handsome. The impression produced on me was puzzling. It was certainly not agreeable, but on the other hand, I cannot say that it was exactly disagreeable.
The controlling feeling was rather curiosity in one whom I at once perceived was extraordinary. I cannot forget a certain contraction of the muscles of his mouth producing an expression alternating between sternness and pain. His eyes were very large, cold gray in color, restless, continually roving from one object to another. I should add that he was neatly, almost elegantly dressed. His bearing suggested a man who had seen much of life—one rather given to meditation. His name was Rufus Reynolds. Behind him, in the remotest corner of the back seat, apparently shrinking from observation, was the lady in the case. I have deferred a description of her, not from any lack of gallantry or deference for the sex, but rather because she avoided description. She was so closely veiled that only the contour of her features could be discerned. A stray lock of her hair escaping from confinement was black. Her costume was a traveling suit of the finest material and elegant finish. She wore on the first finger of her right hand a beautiful ring of rare design. Deeply imbedded, as I was, with the imagination and fire of youth, what could I do but conclude that she must be refined, lovely and beautiful. She was certainly young, and there was about her an indescribable something indicative of good breeding. One thing worthy of note did not escape me at the time, and that was that her face was turned continually toward Reynolds, as though she was intently regarding him. He, on the other hand, seemed totally oblivious of her presence. No, I am mistaken; he turned once and scanned her curiously, and then I saw her withdraw further into the corner, and avoid his gaze. There was certainly some mysterious connection between these two, but what could it be? I was obliged to wait such developments as would afford an explanation.
For the first ten miles not more than twenty words were spoken, and those were dry and common place enough. Surely not a very communicative party. This irksome quiet drove me for relief to the surrounding scenery.
Some circumstance, I forget now of what nature, led to a conversation on the ever-fertile topic of religion. The farmer, evidently a staunch churchman, expressed his views at some length, and after a manner strictly orthodox. While listening to him my attention was attracted by Reynolds' manner.
Before a half-dozen words had been spoken, that roving, restless movement of the eye, to which I have already alluded, partly disappeared, and his large eyes expanded as he almost fastened them on the farmer. As the latter progressed, Reynolds' attention became fixed. He was evidently intensely interested, and labored under repressed excitement. The massive grandeur of his frame seemed to expand under the effort to restrain his feelings. He seemed to desire to say something, and to be waiting eagerly for an opportunity. None coming, his impatience finally overcame him, and he spoke, in a voice, trembling with emotion:
"Gentlemen, it is my solemn duty to correct the errors of your faith. Your religion is on a false foundation. The new must supplant the old. I tell you I have studied religion for twenty years; studied it day and night, without rest. Hear my judgement: Your Church is an oppression in the land. The poor have been robbed of their

wealth for the benefit of the abject and needy of the land. I am called to preach the new gospel. The Church must be leveled and her ministers driven from the land. All who do not accept the new gospel must be destroyed."
Those words were uttered with an earnestness truly majestic. The speaker seemed to feel that he was indeed sent to carry out the reform he referred to.
During the delivery of this tirade, the veiled lady had not escaped my notice.
Not for an instant had she turned her head from the direction of the speaker, whom she was evidently watching intently, and as his enthusiasm increased, I fancied she showed signs of alarm. Here recurred the perplexing question as to what mysterious relations existed between them. Revolving this question in my mind, I was thoroughly on the *qu vive*, and anxiously awaiting some denouement, when suddenly, and to my disgust, we stopped for dinner.
Dinner was finished, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon we resumed our places. I say we, I am mistaken—there were three of us only. Reynolds' place was vacant. I at once supposed that he was riding on the box, and was confined in this supposition by hearing his deep voice in conversation with the driver. There was now a marked change in Miss Castle's conduct. The cause I instantly attributed to the absence of Reynolds, and yet could not imagine how his presence should act as a restraint on her. She had removed her veil, and disclosed one of the most attractive, winsome faces I had ever looked upon. My youthful instincts were correct. She was indeed young and beautiful. Do I not express it, when I say she was a most charming young lady?
It was not long before one of those pleasant conversations which commence in nothing and often end in nothing, and yet beguile the tediousness of travel, had sprung up between us. She was well informed, fluent and entertaining, and I soon became much interested.
At this stage of our journey we had reached a hilly, almost mountainous, part of the country. The road had become very narrow and contracted, bounded on one hand by a line of steep rugged hills, on the other by a deep ravine, with precipitous sides. Many feet below might be heard the rush of water. I could not depress a shadow as I looked down into the abyss, and thought what an ugly place this part of the road would be during a dark, stormy night.
We were now moving at a rate of speed which seemed rather unsafe, considering the nature of the country. I felt no great uneasiness, however, relying, as I did, upon the experience of the driver. I had occasionally caught fragments of the conversation going on between him and the eccentric stranger. Their voices became so loud that we could distinctly hear Reynolds insisting, in an angry tone, on driving, and the firm refusal of the driver.
This produced a decided effect on Miss Castle. Here again was directly traceable the influence which Reynolds exerted on her. The dominant feeling seemed to be a sort of dread.
Determined to solve the problem, I elicited from Miss Castle, by a few well-timed questions, the following disclosures, which you may easily imagine were not, under the circumstances, either gratifying or soothing.
Reynolds, it appeared, was well known to Miss Castle. In his youth he had studied for the ministry. Possessed of wealth, his education had been of a superior character, and he had early given promise of a useful, distinguished career. Deep, continued study, however, united with religious enthusiasm, unsettled his reason. He had at first appeared harmless, but in time the nature of his malady so changed that he at intervals became violent and dangerous. He was finally placed under the care of a keeper, but not before he had twice attempted to take the life of his friends, during his periodical attacks of insanity. He was at last placed in an asylum, and was, no doubt, supposed by his friends to be in custody at the very time when it was my fortune to have him for a traveling companion. In a word, the distinguished-looking gentleman there on the driver's box, apparently so anxious to take charge of our destinies, was none other than an escaped lunatic.
The dangerous nature of the road, and the now accelerated speed at which we were going, were grave causes for alarm.
A sense of impending peril, possessed me. The conversation between Reynolds and the driver, which had for a time somewhat lulled, was resumed in louder, angrier tones than before.
I noticed that "Old Jimmy's" voice was thick, and his words spoken with an indistinctness characteristic of a man under the influence of liquor.
What if Reynolds, with a madman's cunning, had plied him with liquor, the better to accomplish some wild purpose?

Suddenly we heard sounds of a struggle, cries and oaths, a thud on the coach top, as of a heavy fall; then a gasping and choking, as though some one were trying to get breath.
Now thoroughly alarmed, and feeling certain that something wrong had taken place, I leaned as far as possible out of the window, and saw something which is as clear in my memory to-day as though it had happened but yesterday.
Standing on the foot board was the driver and Reynolds engaged in a terrible struggle.
They swayed backward and forward with the motion of the coach, at times almost falling forward under the horses, or to the side under the wheels. The driver's face was red, and swollen almost to bursting; his arms were around the body of his adversary as though in a death-grip. The herculean form of Reynolds was almost erect; his hat was off; his long hair streaming; his eyes flashing like those of a beast of prey about to spring on its victim. Both of his hands clasped the driver's throat, who at length, unable to withstand the vice-like grip, loosened his hold and fell heavily, almost under the wheels.
Our wild ride now commenced.
Reynolds seized the reins and whip and lashed the horses into madness not much less than his own. At intervals he uttered a cry, something of a yell and laugh, that chilled one to the heart. Onward we sped with the rapidity of the wind.
I turned to my companions. They had evidently taken in the situation. The farmer, though very much alarmed, was self-possessed and courageous. The young lady was terrified to such an extent that her face was blanched and her features fairly distorted.
The situation was awful. How to escape was the question. My first thought was that we could leap from the coach, out one look at the jagged rocks on one side and the deep ravine on the other, convinced me that such a course would be our certain destruction. To remain seemed equally hopeless. We were threatened with instant annihilation.
Our mad driver plied the lash and yelled at his maddened steeds. The noise was fearful. The coach rocked from side to side, and several times nearly turned over. Our fate seemed to waver between death by being dashed to pieces against the rocks on the one side, and precipitation into the ravine on the other. The wheels often shaved the edge of the precipice, sending the rocks tumbling below. My acquaintance with all the features of the road, having traveled it once or twice before, enabled me to decide on some plan of escape.
About a mile ahead there was a fork in the road. The left hand was the route formerly traveled, but being through a bad part of the country, and always considered dangerous, it had long been abandoned, was out of repair, as bridges down, &c. The right hand, or new road, was wide, level and in good condition. I decided that if the left was taken it would be better to risk death by leaping from the coach, than to remain and face inevitable destruction. But if the right was taken our chances would be altogether better, it being evident that the horses could not much longer keep up their breakneck gait, and that they would probably run themselves down to such an extent as to make our exit from the vehicle comparatively safe.
The decisive moment approached. Onward! still onward! with unabated rapidity. Objects flew past without shape; the heavens turned in a circle. Would the devil who was driving give us but one chance for our lives?
I felt relieved when the time for action arrived. I pushed open the coach door, grasped the door post, leaned forward and glanced up the road. Ahead was a steep descent, at the foot of which was the place where the roads parted. And yet no slack in speed; the wild, infuriated animals dashed on; the merciless driver, now a demon with blood shot eyes and foaming mouth, still urged them on, and uttered the ravings of his madness.
Now we are almost there. One hundred yards ahead!
Fifty yards ahead!
I looked at Miss Castle. She seemed lifeless. I told her to approach the door where I stood. She did so without a word.
Now we are there. Will the fiend on the box pull to the right or to the left?
He seems undecided. He flashes his glance first on one side and then the other.
He pulls to the right and we are saved. No! He has changed his purpose; he pulls to the left.
His indecision saved our lives. The leaders first reined to the right, turned that way, then immediately afterward reined to the left, endeavored to obey, but the change was too sudden. They halted for a second. One of them was confused; he reared, plunged forward, and almost fell, but recovered himself. Then was our time, if ever.

I called to Miss Castle; she did not appear to hear me, and did not move. There was no time for ceremony. I took her in one arm, and then grasping the door and leaning forward as far as possible, I gave one glance around me, and then leaped blindly out.
I struck hard; a heavy darkness enveloped me. I became insensible. A few hours afterward, when I recovered consciousness, I was in a farm-house near by, receiving the very best attention that could be bestowed. Miss Castle and the farmer were active in administering to my wants. The former was profuse in her expressions of gratitude to me for having, as she claimed, saved her life. Such words, I assure you, were balm to my wounds.
I was happy to see that she and the farmer had escaped with little injury. I was severely but not dangerously bruised, and so well was I attended, I was able to resume my journey in a few days.
As to Reynolds, the last seen of him and his coursers alive was as they reached the summit of a high hill on the old road. He was standing erect, one hand holding the reins, the other extended forward, as though urging onward to the tragic doom that awaited him. It must have been a grand picture.
Reaching a stream, unbridged, running between steep, rocky banks, he doubtless halted not a moment, but drove over the brink, and was probably instantly killed by the crash and ruin which followed. His body, once so grand and majestic in its strength and grace, now scarcely recognizable, so mangled was it, was taken to his family at D—.
I should not omit to state that "Old Jimmy" was not fatally injured by his struggle with the madman, and fell from the coach. He recovered, and resumed his place on the line.
Several years afterward I met him on the same route, and discussed with him the exciting incidents of our ride.
In conclusion, I should add that my business in D— was satisfactorily ended.
This journey proved one of the turning points in my life.
The acquaintance made with Miss Castle under such romantic surroundings concluded in our subsequent engagement and marriage.
Reappearance of the Grasshopper.
The Chicago Tribune of Wednesday has reports from Kansas and Missouri showing that the inevitable grasshopper has already appeared in multitudinous numbers in some portions of those States. This year he comes, according to report, reduced in size, even to the diminutive proportions of the flea, and ranging from that to the size of the common house-fly. His number does not seem to have been diminished, but, on the contrary, he is as solid to the square foot as during their raid of last season, and his capacity for destruction is full as great as when his bodily bulk accorded with the general idea of the average hopper. Dispatches report this troublesome pest as already swarming and increasing from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains.—The Tribune says further north, in Nebraska and Minnesota, it is thought that the mission of the grasshopper is finished, and that the farmers will have an opportunity to recover their lost ground.
The Pea-Nut.
The pea-nut which is so popular a commodity, has one peculiarity of growth which distinguishes it from all other known plants. The flowers and leaves are produced as they are in other plants of the pea and bean tribe; but when the flower has withered, the stem which supports it grows rapidly in a curved manner, bent toward the ground, into which it penetrates several inches. In this position the fruit becomes ripened, and from this singular operation the pea-nut has derived the name of "earth nut" in Europe. This nut is a valuable article of food in many tropical countries, and is extensively cultivated. Formerly it was largely imported; now we depend chiefly on the crops from Virginia and the Carolinas. It contains a large percentage of clear yellow oil, which is esteemed for domestic purposes, and is frequently used to adulterate olive oil. In Cochinchina, and in India, pea-nut oil is used in lamps.
A PARTY has been organized by the engineer bureau of the war department for the prosecution of surveys in Central New Mexico, southern and southwestern Colorado and California, under the immediate charge of Lieutenant George W. Wheeler, United States engineer. Surveys will also be made for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of diverting the waters of the Colorado of the west, for irrigation and other purposes. A small party will also be sent out by the Smithsonian institution to make archaeological investigations in the Santa Catalina islands.

Impure Reading.

Among the many influences which are continually operating upon human character and life, perhaps there is not one more powerful, more constant, and more rapidly increasing than that of reading. Once the privilege of the few, it is now the prerogative of all; once limited in its range, and meager in its amount, it is now almost infinite in its variety and quality; once a rare and expensive luxury, it is now a cheap and universal means of enjoyment. Its influence is omnipresent, and, in one sense unbounded. The companion of lonely hours, it conducts the mine, with more than lightning rapidity, over every part of the known world; it gives it the combined results of human achievement; it opens up to its view long vistas of the past and possibilities of the future; it brings it into close contact with other minds, in their most concentrated forms, and thus exerts incalculable power.
At first sight, it might seem that such a mighty and increased influence must be purely beneficent in its effect—expanding the mind, enlarging the views, correcting error, diffusing truth, and substituting mental pleasures for merely animal gratification. We are glad to believe that, to a large extent, these are its results. Through the volumes which find their way so quickly from the shelves of the publishers and the public libraries into every home; through the monthly and weekly magazines which lie on every table, and the daily papers, which come under every eye, our people are being enlightened, quickened, educated; their faculties are stimulated, their curiosity excited, their minds enlarged. We can never sufficiently honor an influence at once so powerful for good, and so conducive to human happiness.
And yet it is impossible that, in the flood of literature that spreads over our land, there should be no impurities, no element that carries poison, instead of nourishment, to those who drink indiscriminately of its waters. It is unhappily too patent that such an element exists and it thus becomes a most important duty for each one to judge accurately of the quality of the literature which he peruses himself or puts into the hands of another. For reading is to the mind very much what eating is to the body. As the food is digested, it becomes assimilated with the physical system, entering into the very nerves and tissues, and forming new blood—thus leaving a continual impress of its own nature upon the body. So in reading, we take another kind of food, which becomes equally assimilated with the mind, entering into and transforming its very structure, and leaving traces which can never be effaced. Much of a man's character is formed by his reading. If it be pure and bracing, his energies will be invigorated and his powers strengthened; if it have a high moral tone, he will insensibly become morally elevated; if it be keen and acute, it will sharpen his intellect; if it be poetical and impassioned, it will develop his imagination and inspire his emotions. So if his general reading be weak and trashy, his mind will become enfeebled; if it be impure and sensual, his passion will be inflamed; if it be vicious and unprincipled, his lower nature will be stimulated and his moral sense stifled.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*
Searching the Mails.
It is announced that the Postmaster-General has determined to break up a lottery or gift enterprise at Cincinnati by stopping all money orders sent through the mails and returning them to the senders, or by some system of the Post Office Department enabling the officers to get their money back.
To break up gift enterprises and lotteries may be a very commendable thing in itself; but how about the means taken in this instance to that end?
If the mails can be searched for one purpose, why not for another? If it is easy to stop money orders sent through the mails, and return them to the senders, or by some system of the Post Office Department enabling the officers to get their money back, to break up gift enterprises and lotteries may be a very commendable thing in itself; but how about the means taken in this instance to that end?
This subject was very fully discussed in the old anti-slavery times. An attempt was made to stop the circulation of incendiary matter, as it was called, meaning anti-slavery publications, in the slaveholding States, by rifling the mails of everything of the kind; but there was a general outburst of indignation at this throughout the free States, and the right to have mail matter pass untrammelled and free from espionage was strongly insisted upon.
If morality is to be enforced in this way, who shall judge what morality is? Can even the letters of clerical men pass through the mails without first being examined by a censor? Then who is to keep the censor himself straight?—*Y. N. Sun.*