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Professional & Business Cards
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C. P. QUATTLEBAUM
JOHNSONS & QUATTLEBAUM,
ATTORNEYS and COUNSELORS AT LAW
Conwayboro, S. C.

JOS. T. WALSH,
Attorney at Law and
SOLICITOR IN EQUITY,
Will practice in the courts of Marion, Horry
and Georgetown.
Office at CONWAYBORO, S. C.
Nov 13, 1870-41.

T. F. GILLESPIE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
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June, 2, 1871.

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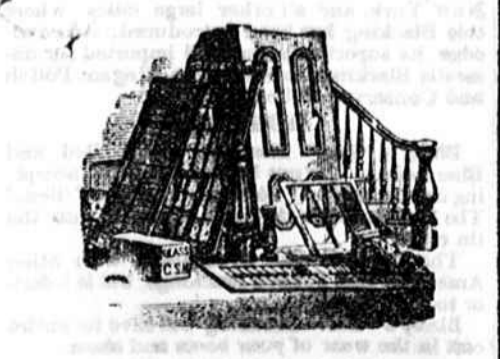
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\$30,511,638.60.
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the country.

Better Days to Come.

The heart may bend with weight of wo,
All I all the world look drear,
For its careworn path we go
Nothing bright to cheer;
Yet, in the bosom ever dwells,
Though all things else are dumb,
A low sweet voice, that whispering tells
Of better days to come.
Though mortal ills may to us cling;
Foul wrong may silence fight;
Within the soul be festering
Some hurt it hides from sight;
Still, lit by a celestial spark
That glows through gloom profound,
Hope's signal guides us in the dark
Till brighter scenes are found.
There is no evil that can slay
The faith beyond the grave;
There is no might to bar its way
The spirit dare not brave;
And come what will to stay its wings,
That seek a better home,
Within its depths the sweet voice sings
Of deathless days to come.

OUR RADIX LETTER.

THE FORBIDDEN SUBJECT—EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF THINGS—PRINCE OSCAR—OVERWHELMING PATRIOTISM—YOUTHFUL SPARTANS—MATTERS AT PHILADELPHIA—A CENTENNIAL REMINISCENCE—RUSSIA AND TUNIS—A CURIOUS ANTIQUITY—FLAGS, BELLS AND "AMERICA."
[From Our Own Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, July 3, 1876.
Had I known what was in store for us in the immediate future, I should postpone my last week's remarks on temperature to the present time. Though the subject can hardly be said to be exhausted (as we all are), a variety-loving public will hardly tolerate repeated recurrences to one topic even though it be all absorbing one; and I am thus debarred from telling you what a time we are having in the embraces of old Sol, whose excessive familiarity is breeding universal contempt among the tribes of Manhattan. Were it not for that I could tell you how the air flames and the asphalt pavements turn to mere bogs into which the feet of pedestrians sink at every step; how the street vendors of cheap drinkables are trying to decide whether they will invest their growing wealth in brown stone fronts or United States bonds; how fat men waddle around in linen coats that look as if their owners had just come out from under the town pump, and collars that betray utter discouragement in every crease; how suffering citizens with dripping but determined countenances go round hunting for "Old Prob." with shot guns; how the thermometers are bursting on every hand like the popping of myriad champagne corks; how cheerfully and promptly people will give the whole sidewalk to a small dog who acts as though he were warm and in a hurry; how every case of "drunk" at the police court pleads sunstroke, etc., etc. All this and much more of a like valuable and interesting character I could tell you if I felt at liberty to bring up the weather question again, but that, of course, is not to be thought of, and I turn to other matters.
But right here another difficulty presents itself. "Other matters" I find to be a good deal like—pardon the simile—like the Irishman's flea, who, when he put his finger on him, wasn't there. Never was there a scancier crop of local events within the memory of your correspondent. What with the heat and the second great political convention most people have steadily refused to do more than tan themselves and watch developments.
The exceptions have been few and those mostly of a festival character. The Swedish crown prince Oscar who is here on a tour of Centennial and general exploration was in town for a few days this week and was the recipient of a glorious serenade by the various Scandinavian musical societies of the city, whose singing was as much of a pleasure as it was an honor.
The Nation Board of Trade, which is now holding here its annual session, was on the evening of the 29th tendered a complimentary banquet at Delmonico's. The roll of guests included many of the most prominent names in the business and political circles of the country, and there were as many good things said as there are good things eaten. In its deliberations this year the Board has laid out for discussion twenty four of the various weighty questions now before the country, but thus far have disposed of a few only. Their expressed views on the silver question are strongly opposed to making it legal tender in any large sums.
On the evening upon which the result of the St. Louis Convention was made known we were treated to a foretaste of next Tuesday by the class who either were politically pleased or had won bets on the nomination. Cannon boomed, and rockets, crackers, torpedoes and the like made night hideous with their noise. A large proportion of our population are so brim full of

"celebrate" this Centennial year that they break out easily, and having got started on Wednesday evening will doubtless keep it up for a straight week.

The preparations for the celebration of our 100th birthday are on a large scale, considering that public interest will centre more particularly on Philadelphia. Although there is a sort of corner in pyrotechnics this season, with higher prices than usual, the sales are tremendous. In fire crackers, especially, the rising generation rule the roost, and in spite of all remonstrances on the part of their elders on grounds of danger and annoyance, the boys stand as firm in defending their rights and liberties as did their forefathers in the cause which gave rise to this annual racket. Many is the Paterfamilias I've seen within the last day or two traversing the streets with suspicious looking bundles in his hands, the contents of which he evidently regarded with mingled fear and disgust, but as evidently standing in greater awe of the youthful wrath to come should he venture to return home empty handed.

I doubt whether the oldest inhabitant has ever seen the flag fever rage as violently as at present. Never before did the stars and stripes attain so wide a circulation. In all sizes and materials from paper to silk and from three inches to thirty feet the national emblem sticks out of pockets, and door ways, and windows, and waves over coal carts and dizzy flagstaves alike. Nor is the fervor of this all-embracing patriotism satisfied with displaying our own banner only; and this to me is the curious part of it. Just why the present of all times should be selected to make a miscellaneous display of bunting is a conundrum which is too many for me, but the popular impression is that its a flag, no matter what it represents or whether it means anything at all, and that consequently the more flag the more patriotism. The result is a rather heterogeneous but withal gorgeous display, and I presume it answers every purpose.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1.

I don't believe it was as hot as this a century ago this time. In fact I am morally certain that it was not. With the thermometer hanging round the Centennial figure Thomas Jefferson never could have stopped fanning himself and drinking lemonade long enough to evolve the Declaration from his inner consciousness; nor could the devoted band whose autographs appear in that connection have worked themselves up to the pitch of reckless patriotism necessary to make them run their necks into King George's noose by putting their names to that incendiary document, unless, indeed, they were so hot and miserable as to be perfectly willing to die. While then we, their degenerate sons, are "weeping at every pore" we are somewhat inclined to envy our venerable predecessors their meteorological condition until we reflect that they at that time had never so much as thought of a grand Exposition, and then we at once realize that we have got decidedly the best of it.

As this letter will probably not reach your readers until after the great festival I will not occupy your space with the published municipal and private programmes of the day. Their character can as well be imagined as described.

At the Exhibition grounds the daily proceedings go on as usual, the bustling attractions of the place continuing to bewitch and bewilder old and new comers alike. Last week I spoke of some of the beauties of the Russian metal work. Only a little less admirable is the display of malachite and lapis lazuli, of which there is a rich and beautiful exhibit, including mantles, tables, clocks, vases, caskets, and a great variety of mantle ornaments. The fabrics of silver and gold thread, heavily embroidered with green leaves and vines in silk, surpass anything of the kind exhibited by the Oriental nations that excel in this sort of work. With regard to these latter articles, I do not praise them from a merely male and consequently unintelligently standpoint. Standing near the cases containing them I think I heard a trifle more of a-ing and ah-ing over them from the fair sex than over anything else in the place. Backed up by these expressions of feminine approbation, therefore, I can boldly assert the superiority of the cloths in question.

The Tunisian Section also contains some beautiful work in heavy gold embroidery upon green and crimson velvet, in the forms of saddle, cloths, cushions, table covers, slippers, etc., figured jewelry, jewel-bitted daggers; inlaid weapons, cloth of gold and silver, curiously carved and painted furniture, and a variety of garments and utensils, all glittering with a barbaric profusion of color and ornament. Here, too, is shown a large piece of mosaic taken from the floor of the Temple of Diana in the ruins Carthage. It represents a lion seizing his prey, and is for sale for \$5,000, gold. Con-

sidering the antiquity of this piece as well as its intrinsic merit, the price is far from exorbitant; and considering the scarcity of such objects in our finest museums this mosaic ought not to be allowed to leave the country.

Three times each day—at sunrise, noon and sunset—are the grounds enveloped by the music of the chime of bells in the northeastern tower of Machinery Hall. These are the regular hours, but the bells are also heard at other times according to the inclination of the ringer. These bells, thirteen in number, one for each of the original states, weigh in the aggregate 21,000 pounds, their individual "heft" ranging from 350 to 3,000 pounds. On the Fourth this noble chime with "America" on its iron tongues, will join the great new Independence bell to those triumphal peans which will roll skyward from the whole United States. None need be urged to lend their voices and "God Bless our Native Land," from the mouths and hearts of our forty millions will surge up to Heaven blending with deeper meaning and truer fervor than ever before since the glorious old anthem was written. So might it be. Next week I shall write from within the second century of our national existence.

RADIX, GOVERNOR TILDEN MAKES A SPEECH.

He Reviews the Situation—Reform the Great Principle Involved in the Causa.

Governor Tilden was serenaded at Albany on Thursday night by the Jacksonians. Five thousand citizens surrounded the Executive mansion. Many private buildings and the Argus building was illuminated and decorated with flag and Chinese lanterns. Large numbers entered the mansion to congratulate the Governor. As soon as he could release himself from these, he stepped out on the porch and addressed the concourse as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jackson Corps: I cordially thank you for this manifestation of your kindness. I do not forget that last year you enrolled me among you as an honorary member. I regard with satisfaction and pride your excellent discipline and training as a military body. I recognize, in you many representatives of the workmen of Albany, and when I say workmen I do not forget that in our country the number who live upon the income of what they have accumulated or inherited is extremely small, and that nearly every citizen of our vast Republic lives on the produce of his daily toil. In America we are nearly all workmen. Therefore the interest and prosperity of that class may almost be said to be the interest and prosperity of all. No country which the sun shines upon has had so many blessings as our own. Stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great lakes of the North to the Gulf of Mexico with a genial climate, with fertile soil, with every natural and artificial facility for travel and transportation, with all the arts and industries of old civilization planted and flourishing amid the boundless natural wealth of a virgin continent, we ought to be to-day the most prosperous, the most happy and contented people in the world. But what is our actual condition? All business depressed, every industry languishing, labor without employment and the wolf at the door of nearly every home in the land, gaunt and hungry. [Applause] What is the matter? We know that for the last eleven years, since the peace, the earnings of labor and income of capital have been consumed or wasted in governmental expenditures. The taxes drawn from the people of the United States have been larger than the entire net savings of the whole 44,000,000. These taxes have increased within a short period to four-fold, and its influence is felt upon every business and every home throughout our broad land. What next do we find in the public administrations? Everywhere abuses, peculations, frauds and corruption until we are almost becoming ashamed of the institutions of our country, and instead of holding them up as examples for imitation of oppressed people of other countries, we are confessing them as a scandal in the eyes of mankind. What else do we find? We find the office-holding class have become so numerous, powerful and unscrupulous, that they assume to control elections; and if the people are indifferent or at all equally divided they are able to exert a corrupt influence sufficient to perpetuate their own power. At last we are reaching the worst condition of the countries of the world. The government no longer exists for the people. The people exist only for the government. Our Centennial produce is evils, license and wrongs, to escape which our ancestors abandoned their homes in the Old World and planted themselves in a wilderness. Now, I ask, what is the remedy for these public evils, for this private distress, for this disorder in business, which carries suffering into every household? [A voice in the crowd: "The election of Tilden!"]

[Applause.]

It is comprised in one word—"reform"—reform of the public administration. [Cheers.] Upon this subject there is a difference of opinion. One class say elect the nominees of the party under which these evils have grown up by means of the office-holding class, which is interested in perpetuating these abuses and wrongs, adopt negatives on whom all the contending factions could agree without danger of harm to any or to the system by which they later on the sufferings of the people. That is one opinion. There is another opinion it demands a change of men for the sake of reform in the administration.

Fellow-citizens, I don't intend to argue the question. I intend to simply state it and leave it to your judgment and to the judgment of the people. I am heartily with you in sympathy and action; I am happy to meet you tonight. I trust I shall have an opportunity of seeing you hereafter. [A voice, next November. Cheers.] Again thanking you for your kind attention, I bid you good evening.

The band then played several airs, and the Jacksonians, after filing past the Governor and shaking hands with him, left the grounds. But the crowd remained nearly an hour after, and a constant stream of citizens passed the Governor, paying their respects to him.

CUSTER'S COMMAND ANNIHILATED BY SIOUX INDIANS

Brave Fighting of No Avail Against Heavy Odds and Brave Force.

SALT LAKE, UTAH, July 6.—A special dispatch from Still Water, Montana, dated July 2, says: Muggins Taylor, a scout for General Gibbons, arrived the previous night from Little Horn River, and reports that General Custer found an Indian camp of 2,000 lodges on the Little Horn and immediately attacked it. He charged the thickest part of the camp with five companies. Nothing is known of the operations of this detachment except their course as traced by the dead.

Major Reno, commanding seven other companies, attacked the lower part of the Indian camp. The Indians poured a murderous fire into our troops from all directions. General Custer, his two brothers, his nephew and his brother-in-law were killed; not one of his detachment escaped. Two hundred and seven men were buried in one place. The number of killed is estimated at three hundred and the wounded at thirty-one. The Indians surrounded Reno's command held them one day in the hills until Gibbons command came in sight, when the Indians broke camp in the night and left. The Seventh Regiment fought like tigers and were overcome by mere brute force.
The Indians loss cannot be estimated; they got all the arms of the killed soldiers. Seventeen commissioned officers were killed. The whole Custer family died at the head of their column. The Indians actually pulled men off their horses in some instances. The above report is confirmed by reports from other sources. The Indians numbered from 2,500 to 4,000, and when they left the field it looked like a slaughter pen.

CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE.

FULL HISTORY OF THE TRAGIC CAMPAIGN IN THE SIOUX COUNTRY.

Terry's March and Custer's Battle—News while Terry Could not Believe—A Deceptive Cloud of Smoke—The Scene of Horror—Dead in their War-Paint—Custer Slain in the Midst of his Officers.

Chicago, July 7.—The following are the latest particulars regarding Custer's defeat, received from the mouth of the Big Horn, under date of July 1st, via Bismarck Dakota, July 6th. At noon on the 22d of June, General Custer at the head of his fine regiment of twelve veteran companies, left the camp at the mouth of the Rosebud, to follow the trail of a very large band of hostile Sioux, leading up the river, and westward in the direction of the Big Horn.

The signs indicate that the Indians were making for the eastern branch of the last named river, marked in the map as the Little Big Horn. At the same time General Terry, with Gibbons' command of five companies of Infantry, four of artillery and the Gatling battery, started to ascend the Big Horn, aiming to assail the enemy in the rear. On the evening of the 24th, Gibbons' command was landed on the south side of the Yellow Stone, near the mouth of the Big Horn, and on the 25th was pushed twenty-three miles over a country so rugged that the endurance of the men was tasked to the utmost.
The infantry then halted for the

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night, but the department commander, with the cavalry, advanced twelve miles further to the mouth of Little Big Horn, marching until midnight in the hope of opening communication with Custer. Gen. Terry had been very uneasy about Custer, as he notified him he would be at the mouth of the Little Horn on the 26th, and would expect couriers from him. No courier from Custer had come up to noon on the 27th ult. There were no signs of disaster, but signs of an Indian village near. The morning of the 26th brought intelligence by three badly frightened crow scouts of the battle of the previous day and its results.

The story was not credited, as it was not expected that an attack would be made earlier than the 27th ult., and chiefly because no one could believe that such a force could have met disaster. All day long the tolling of a march was heard, and every eye looked upon a cloud of smoke resting on the hill, which was hailed as a sign that Custer was successful, and had fired the village. It was only when night was falling that the weary troops lay down upon their arms. The infantry had marched twenty-nine miles. The march the next morning revealed, at every step, some evidence of the conflict which had taken place the day before.

We were suddenly startled by a messenger sent by Lieutenant Bradley, who said that, while marching up the left bank of the river, he had come upon the dead bodies of 190 cavalrymen, and that there was no doubt that many more were in the hills close by. It was an awful blow. The command immediately halted, and General Terry and Gibbons withdrew for consultation. When we resumed our march we came upon the remains of an immense Indian village, which seemed to have been abandoned in great haste. Soon we saw wounded Indian ponies; then dead cavalry horses; then saw the head of a white man, and next a cavalry soldier, with his head crushed and an arrow sticking in his back.

We came to two Indian lodges and inside found dead warriors in full war costume. The evidence continued to thicken of a great battle having been fought. The ground was strewn everywhere with carcasses of horses and cavalry equipments, besides buffalo robes, packages of dried meat and weapons and utensils belonging to the Indians. On this part of the field was found the clothing of Lieutenant Sturgis and Porter, covered with bullets, and the blood-stained gauntlets belonging to Colonel Yates. Further on were found bodies, among which were recognized Lieutenant McIntosh, the interpreter from Fort Rice, and Reynolds the guide.

Soon Lieutenant Jacobs, of Gibbons' staff, came spurring down like a madman, for he had found Reno fortified on a hill three or four miles off, with what remained of the seven companies of the Seventh. Reno could not tell where Custer was. We passed over Reno's battle field, and among the dead men and horses. It was a dreadful place. Col. Reno was soon found. Some men actually shed tears over our arrival. Col. Reno would have moved hours before, as he felt sure the Indians had gone, and that relief was coming, but did not wish to subject the wounded to two removals. The force marched down the ridge to Custer's battle-field in the morning, about five miles and a half. This was the most terrible of all scenes yet witnessed. On a spot of less than fifty acres, one hundred and fifteen cavalrymen lay dead. On a knoll in the centre of the plateau, and near the top lay the body of the gallant General Custer, and near by him, seven dead officers. Captain Miles Keogh on the right, and a brother, Captain Thomas Custer, on the left, and near, a fair boy, the General's nephew, Reed. A little way off was the body of Boston Custer, another brother. The brothers had fallen within a few feet of each other.

On the skirmish line was the body of the General's brother-in-law, Lieutenant Calhoun. Here was also found the body of the Herald's special correspondent, Kellogg. Some of the bodies were horribly mutilated, though General Custer's body was spared. As is thought, that not a single man of Custer's forces escaped. The remains of the following officers were recognized: Geo. A. Custer, general; Miles Keogh, captain; Geo. Yates, captain; Wm. Cooke, first lieutenant and adjutant; Algoban Smith, first lieutenant; Donald McIntosh, first lieutenant; James Calhoun, first lieutenant; James E. Porter, first lieutenant; Benj. H. Hedgcock, second lieutenant; John J. Crittenden, second lieutenant; Dr. Lord, first lieutenant, United States Army; Dewall, acting assistant surgeon.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Captain Smith, A. D. C. to General Terry, sent by him to Bismarck, confirms the reports of the scout from Fort Ellis, Montana. Two hundred and sixty-one of the dead are buried, and fifty wounded have been carried from the field to the steambath in the Yellowstone, near which Generals Terry and Gibbons are.