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Professional & Business Cards

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 ATTORNEYS and COUNSELORS AT LAW
 Conwayboro, S. C.

JOS. T. WALSH,
 Attorney at Law and
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The End of the Year.

A candle in the socket lying,
 Flickering, fading, brightening dying;
 The autumn leaf fast rustling by,
 A strain of music's latest sigh,
 The summer wind's last, falling breath—
 A mournful tone which tells of death;
 A fire whose embers scarce are burning—
 A spirit to its God returning;
 A sun extinguished from its place,
 A system vanishing in space—
 Thus all things end save God!

Thus all things end! all said we so
 Can aught have end that lives below?
 Is nothingness the end of strife?
 And void the crowning point of life!
 Annihilation is there at the end?
 Save madness in the monstrous thought?
 We boldly say a thing is ending—
 We mean some change is o'er it pending:
 For matter changed, and changed must be
 Forever, like some changing sea:
 Thus all things change save God!

The year is ending, quickly flying,
 Yet lingering still among us, dying;
 With faltering footsteps, falling fast,
 A few more days and then the last.
 His books are closed; each broken vow
 Recorded there against us now.
 In fearful sameness there must stay;
 Each thought, each scene, now passed away;
 Aye, past and ended though they be,
 The end of all things we shall see;
 But that end is not yet.

Where goes the candle when it dies?
 The leaf, the music, summer's sighs?
 A fish's thought, a world, a death,
 Where is the home of parted breath?
 Where goes a year, an age, may time?
 Where is the end, the great sublime?
 All, all but center round their being,
 The Great, Omnipotent, All-seeing!
 Unending, and unchanged forever;
 In vain the end from Him we sever;
 All ends are hid in God!

Hampton's Inaugural Address.

Gentleman of the Senate and House of Representatives:

It is with feelings of the profoundest solicitude that I assume the arduous duties and grave responsibilities of the high position to which the people of South Carolina have called me. It is amid events unprecedented in this republic, that I take the chair as Chief Magistrate of this State. After years of misrule, corruption and anarchy brought upon us by venal and unprincipled political adventurers, the honest people of the State, without regard to party or race, with one voice demanded reform and with one purpose devoted themselves earnestly and solemnly to the attainment of this end. With a lofty patriotism never surpassed; with a patriotism never equalled; with a courage never excelled, and with a sublime sense of duty, which finds scarce a parallel in the history of the world, they subordinate every personal feeling to the public weal and consecrated themselves to the sacred work of redeeming their prostrate State.

To the accomplishment of this task, they dedicated themselves with unflinching confidence and with unshaken faith, trusting alone to the justice of their cause and commending that cause reverently to the protection of the Almighty. When the corrupt party which for eight years has held sway in this State, bringing its civilization into disgrace and making its government a public scandal, saw that the demand for reform found a responsive echo in the popular heart, and that the verdict of the people would be pronounced against those who have degraded the State, they appealed to Federal intervention, and by a libel on our whole people as false as it was base called in the soldiery of the United States army to act as supervisors on our election.

In a time of profound peace, when no legal officer had been resisted in the proper discharge of his functions, we have witnessed a spectacle abhorrent to every patriotic heart and fatal to republican institutions—Federal troops used to promote the success of a political party. Undismayed though shocked by this gross violation of the constitution of the country, our people with a determination that no force could subdue, no fraud could defeat, kept steadily and peacefully in the path of duty, resolved to assert their rights as American freemen at the ballot box—that great court of final resort, before which must be tried the grave questions of the supremacy of the constitution and stability of our institutions. What the verdict of the people of

South Carolina has been, you need not be told. It has reverberated throughout the State, and its echoes come back to us from every land where liberty is venerated, declaring in tones that cannot be mistaken that, standing on the constitution of our country, to preserve, as far as in us lies, its peace and honor, and to carry out in good faith every pledge made by us for reform and honest government. We intend to prove to the world the sincerity of our declaration that the sole motive which inspired the grand contest we have so successfully made was not the paltry ambition for party supremacy, but the sacred hope of redeeming our State. It was this hope that led our people to a victory which was grander in its proportions, greater in its success, nobler in its promise of prosperity than any other ever waged on this continent. But it was sought to wrest the fruits of this magnificent victory from the hands that won it by gignatic fraud and a base conspiracy. When the members elect of the General assembly repaired to the capitol to take the seats to which the people of South Carolina had assigned them, armed soldiers of the Federal government confronted them, and their certificates of election were examined and passed upon by a corporal of the guard. A spectacle so humiliating to a free people, and so fatal to republican institutions, has never been presented in America. It could not have been witnessed even here, where civil liberty has for years been but a mockery, had not the ruthless hand of military power struck down the most sacred guarantees of the constitution; for the tread of the armed soldier, as he made his rounds through the halls of legislation, was over the prostrate form of liberty herself.

It was amid these ominous, these appalling scenes, that the members of the General Assembly were called on to assume their duties as the representatives of a free State, and that State one of the original thirteen who won our independence and framed our constitution. That the natural, patriotic indignation of our people did not find expression in violence, is creditable in the highest degree to them, and this was due in a large measure to the statesmanlike and dignified conduct of those members of the General Assembly who had been made the victims of this gross outrage on their persons, and this daring conspiracy against their constitutional rights. Debarred the free exercise of their rights by the presence of an armed force, a legal quorum of the lower House, after placing on record a noble protest, quietly withdrew from the capitol and proceeded to organize that branch of the General Assembly. Not one form of law nor one requirement of the constitution was wanting to give force and legality to this organization, and that its authority has not been fully recognized is due solely to the same armed usurpation which has subordinated the civil to the military power throughout this whole contest.

Of the disgraceful, dangerous and revolutionary proceedings resorted to by the defeated party after the organization of the lower House, it is needless for me to speak. You have been the witnesses and the victims of these, and the civilized world has looked on with amazement, disgust and horror; you have seen a minority of that House usurp the powers of the whole body; you have seen the majority expelled from their hall by threats of force; you have seen persons having no shadow of a claim as members admitted to seats as Representatives by the votes of men who themselves were acting in direct violation of the constitution; and you have seen the last crowning act of infamy by which a candidate for the office of Governor, defeated by the popular vote, had himself declared elected by his co-conspirators. I make no comment on these flagrant outrages and wrongs; it pertains to the General Assembly to take such action in regard to them as that honorable body may deem proper. But it is due to my position as the Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth to place on record my solemn and indignant protest against acts which I consider as subversive of civil liberty and destructive of our form of

government. These are questions which concern not us alone, but the people of the United States; for if acts so unauthorized and so unconstitutional are allowed to pass without rebuke, popular government as established by the constitution will give place to military despotism.

Our duty, the duty of every patriot, is to demand a strict construction of the constitution and a rigid adherence to its provisions. We can only thus preserve our liberties and our government. A great task is before the Conservative party of this State. They entered on this contest with a platform so broad, so strong, so liberal, that every honest citizen could stand upon it. They recognized and accepted the amendments of the constitution in good faith; they pledged themselves to work reform and to establish good government; they promised to keep up an efficient system of public education; and they declared solemnly that all citizens of South Carolina, of both races and of both parties, should be regarded as equals in the eye of the law, all to be fully protected in the enjoyment of every political right now possessed by them.

To the faithful observance of these pledges we stand committed, and I, as the representative of the Conservative party, hold myself bound by every dictate of honor and of good faith to use every effort to have these pledges redeemed fully and honestly. It is due not only to ourselves but to the colored people of the State that wise, just and liberal measures should prevail in our legislation. We owe much of our late success to these colored voters, who were brave enough to rise above the prejudice of race, and honest enough to throw off the shackles of party in their determination to save the State. To those who, misled by their fears, their ignorance or by evil counseling, turned a deaf ear to our appeals, we should be not vindictive but magnanimous. Let us show to all of them that the true interests of both races can best be secured by cultivating peace and promoting prosperity among all classes of our fellow-citizens. I rely confidently on the support of the members of the General Assembly in my efforts to attain these laudable ends, and I trust that all branches of the government will unite cordially in this patriotic work. If so united and working with resolute will and earnest determination, we may hope soon to see the dawn of a brighter day for our State, God in His infinite mercy grant that it may come speedily, and may He shower the richest blessing of peace and happiness on our whole people.

The message of Grant and the report of Sherman, about the sending of troops to Petersburg during the election, are queer documents. Gen. Sherman alleges they were sent because a gentleman brought him the information that there was reason to apprehend a breach of the peace there—as though it were not the business of the State authorities to preserve the peace, and as though the Federal Government had to undertake the business whenever anybody in any part of the country got into a state of apprehension. Grant, in his message, clumsily says that the presence of the troops at Petersburg "may have secured a different result from what would have been obtained if they had not been there (to maintain the peace in case of riot) on the face of the returns." The President thought to give a funny turn to this confession by marking it as italics with his own hand; but the confession is none the less startling as his reason for the use of troops.

A REASON FOR TAKING A BAD LAWYER.—A client who had a case of some importance, says a French paper, coming up in court the other day, was disgusted to find that his lawyer would not plead in person, but had relegated its management to one of his junior partners. The advocate had other fish to fry, but did not fail to advance an excuse of exquisite ingenuity, as follows:

"What would the judges say if they saw a man of my professional standing come into court to plead so trifling a case? Why, they would conclude that when you employed such eminent counsel your case must be desperately bad, and so there would be a prejudice created against you at once!"

ONLY THE HUSK.

A Life Sketch.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. At heart he might have been all right if his head and his will had only been right; but, these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its old original yearning. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine-shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do, here and there, at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his hand was steady enough he could mend a clock, or clean a watch, as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls manufacturing company.

One day Tom had a job to mend up a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed money, and that his two little children were in a absolute suffering condition from want of clothing; and on this morning he held a debate with the better part of himself; but the better part had become very weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where, for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draughts, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man part died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night—almost midnight—when the landlord's wife came into the barroom to see what kept her husband up—and she quickly saw.

"Peter," she said, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough." Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The deaf coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name sprung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but he did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the same sweet maiden—Ellen Gosse—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of the foot.

"Hush, betsy! He's got more money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a snarl and a snap Betsy Tindar turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcy lifted himself upon his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No, Peter—I won't drink any more to-night."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass."

"I know it won't," said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left. "I—know—it—won't!"

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he had got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars; and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Aye," he muttered, grinding his heel into the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving to poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk worse than worthless!—and I am helping him to do it—I am robbing my wife of joy—robbing my children of honor and comfort—robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern-keeper's brief speech meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he replied, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

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fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."
 "Eh—Tom!—What do you mean?"
 "I mean that it's Tom Darcy, come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom!" cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon if you'll only set him at work."

"Work? Aye Tom, and bless you, too! There's an engine to be set up and toted to-day. Come with me!"
 Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house, and found the workman ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your old place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she had found a two dollar note in the coffee cup. She knew that he had left for tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and shimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days.

With prayer and hope she had set out the tea table, and waited, but the sun wet down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine. Oh! was it but a false glimmer, after all?

"Hark! The old step!—quick, strong, eager for home. Yes—it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments."

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie?"
 "Tom!"
 "I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You've been to the old shop?"
 "Yes—and I'm to have the old place, and—"
 "Oh, Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little while, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, Tom, I've got him now—bless him! bless him! My own Tom!—my husband!—my darling!"

And then Tom Darcy realized the full power and blessing of woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—of the household gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace, and love, and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcy assumed his old place at the head of the great machinery shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough and the joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh! Tom, old boy, what's up?"
 "I am up—right side up."
 "Yes—a—I see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you hold in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and I little ones had led on huske about long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"An—you heard what I said to my wife that night?"
 "Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

And Peter Tindar went home and meditated. Somehow he did not feel like nodding up his head as he met his fellow men. If he had a thought that Tom Darcy might fall back, he was mistaken. The hand of God had been in that work, and one of God's chosen angels—a true and loving wife—was a helper and sustainer. *L. L. J. R.*

An Arab was new in the desert. For two days he had found nothing to eat, and was in danger of death from starvation, until finally he discovered a fountain, from which travelers were accustomed to water their camels. Near the fountain, lying upon the sand, he saw a leather sack. "God be praised!" said he, as he raised and felt it—"these are, I believe, dates, or nuts of some kind. O, how I will strengthen and refresh myself upon them!" In this sweet hope he opened the sack, saw the contents, and stood out, full of sorrow, "Alas! they are only pearls!"