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Every Saturday Morning.
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HARRY NEWS.

An Independent Journal.

VOL. 8. CONWAYBORO, S. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1877. NO. 48.

THE ENERGY OF DESPAIR!

THE LOUISIANA MILITIA REORGANIZED—LONGSTREET COMMANDS.

The Rifle Clubs Pronounced Illegal—No Money to be Paid the Creditors of the State Until the Mercenaries have been Provided for.

NEW ORLEANS, January 5.—Both the Republican Houses have passed a bill recognizing the militia, and appropriating \$200,000 for that purpose, and making all military organizations, outside the militia, illegal.

ENROLLING THE NEW MILITIA—LONGSTREET TO TAKE COMMAND.

NEW YORK, January 5.—A New Orleans special to the Herald, dated January 4th, says: "The Republicans are enrolling militia daily, and Gen. Longstreet, who arrived yesterday, will be in command. An executive order has been issued on the State treasury to pay no more money out of interest, school and general funds being held subject to an order for defensive purposes.

"No forcible opposition will be made to Governor Nichol's inauguration but all the State offices are strongly guarded by the police and will be defended from any attempt to take possession."

AN ARMY OFFICER'S TESTIMONY TO THE FAIRNESS OF THE ELECTION.

NEW ORLEANS, January 5.—The Senate sub-committee heard the testimony of Lieut. George Ashe, Third United States Infantry, in relation to the election in East Baton Rouge. His general testimony was to the effect that it was fair and favorable. He saw no disturbances on the day of election. On that day Deputy United States Marshal McAlpine complained that he had been excluded from the polls by the Baton Rouge police. On investigation it was found that McAlpine had not informed them of his official position until after he had been excluded.

NICHOLS AND PACKARD TO BE INAUGURATED ON MONDAY.

The Democratic Legislature have adopted an address to the people of Louisiana, describing the recent canvass and election, the action of the returning board, the events of January 1st, and the barricade of the State-house.

Nichols and Packard will be inaugurated on Monday by their respective Legislatures. Each of the Governors will doubtless proceed and organize a State government.

THE FLORIDA FIGHT.

Departure of the Committee who Know the Truth and Will Tell It.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., January 5.—The House investigating committee left this morning for Washington. They will arrive in Washington on Sunday at midnight.

A REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN TAKING UP THE CUDGELS.

WASHINGTON, January 5.—The Star says Congressman Purman, of Florida, is preparing a speech on the recent election in the State he represented. Purman is a Republican, but will denounce the action of the returning board.

The Disputed Presidency—Latest Aspects of the Case.

WASHINGTON, January 1.—It is now conceded on all sides that the Electoral controversy is to be settled by the disposition that is made of Louisiana. Some Republicans here are so far doubtful on that point, but not one Democrat has a doubt that Tilden carried the State. If there is a break in the Republican line, of course Tilden will come in by the concurrent rejection of Louisiana. If the line holds firm in every part, including Conkling and Edmunds, then Hayes will be inaugurated. All signs of a compromise are failing, and, as it is seen that a compromise is impossible, one side or the other must give way. It looks, to-day, as if the Republicans are the most likely to give way far enough to allow the House to elect Tilden and the Senate Wheeler. One of the Democratic journals here complains of Governor Tilden's timidity. It says that he alone can prevent his inauguration by his anxiety for the conduct of his friends. This is the private talk of a number of Northern Democrats in Congress. They say that, if Tilden would allow them to threaten violence and even civil war, they could frighten the Republicans out of their purpose. Failing in that, some of the Democratic leaders in the House, including Randall, Wood and Banning, would like to appeal to the sword. They are restrained by Tilden and the Southern Democrats, thus far.—Springfield Republican.

A Baptist Brother on Methodists and Presbyterians.

A lady correspondent of the Independent gives a sketch of a sermon she heard in Georgia nearly half a century ago, from which we give an extract:

The preacher was apparently about fifty years of age, large, muscular and well-proportioned. On entering the pulpit, he took off his coat and hung it on a nail behind him, then opened his collar and wrist-bands, and wiped the perspiration from his face, neck and hands. He was clad in striped cotton homespun and his shirt was of the same material. He had traveled several miles that morning, and seemed almost overcome by the heat. But the brethren sang a couple of hymns while he was tanning and cooling off, and when he arose he looked comfortable and good-natured.

He had preached there once or twice before, but to most of the audience he was a stranger. Hence, he thought it necessary to announce himself, which he did as "Old Club Axe Davis, from Scriven county, a Half-Hard and Half-Soft-Shell Baptist."

"I have given myself that name," said he, "because I believe the Lord elected me, from all eternity, to go ahead in the backwoods and grub out a path and blaze the way for other men to follow. After the thickest of it is cut away, a good warm Methodist will come along and take my trail, and make things a little smoother and a good deal noisier. After all the underbrush is cleared out, and the owls and wolves are skinned back, and rattlesnakes is killed off, a Presbyterian brother, in black broad-cloth and white cravat, will come along and cry for decency and order. And they'll both do good in their sphere. I don't despise a larnt man, even when he don't dress and think as I do. You couldn't pay me enough to wear broad-cloth, summer nor winter, and you couldn't pay a Presbyterian brother enough to go without it in dogdays.

"God didn't make us all alike, my brethren; but every man has his own sphere. When God has a place to fill, he makes a man and puts him in it.—When he wanted General Jackson, he made him, and set him to fightin' in juns and the English; when he wanted George Whitfield, he made him for to blow the Gospel trumpet in no other man ever blowed it; and when he wanted Old Club Axe Davis, he made him, and set him to grubbin' in the backwoods.

"But my shell isn't so hard but I can see good pints in everybody; and as for the Presbyterians, they are a long way ahead of us Baptist and Methodists in some things. They raise their children better than any people on the face of the earth. Only a few days ago a Methodist class-leader said to me, 'Brother Club Axe, I was born a Methodist, I was raised a Methodist, and by the grace of God I hope to die a Methodist; but thank God, I've got a Presbyterian wife to raise my children.' And I believe, my brethren, if the Lord should open the way for me to marry again, I'd try my best to find a Presbyterian woman, and run chance of breakin' her into the saving doctrines of feet washin' and immersion afterward."

Just at this point he was interrupted by two spotted hounds that had been continually running up and down the pulpit stairs. One of them jumped upon the seat and began to gnaw his coat-tail, in which was something he had brought along for lunch. He turned slowly around, and took him by the ears and tail and threw him out of the window behind him, as easily as if it had been a young kitten. The other took warning and got out as rapidly as possible, though not without howling and yellin as if it had been half killed. He then turned to the audience, and said, smilingly; "St. Paul exhorted the brethren to 'beware of dogs.' I wonder what he would do if he were in my place this morning. It appears like I am 'compassed about with dogs,' as David says he was."

He had scarcely commenced preachin' in aqan before there was a terrible squealing and kicking among the mules and horses that were tied to the trees close by he put his head out of the window, and said: "No harm done, my brethren. Just a creter with a side-saddle on has broke loose. Will some brother head the animal? for no sister can walk home this hot day."

Quiet being again restored, he continued:

"Well, my brethren, I will now try to say what I allowed to about the Presbyterians.

"As I said before, they raise their children a heap better than we do.—They behave better in church, and keep Sunday better, and read the Bible and learn the Catechism better than ours do. I declare, my brethren, their children are larnt that Westminster Catechism by the time they can begin to talk plain.

"It ain't three weeks since I was out a cattle-huntin'—for two of my yearlin's had strayed off; and I stopped in at old Brother Harkey's, on Mud Creek, and took dinner. He's a dea-

con in the Presbyterian Church over thar. Well, as true as I stand here, my brethren, Sister Harkey had her little gal a-standin' right before her, with her toes just even with the crack o' the floor, and her hands was a-hangin' down by her side, and her mouth turned up like a chicken when it drinks, and she was a puttin' this question to her out'o that Catechism:

"What are the benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?"

Now, the question itself was enough to break the child down. But when she had to begin and say that question all over (for that's the way it was in the book) and then hitch the answer to it, and which all put together made this: "The benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption and sanctification are peace of conscience joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end"—I thought the child was the greatest wonder I'd ever seen in all my life. She tucked it right through, too, without balkin' or missin' the first word. And she spoke so sweet and she looked so like a little angel that before I know'd it the tears was a runnin' down my cheeks as big as buck shot. I've seen the day when I could have maul'd and split a thousand rails quicker and easier than I could larnt that thing and said it off like she did.

"Now, my brethren, that child didn't understand or know the meanin' of one word o' that. It put me up to all I know to take it in myself. But just let that Presbyterian young un grow up, and every word of that Catechism will come back to her, and her character will stiffen up under it, and she'll have the backbone of the matter in her for life.

"No, I can't put any thing into my children that way. 'Nothin' don't stay, somehow. It's like drivin' a nail into a rotten log."

This last remark I never forgot. For thirty years afterward, as I would stand at the blackboard trying to fix rules and principles in the mind of a dull pupil, this remark would come back to me, with his peculiar pertinacity.

"I tell you, my brethren," he continued, "if our children had a little more Catechism, and the Presbyterians a little less, it would be better for both.

"Then we don't pray in our families like they do. I know their prayers are mighty long, and they pray all over creation, but, after all, it's the right way. It's better than prayin' too little.

"Now, my father and mother was good Baptists, and raised their children to be honest and industrious; but I never heard one of them pray in my life, and I was most a grown man before I ever prayed a prayer myself, and it was on this wise:

"There was to be a big meetin' over in Elbert county, and I knowed a pretty gal over thar that I wanted to go and see. So I borrowed a little Jersey wagon, which was a stylish thing in them days, and went over to her house and stayed all night, and engaged her to ride to meetin' with me next day, which was Sunday.

"We went and had a glorious time—and I may as well say right here that she was afterwards my wife—but a comin' home I met with a powerful accident, that I've never got over to this day.—As I was a comin' down a steep hill, some part of the gearin' give way and let me and the wagon or the creter's heels; and bein' young and skeery and not much used to wheels, she wriggled and kicked and tore from one side of the road to the other, till I was pitched head foremost as much as ten feet, into a deep gully, and it's a miracle of mercy that my neck wasn't broken on the spot.

"Expectin' to be killed every minit, I thought I ought to ask the Lord for mercy. But, as I had never prayed in my life, I couldn't think of the first thing to say, but the blessin' my father used to ask before eatin' when we had company, and which was this: 'Lord, make us thankful for what we're about to receive.'"

"Now, my brethren, do you 'spose any Presbyterian raised boy was ever put to such a strait as that for a prayer? No. He would have prayed for himself and gone off after the Jews and the heathens whilst I was a huntin' up and a-gettin' off that blessing."

"Old Reliable."

There are many reputed remedies for that very prevalent disease, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, but none which have given general satisfaction and become acknowledged standard preparations, except Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It continues to enjoy an unprecedented popularity. This reputation has been earned through the permanent cures which it has wrought, having proved itself a specific in the worst forms of the disease. Pierce's Pocket Memorandum Books are given away at drug-stores. (6.)

DEATH OF COM. VANDERBILT.

The Last of the Money Kings of Gotham Follows Astor and Stewart.

New York, January 4.—Commodore Vanderbilt died this morning at nine minutes to 11 o'clock. For the last few days his physicians have been hourly expecting his death. He passed away almost without a struggle. A change for the worse took place in his condition about 4 o'clock this morning, and he expressed a desire to see the Rev. Dr. Deems, his spiritual adviser. The latter was soon at his bedside, and the Commodore said to him: "I think I am nearly gone, Doctor." Dr. Deems offered a prayer, and the members of the family who were present sang a hymn. His physicians were present, and did all that medical skill could suggest to make his last moments peaceful. The funeral will take place on Sunday morning.

Commodore Vanderbilt left securities having a present market value of \$85,000,000, and of this total fully \$55,000,000 consisted of stocks and bonds of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. It is understood that the bulk of this vast property is to be kept together, and that provision has been made for reinvesting the accruing interest on it in his favorite securities.

THE DARIEN CANAL.

Work to be Begun Within the Next Two Years—Foreign Aid Sought.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—The commission appointed by the President to examine the various surveys and report upon the most feasible route for an interoceanic ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, have every reason to believe that work upon this great improvement, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, will be commenced within the next two years.

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty of July 5, 1850, between the United States and Great Britain, guaranteeing the neutrality of this work, provides that friendly powers shall be invited to participate with our Government and that of Great Britain in its construction, as the commerce of the entire world is interested in it. The Department of State is now in correspondence with various friendly powers, preparatory to the negotiation of treaties with them similar to the above mentioned Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

The cost of a transcontinental ship canal by the Nicaragua route, which has been selected, will be about one hundred million of dollars, and ten years at least will be required to complete the work. Hence, it must be under Government control, as the great outlay of capital required for its construction and the length of time before any profits from it can be realized present too great difficulties in the way of its construction by private enterprise. Should foreign powers, however, cooperate with the United States in the prosecution of this work, the Governments participating will become stockholders in it to the extent of their outlay of capital, and the management of the canal when completed will be by an international commission, the members of which will represent the respective Governments having capital invested in the work.

Singular Accident.

On Guy Fawkes' day five boys were standing around a bonfire in Manchester, Eng., when suddenly a sharp sound was heard like a clapping of hands, and one of the lads, a boy about fifteen years old, dropped dead. On examination the surgeon found that a bullet had entered the boy's head exactly at the top, penetrated the skull and brain three inches downward, and then smashed the bones at the nose. Although the bullet had been battered to an almost shapeless mass, the government mark upon it was clearly discernible. The ball had been fired from a Snider rifle, and, as the police frequently complained that volunteers discharged their pieces into the air, there was no doubt death had been caused through such culpable carelessness and ignorance. The momentum of a bullet falling half a mile is about equal to its velocity when fired from the muzzle of a gun.

Hon. Montgomery Blair, who has been in South Carolina for some time, expresses the opinion that Gen. Wade Hampton is one of the greatest men of the day, and adds that the campaign that Hampton inaugurated and carried through, notwithstanding the fact that the State was overrun with troops, was the most truly admirable piece of statesmanship that this country has ever witnessed.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at \$1.00 per square for first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. One inch space will constitute a square whether in hevier or display type; less than an inch will be charged for as a square. Marriage notices free. Deaths and Funeral notices free. Religious notices of one square free. A liberal discount will be made to those whose advertisements are to be kept in for three months or longer.

"THE OCEAN FERRY" IN WINTER.—"The ocean ferry" during the last month has been anything but a holiday excursion. Every steamer that arrives at New York from European ports has the same story to tell. Tremendous westerly and northwesterly gales throughout the entire voyage, accompanied by heavy discharges of electricity, and producing such a commotion of the waters as none can appreciate save those who have experienced it. The City of Bristol, a staunch, full powered vessel of over 3,000 tons, after vainly trying to reach the American shore, was finally put back to Queenstown with the loss of the second officer, four men, bowsprit, foremast and all the rigging attached. The same storm sent the Britannic from New York to Queenstown in seven days and thirteen hours—the shortest passage on record. Which shows the difference between going with the wind and sea and going against them.

He Ordered Oyster Stews.

One of those toil-hardened, true-hearted chaps, often read of in romance made his appearance on the Campus Martius yesterday, and his sympathies were at once aroused by the sight of three or four old men standing around with their buck-saws and waiting for work.

"I'll be hanged if it isn't touchin'," he replied when they told him that the hadn't had any work for a month.

"How would you like some oysters?" They smacked their lips by way of reply, and he gathered up a crowd of eight, marched to a restaurant and ordered oyster stews for each one.

"It just does my soul good to see them eat!" he said to the owner of the place as the eight got to work.

"Yes, it's a beautiful sight," was the reply.

"It makes me feel good in here," continued the stranger, laying his hand on his heart.

"A good deed brings its own reward," was the soft answer of the restauranter as he calculated his profits. "I can't rest here—I must do further good," said the big-hearted stranger, and he rushed out and brought in three negroes, a chimney-sweep, two boys and an old woman, and ordered more oysters.

The fifteen people went for oyster soup in a manner to amaze, and their guardian nudged the restauranter in the ribs and said:

"See the gentle lambs! Oh, that I could feed the poor of all America!"

"You are a good man, and Heaven will reward you," replied the proprietor, as he filled the dishes up again.

The stranger said he wanted to bring in just five more, so as to say that he had fed an even score, and he rushed out after them, while the restauranter sent after more oysters and crackers. The stranger didn't return. He was last seen climbing into a farmer's sleigh on State street and guiding his team to the west. The fifteen in the restaurant licked their plates clean and departed in joyful procession, and the last one had passed out before the man who furnished the soup had got through waiting for the return of the big-hearted stranger. There were oaths and slang phrases and watchwords and expressions, delivered in the purest of English, but what mattered it to the fifteen soup-devourers who drew up in fine opposition and

"Resolved, That them oysters just touched the spot."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Boy.—He was standing at the corner of Campan and Jefferson avenues when a policeman came along, and pointing to a box at his feet this good boy said:

"The farmer who lost that off his sleigh will feel awful bad. I s'pose you'll take it to the station, won't you?"

"You are an honest boy," replied the officer. "Some boys would have lugged that box off home. Yes, I'll take it to the station."

It was a stout box, weighing over eighty pounds, and when the officer sat it down in the station house all his bones ached. Some said it was butter, and some said cheese, and so it was opened. The contents were cobbles. The officer ran all the way back, and he spent hours looking for the good boy, but without any luck. The g. b. knew his business.—Detroit Free Press.