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ADVERTISEMENTS

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 We pay cash for old Bounty Land Warrants, they are scattered all over the South; send them by registered letter to GILMORE & CO., 629 F. St., Washington, D. C.

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 NOV 25-

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QUALITY IMPROVED. PRICE REDUCED. IN HOLLS READY FOR APPLICATION.

Can be applied by ordinary workmen. Twenty years' experience enables us to manufacture the most durable Ready Roofing known.

Samples and Circulars Mailed Free.

READY ROOFING CO. N. Y., 64 Courtlandt St., oct 14-1 yr. New York.

To The South.

From the News and Courier.

The world has misjudged, misread, maligned you. And should be quick to make honest amends. Let us, then, speak of you just as we find you. Humbly and heartily, cousins and friends! Let us remember your wrongs and your trials, Slandered and plundered, and crushed to the dust. Draughting adversity's bitterest vials, Patient in courage and strong in good trust. You fought for Liberty—rather than Slavery! Well might you wish to be quit that ill. But you were sold to political knavery. Meshed by diplomacy's spider-like skill: And you rejoice to see slavery banished. While the iron servant works well as before; Confident, though many fortunes have vanished. Soon to recover all—rich as of yore!

Doubtless there had been some hardships and troubles. Cases exceptional, evil and rare. But to tell truth—and truly the jewel 'tis—Kindness ruled—as a rule—everywhere! Servants—if slaves—were your wealth and inheritance. Born with your children and grown on your ground. And it was quite as much interest as merit. Still to make friends of dependents all round.

Yes, it is slander to say you oppressed them. Does a man squander the price of his poll? Was it not often that he who possessed them? Rather was owned by his servants himself? Caring for all, as in health, so in sickness. He was their father, their patriarch chief, Age's infirmities, infancy's weakness, Learning on him for repose and relief.

When you went forth in your pluck and your brav'ry. Selling for freedom both fortunes and lives. Where was that prophesied outbreak of slavery? Weaving revenge on your children and wives? Nowhere! You left all to servile safe-keeping. And this was faithful and true to your trust. Master and servant thus mutually rearing. Doubtless toward of the good and the just!

Generous Southerners! I who address you. Show which way many believe in your sins! But I rejoice in this—let me confess you—Knowledge is victor and everywhere wins; For I have seen, I have heard, and am sure of it. You have been slandered and suffering long. Paying all slavery's cost, and the cure of it. And the Great World's stout repent of its wrong!

MALVIN F. TEFNER.
 CHARLESTON, Feb. 8, 1877.

Nora and Jamesy.

"To the memory of Patrick Connor this simple tomb was erected by his fellow workmen."

These words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not far from New York; but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above one poor and humble man.

In the shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawn's great tin and hardware shop one day, and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been told ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawn, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages until I could do better; and I'd learn—would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawn declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand. He turned briskly, and with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of the five who had answered his advertisement for workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter?"

"I'd not say that," said the man; "but I'd be wishing to; that 'nd make it aiser."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor; I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawn, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, I know you countrymen—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing 'em over in her two arms 'em," said the man, desparingly; "for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and never a job can I get; and that's the last penny I have, yer honor,

and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open with an English half penny upon it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawn, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and looked back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The won is me wife and the other is me chile," said the man. "Oh, mashter, try me. How'd they ever come to me if no one will give me a job? I want to be aiming, and the whole big city seems against it—and me with arms like them!"

He bared his arms to the shoulders as he spoke, and Mr. Bawn looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for the week," he said; "and now, as it's noon, go down into the kitchen and tell the girl to get you your dinner—a hungry man can't work."

And with an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawn, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal.

Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was greatly disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually, at the end of the week, he was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he boarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he made his first appearance. "Beer costs money," he said one day, "and every cent I spend puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me—better no clothes to me back than no wife and no boy to me fireside; anyhow, it's slow work saving."

Its slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink, make a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, and share their Sunday frolics. All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay the long looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way—a martyr to his own great wish—living on little, working at night on an extra job by which he could earn a few shillings, by running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to his one great hope, and of Nora and little Jamesy.

That seemed a sort of charity to him. Still he was helped along. At present Mr. Bawn at pay day set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer," and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than at first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was most able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and show his handkerchief, in which he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Courteous among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it day and night, until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing and understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

At first the men who prided themselves on turning out the best work in the city made a sort of buff of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and veridancy were indeed often laughable. But it won their hearts at last, and when, one day, mounting a work bench, he shook his little buff, wrapped in a red handkerchief, before his eyes and shouted: "Look, boys, I've got the whole at last! I've got it!" and all felt a sort of sympathy in his joy.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coldly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would, spend his ten minutes in his noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Baker the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in a basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for Nora's mantlepiece. And there was idle Dick, the apprentice, who

actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power.

And the days flew by and brought a letter at last from his wife. "She would start as he desired, and she was well, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms and bless those who had been so kind to him." This was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl with a certain good old lady, who had given her an education, the items of which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin' that's ore, and the writin, that's three, and moreover she knows all a woman can." Then he looked up at his fellow workmen, with the tears in his eyes and asked:

"Do you wonder the time seems long between me an' her, boys?"

So it was—Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the "Stormy Petrel" had come in port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon and half a dozen of men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawn's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that in the ould county," he said. "But she'll know how to kape them tidy."

Then he led the way toward the deck where the steamer lay, at a pace which made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of immigrants came taronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband—he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amidst those who set watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently at first, eagerly, but patiently; but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said. "She'd be lost entirely. I bade her wait; but I don't see her boy. I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a moment he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor. "But maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he said:

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her, is Jamesy, your honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said, huskily:

"Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?" said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" said Connor.

The captain made no answer.

"My man, he said, "we all have our trials. God sends them. Yes, Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to the lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain. "We have sickness on board—the cholera. You know that?"

"I didn't," said Connor. "I can't read—they kept it from me."

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one man in a half whisper.

"You know how long we laid at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said

Connor. "Did you say Nora went ashore? I ought to be lookin' for her, captain." "Many died," went on the captain—"many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we did all we could; but at last he died—only one of the many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking upon the water." "Is his father I think of," she said; "he's looking to see poor Jamesy."

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can my man," said the captain, "I wish any one else had it to tell you rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill, very suddenly. She grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I lied thinking of me,' she said; 'and tell him to meet me.' And, my god! man, God help you—she never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up trying to steady himself, looking at the captain with his eyes as dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the floor like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home in the little boat which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There, at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawn bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man. "A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, mashter, I've learnt one thing—God is good. He would not bring Nora over to me, but he's taken me over to her and Jamesy—over the river—don't you see it—and her—standing on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—God only knows. And so he died.

Are Brave Men Ever Frightened?

Gen. W. G. Harding, of Tennessee, says that on one occasion, visiting Gen. Jackson, he asked the gruff old soldier in the course of conversation if brave men were ever frightened, adding: "The world, and especially those who know you best, accord you as much courage as belongs to man." General Jackson replied: "If that be so, sir, I would say that I have been as badly frightened as any man ought ever to be. It was, sir, when I fought the duel with Mr. Dickenson. In the first place, sir, I had no unkind feeling against Mr. Dickenson, and no disposition to injure a hair on his head. I had gone as far as an honorable man could go to avoid the difficulty with Dickenson; he had not injured me, and therefore I had no ground of complaint against him; my quarrel had been with his father-in-law, Col. Erwin. I knew Dickenson to be a brave, honorable gentleman, and the best shot with the pistol I ever saw—far better than myself, for I was never an expert with that weapon. I knew that he could shoot quicker and truer than I could. I therefore went upon the ground expecting to be killed, and I owe the preservation of my life on that occasion to the fashions of the day, for I wore a coat with rolling collar and very full breast; but, fortunately for me, sir, I was organized with a very narrow chest. Dickenson's ball struck very near the center of my coat, and, while it scraped the breast bone, it did not enter the cavity of the chest. In an instant, under the impression that I was perhaps mortally wounded, and upon the impulse of the moment, I fired and my antagonist fell—and no event of my life, sir, have I regretted so much. My determination before and after taking position was to discharge my pistol in the air, but because I felt the effect of his shot I fired at him. Just here, sir, let me add that the world has done me great injustice, for I am charged with having brought on the difficulty, and with having fixed the terms so as to reserve my fire and advance; and it charges me with having advanced upon Dickenson and shot him when I was in a few feet of him—ail of which is false, sir. I fired instantly after receiving his shot, and from my position; and Dickenson stood in his position and received my fire like a brave man as he was."

INDIAN AGENCY CHEATING.

WHENE THE BIG FORTUNE OF AN EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

Agent Burke's Mythical 4,700 Red-Skins—John Couch's Appointee's Illusive Showing to an Investigating Commission.

[From the Charleston (W. Va.) Spirit of Jefferson.]

A letter received by us from an intelligent and observing United States officer stationed in Dakota, gives a lucid insight into the workings of Indian affairs in the West.

Capt. of the army, who has been acting temporarily as Indian Agent at Standing Rock Agency, has discovered, by counting and recounting the Indians, that instead of 7,000 Indians (reported by the late Agent Burke as then to be fed), there are only about 2,700 Indians, all told. Now what becomes of the provisions for 4,300 Indians which were bought and shipped there, 1,000 miles or more from Chicago, at great expense every year? Why are Indian agencies so much sought after? They seldom exceed \$1,000 salary.

A good story is told of Dr. W. In 1860 Dr. W. threw the weight of his influence in Kittington District, Pennsylvania, for Honest John Couch for Congress, for which Honest John secured the Doctor an Indian agency as the best he could do. The war going on, the Indians were neglected and agents ran the thing to suit themselves. However, the appeals from the Sioux, for which the Doctor was agent, became so urgent that the Interior Department sent a commission of three honest men to investigate matters with the Doctor. The Doctor got wind of their coming and knew well that many and fearful would be the tales of the Sioux warriors to this commission when it came. The Doctor prognosticated: These gentlemen are "too old" to use my interpreter, but I'll post him anyhow, to start with. He'll interpret like a trump; so that's all fixed. Now, the only other interpreter around here is "Buffalo Joe," I'll fix Joe.

"Joe, see here!"
 "Well, Doctor!"
 "Joe, here's \$50 if you'll do what I want you to do. 'Tis this. Go to Yankton; get in the stage with these Commissioners coming up here to the agency; watch your opportunity; tell them that you don't know anything about this agency; that you have been at it once or twice only; and that you have lived with the Sioux on the upper river for thirty years; and then, when (as they will certainly do) they ask you to act as interpreter for them, consent with some reluctance. Then of course you interpret according to the Agents' lexicon."

Joe's at Yankton. The commission arrive. They take three seats in the stage. Joe's the fourth. Joe gabbles Sioux to every Indian as they pass along. To the surprise and gratification of the Commissioners, they find the very man they want—that they have been talking about—in the stage with them. At a good round sum Joe is engaged by the commission. The Doctor's agency is soon reached. The Commissioners are received by the Doctor with great courtesy and respect.

"Our worthy Commissioners to one another: 'The Doctor is very kind, very seductive; but we must do our duty, unpleasant as it may prove, and get out of this. Joe, Black Eagle, Blue Eagle, and Man Afraid of a Cow, and White Buffalo, and the other chiefs are called; and the Doctor's interpreter and Joe take their stand between the Commissioners and the chiefs."

Question by Commissioners to principal chief—How do you like your Agent (the Doctor)?

Chief, in Sioux language—A bad man cheats poor Indian, don't give him enough rations.

Interpreter (Joe)—Best agent we have ever had; all these reports sent to Washington are from bad designing men.

Commissioners (through Interpreter Joe).—Would you like to have him changed?

Chief—Oh, yes, give us anybody, but take him away.

Interpreter (Joe)—Would not have him changed for anything in the world—but man we ever had.

Thus went on the investigation, of which the commission made the most flattering and complimentary report to the authorities in Washington; and the Doctor remained. Joe got his fee from the Commissioners and his \$50 from the Doctor. The Doctor has been twice since to Congress, had his father-in-law appointed Governor of the Territory (under Johnson), is now a noted retired Indian Agent, worth \$300,000, and runs several steamboats up the Missouri river.

"I had nine children to support, and it kept me busy," said Smith to Jones, as they met, "but one of the girls got married. Now I have eight," interrupted, and counting "ating down" by all dead.