

Beaufort Republican.

VOL. 2. NO. 11.]

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1871.

(\$3 PER ANNUM
Single Copy 5 Cents)

Beaufort County Republican

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1871.

HOROLOGY.
P. M. WHITMAN,
WATCHMAKER & ENGRAVER,
MAYO'S BUILDING, BAY ST.

WILL GIVE HIS PERSONAL ATTENTION to the repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Ornamental and plain Engraving done at short notice. Gentlemen having fine watches can test them at this establishment by one of HOWARD & CO.'S \$500 REGULATOR. Feb 11

H. M. STUART M. D.,
BEAUFORT, S. C.

Corner of Bay and Eighth Streets,

DEALER in Drugs, Chemicals, valuable Family Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Stationery, Perfumery, Brushes, &c.; together with many other articles too numerous to mention. All of which will be sold at the lowest price for cash. Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded. Feb 11

H. G. JUDD,
CLERK OF COURT & REGISTER OF DEEDS

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER,
CONVEYANCING.

Office in the Court House. Oct. 21st

A. S. HITCHCOCK,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

BOUNTY, PENSION AND CLAIM AGENT.
BEAUFORT, S. C.

March 4.

DR. R. R. SAMS,
DENTAL SURGEON.

OFFICE at his residence on the Point. He will also attend upon patients at their homes when requested. Feb 18

EDGAR G. NICHOLS,
LAND SURVEYOR,
DRAUGHTSMAN & CIVIL ENGINEER,
DEPUTY TO THE SURVEYOR GENERAL.

Office at Dr. Nichols' Drug Store, corner 8th and B sts, Beaufort, S. C. Feb. 25

NEWS DEPOT.
EXPRESS BUILDING, BEAUFORT, S. C.

The latest New York Daily and illustrated papers constantly on hand. Sept. 23.

M. POLLITZER,
COTTON FACTOR
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
BEAUFORT, S. C.

Sept. 4.

H. JONES, M. D.
From N. Y. City.

OFFICES—Cor. 7th & Bay Sts., Beaufort, S. C. N. at Fipp's corner, St. Helena Island.

Dr. JONES can be consulted upon all Epidemic, Endemic, Contagious and Infectious Diseases, Such as Yellow Fever, Malarial Fever, Typhus Fever, Typhoid Fever, Scarlatina, Cerebro-spinal meningitis, Rheumatism, Diarrhoea, Cystitis, Nephritis, Dysentery, Tuberculosis, Syphilis, Prostatitis, and all diseases of women and children. Oct. 31.

JOHN CONANT,
DEALER IN FRESH MEATS, VEGETABLES
and Ice.
Which will be furnished in any quantity.
Apr. 22-4.

LIME! LIME!!
THE BEST BRANDS STONE LIME CONSTANTLY
on hand and for sale at low prices for cash.
May-20. G. WATERHOUSE, Bay St.

TOBACCO.
THE STANDARD BRANDS OF VIRGINIA PLUG
Tobacco, in Caddies, Cases, and Half-Boxes, received
direct from the manufacturers' agents, for sale in quantities
to suit the trade at lowest wholesale prices.
Feb 4. G. WATERHOUSE, Bay St.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.
THE RESIDENCE OF THE UNDERIGNED IN
Beaufort, with the first-class garden attached, is offered
for sale at a reasonable price, and on easy terms.
The premises are in good order, most conveniently arranged,
well located and a fine bargain can be secured by
any party wishing to purchase. There are ample out-
buildings, an excellent cistern, and abundance of fruit-
trees, figs, peaches, strawberries, &c. Enquire on the
premises or at the Court House. June 8-4.

SAXTON HOUSE.
BEAUFORT, S. C.

THIS HOUSE SITUATED ON BAY
St. commands a fine view of
BEAUFORT RIVER,
and many of the Sea Islands. The travelling public will
find here a desirable and

CONVENIENT HOME,
and the invalid will find no better or no more healthful
climate on the

SOUTHERN COAST
to spend the winter. The House is within five minutes
walk of Steam Boat, and fifteen minutes walk of Rail
Road communication. August

LIVERY STABLE
has just been added to the House.
Western Union Telegraph Office on first floor.
M. M. KINGMAN,
Beaufort, S. C.

J. APPLE

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE
is constantly receiving the finest and best stock of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS,
BOOTS,
SHOES,
and CLOTHING

ever offered in this market. Also a fine assortment of
Kid Gloves. May-6-ly.

FOR SALE.
2000 BEST 2ND PER YARD READY MADE
Sea Island

COTTON BAGS,
4 1/2 and 5 yards per bag. These bags are well sewed and
hemmed at the mouth, and will be sold cheaper ready
made, than for what the bagging can be bought for in
Charleston. Enquire at
M. POLLITZER,
Bay St., Beaufort, S. C.

Sept. 14-3m.

PORT ROYAL SAW MILL,
BEAUFORT, S. C.

D. C. WILSON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
YELLOW PINE AND CYPRESS;
LUMBER AND SHINGLES.
Builders and Contractors,
ORDERS FOR LUMBER AND TIMBER BY THE
CARGO PROMPTLY FILLED.
TERMS CASH.

D. C. WILSON..... JOHN RICH
Jan 28

CHARLESTON ADVERTISERS.

DANIEL H. SILCOX,
FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
175, 177, 179 KING STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Where can be found a large and well selected Stock of
all kinds and grades to suit the tastes of all.
An examination is respectfully solicited.
March 1-1-ly.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
MENS BOYS AND YOUTHS
READY MADE CLOTHING,
AND FURNISHING GOODS.
GEO. W. LITTLE & CO.
No. 213 KING ST., CHARLESTON, S. C.

Would most respectfully inform his friends and the
public generally, that they are offering great inducements
to those in want of ready made clothing suitable to the
season.
Our stock has been laid in at the lowest possible prices,
and which we are offering at prices to suit the times.
All those in want of clothing and furnishing goods
would do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
GEORGE W. LITTLE & CO.,
No. 213 King Street
Fender Victoria Bldg.
May 27-2m.

NACHMAN & CO.
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions
159 MEETING STREET,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Apr. 1.

CHARLESTON HOTEL,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
E. H. JACKSON.
Mch 25-ly.

J. APPLE.
404 KING STREET CHARLESTON S. C.
BAY STREET BEAUFORT, S. C.

DEALER in Dry Goods,
Clothing, Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
and Fancy Notions
May-1-ly

J. A. Enslow & Co.
COTTON FACTORS
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 141 EAST BAY,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Liberal Advances Made on Consignments.
J. A. Enslow, Jas. Salvo, J. A. Enslow, Jr.
Dec. 7, 1y.

William Gurney,
COTTON FACTOR
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT
NO. 102 EAST BAY
AND
NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Particular attention given to the sale of
and shipment of Sea Island and Upland
Cotton. Liberal advances made on Con-
signments. Dec 7 ly.

POETRY.

MATINS.
BY JOHN HAY.

The trembling pulses of the dawn
Fill with faint gold the violet skies,
And on the moist day-smitten lawn
The peace of morning lies.

A blessed truce of woe and sin,
A glad surcease of care's annoy,
The waking world has pleasure in
Its matin light and joy.

And all the joy that fills the air,
And all the light that fills the blue,
I see it in your eyes and hair,
I know it, love in you.

O'er lips and eyes and golden floss
There floats a charm I cannot reach—
A wealth of love, a threat of loss,
Beyond my subtlest speech.

The amethyst flush will fade above
Into the dust-dim glare of noon;
The love of youth, the youth of love,
Will fade and pass as soon.

Kiss close, beloved! for never yet
Could love its bloom unchanging keep;
There are no hearts but they forget,
There are no eyes but sleep.

John on his Travels.
[Correspondence of the Sun.]

BINGHAMTON, LATELY.—A Fulton
man found out "What I Know about
Farming" this wise:

Said he, "John do you know the best
way to raise potatoes?"

Says I, "I do."

Says he "How?"

"Why," says I, "grab hold of the tops
with both hands and pull 'em up."

Says he, "Go to Grass."

So I started to grass, and I am now on
a trip over the Erie Railway. It's a good
time to go on a railroad. The trees are all
disrobed, and the leaves are through
blushing and turning all colors. What
last spring was a lamblet is now a mut-
tonlet. Green peas have turned to shot,
and so forth.

MISTAKEN IN HIS MAN.
The first thing I did after getting into
the cars was to try and make myself agree-
able. The attempt proved a failure. I
saw a fellow with a package in his hand,
and I said to him, "Have a game?"

"Game of what?" said he.

"Seven-up," said I.

There isn't so much bitterness in a ton of
boiled aloes as there was in the expression
of that fellow's face. Intense scorn and
malignity struggled for the mastery as he
yelled out, "No sir; I'm a minister."

"Well," said I, "you needn't get mad.
Nobody ever would believe it unless you
told 'em so."

Then I told him on closer inspection he
did look like a minister—a minister peni-
tentiary—and I asked him what he was
doing with those cards.

He said they were not cards, they were
blank tickets for the Sunday School library.

Then I said "What might your name
be?"

He said, "Barnes."

Then I said, with a smile, "There are
lots of barns all over the country, aint
there?"

To this day he has never answered that
question. He moved into another car.

A POOR LITTLE BOY'S TICKET.
Back of me sat a little boy, he had a
half ticket. The conductor punched it. I
said to him, "Is that boy obliged to have
a whole ticket to travel on this train?"

He said "No."

"Well," said I "he's got one."

He hain't," said he.

"I'll bet you," said I. "It was a half
ticket until you punched it; that made it
a hole one."

He intimated that he would "punch
me;" so we didn't continue to converse.

TALK WITH A MILLER.
I moved over next to a fellow who was
devoid of nose. "Ahem," said I, "case
of mayhem?"

"No," he said, "my dog chewed it off
last July."

"Ah!" not a case of mayhem, but July-
hem, eh."

"Be you from York?" said he.

"I am, said I."

"Do you know Smith, said he."

"Smith," said I, "what Smith?"

"No not Watt Smith, but Mister Smith;
he keeps a store down there."

He was surprised when I told him "I
never heard of him."

"Hewer of water and chopper of grass,"
I exclaimed, "what is your biz."

He said he was a miller.

"Gin miller," said I."

"No sir," said he, "I conduct a well reg-
ulated, Christian saw mill."

"Ah," said I, "you are a Millerite,
then." Just then I made further remarks.

I observed, "the country looked fine." I
didn't exactly know how the country

ought to look to look fine, but I hit it
right, for he said, "Yes," and he said we
were passing through a dreary country.

"Do they run trains nights through a
dreary country?" I asked sweetly.

He said yes, and said they made mighty
good cheese in that section. I related to
him how "I didn't like mite-y good
cheese;" then I told him "Truth, was
mighty and would prevail, and cheese was
mite-y, and that was prevailing to a con-
siderable extent, too."

SLICES FROM A CLUB.
Then we stopped for grub, and I can
swear that I saw a man sell slices sawed
off a policeman's club for Bologna sausage
sandwiches, and I was served with a
piece of the steak old John Rogers was
burned at, and it was burned ten per
cent worse than he was, and tougher
than a parboiled pump handle on toast.
The proprietor asked me if I had been
served? I told him yes, I had been served
darned meanly.

When I got into the cars again the
Millerite observed, "the pen is mightier
than the sword." I told him that wasn't
the case with a hog pen. Then we com-
menced about the grass crop. He said he
was much troubled with ground hogs.

"So am I," said I; "where I board we
are annoyed to death with 'em all winter."

"Why," said he, "do you have ground
hogs in York?"

"Yes," said I, "lots of 'em; we call 'em
sawasses."

For the space of five minutes he bowed
his head and wept.

MISTAKEN FOR GEORGE WASHINGTON.
As soon as he got through weeping I
told him I had recently visited New Eng-
land, and how prolific everything was
up there, and I observed to him how for
miles alongside of the railroads the tele-
graph pole had sprouted and were bearing
apples, quinces, muskmelons, huckleber-
ries, and bananas.

"No!" said he.

"Yes," said I.

Then he rose and said, "Wash, I
thought you were dead."

"My name isn't Wash," said I.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "I called
you Wash because you remind me so
strongly of George Washington who did
it with his hatchet—the man who never
told a lie.

Says I, "Sir it's lucky you ain't a nig-
ger; if you were I would kill you, sir, and
let your family go a black-burying in Oc-
tober."

Then he went in the next car where the
minister went then the cars stopped five
minutes, and I had a slight altercation
with a saloon chap. He sold awful small
pieces of pie for ten cents a piece, and I
asked him if he would sell three pieces for
a quarter. He said no.

Says I, "By gosh you do do it."

He swore he didn't. Then I told him he
did—that there were three pieces to every
quarter of a pie on his counter, and that
was three pieces for a quarter.

He set a pure white black-and-tan ter-
rier at me, but he was so cussed lazy, be-
fore he could open his mouth to bite I was
on the cars again.

IN BINGHAMTON.
But here we are at Binghamton, at
which place I will rest for the time being.
Before leaving you I will propound a con-
undrum. Why is a railroad traveller
like a music teacher? Because he is al-
ways dealing with flats and sharps. Rul-
loff was hanged in Binghamton. The In-
ebriate Asylum is in Binghamton. "While
there is life there is hope." Still watch-
less but on time. Yours,
JOHN.

The Back Seat in the Cars.
The exigencies of spring millinery
obliged our friend Polly to take a trip to
Springfield the other day. Somewhere up
north a freight train had run off the track,
or a hand car been inopportunistly encoun-
tered or some of the usual things had hap-
pened so that when the train appeared be-
hind time, it offered only one car to the
crowd impatiently awaiting its arrival. Of
course there was a grand American rush
for seats.

Polly, who disdains to push and scram-
ble, who thinks there are few things in
this world worth so debasing to one's
self found herself obliged to take the back
seat—that uncomfortable little back seat
by the door, usually occupied by the be-
wildered foreigner unused to travel. How-
ever, she had her own self respect, at
least.

And presently she discovered that the
universal law of compensation holds good

even in respect to back seats. Through
the back window of the car she obtained
such a wide, new outlook on the world.

Away behind her sped her native moun-
tains, shifting into new beauty of shape
as the track twisted this way and that,
until they grew blue in the distance and
finally vanished behind new ranges that
gradually appeared in the picture. Broad
and green the meadows spread out each
side in the sunlight. She saw all the wil-
lows "pusying" out by the brook-sides,
the elms hazy with their tender mist of
tiny new leave, the black ponds in the
woods.

There was a certain fascination, too, in
watching the track unroll itself from be-
neath the cars, and speed away into the
distance, now plunging into deep gorges;
then out over high embankments, through
the arches of bridges, over brook and riv-
er, now in the depth of solemn woods,
now just skimming the corner of an old
farm-house built years before railroads
were dreamed of.

Then Polly caught all the after-glances
of people—little bits of human nature en-
tirely lost by the occupants of the front
seats. She saw the young man who kissed
his hand from the back platform, and the
"girl he had left behind him" waving her
handkerchief across the rapid widening
space between them; the old man getting
slowly into his empty wagon gazing wis-
tfully after the train, that was whirling
his boy off to the greedy West; the depot
loungers lazily picking up their feet and
sauntering off; the men ploughing in the
fields; the women hanging out clothes, the
Irishmen at work on the track going on
again with the work interrupted by the
passing train; the runaway horses sober-
ing down; the truant boys who "hur-
rahed" the train, climbing down from the
fence and scrambling off toward school.

"It is like life," thought Polly, who felt
in a particular moral vein this morning.

"So we come and go. There is a little
stir, a little brief importance, then we
gone, and lo! the world goes on just the
same."

It was curious to notice how everything
seemed to catch the infection of hurry
from the train. The dead leaves whirled
and leaped in the air; the very sand, "o
the earth, earthy," flew on the breeze "as
if it had wings;" the sober old trees in the
wood waved and tossed their branches,
and seemed to stretch their arms out im-
ploringly, saying, "Take us with you, out
from this solitude and silence into the
world of hurry and bustle and life to
which you go."

And the picture was always changing.
Polly never knew what might come next.
She decided it was altogether the best
panorama she ever attended. She felt
positively sorry for the young man with
the slightly bloated, red face, in one of
the best seats on the shady side in front,
who looked so intently out of the window
whenever a woman entered the car until
some gentleman had given her a seat; and
for his neighbor, the fat old gentleman,
who secured the same end by burying his
face in a newspaper. They were losing
so much, and never knew it. All this
changing scene of life, and beauty, and
human nature, going on around them and
they never the wiser or better for it; en-
tirely shut up in their own selfish dis-
agreeable selves.

And being in a moral vein, Polly wor-
dered if the people who take the back
seats in life don't always have the best of
it; the people who are not in a fret and
hurry, and ready to push down and tram-
ple on their fellow travellers to secure the
best place, the highest positions, the first
notice, the front seats generally; who
don't expect much, are not eager to thrust
themselves forward, don't think much
about themselves anyway. Whether
there was not a certain peace and serenity
always attendant on the back seat; a leis-
ure from one's self that gives room for a
deal of outside living. And, after all, the
journey is so short and so swift that, real-
ly, the seat one occupies is of very little
consequence. The people in the back seat
reach the journey's end just as soon, and
once there no one asks how they came.
"There is a day after to-day." That all
should be good-natured and unselfish and
helpful to their fellow passengers, and
possess their own souls in peace are the
important things. At least, so it seemed
to Polly this bright spring morning.—"L.
Thorne" in the Christian Register.

What should a clergyman preach about?
—about a quarter of an hour.

Good places for match making—Salpastr
springs.