

# Beaufort Republican.

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BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1871.

(\$2 PER ANNUM Single Copy 5 Cents)

## Beaufort County Republican

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 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. feb11

**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  
AND  
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.

Dec 1st.

**M. POLLITZER,**  
COTTON FACTOR  
AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANT.

BEAUFORT, S. C.  
Sept. 4.

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

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

**HAY AND OATS.**  
A large lot just received by the schooner  
Altoona. For sale cheap while landing, for  
cash only.

**FURNITURE AND WOODEN WARE.**  
Chamber sets, Bedsteads, Chairs, Tubs,  
Pails and Wrapping Paper.  
G. WATERHOUSE,  
Bay St.

**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. A good

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

**ONE THOUSAND SWEET ORANGE**  
Trees for sale, from one to three years old. Will be  
transplanted if desired. Apply to  
B. R. SAMS,  
Bay Street.  
Oct. 26-8.

**S. MAYO,**  
BAY STREET, BEAUFORT, S. C.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS,  
TINWARE, HARDWARE, AND WOOD-  
ENWARE.

**LIQUORS,**  
CIGARS & TOBACCO,  
NET YARNS, FISH LINES,  
AND CORDAGE.

**GLASS,**  
PAINTS AND OILS,  
WHITE LEAD AND TURPENTINE.

Special attention given to mixing Paints,  
and glass put to order at any size.  
Feb 11

## 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 2<sup>nd</sup> PER YARD READY MADE  
S. A. Island

**COTTON BAGS,**

4 $\frac{1}{2}$  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,

ORDEES FOR LUMBER AND TIMBER BY THE  
CARGO PROMPTLY FILLED.

TERMS CASH.

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

**CHARLESTON ADVERTISERS.**

**DANIEL H. SILCOX.**

**FURNITURE WAREHOUSES,**

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 18-lyr.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

MEN'S 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.

GEORGE W. LITTLE & CO.  
No. 213 King Street  
Under Victoria Hotel.  
May 27-6m.

**NACHMAN & CO.**

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions

159 MEETING STREET,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Apr 1.

**CHARLESTON HOTEL,**  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

MEH 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 -1y

**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 1y.

## Poetry.

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY M. M. MEIOS.

There's a wonderful tree, a wonderful tree,  
The happy children rejoice to see,  
Spreading its branches year by year,  
It comes from the forest to flourish here;  
Oh! this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,  
Is always blooming at Christmas-tide.

'Tis not alone in the summer's sheen,  
Its boughs are broad and its leaves are green;  
It blooms for us when the wild winds blow,  
And earth is white with feathery snow;  
And this wonderful tree with branches wide,  
Bears many a gift for the Christmas tide.

'Tis all alight with its tapers' glow,  
That flash on the shining eyes below,  
And the strange sweet fruit on each laden bough  
Is all to be plucked by the gatherers now.  
Oh! this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,  
We hail it with joy at the Christmas-tide.

And a voice is telling, its boughs among,  
Of the shepherds' watch and angels' song;  
Of a holy Babe in a manger low,  
The beautiful story of long ago,  
When a radiant Star threw its beam so wide,  
To herald the earliest Christmas-tide.

Then spread thy branches, wonderful tree,  
And bring some dainty gift to me,  
And fill my heart with a burning love  
To Him who came from His home above—  
From His beautiful home with the glorified,  
To give us the joys of the Christmas-tide.

### GRETCHEN.

[Translated from the French of Ereckmann-Chatrin.]

It was about ten o'clock in the evening  
when the darkness came out from the brew-  
ery of "The Swan." Theodore with the  
others walked down the silent village.  
Windows were being shut in the distance,  
and the voices of the women could be  
heard in the night air as they closed their  
shutters. "Good night, Orchel!" "Good  
night, Gredell! Sleep well!"

Then all was silent, and Theodore was  
alone in the quiet street; the innumerable  
stars over his head, the gently moving  
trees at each side all along the way—look-  
ing, listening, and dreaming. "What fugi-  
tive things the night reveals to us! Listen  
to the vague murmur—the rustling of the  
trees, the birds that chirp so low—so low  
that the cat always on the watch is scarce-  
ly able to hear them. Theodore liked the  
night; he took a few steps, stopped, turned  
around, listened. When he looked up to  
the sky the words of Conard, the weaver,  
came to his memory: "guard thy soul!  
guard thy soul!" But when he looked on  
the earth, when he breathed the sweet  
perfumes of the autumn—the breath of  
the new hay, the faint odor of the dying  
leaves—then he dreamed of Gretchen, the  
pretty Gretchen; so fresh, so beautiful,  
with lips so sweet and red, with great blue  
eyes so merry and clear, with laughter so  
frank and childlike. How beautiful she  
seemed to him then, and how his heart  
bounced! He could almost see her move  
from table to table, pouring the beer into  
the shining measures—her arms lifted up,  
as white as ivory, her form slightly bent;  
the two braids of her blond hair almost  
touching the bottom of her pretty red  
dress; her teeth dazzling as crystal.

Gretchen laughed with everybody except  
Monsieur Theodore. As soon as she saw  
him enter the room she became grave; but  
at the same time her great blue eyes were  
filled with an expression so tender that  
the heart of the poor fellow melted with  
love. He would lose his breath and stam-  
mer unintelligible words.

Theodore wandered thus in the lumen-  
ous night; behind the village, along the  
bushes, walking in the little paths bor-  
dered with fences, and in the fields freshly  
mowed; looking at the irregularly-con-  
structed little houses, with their outside  
stairs, their worm eaten railings, their  
farm-yards, their great spreading roofs,  
all bordered with dark, mysterious shad-  
ows. At the end of his long, winding  
way, he found himself again before the  
house of Reebstock. He stopped under  
Gretchen's window, and looking at the  
shutter, with the round hole in the top  
that gave light to the interior of the little  
room, he said to himself, "she is there."  
And thinking that she was there, his gaze  
became so fixed, so absorbed, that to see  
him you would have supposed he saw  
something strange, something curious.  
But he saw nothing. He thought, "she  
is there!"

He had dreamed in this way for an  
hour, not being able to decide to go away,  
when he heard a singular noise outside  
the building. Theodore listened.

"What is that?" said the artist, and he  
stepped cautiously into the yard. There  
the sound was repeated three times. The-  
odore looked everywhere, but saw nothing.  
Finally he pushed aside the branches of a  
tree loaded with red fruit, and saw at the

foot of the wall the idiot Kasper Noss.  
He was sitting on the grass, his legs  
stretched out, and his ragged hat between  
his knees, full of excellent grapes, which  
he had doubtless stolen from somewhere  
in the neighborhood. The poor fellow  
seemed as happy as a thrush; his head  
bent down, his great cheeks moving as he  
ate, and his idiotic face shining with satis-  
faction. It was he who was smacking his  
lips. He raised the large bunches of fruit  
and held them over his mouth, which was  
stretched wide open. His fat throat  
swelled contentedly. "Ha! ha!" said he,  
chuckling to himself. Tall weeds bent  
over towards him in the shadow of the  
wall, and sundry dry thistles kept watch  
at his feet.

"Ah, you rascal," said Theodore to him,  
"is this the way you pass your nights?"

The idiot turned his head carelessly,  
partly shut his eyes with a mocking air,  
and without taking his lips from the  
grapes. "Ah," said he, "it is you, is it,  
Theodore? Come and taste of my grapes."

"Who gave them to you?"

Kasper stretched out his hand and said,  
"Down there. There's plenty of them  
there!"

"What, there? You have stolen them  
then from Reebstock's garden?"

"Yes; Theodore," replied the other  
simply.

"And if I tell of it?"

"You won't do that."

"Why not?"

"You would have to say what time of  
the night it was when you saw me."

As Kasper said this he winked in an  
odd fashion, and laughed as the artist  
hastily recrossing the yard, murmured,  
"yes, yes; the fool is right."

But as he passed, Noss seized hold of  
his coat and cried, "Stop thief, stop! I  
have caught you, you came to steal away  
the heart of Gretchen!"

Theodore grew pale. "Let me go."

"No; sit down."

"Noss, I beg you, let me go."

"Eat some of my grapes."

"Listen. I will rouse the house."

"Lend me some tobacco, Theodore, and  
I will make Gretchen come out," said Noss  
in a strange tone, full of attention and  
conviction. "She loves you. She thinks  
only of you." "There," said he, raising  
his finger, "listen! She dreams of you in  
her little chamber. She says, 'Theodore,  
my Theodore, I love thee!'"

The idiot had loosed his hold on Theo-  
dore's coat; but he no longer thought of  
escaping. He listened to the words of  
Noss with an infinite joy.

"Oh my good Kasper, are you sure of  
what you say?"

"And why not?" said Noss. "Are you  
not the handsomest man in the village,  
and the best one too? Don't you give me  
all your old pipes and tobacco always,  
when I ask for it? Yes, yes; she dreams  
of you every night. There, sit down, and  
I will make her come out."

Theodore sat down like one fascinated,  
and the fool gave him a cluster of grapes,  
"Eat that," said he, "you have given me  
bread often enough for me to give you  
something now."

Theodore to please him, took a grape  
from the bunch. It was delicious. They  
were the real Markobruner.

Noss laughed. Joining his hands before  
his mouth he made a sound like the wak-  
ing cry of a quail. It was so true that far  
away in the fields a quail was deceived,  
and thinking in the middle of the night  
that it was morning, called three times.

"What are you doing?" said the young  
man.

"I am hurrying the hours," replied  
Noss, joyously. "It is four o'clock out-  
side of the brewery."

He repeated the same cry at long inter-  
vals, and from the fields around there  
came a thousand confused murmurs.

"Let me do it," said he to Theodore,  
"let me do it. Gretchen will come out;  
and old Reebstock sleeps so soundly he'll  
not wake up."

Then leaning over the fence he imitated  
the first crow of the cock—slow and grave,  
hoarse in the morning fog. You could  
almost see the cock shake his feathers and  
balance himself on the railing. Five or six  
hens came down the steps of the hen-  
house, looking at the moon above the roof.

"You rogue," said Theodore, "who  
taught you these things?"

But Kasper Noss laughed gently and  
whispered, "Don't ask me. I am a fool."

The hens, surprised at their error, start-  
ed up the steps again; but the idiot, full  
of mischief, chased them and made them  
flutter and cackle.

Then, turning suddenly, he imitated  
the song of the lark saluting the morning.  
He put in it so much of tenderness that  
Theodore, with tears in his eyes, stretched  
out his arms and murmured "O Gretchen!  
come, come, Gretchen; my love! my joy!  
my life! Gretchen, it is my heart which  
sighs for thee! it is I who call thee!"

He leaned against the wall, his head  
bent down, dreaming of Gretchen, while  
Noss continued his sweet, trembling notes.

Gretchen, in her light sleep, had heard  
the crowing of the cocks, and it seemed  
still a dream; then the noise of the hens,  
and her eyes opened. No light came in at  
the little window, and she turned again to  
dream of Theodore. But when she heard  
the lark; when the soft, trembling notes  
reached her heart, she rose gently, saying,  
"yes, it is morning."

She slipped on her pretty dress and  
started to open the window.

Theodore had heard her move. He start-  
ed to escape; but the moment the shutter  
was thrown back, all his timidity vanish-  
ed. He leaned in at the low window, and  
notwithstanding a low cry from the young  
girl, seized her hand. "O Gretchen, Gret-  
chen," he said, "I love thee!"

The moment he had pronounced the  
words he trembled violently. Gretchen  
moved like a little dove surprised in her  
nest, and with blushing cheeks stammered  
softly, "Theodore; dear Theodore!"

She could add no more, for father Reeb-  
stock's shutter opened suddenly above the  
window, and out in the night air came a  
terrible oath, a regular German oath, fol-  
lowed by the words: "What do I see  
here?"

Everybody was instantly consternated.  
Theodore and Gretchen fell into each other's  
arms, and then separated, frightened  
at what they had done. Noss, his arms  
in the air, ran swiftly away, making the  
cry of a duck escaping in the reeds from a  
dog. His harsh, nasal voice sounded  
farther away. He had something to laugh  
about; but Reebstock did not laugh, and  
the artist, crushing his hat in his hand,  
leaped over the fence and ran towards the  
orchard; while Gretchen, trembling, closed  
her window quickly. A neighbor's great  
dog, waked by the noise, barked and  
shook his chain.

Theodore walked the fields until morn-  
ing, repeating as in a dream, "Gretchen,  
Gretchen, I love thee!" Then, remember-  
ing Gretchen's words, "Theodore, dear  
Theodore!" he thought himself the happi-  
est of mortals.

About five o'clock he entered his own  
house and vainly tried to sleep, as he re-  
membered that Reebstock had perhaps  
recognized him, and might in future shut  
his door to him. This thought gave him  
great uneasiness. The next day his sad-  
ness had much increased. "I am the most  
unhappy person in the world," he said.  
"Old Reebstock will certainly do some-  
thing terrible. It may be I shall never  
again see Gretchen. If I could see her  
but once more! But I shall never dare  
even to pass the house."

Descending the steps with his sad  
thoughts for company, he walked slowly  
along the street, his eyes fixed on the vane  
and the sign of the brewery, which he  
could see in the distance. Nothing seemed  
to be changed. Everything went on as  
usual. The herdsmen were passing  
through the village, playing on their bag-  
pipes, and followed by a long line of goats  
and pigs; the young girls were going to  
the fountain, their pitchers in their hands;  
and Kasper Noss, stretched out on a bench  
before the public house, slept quietly in  
the sunshine.

Theodore gradually approached the  
brewery, his canvas on his arm. He was  
passing the door without daring to turn  
his head, when he heard loud voices; call-  
ing.

"They are calling me," he said.

The windows of the large room were  
open, and already a good number were at  
the tables; the burgomaster Weinlaud,  
with his great red face, his large hat on  
the back of his head, his heavy cane be-  
tween his legs; the tailor Zimmer, in his  
gray jacket, his nose besmeared with to-  
bacco, his green cap pulled over his ears;  
the little barber Spitz; his pepper plate by  
the side of his bottle, his hair brushed up  
in a pyramid in the old French fashion,  
his loud voice sounding through the room;  
these and many others. Old Berbel was  
placing pans of curdled milk behind the  
stove, and great sheets of sunshine, filled  
with notes, covered the tables and the  
seats.

Theodore entered, much agitated.  
Father Reebstock in his brown coat and  
great steel buttons; was sitting near the  
clock, facing the door. Gretchen, who  
was looking out of the window, dropped  
her eyes.

The men were talking together. All  
seemed as usual. But the moment the ar-  
tist stepped over the door-sill, Reebstock,  
raising his arm towards him, cried out,  
"Monsieur Theodore, do you love my  
daughter Gretchen?"

The young man felt himself turn pale.  
He opened his lips to reply, but could not  
speak a word. Reebstock repeated: "Do  
you love my daughter Gretchen?"

Everybody was aghast. Each one, his  
glass in his hand, remained motionless,  
looking first at Theodore, and then at  
Gretchen, and then at the brewer. Finally  
Theodore, his voice half choked by the  
beating of his heart, cried "If I love  
her?"

He turned to Gretchen with a look so  
tender and pleading, that the young girl  
ran towards him, and throwing herself in-  
to his arms, melted into tears.

The old brewer burst into a great laugh.  
"Ha! ha! ha! I knew very well that they  
loved each other," he said. "It wasn't  
me who needed to be told of it."

All the others, seeing him laugh, cried  
"Ha! ha! ha! He is smart, the old Reeb-  
stock; he knows everything."

"Well," said the brewer, "since you  
love her so well, take her, take her for  
your wife; but stay with me in my house."  
Then as he sat down, he added in a grav-  
er tone, "you all understand? They are  
to be married in fifteen days."

Well, Reebstock had grandsons and  
granddaughters whom he trotted on his  
knees. Long afterward, when he was  
very old, he said to his daughter and her  
husband: "My children, remember one  
thing. We have heaven to thank that we  
are so happy. I heard the cock crow be-  
fore the morning; and looking out of the  
window I saw Gretchen open her shutter.  
I was getting very angry, when Providence  
whispered to me. 'Give your consent  
quickly, for fear they will marry with-  
out it!'"