

# THE BEAUFORT REPUBLICAN.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. OUR MOTTO IS—TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.

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## Autumn;

The brown fields forget their bloom,  
Lost in a solemn trance;  
Golden leaves go to their doom,  
Torn by the winds, perchance.

No more budgings of June  
Show on the naked stem;  
No more birds, just in tune,  
Echo the joy after them.

No more fluttering wings,  
Eager to put to the test  
Whether, among other things,  
Home life or travel were best.

Nowhere now may we find  
The white-weed's silvery star;  
There's not a rose left to remind  
Wherefore the sharp briars are.

Yet where we miss the clover  
The windfalls lie, ripe and red;  
And patient eyes may discover  
That Summer is sleeping, not dead.

**COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE.**

"Now is this what I call comfort,"

said Madge Harley as she sat down by her neighbor's fire one evening; "here you are at your sewing, with the kettle steaming on the hob, and the tea-things on the table, expecting every minute to hear your husband's step, and see his kind face look in at the door. Ah! if my husband was but like yours, Janet."

"He is like mine in many of his ways," said Janet, with a smile, "and if you will allow me to speak plainly, he would be still more like him if you took more pains to make him comfortable."

"What do you mean?" cried Madge; "our house is as clean as your's; I mend my husband's clothes, and cook his dinner as carefully as any woman in the parish, and yet he never stays at home of an evening, while you sit here by your cheerful fire night after night as happy as can be."

"As happy as can be on earth," said her friend gravely; "yes, and shall I tell you the secret of it, Madge?"

"I wish you would," said Madge, with a deep sigh; "it is misery to live as I do now."

"Well, then," said Janet, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I let my husband see that I love him still, and that I learn every day to love him more. Love is the chain that binds him to his home. The world may call it folly, but the world is not my lawgiver."

"And do you really think," exclaimed Madge in surprise, "that husbands care for that sort of thing?"

"For love, do you mean?" asked Janet.

"Yes; they don't feel at all as we do, Janet, and it don't take many years of married life to make them think of a wife as a sort of maid-of-all-work."

"A libel, Madge," said Mrs. Matson, laughing; "I won't allow you to sit in William's chair and talk so."

"No, because your husband is different, and values his wife's love, while John cares for me only as his house-keeper."

"I don't think that," said Janet, "although I know that he said to my husband the happiest of a man's life. My husband reminded him that there is greater happiness than that, even on earth, if men but give their hearts to Christ. I know John did not alter his opinion, but he went away still thinking of his courting time as a joy too great to be exceeded."

"Dear fellow," cried Madge, smiling through her tears. "I do believe he was very happy then. I remember I used to listen for his steps as I sat with my dear mother by the fire, longing for the happiness of seeing him."

"Just so," said Janet; "do you ever feel like that now?"

Madge hesitated. "Well, no, not exactly."

"And why not?"

"O, I don't know," said Madge; "married people give up that sort of thing."

"Love, do you mean?" asked Janet.

"No, but what people call being sentimental," said Mrs. Harley.

"Longing to see your husband is a proper sentiment."

"But some people are ridiculously foolish before others," reasoned Madge; "that proves they want sense. I am not likely to approve of that, as William would soon tell you; all I want is that wives should let their husbands know they are still loved."

"But men are so vain," said Madge, "that it is dangerous to show them such attention."

Her friend looked up, "O, Madge, what are you saying? Have you, then, married with the notion that it is not good for John to believe you love him?"

"No, but it is not wise to show that you care too much for them."

"Say I and him; do not talk of husbands in general; but of yours in particular."

"He thinks quite enough of himself already, I assure you."

"Dear Madge," said Janet, smiling, "would it do you any harm to receive a little more attention from your husband?"

"Of course not. I wish he'd try," and Mrs. Harley laughed at the idea.

"Then you don't think enough of yourself already? and nothing would make you vain, I suppose?"

Madge colored, and all the more when she perceived that William Matson had come in quietly, and was now standing behind Janet's chair. This of course, put an end to the conversation. Madge retired to her own home to think of Janet's words, and to confess secretly that they were wise.

Hours passed before John Harley returned home. He was a man of good abilities, and well to do in the world; and having married Madge because he truly loved her, he had expected to have a happy home. But partly because he was reserved and sensitive, partly because Madge feared to make him vain, they had grown very cold to each other, so cold that John began to think the ale-house a more comfortable place than his own fireside.

That night the rain fell in torrents, the winds howled, and it was not until

## the midnight hour had arrived that

Harley left the public-house and hastened toward his cottage. He was wet through when he at length crossed the threshold; he was, as he gruffly muttered, "used to that"; but he was not used to the tone and look with which his wife drew near to welcome him, nor to find warm clothes by a crackling fire, and slippers on the hearth; nor to hear no remark for late hours and neglect, and dirty foot-marks as he sat in his arm-chair. Some change had come to Madge he was very sure. She wore a dress he had bought her years ago, with a neat linen collar round the neck, and had a cap, trimmed with white ribbons, on her head.

"You're smart, Madge," he exclaimed at last, when he had stared at her for some time in silence. "Who has been here worth dressing for tonight?"

"No one until you came," said Madge, half laughing.

"If nonsense; you didn't dress for me?" cried John.

"You won't believe it, perhaps, but I did. I have been talking with Mrs. Matson this evening, and she has given me some very good advice. So now, John, what would you like for your supper?"

John, who was wont to steal to the shelf at night and content himself with anything he could find, thought Madge's offer too excellent to be refused, and very soon a large bowl of chocolate was steaming on the table. Then his wife sat down, for a wonder, by his side and talked a little, and listened, and looked pleased, when at last, as if he could not help it, he said, "Dear old Madge!"

"That was enough; her elbow somehow found its way then to the arm of his great chair, and she sat quietly looking at the fire. After awhile John spoke again:

"Madge, dear, do you remember the old days when we used to sit side by side in your mother's kitchen?"

"Yes."

"I was a younger man then, Madge, and, as they told me, handsome; now I am growing older, plainer, duller. Then you—you loved me; do you love me still?"

She looked up in his face, and her eyes answered him. It was like going back to the old days to feel his arm around her as her head lay on his shoulder, and to hear once again the kind words meant for her ear alone.

She never once asked if this would make him "vain," she knew, as if by instinct, that it was making him a wiser, a more thoughtful, more earnest-hearted man. And when, after a happy silence, he took down the big Bible, and read a chapter, as he had been wont to read to her mother in former times, she bowed her head and prayed.

Yes, prayed—for pardon, through the blood of Jesus Christ—for strength to fulfill every duty in the future—for the all-powerful influences of the Spirit, for blessings on her husband evermore.

She prayed—and not in vain.—*British Workman.*

**A Very Snakey Story.**

Mr. J. C. Beemer, near Coleville, Orange County, N. Y., while out "huckleberrying" one day last week, discovered a worm snake crossing the road about three feet in length. He assaulted his snakeship with a billet of wood, struck two or three blows, when the reptile began to spread out, crawling in all directions. Mr. Beemer was greatly astonished, took a closer view of his victim, when he discovered that it was composed of thousands of little reptiles, varying in length from an inch to three inches, about the size of a hair, all linked in together in such a manner as to form a complete snake three feet in length. On being struck with his club they all became alarmed, and endeavored to escape, crawling and wriggling in every direction. Mr. Beemer concluded to investigate the phenomena, and accordingly retired a few rods from the scene of battle, to watch these peculiar reptiles. In about half an hour the little snakes had collected en masse into the condition when first discovered, when the mass commenced to move with all the likeness and characteristics of a black snake, towards a large anthill, near by. On gaining the object of their search these seemingly thousands of little reptiles disbanded and commenced a furious assault on the occupants of the little hill, where a spirited battle was waged against the ants for about fifteen minutes, for the possession of the ant-eggs stored therein. The snakes came off victorious, and soon collected again en masse into a greatly enlarged mass, resembling a large snake as before, but twice its original size, gorged with ant-eggs.

**Wages in Paris.**

From an official inquiry set on foot by the Chamber of Commerce, of Paris, it appears that there are employed in the various trades and manufactures of that city, 467,311 hands, of whom about 300,000 are men, 120,000 women, and 47,000 children. Of these, there are 60,000 males, earning from 50 centimes (10 cents) to 3 francs (60 cents) per day, 211,000 earn from 3 1/2 to 6 francs (65 cents to \$1 20) per day, and 15,000 from 6 1/2 to 20 francs (\$1 30 to \$4). Of the females, 17,200 earn from 50 centimes (10 cents) to 1 franc 25 centimes to 4 francs (25 to 80 cents); and 700 from 4 1/2 to 10 francs (90 cents to \$2). The wages of children are from 10 cents to 25 cents per day. The shoemakers, carpenters, bricklayers, stonemasons, and painters are among the 211,000 who receive from 65 cents to \$1 20 per day. It is not to be wondered, says a correspondent, that these mechanics come to the United States whenever they can raise money enough to pay their passage. Our mechanics at home, by restricting their own sons in the privilege of learning trades, always keep the supply short so as to provide places for the foreign mechanic whenever he is ready to come. They all deserve leather medals for their philanthropy.

Mrs. Partington thinks that the grocers ought to hire a music teacher to teach them the scales correctly.

## Foot and Benton.

**Scene in the U. S. Senate Chamber.**

In one of his reminiscences, Hon. Henry S. Foote gives the following:

"A scene occurred in the Senate between Mr. Benton and myself which I should here briefly explain. In the summer of 1850, while Mr. Calhoun's remains were being transported from Washington to South Carolina, but before they had left Washington, Mr. Benton rose up one morning and made, as I understood them, some very disagreeable allusions to the illustrious deceased. I stepped to the chair of Mr. Butler, Mr. Calhoun's own Senatorial colleague, and urged him to say something in response. He seemed not exactly to understand the import of Mr. Benton's words, and therefore responded to him in a very confused and ineffective manner. I rose up to subjoin one or two observations, in a style, as I am willing to acknowledge, not a little animated and indignant. Mr. Benton rose up suddenly from his chair, which was some distance from mine, making at the time a prodigious noise, and advanced rapidly in the direction of my position, which was on the outer circle of the chamber, and seemed to be aiming to get behind me while I was speaking, in order to strike me when in this unprotected attitude. I had been warned by Senator Pratt only a day or two before that he had publicly threatened to do me violence in the Senate if I ever undertook to allude to him again, and I had deemed it expedient to put on arms for my own defense. I was wearing at the moment a Colt's revolver, which certainly intended to use should it become necessary. On drawing it, I took a step or two to the right, which carried me to the central aisle of the Senate. I then turned toward the central door of the chamber, intending certainly if Mr. Benton should pass the corner near my seat to advance a single step down the aisle I was standing in, after having warned him of my intention, to fire upon him at once, conceiving that in shooting in the direction of the central door I should be able to avoid doing injury to any one else; for I undoubtedly did not intend to succumb to his violence while in the decorous performance of my Senatorial duties. When Mr. Benton saw I was armed he paused, and in a second or two allowed Gov. Dodge, the venerable Senator from Wisconsin, to conduct him to his chair. Before he had fairly resigned himself, Mr. Dickinson, of New York, asked me for my pistol, which I willingly handed him. Then it was that Mr. Benton broke out again vociferously, exclaiming: 'Let the assassin shoot!' at the same time theatrically tearing open his vest. I made a short explanation of my conduct to the Senate, after which the affair was referred to a special committee, whose report and the evidence annexed thereto occupy one large printed volume, in which future generations will find a huge and somewhat incongruous mass of facts of a very ludicrous and interesting character."

**Fostering a Bad Practice.**

There is a good deal said in censure of the custom of jumping off and on the cars when in motion. It is righteous condemnation, but is not consistent when coming from railroad companies. If they truly desire a reform they must begin at home, for as long as employees will jump on a train when in motion, and persist in doing it as gracefully as they do, an imitative public will be the sufferers. People don't jump on a train before it stops because they are in a hurry, but because they have seen a brakeman or conductor do it, and have a terrible dread of being surpassed. Now, at the station the other day, Conductor Phillips, of the eastern train, after giving the word to start, waited until the last car reached him, and then raising one hand to the rail and one foot gently from the earth, he swung majestically around, and was at once firmly on the car. Mr. Phillips weighs two hundred pounds, but there was such grace and poetry in his motion that he seemed to blend with the car. First there was yellow paint, and then gold leaf, and maroon, and Phillips. There was an elderly person who saw Phillips do this, and his eyes glistened with anticipation. He was going on the western train, and when it came along he waited until a fine rate of speed was gained, and then raising his hand and leg, just as he had seen Phillips do, and looking carelessly away just as Phillips did, he reached out for the rail, and the next instant shot-gun in the hands of a double-barreled platform plank, and madly paving around with his hands, and swearing and praying at an awful rate. They stood him up on his feet and rubbed his head with some snow, but it was a long while before they could convince him that the locomotive had not exploded.

**Perils of Whaling.**

On the 14th of September, 1872, the bark Oray Taft, at anchor near Marble Island, Hudson's Bay, parted her cables and went ashore, landing high and dry, in such a position that she cannot be got off. On the 19th of October following the bark Ansel Gibbs went ashore at the same place, went to pieces, and is a total wreck. The Oray Taft had no oil, but the Ansel Gibbs had 550 barrels of whale oil and 11,000 pounds of bone, most of which was lost. A small amount was saved by the Abbie Bradford. No men were lost at the time of the wrecks, but both crews were obliged to live on the island until the 2d of August last, and from exposure and the lack of proper food were attacked by scurvy. The winter was fearfully cold, being the most severe for a number of years, so that the natives of the island suffered exceedingly. Ten of the crew of the Ansel Gibbs and four of the crew of the Oray Taft died.

## Terrible Scene in a School.

**A Teacher and Pupil Stab Each Other to Death.**

The Atlanta (Ga.) Herald gives the following account of a terrible double murder recently committed in a school in Banks county, in that State:

"The teacher of the school was Mr. Alfred Alexander, aged forty years, and the student, Mr. John H. Moss, aged about twenty-one years. Mrs. Alexander, wife of the principal, was, we learn, present of her own volition, but not in the discharge of any regular duty as teacher or in any other capacity. Her custom, however, had been to observe the conduct and deportment of the pupils and when she considered them guilty of any breach of decorum, to report them to her husband for reproof or other punishment. On this occasion the subject of her reportorial capacity was the young man referred to, Mr. Moss. When his attention was called to the matter in question he denied the charge made by Mrs. Alexander, which led to an animated and angry dispute. Alexander became enraged at the young man for the part taken by him in the controversy, and, advancing towards Mr. Moss, drew his knife and stabbed him in the breast. Moss in turn drew a dagger and plunged it into Alexander's back. This was a fatal wound and the man fell. Just then Moss turned to leave, but Mrs. Alexander, who was at the side of her husband, wrung the knife from his hand and administered one or two severe cuts in Moss's back, near the region of the spine. The result was that both lay mortally wounded on the scene of the conflict and both expired in a short time, the one within three minutes of the other."

It is not definitely known whether Moss died from the wounds received from the knife or from the stab given by the dagger. The whole school and entire community were thrown into the deepest consternation and excitement over the horrible affair which, though short, was so decisive and terrible."

**The Baby Shown to Visitors.**

It is an odd fact no baby ever did, and no baby ever will, behave in company. The mother always brings it into the parlor where the visitor is, dressed in its clean dress, and its father and its aunt come in smiling at the same time. After the visitor has kissed the baby and taken it on her lap, and declared it is the