Republican. BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1871.

\$3 PER ANNUM Single Copy 5 Cents

How to Make Home Happy.

How often is it that we find that it is not well with the wife; her bright hopes are often doomed to be blighted; the dread thought often comes to her that the husband's affection is growing cold; more and more it become evident that his heart is not in his home, and he cannot share with her his club, his companions, yet how she will seek to win back his heart, and will forgive him for a thousand slights if he will only be her's again. I do not say that; but I honor from my soul every woman that does. Much has been said about the worldly rights belonging to woman. Perhaps they are to come, but there are rights of the home and the fireside which should never be denied to her. She is the queen there; let the husband yield to her; her judgment is best in all connected with it, and let him not too selfishly desire his own way, or too arbitrarily demand his legal rights. The home is especially a school; it calls for concessions from both, and it requires that the two shall become one in spirit as well as in flesh. There are natures, it is true, which are of so uncongenial a character that separation finally becomes a necessity. Divorce is a curse, and the readiness with which it may be procured is one of the most alarming evils of our social life. Marriage is education; it is in the husband's power. out of his superior strength, to supplement the wife's deficiencies, and from her he may obtain that refinement and purity which is peculiarly the gift of woman. The husband may be the sufferer, too, but less frequently; he may miss a true sympathy with his aims, pursuits and ambitions. When the wife is but an ornamental appendage, and is content to live for fashion and vanity, indulging in petty slights and jealousy, then it is not well with the husband. Marriage is often a rock of danger as well as a means of happiness. Remember the time will soon come when the hands are folded and you can help each other no more. So live that when the parted circle meets again, and hearts and well with you all.

Why are sheep the least moral of the animals?-Because they gambol in their youth, spend much of their time turf, many of them are blacklegs, and they

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VOL. 2. NO. 13.]

Beaufort County Republican

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1871.

HOROLOGY.

P. M. WHITMAN,

is constantly receiving the finest and best stock of DRY AND FANCY GOODS.

> BOOTS, SHOES,

Poetry. THE DEAD LETTER.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

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And can it be? Ah, yes, I see, "Tis thirty years and better Since Mary Morgan sent to me This musty, musky letter. A pretty hand (she couldn't spell) As any man must vote it: And 'twas, as I remember well, A pretty hand that wrote it!

How calmly now I view it all, As memory backward ranges-The talks, the walks, that I recall, And then the-postal changes ! How well I loved her I can guess (Since cash is Cupid hostage)-Just one-and-sixpence-nothing less-This letter cost on postagei

The love that wrote at such a rate, (By Jove! it was a steep one!) Five hundred notes (I calculate.) Was certainly a deep one; And yet it died-of slow decline-Perhaps suspicion chilled it; I've quite forgotten if 'twas mine Or Mary flirting killed it!

At last the f stal message came: "My letters please return them And yours-of course you wish the same I'll send them back or burn them." Two precious fools, I must allow, Whichever was the greater; I wonder if I am wiser now, Some seven lustres later?

And this alone remains! Ah, well! These words of warm affection, The faded ink, the pungent smell, Are food for deep reflection, They tell of how the heart contrives To change with fancy's fashion, And how a drop of musk survives The strongest of human passion! -Harper's for November

The Count de Chambord.

On the 13th of February, 1820, the Duke de Berry, second son of the Count d' Artois, afterwards Charles X., who was brother of Louis XVI.; had just handed his charming wife into her carriage at the royal entrance to the operahouse, in Paris, and stood for a moment to see the carriage driver, when he suddenly felt himself wounded. The Duchess, on the point of starting, saw the deed done. In an instant she stopped the carriage, and, without waiting for the steps to be lowered, took her husband in her arms, while her dress became steeped in

scarcely made itself felt. In 1848 there seemed a chance, but Louis Napoleon successfully parried it, now some men think there is another. We are not of that opinion, even supposing that the fusion so much talked of lately between the Bourbon and Orleans families could be brought about, we do not believe that the sovereignty of France would rest five years in such hands as those of the Count de Chambord. France is a country which can henceforward be governed only by men of strong personal qualities. Grace, affability, and personal accomplishments are not the article most in demand for her throne.

It is a thousand pities that this amiable person should have been afficted with a blind belief in his regal destinies. But for this he would probably have been one of the happiest of men. This age has, as Lord Macaulay once observed, been full of warning to the ambitious, and consolation to the drear. But Moses and the prophets were not enough for the rich man's brethren, and French history since 1789 is not, it appears, a cure for the Count de Chambord's ambition, if the report now universally current can be relied upon. The best friends of the Count de Chambord are those who will succeed in convincing him that he hasn't a chance of a crown.

How Swedish Houses are Built in Maine.

"Only one framed house in all New Sweden!" "For goodness' sake, how then are they made?"-writes a correspondent of the Boston Post from the Swedish Colony in Maine. Mostly of hewn timber, neatly dovetailed together, with partitions, ceilings, and floors of evenly-planed cedar plank. The dwellings erected by the State were of round, peeled logs, laid one upon another; but these the Swedes found rather chilly and disagreeable upon the advancement of cold weather, and improved them by hewing both the inside and outside walls, filling in the spaces with moss, and then closing them up with matched strips of cedar. A matched board ceiling souls are blended once more, it shall be overhead was the next addition, with a double plank, smoothly-planed floor underfoot, making them both warm and neat, and to present much the same appearance his blood. His murderer was a man named as those built of hewn timber. They are Louvel, a devoted Napoleonist, who had all a story and a half high, with square all get fleeced at last. imbibed a furious hostility against the pitched roofs, giving ample room for Bourbon race, and ardently desired its exchambers, and in dimensions extensive tinction. It has been alleged that there enough to admit one large general front were special personal reasons for his aniroom, a good sized bed room, and convenient pantry upon the ground floor. Louvel was by trade a saddler, and at The windows are small, with little panes one time, employed in that capacity in of glass, and the only outside door opens the Imperial household, and a story atdirectly into the front room. The interior tained wide circulation, after he had killwalls of nearly all the houses have been ed the Duke, that on one occasion, in prettily papered by the thrifty house-Metz, the latter was trying a saddle, and wives, and with the spotlessly clean floors observed: "They make better ones than and ceilings look by no means unattractive. this in England." "Why don't you stay Tables, chairs, cradles, rustic-bedsteads, there, then?" said Louvel, when the and a thousand and one useful and ornaprince greatly irritated, struck him severmental articles appear on all sides, hapal times with a whip. But this story is pily constructed by Swedish diligence and somewhat apocryphal, and the main reaingenuity, from curiously twisted roots son of the murder would seem to have and bits of board; pretty patchwork quilts, been simply the desire to extinguish the plump white ruffled pillows, white covered race for which he had conceived so insane rustic stands holding the family Bible, and a hatred. He said himself that he comwalls hung round with sketches from the menced with the Duke as the youngest, same, make up the neat attractive apand would have killed all if he could. pointments of every bedroom. From open pantry doors gleam occasional dishes of glass, odd china cups, antique pitcher, and heavy silver spoons; while upon the brightly polished stoves sing merrily the shining kettles. -A colored man who signs himself Thomas J. Dorsey, having been refused a ticket to the Grand Duke's ball in Philadelphia, has addressed a letter to Prince Alexis, complaining of the insult which the African race has suffered in his person, and criticising in no very complimentary terms the flunkeyism of the Philadelphians. -Warwick Castle, the ancient and splendid seat of the Earl of Warwick, in Warwickshire, well known to travelers and historical students, has been irrepar-ably damaged by fire, the origin of which is undiscovered. The great hall, the dining hall, and other state apartments were completely burned out. The destruction of pictures, statuary, and other works of art, was great and most deplorable.



Louvel's object was not to be accomplished, though, for that matter, it might have tenderd to remove one element of discord in France. At the time of his crime the Duchess de Berry was enceinte, and in the following September she gave birth to a boy. This son, commonly called enfant du miracle, born under such melancholy circumstances, was fated in his youth to a chequered career. At his birth he received the title of Duke of Bordeaux, as an acknowledgement of that city's devotion to the fortunes of his house; but before he had attained his tenth year the troubles of his family recommenced; he found himself an exile, and dropped the more ambitious title, assumed that of Count de Chambord, taking his title from a mansion, whose history, as chequered as that of his own race, had once belonged to his ancestors, and in 1821 had been bought, and presented to him by his adherents. From that time until recently the Count de Chambord has been an exile. He has never resigned his claim to the throne, and was supported by a small group of men-notably the famous Berryer, the most prominent of his devoted adherents -of conspicuous ability; but beyond a few attempts to stir into activity the sentiment in favor of the Bourbons which have always more or less existed in Brittany and la Vandee, the legitimist part ha

-Says the Christian Union : We have always felt that Whittier's provincial pronunciation of the word been, marred almost fatally one of the sweetest poems in the language; but lately we have seen that even this fault has its uses .- Before the recent election for the Governorship of Massachusetts, a Boston paper, looking despondently upon the situation, exclaimed;

"Of all sad words of tongue or nen.

A COLORED preacher, in discoursing to his people on the efficacy of earnest prayer, delivered himself in this manner: "I tell you, bredren, 'tis what gibs de debil de lock-jaw!"

-"Tell that man to take off his hat in court," said the judge, the other morning, to an officer. The offender, who turned out to be a lady wearing the fashionable sailor hat, indignantly exclaimed: "I am no man, Sir!" "Then," said his honor, "I am no judge."

-The witty John Clark, the barrister, who was lame, overheard a lady remark to a friend, "That's John Clark, the lame lawyer." Mr. Clark, who was passing along the street, turned round, and ad-dressing the lady said: "No, madam, I'm a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

-A young married man was remarking to some ladies that it was always the women who ran after the men, when his wife indignantly said, "Ye know, my dear, I never ran after you." "That may be," he replied, "but you took mighty good care not to get out of the way."

-A story is told of two travellers who were assigned to the same bedroom in a crowded hotel. Before retiring one of them knelt down to pray, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees he saw his fellow-traveller, valise in hand, going out of the door, and exclaim-ed: "What's the matter? What's up?" "Oh, nothing," was the reply; "only I'm not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you confess yourself to be."

-They are troubled with a superabundance and apparently some singular varieties of babies at Council Bluffs, Iowa. In sore bewilderment at the alarming extent of his charge, the commissioner of the county poor offers for adoption a "fine assortment of healthy, good-looking in-fants, principally boys and girls, ranging in age from 24 hours to 24 months."

Little Jessie had been doing something which her mamma had told her she must not do. She had been eating currants, and, of course, got her mouth all stained. That's the way she got found out. Her mother said: "You know you were forbidden to eat currants!" "But mother Satan tempted me!" "Why didn't you say, get thee behind me, Satan?" "I did say, get thee behind me, Satan. And he went and got behind me, and pushed me right into the currant-bush