

Beaufort Republican.

An Independent Family Newspaper, devoted to Politics, Literature, and General Intelligence. Our motto is—Truth without Fear.

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BEAUFORT S. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1872.

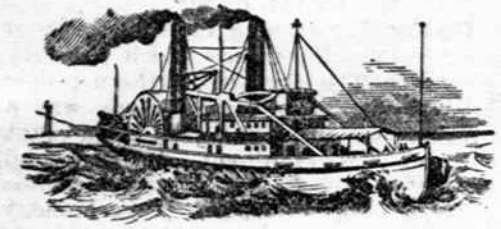
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Beaufort County Republican

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1872.

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Jan. 18-4.

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A Monomaniac's Experiments.

The St. Louis Republican prints the following incredible (but readable) story in the form of a letter from Paris.

I promised you some extracts from the journal of the Marquis —, the mysteries of whose chambers were recently invaded and disclosed by the police, and gave you a brief description of the hidden dungeon, with its curiously contrived closets and manifold appurtenances. Among the contents of these secret closets were enumerated several manuscripts in the handwriting of the murderer, giving in detail a minute account of his various experiments in resuscitating the lives of persons whom he had decoyed to his den and artistically killed—all in the interests of science. It then became plain that he was a monomaniac, searching for the fearful secret of the sources of life, and his deeds rival in sang froid any of the most reckless alchemists of the thirteenth century.

I translate *verbatim* from the originals now in the office of the Prefect of the Second Arrondissement, to whose known partiality to Americans I am indebted for this and many similar favors. After detailing various experiments on the inferior animals, the manuscript recites as follows:

No. 8. The subject of this trial was about thirty years of age, of nervo-sanguine temperament, and full muscular development. The fumes of charcoal was then employed to suspend the vital forces, and was administered slowly and unknown by the subject in order to de-organize as little as possible the arrangement and relative position of the various organs and vessels of the body.

At the instant of unconsciousness the femoral artery was opened near the knee, and every drop of blood extracted. Having liga-ured the artery in such a manner that I could open and close it at will, I then opened the large vein in the left arm, preparatory to introducing the artificial blood already prepared pursuant to the formula to be found in MS. tome II., p. 33. Through this was caused to pass a current of electricity on silver wires, joined at the ends in a ball of platinum, until the thermometer indicated the same temperature which the body then held; having previously adjusted the voltaic pile to the form of the subject, the fluid was injected by a most powerful syringe to the amount of about twenty pounds (English weight), and as soon as the heart was filled the whole fifty-jar battery was applied, and simultaneously the ligature on the artery was loosened. The influx of the blood fluid being kept up, a current was at once established, but without action or effort by the heart. A local application of the electric current was then made to that muscle, and to my delight, a faint but rather spasmodic action occurred. The artery, which had been discharging slowly, was then secured, and the air bellows were applied to the oesophagus with regular movement. The lungs filled at once, and the same spasmodic action was developed. The currents of electricity and of air were now applied at regular intervals, corresponding as closely as possible to an ordinary pulse-beat and to the regular breathing. To my intense delight it now simulated every appearance of life, but remained plunged in a torpor which my utmost efforts and ingenuity could not dispel. Had I then succeeded in producing animal life, but devoid of sensuous perception and the power thereof? What is the thing wanting to arouse this intelligence, and how connect the action of the physical organs with the nervous system? I retire for the night.

A night and day have passed in deep reflection. The body remains in the same position. The pulse beats regularly but faintly at about forty five, and the breathing is decided, but faint and noiseless. I had during the day prepared a solution of iron and other material, according to formula, tome III., p. 12, and new charged the same heavily, and the minerals retained the subtle fluid magnificently. So powerful was it that standing on an insulated stool and immersing my hand in the fluid, I could plainly feel it spreading itself through my body.

I proceeded to eject this solution into the stomach by the process of Dr. Desloz, and the result was astounding. A husk speedily overspread the face, the pupil of the eye slowly dilated and assumed a look of intelligence. The tongue was loosened, and obstructed the breathing, which became stertorous. The pulse became stronger, and the action of both heart and lungs was visibly natural. I removed him at once from all contact with the voltaic pile and the batteries, and made him assume a position parallel with the magnetic currents of the earth, and then retired to the upper room and closely watched his movements, myself concealed.

As the fumes of the injected solution increased in volume, a movement of the feet and hands began, which, to all appearances, was controlled by the will, and this action gradually extended itself to the whole body. The legs and arms were moved and stretched. The muscles obeyed volition. The arms moved under him, and with a seeming effort he sat erect and looked around him. He stretched out his hand toward the gas jet which was burning brightly, and then looked at his palm in evident surprise. He attempted to stand erect, but at the first step staggered and fell. He then crawled on his elbows

and knees to various shining objects in the room, and invariably carried them to his mouth. I watched him in silence and at last addressed him by name, but to my salutation he returned inarticulate sounds, and his attention instantly wandered. The mystery was soon solved. I had succeeded in restoring animation to the body; had put in working order the heart, lungs, stomach, and nervous system, but all the efforts of my art could not restore his lost humanity. He was an idiot. The intangible something which had heretofore made him a reasonable human being was gone forever, and my reason at once told me that further than this art could not go, deeper than this science could not look, and I stood rebuked on the very threshold of the temple, with not even a glance at its real mysteries. The causes of all that I had seen still remained hidden, and shallow as Bahsed's was the pool which I had troubled, and no healing was in its waters. A deep disgust for knowledge followed my late enthusiasm as one wave succeeds another, and my only feeling as one of anger and envy towards the first great cause—whose secrets I had thought to duplicate—whose secrets to unravel.

The grovelling thing below me, gibbering in the glare of the gas-light seemed to mock me, and with anger and despair I closed the aperture, tunnel on the apylaxating gas, and in a few moments he was beyond the reach of resuscitation through human means. What is the measure of my guilt as weighed by legal standard, and in how far would I have been a murderer had not the last scene been enacted?

So closes one chapter of this remarkable document, and if the evidence were not so positive one would doubt the statement contained therein. The house which covered these scenes has been razed by order of the Government, on petition of adjacent property owners, and every vestige has been removed. The name of the murderer has been erased from the heraldic records, and his memory as far as possible, consigned to oblivion.

General Anderson—A Sumter Memorial.

The editor of the Savannah Republican, who was present by invitation of Captain Hartstein at the evacuation of Fort Sumter, describes at interview with General Robert Anderson at that time, two points of which are worth copying. The writer says:

"We enquired of Major Anderson why he abandoned Fort Moutrie after his positive engagement with a committee of South Carolinians not to leave it. His reply was, that mutual obligations were entered into—his to remain, and the Carolinians not to disturb while in possession of the fort. He believed those who gave the assurance acted in good faith, but they could not control others. He left Fort Moutrie under reliable information that without the consent of the authorities of Carolina, a plot had been formed in Charleston; to attack the fort in the rear. He had unquestionable evidence that such an expedition was on foot, and believing that the work was not defensible, he evacuated it and transferred his garrison to Fort Sumter.

And just here, it may not be uninteresting to relate another circumstance in the same connection. Late in the evening, after the *Lafayette* had left for the bar with Major Anderson and his garrison, the steamer *Gen. at Clinch*, with a large and enthusiastic crowd on board, turned her prow towards the city. The capture of the fort and garrison was on every tongue and the wildest rejoicing pervaded the vessel, many believing the war at an end and Southern independence accomplished. On deck there was a pile of cotton bales, and when nearing the wharf we discerned Captain Hartstein reclining on the top of them, evidently musing and apparently taking no part in the general enthusiasm. Passing by, we addressed him, and inquired if he felt unwell under the fatigues of the day. "No, not sick," he remarked, "I was only occupied with serious thoughts of the future, while the rest are enjoying the present. I am a Southern man and sympathize with my people in their wrongs; but I have long been in the service of the United States, and know her spirit and power. I was only thinking how terribly she would avenge this dishonor to her flag."

The Force of Mind.

If the war of France and Russia has demonstrated anything, it has demonstrated that no force on earth is master of things but mind. The pointing of a gun tells more than its weight of metal. A thinking General is worth twenty fighting Generals. Already there has arisen a legend of Moltke—descendant of Woden, armed with cap of darkness, shoes of swiftness, and irresistible hammer—type of the heroic strength and prowess of intellect. Matter has been busy heaving itself up, hoping to conquer by its stupid bulk, but it has only served to form a point of ascent, or airy platform, for mind to leap from and soar. In a higher sense, however, is mind supreme than in its application to machinery, the machinery of discipline, transport, commissariat, burning of villages, organization of robbery, shooting down of non-combatants, and such like. All this mind in relation to

machinery, for good or for bad, is subordinate to mind in relation to ideas. History is nothing but logic. Not an invading army, but an ungodly syllogism, will bring a nation to nothingness. The impassive, and sometimes, it is to be feared, ironical, Time-spirit sits with a face of a sphinx, proposing logical riddles to the nations, supplying premises, and waiting to see who will have courage to draw legitimate conclusions, suggesting sophisms to try the children of men, giving to those who can answer her questions the most splendid rewards, and ever herself working out with the sureness of the stars the problems of her superb dialectic. If we can lay hold of the logic of history, the events of our own time ought to be as intelligible as those of the past, with which they are inseparably linked; and even something of the future ought to be deducible when, having ascertained by observation a major premise, we supply, by prudent conjecture or prophetic gift, a minor.—"France and Prussia," in the *Contemporary Review*.

Mahomet.

The Arabs, before the mission of Mahomet, were Sabæans, or worshippers of the stars. To the distinguished tribe of the Koreish belonged the charge of a black stone, which was regarded as the national palladium, and was kept at Mecca. To this tribe belonged Mahomet, who, through his intercourse with the Jews and Christians, learnt to prefer Monotheism to the Polytheism of his countrymen. After attaining an independent position by marriage with a rich widow, he gave himself up for a while to a life of religious retirement, and in his fortieth year re-appeared with the doctrine that there was but one God, and that he, Mahomet, was his prophet. At first, he not only found but few adherents, but a riot forced him to leave Mecca for Medina on the 10th of July, 622, from which, as the Hegira or Flight of Mahomet, the Mahometans compute their years, as the Christians do theirs from the birth of Christ. While at Medina he composed some of the fragments of which the holy book called the Koran consists. Shortly afterwards he was acknowledged by the Arabians as the appointed messenger of the Deity, and after his death, in the year 632, his tomb at Mecca became the resort for pilgrims. The religion which he left behind him taught the unity of God as the creator and preserver of the universe—the resurrection of the dead, and a life hereafter in which the good would be rewarded and the bad punished. To the ceremonies of the faith belong frequent ablutions, the offering of five prayers daily, fasting, and pilgrimages to Mecca. The wearing of arms was commended, polygamy within certain limits was allowed, and wine and pork was prohibited. A very practical precept of the Koran was the duty of diffusing the true doctrine by fire and sword, if necessary, and all who died in the pious cause were promised a paradise full of sensual delights.

The Way Texan Wild Horses are Broken.

A leather strap attached to the "bosal" (a kind of halter) is pulled over the horse's eyes, and a saddle-blanket is dropped gently on his back, but very seldom remains at the first trial, as he will almost invariably shake it off. After one or more trials, however, he submits to both blank and saddle. The latter is strapped on tightly with two girths, fore and flank, strapped tightly. The rider then adjusts the stake-rope into reins by tying it securely to the bosal, leaving a long end by which to hold on. In the event the horse should succeed in throwing him, he stands directly facing the horse, abreast or a little forward of the shoulder, seizes the under part of the bosal with his left hand, pulls the horse's head round near him to prevent him being kicked, takes the stirrup in his right hand, and turning it toward him, places his foot in it firmly. Grasping the pommel, he now gives the saddle a shake or two, makes one or two feints at mounting to see how his horse-hip will take it, and then suddenly springs, seating himself securely in the saddle.

The blinds, of course, are still over the eyes of the horse, and as a general thing he stands, his neck stretched out and head partly down, a picture of awkwardness. When ready for the start, the rider reaches gently forward and slips up the blinds. Naturally the horse is rather astonished and at first refuses to move. A sharp application of the whip and spur, however, readily induces him to change his mind. He takes timidly one or two awkward steps, then suddenly doubling himself up until he resembles a camel, and throwing his head down before his fore feet, he begins a series of pitches, which consists in jumping as high and as far as he can, coming down stiff-legged.

Some of the more vicious will lie down when the saddle is buckled on, and it requires a tremendous amount of whipping to get them started; some will rear and fall backward, occasionally killing their riders; some will pitch straight ahead for quite a distance; while others will pitch straight forward for a few jumps, and then as the Texans say, "swamp ends so quick that it makes your head swim." Fortunately they soon tire of such violent exercise, being wholly unaccustomed to a saddle or weight on their backs, and break down completely in a few hours.

Zoological.

Observations on Insect Life.

Several years ago, while on the "look-out" of one of our large elevators, I noticed a plump spider fall upon the metal roof beneath me, and a wasp darting after it, immediately secured it in a sort of basket formed by its legs, and then flew off with its prize. The question now was, what use has the wasp for the spider? The next season following gave me an opportunity of solving it. Noticing several wasps about some dingy windows in the area, I concluded to watch them, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a few depart with their game. I traced their destination, and found it to be a number of clay structures under the eaves of a neighboring dwelling. These formations had numerous perforations, about which the wasps busied themselves. Some time after they had abandoned the neighborhood, I gained admittance to the house and removed several of these adobe nests. I opened one of them, and found a cell containing an egg or larve; the cell beside it was filled with spiders in a torpid state, both great and small, packed closely, with their front legs turned over their backs. The same order of arrangement was observed in the balance of the nest. I came to the conclusion that the spiders were placed there to keep a necessary temperature for the larve. I was not satisfied, however, and began a search among various authors, until Darwin, in his "Researches" set me right, by describing "certain wasp-like insects which construct in the corners of verandahs, clay cells for their larve. These cells they stuff full of half-dead spiders and caterpillars, which they seem wonderfully to know how to sting to that degree as to leave them paralyzed until their eggs are hatched, and the larve feed on this horrid mass of powerless, half-killed victims." I might go on and relate instances of the courage and ingenuity of the garden spider, but a fear that I am encroaching on your valuable space forbids it. I will close by giving another instance of the usefulness of observations of insect life. A Scotch mathematician, in measuring the angles of a bee cell, discovered an error in a table of logarithms "sufficiently great to have occasioned the loss of a ship at sea, whose captain happened to use a copy of the same logarithmic tables for calculating his longitude."—H. W. Beyer, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

The Dread of the Monkey Toward Snakes.

Brehm gives a curious account of the instinctive dread which his monkeys exhibited toward snakes; but their curiosity was so great that they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion, by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept. I was so much surprised by his account that I took a stuffed and coiled-up snake into the monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens, and the excitement thus caused was one of the most curious spectacles which I ever beheld. Three species of Cercopithecus were the most alarmed; they dashed about their cages and uttered sharp signal cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. A few young monkeys and one old Anubis baboon alone took no notice of the snake. I then placed the stuffed specimen on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected round it in a large circle, and staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous; so that when a wooden ball, with which they were familiar as a plaything, was accidentally moved in the straw, under which it was partly hidden, they all instantly started away. These monkeys behaved very differently when a dead fish, a mouse, and some other new objects were placed in their cages; for though at first frightened, they soon approached, handled and examined them. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag, with the mouth loosely closed, in one of the larger compartments. One of the monkeys immediately approached, cautiously opened the bag a little, peeped in and instantly dashed away. Then I witnessed what Brehm has described, for monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking momentary peeps into the upright bag, at the dreadful object lying quiet at the bottom. It would almost appear as if monkeys had some notion of zoological abilities, for those kept by Brehm exhibited a strange, though mistaken, instinctive dread of innocent lizards and frogs. An orang, also, has been known to be much alarmed at the first sight of a turtle.—*The Descent of Man, by C. Darwin.*

Captain John Smith.

The celebrated Capt. John Smith, some time President of Virginia, and one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared on the theatre of life, when young, served in the Transylvanian army, where he greatly distinguished himself. In a battle near Rotendorf, in which the Turks and Tartars were the victors, Capt. Smith was severely wounded and taken prisoner. He was sold to the Basha Bogal, who sent him as a prisoner to his mistress, Tragabigzanda, at Constantinople, accompanied with a message as full of vanity as void of truth, that he had conquered a Bohemian nobleman, and presented him to her as a slave.

Useful Information.

To Make Glossy Shirts.

Put a little common white wax in your starch, say two ounces to the pound; then, if you use any thin patent starch, be sure you use it warm, otherwise it will get cold and gritty, and spot your linen, giving it the appearance of being stained with grease. It is different with collar starch—it can be used quite cold; however, of that anon. Now, then, about polishing shirts; starch the fronts and wristbands as stiff as you can. Always starch twice—that is, starch and dry; then starch again. Iron your shirt in the usual way, making the linen nice and firm; but without any attempt at a good finish; don't lift the plaits; your shirt is now ready for polishing, but you ought to have a board the same size as a common shirtboard made of hard wood; and covered with only one ply of plain cotton cloth. Put this board into the breast of your shirt, damp the front very lightly with a wet sponge, then take a polishing iron which is flat, and beveled a little at one end—polish gently with the beveled part, taking care not to drive the linen up into wave like blisters; of course, this requires a little practice, but if you are careful, and persevere, in a short time you will be able to give the enamel-like finish which seems to be so much wanted.

An Erect Position.

A writer on health very justly condemns the habit of lounging, in which a large number of persons indulge, as injurious to health. He says: "An erect bodily attitude is of vastly more importance to health, than is generally imagined. Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether in the sitting, standing or lying posture, whether sleeping or waking. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach, or to one side, with the heels elevated to a level with the head, is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to health. It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motions of the chest, and entangles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs, and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly hump-backed, or severely round shouldered, by sleeping with the head raised on a high pillow; when any person finds it easier to sit or stand, or walk or sleep in a crooked position than a straight one, such person may be sure his muscular system is badly deranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or an upright position, and get back to nature again, the better."

Thumps In Pigs.

In fall and winter the pigs in this country are very apt to be troubled with a cough. It only seems to attack the younger stock, and they wheeze and pant for weeks, and frequently die, and much loss is occasioned by this asthma among the swine; yet it is easily cured. If a post mortem examination be made of a pig dead from this disease, in the air tubes of the lungs will be found great numbers of worms, about an inch long, looking like bits of white thread, except for a sluggish wriggling capacity, leaving no room for doubt as to the cause of death. For a remedy, flavor the feed with spirits of turpentine; this I believe to be an infallible cure. A choice Berkshire, which was so far gone that it could not eat before the nature of the trouble was discovered, was saved by pouring a teaspoonful down his throat. This was upw rds of a year ago before that we lost nearly all our stock since then, none. The turpentine proves to be a specific.

Watering Horses.

We think both man and beast are generally watered too much. Men and horses at hard work in warm weather, perspire just in proportion to the quantity of fluids taken into the stomach. Frequently drinking in hot weather, according to our experience, emaculates instead of refreshing. Some years ago, being at Cape Island, in driving out in one of the stand coaches of the place, on a very hot day, we asked the driver how it was that his horses perspired so little, while the horses of private carriages, going at a slower speed, were covered with foam. He replied that he watered his horses three times a day only, though he sponged their mouths frequently, while the private drivers watered their horses whenever they stopped. He said, and it seemed to us very sensible, that the frequent watering of horses effected no good purpose, while it made them very uncomfortable and lethargic. Horses, no matter what their work was, did not need watering oftener than three times a day. Our own experience with horses all our life is to the same effect.

The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fidid. By rubbing wings and legs together—each in a manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best instrumental performer is the "katy-did." Each wing contains a little tambourine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings these are rubbed against each other, and produce the sound of "katy-did-the-did," which can be heard at a long distance, and gives the insect its name.