



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

VOL. III. NO. 1.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1872.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.  
Single Copy 5 Cents.

### Two Merchants.

When trade grew slack, and notes fell due, The merchant's face grew long and blue; His dreams were troubled through the night, With shrews, bailiffs, all in sight. At last his wife unto him said— "Rise up at once, get out of bed, And get your paper, ink and pen, And say those words unto all men—

### IN BUSINESS HOURS.

"It's a poor head that cannot bear a glass of wine," said the young man. "Few heads can bear it in business hours," was the reply. "So, take a friend's advice, Howard, and let the wine alone."

business hours and robbed my mind of the clear sight needed at a time when to blunder was next to ruin. "I am more surprised than I can express," was the young man's remark. "My father hurt by wine? It seems impossible. Are you very sure about this thing, Mr. Clarkson?" "I cannot be mistaken. The records of disaster are cut very deep."

after once putting his hands to any work. He was sensitive and proud, and more willing to face an enemy and dare a loss, than to acknowledge a mistake. Under the influence of his unwonted enthusiasm, he had drawn a number of capitalists and men of business into a mining enterprise, and he felt pledged to the work of its success.

### The Austrians as Soldiers.

On what rests the much boasted reputation of Austria as a military power, says Julius Henri Brown, in a letter, I have never been able to discover. To be sure, she has always vapored grandiloquently, and pretended to beard the gods in King Cambyses's vein; but she has seldom been pitched in modern times against any thing like an equal force without being soundly beaten.

### Execution of an Arab.

A correspondent writing from Algiers gives this description of an execution. While waiting in the inner court and outside the door of the justice chamber, a tall, gaunt Arab was dragged in to receive final sentence from the Bey.

### China and Glass—fibres.

Many of the exquisite forms given to those beautiful specimens of earthenware which form the service of our breakfast and our dinner tables, are not capable of being executed in the lathe of the potter. The embossed ornaments on the edges of the plates, their polygonal shape, the gilded surface of many of the vases, would all be difficult and costly of execution by the hand; but they become easy and uniform in all their parts, when made by pressing the soft material out of which they are formed, into a hard mould.

### THE ADVERTISING SWINDLER.

The Chicago Times, in an elaborate article, "swindling," has this to say concerning the advertising swindler: He coaxes the unwary merchant into giving him his "ad." by a hundred sly and specious dodges. He is going to have a fabulous number of hotel registers manufactured, or a lot of directories made to be hung in rural post-offices and railway depots; or is about to issue an advertising sheet for "gratuitous circulation," devoted to the Lord knows what; or is a painter, and being about toally forth to bedad the rocks and hills of a beautiful land with his impudent announcements, he wheedles the tradesman into letting his name be associated with this vilest of advertising swindles.

### LABACHE'S THUNDER-STORM.

Labache, it was after dinner at Gore House that I witnessed his extraordinary representation of a thunder-storm simply by facial expression. The gloom that gradually overspread his countenance appeared to deepen into actual darkness, and the terrific frown indicated the angry lashing of the storm.

### A Swindle Exposed.

A special telegram from New York contains the following, which may possibly interest some of our readers: "Parties who have suffered by the frauds of Frederick H. Greer, who purports to publish a book entitled 'Universal Biography,' are prepared to prosecute him. It is reported that he has fled from the city. Greer was formerly a telegraph operator in Cincinnati and other Western cities, and has been engaged in his biograph swindle above three years. Persons familiar with his transactions say of the 'Universal Biography' business, that there never was such a book; that Greer had a large number of specimen copies so bound that he can remove and insert leaves, with the aid of a sponge and a pot of muckilage, he writes a biography, has it set in type, and pastes it in the copies furnished to his subscribers. If John F. Smith orders his biography and fifteen copies of the book, he is set up and pasted in that manner, occupying pages, say from 200 to 220. John Jones orders the same number of copies, and find his virtues recorded on pages 200 to 220, inclusive. It is further said that by the ingenious wording of the contract signed by each seeker after fame, he is bound to take and pay for an entire edition of five thousand. Greer's ledger is in the possession of Justice Hogan. All the pages except two were sealed but he ordered the seals to be broken, whereupon it appeared that a great many persons of more or less prominence were down for sums running from fifteen dollars to one thousand five hundred dollars. Over 200 pages of biographies average eight names each. The names include politicians, clergymen, officials, manufacturers, authors, army and naval officers, editors, and men of nearly all professions, and will shortly be published, with the amounts which they have paid for their glory."

### The Oil Question.

The movement of the Associations of Oil Producers, says in Oil City dispatch, to shut down all pumping wells and stop the whole production of oil in the country for thirty days, is fast gaining ground, and it is likely that in a few days, few, if any, wells in all the oil region will be operation. There was a meeting of the Oil City Association at Oil City, and a committee was appointed to make an examination and report how much of the total production can be stopped. Some of those most anxious in the matter pledged themselves at once, and shut down to remain shut if the movement becomes general. Several hundred wells in several districts are already stopped under the above conditions.

### AN IMMENSE BREWERY.

The largest brewery in the world is that of Barclay, Perkins, & Co., London. They use annually 18,000 bales of hops, that make over 1,000,000 barrels of ale. Their place covers twelve acres in the heart of London, for which they recently refused the sum of \$20,000,000, or 1,750,000 per acre. Barclay, Perkins & Co., use 9,000 pounds of hops and 12,500 bushels of malt daily. They make 1,750 barrels of beer at a brewery. Their porter is stored in 172 large tubs, each holding from 1,500 to 3,000 barrels. Talk about big barrels! Why, they have seven casks, called the "seven sisters," which hold 3,600 barrels each. They are 50 feet high and 30 feet in diameter. Their draft horses are the marvel of all London. They have 162 of the splendid 19-hand horses, worth \$700 apiece. They are so heavy as to wear out an inch thick horsehoe once in two weeks.

### Brevities.

It is now a penal offence to play cards even for amusement in a Georgia bar room. Justice is prompt in Chicago, and the other day tried and convicted a man of murder in twenty minutes. St. Joe county, Mich., saved its records from fire by letting them be hidden in the woods, and now offers \$3,500 to know the spot. A man who has a red headed sweet heart addressed her as "Sweet Auburn; loveliest of the fair." Sweet Auburn got mad about it. A few bridal parties linger at Niagara and their billing and cooing, it is said by a bachelor who has just returned, can be heard above the roar of the falls. A rumor is current in England, that the fifth and only unmarried daughter of Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, has been betrothed to the Marquis of Stafford. The cholera is raging to a frightful extent in Bokhara, according to a despatch from Teheran. The ill-fated inhabitants are said to be dying at the appalling rate of 1,000 each day. "What's to become of me if you die?" asked an affectionate wife of her receding husband. "I don't know," he snapped out querulously. "It would look better in you to be thinking about what's to become of me." Thousands of bushels of apples will be left to rot on the ground in the orchards of western Massachusetts this autumn. In some towns farmers are offering cider at \$1.50 per barrel and it is difficult to find purchasers sufficient to exhaust half the apples at any price. A ROBBER CASTLE.—Aggstein, now a ruin, says Henri Brown, was once a robber castle, concerning which there are many terrible traditions. One of the lawless chiefs entirely outdid the nursery Blue-beard in cruelty. He was in the habit of taking a new wife every month, and yet he never had but one at a time. He seems to have been so conscientiously opposed to polygamy that he always killed his last consort before securing a new one. He had the reputation of being extremely careless respecting the marital rights of others, frequently seizing and carrying off the spouses of even the most powerful barons, who, as is related, so far from becoming incensed, sent him valuable presents as tokens of their friendship and gratitude. Another of the outlaws hurled all his prisoners from the top of the rock into the abyss beneath, and is recorded to have murdered in this manner more than a thousand unfortunates in a single year. This fellow, according to accounts, was a veritable monster. There was no species of iniquity or crime which he did not practice; and though every effort was made to take him, dead or alive, he invariably succeeded in escaping. He was supposed to have made a compact with his Satanic majesty, who, finally banded he might be excelled by the fiend in wickedness, seized the scoundrel as he was trying to get away from some of his enemies by climbing over a ridge of rock, and bore him down to the Pit, the open opening and sulphurous flames shooting up, as is usual and proper under such circumstances. The ridge, which resembles a wall, and extends from the river to the summit of the hill, is still known as the Teufelsmauer, or devil's wall. GIRLS IN FRANCE.—An American lady friend of mine, says Olive Logan was to give a grand dinner on the occasion of her birthday. Some of her French acquaintances were invited. One afternoon when I was calling on my friend, the name of a French countess was announced. After salutations, she said, "I came here to-day principally to ask you a question—is the young Baron de Luynes to be at your dinner?" "Yes," answered the American lady. "Then," said the countess, "you must not feel hurt if I do not bring my daughter Victorie." "Why, Madame La Countess," said the American lady, Monsieur de Luynes is a charming young man." "True, true! A very charming young man—far too charming to throw any young girl in contact with. He is poor, and in the army. I wish my daughter to marry a man of equal fortune with herself, and one who is not a soldier." When the countess took her leave I said to my friend, "do you not think she was looking rather too far ahead? There is a wide difference between meeting a gentleman at a dinner party and marrying him." "That is the way with the French," she answered; "they never expose their children to the temptation of falling in love with a person whom they may not marry."