

# THE BEAUFORT REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. III. NO. 37.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1873.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM.

### NEW SPRING GOODS.

**Jas. C. BAILIE & BRO.,**  
RESPECTFULLY ASK YOUR ATTENTION to the following DESIRABLE GOODS offered by them for sale:

**ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.**  
24 feet wide, and of the best quality of goods manufactured. Do you want a real good Oil Cloth? If so, come now and get the very best. Oil Cloth cut any size and laid promptly. A full line of cheap FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, from 60c. a yard up. Table cloths all widths and colors.

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Brussels, three-ply and Ingrain Carpets of new designs. A full stock of low-priced carpets from 30c. a yard up.  
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Rosewood and Gilt, Plain Gilt, Walnut and Gilt Cornices, with or without center.  
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Cornices cut and made to fit windows and put up.

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New and beautiful Rugs.  
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3,000 Rolls Wall Papers and Borders in new patterns, in gold, panels, hall, oaks, marbles, chintzes, &c., in every variety of colors—beautiful, good and cheap. Paper hung by order.

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English Embroidered-Cloth and Piano Table Covers. Embossed Felt Piano and Table Covers.  
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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.

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Tin, Sheet-Iron, Copper & Zinc Worker.  
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Japanese and Stamped Tin Ware, Constantly on hand. Cooking, Parlor and Box Stoves.  
TERMS CASH.

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Having added to my stock one of J. BLISS & CO.'S fine Transit Instruments, I am now prepared to furnish Beaufort time to the fraction of a second.

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Guaranteed by the use of the  
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Now being put down in this County. They are Cheap and Durable,  
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Upholsterer and Repairer.  
Old Furniture put in good order. Picture Frames made. Mattresses stuffed at the shortest notice. Corner Bay and Ninth Streets. feb. 11-y

### Sonnets.

TO ONE WHO ASKED HIM OF A LADY'S GRACE.  
I like her brown small hand that some time strays,  
To find the place, through the same books with mine.

I like her feet—and O, her eyes are fine;  
And when I say farewell, perhaps she stays  
With downward look, awhile, love lingering—  
Then quick, as she would have that pain soon over.

I like the mandolin whereon she plays;  
I like her voice better than anything.  
Yet I like, too, the scarf her neck doth cover;  
Also the little ribbon in her hair.

I like to see her stepping down a stair,  
And well I like the door that she comes through.  
And then you know I am that lady's lover,  
And every day that there is something new.

OF HIS LOVE FOR A LADY.  
I know not if I love her overmuch—  
But this I know, that when into her face  
She lifts her hand, which rests there still a space,  
Then slowly falls—his I who felt that touch.

And when she sudden shakes her head with such  
A look, 'twon her secret meaning traces;  
So when she runs I think 'tis I who race.  
Like a poor cripple who has lost his crutch I am if she is gone, and when she goes,  
I know not why—for that is a strange art,  
As if myself should from myself depart.

I know not if I love her more than those,  
Her lovers. But when she shall fall asleep,  
It is not I who will be left to weep.

**LOST AND FOUND.**  
A proud, stern man was Geoffrey Peyton,  
And rich withal, in wealth and honors.

He had won distinction at the bar  
and on the bench, and had filled the executive chair of his state.

How deeply his proud heart had suffered,  
those familiar only with his cold  
and haughty bearing would have been surprised to know.

Not very early in life he married one  
whom he had long loved with an ardent devotion,  
often characteristic of men like him,  
and of which weaker natures are incapable.

In his early struggles with poverty,  
he had kept his love a secret. He would  
have suffered his heart to break sooner  
than have had it whispered he was seeking  
advancement through an alliance with rich  
old Donald Mason's daughter.

But when he could hold up his head  
with the highest in the land, he no longer  
hesitated to speak the words he had  
been so many years waiting to utter,  
and which Alice Mason had been waiting  
to hear.

A few years of unalloyed felicity followed  
their marriage. Though proud and stern as  
ever to the outside world, not the same man  
was Geoffrey Peyton at home, his wife by his  
side and his bright-eyed boy prattling on his  
knee. There he forgot his pride, save that he  
felt in those he loved, forgot fame and  
ambition and greatness, and remembered  
only that he was happy.

Then came a blow which fell none the  
lighter on the proud man's head because  
he gave no sign of yielding. Death  
crossed his threshold and took from him  
first his wife and then his child.

The last of these bereavements was  
peculiarly distressing. The child had  
gone for a walk with his nurse by the  
river side, and in a moment of inattention  
on the part of the nurse, had strayed  
out of sight. Soon after, his hat was  
found floating on the water. Alarm was  
given; search was made; the river was  
dragged; but in vain. The child was  
nowhere to be found. The body, in all  
likelihood, had been borne out by the  
tide.

Geoffrey Peyton bore his loss in  
silence. What his grief was no one  
knew, for no one was permitted to look  
upon it, and sympathy he would have  
resented as an impertinence.

Years sped, and Geoffrey Peyton had  
become an old man. At his death, his  
large fortune would descend by law to a  
distant relative, a young man whose  
avarice kept him free from all costly  
vices, and who, most of his life being  
enjoyed, in consequence, an excellent  
reputation.

But Mr. Peyton had opinions of his  
own as to the disposition of his property.  
Like many men of his caste, he had an  
aversion to the division of estates; and  
while not inclined to disinherit his  
kinsman, of whom he knew nothing but  
his reputation, which we have already  
said, was good, there was one other  
whose claims he felt it would be unjust  
to overlook.

He had brought up in his house, and  
in some sort adopted, Gertrude Gray,  
the orphan daughter of an old friend to  
whom he had been beholden in his days  
of struggle, and who had died leaving  
his only child destitute.

Mr. Peyton's plan, duly set forth in  
his will, was to settle his property, in  
equal portions, on Gertrude and his  
kinsman, provided they married each  
other in a given period. If either  
declined the match, the share of the one  
declining was to go to the other; and if  
both declined, the whole of his fortune  
was given in trust for certain charities.

Three years before the occurrences of  
which we are now to speak, George  
Hayne had sought and obtained employ-  
ment of Mr. Peyton as his secretary.  
The young man proved faithful and  
diligent, manifesting, moreover,  
qualities of intellect which induced his  
employer to encourage the devotion of  
his leisure time to a course of legal  
study.

George made so good use of his  
opportunities, that by the end of three  
years he was prepared for admission to  
the bar. He had learned other things  
besides the law in the mean time. He  
had learned, for instance, how pretty  
Gertrude Gray was, and how devotedly  
she loved her; though he was too  
straightforward to tell her so without  
first asking permission of Mr. Peyton,  
with whom, at last, he sought an inter-  
view for that purpose.

Modestly, but unreservedly, the  
young man explained the state of his  
feelings, and was about to express the  
hope that he might be allowed to speak  
to Gertrude herself on the subject, when  
Mr. Peyton cut him short.

"Is this the return you make for my  
confidence," he exclaimed—"whom I  
have trusted and taken so much interest  
in?"

"I am unconscious, sir, of having  
abused your trust, or ill-requited your  
kindness," replied the youth, with a  
touch of the other's pride in his manner;  
"nor can I perceive aught that is reprehensible  
in the honest attachment I  
have this day declared for Gertrude  
Gray."

"Would you do her a real service?  
"I would die for her!" said George earnestly.

"You can do her a greater favor at  
less cost," returned the other dryly.  
"Name it."

"Never see her—never speak to her.  
I am not one lightly to make or break a  
promise; and I solemnly promise that,  
should I repeat your foolish avowal,  
to Gertrude, and should she be weak  
enough to listen to it, instead of bringing  
you the fortune with which it has  
been my purpose to endow her, she  
shall come to you a beggar like yourself."

"You do me rank injustice," replied  
George, whose cheek flushed, "by the  
intimation which has just escaped you.  
I have never thought of Miss Gray with  
an eye to any prospects she may have  
in connection with your fortune. I have  
loved her for her own sake."

"Then for her sake desist from a  
scheme which, if successful, must re-  
duce her to beggary. If you possess a  
title of the selfishness you profess,  
you will heed this warning and go your  
way. I have other plans for Gertrude."

A moment's reflection convinced  
George that, harsh as Mr. Peyton's  
words were, in one respect they were  
just. It would be selfishness to persist  
in seeking happiness at the cost of her  
whom he pretended to love.

"I shall leave this place to-morrow,"  
he said, and turned away.

The morning papers announced the  
loss of a great steamer, bound for San  
Francisco. Nearly all on board had  
perished; and among the names of the  
lost was that of George Hayne. Gertrude  
Gray swooned when she read it, and  
Mr. Peyton felt not quite easy in his  
conscience.

The evening, as he stood moodily in  
his study, he was interrupted by a  
visitor, a woman, whose form, once tall,  
was bent with age, and whose wrinkled  
face and wild dark eye had something  
sinister in them.

"Pray be seated and explain the  
reason of your visit, madam," said Mr.  
Peyton, pointing to a chair.

Taking the proffered seat, she remained  
for a time silent, gazing intently on  
the face before her. Time had graven  
deep lines upon it, and sorrow deeper  
still. As she pursued them, a smile of  
satisfaction, more like a shadow than a  
smile, flitted over her countenance.

"You had a son once," she said.  
The lines grew deeper on the face  
she was studying, and a pained ex-  
pression came over it.

"I, too, had a son," she continued,  
"an only one, as yours was. In a  
sudden affray, he had the misfortune,  
in a moment of passion, to slay his  
antagonist, who was quite as blamable as  
himself. The jury decided it murder,  
but recommended him to mercy. The  
judge joined in a petition for clemency.  
My boy's life was in your hands. I  
begged it of you on my knees. The  
law had entrusted you with the dispen-  
sation of mercy, but you *had* no mercy.  
You turned aside from my prayers, and  
my son was left to die a felon's death."

Geoffrey Peyton remembered now the  
face that had often haunted him since  
the day it had been turned headlong  
upon him, and vividly recalled the look  
of anguish it wore when he spoke the  
relentless words that crushed hope out  
of a mother's heart.

"That day," she resumed, "I took  
an oath to make you feel, if possible,  
all that I felt. I stole away your  
child—"

"My child!—is he alive?"  
"Listen. I stole away your child,  
and left you to mourn him as dead. I  
took him to a distance and reared him  
as my own. I bore no malice toward  
him. I only hated you. I brought him  
up tenderly, educated him as my moder-  
ate means would allow, and felt thank-  
ful that in inflicting punishment on the  
father, I had been enabled to do it with-  
out a life injury to the child."

"Is he alive?" cried the old man,  
piously?  
"You had none when I sought to ap-  
peal to it," she answered. "That your  
son is not alive, and that your conscience  
may accuse you of his death, is the  
reason I am here. The young man you  
drove away because he presumed to love  
one for whom your pride had prepared  
other plans, was your own son! Before  
he went, he confided to me the cause  
of his going; and on reading the announce-  
ment of his fate, I resolved that you  
should feel over again the agony of a  
parent's bereavement, heightened now  
by the sting of remorse."

"Your story is false!" he cried,  
springing up—"a devilish invention,  
given up to torture me! But I will  
put you to the proof. My son bore a  
mark upon his person, put there clau-  
destinely by an old nurse in India, where  
we traveled in that country, who at-  
tached some superstition to it. If the  
child you say you reared was my son,  
you must have seen and can describe  
that mark."

"A serpent's head and some strange  
characters, in India ink, on the left arm  
below the elbow," was the answer.

Geoffrey Peyton staggered, and fell  
into the chair from which he had risen.  
He seemed as one stunned by a terrible  
blow. The woman stood over him for  
a moment, peering down into his an-  
guish-stricken face with a look of tri-  
umph, and then walked quietly away.

"Good news! good news!" cried  
Gertrude, bursting into the room.  
"The evening paper corrects the report  
of this morning. George Hayne is  
among the saved, and has already  
reached New York!"

But her words were heeded not. The  
old man lay in his chair unconscious.

He was placed upon his bed; and on  
returning to himself, and being informed  
of George's safety—  
"Send for him," he whispered eagerly,  
"let there be no delay."  
Then he called for his will, and when  
it was brought kept it in his hand.

"Has he come yet?" was the ques-  
tion he repeated, as often as he had  
strength.

When at last the young man came,  
and was conducted to his late employ-  
er's bedside, the latter with eager trem-  
bling hands turned back the sleeve of  
George's coat so as to expose the left  
arm.

"My Ernest!—my son!" he ex-  
claimed; and raising himself with sud-  
den strength, he clasped the young man  
to his breast.

"Bear witness, all," he said; "this  
is my son. These marks," pointing to  
certain devices tattooed on George's  
arm, "prove it, as does the testimony  
of the woman who stole him away and  
reared him as her own, and whom I saw  
and conversed with last night. It now  
remains to cancel this," taking  
his will and tearing it in fragments.

Geoffrey Peyton would fain have  
lived for his son's sake, but it was not  
so to be. The recent shock proved too  
much for his strength, and not many  
days after he sank to rest in Ernest's  
arms.

Our story would be incomplete if we  
failed to mention that Ernest Peyton  
and Gertrude Gray, in due time, were  
happily married. What became of the  
distant relative we don't know, and  
don't suppose anybody cares.—N. Y.  
Ledger.

**A Joke on a Bishop.**  
A good story is told of a well-known  
Episcopal Bishop of a neighboring  
diocese. We refrain from giving the name,  
from appreciable motives of delicacy.  
The Bishop is a very staid, gum sort  
of a good man, and the last one in the  
world to enjoy a joke, especially one on  
himself. A wagfish friend, meeting him  
the other day in a car, astonished him  
by exclaiming, after a reference to his  
high-church principles:

"Why, Bishop, I hear that on Easter  
you appeared in your pulpit with a crown  
and a palm!"  
"What!" exclaimed the Bishop, in  
astonishment. "Nonsense! You know  
better."  
"Yes," repeated the other, "with a  
crown on your head and a palm in your  
hand."

"It is a libel! Who could have start-  
ed such a story?" responded the dis-  
tinguished prelate, warmly. "But,  
pshaw! it is idle to talk about it; it is  
so absurd."  
The conversation was changed, but  
the Bishop did not forget his friend's  
words; they preyed on his mind and  
worried him; he was afraid the libelous,  
atrocity report should get into the pa-  
pers, and then it would become a popu-  
larly accepted fact which there would  
be no denying.

He sought his friend the next day at  
his office, for the purpose of learning  
the origin of the outrageous story; but  
the other, who is considerable of a wag,  
sorely vexed the spirit of the accom-  
plished prelate before he would make  
any satisfactory explanation, and then,  
with a laugh and a twinkle of the eyes,  
he exclaimed:

"Why, Bishop, haven't you a crown  
on your head, and a palm in your hand?"

The Bishop was so much pleased with  
the explanation that he succeeded in  
raising a laugh; though the expression  
of fierce solemnity that settled on his  
features as he left shortly after leads  
his friend to believe that he did not  
thoroughly enjoy the joke.

**Soldiers' Homesteads.**  
The old law allowed soldiers who had  
been in service ninety days, a homestead  
of 160 acres within railroad limits,  
where other persons could get only 80  
acres.

The new law of April, 1872, gives  
homesteads to soldiers and their un-  
married widows, or minor orphans,  
more than others can get them.

It deducts from the five years' resi-  
dence required for perfect title of other  
homesteaders, all the time, up to four  
years, that a soldier, or sailor, has been  
in the United States service.

If a soldier was discharged by reason  
of wounds or disability, or died in the  
service—his whole term of enlistment  
is deducted.

In the case of soldiers now enlisted,  
service is constructive residence. Act-  
ual residence must follow within six  
months after the date of entry.

If a soldier's homestead, already  
taken, is less than 160 acres, he may  
enter more to make up that  
quantity, if any public land remains  
contiguous to the tract embraced by his  
first entry.

A claim may be filed by an agent in-  
vested with a power of attorney, as well  
as in person, and then improved by the  
soldier at any time within six months.

**The Henpecked Man.**  
The henpecked man is most generally  
married; but there are instances on the  
record of single men being harassed by  
the pullets.

You can always tell one of these kind  
of men, especially if they are in the  
company of their wives. They look as  
resigned and lowly as a hen turkey  
in a wet day.

There ain't nothing that will take the  
starch out of a man like being pecked  
by a woman. It is worse than a seven  
months' of the fever and ague.

The wives of henpecked husbands  
most always outlive their victims; and I  
have known them to get time (thank  
the Lord) who understands all the  
henpecked dodges.

The henpecked man, when he gits out  
amongst men, puts on an air of bravery  
and defiance, and once in a while gits a  
littell drunk, and then goes home with a  
firm resolve that he will be captain of  
his household; but the old woman soon  
takes the glory out of him, and handles  
him just as she would a half grown  
chicken, who had fell into a swill bar-  
rel, and had to be jerked out awfule  
quick.—*Joseph Burdette.*

### Why Capt. Hall Turned Back.

**Within Four Days' Sail of the Open Polar  
Sea and the Pole is Put About.**

Captain Hall, says one of the rescued  
Polar officers, was devoted to his  
work, and all his efforts were strenuously  
exercised towards the North Pole, or  
such a high latitude as would determine  
the possibility of arriving at that long  
cherished object of his ambition. The  
winter of 1871 was favorable to his  
purpose, and he had reached, as already  
stated, the highest known latitude,  
where the difficulties which obstructed  
his progress did not materially increase.

They had passed what Kane supposed  
to be the Polar Sea, which now proved  
to be a sound. Beyond this they pen-  
etrated into Robeson's Channel and  
were there on the last day of August,  
1871. The admissions of some, and the  
statements of all, prove that had they  
continued here and pressed on they  
might at that time have penetrated into  
the sea beyond. Some idea of their lo-  
cality may be given by the fact that  
from the observatory erected in Polaris  
Bay, in latitude 81 degrees 38 minutes,  
Cape Leber bore west 5 degrees south,  
distant about forty-five miles, while  
their present latitude was 82 degrees 16  
minutes. But a few miles from here  
was a body of clear water, stretching as  
far as the eye could reach—it is estima-  
ted about eighty or ninety miles. Many  
important circumstances unmistakably  
indicated the existence of an unbroken  
ocean beyond the channel of opinion.

Mild weather