THE BEAUFORT REPUBLICAN.

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

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Gentlemen having fine Watches can test them at this establishment by one of HOWARD & CO.'S $500 REGULATORS.
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Having opened a shop upon Bay Street, I am prepared to do first-class work.
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Old Furniture put in good order, Picture Frames made. Mattresses stuffed at the shortest notice.
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feb13-1y

A Wedding Gift.

All that I have this day is thine,
A heart whose faith has never falter'd,
A love that knew no other shrine
And through all changes lives unalter'd.

Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Thine all their love and faith should be,
Had I a thousand years to live
I'd gladly spend them all with thee.

There's not a joy in all the world
Like that of love beyond deceiving,
Though bolt on bolt be at it hurled
The heart will triumph—when believing.

This day my joy hath sov'reign sway—
A joy which but with thee I know,
The rapture of a first fond love
Which, wedded, makes a heaven below!

A TRIP WITH A GUARD.

On reading the "Troubles of a Ticket Clerk," I wondered, like him, whether any of the numerous people with whom I am daily brought in contact would care to know anything of *my* grievances, which, though perhaps not so large as his, are still grievances. I am acting-guard on a very large railway, and receive twenty-five shillings per week, which, when my duties are taken into consideration, will not be considered too much. To judge properly of the arduous and wearisome nature of my duties, it will be necessary to accompany me one trip at least, which will give you a very fair idea of a guard's work. I am on middle turn, and am working the ten o'clock express from London to Rollington. After signing on, as it is termed, I visit the train, inspect the coupling of the carriages, see the lamps all right, see that the communication cord for passengers is properly adjusted, and last, though not least, that the communication between myself and the driver is in good condition. I next superintend the packing of passengers' luggage in my van, let passengers into the train, and wait for the signal to start. I am accosted by a very shabby-looking chap, who says:

"Guard, I'll give you half a crown to post this letter in Rollington."

"I dare not; the Company's very strict;" and finding me inexorable on the matter, he walks away.

I overhear a passenger asking a question of a porter: "Do you know Tooting?"

"No, sir. Yes, there's Tooton near Nottingham;" meaning Toton.

"No, no; it's somewhere in the suburbs."

"Never heard of the suburbs before, sir, never;" and at this last sally the passenger ceases his inquiries.

"Guard," says an elderly gentleman, in a very nervous manner, "does this train go to Camden?"

"No, sir; this train goes to Poleworth without stopping; the next train for Camden."

A gentleman rushes up panting and out of breath, and says:

"Ware?"

"Where?"

"Ware!" he reiterates.

"Where?"

"W-A-R-E!" he shouts at the top of his voice—"W-A-R-E!"

"Oh, Ware. Your train is on the left, beyond the refreshment room," and off he rushes, wondering no doubt at the stupidity of railway officials. The five-minutes' bell now begins to ring, and a cry of "Take your seats, please—going on," warns the passengers that they must not linger any longer in the bar or in the waiting-rooms; and they mostly take their seats, with the exception of one or two obstinate ones, who never will take their seats till the very last minute, and thus frequently delay the train.

Standing by the van door, I am addressed by a lady: "O guard, I want my boxes put far back, please; I am so afraid anything should be thrown upon them if they were in the front."

"Very good, ma'am; I'll put them behind;" and just as I have finished the rushes up out of breath, and says, "Oh, my husband has not arrived; I shall have to have them out;" and accordingly they are got out with infinite difficulty, in consequence of their being behind everything else.

A young gentleman asks me which is the carriage for Lilly, and I am just opening the door for him, when two men touch him on the shoulder, and one says, "Your name's Johnston, I believe?"

"Yes," he replies, looking round.

"Well, I want you."

"You haven't been long about it."

"No, we never are," said the detective, quietly, and marches him away.

The signal is now given to start and is instantly countermanded by the station master, who, accompanied by the lady, wants her boxes put in again, as her husband has just arrived; and I put her in the carriage, and leave her with her husband into a carriage, and leave her with her husband into a carriage, and after a delay of quite a minute and a half, we start, leaving on the platform a testy old gentleman, who had got out of his carriage to enjoy the minute's delay, and walked a little too far. And now that we were once started, there is plenty to do; the passengers' luggage is put the parcels to sort and check, letters to sort, and to keep a sharp lookout. So the train goes on, rushing, screeching, grating, till it steams into Poleworth Station, where we stop ten minutes for refreshments, and for the engine to take water. The first person I meet on the platform is, to my great surprise, the elderly gentleman who was going to Camden.

"This is a fine thing, air, to be over-carried in this manner."

"It's entirely your own fault; I told you the train didn't stop; you're about forty miles away from Camden."

"Well, I know that; I thought there were two trains, it's so confoundedly long. What am I to do?"

"See the station master, by all means."

"Guard," says a lady at a carriage window, "can you get a little milk for my little dog?"

I manage to get it, take it to her, and receive a shilling for my trouble, as she terms it.

"O guard, will you see that this little boy is put down at Rollington?"

"Well, I'll see, miss. I've got plenty to do without looking after youngsters. Put him in, however; I'll see him all right."

The bell again warns passengers that the train is about to proceed; and after a slight delay, caused by a gentleman who had forgotten which carriage he was in, and was obliged to search each carriage separately, we start again. While half-way between Polewor and Norrington, I see the child that was given into my charge, with his head as far out of the window as he can reach, and the train running between forty and forty-five miles an hour. My heart is in my mouth; in vain do I try to attract his attention, but I cannot bear to look at him. At last, I see him draw his head in very quickly, and guess the cause—a speck has flown into his eye—a contingency for which I have been long hoping. I feel more relieved than you can well imagine, and inwardly vow never to accept the charge of any more children.

The next stoppage is Sixbury junction; and after going out and scolding the child, who has, I find, rubbed his eye into a state of inflammation, I am called to a carriage-window, and asked do I change here for Didlewell?

"You've got into the wrong train, ma'am; you should have changed at Poleworth."

"O dear! what shall I do? They put me in at London." (By the way, whenever passengers are overcarried, they always say they were put in.)

"You'll have to wait five hours, and go on to Poleworth by the up-mail. The ladies' waiting room is on the other platform, you'll find a nice fire there."

"Guard, guard," says a gentleman, "I've been waiting these last five minutes," (the train has only been in two). "Get my luggage out—five portmanteaus, two hat-boxes, one carpet-bag, and two bonnet boxes."

"Yes, sir."

"Can't you find my brown portmanteau? Cursed nuisance! I'd rather have left anything behind that than that portmanteau.—Oh, you've found it, have you? Now, where's the other hat-box? Haven't you got it? Dear, dear! I might as well come without my head as without that box. I never did see anything like it; unless one looks to everything one's self, there's nothing right. I'll report this matter; a set of lazy, good-for-nothing rascals! Why, I saw it labelled myself." (But just here I interrupt him, by producing the hat-box from under the seat where he had been sitting.) "God bless me! under the seat, was it? Ah, so it was. I put it there myself, for fear it should get smashed among the other heavy luggage."

As the road between Sixbury junction and Veltage is very straight and level, I take advantage of it and begin to make up my journal, as it is called. It is a record of the time I arrive at and depart from stations, the number of vehicles on the train, and any out-of-the-way occurrences—in fact, answering the same purpose to the train that a log-book does to a ship. We arrive at Veltage in due course, and are delayed, waiting for the Scotch mail train passengers. While engaged in my van, a porter comes and asks me for "the British Columbia's box," and a wag who is near wants to know whether this train brought it, or did it come special.

"I haven't got such a thing," I say.

"O yes, you have; it's a large green box;" and after ferreting out the large green box, I find it belongs to the Bishop of Columbia, who has been traveling in the train.

"Guard," says a lady, "I wish you'd request these young men to leave off smoking."

"I can't, ma'am; there're in a smoking compartment."

"Well, I can't see it written up. Why don't they write it up large?"

"It is written up outside the door."

"No, it isn't, for I looked myself;" but on her getting out, I show her her mistake, and instead of apologizing, she merely says: "Well, they shouldn't put me in."

On returning to the break, I find a large retriever dog that had been put in at Sixbury busily engaged in discussing a basket of pork-pies which he had got from the parcels. They are of course rapidly disappearing, and I do not dare to go near him, as he shows his teeth and growls in a manner simply terrible. I fetch his owner from his carriage, and he calls the dog off and laughs at the notion of his paying anything for the damage; and I take his name and address for further use. Meanwhile, the arrival of the mail again fits us for starting. I am asked by a sailor, who has been in a state of drunkenness for two days, and been carried twice up to and down within twelve miles of his destination, and then been taken right away for want of changing—"Where do I change for Helsing?"

"At Walleton."

"I've been trying to find Walleton for two or three days, and blest if I can."

I put him in the proper compartment, give the signal, and the train again speeds on its way; and while we are traveling at a terrible speed, I see the sailor getting out of his carriage, and walking along the footboards. I intimate to the communicator to the driver to stop, get out, and fortunately secure him, and with the help of the under-guard, put him into an empty milk-van, lock him in, and take charge of him for the rest of the journey. Starting again, we arrive in safety at Diddlecome. A great many passengers get out here, and a perfect storm of inquiries is directed to me.

"I want that green box; don't you see it?"

"No, I don't."

"It's right under your nose. Here; will I'll get it myself."

But as it is a rule not to allow passengers in the van, I decline to allow her to get in, and she points out the box, but that it is blue, and not green, nor here at all.

"Guard, I want my box."

"I don't see it, sir."

"I saw it put in at Kilby myself."

"I don't think you did, seeing we don't stop at Kilby."

"Well, never mind; just get me my hat-box."

"It isn't here."

"Then it ought to be. It's positively disgraceful; the management ought to be kicked."

Here the porter, who was attending to him, says: "I've put your portmanteau and hat-box on the cab, sir."

"The deuce you have! Where did you get my hat-box?"

"You gave it me out of your hand when you got out of the train."

I next release the sailor, and give him to the station master, who is going to give him into custody, but lets him off, as he is sobered, and expresses great regret for the trouble he has given.

I am here much puzzled by a German passenger, who was put in at Sixbury, and who says: "Ist diese statione Diddlecome?" After a good deal of consideration, I manage to make out his meaning and not an affirmative. He gets out.

"Geben sie mir meine baggage."

I stare, but recover on hearing the word baggage; and as I cannot understand what else he says, I am obliged to take every bit of luggage out of my van, and let him claim what is his, which he does by tapping the article with his umbrella, and saying: "Das ist mein." On getting the whole of his property, he gives me a shilling, and makes me a complimentary (at least, I hope so) speech, and then departs.

The warning cry of 'Going on, please,' hurries the passengers out of the refreshment rooms complaining dreadfully of the scantiness of the time allowed; of the coffee to drink; and of the soup, which they only get just as the train is about to start, and have to leave almost untasted. Everything being ready, we proceed; and taking advantage of the quietness of the line, I take my dinner, when, just in the middle of it, I feel a peculiar jerk, that brings my heart into my mouth. I look out of my break, fully expecting to see the mangled remains of some man; but am much relieved to find that it is only a small calf. It has strayed from an adjacent field on to the line, and being too frightened by the approaching train to escape, was cut to pieces. We arrive at Godsend in excellent time, and I notice a commercial traveler get into a second-class carriage, and join another commercial, whose face I know well, and suspecting these two worthies, I keep my eye upon them. The train now draws up at Dewlin; here a passenger requires a foot-warmer; I tell him they are not kept at small stations, but that he can have one at the next large station.

"And I'm to be perished with cold in the meantime, am I? I call it disgraceful. You ought to carry foot-warmers in your break; it's large enough."

The train starts, and I resume my look-out, sort the remaining parcels and letters, and presently we steam into Rollington station. Before the train has nearly stopped, a girl, who sees a relative, is imprudent enough to attempt to get out, and is thrown down, and cuts her face very badly; I take her name and address, and give it to the station-master, who will most likely summon her on behalf of the Company. Here I am again assailed by several people, all of whom want their luggage at once; in vain do I say, "I haven't got a dozen pair of hands," for one or two people immediately demand my name, and threaten me with the condign wrath of each and all of the upper officials of the line, with whom they (the passengers) seem to be hand-in-glove. The little boy's friends are here to meet him; I give him up, and am rewarded, and hold my tongue as to his escapade, for which he seems grateful. I am called by the ticket collector, who wants to know where the commercial gentlemen started.

"One came from London, and the other got in at Godsend."

"Guard, I have to give me your names and addresses, please;" and on giving them they are released. Their *modus operandi* of swindling the Company is very neat; the one who starts from London, takes a ticket to the first stopping station, namely Poleworth; they meet by agreement at Godsend, where the other one gets two tickets, and thus defrauds the Company of one fare between Poleworth and Godsend.

"Guard, when you go back to London, if you go to the booking-office, I eft a shilling there; you may have it if ı on can get it."

"Thank you, sir;" and I smile as I say it, for the chances of my getting it are very remote.

"Guard, how is it my box has been so crushed?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"It's a great shame you fellows don't take more care of passengers' luggage; however, I shall put a claim in for it, and so you'll be sure to hear of it again."

Having examined my break, to see that there is nothing left inside, made up my journal, and settled with the driver as to time, my trip is finished.

And thus the guard works day after day, and year after year, at work at which the workingman would scoff, and call no work; work, however, which strains the tension of the nerves to the utmost pitch, knowing, as he does, that the slightest omission or wrong performance of any one of his multifarious duties may cause an accident that would place him in the dock on a charge of manslaughter, and render his dismissal from the service inevitable in any event.

WHAT THEY SAID.—In 1868 Generals Sherman, Auger, Terry and Harney, with other commissioners, were appointed to examine into the causes of Indian wars. They presented a report which contained these remarkable words: "If the lands of the white man are taken, civilization justifies him in resisting the invader. Civilization does more than this—it brands him as a coward, and a slave if he submit to the wrong. Here civilization made its contract and guaranteed the rights of the weaker party. It did not stand by the guaranty; the treaty was broken, but not by the savage. If the savage resists, civilization, with the ten commandments in one hand and the sword in the other, demands his immediate extermination."

A Poughkeepsie clerk loves the very ground a Highland widow walks upon. It is worth $200 an acre.

South African Diamond Fields.

The Detroit *Tribune* publishes the following extracts from a private letter received in that city from the Diamond Fields in South Africa:

There is so much sameness with life on the fields that it is almost impossible for one to content himself. I am still engaged in digging for the little charmers, and have moderate success. If half the diamonds I find were perfect in shape and color, I could return from the fields in a short time. The proportion of bad stuff and off color is about ninety-nine in one hundred. I have found a great many stones within the last four months, but not one in the lot was perfect. A few days ago I found one of 30 carats, good water, but it was shattered all through, so in reality it is not of much value. Small mixed chips up to 10 carats bring 7s. per carat. I sold, for a friend, a stone of 23 carats, deep off color, at 45s. 6d. per carat. Good octohedron white, from 4 to 10 carats, bring good prices, say from £6 to £10 sterling, gold, per carat. Few of these, however, are found. A few months ago I found a beauty, octohedron in shape, of 8 carats. It had a slight, smoky tinge. I had it out of the ground only two days when it flew all to bits. The chips I sold for six shillings per carat. The loss for me, of course, was great. Still, we have to take our chances. The cost of working a claim is so much, that there is no more money in it. Perhaps there are not ten claims in 1,300 on this field that are much more than paying working expenses. Men stick to the work with the hope of finding a good-sized diamond which would give them a lift out of this region; but these perfect big stones don't lie about loose. The work is getting to be very tedious. I am taking out ground at the depth of eighty feet. It all has to be broken with sticks in the hands of Kaffirs. With sixteen boys I can take out and sort 8 car-loads a day.

I have many times sorted 100 loads and not found a chip. At other times I have found ten in a wheel-barrow full of ground. One, to make it pay, wants to find one or two diamonds to each cart load of ground, that is, taking them as they come, chips and stones, large and small. The rush, instead of coming to the fields, is turning from them. I can see great changes in the camp every day. The majority of the diggers are from Cape Colony or that of Natal. They come with their oxen, and, of course, can leave any day, while with Europeans or Americans the case is different. They don't come to leave until they have vanished their empty pockets. Very few do it, however. The longer the majority stay the poorer they get.

Philosophical Pedestrianism.

Walking, says a writer in the June number of the *Galaxy*, brings out the true character of a man. The devil never yet asked his victims to take a walk with him. You will not be long in finding your companion out. All disguises will fall away from him. As his pores open his character is laid bare. His deepest and most private self will come to the surface. It is not the wine that you ride with, so he be not a pickpocket; for both of you will, very likely, settle down closer and firmer in your reserve, shaken down like a measure of corn by the jolting, as the journey proceeds. But walking is a more vital copartnership; the relation is a closer and sympathetic one, and you do not feel like walking ten paces with a stranger without speaking to him. Hence the fastidiousness of the professional walker in choosing or admitting a companion, and hence the truth of a remark of Emerson, that you will generally fare better to take your dog than to invite your neighbor. Your cur-dog is a true pedestrian, and your neighbor is very likely a small politician. The dog enters thoroughly into the spirit of the enterprise; he is not indifferent or preoccupied; he is constantly sniffing adventure, laps at every spring, looks upon every field and wood as a new world to be explored, is ever on some fresh trail, knows something important will happen a little further on, gazes with the true wonder-seeing eyes whatever the spot or whatever the road, finds it good to be there—in short, is just that happy, delicious, excursive vagabond that touches one at so many points, and whose human prototype in a companion robs miles and leagues of half their fatigue.

A New Idea in Building

Wire netting for plastering is being rapidly introduced to take the place of laths. It takes less labor to place on the walls, is more continuous, and will not burn. Coarse netting, with one-inch mesh, and made of strong wire, is found to answer best. For ornamental cornice work it is especially valuable, for it can be bent into any desired form. Secured to iron studding in a brick building, our greatest danger on account of fire would be removed. A still further application of this plan is to make round bags of wire, resembling barrels, and to coat them inside and out with cement. When it hardens they resemble stone barrels. Filled with sand and sunk in rows against the shore, they make excellent building material for break-waters. Another extension of the idea has been tried with success in England. It consists in making iron-framed buildings, covering them with wire netting, and spreading concrete on both sides. It is claimed that a house—walls, floors, roofs, and partitions—has been built, that is strong, durable and absolutely incombustible. Various applications of the use of wire netting, and plaster or cement, will readily suggest themselves, and the matter is worthy of the attention of mechanics and builders.

Among business men complaints are now that the new postal cards are a disgrace to the Department in appearance, that they are made of very poor material, badly printed and thoroughly unsatisfactory. Better cards could have been furnished in the first place, with a fair profit and little chance of detection.

Facts and Fancies.

A person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

Gen. Barry has prohibited the sale of spirituous and malt liquors at Fortress Monroe.

A Virginia journal gives notice that if any of its patrons fail to get the paper they are to call at the office and subscribe. This journal "means business."

The Congress appointed the time and place of the next meeting of the American Agricultural Congress at Atlanta on the second Wednesday in May next year.

A resolution advocating the application of the eight-hour system to farm labor was voted down after much discussion in the U. S. National Agricultural Convention.

There is said to be a small vale lying between the Roane and Blue Ridge mountains, in Tennessee, where the bones of dead animals are so thick that they can be walked on for over a mile.

An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There, now," exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." "Oh, no, my dear," answered he, "it's safe—I have my foot on it."

Tyndall illustrates the value of a single potato by supposing that every potato in the world but one was destroyed, that one would contain in itself the possibility of again stocking the world with an invaluable article of food.

About half a century ago, the survivor in a fatal duel in England, though a officer of high rank, was convicted and hanged for murder. Thereupon duelling became unpopular in England as a means of settling personal difficulties.

A prominent citizen of Terre Haute, Ind., who received a challenge from a hot-headed young Southerner temporarily residing there, shortly after met him in the street, and taking him by the coat-collar, shook him into decency and common sense.

Mr. Fred B. Perkins, in his clever story of "Scrope," published in *Old And New*, tells a story of a lawyer who never wrote his name in his law books, and whenever he found a law book in any of his friends' offices with no name in it, he always carried it off as his own.

Our farmers and country gentlemen do not seem to know it, but there is no easier way to make money than by stocking their ponds with fish. The cost is nothing, the yield large. One may feed his own family and the poor of the neighborhood all the year round, and not feel the expense.

A candidate in Virginia makes the following announcement: Notice—I Nonce my Self A candidate for the legislator for the Nex sission to Repezent the Agicultary and the manucultray intress of the farmers intress of this County and the heavy thaxiation that is on the people of this county of sevel caleis. Henry I Brooks. May the 20 1873."

The Missouri editors at their late convention formally resolved that a man has the right to walk into a grocery store and order a barrel of sugar or a sack of coffee, or into a law office and demand a legal opinion from the occupant, or into an undertaker's and request a coffin, without expecting to pay for their respective wares or services, as into a newspaper office and demand the use of its brains and muscle and type, without a thought of recompense.

It often becomes desirable to insert screws in plaster walls, without attaching them to any woodwork, when, if we turn them in the plaster they give way, and our effort is vain. And yet a screw may be inserted in plaster so as to hold light pictures, etc., very firmly. The best plan is to enlarge the hole to about twice the diameter of the screw, fill it with plaster of paris, such as is used for fastening the tops of lamps, etc., and bed the screw in the soft plaster. When the plaster has set, the screw will be held very strongly.

A Duel Caused by a Tallow Candle.

A most sanguinary meeting took place during the war, near Richmond, Va. The parties to the affair were members of a Mississippi regiment. One of them was a lieutenant, and the other had held the same grade of office, but had resigned to become sutler for the regiment. The lieutenant had credit with the sutler, and had purchased sundry articles which had been charged against him. When settling time came around a dispute arose between the two concerning a tallow candle which was charged in the bill. The candle which had been taken with regard to this trifling matter, and finally decided to resort to the "code" for a final settlement of the disagreement. The weapons used were Mississippi rifles, and one who was present says he saw both men stretched upon the ground, dead, the aim of each having been unerring and fatal. Life has been not unaptly likened to a burning candle. It is snuffed out with as little ceremony, sometimes.

Fruit in Tin Cans.

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says: The impression prevails among those who use freely fruits which are put up in tin cans, that they are injured thereby, and this impression is, in many cases, correct. We have long contended that all preserved fruits and vegetables should be put up in glass, and that no metal of any kind should be brought in contact with them. All fruits contain more or less of vegetable acids, and others that are highly corrosive, are often formed by fermentation, and the metallic vessels are corroded. The parts of the tin cans are held together by solder, an alloy into which lead enters largely. This metal is easily corroded by vegetable acids, and poisonous salts are formed. Undoubtedly, many persons are greatly injured by eating fruits put up in tin cans, and we advise all our friends who contemplate putting up fruits the coming summer, to use only glass jars for the purpose.