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The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun.
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.
She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.
Old Kasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"The poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."
"I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder on her eyes;
"I've told you all about it,"
"And what they killed each other for."
"It was the English," Kasper cried,
"That put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."
"My father lived at Blenheim then,
You little art and hardy;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to lay his head."
"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."
"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."
"At a every day praised the duke,
Who such a fight did win."
"But 'twas at some game of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

ACCIDENTS OF A LIFE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK MERCHANT.

About eleven o'clock on a mild December night, in the year 1808, Mr. Nicholas Young, a respectable merchant of New York city, turned the key in his store door and directed his steps homeward.
He had been busily engaged in taking account of stock, and was, therefore, unusually late. A model of regularity in all his habits, he was never known to be out of his house after ten in the evening, except on such periodical occasions as the present.
He was a plain man of forty-five, who had never married, and who abode in an unpretending but comfortable abode in what was then the semi-rural district about Bleeker street. His family consisted solely of his old housekeeper and a colored man.
He had not walked far on the night in question, when he was startled by a cry as of a female in distress, seemingly proceeding from a close carriage, which was driving past at a moderate rate of speed. The vehicle had not gone twenty yards further before the cry was again raised, clear and shrill, and he distinctly saw a white handkerchief waving from the window.
Constitutionally fearless, and endowed with no small share of native chivalry, Mr. Young lost no time in hastening to the rescue of the presumed captive. Accident seemed to favor him, for just then the driver dropped his whip, and before he could recover it and regain his seat, the merchant was at the carriage door, which he attempted to open. He was resisted by a strong grasp from within, while a man thrust his head from the window and angrily demanded what was meant by such unwarrantable intrusion.
Mr. Young as peremptorily inquired whether a female was being carried off against her will, and stated his intention of searching into the matter. He was answered at once by a blow on the head from a slungshot, or similar instrument, which felled him to the ground insensible. On recovering, he found himself lying, gagged and bound, at the bottom of the coach, which was being driven furiously. Defenseless as a sheep borne to the shambles, he could only await his fate with such resignation as he could muster.
Hours seemed to pass before the vehicle came to a stop, when the door was opened and he was lifted out in perfect silence by two stout men. He now saw, by the glimmering starlight, that they were standing on the further end of a long wharf—a pier—the other extremity of which was hidden in darkness. Rocking on the waves, almost under their feet, lay a small rowboat. Into this, still without a word being spoken, he was transferred by the same hands, and it was then made fast to the stern of a sailing vessel, which lay close by with all her canvas set. His two captors climbed aboard the latter craft, whose anchor was immediately weighed, and she stood out to sea, towing Mr. Young, alone and helpless, behind her.
Before morning the boat was cast off, the sailing vessel quickly disappeared from his view, and the unfortunate merchant found himself drifting, without oars or provisions, at the mercy of the waves. When day broke, he had succeeded in freeing one of his hands, and shortly afterward released himself from all his fastenings. He now discovered

Fur Trimmings.

Fur trimmings will be used more than ever this winter, says *Harper's Bazaar*. They are wider than formerly, and are seen not only on wraps, but on police uniforms and skirts of dresses, and also on children's clothes. There are many imitations and dyed furs in market sold at low prices, but there is no economy in buying them, as they croak and soon get shabby. Furriers show among low priced furs for trimming children's clothing black and brown cony bands, worth cents, but only two inches wide, for fifty cents a yard. Black marten trimmings are more used than ever, and are commended as durable when well prepared and thoroughly deodorized. The fleece is so long that the felt an inch and a half wide gives a band that appears nearly three inches broad; these are \$1.75 to \$3; bands three inches wide on the felt are very handsome, and cost \$6.50 a yard. The silvered black marten—with silver hairs sewed in, not glued—\$4.50 a yard for black and inch and a half wide on the felt; double this width it is \$8.50 a yard. Black hare trimmings appear well, as they are silky looking and long, but they are not serviceable, as the dyed fleece croaks and the hairs fall out; price from seventy-five cents to \$2 a yard. Coon borders are very handsome with their brown shades and light tips; they are what they profess to be, will wear well, and are considered good enough to trim black silk cloaks. They cost from \$2 to \$3 a yard. Black jeannette is an even, durable fur, not of long fleece, but much liked for trimming cloth garments. Borders three inches and a half wide are \$4. Natural gray fox bands are not very good for wear, but are showy, and cost \$3 for the best quality; there are many imitations of this dressy fur. Colored gray fox is this trimming dyed black, and sold for \$3.50 a yard. Blue fox trimmings are very pretty light fleece for \$3. White fox bands—no the hare, but the veritable fox—are \$2 a yard. Natural lynx trimmings of reddish shade are now being much used in Paris; they are about \$5 a yard.
For more expensive trimmings, the first noted is the gray chinchilla, two and a half inches wide on the felt, for \$6; these bands are split, and sold for \$3 a yard. The lovely but delicate silver fox trimmings are from \$8 to \$15, according to width. The fisher tail bands are dark and durable, and cost from \$16 to \$25 a yard; those at \$20 are now sold for \$35 in Paris. The fisher is fast becoming exterminated, and it is even now very difficult to get the skins. Brown sea otter is beautiful for brown cloaks or costumes, and costs from \$10 to \$25 a yard with or without silver hairs. Hudson bay sable tail trimmings are \$15 a yard, and are almost as handsome as Russian sable.

Co-operation in Great Britain.

As few people in this country have any idea of the number, value, usefulness and magnitude of the co-operative associations in Great Britain, it will be interesting to state a few facts relative to them. And from these our industries classes may learn what their fellow workmen abroad are doing to improve their condition. In no civilized country on the globe do the middlemen, or the shopkeepers, merchants, and traders, make more out of the consumer than in the United States. From producer or manufacturer to the consumer is a long, circuitous, and expensive way. Generally many profits are added to the original cost before an article gets into the hand of the ultimate purchaser and consumer. Not infrequently the price becomes doubled.
The laboring people of Great Britain found, as a writer on this subject says, that there was "little to earn and many to keep"—that in fact they were reduced to such a desperate struggle for keep body and soul together that a penny saved in buying the necessities of life would be of great importance. Co-operative societies sprung from the urgent necessity of making a penny go as far as possible. Happily there was a sufficient number of intelligent workmen to lead off and to direct others in this matter. The result has been that within a few years these co-operative associations have spread over many parts of the country, and have succeeded wonderfully.
While the principle upon which the co-operative societies work is the same among all of them, the mode of operation is different in some cases. Some of the societies, for instance, as in London, sell articles to the members at wholesale cost, less the expenses of management, while those at hand in the neighborhood of Glasgow, Scotland, sell at the ordinary market price, or a trifle less, and divide the profits in an equitable and a judicious manner, but few have always furnished goods of the first quality. A writer mentions the fact that at the Kinross park co-operative every morning five wagons with sixteen thousand loaves of good bread and full weight, and that this bread is distributed among thirty-eight co-operative stores within a radius of fifteen miles of Glasgow. But this is only one of the co-operative works. There are others supplying all sorts of necessary things, and they are all affiliated and belong to the associated members. This, evidently, is one of the most important economical movements of the age, and is doing a vast deal of good to the working classes.

A CANDIDATE'S STORY.

Mark Twain Tells how he Ran for Once and the Result.
Now that the election is over we can reread with interest Mark Twain's sketch of his first aspiration for office and the result. Mark says:
A few months ago I was nominated for governor of the great State of New York, and John T. Hoffman, an independent ticket. I somehow felt that I had one prominent advantage over these gentlemen, and that was, good characters. It was easy to see by the newspapers, that if ever they had known what it was to bear a good name, that time had gone by. It was plain that in these latter years they had become familiar with all manner of shameful crimes. But at the very moment that I was exalting my advantage and joying in it in secret, there was a muddy undercurrent of his comfort "filing" the depths of my happiness—and that was the having to hear my name bandied about in familiar connection with those of such people. I grew more and more disturbed. Finally I wrote my grandmother about it. Her answer came quick and sharp. She said:
"You have never done one single thing in all your life to be ashamed of, not one. Look at the newspapers—look at them and comprehend what sort of characters Woodford and Hoffman are, and then see if you are willing to lower yourself to their level and enter a public canvass with them."
It was my very thought! I did not sleep a single moment that night. But after all, I could not recede. I was fully committed and must go on with the fight. As I was looking listlessly over the papers at breakfast, I came across this paragraph, and I may truly say I never was so confounded before:
"PERJURY.—Perhaps, now that Mr. Mark Twain is before the people as a candidate for governor, he will condescend to explain how he came to be convicted of perjury by thirty-four witnesses, in Wakawak, Cochinchina, in 1863, in the intent of which perjury was a poor native widow and her helpless family of meager plainland pluck, their only stay and support in their bereavement and their desolation. Mr. Twain owes it to himself, as well as to the great people whose suffrages he asks, to clear this matter up. Will he do it?"
I thought I should burst with amazement! Such a cruel, heartless charge—I never had heard of Wakawak! I never had heard of Cochinchina! I didn't know a plantain patch from a kangaroo! I did not know what to do. I was crazed and helpless. I let the day slip away without doing anything at all. The next morning the same paper had this—nothing more.
"SIGNIFICANT.—Mr. Twain, it will be observed, is suggestively silent about the Cochinchina perjury."
[Mem.—During the rest of the campaign this paper never referred to me in any other way than as "the infamous perjurer Twain."
Next came the *Gazette* with this:
"WANTED TO KNOW.—Will the new candidate for governor deign to explain to certain of his fellow citizens (who are suffering to vote for him) the little circumstance of his cabin mates in Montana losing small valuables from time to time, until at last, I was told, he had been invariably found out. Mr. Twain's person or in his "trunk" has been reported rolled his traps in, and he felt compelled to give him a friendly admonition for his own good, and so tarred and feathered him and rode him on a rail, and then advised him to leave a permanent vacuum in the place he usually occupied in the camp. Will he do this?"
Could anything be more deliberately malicious than that? For I never was in Montana in my life.
[After this, this journal customarily spoke of me as "Twain, the Montana Thief."
The next newspaper article that attracted my attention was the following:
"A SWAMPY CANDIDATE.—Mark Twain, who was to make such a blighting speech at the mass meeting of the Independents, didn't come to time! A telegram from his physician stated that he had been knocked down by a runaway team and his leg broken in two places—suffering in great agony, and so forth, and so forth, and a lot more bosh of the same sort. And the Independents tried to swallow the wretched subterfuge and pretend that they did not know what was the real reason of the absence of the abandoned creature whom they denominated their standard bearer. A certain man was seen to reel into Mr. Twain's hotel last night in a beastly state of intoxication. It is the imperative duty of the Independents to prove that this beastly brute was not Mark Twain himself. We have them at last! This is a case that admits of no shirking. The voice of the people demands a thunder tone: 'Who was that man?'"
It was incredible, absolutely incredible, for a moment, that it was really my name that was coupled with this disgraceful suspicion. Three long years had passed over my head since I had tasted ale, beer, wine, or liquor of any kind.
[It shows what effect the times were having on me when I say that I saw myself confidently dubbed "Mr. Delirium Tremens Twain" in the next issue of that journal without a pang—without standing I knew that with monotonous fidelity the paper would go on calling me so to the very end.]
By this time anonymous letters were getting to be an important part of my mail matter. This form was common:
"How about that old woman you kicked of your premises which was begging."
And this:
"There is things which you have done which is unbeknownst to anybody but me. You better trot out a few dollars to yours truly or you'll hear thro' the papers from."
This is about the idea. I could continue them till the reader was surfeited, if desired.
Shortly the principal Republican journal "convicted" me of wholesale bribery, and the leading Democratic paper "nailed" an aggravated case of blackmailing to me.

GROWTH OF THE EARTH.

Prof. Young's Idea on the Subject—An Interesting Paper.
"Since meteoric matter is continually falling upon the earth, she must of course be growing larger, and the daily number of meteors is so immense that it would be natural to suppose that the increase might be quite appreciable in a few centuries. It is not so, however; the surface of the earth is so enormous, compared with the quantity of meteoric matter, that, even on the most favorable hypotheses, her diameter would grow only about an inch in five hundred million years by accessions of this kind. A few figures will make this clear.
"As to the number of visible meteors, there is substantial agreement among authorities. The estimate of Professor Newton is as large as that of any one, I believe, and he puts it at 7,500,000 per diem, which number we will use. As to their average weight there is more difference of opinion. Probably, however, the most careful and best founded investigation is that of Professor Harkness, published in his report upon observation of the November meteors of 1866; and his conclusion is that 'the mass of ordinary shooting stars does not differ greatly from one grain.' Professor Newcomb appears also to concur in this estimate. There are reasons, which it would take too long to discuss, for thinking that this value is likely to be somewhat too small; but on the other hand it is almost absolutely certain that the average mass cannot be as great as one-fourth of an ounce. To be on the safe side, we will assume one hundred grains as the mean weight of the visible shooting stars.
"Remembering that the pound is 7,000 grains, we shall then find nearly 100,000 pounds, or about fifty tons, for the total weight of one day's supply of shooting stars. An allowance must also be made for the meteors too small to be visible (which are known by telescopic observations to be very numerous), and for the matter brought down by aerolites. If we double the quantity stated above we shall certainly be abundantly liberal, and this will give us 214,000 pounds a day, or about 78,160,000 pounds per year, as the earth's rate of growth in weight.
"Her increase of bulk depends upon the density of the meteoric matter, and probably this density does not differ much from that of ordinary soil, or nearly three times that of water. If so, each cubic foot would weigh about 187 1/2 pounds, and the annual meteoric accession to the bulk of the earth would be not far from 417,000 cubic feet. A cube about seventy-five feet on each side would be a little larger. It would take more than four millions such to make a pile as large as Mount Washington. Now, since the surface of the earth is about 5,484 millions of millions of square feet, it follows that the annual supply of meteoric matter, if spread uniformly, would form a layer whose thickness would be only 1-13,155,000,000 of a foot, or very nearly 1-1,100,000,000 of an inch. In other words, even on such extravagantly favorable hypotheses as we have assumed, the formation of a sheet of meteoric matter covering the earth to a depth of one inch would require a period of eleven hundred million years.
"If we suppose meteoric matter to have been just as abundant in space as now, since the beginning of time, and that the velocity of the earth's orbital motion has remained unchanged, and that the effects of her atmosphere and of her gradual shrinkage under the action of gravity can be neglected, then it can be shown by an easy course of reasoning, which would, however, hardly suit these columns, that her diameter must have grown during her whole existence at the same uniform rate as now, and we find that to build her up to her present dimensions has taken a period of at least twenty-seven and a half millions of millions of years.
"It is not intended to assert, however, that the earth was really formed in this way; and even if it was, the above estimate is of little value except as indicating the order of magnitude involved; since there is no certainty whatever—not even a probability—that in the early stages of the formation of the planetary system circumstances nearly enough resembled the present to warrant any conclusion. Nor must it be forgotten that the probable estimates of Harkness and others as to the weight of meteors would altogether all the periods of time mentioned from ten to one hundred fold. We have given the smallest values possible."

An Indian Legend.

The following story, selected from an Eastern teacher, may be applicable in all climes and by all people:
There was once a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good genii wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her:
"Daughter, in the field before us the ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in, shall have larger and taller stalks, and the grain shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once, and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shalt thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select an ear full and fair, and according to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee as a talisman."
The maiden thanked the good genius, and then set forward upon her quest. As she advanced she saw many ears of corn, large, ripe and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtues enough; but in her eagerness to grasp the very best she left these fair ears behind, hoping that she might find one still larger and fairer. At length, as the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner, and the ears very small and shriveled. She now regretted the grand ears she had left behind, and disdained to pick from the poor show around her, for here she found not an ear which bore perfect grain. She went on, but alas! only to find the stalks more and more feeble and blighted, until in the end, as the day was closing, and the night coming on, she found herself at the end of the field without having plucked an ear of any kind.
No need that the genius should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly when too late, as he saw many, in all climes and in all ages, and he saw it in all call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked in their season.

The Game Laws of England.

A remarkable "game case," involving a question of some importance, was tried in an English court recently. Two miners, named McDonald and Sinclair, were accused of trespassing, in pursuit of game, on lands the property of Mr. Forbes, of Callendar. From the evidence, it appeared that the miners were walking along a public road, and had two dogs with them, which entered an adjoining field, and, after coursing it, hunted a rabbit into a stone dike built between the road and the field. McDonald left the road, got upon the top of the dike, and watched the escape of the rabbit, while Sinclair stood on the roadside close to the dike, from which he reined the dog. It was contended for the prosecution, that McDonald, having left the fence, had committed a trespass, and a conviction was asked. As to whether Sinclair had committed a trespass by inserting his hand within the fence it was left to the court to say. On behalf of the miners it was urged that they were not guilty of entering or being upon lands in pursuit of game as set forth in the complaint, and that there must be actual personal entrance to the lands before a contravention of the statute was committed. The court took this view of the matter, and acquitted the accused, who thus remained masters of the situation and of the rabbit.

A Polack Wedding.

A Milwaukee paper, describing a Polack wedding in that city, says: "And what do you think the bride was dressed in? A blue satin dress and green glass breastpin? Not exactly, but a blue dress, green sash, white tarlatan veil, and was attended by bridesmaids in green dresses, red sashes, and wreaths of white artificial flowers. They formed a procession at the bride's residence. First, the bride and attendants; then the groom and his supporters; then the friends and the crowd which always accompanies such a pageant; all this preceded by a band of music, larger or smaller, as the means of the groom will allow; with a running accompaniment of pistol firing and noises of all kinds. They then marched from the house to the church, where the priest performed the ceremony, after which they adjourned to some saloon, where they "danced all night, till broad daylight, and went home with the girls in the morning." And that is Polack style.
The British admiralty have ordered the immediate construction of six steel corvettes to serve as cruisers in the Pacific and Chinese waters.

A Useful Suggestion.

Most of the city and town halls dotted over our country are, from the outside, nothing to boast of, and inside look as gaudy and grim as whitewash and gray paint can make them. It has been pointed out recently how much better it would be if these bare walls were adorned with paintings on a grand scale, illustrative of the lives of famous citizens and the noteworthy incidents of local history. The capture of a fort; the invention of a steam engine; the discovery of an unknown sea; the lonely watch of the astronomer; the writing of some famous book; these and kindred such paintings on the community would subjects might well be represented with immense. Every attendance at a public meeting would be a lesson in aesthetics, and a silent stimulus to every citizen to distinguish himself by deeds of usefulness and heroism. Money spent thus in decoration would never show a return in pounds, shillings and pence; but it might yield a rich harvest of noble deeds; and many a quiet, sleepy little town can boast of incidents to which the highest art will find it difficult to do justice.

An Eccentric Elopement.

A few weeks ago Mrs. H. T. Yarbrough obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of desertion. The husband went from Nashville to work at Hickman, Ky., and still, as it appears, cherished an affection for her, sent letters and telegrams urging her to come to him and marry him again. She accordingly left Nashville on the Hickman bound train. When she reached Waverly, however, she was taken from the train upon a dispatch which her brother had caused to be sent. He followed her, proposing to persuade her to return, or in Hickman to meet her brother. As she was going to her room to get ready for her journey, she was met by her brother, who was going to meet her on the train. She was taken from the train at Frost station to put her off at that point, but the conductor sent back word that he was not an officer of the law; that she had paid her fare to Hickman, and was entitled to go there. The train was flagged one mile this side of Hickman, where she met her former husband. He took her to the court house, a license was obtained, and they were married three minutes thereafter.

Slaughter of 820,000 Bulgarians.

The Cologne *Gazette* observes that Bulgaria has on several occasions figured in history as the scene of "atrocities" no less horrible than those lately committed by the Bashi-Basouks. The Greek Emperor Basilus II. was nicknamed "Bulgaroktonos" because he ordered 15,000 Bulgarian prisoners to be left with one eye in order that they might guide their fellow prisoners back to their homes. Even more atrocious was the massacre of the Gothic settlers in Bulgaria. The march praised Emperor Claudius II. gives the following account of this massacre in a letter cited by the historian Trebellianus Pollio: "Claudius to Broochus.—We have destroyed 820,000 Goths and sunk 2,000 ships. The rivers are covered with shields, and their banks with bones; no road is free from blood; the huge barricade of wagons is deserted; and we have captured so many women that each of our conquering soldiers can take two or three for his share."
The building of the "City of Health" on the Courtlands estate, about a mile and a half west of Worthing, in England, will be commenced in the spring of next year. In the "City of Health" an attempt will be made to carry out the ideas of Dr. Richardson, as expounded in his description of "Hygeia, or the Social Model City of Health," at the Social Science Congress at Brighton last year.

SMART BOY.

A smart boy, after eating a green apple, exclaimed: "Oh, dear, I've chewed an Odd Fellow!" "An Odd Fellow!" asked his mother. "Yes; he is giving me the grip." "That youngster will be an odd enough fellow, if he lives long enough."