

# THE TRIBUNE.

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## Beautiful May.

Winter's departing, angry and sullen;  
After his footsteps comes a bright band;  
Flowerets in numbers start from their slumbers—  
May is awaking all over the land.  
Deep in the hollows snow drifts are lying,  
Like early sorrow, melting away;  
Warm rain is falling, wild birds are calling—  
Beautiful spring-time, beautiful May!  
Oh, could I see her come o'er the mountain,  
Under her eyelids bringing the day!  
Birds would sing sweeter only to greet her,  
Girl of my heart's love, my beautiful May!  
—Miss Mulock.

## JUDY.

At dawn on a February morning, fifty years since, the lookout on board the sloop-of-war *Rosebud*, engaged in repressing the slave traffic on the African coast, reported a suspicious sail about eight miles to leeward. Chase being made, the vessel was quickly identified by the delighted pursuers as the *Arrow*, a noted slaver, whose capture had hitherto proved impossible; her captain and mate, both English, being men distinguished alike for skill and hardihood, and possessing a far more accurate knowledge of the coast than was furnished to those newly-arrived by the imperfect charts of that time.

The chase had commenced about seven o'clock in the morning, and by three land was reported, something less than twenty miles distant; chase five miles still to leeward, and apparently running straight for the nearest headland.

As they approached, the land rose high, and, shelving towards the shore, displayed small bluffs, marking itself as that kind of coast which generally terminates in rocks.

The sloop-of-war worked towards the shore as far as it was safe. The captain of the *Arrow* evidently knew the coast, and knew the little land-locked course for which he was now making.

The crew were all on deck. The first line of breakers was passed, and their courage rose as they witnessed the cool bearing of the captain. Once only he betrayed emotion, turning deadly pale, but without changing a muscle. It was when the sea caught the *Arrow* on her starboard quarter, and she threatened to broach-to before the helmsman could stop her. But Jones was a good hand. He checked her at the critical moment, and kept her head right well in the center. It was when this sea, which lifted the vessel and surged along with her, subsided, that the vessel, as she fell into the hollow, just touched the ground. It was but for a moment. The next sea lifted them clean off the passage, the helm was clapped hard a-starboard, the point was rounded, and the anchor let go in what was, comparatively, a millpond. Sails were furled. She was safe as in Dover harbor.

"What about the 'ebony'?" asked Rawley of his chief. "The sloop must see our mast above the rocks, and may try the passage. In that case we're trapped."

"She'll be lost to-night," replied the other, coolly. "She could never claw off in this sea, and is too close to escape. If she drifts to leeward only a mile an hour, she'll be hard and fast and battered to chips by midnight. Send a hand aloft, and let me know what the fellow's doing."

Report was presently made that the sloop was off the point, some seven or eight miles, carrying a press of sail, yet apparently dropping shoreward.

"Hah!" said the captain, rubbing his hands. "She's not to have the picking of the little *Arrow* this trip, anyhow! Well, what about these niggers. In these climates the wind chould round in a second, and then we should have her boats in the cove before we could land our ebony! They will always keep the passage open—for, if it blows, 'tis their only chance."

"Well, sir, they'll have more luck than often falls to such sharks, if they get in here!" said the mate.

"Well, land the beggars, and away with them to the rear of the hillock, where the old hut stands. Shackles them well, and land half the hands to watch them. Look after the crew yourself."

"Shall I land them all?" asked Rawley.

"No, not all. Leave Judy to me," replied the other, glancing towards a corner of the deck where, throughout the recent perilous maneuver, something like a human figure had lain crouched under a tarpaulin.

The unfortunate slaves—a hundred and seventeen in number—were quickly landed, and gaoled along to their destined hiding place.

Judy, who remained on board the slaver, was now at the perfection of negress womanhood—sixteen. She was cheerful and intelligent; so quick, indeed, of apprehension, that in the short time she had been a captive, but distinguished by the captain's favor from her fellows in misfortune, she had learned much English, and begun to read.

Meanwhile, on board the *Rosebud* things looked less and less satisfactory. Despite all efforts, she had neared the land considerably. The wind rather increased than diminished, and Captain Henderson, though externally calm and confident as ever, began to feel serious alarm.

Again and again had he striven to make out the narrow entrance, and been compelled to claw off from the perilous spot. It was in one of these anxious searchings that he discovered the *Arrow's* masthead—motionless, and evidently in security. Suddenly, there was elevated on a small hillock an English union-jack. Was this a tender of assistance? Was it intended to direct them to the difficult

entrance? An anxious consultation followed.

At length the mainsail split and went to ribbons, and there being no alternative but to anchor, the necessary order was given.

On sounding, they found but eighteen fathoms of water—muddy bottom—showing how much they had drifted in shore, but also affording some hope, as the anchors might now hold, thanks to the mud mingled with the sand.

Allowing her to drift into twelve fathoms, the *Rosebud's* captain let go both bower anchors—one backed by the stream, the other by the kedge—at the same moment, and veered away a whole cable upon that, so that now he had five anchors down, each bearing a proper strain.

"Does she drift?" asked Henderson every moment, in his accustomed steady voice, though an affirmative would have been his ship's death-warrant.

"Not an inch, sir," was the invariable reply.

Thus affairs remained for more than an hour.

On shore, the captain and mate of the slaver had been carefully watching their imperiled pursuer.

The suspicion started on board the latter had been correct. The flag had been so placed that, had the sloop used it as a guide, she must inevitably have been dashed upon the outer ledge of rocks.

As the day shut in, the two worthies resolved to improve the snare. They obtained a couple of lanterns from the brig, and hoisted them on the false bluff. This done, they returned on board, where the mate made a kind of official report relative to the slaves.

Day dawned. The gale had moderated. The *Rosebud* was safe. She had held on well, and though she had dragged a little, had still ten fathoms of water. About noon, a slight flaw of wind coming off the land, she instantly weighed, and got under canvas.

The slaver's people eyed this operation with intense delight, and the captain and mate had a little carouse of congratulation. At last it occurred to the wary skipper to see what the sloop was doing, and a hand was sent aloft.

The report was startling.

"Hove to, sir. Boats just entering the cove."

Rawley looked at his chief.

"Condemned, sir, Judy!"—was all he said.

"No time to land her?"

"Impossible."

The captain's tanned visage flushed, and then grew sheet-white.

The mate pointed significantly in the direction of the coming boats.

"Here, Rawley," said the other, putting his hand on his shoulder, and whispering in his ear. "Be quick. You understand. Down, every man of you, fore and aft," he continued, "and scrub out the hold as quickly as possible."

The hands disappeared, and the mate, who had jumped below also, returned, leading Judy.

"Bear a land, my lad, or we're done for!"

Those below heard one loud shriek, sounding above all the noise they made, and stopped appalled. But the mate's voice was heard, talking cheerfully:

"I'll give them work enough! They shan't get the *Arrow* out without a job! They shall weigh every anchor themselves. And here goes another!"

The ax was heard to fall on the stopper, and the larboard anchor dropped from the bows.

At this moment the *Rosebud's* boats rounded the point, and dashed alongside.

Mr. Hall had come in person. Too shrewd of observation to be easily gulled, he had observed, on entering, that they had steered for the signal they must have been lost. This confirmed him in his opinion of the character of the vessel pursued, even had she not already been pretty well identified as the victorious *Arrow*.

As the armed boats dashed up, the captain and mate were seen quietly smoking on deck, much at their ease.

"What vessel is this?" demanded Hall, as he jumped on deck.

"The *Arrow*, of Liverpool."

"Where from last?"

"Sierra Leone."

"Your cargo?"

"Emptiness," was the saucy reply.

"Jump down there, men," said Hall, disdaining further colloquy, "and examine the vessel thoroughly."

Half a dozen men obeyed.

"How many men have you on board?" asked Hall, now addressing the mate.

"Six."

"What are you doing here?"

"Getting out of the way of the wind."

"Then whither bound when we first sighted you?"

"To Loango."

"Working 'Tom Cox's traverse,' eh?" said the other, ironically. "You were standing to W. N. W. with a fair wind. Is that the course for Loango?"

"I was working my own reckoning," put in the captain, "and perhaps I should have found my port just as well without your assistance."

"Show me your papers."

"Here."

There was nothing in the papers inconsistent with what had been stated. The vessel was bound, apparently, for gold-dust; and, as far as observation went, there was nothing to justify her detention. The midshipman reported, indeed, that the vessel, though empty, was not guiltless of that peculiar aroma that, to the nose of experience, denotes the recent presence of negroes. And a shackle or two had been found; but, beyond this, there was nothing on board to bear out the suspicion that this notorious craft was still engaged in the

inhuman traffic she had hitherto pursued.

"Stay. How came you to stick up that flag yesterday in the wrong place?" resumed Mr. Hall, sternly.

"There, Mr. Rawley," ejaculated the slaver's captain, addressing his mate, with a sanctified look. "See what men get for doing a good turn. There were we, up half the night, straining our blessed eyes out, with ropes and everything ready, to render these people assistance, and this is the reward—to be treated as slaves and pirates!"

"That doesn't answer my question, sir," said the officer. "Come, you must see the captain; and, as we can't part company with such kind and well-intentioned folks, just weigh at once, and out with you, alongside the sloop."

"Weigh for yourself," was the sullen reply. "I shan't go out of this till better weather. If you start my anchors, I hold you responsible for anything that may happen to the vessel. Mind now, sir. I tell you, before you begin, not a man of mine shall render you the least assistance. The instant you touch my anchors I give up charge of the vessel, and hold you responsible to its owners. Note that down in the log, Mr. Rawley. Mark the exact time. And now, sir" (addressing Mr. Hall), "begin as soon as you please."

The officer hesitated—he knew the danger of the passage. The wind was very light, the sea still running heavily on shore, and it was far from certain he could take the brig out in safety. In this dilemma, he dispatched one of his boats to the *Rosebud*, giving an account of what he had seen, and requesting further orders. In the meantime he got into the other boat, and examined the soundings of the cove.

On the return of the boat sent to the sloop, the midshipman handed a card to Mr. Hall, who at once pulled back to the slaver.

"You will get under weigh, sir, and go out to the sloop. There are your orders. About it, with no more palaver."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," was the answer. "I am in a safe harbor, and here I stay till my sails are repaired and my rigging set up. If you choose to take charge of her, do so, but you get no help from me."

"Very well. Then I relieve you from all responsibility. Board her, men. Some of you get that topsail aloft, just as it is. The rest weigh the anchors. Smartly now. Wind's dropping."

The mate here interferred.

"Why give yourself and us more trouble than is necessary? You know very well we shall be back here in a couple of hours."

"Will you?" said Mr. Hall, doubtfully.

"At all events, we'll take the chance. So why not slip the cables and buoy the ends? There's nobody here to steal the wood."

"All right. I've no objections to that. Go slip and buoy, my lads."

Giving this direction, while walking forward, Mr. Hall remarked that the larboard anchor, which lay in only three fathoms' water, was upside down. He therefore ordered his people to slip the starboard cable; and, as he came aft again, observed to the captain:

"As you've so little cable out on the larboard anchor, we'll weigh that."

"Why so?" asked the other, uneasily.

"Because, if the wind fails us, as seems likely, we may have to anchor outside. Now, bear a hand aloft there."

Meanwhile the mate had run forward, and was seen assisting busily to unsplice the lower cable.

"Belay that," cried Hall. "Unsplice the other, the starboard cable, men!"

The mate made an attempt to complete the work, however, by attempting to slip the end through the hawse-hole. But he was again frustrated, for some of the *Rosebud's* men had stiffened the cable before all, and brought to the messenger.

By this time the sails were loosed, and the men, assembled at the capstan, began to heave around.

The result must, I think, have been anticipated. Very few who have acquainted themselves with the but too authentic narratives of the barbarities practiced by slave captains at this period, will doubt the truth of this. They need not, for the circumstances, names excepted, are perfectly accurate.

When the anchor reached the bows it brought up with it, lashed to the shank, and gagged to stifle her cries, the corpse of poor Judy!

This condemned the *Arrow* as a prize. Such, however, was the indignation of the *Rosebud's* men that it required the energetic interference of Mr. Hall to protect the captain from summary vengeance. Unhappily for Rawley, the active instrument in the murder, that miscreant, hoping to escape altogether, leaped into the sloop's boat which lay alongside, with only the boat-keeper remaining in it. Striking the latter on the head with some heavy instrument, and sending him into the water, the mate jumped overboard and made for the shore.

"Come back, you murdering scoundrel," shouted Hall, whose quick eye had caught the whole proceeding, rapid as it was. "Back, or we fire!"

He had scarcely uttered the last word, when a shot from the bows, fired by a sailor who had mistaken the menace for an order, stopped the fugitive. Turning round he rose, as by some convulsive movement, half above the surface, then, with a wild toss of the arms, went to the bottom.

The stunned seaman having been quickly picked up and passed on board, the boat proceeded in search of the mate's body, which, owing to a strong eddy, had been carried some little dis-

tance from the spot at which he sank. It was at length descried through the clear water, and, by means of the boat's anchor, with little ceremony hauled on board, of course lifeless.

The brig was condemned, and the value of the prize was much augmented by the circumstance of her crew betraying the hiding-place of the slave cargo. These were speedily reshipped in the very vessel in which they had been so roughly stowed, and in due course regained their home.

### A Temperance Lecture.

Judge Westbrook, in sentencing Bating, at Kingston, New York, to Sing Sing prison for life, for the murder of a man while intoxicated, embraced the occasion to deliver a very forcible lecture upon temperance. Judge Westbrook said:

We know that you were not in a physical or mental state to comprehend the crime. You were fired by that which has crazed many a man before; your brain was crazed by that which has crazed many a man before; but can courts, in the prevention of crime, listen to an argument and a plea like that? If they did or could, whose life would be safe or whose property secure? We know the safety of human society and human life requires that you should be punished, because you voluntarily put yourself in that condition. You became voluntarily drunk, and must take the consequences of the act which you did while in such a state.

You are guilty of an awful crime, and you are to-day receiving the judgment of this earthly tribunal; but remember you must answer to another which will judge with entire knowledge and in the sentence of which there can be no possible mistake. You have time and space for repentance and to make your peace and obtain forgiveness before you stand in the presence of the august Judge who shall then preside. Perhaps in saying what we have, our whole duty is done; yet it seems to us it is a proper time and proper occasion to utter one word more.

Is there not a most eloquent appeal from that bleeding body of your unhappy victim, and in his gaping wounds, in your unfortunate condition, and the condition of your family, against that traffic which has brought you to this bar, separated you from your wife and family, and sent Tompkins into the presence of his God? I trust that this sin and this lesson will be remembered and never forgotten. If any other argument is needed against the use of intoxicating drink and the traffic therein, on this occasion furnish that argument, and it is written to-day, as it has oftentimes been before, in tears, and in blood.

### An Incident of the War.

Gen. Sherman, in his personal narrative, refers to the fact that immediately after the first battle of Bull Run insubordination crept out among the troops of his command to such an extent that he ordered Ayer's battery to unlimber, ready for action against them. During this "insubordination," an amusing incident occurred. The troops especially referred to were Col. McQuade's 14th New York infantry. Impressed with the idea that their term of service was out, they expressed a determination to go home. Fearful of difficulty, Sherman ordered a section of Ayer's battery to take position at the right of Fort Corcoran, on an elevated spot, the 14th being encamped on a small plain below. The guns of the battery bore directly upon the camp, and a few shells exploded in the Fourteenth would have blown the regiment to pieces.

The boys of the 14th took the matter in good humor, and seeing the smoke-stack of a mill torn down near at hand, they mounted it on a pair of wagon wheels and organized a battery of their own.

Running the improvised gun to the very limit of the camp ground to which the men were confined, they would halt, go through the manual of loading by detail, and, at the command "fire," every man in the regiment would give vent to a prolonged "b-o-o-m."

This maneuver was kept up, a new gun squad relieving an old one when tired, until the thing became such a farce that Sherman, very much annoyed, ordered the lieutenant and his section back to park.

The lieutenant in charge of the guns, afterwards a distinguished general, was so annoyed by the 14th boys that it was with difficulty he could control his temper. Some officer suggested that he fire a blank cartridge over the corps. "No," he thundered, "if I open fire on the fellows it will be with shell, and I'll fire low, too." There was no occasion for firing, as the insubordination was soon settled.

### Half a Crop of Wheat.

The Philadelphia *Press* contains a page specially devoted to the condition and prospect of the wheat crop of Pennsylvania, containing upward of two hundred dispatches covering the entire wheat district of the State. These dispatches report the condition of the crop May first in each county, and estimate the probable yield that will be harvested. Owing to the severe frost of a late spring much of the expected crop has been killed and the season delayed eight or ten weeks. A careful survey of the field leads to the belief that not over half a crop will be gathered, and even this amount depends upon the continuance of dry weather.

Half of the shadows found in our paths of life are made by standing in our own light.

## ALCOHOL'S REGAL RIVAL.

Another suicide! In this case, as in many of which no account is taken by the daily newspapers, says the *New York Sun*, the poison employed was morphine or laudanum. "Died after an overdose of laudanum" is the verdict. That overdose, however, was only the culmination of a long indulgence, extending probably over years. The usual quantity failing to produce the desired effect, it was largely increased, and the end was death. Properly speaking, this was not a case of suicide; it was the result of indulgence in a life destroying vice that was certain to terminate in death. Hardly a week passes in which a case of opium poison is not treated in some one of our hospitals. A cure is occasionally effected, but it is only temporary, and the wretched victim almost invariably falls back into the old ways, and the end is at last reached by either suicide or a total prostration of mind and body.

"I am a strong man," said a physician, "and have repeated opportunities to test my resolution under the most trying circumstances, yet so insidious and treacherous is this vice, once contracted, so demoralizing is its influence on the power of the will, that I would not dare to trust myself to a continued use of the drug even for a limited time. The craving it creates directly affects the mental organization, and eventually destroys all power of resistance. I have known ladies who in their advanced age had contracted the habit, and who carried the poison about their persons in the form of salts of opium, using it almost hourly. Indeed, the vice is more prevalent among women than among men."

With regard to the superinducing causes of the evil a distinguished physician says: They may be divided into two classes, the physical and the moral. Under the first head should be placed all persons suffering from neuralgia, rheumatism, dysenteric affections, tic-douloureux, consumption, hysteria, uterine affections, etc. In such cases opium in some form is usually first prescribed by physicians, and continued by the patient after the habit has been acquired. The moral causes are often pecuniary embarrassments, disagreements, jealousies, sensuality, etc. In these cases the drug is resorted to to drown thought or promote excitement.

There is no doubt that opium is too miscellaneous prescribed, perhaps to the extent that if it did not exist the human race would be better off. It is a most useful therapeutic agent, but of all the articles of the *materia medica* it requires the most intelligence and care in its use. Patients suffering with delirium tremens have been killed by it, and yet in the same disease, with proper caution, it is a most beneficial remedial agent. In gunshot wounds, in railroad accidents, and in excessive hemorrhages, opium, if properly administered, is a boon to mankind; but if thrown into the system injudiciously it is most disastrous to human life.

Then the physical prostration produced by the use of opium renders its victims liable to contagion, unless they are continually under the influence of the drug. The sudden discontinuance of the use of the drug has a somewhat similar effect to that produced by a discontinuance of the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants in the case of confirmed drunkards. It is followed by a sort of mental collapse or great prostration of the mental energies. Opium gives and takes away. It defeats the steady habit of exertion, and creates spasms of irregular exertion. It ruins the natural power of life; it develops preternatural paroxysms of intermittent power; it brings on hypertrophy or enlargement of the liver, habitual constipation, bronzed complexion, rigidity of skin, vacuity of expression, general hyperaesthesia, and insomnia, or sleeplessness; a morbid condition of the stomach, rejecting many kinds of food that are regarded by medical men as simple and easy of digestion; acute, shooting pains that are confined to no one part of the body; and unnatural sensitiveness in parts of the body, and a chronic tendency to impatience and irritability of temper, with paroxysms of excitement wholly foreign to the natural disposition. In the long run it saps the vitality. It engenders sterility. The offspring, if there be any, is generally marked by organic cerebral defects—impaired intellect and unconstituted cachexia, or deteriorated vitality.

The amount of opium imported into the United States in 1874 was about two hundred tons, and it is estimated that twenty-one hundredths of the opium sold by retailers would cover all the prescriptions of physicians proper, and five per cent. excepted from the entire as an extra allowance for the various nostrums afloat would be liberal and abundant. This is from a comparison of opinions entertained by many apothecaries of New York city, and to these estimates the experienced Dr. Carnochan adds the opinion that while the therapeutic value of opium has suffered no abatement in the estimation of the profession, the total of prescriptions is proportionately less than it was twenty years ago.

A disease, resembling the murrain spoken of in the Bible, is causing great havoc among the flocks and herds of Turkey. On the plains of Troy the skeletons of thousands and thousands of sheep cover the ground. Shepherds, stripped of their entire herds in many cases, have gone insane over the calamity. In the country about Adrianople fully thirty per cent. of the horned cattle and horses have already died of disease.

## Items of Interest.

The Kansas grasshoppers speak very highly of this spring's early cabbages.

A cross-eyed girl advertises for a husband affected in the same way. What a cross-eyed dear!

Dr. Livingstone found that the ostrich could run at the astonishing speed of twenty-six miles an hour.

"Gently the dunes are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had thirteen bills presented to him in one day.

The San Francisco directory just issued estimates the population at 230,000. The *Bulletin* is willing to believe it 30,000 less.

Artificial butter making has never proved a success. The difficulty lies in putting in the hairs so they look natural.

Comforting isn't it, to be told now, that if there had only been telegraphic communication with the mainland, all on board the Schiller might have been saved?

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* says it is all right for Lotta to give a fountain to San Francisco, but it would be more satisfactory to the world if she gave her agent a clean shirt.

"Why do you use paint?" asked a violinist of his daughter. "For the same reason that you use rosin, papa."

"How is that?" "Why, to help me draw my bow."

"Every tree is subject to a disease," said a speaker in a fruit-growers' convention. "What ailment can you find on an oak?" asked the chairman. "A-corn," was the triumphant reply.

It has been discovered that the New England lady who spelled six hundred and fifty words out of the word "congregationalist," has never learned to make a loaf of bread out of flour, yeast, and water.

A gun factory in Upper Austria is making 250,000 rifles for Germany. It has delivered 180,000, and has received a further order for 75,000. A Vienna firm is reported to be executing a German order for 30,000,000 cartridges.

One of the crew Schiller was arrested in Hoboken for being drunk a few days before the vessel sailed. Recorder Bohstedt sent him to jail for five days. His time expired the day after the Schiller sailed and he escaped the fate of his companions.

Talk of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," or Appleton's! An Imperial Chinese Encyclopedia is now, and has been for a century, passing through the press, of which nearly 100,000 volumes have already appeared, and 60,000 volumes are yet to come to complete the undertaking.

It is said that during the thirteen years that Oliver Charlick was president of the Long Island Railroad he never drew any part of his salary, although it had been fixed by the board of directors at \$10,000 a year. This makes \$130,000 which his estate will, of course, call upon the company to pay up.

The recent fire in Oshkosh, Wis., burned four hundred houses, seventy stores, fifty manufacturing establishments, four hotels, four churches. About 3,000 people were burned out of home and home, and three hundred families are destitute. Over 2,000 are out of employment.

Inspector (who notices a backwardness in history)—Who signed Magna Charta? (No answer.) Inspector (more urgently)—Who signed Magna Charta? (No answer.) Inspector (angrily)—Who signed Magna Charta? (Thinking matters are beginning to look serious)—Please, sir, it was not me, sir!

Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembled only the "effigy of a man," said the stout gentleman: "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

A stern father got wind of an intended elopement of his daughter on a certain night, and when that sweet thing was on the point of stealing down stairs, she beheld a ferocious looking bulldog standing at the bottom; so she concluded to go back to her room and postpone her elopement. Her father never told her it was a stuffed dog, which he had borrowed from the man living next door.

### All Want Medicine.

The Griffin (Ga.) *News* says: The colored people have some strange ways, and one of these is a disposition to grant or have ailments. This weakness is more plainly shown whenever there is a remedy about, especially if that "remedy" is anything on the line of medicine. We overheard a gentleman discussing this matter the other day, and he remarked that he could not keep a bottle of medicine on his premises and let it know. It made no difference what kind it was, if they thought it would do them good. He was "sorter ailing," and being in town, had a bottle of busters fixed up by his physician. Returning home he took two doses, and found it so rough that he was going to throw it away, but, thinking for a moment, he stepped to the door, and said in the hearing of some of his negroes that he had some splendid medicine. Next morning one came grunting around, saying: "Boss, I've mighty ailing dis morning; ain't you got something for me? I've got a pain in my misery." He was properly "dosed," and went on his way rejoicing. In less than twenty-four hours six of them had "destroyed" the entire bottle, and each of them had a different complaint.