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## The Dring Trooper.

Steady, boys! steady! keep your arms ready! God only knows who we may meet here; Don't let me be taken! I'd rather awaken To-morrow in no matter where, Than to lie in that foul prison hole over there. Step slowly! speak lowly! These rocks may have life! Lay me down in this hollow; We are out of the strife.

By heavens! the foe-man may track me in blood, For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood; No! no surgeon, for me—he can give me no aid; The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade; What! Morris, a tear? Why, shame of thee, man; I thought you a hero; but since you've begun To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens, By George! I don't know what in thunder it means.

Well, well, I am rough—'tis a very rough school, This life of a trooper; but yet I'm no fool! I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe; And boys that you love me, I very well know. But wasn't it grand! When they came down the hill, over sloughing and sand? But we stood, did we not, like immovable rock? Unheeding their balls, and repelling their shock? Did you mind that loud cry, wiser, as turning to fly, Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?

Oh! wasn't it grand? God help the poor wretches who fell in that fight; No time was there given for prayer or for flight. They fell by the score, in the crash hand to hand, And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand. Huzza!!

Good heavens! this bullet-hole gaps like the grave, A curse on the aim of a traitorous knave! Is there never a one of ye knows how to pray? Pray! pray! "Our Father, our Father!" Why don't you proceed? Can't you see I am dying? great God how I bleed, Ebbing away, ebbing away— The light of the day is turning to gray! Pray! pray!

Our Father in heaven—boys tell me the rest, While I staunch the hot blood from this hole in my breast. There is something about a forgiveness of sin— Put that in—put that in—and then I'll follow your words, and say an "Amen."

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand, And Wilson, my comrade, oh, wasn't it grand When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud, And were scattered like mist by that brave little crowd? Where's Wilson? my comrade—here stoop down your head; Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ, God! who died for sinners all, Here 'Tis this suppliant wanderer's cry; Let not o'er this poor sparrow fall, Unheeded by Thy graceless eye. Throw wide Thy gates to let him in, And take him, pleading, to Thy arms, Forgive, O Lord! his life-long sin, And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn; It is light to my path, when my sight has grown dim; I am dying—bend down 'till I touch you once more, Don't forget me old fellow—God prosper this war; Confusion to enemies—keep hold of my hand— And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land.

## A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

"Take off that hideous bonnet, Dorothy. I want to see you sweet little face without it."

"Thou shouldst not speak so, Charles. It is very wrong."

"Why, little Dorothy? Tell me why?"

"Thou knowest favor is deceitful and beauty is vain. We ought to bear our testimony against the vanity of personal looks."

"Ought we? Then tell me why it pleased Providence to make you so beautiful, my small cousin?"

"Hush, Charles. I will not permit thee to speak to me in this manner." And Dorothy Hicks, the little Quakeress, put on her gravest air, and struggled valiantly to turn the corners of her mouth down when they wanted to turn up.

"Don't look so serious, little girl. You positively alarm me." And Charles Maynard burst into a merry laugh that echoed through the poplar trees in the old garden. "Now, tell me, Dorothy—I insist upon knowing, and, as a member of your family, I consider that I have the right to be informed—are you going to marry Broadbrim?"

"Friend Ephraim is an estimable man, Charles. Thou must not speak of him thus."

"Look, Dorothy. There he is. I will quote no proverbs, but the rim of his hat turned the corner just as I spoke. Now don't look as if you intended to go back to the house, for you are not going. I'll tell you a secret. When I was down

by the river this morning I found a boat with a tempting pair of oars lying in it, and I made up my mind that Dorothy Hicks and her wicked, worldly cousin from the iniquitous city of New York were going for a row in that very boat this evening."

"It is Neighbor Hancock's boat."

"He will let us have it?"

"Yes. But, Charles, I fear that it is my duty."

"No, it isn't. You know you don't want to spend this lovely evening in the house entertaining Broadbrim, and you do want to go and watch the sunset on the river with me."

Dorothy looks doubtfully toward the house and wishfully toward the river.

"Femme qui hesite est perdue," Dorothy, which means if we don't hurry, Graycoat will come out and catch us. Charles takes Dorothy's hand in his, and in a moment they are on their way to the shore.

"But, Charles, see that cloud in the south. If there were to be a storm!"

"But there will not. Come, jump in." The oars are lifted into the rowlocks, Dorothy takes the management of the rudder into her little hands, and soon they are gliding over the smooth surface of the water, leaving a track of silvery bubbles behind them. It is a lovely evening. The misty shadows of twilight are gathering in the east and in the west; the clouds, blood-red and purple, are casting a rosy light all over the broad river; a fresh breeze is blowing round their faces; and waves splash against the sides of their little boat like low monotonous music. Charles is talking about his city home, telling Dorothy about the aunt and cousins she has not seen for a long time, and amusing her with stories of his college days, and his efforts to make his way in his profession, which at first were so unsuccessful. Neither of them notices that the breeze grows every moment stronger and fresher, and that the dark cloud in the south has spread over the horizon, and is covering it with darkness.

Presently a low muttering growl of thunder startles them from the dream into which they have fallen.

"Turn back, Charles, turn back!" screams Dorothy. "The storm is on us!"

But there is no turning back. They have been rowing with the tide. The river is very wide, and the increasing force of the waves and the wind together is so strong that when they attempt to turn about the water rushes into the tiny boat. Both faces grow pale in the murky light as they see their danger.

"It is impossible; you cannot do it."

"Tell me, Dorothy, what is that dark object just ahead?"

"It is a ledge of rocks, but when the tide comes in from the sea it will be covered;" and with a low moan Dorothy sinks down from her seat and covers her face with her hands.

"We will try and land there. The tide will not turn for an hour."

The effort is successful. The ledge is reached, and Charles carries Dorothy to the highest rock, and lays her gently down.

"My love, my little love," he cries, kissing her helpless hands, "have I killed you?"

"Stop!" she cries. "Listen! There is a boat. It is coming to us." Dorothy is upon her knees, and a wild cry of thanksgiving comes from her lips.

Ephraim Ford has followed them. The heavy boat with its single occupant is strong enough to resist the waves, and as he nears they go down to meet him.

"Back!" he cries; "I will not take but one of you. It is not safe."

The grim Quaker, with his stern, emotionless face, wrenches away the slender hands that cling to Charles, and clasping Dorothy tightly in his arms, lays her at his own feet in the bottom of his boat. No word is spoken until they reach the opposite shore. Then he takes her up again and carries her to the nearest fisher hut upon the beach.

As they stand within the shelter of the little cabin, Dorothy looks at him with wild eyes, and a cry of torture issues from her white lips.

It is a terrible moment for Dorothy. She knows that they both love her, and she shivers at the suffering she sees in both faces. Then she remembers the oath she did not speak, and a wild sort of terror takes possession of her soul. She speaks at last, and tries to thank Ephraim for the service he has done them.

"Spare me thy gratitude, Dorothy," he commands, in the slow, solemn tone peculiar to his people. "I know I have done thee a service. I would not hear of it again. I tried to make thee swear an oath, Dorothy; I am glad it was not spoken. Tell me now, though, dost thou love this young man? Will thou forswear thy religion, forsake the faith of thy forefathers, and become one of the world's people?"

Dorothy's eyes looked toward Charles with mute appeal.

"He has saved both our lives, dear," answers the younger man, in reply to her glance, "and he is worthy of your love." Then his eyes seek the ground again. He has received his life from this man's hands, and now he will speak no word to rob him of his dearest treasure.

"Speak, Dorothy," Ephraim repeats. "It is for you to choose."

Dorothy's voice is choked with tears, and her breast shaken with sobs, as she answers:

"It is very, very wicked of me, Ephraim, but I love him so!"

Then she stretches out her helpless hands, and the sweet lips whisper: "Charles."

Only a single word, and it decides her life. In a moment she is in her lover's arms, and for the second time that night unconscious.

The nobler man of the two goes unheeded out into the storm to conquer his headache alone.

## Up in the Mountains.

The highest point in the world where arrangements are made for scientific observations is the summit of Pike's peak. There, 14,366 feet above the level of the sea, is a rudely constructed stone house, where live three men, the observing sergeant and his two assistants. During seven months of the year these men are shut off from all intercourse with other human beings. Early in November they house themselves, and live on the provisions they have stored up and the meats they have buried in the snow. When the atmosphere is in a proper condition for the telegraph to work, some scraps of news are obtained, but they cannot reach the world below nor the world get to them. The observations made from this lofty point are sent to almost every enlightened European nation. The station was established here in August, 1873, the special object being to learn something about the upper currents of the atmosphere. The principal instruments used are the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, anemometer, and the rain-gauge. One of the most remarkable phenomena seen on Pike's peak is the electric storm. A correspondent of the New York Tribune recently visited the summit signal station, and to him Mr. Brown, the observing sergeant, thus describes these storms:

They generally begin with hail, and last from half an hour to four hours. The whole atmosphere is full of electricity. Sheets of fire are everywhere. Sparks crackle about your clothes and in your hair, and fill the buffalo robes and the bedding. The electricity comes through the roof, through the windows, and up from the floor. It seems as though you are in a battery. If you go out doors, a cloud of electricity rests on the whole peak. It comes from the rocks; the clouds are full of it. The lightning plays below in fearful intensity. \* \* \* One's hair literally stands on end.

Mr. Brown also stated that he had seen the frosts a foot deep all over the summit, on windows, doors, rocks, and particularly on metals. Sometimes it gathers on the telegraph wires to the depth of eight inches, and frequently breaks the wire and stops communication. Such are some of the features of life on Pike's peak.

## The Cathedral at Cologne.

Of all Gothic buildings, the plan of the cathedral at Cologne is the most stupendous; even ruin as it is, it cannot fail to excite surprise and admiration. The legend concerning its plan may not be known to every one. It is related of the inventor of it, that in despair of finding a plan sufficiently great, he was walking one day by the river, sketching with his stick upon the sand when he finally hit upon one which pleased him so much that he exclaimed: "That shall be the plan."

"I will show you one better than that!" said a voice behind him, and a certain black gentleman, who figures in many German legends, stood by him and pulled from his pocket a roll containing the present plan of the cathedral. The architect, amazed at its grandeur, asked an explanation of every part. As he knew his soul was to be the price of it, he occupied himself, while the devil was explaining, in committing its proportions carefully to memory. Having done this, he remarked it did not please him, and he would not take it. The devil, seeing through the cheat, exclaimed in his rage:

"You may build your cathedral according to this plan, but you shall never finish it."

This prediction seems likely to be verified, for though it was commenced in 1248 and continued two hundred and fifty years, only the nave and choir and one tower to half its proper height are finished.

## The "Fever Tree."

The eucalyptus, or blue-gum tree of Australia, was discovered by a French scientist, Labillardiere, who visited Van Dieman's Land in 1792. The great size and beauty of the tree soon gave it a place in the botanical gardens of Europe. Its medicinal qualities, however, for which it is now so famous, do not seem to have become known until about thirty years ago. The colonists of Tasmania used it for a great variety of purposes, but were ignorant of its power as an antiseptic. This was apparently discovered in Spain. In 1860 the neighborhood of the city of Valencia was planted with the eucalyptus. A marked improvement in the healthfulness of the locality followed. The Spaniards forthwith dubbed it the "fever tree." It was soon afterward introduced into Algeria, the climate of which seemed especially adapted to it. It may be fairly said to be naturalized there, at the Cape of Good Hope, in the La Plata States of South America, and in California.

After a trial for many years in southern France, it has failed, as a rule, to become hardy, or to suck up and destroy the poisonous vapors of the swamps in which it was planted. The few dozen specimens planted within the walls of Rome are nearly all alive, but very few of them are vigorous. Within a year or two the Trappist monks at the Tre Fontane convent have set out large plantations of the trees, and are tending them with the utmost care. This may be fairly looked upon as a decisive experiment. The place known as the Tre Fontane—the Three Fountains—lies some miles south of Rome, and is the seat of a magnificent monastery. Yet its climate is so deadly that the splendid buildings, rich in mosaics, marbles and frescoes, are wholly deserted during the summer. Trying to live in them then would be certain death. If the blue-gum tree makes the Tre Fontane healthy, it can be relied on to do the same work anywhere else. Its record as an antiseptic and disinfectant is already a good one.

The districts in which it is indigenous are healthy, and those into which it has been transplanted and in which it has thriven have become healthy. A few miles from the city of Algiers there was a farm which was noted for its deadly fevers. Life on it in July was almost impossible. In the spring of 1867 thirteen hundred eucalyptus were planted there. They were nine feet high by the next July, and not a case of fever appeared. Nor has one appeared since. Near Constantine, Algeria, there were vast swamps, never dry even in the hottest summers, and productive of violent periodic fevers. About fourteen thousand eucalyptus trees dried up every square foot of swamp and killed the fever. Maison Carree, near Hannach, was once a great market for quinine. The demand for that drug has ceased since the blue-gum tree was planted there. Mercantile books are said to show a similar decline in the amount of quinine consumed in Mexico and Cuba of late, and a similar cause is given for it. A very unhealthy railroad station in the department of Var, southern France, has been made healthy by a grove of forty of these remarkable trees.

## A Touching Story.

The reason for the friendship to the white race of Spotted Tail is made known to the public as follows: Some years ago the family of this chief were living at Fort Laramie, garrisoned at that time by companies of an Ohio volunteer cavalry regiment. One member of the family was the chief's favorite daughter, a girl just entering upon her womanhood. The girl fell violently in love with one of the Ohio officers, a fine looking young fellow, who did all he could to convince her that her affection was foolish and hopeless. Day after day she hung around his quarters, waiting hours to catch sight of him, and perfectly happy if only able to follow him about. It puzzled her that she, a princess, was not able to win the love of this young soldier. At length her father learned how matters stood, and coming for her, sent her away among friends in the Rocky mountains. There she gradually pined away till finally the chief was summoned to receive her dying message. When he reached her side she urged him for his own sake and for the sake of his people to be at peace with the whites. This message given, she died. Her father had her body conveyed to Laramie and buried among the pale faces. Spotted Tail often speaks of his dead daughter, and once in a great council with the whites said: "Were not the hopelessness of resistance and the dictates of policy sufficient to restrain me from acts of war, the pledge I made my dead child in her dying hour would cause me to keep at peace with your children."

## An Economical Mourner.

A gentleman dressed in all-black presented himself, one day, at the box office of the Theatre Comique, in Paris. "Madam," said he to the ticket agent, with tears in his eyes, "I wish a box in order to place therein the body of my wife at the moment when the 'Requiem' of M. Verdi is played." "Why," cried the stupefied ticket agent, "is your wife dead?" "Yes; I lost her yesterday, and I thought that a requiem would cost me less here than at the church; and therefore would permit me to hear the work of M. Verdi."

A Canadian can lend you his newspaper by mail to the States for one cent postage, but it will cost the States four cents to return it to him over the same route.

## How One Man Defied a Mob.

Some newspaper has lately unearthed a story of mob law in Henry county, Kentucky, in 1859, a story which will bear condensation and which should go down to posterity, describing an example to be imitated and a scene to be immortalized. In 1859 there resided in the county named several brothers bearing the name of Henry, one of whom was charged with murder. He was acquitted upon trial, but the mob was dissatisfied with the verdict and demanded that not only the man charged with the crime but all his brothers should leave the county. One of the brothers thus unjustly banned was slow to leave, and in consequence was assailed, being shot at and narrowly escaping with his life. His wife and children were afterward taken to him by a young man named Hunly. Then the mob demanded that Hunly should leave the region. Hunly went to his house and told his aged parents of the situation. They decided not to obey the mob and barricaded the house.

On the next day the mob came, twenty men and numbers of respectable citizens who dare not resist. The mob rode up to the house and demanded the body of young Hunly. The old mother appeared at a window and replied that her son had committed no offense; he had simply aided an innocent woman and her children; he would not be driven out of the county like a criminal; she and her husband were prepared to die with him. Then she bowed and retired. The mob crowded forward, but there was a man among the spectators to be heard. As the old mother ceased talking, he came forward with tears on his face, and said: "Of all fortunes in life there is nothing like its fortunate ending. A man should be esteemed fortunate who finds an answer to the old Methodist prayer, 'Lord give us a good time to get out of the world.' I may live a hundred years without finding another opportunity to so happily end my life. I am blessed! My prayer is answered! I will die with these people!" Then drawing his pistol, the man (his name was Pollard) placed his back to the door and his face to the mob. The effect was grand. Hesitating citizens, lacking but the nerve to oppose ruffianism, rushed to Pollard's support. The mob fled for their lives before the desperate resolve of the men before them, and Hunly and his family were saved. Pollard's name is still a synonym for brave manhood in Henry county, and his glorious example has done not a little good. Could a grander speech be conceived than this brief one of six clean sentences! And is not the story one to become immortal?

## A Scene in the New York Police Court.

"Johnson, the officer says that you were drunk, and that you haven't drawn a sober breath for a week. How is that, Johnson?" the justice asked of the next prisoner.

"Yer honor," said Johnson, as he dropped one arm over the rail and leaned back heavily on the policeman, who supported him by the shoulder, "it's true. I've been drunk for a week, as you say, an' I haven't got a word to say to defend myself. I've been in this here court, I guess, a hundred times before an' every time I've asked your honor to let me off light. But this time I don't have no fear. You can send me up for ten days, or you can send me up for ten years, it's all one now." As he spoke he brushed away a tear with his hat; and when he paused he coughed a dry, racking cough, and drew his tattered coat closer about his throat.

"When I went up before," he continued, "I always counted the days an' the hours till I'd come off. This time I'll count the blocks to the Potter's Field. I'm almost gone, judge."

He paused again, and looked down to his almost shoeless feet.

"When I was a little country boy," he went on, "my mother used to say to me: 'Charlie, if you want to be a man, never touch liquor; an' I'd answer: 'No, mother, I never will.' If I'd kept that promise, you an' me wouldn't have been so well acquainted, judge. If I could only be a boy again for half a day. If I could go into the old schoolhouse just once more, an' see the boys an' girls as I used to see them in the old days, I could lay right down an' die happy. But it's too late. Send me up, judge. Make it for ten days, or make it for life. It don't make no difference. One way would be as short as the other. All I ask now is to die alone. I've been in crowded tenements for years. If I can be alone a little while before I go, I'll drop off contented."

The shoulder of the muddy coat slipped from the policeman's hand, and the used-up man fell in a heap to the floor. He was carried to the little room behind the rail. His temples were bathed, and his wrists were chafed. But it was no use. Though his heart still beat, he was fast going to join his schoolmates who have crossed the flood. The shutters were bowed, the door was closed. He might die contented, for he was left alone.

## Advice for Dull Times.

Advertising is a great bother. It only brings a lot of folks to your place of business. If they want you, let them hunt you up. Then if you get your name in the paper you will be bored with drummers, and people from the country will call on you and you will have to show them goods, and like enough have to do up bundles for them, which will exhaust your stock so much that you will be obliged to buy more goods, which is a great trouble. If you advertise, too, it gives your place a reputation abroad; folks will go there and crowd you, and make it too lively. If you don't want to do anything, keep as still as you can.

## A Scene of Devastation.

The south of France is at present the scene of a disaster such as we are quite unable to picture to ourselves in this fortunate country. The terrors and horrors of an inundation, however faithfully depicted, have to the mind no practical existence; whereas the peasants of north Italy and of the south and east of France are with good reason appalled at the very mention of one of these calamities.

The late floods in the neighborhood of Toulouse have been even more fearful in their effects, in consequence of the suddenness with which they came upon the unsuspecting population. The heavy rains, coinciding in time with the melting of snow on the Pyrenees and the Cevennes, loaded with an extraordinary burden the tributary streams which flow from these mountains to the northwest, and, uniting with the Garonne, whose name they take, water the wonderfully fertile valley lying between Toulouse and Bordeaux.

It is at the points where the several mountain torrents join one another that the result has been most terrible. Thus at Toulouse, just below the junction of the Garonne and the Ariège, a whole quarter has been submerged, 800 houses swept away, and 20,000 inhabitants turned adrift. At Moissais, where the important River Tarn, swollen by two important tributaries, falls into the Garonne, the destruction is proportionately greater, a large part of the town being reported as actually hidden under the waters. In another small town, out of 400 hundred houses which it formerly contained, four or five only are now said to be left standing. The destruction of crops and loss of farm stock at this time of year may be to some extent imagined.

But the horror of the scene and the loss of life which followed on this sudden catastrophe can only be realized by those who have assisted at a similar spectacle. M. Edmond About has endeavored to describe such a scene in a well known chapter, of "Madelon." But the present inundation seems not only to have distanced all the descriptions of novelists, but to have surpassed in its murderous results all previous examples in Europe, 215 dead bodies having been already found in St. Cypria alone.

## The Perfection of Diet.

If all the boarding house keepers could be successful in getting such patrons as a man living at Outhbert, Ga., there'd be more money in the boarding house business than in cutting off coupons from some railroad bonds. The character of this Outhbert man came to light recently through an advertisement in the newspapers, where it was proposed to furnish, for five dollars, a recipe teaching one how to live on thirty-seven cents a week. The Outhbert man, now sixty-four years old, read the advertisement and became indignant, asserting it to be sheer extravagance for one to spend so much a week, and making public the fact that his own provisions cost him not to exceed ten dollars a year. His process is simple, and is published for the benefit of civilized humanity. He has not taken a drink of liquor for over a quarter of a century; he never drank a cup of coffee in his life, or ate a pound of meat of any kind. He has no recollection of ever taking a dose of medicine or consulting a physician. He can walk fifteen or twenty miles as quickly as any young man in the country; is a man of family, and a model of moral and physical health. The secret of his diet is that it is plain corn bread and water, a diet which he asserts a man becomes accustomed to and will be thoroughly satisfied with. Such a man is this Georgia model, and such his advice. Undoubtedly he is wise, too, but it is difficult imagining a pleasant sound in a dinner horn repeating day after day and year after year the same old story of corn bread and water.

## Depth of the Great Lakes.

There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but Lake Ontario, which is 500 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottom of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now as the discharge through the Detroit river, after following all the probable portion carried off, by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive. It has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lake without some subterranean river; moreover, any periodical observation of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

## Their Procession.

A new trick has been devised for the advertisement of patent mowing and reaping machines. All the agents in a certain range of territory club together, after a good day of sales, give a grand dinner to the buyers, and arrange a procession through the principal streets of a large town, in which the sold machines play an important part. In places where it has been tried the plan is said to attract as great a crowd as a circus.