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An Old Man.

The hour far spent, the harvest in.
He goes serene along his ways,
Blessed with the sunshine that befalls
The Indian summer of his days.

A dear old man, whom all men love,
Who loves all men and round whose
head,
As round the brows of ancient saints,
The silver locks of nimbus shed.

Just as the sun comes sitting through
The violet vapors on the hills,
Building a land of promise where
The vista with new glory thrills,
So shines his smile on all he meets,
A tender after-glow and mild;
He sees the other side of life,
And takes it sweetly as a child.

For genial as the autumn day
That spells us with its soft surprise,
Life seems to wait as waits the year,
Obeying his benignant eyes.

He dreams not of a dark unknown
So close at hand, so chill, so drear,
The ice cold and snow covered grave;
He only sees the sunshine here.

He lifts his eyes up to the hills
Whence cometh all his help and stays,
To bless us with the light that fills
The Indian summer of his days.

—Bazar.

THE SERF'S REVENGE.

A STORY OF SIBERIAN EXILE.

During the revolution in Poland, in 1830-31, there were many Russians living near the Polish frontier who became more or less involved in the movement. Many of them sympathized with the Poles, and where they could not publicly take part in the revolution they did so privately. Some gave money to the insurgent cause, and while they would not inform the government officials of any plans of the conspirators, they were ever ready to tell the latter what the government was doing against them. Their houses frequently gave concealment to the messengers of the Poles, when pursued by the government scouts, and furnished convenient hiding places for refugees, who found their own homes too hot to hold them. A great many proprietors of landed estates were suspected of disloyalty, though it was often difficult to prove it against them. The government made a great many arrests among these frontier residents, and held investigations over their conduct. Some were discharged on giving proof of their loyalty, or on no evidence being found against them; others were imprisoned on account of the suspicions against them, and when there was proof of their disloyalty they were banished to Siberia. The banishment was in proportion to the extent of their offense, and varied all the way from a few years up to the duration of the natural life of the offender. Some were marched in chains over the long road into northern Asia, and frequently their journey lasted more than two years before they reached their destination. More distinguished prisoners were entitled to ride, and went forward day and night with great rapidity; thus they traveled in a few weeks the road that the pedestrian prisoners were many months in passing to the end.

Among the residents on the Russian frontier at that time was a nobleman named Dolaeff, who had served in his youth at the court of the emperor at St. Petersburg. The atmosphere of the court did not suit him, and so after a few years he left the service, and retired to his estate, where he hoped to live in peace. He formed an acquaintance with a few nobleman living near him, and made occasional visits to Warsaw whenever the solitude of his country place began to weary him. By-and-by the insurrection broke out, and speedily assumed the proportions of a revolution. Most of the Poles espoused the cause; some of the Russians living on the frontier declared in their favor, and others against them; while still others, as before stated, remained, or professed to remain, neutral.

Of this last number was Dolaeff. He argued that as he had served in the army, and had always been thoroughly loyal to his emperor, the latter could need no special proof of his adhesion to the government cause. On the other hand, his estate was so near the frontier that, if he pronounced emphatically in opposition to the rebellion, his life and property would be in great danger from the hostility of the Poles. He remained quietly at home in attendance upon his affairs, and hoped to escape all trouble.

Among the serfs on Dolaeff's estate the master was not particularly popular. He was imperious, and often cruel, and in the collection of the annual dues, from such as had control of their own time, he was never merciful. He demanded always the last copeck upon an agreement, and no plea of sickness, bad harvests, or low markets had any weight with him. Occasionally a serf was severely beaten at his order for some trifling offense, and he was never backward in demanding, on all occasions, the exercise of his full seigniorial rights.

Ivan Stepanof was one of the most intelligent serfs on the estate, and often assisted his fellow laborers in getting out of difficulties with each other, or with their master. Dolaeff regarded him very favorably, and generally showed him more kindness than was his wont towards others. Ivan was prosperous, in a worldly point of view, and on two or three occasions had relieved Dolaeff

from financial embarrassments. But one day, after a heavy loss at cards, Dolaeff sent for Ivan, and asked him for a sum of money greater than he could command. Ivan protested that he had not that amount, and could not raise it. Dolaeff, in a fit of anger, struck his serf a blow that felled him to the ground; then, kicking him in the side, he turned away, and just as he was getting out of earshot he heard Ivan mutter:

"I will have my revenge for this."

A week later Dolaeff was arrested on a charge of aiding the insurrection. It was shown that several rebels had been concealed in his house at different times, and that one, with whom he was particularly intimate, was the chief of a gang of conspirators whose place of meeting was at Warsaw. He was taken to the nearest government town, and in due time tried, found guilty, and sentenced to Siberia for life. Ivan was not to be found at the time of the arrest, and the master naturally attributed it to the revenge that his servant had promised to obtain for the blow and kick he received.

Dolaeff was ordered to be taken to Siberia as rapidly as possible. He was kept a day or two in prison after his sentence, and then placed in a *telega*, or common country wagon, and started on his long journey eastward. By his side was a soldier, to whom he was chained, while a postilion sat on the box with the driver, and allowed the latter to waste no time. They halted at the stations only long enough to change horses and obtain food. Occasionally the postilion and the soldier exchanged places, so as to allow the former to obtain the sleep he could not easily get while sitting bolt upright on the box. The *telega* is an ordinary wagon, mounted on wooden springs, which have very little elasticity; and, where the roads are rough, the jolting is very uncomfortable. To ease the motion a little, the traveler generally fills the vehicle with straw or hay, and lies, half-sitting and half-reclining, upon it. The horses are driven at the best of their speed, if the postilion demands it, as he generally does. Most travelers are anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible, in order that their journey may be ended at the earliest moment. Whether they are on pleasure or business, or going into exile, they are quite willing that their time on the road shall be brief.

The exiles who go on foot rest every third day, but those who ride make no delay. Very often the pedestrian prisoners ask to be allowed to go forward without these third days of rest, but the request is not allowed on account of the confusion it would make among the convoys of prisoners on the road. It is quite desirable that proper distances should be maintained among the traveling parties, so that no two of them shall be at the same station at once. The stations are strong buildings surrounded with palisaded fences, and generally a little distance from the villages. They are not very neatly kept, and in summer the prisoners prefer to camp on the ground and sleep in the open air, either in the station yard or outside of it.

Dolaeff's guard showed him every attention consistent with his duties; but, as the guard is held to a strict responsibility in case of the escape of a prisoner, he could not allow him many privileges or relax his vigilance toward him. Sometimes at the station he prolonged the halts more than was necessary for refreshment and the change of horses, but he could not allow many delays of this kind lest the increase of time over the usual length of the journey should attract attention. The postilion looked upon the journey much as his prisoner did, and often bemoaned his fate in being assigned to that duty. "Poor wretch that I am," said he; "I am going to Siberia as well as you, and it may be months before I am able to return. What if I should be forgotten, and allowed to stay there for years!"

On and on they went among the foot hills that every hour grew smaller until they reached the great Barabinsky steppe, which seemed to stretch away limitless as the ocean, and apparently as trackless. Along the level steppe they galloped, with little to vary the monotony of their journey. Ferrying the Irish and the Ob, those great rivers of western Siberia, passing town after town, and village after village, they came at length to Irkutsk, the capital of eastern Siberia, when Dolaeff was delivered to the hands of the official, and his weary postilion released from further care.

The prisoner, after a few days' rest, was appointed to settle as a colonist a thousand miles to the northward, and once more his journey was resumed. When this destination was reached, his duties were assigned to him. With a fellow prisoner—sentenced for the same cause and to a similar period of exile—he was assigned to the hard duties of a farmer in a new country. A quantity of land equal to about fifty acres was given to them in the valley of a small river, and they were at liberty to cut as much wood and timber as they pleased from the public domain that surrounded them. They were supplied with axes and all other tools necessary for clearing, building a house, and tilling the soil. The government gave them food and clothing, and everything absolutely necessary to their subsistence for the first two years of their residence; at the end of that time they were expected to take care of themselves.

Once a week the two prisoners were required to report to the *starost*, or head man of the village, four miles away. They endeavored to plan an escape, but could see no possibility of leaving the country. The road was long; it was more than three thousand miles to

European Russia, and at almost every step there were difficulties to be encountered. They had no passports, and without them no one can travel in Siberia; they could not pass in the disguise of peasants, as their language would betray them; they had no money for their expenses on the road, and would be certain of detection and severe punishment. So, after canvassing the possibilities of escape, and finding the chances altogether against them, Dolaeff and his companion abandoned hope, and in the sadness of despair pursued their dreary labors as colonists in Siberia.

After the arrest of his master, Ivan was drafted into the Russian service and assigned to a battalion of the army about to move upon Warsaw. Dolaeff's estate, like all the property of men convicted of treason, passed into the possession of the government, and was managed in the interest of the crown. Ivan's battalion was not long in finding active service, and took part in the battles that had for their object the capture of Warsaw. In the last attack upon the fortified capital, in September, 1831, he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery, and was mentioned in the reports of his regimental commander as worthy of an officer's commission.

The gulf between the Russian soldier and the Russian officer is a wide one; it cannot be easily crossed; but when a man has once left the ranks and passed the gulf, his promotion is comparatively easy. Ivan devoted his whole time and attention to his duties, and won the admiration of his superiors. Step by step he advanced; the battalion was ordered to St. Petersburg, and four years after his entry into the service Ivan found himself on duty at the palace, and frequently under the eye of the emperor. Nicholas was pleased with him, and one day said to Ivan that he would grant any favor he might ask, provided it was not too great. Ivan busied himself a day or two in the preparation of a paper, and then tremblingly presented it to the emperor. The latter glanced a moment at the document, frowned, and turned away.

That evening a courier left the palace and hastened away eastward as fast as his horses could carry him. Four months later he returned, and with him Dolaeff. They waited in the ante-room until Nicholas was ready to see them and were summoned to his presence.

"Your majesty," said the courier, "I have brought the man for whom you sent me. This is Paul Dolaeff."

"Send for the lieutenant of the guard," was the only response of the emperor. A messenger left the room and in a few moments Ivan was brought before the czar, and into the presence of his old master.

"You are pardoned," said Nicholas to Dolaeff; "and all your estates, titles, and civil rights are restored to you. This meritorious officer, whom I promised to grant any favor he would ask, instead of seeking promotion, interceded in your behalf, and to him you owe your release."

This was the revenge of Ivan Stepanof.

Passing the Family.

The Aurora (Ill.) Beacon says, speaking of a certain railroad officer:

Speaking of Cross reminds us that when he first removed to Riverside numerous Irish women and colored men were employed in the work of house cleaning, and they were sent to and from the city day by day on Mr. Cross' family pass. One day the pass was presented to H. Evans by a charming young lady. The affable conductor inquired: "Are you a member of Mr. Cross' family?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, accompanied by a winning smile.

"Singular," muttered H., "I have seen this pass several times, but supposed Mr. Cross' family were all Irish."

The young lady's eyes flashed fire, and in a thoughtful mood Evans resumed his call for "tickets."

Next day Sam Chance was in charge of the train which conveyed the young lady to the city, and the same pass was presented.

"Are you a member of Mr. Cross' family?" asked the conductor.

"I am, sir," said the lady, in an irritated tone; "I have the honor of being his daughter."

Sam looked suspicious, but finally remarked:

"You will excuse me for being so particular, but our orders are imperative. This pass has been presented to me several times of late, and I was under the impression that Mr. Cross was a colored man."

The flash of indignation which overspread the countenance of the lady was more convincing than argument, and Sam abandoned his investigations.

Of course, Miss Cross related the circumstance to her father, and his rage knew no bounds. He registered a solemn vow to kill every conductor on the line, but what he would have satisfaction. Several weeks elapsed before he discovered the offending ones, and by that time his feelings were considerably mollified, and both H. and Sam still live.

A salesman of a large wholesale house was spending a night at a hotel. Having passed a sleepless night from causes which are not infrequent in some hotels, he appeared at the office early in the morning, and ordered a horse and harness. On being asked by the polite clerk if he did not desire a wagon, he replied: "No; on getting up this morning I found my bed was a little buggy, and I thought I would like to take a ride in that."

Spring Fashions.

Damasked goods in all colors, from plum and seal brown to the lightest shades of ecru and cream, are to be much worn, says a fashion journal, and range from \$1.75 to \$2; but they are narrower goods than those mentioned.

Plaids, in thinner materials, more like the de bego of the past seasons, come in two or three shades of the same color, soft grays, ecru, and fawn. These are made over plain material or they can be made up over silk underdresses.

The plain diagonal camel's hair is also seen in all the light shades for spring wear; it is a cheaper material, coming as low as sixty cents and \$1, and makes useful traveling dresses, and early spring walking dresses.

Bright colored plaids intermixed with gray, in such colors as light blue, rose and lilac, come in thin woolen materials for house dresses or for children's suits.

Beside these the striped goods take a prominent place—stripes formed by groups of smaller ones, as in the camel's hair imported last year, which simulated algerienne. Only instead of the stripes being colored they are shaded from the lightest to the darkest tint of the groundwork of the goods; for instance, in a light coffee colored ground the stripes beginning with a fine stripe of a lighter shade, deepen to soft brown, and each stripe increases in width. These materials will be also made over plain ground camel's hair, and some idea for making them up may be found in descriptions of dresses given below, in which a substitution of plain camel's hair or worsted may be made for silk.

Steel gray silk skirt, with deep knit plaiting. The tunic overdress of darker gray in some of the soft woolen materials. The ends of the overdress are tied in a loose knot at the back. Worst-ed fringe, of the two colors used in the dress, edges the tunic. Cuirass of woolen goods; sleeves, collar and pipings of silk. A sleeveless jacket, with facings of silk laid over like wide lapels, is added for street wear.

A brown silk skirt has two deep plaitings, which are held in by rows of stitching two-thirds of the way up on each flounce, and let loose at the edges. Princess shaped overdress, in woolen material, edged with bias bands of silk. The front of the overdress is long and plain; the back is divided up the middle to the waist, allowing the two sides to be draped tightly to the figure, and caught together in one place by an invisible hook and eye. This style is very simple, and is particularly suited to spring cambrics and percales, which will be made generally in the polonaise shape.

Centennial Chimes.

The exhibition of the Argentine republic will consist of 30,000 articles.

Twelve men have been killed at the Centennial buildings in three months.

Four pictures from the Munich art gallery will be sent to the exposition.

The foreign exhibitors, as a general rule, bring their own showcases with them.

An area of 558,440 feet, or nearly thirteen acres, is covered by machinery hall.

A colossal statue of Prince Bismarck will be exhibited in the German art department.

The kingdom of the Netherlands will exhibit 1,850 books published during the recent years on educational topics alone.

A design in chromo lithography, illustrating the growth and history of the American flag, will decorate the main exhibition building.

The finest part of the Italian display will be in the art department. There will be two hundred exhibits of statuary alone, and the paintings will be carefully selected.

The entire process of reducing and amalgamating ores will be illustrated by a California firm. They have contracted for the construction of a miniature twenty-stamp quartz mill for that purpose.

Thirty Indian families, with their dogs, trappings and paraphernalia, will encamp on the Centennial grounds, under the direction of Professor Baird.

Four structures in the villa style of architecture, in addition to the main building, will be erected to accommodate applicants for space in which to exhibit works of art for which there is no room in the main building. They will each be one hundred and forty by forty feet. The cost of the four will be \$12,500. Four rooms will also be added to the north side of the annex to the art gallery.

After all there will be a specimen of European royalty on exhibition at the Centennial fair. Herr Castan, of Berlin, has succeeded in making a wax figure of William I. so true to life that the emperor could not withhold his approbation when it was a few days ago brought to the palace and exhibited to the imperial family. The figure is clothed in every particular like the emperor on state occasions, the dress having been made by the emperor's tailor, and the insignia are all exact copies of the originals, and some of them are of nearly equal value.

The Rev. Adirondack Murray said in a sermon: "Heaven is not populated with singing thieves, or palm-bearing bankrupts, who settle with their creditors at twenty-five cents on the dollar Wednesday, and ride to church the next Sabbath in a thousand-dollar coach, with a man in livery on the box."

A Bill Collector's Story.

In my younger days, said Mr. Maguffin, I was at one time a collector—a bill collector. At first I had a good deal of trouble finding a place. There's a prejudice against young collectors, you know. The keen, experienced debtor handles them very easily. A glass of beer, a cigar, or, cheaper and better yet, a little judicious flattery, and the young man goes back and reports: "Can't get anything out of him." Middle-aged or prime old men do best as collectors.

But I managed to get work, and I was very successful. In fact, being a young man, I could not afford to fail, and I made it a point never to undertake the collection of a bill that did not present a reasonable hope; so that I collected every bill I ever undertook with one exception, and in that case the circumstances were such that I never considered my failure derogatory to my character as a collector.

He was a rich man, abundantly able to pay, and I didn't doubt that some day I should get the money. He had taken offense at something said or done to him at the store, and swore that he would never pay the bill. But I had heard men say worse things than that, and pay after all. So I went to work at him. First I called about twenty-five times, at regular intervals; that was enough to show me that he was a man of endurance, and that it would be a long chase, and which I could not afford to waste time. So I put him along with two or three others on whom I called whenever I was in their neighborhood. If I was down town, near his office, I dropped in and asked him for the money; if I was up town, near his house, I called there; if I happened to meet him in the street, I didn't let him pass without a dun. One evening I saw him get out of a carriage, and I nailed him on the spot; but always he said it was no use, he never would pay.

And so it went along for two years, but I was not discouraged for I had recovered a bit after waiting longer than that. In this time we got very well acquainted and he used to smile and talk good humoredly when I came, and I must say that while he was a very pig-headed and obstinate man, still he had a cheerful courtesy about him that materially lightened the monotony of my visits.

In the summer of '53 I went on my annual vacation, and came back to town fresh and hearty and ready for business. The first call I made was on my resolute, good natured friend, whose conquest I had come now to regard as essential to the preservation of my prestige as a collector. It was at night, quite a dark night as I remember it, and I had skipped the doorsteps and grabbed the bell handle preparatory to an energetic yank, when I felt something on my hand, soft, and at the same time kind o' crispy. I bent over to see what it was, and by god the good natured, resolute man had beaten me at last. The stuff on the bell knob was crape!

An Irish Witness.

The late James T. Brady used to say that they were like a chestnut burr, full of sharp points and dangerous to handle. He used to relate an amusing scene that occurred in court where Gerard was for the plaintiff and he for the defendant. After the former counsel had finished the direct examination of an Irish witness by the name of Carthey, he handed him over to Brady for cross-examination, and as he had given very damaging testimony against his client, it was considered important to break down his testimony, so Brady addressed him abruptly by saying: "Well, 'O'Carthey,' where were you born, and how came you to be born there?" "Mr. O'Brady," replied Carthey, with great nonchalance and unconcern, "I have left the 'O' off from my name." "So have I," quickly replied Brady. The witness instantly retaliated with: "What a pity you had not changed your manners instead of the name." The laugh was very general in the court, and participated in by the judge and jurors so much against Brady that he lost the opportunity of a reply. After order was restored, Brady said "that will do," meaning that it was a good one. Carthey was pleased to construe the remark to mean that the counsel was done with him. So he coolly stepped from the witness stand, and retired, amid a loud and boisterous laugh and general applause. Brady said that he was done with the witness, and refused to call him back.

The Masks We Wear.

If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes and bitterness and physical annoyances of our neighbors, we should make allowances for them which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heart pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuitions. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together, with "I love you" in either heart, and neither knows it. Either thinks: "I could be fond; but what use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it!" and so they part and go their ways alone. Life is a masquerade, at which few unmask, even to their very dearest. And though there is a need of much masking, would to Heaven we dared show plainly our real faces, from birth to death, for then some few, at least, would truly love each other.

How They Tell It.

The Chinese in California tell us about Washington as follows:

Was man name alle same Geonige,
Do heap big washee alle day long;
Bime-bye he grow so velly much labge,
Mellecan man calle him Wash-a-ton.

Items of Interest.

A Norwegian expedition to the Arctic seas starts early this spring.

There is a man in New Hampshire who sends fourteen of his children to the same school. The rest are too small to go.

A fashionable young lady of Chicago was heard to remark that she hadn't got anything new this winter, and didn't expect to get much "until after father fails."

J. W. Hiff has a cattle ranch in northern Colorado 156 miles long, upon which 26,000 head are maintained. He will this year stock to the amount of \$200,000.

The physician who learned next day that the medicines he prescribed had not been taken and that the patient was improved, upbraided the latter as "unworthy of being an invalid."

The abbey and palace of Holyrood, with its precincts, affords a sanctuary to the poor debtor of Scotland. There he is secure from the bailiff and beyond the reach of any process of law.

An Indiana farmer don't pay any tolls. He shoots the gatekeeper, and jogs right along. They have tried him twice, but he gets clear, since one of his aunt's cousins used to act "flighty-like."

Speaking of the debt of the United States a gentleman remarks that few but persons realize the vastness of a billion of dollars. There have not been a billion of minutes since Christ's time.

A Philadelphia firm estimates its sales of flags on the twenty-first of February at \$500 an hour; and it was also estimated that \$200,000 worth of stars and stripes floated in the city on Washington's birthday.

I once asked that scholarly Indian, Dr. Peter Wilson, what the Indians, uneducated and without knowledge of reading, did with themselves in the evening. "Oh," said he, "they stay around the fire and tell stories."

Chief Justice Ryan, of Wisconsin, decides that women cannot become lawyers in that State, and he says that he is glad of it, because "the bar is not the place for the exercise of a woman's peculiar qualities or for the preservation of her purity."

The other day a noted belle rushed excitedly into the house of a friend to exhibit a \$175 silk dress she had just purchased; and incidentally mentioned, just before her departure, that her father had failed the day previous and shut up his store.

Behind every tree, box, barrel and post in a village is located either a boy or a man, and when a wheel comes off a wagon, or a horse breaks a strap, or a pane of glass is broken, or a man takes a crowbar to fix a broken flagging, this vast army is precipitated upon the scene at once.

The father of all newspapers is the venerable *Pekin Gazette*, which is over 1,000 years old. It is a ten-page paper, with a yellow cover; has no stories, no "ads.," no marriage or death notices, no editorials, no subscribers. It simply contains the official notices of the government.

The Independence was the first steamboat to make a voyage from Cincinnati to New Orleans, consuming eight months in her downward and upward trips. She was furnished with a rudely constructed engine, and was pressed into service by Gen. Jackson, commander of the American forces, to assist in the battle of New Orleans.

Frank and Willie were discussing which were the most economical, men or women, and Frank seemed to be getting the best of the argument, when Willie suddenly brought the debate to a close by saying: "One thing I know, my father can make a piece of butter good over more'n twice as large a piece of bread for me as my mother can."

A Pertinent Question.

A Washington correspondent of the *New Haven Journal and Courier* says: One morning as I started for the capitol, I passed the queerest specimen of the genus African that I ever saw. Tattered and torn but faintly expressing the utter demoralization of his wardrobe, only a scrap of a hat covered his wool, shoes a world too wide, and horribly misshapen, disfigured his feet, and poverty had written her autograph in every feature of the queer face, on every finger of the hard, knotty hands; his ugliness was so distinctive that when he shuffled up to the corner where I waited for a car I smiled. Just then, with awkward effort, he stooped to pick up a pin, looked at it to see if it was straight, and stuck it away among his rags. An elegant gentleman observing the movement exclaimed: "That's right, Pete; pick up everything worth saving, and some day you may be rich." Pete grinned, ducked a bow, and looked expressively at his forlorn garments. "Now mind," said the gentleman, "a poor boy once made his fortune by picking up a pin, and when he became a man he owned a great bank and was very rich; it all came from his way of taking care of little things." Pete was listening, but looked like an idiot till his mentor finished his speech. Then knocking his hat on one side and scratching his wool, he dryly said: "Say, boss, was that big bank the Freedmen's Savings bank?" Fancy how we laughed.