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A Fragment.

There's many a life chained down by circumstance
And tethered to a close and narrow scope,
That wildly throbs impatient to advance,
And sore to join its dear desire and hope;
Yet brooding in the realms of hope's expanse,
Falls down within its narrow beaten track,
And wakes at last from out a lifelong trance
To find in death each hope turned empty
back.

It is not only to the scroll of fame,
Nor to the sculptur'd stone to honor raised,
Is limited the noble deed and name;
These, in their greatness known, the world
has praised,
But many a life has been whose dying flame
Has flickered dimly to a lowly end,
Whose noble deeds a deathless name might
frame,
Yet died, unknown, unhonored, with no
friend.

There have been heroes more than battles
make,
Whose greatness never reached a herald's
ears;
There have been martyrs, never at the stake,
Who suffered martyrdom thro' lingering
years;
As noiseless as the snow falls, flake by flake,
And melt unseen upon the rolling wave,
So their pure lives in silent actions spake,
Their virtues mute, went down into the
grave.

The ill of life are manifold—they come
Upon the righteous and the bad the same.
The rich and poor alike must take their sum,
For trouble knows no station, caste or name;
In life's great camp, above the merry hum
Of thoughtful life, steals in the solemn tone
Of sorrow, beating his low muffled drum,
And the tramping on, with rendering wail
and moan.

Time creeps upon us unawares, the years
Like ocean waves roll up and onward go,
The burdens of the day, joys, hopes and fears,
Move ever with a ceaseless ebb and flow;
Look back upon the rolling past, that fears
Its waves in silent tempest, and behold!
It fills the mind with many mingled fears,
Fears for the things the future may behold.

And shall we wail and sorrow for the dead?
Nay, rather for the living drop a tear!
Their is the moist eye, their is the heart of
lead,
Their is the drooping soul that needeth
cheer,
Then weep, weep for the living, their is the
woe.

The ill of life are ended with the dead!
They leave their sorrows and their griefs be-
low,
The living have life's future to dread!

We know the present and the bygone, too;
We know what we have been and what we
are;
But, oh! that we the unborn future knew!
Would it the present's sweet contentment
mar?

Alas! we know not. Death alone is true;
But what shall fill the space that lies be-
tween?

We cannot say, we may not catch the elow,
Or know our parts in each succeeding scene!

THE TABLES TURNED.

A Temperance Story.

One evening, not long since, a number of us, old ship masters, chanced to meet at a social supper, and after the cloth was removed we went in for yarn spinning. Among our number was Capt. Richard Nutter, and a finer man, or a better sailor, never trod a deck. At length it came his turn to tell a story, or, what we preferred—and what the rest of us had done—relate some incident of experience in his own life.

"Well, boys," he said, as he rejected the wine, which was at that moment passed to him for the first time, "I will give you a bit of the early part of my ocean life, and it is a very important bit, too, for upon it I have built the whole of my subsequent manhood."

We prepared to listen to Captain Nutter with the most perfect attention, for he was not only an old seaman, but one of the most successful commanders in our mercantile marine. We listened, and his story was as follows:

"I was very young when I first entered on shipboard, and at the age of fourteen I considered myself quite a sailor. When I was eighteen I was shipped on board an East Indianman, for a long voyage. There were six of us on board of about the same age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The ship—the old *Lady Dunlap*—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two, all to a d. We 'boys,' as we were called, messed together, and in all other respects were separate from the rest of the crew, just as much as the officers were. Our captain was a noblehearted, honorable man, kind and generous, but yet very strict. Of course we youngsters found plenty of occasion to find fault with him, and very often were his decisions arraigned before our mess and decidedly condemned. In fact, we should have reversed many of his judgments if we had had the power; but as he was the commander, and we only foremost hands—and boys at that—he had his own way, and the luminous decisions we came to were consequently of no avail, and lost to the world.

"Now we boys had learned, in the course of our travels, to drink grog as well as any sailors. We could toss off a glass of rum and water with as much grace as any one, and we claimed the

right so to do, not only as a privilege, but as an honor to which a life upon the ocean entitled us. But even in this respect our captain pretended to differ from us. When we could get on shore we would invariably indulge in our cups, and not infrequently would we come off, or be brought off, in a state anything but sober. I say 'we,' but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of anything intoxicating. His name was John Small, and he belonged in one of the back towns of New Jersey.

"Now Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave that job up, however, for we made such sport of him that he was glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes, and it was not long before he began to show Jack Small favors which he did not show to us. He would often take Jack on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. Of course this created a sort of envy on our part, and it ended in a decided ill will toward poor Jack.

"Now, in truth, Jack was one of the best fellows in the world. He was kind, obliging, honest, always willing to lend a helping hand in case of distress, and as true a friend as ever lived—only he wouldn't drink with us, that was all. No—that wasn't all. He learned faster than we did—he was a better sailor and had learned more of navigation. But this we tried to lay to the captain's paying him the most attention, though we knew better at the time, for we had the privilege of learning just as much as he had a mind to. The truth of the matter was, we five loved the idea of being 'old salts' better than we did anything else, and we spent more time in watching for opportunities to have a spree than we did in learning to perfect ourselves in the profession we had chosen.

"It even got so, at length, that Jack Small was called upon to take the dock sometimes, when the officers were busy, and he used to work out the reckoning at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eyesore. We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particular, and yet we wouldn't open our eyes. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to tease and run him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for awhile.

"At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken, we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. Once more we laughed and joked with him in the mess, and he in return helped us in our navigation. We were on our homeward bound passage, by the way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we were to remain a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing.

"Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it should be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as he got on shore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him, if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once, and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner was eaten we would have some light sweet wine brought on, and that we would contrive to get rum enough into what he drank to upset him, for nothing on earth could please us more than to get Jack Small drunk, and carry him on board in that shape, for then we fancied the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves. We had the matter all arranged, and in the meantime we paid Jack all the attention in our power—so much so that he at length signified a willingness to go anywhere to please us, provided we would not go to any bad place.

"Dinner time came, and a most capital dinner we had. We had selected one of the best hotels. The eatables were dispatched with becoming gusto, and then the dishes were removed, and at a sign from me the wine was brought on.

"Ah! what have you here?" asked Jack, betraying some uneasiness at the appearance of the glasses and bottles.

"Only a little new wine," I replied, as carelessly as I could. "Mere juice of the grape."

"But it's wine, nevertheless," pursued he.

"It isn't wine," cried Sam Pratt, who was one of the hardest nuts old Neptune ever cracked.

"No," chimed in Tim Black, another of about the same stamp. "It's only a little simple juice. Come, boys, fill up."

The glasses were accordingly filled, Sam Pratt performing that duty, and he took good care that Jack's glass had a good quantity of sweetened rum in it.

"No," said Jack, as the glass was moved toward him; "if you are going to commence this, I will keep you company with water while you remain orderly, but I will not touch wine."

"This was spoken very mildly, and with a kind smile, but yet it was spoken firmly, and we could see that our plan was about being knocked in the head.

We urged him to drink with us—only one glass, if no more. We told him how innocent it was, and how happy his social glass would make us; but we could not move him.

"Then let him go!" cried Tim, who had already drunk some. In fact, all of us but Jack had drunk more or less during the forenoon. Let him go. We don't want the mean fellow to with us!"

"That's it," added Sam. "If he's too good drink with his shipmates, we don't want him."

"You misunderstand me," said Jack, in a tone of pain. "I am not too good to drink with you, in the sense in which you would take it. But I do not wish to drink at all."

"Too stingy—that's all," said I, determined to make him drink if I could. But Jack looked at me so reproachfully as I said this that I wished I had not spoken as I did.

"If you wish to enjoy your wine, messmates," said Small, at the same time rising from his chair, "you can do so, but I beg you will excuse me. I will pay my share of the expenses for the dinner."

"And for your share of the wine," said Tim, "for we've ordered it for you."

"No," returned Jack, "I cannot pay for any of the wine."

"Mean!" cried two or three at a breath.

"No, no, messmates, not mean. I will pay for the whole of the dinner—for every article you and I have had in the house, save the wine."

"And as he spoke he rung the bell. He asked the waiter who entered what the bill was for the company, without the wine, and after the amount had been stated, he took out his purse to pay it, when Sam Pratt, who was our acknowledged leader, caught his arm.

"No—not so," said Sam. "You shall not pay for it, for we will not eat at the expense of one who will sneak out of a scrape in this way. We want nothing more to do with you unless you will take a glass of wine with us."

"Very well," said Jack; and as he spoke I could see that his lip quivered, and that he dared not speak more.

He turned toward the door then, but before he reached it Tim Black ran and caught him, at the same time exclaiming:

"May I be blessed if you go off so, any way. You've commenced and now you've got to stick it out."

"This was the signal for us to commence again, and once more we tried to urge Jack to drink the wine; and when we found that urging would not do we commenced to abuse and scoff. We accused him of trying to step over us on board the ship, and of all other bad things of which we could think. For a while the poor fellow seemed inclined to let his anger get the upper hand; but at length he calmed himself and stepping back to his chair, he said:

"Shipmates will you listen to me for a moment?"

Silence gave consent, and in a moment more he resumed:

"Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you what I had meant to keep locked up in my bosom."

"We had always thought, from Jack's manner, that there was something peculiar connected with his early life, and we were all attention in a moment."

"My story is but a very short one," he continued, "and I can tell it in a very few words. From the time of my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood and made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless was the first winter of my life to which my memory leads my mind. We had no fire—no food—no clothes—no joy—no nothing; nothing but misery and woe! My poor mother used to clasp me to her bosom to keep me warm, and once—once I remember—when her very tears froze on my cheek! Oh! how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could but just prattle, learned to pray, too. And I used to see that husband and father return to his home, and I remember how my poor mother cried and trembled."

"When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters and my freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children of my own age dressed warm and comfortable, and I knew they were happy, for they laughed and sung as they bounded along toward school. Those boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once, for my mother had told me how noble my own father could be if the accursed demon rum were not in his way; but the fatal power was upon him, and though he often promised, and though he often tried, yet he could not escape."

"Time passed on and I was eight years old, and those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never see another experience. At length, one cold morning in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it, and turned the head over and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father—and he was stiff and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!"

"Poor Jack stopped a moment and wiped his eyes. Not one of us spoke for we had become too deeply moved. But he soon went on.

"I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. Oh, shipmates, I cannot tell you how my poor mother wept and groaned. She sunk down upon her knees and clasped that icy corpse to her beating bosom, as though she could have given it life from the warmth of her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all powerful now. The two men went away and left the body still on the floor. My mother whispered to me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. "My child," she said to me, and the big tears were yet rolling down her cheeks, "you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and happy and true as man can be, but, oh, see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, oh, promise here, before God and your dear father, and your broken hearted mother, that you will never, never, never touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery."

"Oh, shipmates, I did promise, then and there, all that my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some good, kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came I could work, and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to slip, and I did so, and every time I go home I have some money for my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. And even had I made no such pledge, I would not touch the fatal cup, for I know that I have a fond, dotting mother who would be made miserable by my dishonor, and I would rather die than to bring more sorrow upon her head. Perhaps you have no mothers; and, if you have, perhaps they do not look to you for support, for I know you too well to believe that either of you would ever bring down a loving mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge the wine cup upon me."

As Jack thus spoke, he turned toward the door, but Tim Black stopped him.

"Hold on, Jack," cried Tim, wiping his eyes and starting up from his chair. "You shan't go alone. I have got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine, for by the love I bear her, I here swear that she shall never have a drunken son. I will drink no more!"

"Give us your hand, Tim," cried Sam Pratt. "I'll go with you."

"I waited no more, but quickly starting from my chair I joined the other two, and ere long the whole five of us joined with Jack Small in his noble plan. We called for pen, ink and paper, and made Jack draw up a pledge. He signed it first and we followed him, and when the deed was done I know we were far happier than we had been before for years. The wine upon the table was not touched, and the liquor we had drunk during the forenoon was now all gone in its effect.

"Toward evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, for he had never known us to come off from a day's liberty sober. But when we had all come over the side and reported ourselves to him his countenance changed. He could hardly give credit to the evidence of his own senses.

"Look here, boys," he said, after he had examined us thoroughly, "what does this mean?"

"Show him the paper," whispered I. Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain. He took it and read it, and his face changed its expression several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye.

"Boys," he said, as he folded up the paper, "let me keep this and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live."

"We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it in his pocket he came and took us each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I knew that the circumstances made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no more had our envy, for he took hold and taught us in navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we all six were rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left that noble hearted captain until we left to become officers on board other ships.

"Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believe that the rest of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we all met—the whole six of us—at the Astor House in New York, and not one of us had broken that pledge which we made in the hotel at Rio. Four of us were then commanders of good ships, one was a merchant in New York, and the other was just going out as American consul to one of the Italian cities on the Mediterranean.

A farmer residing near Newcastle, Penn., recently discovered a number of boys helping themselves in his orchard. He immediately unlocked a large bulldog and set the brute after the boys. The savage animal caught one of the youths by the throat, and in a moment tore out the boy's wind-pipe and severed his jugular vein, causing death in a very few minutes.

An Ingenious Plea.

A soldier, by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow, Scotland, for playing cards during divine service. The account of it is thus given:

Sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out, but this soldier had neither Bible nor common prayer book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He looked first at one card and then at another. The sergeant saw him and said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard. When the service was over the constable took Richard a prisoner and brought him before the mayor.

"Well, what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have no Bible or common prayer book; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace.

"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God."

"When I see the deuce it reminds me of Father and Son."

"When I see the three it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

"When I see the four it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

"When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed the lamps. There were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish and were shut out."

"When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth."

"When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work He had made and hallowed it."

"When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world—viz.: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives."

"When I see the nine it reminds me of the ten lepers that were cleansed by our Savior. There were nine out of the ten who never returned thanks."

"When I see the ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone."

"When I see the king it reminds me of the great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty."

"When I see the queen it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists, so he told by that."

"Well," said the mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the mayor.

"I will give you your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave I know of is the constable who brought me here."

"I don't know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack of cards I find 365—as many as there are days in the year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack I find there are fifty-two—the number of weeks in a year; and I find four suits—the number of weeks in a month."

"I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and, on counting the number of tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter."

"So you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac and common prayer book."

Items of Interest.

A Cincinnati swell told his tailor that he wouldn't pay for "that last epilepsy." It was discovered that he meant "bad fit."

Now is the time for husking bees. The bee should be firmly seized by the responsive end, and—well, you can depend upon the bee for further instructions.

A story is floating about in the papers to the effect that a large organization of beggars exists in New York city, presided over by a woman and having a treasurer and secretary, the latter being a beautiful mulatto girl.

"You see," said Uncle Job, "my wife's a curious woman. She scrimped, and saved, and almost starved all of us to get our parlor furnished nice, and now she won't let us go into it, and hain't even had the window blinds of it open for a month. She is a curious woman!"

A Canadian sportsman declares that the speckled trout in Ontario have been killed by warm water. The woods have been cut down, and the sun, shining upon the water from morning till night, heats the streams. He asks the farmers to plant willow limbs along the water's edge to shade the brooks and give the trout a chance—to be caught by anglers.

A lady, in describing to an irreverent boy an occurrence in which his father figured, closed by remarking: "I am sorry to say that the thing ended by your father losing his temper." "Did father lose his temper?" exclaimed the young scapegrace: "then I hope he'll never find it again, for it was the worst temper I ever heard of."

At a Tichborne meeting held in London recently, Mr. Guilford Onslow said he had addressed three hundred and fifty-five public meetings on the subject. He claimed that evidence had been secured since the trial whereby they could trace Roger Tichborne's movements from the time he left England to the moment he was recognized by his mother.

One day Bill had company to dine with him, and his wife, wishing William to appear well, quietly admonished him to be careful what he said. All went well till Bill got his potatoes well mashed, when he said: "Dolly, parse the grease!" "Why, William," said his wife, "you should call it gravy." "Wall," says Bill, "I guess if I get it on your tablecloth it would be grease." The guests shouted.

The following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland: Here lies the body of Alexander McPherson, Who was a very extraordinary person, Who was two yards high in his stocking feet, And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.

He was slow
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through
The gullet; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat.

A fashionable season at the watering places is over, and when a couple of city ladies who lived in the rear of their dwelling all the summer meet on the street they greet each other with: "Why, how tanned you are! When did you get back?" And they are just as happy, apparently, as if they had squandered a thousand dollars at Long Branch and had not stained their faces with a certain preparation "with intent to deceive."

An auctioneer relates the following: A year or more the auctioneer had for sale a lot of homeopathic medicines. All the medicines were dumped into one pile and disposed of in one lot, there being various kinds of medicine in the mass. A boarding-house keeper bought the lot, and some days after the purchase the auctioneer asked her: "What did you want with that homeopathic medicine, Mrs. —?" She replied: "I thought I could use it, and it was cheap, so I crushed it under the roller and then filled my sugar bowls with it. The boarders seemed to like it, and especially when powdered over pies."

A Mean Fellow.

At the little village of Barnegat-on-the-Hudson there was a curious ending to a courtship. For over a year a man who is now the "managing director" of a land speculation had been paying his addresses to the adopted daughter of an old farmer who was formerly a well known commission merchant in New York. The old gentleman treated him well, supposing that he would in time become his daughter's husband, and all went merry as a marriage bell. The Lothario proposed to the girl, was accepted, and a day was set for the wedding. All the friends of the family were, of course, deeply interested in the match, and soon the swift revolving wheels of time brought round what should have been the auspicious day. The guests had assembled, the feast was spread, and came the holy man who was to unite the twain in the golden chain of wedlock. Then came the climax. At the last moment the groom refused point blank to become the husband, alleging as the only cause of his infidelity that "he did not love the girl enough to make her his wife." This was outrageous enough under all the circumstances, but worse and more preposterous followed, for the man had the effrontery to tell the old and very infirm father that as he "was out of money" he would be greatly obliged if he might stay at the house for a week or two, and strangely enough his wish was granted and he accepted the old man's hospitality. Then he left, and the matter dropped. A stranger series of domestic peculiarities and a more sublime egotism have seldom been seen on the footstool.