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Ungathered Love.

When the autumn winds go waiving
Through branches yellow and brown,
When the gray sad light is falling,
And the day is going down—
I hear the desolate evening ring
Of a love that bloomed in the early spring,
And which no heart had for gathering.

I and my lover do dwell apart,
We shall never stand heart to heart,
Then what can be said or done,
When winds, and waters, and song birds sing
Of a love that bloomed in the early spring,
And which no heart had for gathering?

When day is over and night descends,
And dark mists circle and rise,
I fall asleep, and slumber befriends me,
For I dream of April skies.
But I wake to hear the silence ring
Of a love that bloomed in the early spring,
And which no heart had for gathering.

When the dawn comes in with wind and rain,
And birds awake in the eaves,
And rain drops sate the window pane,
And drench the edging leaves—
I hear the voice of the daybreak ring
Of a love that bloomed in the early spring,
And which no heart had for gathering.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Story of Circumstantial Evidence.

Many citizens of the State of New York will remember the excitement created during the summer of 1856 by what was generally called the "Weatherwax Murder." The arrest, the legal controversy concerning jurisdiction, the final trial, and the howl of dissatisfaction which followed the partial acquittal, are matters not easily forgotten by those who then resided near the scene of the tragedy.

The circumstances of the case were substantially as follows: Captain John G. Weatherwax resided in 1856 near the village of Plattsburg, New York. He was a man of good character, one of a numerous family of the same name, the settlement being known for miles around as the Weatherwax settlement. Captain Weatherwax was, at the time of which we write, about thirty years of age, and the owner of a small craft which plied on Lake Champlain, trading with New York, Vermont and Canada towns along the shore of the lake.

The crew of this vessel consisted of himself, his cousin, Andrew Weatherwax, and a man named Walter Brown. In the latter part of June, 1856, he left Plattsburg with a cargo for Canada, and on the way back stopped at Pike River landing, on the Canada shore, where he was to take on a cargo of wood for Plattsburg. During the day, while the wood was being taken on board, a sharp quarrel arose between Captain Weatherwax and his cousin Andrew, and mutual threats were indulged in. It was soon over, however, but as Andrew had become intoxicated, he was rather morose during the entire day.

So far, everything is plain and easily understood; but here the mystery begins, and what follows is largely based upon the statements of the third party, Walter Brown. He states that after dark (the night was very cloudy and starless) he was standing on the rear of the boat, and heard the captain and his cousin (who were at the bow) resume the quarrel of the day. It steadily increased in violence, threats were exchanged, and though he could see neither of the parties, he could hear distinctly all that passed. The words waxed hotter, and suddenly he heard a crash as of a blow crushing through skull and brain, succeeded by a heavy fall, and as suddenly all was still.

The man listened with bated breath and trembled; his first impulse was to rush forward and offer assistance to the wounded man, but fear restrained him, and he waited the result. In a few minutes the captain came aft, but he was alone. Brown noticed, or thought he did, that he was pale and excited.

Nothing was said about the quarrel, and the two men soon retired. Brown, however, could not banish from his mind the impression that a serious crime had been committed. He arose early and visited the spot where the altercation took place, and found Andrew's hat, and near it marks of blood. Still he did not mention his suspicions to any one, nor make any inquiries concerning the missing man. It seems that he was by nature exceedingly timid, and shrank from the responsibility of charging a man with so serious a crime, and from the publicity which the position of a prosecutor would compel him to assume.

The boat proceeded to Plattsburg, and when Andrew's relatives made inquiries for him, the captain professed total ignorance of his whereabouts, saying that he had left him at Pike River, without notification, and gone, he knew not whither.

Matters rested in this condition until eight or ten days after the occurrence, when a body was taken from the river at the identical place where Captain Weatherwax's boat had been moored on the fatal night.

The body gave ample evidence of having met death by violence, as the skull was crushed as by a terrible blow from some heavy instrument. An investigation was held, and a captain of a vessel lying near to Captain Weatherwax's, on the night in question, recognized the body as that of a man he had seen employed on Weatherwax's boat. He further testified to having heard a

quarrel on that night, ending with a scuffle and a blow, after which all was silent. The altercation, he thought, proceeded from Weatherwax's boat, and he distinctly heard Weatherwax's voice in the quarrel.

Of course suspicion was at once directed to Weatherwax, and as he could give no satisfactory explanation of his cousin's disappearance, he was arrested. The preliminary examination lasted for nine days, and produced great excitement, but resulted in his being remanded to jail to take his trial at the next term of court for the crime of murder.

The Weatherwaxes then became alarmed. Few of them doubted his guilt; indeed nothing seemed more certain; but they were not willing that the name should be disgraced by one of them dying at the hands of the hangman, so they contributed funds, employed able counsel, and made the best defense possible. Mr. McMasters, then and now, we believe, a leading lawyer of that county, was engaged to defend him. Mr. McMasters examined the case, and though he had no doubt of his guilt, he, like a true lawyer, did his best for him. Not daring to take his trial on the merits of the case, he succeeded in establishing the non-jurisdiction of the court, and locating the crime in Canada. The criminal, for such everybody now believed him to be, was therefore set at liberty, when he was threatened with violence if he did not leave the country. He refused, saying that he was innocent and would not stir until he was vindicated.

While a movement was being organized to put the threats into execution, an officer arrived from Canada with a requisition, and he was taken across the line for trial. The trial was among the most remarkable ever held in Canada. The ablest counsel both of Canada and New York were engaged for the prisoner, and by postponing the trial for nearly a year, spiriting away some of the most important witnesses of the prosecution, and other ingenious but questionable devices, they succeeded in producing a disagreement in one jury, and finally brought about an acquittal, after eighteen months of imprisonment.

The community felt greatly outraged by the result, and the press teemed with denunciations of those who thus conspired to cheat justice. His own counsel, wishing to repair as much as possible the wrong they supposed they had done society by rescuing a criminal from a just fate, advised him to flee the country, and under another name strive to be a better life to repay society for its tolerance in suffering him to live.

All such advice the wretched man unheeded and returned to his old home, declaring his purpose to remain there until the cloud was lifted from his former good name. But though saved from the gallows, he did not escape punishment. The brand of Cain was upon him. Everybody believed him guilty, his old friends and neighbors avoided him, he was pointed out as a murderer, and his supposed crime was even hooted in his ears many times as he passed through the crowds in the public streets.

Thus the unhappy man passed eleven years of his life, submitting quietly and meekly to the aspersions cast upon him, and waiting patiently for his vindication. His loss of character had brought with it loss of property; business men shunned him, the better avenues of trade and enterprise were closed against him, and he became reduced almost to beggary. But amid all these misfortunes he was still hopeful.

Thus matters stood till the early part of October, 1867, when a man clothed in the garb of a sailor made his appearance in the village of Plattsburg, and inquired for Captain John Weatherwax. The latter was just then entering the post-office, where a considerable crowd had collected waiting the distribution of the mail, and was pointed out to the inquiring stranger. He made his way toward him, laid his hand familiarly upon his shoulder, and exclaimed: "How are you, John?"

John looked at him a moment in bewilderment, gave a suppressed scream, and replied: "Great Heaven! has it come at last?"

Turning to the crowd in the post-office, which had by this time become interested, he said:

"Gentlemen, my vindication has at last come. For eleven years I have borne your reproaches in silence, hoping and praying for this hour. This is my cousin Andrew, for whose murder I have suffered a punishment many times worse than death."

The men stared at each other and at the sailor, stupefied with wonder. Andrew was equally perplexed, for the actions of both parties were to him incomprehensible.

For a short time there was a disposition to regard the new-comer as an impostor who had been brought forward to relieve Captain Weatherwax of the disgrace that had attached to him; but his identity was soon established beyond question, and the interest in the case deepened, thousands coming from all parts of the State to see the man who had apparently risen from the dead.

The account which Andrew gave of himself was that he left the boat on that eventful evening, after the quarrel, wandered into a run shop a short distance from the landing, became engaged in a fight and was arrested. In the morning he was brought before a magistrate and fined, but having no money, and being still angry with his cousin, he would not go to him for aid, and was on the point of being taken to jail, when a stranger in the audience came forward and offered to pay his fine if he would

engage to sail with him, his vessel then lying at Montreal. He consented, and the next day they sailed for China; and for eleven years he had followed the sea and never once communicated with his relatives. He now heard for the first time what one of them had suffered on his account.

The matter of the blood, and his hat, which, it will be remembered, was found on the deck, he explained by stating that he had had the nosebleed during the day, and that some of the blood had probably fallen on the deck; the hat he tossed upon the deck when he decided to go out in the evening, taking a better one in its stead.

The identification of the body found, the quarrel, the blow, and the voice of Weatherwax heard during the altercation, are mysteries never explained. Perjury can hardly be alleged, but there was certainly criminal looseness in judgment which imbittered the best years of an innocent man's life, and nearly sent him to an untimely and dishonored grave.

It is hardly necessary to say that there was a complete revolution in feeling toward Mr. Weatherwax. Every one seemed anxious to compensate by kindness and patronage for the wrongs so innocently inflicted before. This was not unappreciated. Business prospered, and three years ago both Andrew and John G. Weatherwax were among the most contented citizens of Clinton county, New York.

Brides at the Exhibition.

Of all the people who live at the Centennial hotels, says a letter writer, I think the newly married couples—Philadelphia is full of them, by the way—are the only ones who are thoroughly contented and happy. It makes no difference to them whether the potatoes are watery, the meats dry, or the soup thin; and they don't care a pin whether people talk to them or not. They live in a little world of their own, and for a time—what a pity that it is so short a time—they need no conversation but their own, have no thought but for each other. We have all sorts of newly married couples here now, but notwithstanding the many various stations in life which they occupy, and the different parts of the country from which they come, they all act wonderfully alike. They all have certain marks about them which can be immediately detected by even an unpracticed eye. In the first place, it is noticeable that they all try to act as if being married was an old story to them, and still for the life of them they act help taking each other's hands every five minutes. Among other things it is remarkable that the young men, on the old principle that "a fellow can't wed every day," are very extravagant with their money. They are so evidently against the wishes of the prudent little helpmates. Another thing which I have noticed is that the brides nearly all wear new watch-chains, the young husbands, especially those from the West, are very particular about their gloves, and even upon the warmest and most oppressive day they carry a heavy shawl, in case such a covering should be needed by the dear woman they have sworn to protect. The patronizing air of ownership which the young men assume is truly remarkable, while their attempts to answer their wives are sometimes very amusing. One incident will illustrate this: A few days ago in the Main building a bright looking young Western farmerland an innocent faced little woman who had evidently just become his wife, approached the music stand. At the same moment the band began to play the opening passage of "The Waking of the Lion." The little bride listened to the music for a moment, and then looking confidently up into the face of her lord and master, she pressed his arm and whispered: "What piece are they playing, Charley?" For a moment Charley was puzzled, but he had just become a husband, and evidently seeing the importance of maintaining the dignity of the position, he quietly drew that confiding little woman away from the stand, saying: "Oh, it's not a piece at all; they are just tuning up like." And of course she believed him.

The Remains of Tecumseh.

Professor Daniel Wilson has reported to the Ontario government that the bones found at Moraviantown were not those of Tecumseh. He gives several reasons for the decision he has come to, the principal being that the great Shawnee chief's "skeleton" as submitted for examination contains the bones of two men, a woman, a child of about seven, a deer and a dog! An Indian writes to the local press a long letter in which he says: "When Tecumseh fell three of his Shawnee warriors were by his side, and he told them that he was done, then expired, and they carried him away immediately further back in the woods from where they were fighting, and hid his body until next day. When the enemy had passed on those three Shawnees went back and buried him quite a distance from the battleground, where there was another Indian present. One of those Shawnees died lately, and I often heard him talk about Tecumseh, but he would never tell where he was buried, and often refused money. Those Shawnees made a vow that they never would tell, and they kept their promise like men. The reason of this secret was because the Americans tried hard afterward to find the body, and even offered money for it, so as to take it with them as a trophy of their victory, but failed, and I am glad of it, and I am sure it never shall be found."

THE CONSUMPTION OF WHISKY.

Interesting Facts Regarding Bars and Barkeepers—Enormous Profits.

Baltimore city, says a local paper, is remarkable in many ways, and particularly in possessing more places where the thirsty can step aside and take a little spirits for the stomach's sake, than any other city of the same size in the Union, or probably in the world. This is rather a startling assertion, but it is borne out by figures that are even more startling, and which show that with a population of 300,000 it has 2,000 saloons, or a drinking place for every 150 of its inhabitants. This number of saloons includes the grocery stores where liquor is sold in quantities of not less than one pint, and common groceries may be classed under the head of drinking places with more propriety, because in the comparison carried out below such stores are included in the statistics of other cities.

New York, with a population approximately 1,000,000, has 5,700 saloons, or one to every 175 of its inhabitants. Chicago, with nearly 500,000 population, has about 2,000 saloons, or one to every 250 inhabitants. Boston, with 300,000 inhabitants, has only 1,200 saloons, or one to every 251 inhabitants. Cincinnati, with about 325,000 inhabitants, and its large German beer drinking element, comes pretty close to Baltimore, with 2,100 saloons, or one to every 155 inhabitants, and Philadelphia shows, with a population of about 600,000, 2,700 saloons, or one to every 220 of its inhabitants. These comparisons might be carried out indefinitely, and with each new comparison would come up more reasons for Baltimore to blush for its intemperance. The figures given of the number of drinking places, or where liquor can be purchased, is far in excess of the report furnished by the Women's Temperance Association, but they are taken from the record of the license department of the clerk of the court of common pleas, and are attested by the receipt of \$90,000 annually by the city for licenses.

To go a little further into figures and make an estimate of the number of each 150 who drink, might exhibit the intemperate habits of our people to a still stronger light, but this would necessarily be a mere speculation. It may be concluded that either a few persons drink immense quantities of intoxicating liquors, or else the tipping habit must be exceedingly common, to support the two thousand saloons annually licensed by the city.

Saloon keepers make immense profits on their sales. To be charitable to the saloon keeper, it may be said, for the purpose of getting a date, that he pays on an average eighty-eight cents per gallon for whisky which he sells without dilution. Eighty-eight cents for one gallon is eleven cents for one pint. The glasses generally used in bars are called third pints, and will hold that fraction of a pint. For any reasonable toper to fill his glass more than one-third full would be a breach of barroom etiquette not to be passed by without remark. So it may be said that the tippler, as a rule, takes one-third of a glass, that is, one-third of one-third of a pint, which cost the seller eleven cents, or one and two-ninths cents for the drink for which the imbiber pays fifteen cents for one, or twenty-five cents for two; or if he puts down half a dollar for he will probably get but twenty cents back. So that the barkeeper gets back, on a basis of twelve and one half cents selling price, the price paid 10 5/22 times. Out of this profit must be deducted rent, bad debts, interest on investment, license, and possibly something for a higher priced whisky, but he can make all that by dilution. It is the immense profits that tempt so many men to follow the business, but they do not all get rich for the simple reason that saloon keeping is overdone.

How to Find a Person's Name.

Let the person whose name you wish to know tell you in which of the upright columns the first letter of his name is found. If it be found in but one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time, in this way the whole number can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane. J is found in the two columns commencing with B and H, which are the second and eight letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed B, D and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which added gives the fourteenth or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

The Telegraph's Usefulness.

A visitor to the Centennial relates a funny incident of the usefulness of the telegraph, which came under her personal notice. At the same boarding house with the relator was a lady from Ohio, who, after her arrival, left the house to view the great show. This done, she started to return home, and the usual fog forced itself upon her—she had forgotten to note either the number or street of her new home, and what made matters worse memory could not recall either. A happy thought struck her; stepping into a telegraph office she informs her husband in Ohio of her dilemma, and in a few moments received the much coveted intelligence.

to how long the clerk on the next street will hold his place.

Alone at midnight the stranger comes in and drinks, and then tells a long story, which is not at all interesting to the barkeeper, but he must listen to it and conceal the fact that he is bored.

Said a gentleman the other day: "If men would only restrain their whisky appetites to the same extent that the whisky dealers restrain what at times must be a feeling of disgust for their trade, how many of these blocks of barrooms would be seen in Baltimore in less than three months?"

A Touching Story.

A private letter from Augusta, Ga., contains a touching narrative of heroism in fever stricken Savannah, which ought to have a wide publication as an impressive illustration of the nobility of human nature. The writer is explaining that some business delay is caused by the grievous family affliction of an assistant, and goes on to say: The death of a young brother, in Savannah, has thrown his whole family into the deepest grief—a young fellow, not much more than a boy, who martyred himself for the good of the people suffering with the yellow fever, and himself fell a victim. He was prescription clerk in Lippman's drug store there, and when the fever broke out the whole force left but the bookkeeper and him. A little later the bookkeeper left, and Charley ran the whole thing himself, till Lippman ordered him, by letter, to close the store. Then, instead of coming home, as his people kept begging him to do, he replied no. He felt it was his duty to stay, and he went to work in Clay's drug store, putting up prescriptions, hundreds per day, no time to rest, no time for dinner. Clay took the fever and Charley nursed him, but he died. Charley still ran the store. His cook took the fever; he nursed her, and she recovered. Then a young friend, Symons, he nursed him and got him up, running the store all the time, day and night. He wrote his mother: "I have to get something to eat the best way I can. My cook is down. I have no time for myself, putting up prescriptions all day. When night comes I am so tired I can hardly put one foot before the other. I have not had my clothes off in a week, and I have not brushed my hair in four days." This although ordinarily he was extremely neat and careful of his person. It sounds like old army times. At last, when Symons was up, Charley took sick. He wrote that he had taken the fever, but was feeling pretty strong and was confident of soon being up and at work again. Telegrams then began to pass ten or twenty times a day. "Charley improving, with good care he will come through all right," and everything looked hopeful, when all at once "Charley is worse," and he began to sink, Symons nursing him in his turn and keeping up constant correspondence with Augusta by telegraph. Finally telegrams could be passed with difficulty, the telegraph boys refusing to carry the messages in Savannah. It was the worst quarter in the whole city. The last two telegrams received from Symons were: "I will stick to him to the last." "I shall not sleep to-night."

And the brave young fellow kept his word; they both died the same night. Charley was a brave soul. I could not help mourning his death; she ought not to regret that he stayed; and my esteem for him is so great that my little boy, now four years old, whose name before was only Arthur, is now Charles Arthur; and didn't I do right? His is a name that ought never to die, and it will live forever somewhere.

Brother Tom.

"Brother Tom is dead!" Not my brother Tom, but the brother Tom of a ragged boy who sat on the curbstone on the corner the other day, and seemed looking into the dim past, while big tears trickled down his cheeks.

His father was dead, his mother poor, and he had known hunger and want ever since he could remember. Yet he sobbed out:

"How can we spare Tom—what will I do?"

Hunger makes no difference with the heart—death is the same in the cabin or in the palace.

When I sat down beside him he looked up through his tears and sobbed: "I never called him names, nor fought him, nor stole his things, nor took more'n half the bed."

My brother Tom died years ago. He was older than I, and he made my bows and arrows, my bird traps, my ball bats, and he learned me to swim and to skate, and he was more than a father to me. But I couldn't say that the ragged boy on the curbstone said. I fought my brother Tom, and I grieved his big heart, and I put burdens on his young shoulders when I might have filled his soul with sunshine.

All those things came up when I found his crushed and lifeless body under a tree, and again when I stood by the coffin and looked upon his white face. I would have given worlds to have asked his forgiveness for every harsh word ever spoken, but it was too late. Only one hour before his death I had made his heart ache, and my words might have been in the poor boy's mind when he lost his hold of the chestnut tree.

"Yes, I was allus good to him!" repeated the ragged mourner beside me, and his words opened my old sorrow and twinged my heart worse than I can tell. I went home to open an old cupboard and look at a pair of skates, and an old knife, and a crossgun, and other relics which I treasure up in memory of my big brother. When I look them over I ask his forgiveness, though I know that the dead cannot hear. Could I recall those days—could I live my young years over again, having brother Tom with me—but the past is past. I am sorry I found the grieving lad on the curbstone—sorry, and yet glad, for all my heartaches cannot bring brother Tom back, and I must go on for the cupboard.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

The deeper the sorrow the less tongue hath it.

As if you could kill time without injuring eternity.

It is a miserable state of mind to have few to desire and many things to fear.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty.

As words can never be recalled, speak only such words as you never wish to recall.

Signs are small measurable things, but interpretations are innumerable.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.

All gaming, since it implies a desire to profit at another's expense, involves a breach of the tenth commandment.

Distrust is the death of the soul, belief is its life. The just shall live by faith. Infidelity is the abandonment of life, a suicide of the spirit.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

Limit your wants; the more is hard, and yet solely by this must can we show how it is with us in our inner man. To live according to caprice requires no peculiar powers.

Children must have love inside the house and fresh air and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or at best, prematurely old and turned inward on itself.

The habit of exaggeration, like dram drinking, becomes a slavish necessity, and they who practice it pass their lives in a kind of mental telescope, through whose magnifying medium they look upon themselves and everything around them.

A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure and, in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man.

A California Story.

Joaquin Miller tells a curious California story, which recalls that of the cat in Harte's "Gabriel Conroy." He describes an immigrant train passing over the prairie and meeting a herd of buffalo at full speed and moved by one of the apparently insane impulses which sometimes seize these animals. In an instant the immense herd had passed—the re was no wagon; there were no men, oxen, horses left; even their bodies were obliterated. The one survivor was a woman, who was carried out of the horrible struggle on the back of one of the herd—how she never knew; her first consciousness was that she stood in safety upon a little hillock and the whirlwind had gone by.