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Tupper's Tribute to America. Great and understanding nation!

Bear with one whose humble pen Sends this hearty commendation Flying through the mouths of men; Not in vain presumptuous daring, But with gratitude sincere. As your thousand bounties sharing This Centennial happy year.

None need doubt my faithful fitness Thus to judge, and so to speak, As a true and honest witness, Mindful, though his words be weak. Since I may not tell out strongly All the best I feel and see, Lest suspicion, sneering wrongly Find a flatterer in me.

Five and twenty years have ranished Since I hailed you once before, And my memory holds unbanished How you greeted me of yore; Even now some few surround me-Though that quarter century's fled-And their love has newly crowned me With old blessings on my head.

Thanks to you, dear old and new friends, Each and all my praise receive, Everywhere I know you true friends, And your cordial words believe; As a brother greets a brother Still our generous feelings blend, And we look on one another Each with each as on his friend.

Noble people! now returning Absent thus so many a year, With what ken, not undiscerning, Can I judge your great career ? How does Rip Van Winkle find you-Worse or better then of yore? Flinging all your faults behind you? Foreing all your best before?

Yes! as in that old Dutch story, You have grown both great and good: Truly, progress is your glory, Winning all that mortals could: Truly rising better, wiser, For adversities and woes, Gathering good from each adviser, War and peace, and friends and foes.

Temperance, merals, courteous bearing, And the hand to help all round, Each another's burden sharing-Generous traits like these abound; Energetic, self-confiding, And religious, and sincere,

Meh like these are common here God's good will your country blessing Helps your words of human will, Wondrous cities, each possessing Every type of art and skill; While the wilderness rejoices, Showing Edens on the earth,

With the shout of freemen's voices, Woman's song, and childhood's mirth. Since your pilgrim fathers landed (Some of mine sailed with them, too). Giant hearted, giant handed, We still fight life's battles through, Till the universal empire Of our Anglo-Saxon race

Builds us deeper, broader, higher, Kings and priests in every place! -Martin F. Tupper.

## DAISY'S COURTSHIP.

The old fashioned kitchen door stood wide open, and the strong, sweet west wind poured through the sanded floored the blue muslin skirts of Daisy May's morning wrapper, as she stood beside the table arranging a pile of stemless flowers

a shallow glass dish.

'Indeed, I'll never marry a farmer, auntie. I love the country well enough -here at home, where nothing but the poetry of it falls to me-gathering flowers, drinking creamy milk, sketching shady spots, driving whenever I want to, his life. and always sent luscious things to eatand in winter rides, and sleighing, and plenty of books and my music.' "And John Maurice." Her aunt tacked

the name very tersely at the end of the long list of attractions; then watched to see the effect on Daisy's face.

The pretty lips pouted charmingly. "Maurice! Oh, John's good enough, friends.

"It's a good thing you have got over your foolish attachment to him, Daisy, for he's going to be married soon. Enever saw-a Miss Winchester, visiting at turn.

Daisy's eyes grew a little darker, and then she elevated her eyebrows coldly. "He's engaged, is he? Oh, well, that's

I suppose she is a decided blonde, and Daisy didn't say that Maurice had

often sworn that there was no other style of beauty for him but Daisy's own. "Oh, bless you, no! Miss Winchester is tall, almost as tall as John, and very stately, and a lovely brunette. Everybody thinks John a lucky fellow."

Daisy rose and took down her garden "I dare say he is-only I never could see what there was about those tall, dark

Mary watched the petite, graceful fig-

ure in the navy blue foulard cambric, and white tarletan shade hat, tied over the clustering, floating curls, and nodded her head wisely and smiled serenely. "You darling-you perfect darling to

come to us. Daisy, I've been just dying to see you and have you at home again. We're going to have the most jolly times this summer, you know. The Maurice-you remember John. He's John took the ring, and, holding it bethe handsomest fellow-beats the col- tween his fingers and thumb, looked in

flirtation at once with the military gen- darling?"

Minnie rattled on, as seventeen-yearold-girls have a way of doing,

"It's too bad! Nell's gone down to the city to-day to buy ribbon for the pic- so? Nellie Winchester " nic-oh, you'll surely be here next Tuesday for our picnic at Eagle's Head, him and pushed her head down on his Daisy? I suppose John Maurice will shoulder. take Nellie, and I am sure Colonel Cres-

"Colonel Cressington will be happier

When her morning call was over, Colonel Cressington insisted on walking home with her, and Daisy permitted it— not because be was so handsome and so ratify it?" entertaining, or she so pleased with him, but because-well, she felt a little provoked at hearing so many praises of the lady to whom John Maurice was engaged; and somehow it made her feel better to flirt a little.

were propitious, who should she and her gallant cavalier meet, face to face for the first time in three years to Daisy, but

John Maurice? John Maurice-so perfectly splendid ish clothes—everything just as it should

This John Maurice-and-and engaged to Nellie Winchester! Daisy's heart gave a bound as he ex-

tended a hand which she saw had a plain thought how good everything was. gold ring on the little finger. And then she crushed all the joy she had felt at seeing him, and gave him her

hand with a cool, graceful little bow "Daisy May! is it possible? Why, you are prettier than ever, and-I declare, Daisy, I am awfully glad you're home again. He was so easily familiar, so frank-

and engaged to her!

"I hope I shall see you often, Daisy. You'll be at the picnic on Tuesday? Cressington, keep that sunshade over her head. Good-bye till I see you again." His horse was prancing restlessly, and he was off like a dart and out of sight exist between Mrs. Crawford and the when Daisy bowed good-bye to her uni- commodore. Her mother was a Miss formed gallant at the gate.

Daisy was sipping her coffee slowly came enamored of the daughter. day, that the gods had arranged for the modore paid his usual visit to Saratoga. unlike their opponents. Among Castledean party's picnic, and Daisy, her lovely golden hair brushed off her fore- lovely golden hair brushed off her f head in loose burnished waves, and caught at the back of the head with pale that he made up his mind to the new blue ribbons, was impatiently trying to alliance suddenly and brought it about get through her toilet. Her uncle buttered a slice of home-

made bread with keen relish. "You might travel a seven days' jourhe's lucky too. He sold his interest in that railroad for ten times what he gave, ceremony. The commodore immediateenough to buy him the prettiest farm in ly telegraphed to New York for Dr. the country-Elge Wire, and it's stock-

ed first-class, I can tell you. He's bound to make a fortune, and they say that hating as usual to let anybody know Winchester girl'll bring him consider-"He'll never think of her money. He's not that kind of a man at all."

Aunt Mary stole a glance at the girl's

"John's a splendid fellow, and his wife'll be the happiest woman going. I do say, Daisy, nothing would have The commodore in speaking of his wedpleased your uncle and I better if John had taken a notion to you."

"You should have said if I had taken room, swaying in slow, graceful waves a notion to John. But you see-I

She threw a kiss coquettishly and vanished through the door to have a foolish cry up in her room before she dressed

And when Colonel Cressington drew up in his two horse phaeton, he thought he never had seen such a perfect picture Deems, that one day dining with the of girlish beauty and happiness in all

And Maurice dashed by in his chaise with Nellie Winchester, radiant in white muslin and rose hued ribbons, in time to get a bow and a gleaming smile from Daisy, and to think, with another of garding his mother-in-law with a look of those shadows on his face that Daisy had seen before, that Colonel Cressington and Daisy were good-very good somebody else. Now I have both.'

The long summer day had crept pleasantly along, and the lengthened shadows were warning the gay picnick- and a prompt paying subscriber causeth gaged to one of the prettiest girls you ers it was time to be preparing for re-

Colonel Cressington and Nellie Winchester had strolled off arm in arm an hour before, and Minnie Castledean and a dozen others were lounging on the soft perfectly natural, I am sure. I suppose sward, gossiping, laughing and enjoying a his own eyes," except the way the delin-Miss-Miss Winchester, did you say ?- dolce far niente generally, while Maurice was walking about unobserved, unremembered by the others, with head bent down, as if in close search for something lost-his ring that until several minutes to pay what they owe. before he had not missed, and missing, had at once commenced to hunt for.

Not that it was so valuable. But a pained, white look on his face that had been there at intervals all day intensified as he thought how dear that simple band was to him and why.

He went on and on, separating further and further from the party, until sobs, women to captivate anybody. Auntie, Icw, indistinct, as if unsuccessfully suppressed, but unmistakable sobs, attracted pressed, but unmistakable sobs, attracted his attention, and a second's continuance in the direction he was going brought him in full view of Daisy May, with her head bowed on her hands and her frame convulsed with violent weeping, and glistening on her fair finger the circlet of gold for which he was searching.

Seeing bim she sprung to her feet, and dashing the tears from her eyes, said: "I found your ring, Mr. Maurice."

She drew it off her finger and handed house is full, and there is Nellie Win- it to him, calling all the powers of an settle. chester especially I want you to know, unhappy, foolish little heart to her aid to and the handsomest young officer on make her strong and indifferent—who like an adder "when the adder gets for the farmer favorable conditions; say leave—Gus brought him up—Colonel had been sitting there kissing and crying Cressington; and we've impressed John over John's engagement ring.

Maurice, and was dying to see Miss dread to have your answer, for I fear it Winchester, and intended inaugurating a will be no. But—do you love me, my chorus was reached. At the words "by-right man is always wanted, always wel-

A sudden glory flashed over her face, her very soul looking out of her eyes. Then, her lips quivering piteously:

"Oh! John, how can you talk to me

sington will be delighted to be your es- chester is nothing to me, although rumor has said so. You are all the world to me, darling. Am I so to you? Will than ever before in his life, if he may you take the ring I bought when I heard have that honor, Miss Minnie." to secure you for my own as soon as I

> And with all her soul in the kiss she gave him, Daisy knew her heart was at rest in John Maurice's love.

saw you? Daisy, I have been engaged

That night it was announced in the better to flirt a little.

And, as if the very fates themselves that the picnic had been a great success. Colonel Cressington had proposed to Miss Winchester, and had been accepted. and Minnie confidentially whispered to

"Wasn't it cunning? for Nell carried in his clear, dark, manly beauty, his styl- on with John Maurice just to try to make the colonel piqued, so that he would propose. That's the way I mean to do; don't you?"

And Daisy smiled and blushed, and stole a glance at John's happy face, and

## Vanderbilt's Second Marriage.

Commodore Vanderbilt's first wife died in 1867. During the summer of 1868 he married Miss Frank Crawford, who was about thirty years of age, the commodore then being in his seventyfifth year. Miss Crawford's father was a well-to-do planter and merchant, who good will. I am glad to see you."

It was very proper, very ladylike, but a shadow came over John's handsome shortly after its close Mr. Crawford died. ter Frank moved to New York. They became members of the Church of the Strangers, in Mercer street, of which the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems is pas-Hand. The mothers were first or second cousins. The relationship gave "What a handsome fellow John Maur- rise to visiting and intercourse between ice has grown to be, hasn't he, uncle?" the two families, and the commodore be-

that Tuesday morning—a cloudless June | During the summer of 1868 the comwith the suddenness and determination which characterized some of his railroad exploits. The commodore has said that when he "popped the question," Miss ney and not come across his equal. And Frank said she would have him if Dr. Deems could be found to perform the Deems, but the clergyman happened to be out of town, and the commodore what he was about until his plans were consummated, decided not to make a telegraphic search for Dr. Deems. He and his young bride, without exciting any curiosity at Saratoga, made a rapid trip over the New York Central railroad to Canada and were married by a young Weslevan minister in the city of London. ding journey, afterward said : "I didn't want to raise a noise in the United States, so I slipped over to Canada and ford Vanderbilt has one brother, who is

Wrs. Crawford has formed a part of the cavalry, the best light armed marauding New York Central. commodore's family since the marriage cavalry in the world. of her daughter. It is told of Dr. Mrs. Crawford : "Commodore, this is the lady you ought to have married."

Oh, no," said the commodore, resatisfaction, "if I had married her, Frank would have gone off and married

## Proverbs for Subscribers.

"A wise son maketh a glad father. an editor to laugh.

"Folly is a joy that is destitute of wisdom," but a delinquent subscriber causeth suffering in the house of a news-

All the ways of a man are clear in quent subscriber hath in not paying for

his newspaper. "Better is a little with righteousness. than a thousand subscribers who faileth

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's," but that which is due upon

your newspaper is the publisher's thereof. "Better is a dry morsel and quietness thereof" than a long list of subscribers

who cheateth the printer. "Better is the poor man that walketh in integrity" and payeth his subscription than the rich man who continually telleth thy "devil" to call again.

"Judgments are prepared for scorners, stripes for the backs of fools," and everlasting damnation for him who payeth not for his newspaper. "Hope deferred maketh the heart

sick," is a proverb sadly realized by the publisher who sendeth out bills. "A righteous man hateth lying," hence an editor waxes wroth against the subscriber who promises to call and set-

through adding up the amounts due Pennsylvania, from his subs .- Whitehall Times.

BY-AND-BYE. - Wm. R. Martin, a ship-

THE OLD WORLD.

He pressed her suddenly closely to Difficulties of a Russo-Turkish War--A Long and Severe Campaign.

By a recent cable dispatch, Gen. Von "Look up, little one. Nellie Win- Moltke is reported as predicting a long in the family and whose name, unfortuand severe campaign in case the differences between Russia and Turkey were not adjusted by the conference and ended in war. Von Moltke, besides being the highest strategical authority in Europe served himself, before his first promotion, as Prussian Colonel in one of the to you since I can remember. Will you Russo-Turkish wars, and has written a book upon it. Whether he has publicly expressed this opinion or not, says the New York Times, all past experience of wars on the Danube will confirm its correctness. In the war of 1828-9, which ended in the peace of Adrianople, the Russian Army was nearly eight months in advancing from the Pruth to the Balkan, which mountains, indeed, they did not fairly reach in that year. The Turks were in miserable plight for defense, and possessed then none of the modern armament, and had not then adopted the modern European organization. Their fortified places were poorly strengthened and defended, and they had no important de-pots of provisions. Yet, by their remark-able tenacity of defense in the fortified posts, they delayed each step of the Russian advance, and had their genius for attack been equal to that for defense, they could have utterly cut to pieces the Muscovite army on the right bank of the Danube. As it was, the Russians met with terrific losses both by battle and disease, in the first year of the campaign, and only reached the district a little beyond the Danube. They had then, also, vessels of war to support the flank of their march over the Balkans and along the sea to Adrianople and Constantinople. Daisy smiled.

"Thank you, Mr. Maurice, for your to Mobile, Alabama, where Miss Craw- As to those mountains, the Turks, at that period, did not seem to fully appreciate inroads into the Crawford estate, and their importance, and the passes were shortly after its close Mr. Crawford died. not well fortified. The great defenses Early in 1866 the widow and her daugh- relied upon were the fortified posts at the front of them, Shumla, in the interior, and Varna, on the sea.

It should, however, be said for the Russians in that campaign that, owing tor. A distant relationship was found to to a dread of alarming Europe, they entered the contest with a very inadequate army, and fearing for the safety of Poland, left large forces in that disturbed country, and broke up their invading army by uselessly occupying the principalities. Many stupid blunders, too, were made in their conduct of the campaign, yet in that respect they were not said to acquaintances, it would appear the Turks were finally beaten, and made a peace very disastrous to themselves, yet it is believed by good authorities that had the sultan held out a little longer. the necessities of Russia would have compelled her to make a peace very different in its results to both countries. Without considering other wars, many of our readers will remember the obstinate defense by the Turks under English officers, of Silistria and other fortified places on the Danube and in Asia, in the war of 1854-6. In that struggle the tenacity of the Ottomans fairly compelled the Russians to retreat, with heavy

losses, and to leave the Turkish side of the Danube uninvaded and secure. In weighing the possibilities of the coming war-if war there should be-between Russia and Turkey, we are to remember that the sultan has now a very large army and thoroughly equipped. When the armistice was declared, the whole Turkish force under arms amounted in actual numbers to some 300,000 men, with 666 Krupp guns, and had it done in a jiffy, and I guess the knot was well tied." Mrs. Frank Craw- can be called out, when the enrollment is complete, is 700,000 men, with 872 guns, in charge of a freight department of the and, in addition, some 70,000 "Zap-

The heavy Russian cavalry, it should be borne in mind, are almost useless in family he and the commodore fell to the muddy plains of the Danube and the talking with some levity about the recent | wild passes of the Balkans. The Turkmarriage. Said Dr. Deems, nodding to ish infantry are, to a large degree, armed with improved guns. Then, all the fortified places, whose importance has so often been tested in previous wars, are put in better condition. The Danube itself makes a formidable line of defense; then behind it come places like must be taken before any army would venture to cross the Balkans and march on Adrianople. It would continually threaten the flank and rear of the invading forces. But Varna is on the sea, and any power holding the sea could make it impregnable. The passes of the Balkans, though not more than from 4,000 to 6,000 feet high, are yet easily capable tottered for a moment, and then dashed of obstinate defense, and would be exwould no doubt contest these mountains with the utmost tenacity, and they would form a second and powerful line of defense. It is at least five hundred miles from the Danube to Constantinople, and the Black sea to support their invading columns. It will be seen that the taking of Constantinople, even were Turkey without allies, would be a difficult task, and with England for supporter, would be impossible. Then, all recent history shows that the Russian management of campaigns is exceedingly blundering, so that the war would probably be protract- he said, "to escape talk; don't begin it! ed by the mistakes of the more powerful combatant. A Russo-Turkish war will certainly not be a short one.

# What he Would Do.

Says James Parton: For my part, if I were twenty years of age, I should strike for the soil. As soon as I could tle on the morrow, yet calleth not to raise two years' supply of clothes and money enough to transport me, I should "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth go to a region where nature had provided New York, Tennessee witched after him."

"Daisy, tell me you were crying bedeelared she half remembered John Manyice and was dring to see Miss."

"Daisy, tell me you were crying bedeelared she half remembered John my only, my own darling. I almost up "Sweet by-and-bye." His roommate the end of my two years, I should be the en and-bye" there was a sharp report of a come; by the time I knew enough, a ber of arrests made by the police of New and disappointments, disagreements and pistol. Martin had suddenly drawn a good farm would come seeking me, and | York during the year 1876, as computed misery necessarily follow. revolver and shot himself. There was a love affair back of the revolver.

I would go upon it, and earn it, and live from their returns from January 1 until the morning of December 30, was 91,401.

Intervolve the morning of December 30, was 91,401.

### A Brave Girl.

story: Mr. Close and family had gone out in the afternoon, leaving no one at the house but a girl, who is a servant nately, the reporter did not learn. She also went out for a few minutes, and when she came back found a burly look- gal. The minute says: ing man standing on the porch. She asked him what he wanted, and he answered that it was none of her business. She then ordered him away, and he retorted that he wouldn't go until he got ready. The girl became frightened, and slipping in the hall door closed it in the man's face, locked it and put the key in her pocket. She had been in the house but a minute or two when she heard a noise up stairs, which she thought was coal falling from a grate. She went up to attend to it, but on reaching the room door (which was standing open) from whence the noise proceeded was astonished and frightened to see a thief rummaging among the bureau drawers. She retained enough presence of mind not to cry out, as ninety-nine women in a hundred would have done, but stepped away cautiously. Remembering that in another room was a revolver belonging to Mr. Close, she went in and got it, and then walked down into the hall to wait the coming of the thief. The latter, perhaps having heard her, came down also in a minute or two with his hands and pockets full of jewelry, and was astonished to find himself confronted by the brave girl with the cocked revolver in her hands. She asked him what he had been doing, and ordered him to disgorge instantly. He refused, but the girl, trembling and crying with excitement, yet evidently determined, told him she would tell him three times, and if then he didn't obey her she would certainly shoot him. The man again hesitated for a few moments, but before waiting to be told the third time, concluding that he was in a position from which escape from the threatening revolver and daring girl was impossible, capitulated, and laid down his plunder, consisting of a lady's gold no cremation, and the masses of corrup-watch and chain, gold bracelets, etc., to the value of \$200. The girl then threw him the door key and ordered him to depart, which he did without loss of time.

The Dying and the New Year. and prophetic mood, says: There has been no great quarrel between Christians, union as marks the external and ecclesiastical history of the Church. It has been a year of quiet, of peace, of growing harmony; a year of the progress of that spiritual history which most blesses the Church, but which does not find its record in its chronicles. The best type and illustration of this stronger, deeper and better movement of Christian history is to be found in the revival meetings which have been carried on in several of our large cities, and which have brought together into one body of workers believers of every ecclesiastical name. And nothing more important or notable has occurred during the year. It is in the continuation of this work in other cities and in the towns and villages of our country that we look for the religious progress of the new year. \* \* In our own country the threatening words which immediately followed the disputed election have been withdrawn or modified, and no one believes that we are to have a Mexicanized republic. The situation is grave; but our people are patriotic, and they love their country more than party. We shall have peace. When this political riddle is solved we may also expect the much needed revival of business interests and the restoration of prosperity. We close the year thankful for its mercies and trustful that the new year has in store for us the love and peace of God.

Mr. Cate and his Horse. Mr. Alphonse Cate returned to Williamsburgh lately, after an absence of five years. His return recalled the story of his departure. Ti en he was the owner of a large sorrel horse, and the work it entirely, in the form of agricultural crops Silistria, Shumla, Varna, and others. had to do told on the poor animal. After or cattle. With the exception of Dow-Shumla is a vast fortified camp. Varna months of ill treatment, the horse became unfit for work, and Mr. Cate was destroyed, eight thousand inhabitants, a forced to give it to the offal contractor to quarter of the number, perished. On be killed. To the offal wharf he led it, belaboring it on the way with a long stick. The horse was tied, and one of the contractor's men raised the axe. As the blow fell on the horse's forehead the animal tore the rope from its fastening, through the crowd of idlers direct for ceedingly difficult to occupy, unless the Cate. Terrified, Cate ran up the wharf, invading army had a fleet to defend its the horse pursuing him to a pile of lumflank and furnish supplies. The Turks ber in the ship yard on the opposite side. The horse was almost on him with outstretched neck and open jaws, and fire the parties of the impossibility of their flashing from his eyes. Cate doubled about the pile and climbed on its top as the horse tried to spring after him. The the Russians have probably no fleet in effort, however, had exhausted the horse, and it died with its fore feet resting on

Cate was so overcome that he had to be carried down from the lumber. A few days thereafter he sold out and dis- fact, come to the conclusion that if he beappeared. When question on his return lieved she would treat him after marriage failing remedy in the worst cases, but is Cate shook with terror and begged not in the same way she does now he would to be reminded of it. "I went away," never marry her.

A STATE'S DEBT.—The message of the Governor of Ohio shows that the local indebtedness of the State is now \$36,059,-987.56, the reimbursable debt \$6.484.-503.30, and the irreducible debt \$4,207, 716.90. The taxes levied in 1876 and collectable in 1877 aggregate \$29,965,185. The taxable valuations in Ohio, as shown by the grand duplicate of 1876, is \$1,597, grand duplicate of last year of \$1,105,896. you do a very perilous thing to marry I"— Churchwarden Clodrush (who has The State debt has been re Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Texas, Iowa; the past year nearly \$500,000, and the and there, about the first of April, I indebtedness of the counties, townships would search for a good farmer, who, and school districts has been reduced ping clerk, went to his boarding house for the space of two years, would give over \$300,000; but cities of the first and

THE CYCLONE IN INDIA.

The Pittsburgh Guzette tells this What an English Gentleman Tells Us of the

A minute by Sir R. Temple, dated the twenty-first of November, has been published respecting the effects of the late cyclone and storm-wave in Eastern Ben-

"Proceeding to Noakally on my or-dinary tour, I heard that a disaster had happened in the highly cultivated and thickly inhabited islands at the mouth of the Megna, viz.: Sundeep, Hattia, Shahbuzpore, and on both coasts of the great river. I cut short my visit to Noakally, and hastened to the points where it was probable the worst distress must have been. I visited the islands named and the western coast of the river district of Backergunge. In all the localities visited I took the number in each of the villages and had the precise mortality in each house ascertained in my presence on the spot, to prevent the possibility of deception. From anthentic data thus obtained I was able to check the local estimates and measure the actual mischief done.

"The estimate of the probable num-ber of lives lost, nearly all by drowning, has been prepared by Mr. Beverley and myself on our own data, compared with local reports, oral and written, and based on returns of the last census. We apprehend that in an area of 3,000 square miles 1,162,000 persons had been suddenly thrown more or less in danger, of whom 215,000 must have perished; this is is only an estimate; the exact number is not known yet, and perhaps never will be. The storm wave rose to a height of ten or twenty feet. The Noakally people think it came from the sea up the Megna with salt water, and then that the

cyclone turned it round and rolled the fresh water of the river down; the refluence caused the piling up of fresh and salt water which rushed over the surrounding districts; drowned bodies were carried great distances; corpses begun to putrefy before the waters retired. "The Mohammedan population have frequent, presenting a sickening spectacle. Many corpses were seen at sea; the bodies of living and dead were borne across the arm of the sea from Sundeep

to Chittagong, the former clinging to the roofs of their own houses. The force of the inundation appears to have lasted The Independent, in a retrospective from midnight to two o'clock in the morning. By daybreak there was much subsidence of the flood, and by noon the least 9,000 houses burned, 72,000 survivors came down from the trees and regained terra firma, and must have and that many more died from disease, been foodless and shelterless all that day exposure and imprisonment. and the next. They then got out the stores of buried grain and dried it; co-coanuts also afforded them a sustenance. There was much trouble about drinking water at first, but the tanks must have speedily recovered from brackishness, as the water was generally good when we cost of the trial ruined his father finantasted it, though in many cases rendered | cially. bad by having putrid corpses in the

"No estimate can be formed of the number of cattle lost; the loss is bad for fields. At the time of my visit there was no severe epidemic save round Noakally; I have since heard that cholera has broken out on the Chittagong coast and on the east side of the Megna. The first day or two after the disaster there were some attempts at plundering and lawlessness, but they were promptly suppressed. Most of the local native officials were drowned. When the storm burst the abundance of the rice crop ripening was the well known Deltaic rice crop, which is far beyond the demands of the local consumption and which affords quantities in thousands of tons for exportation; of this a great part is lost, but if even one-third be saved it will afford sufficient for local consumption.

"The boats, great and small, which constitute the only means of carriage were all lost. The Noakally authorities were thus bereft of resources for moving across the floods, and this was a very hard case on the Hattia island, where the people were three days succorless. In the Backergunge district the boats were saved, but much wealth was lost almost lutkhan, a trading town, which was clean approaching it we steamed for two miles through the creek; the banks were strewn with human bodies."-London Daily Telegraph.

## Before Marriage.

Lovers' quarrels arise from different causes; sometimes from mere intensity of affection making undue exactions, and at others from causes which, properly understood and appreciated, would warn ever living happily together.

For instance, a young man who is engaged finds his affianced very jealous. Whenever they meet other ladies in society, she treats him with great coolness. This chills his ardor, and makes him discontented, so much so that he is in doubt about marrying her at all. He has, in fact. A correspondent of the Liverpool

As a general proposition, it may be laid down that persons will not change essen- when cold, at short intervals. Not a tially after marriage. A belief that they would has been the cause of countless unhappy marriages. They will be just well worth trying. It is said that thouabout the same after as before, and, if sands have thus been cured, and that no anything, a little more likely to give way marks of the disease remain. to strong natural proclivities, or peculiarities of temper.

If you would not marry a young woman, provided you believe she would continue a tour through Palestine)-" Now, for into be as she is now, without any very stance, take the valley of the Jordan; marked change in her disposition, then it is really most interesting-in fact,

plies to the young men. Many and mun be all vars wonderful; and pray The same rule, on the other hand, apmany a girl has made shipwreck of her how might tonnups be a-lookin' i' them happiness for life by marrying a young parts, sir?" man in the confidence that after marriage she would wield such an influence

Items of Interest.

Gold is the goal too many are striving

Counterfeit dimes are in circulation, well executed in composition metal, but

lacking the ring of silver. The man who was "moved to tears" complains of dampness of the premises,

and wishes to be moved back again. The times are so hard that an Irishman says he has parted with all of his elegant wardrobe, except the armholes of an old

Capt. McNelly's rangers have, in the last few months, captured or killed about seventy-five of the worst desperadoes in western Texas. Every man stamps his value on him-

self. The price we challenge for our-selves is given us. Man is made great or little by his own will. If you are desirous of keeping your mind occupied while on the street, just

contemplate the different styles of overcoats that are to be everywhere observed. If you want to see and appreciate the very acme of innocent surprise, turn reporter and call on a railroad agent to get the particulars of a smash-up on his

A beverage made from the leaf of the coffee shrub, instead of from the berry, has lately been introduced into Australia, and is said to be superior to ordinary

Praise belongs to the Minneapolis school teachers, who marshaled 1,000 children down the winding stairs of a burning school building, and saved

every one. What the Sioux Indian said to the government officer: "Why don't white man put Injun on wheels, like brave at tobacco store, so he can be wheeled around easy?'

Sweet thing in compliments.—Totty (archly)—"And so you've never been in lave before? Astonishing!" Horace-"Oh, no. It would have been astonishing if I had, since I have never seen you

The Baltimore Gazette wisely remarks: Many men would prefer to go on an uncertain mission in the vain hope of discovering a gold mine and speedy fortune, than coming right down to hard work in • a large city, with a certainty of obtaining a fair living remuneration. Mr. Schuyler's complete report on

Bulgaria states that seventy-nine villages were burned, many more pillaged, at sons deprived of all shelter, 15,000 killed, A sad story of the ruin wrought in a family by an erring son comes from

Washington, where a young man named Tyler, the son of an old and respected physician, has been convicted of forgery. The disgrace killed his mother, and the A circuit judge in Florida was arrested

for beastly drunkenness upon the public highway and locked up in jail. As soon as he became sober, he had a writ of the people, but fortunately there is no habeas corpus issued returnable before immediate demand for plowing their himself for the production of his own body. It is needless to say that the judge discharged him.

His majesty the king of Dahomey bit-terly complains of the stoppage of the slave trade. "Here am I," said he to a traveler, "surrounded by hundreds of slaves whom I cannot employ and do not like to kill, and you Englishmen have stopped the slave trade by which I used to get rid of the surplus."

## The Paris Exhibition.

Lucy Hopper, in a letter from Paris, says: A good deal of anxiety, not loudly expressed but very evident nevertheless, is manifested respecting the success of the Exhibition of 1878. Not only has Germany testified her refusal to take officially any part therein, but Italy has not yet signalized any intention of participating. As to the United States, I presume that Congress will indulge more in speech making respecting it than in appropriations. As to the French themselves, they grumble heartily over the near approach of another Exhibition. when, as they say, they have made no particular progress in any form of art or industry since the last one, and will have nothing new to show. Trade is very bad in Paris just now, the exports having fallen off greatly, and the usual influx of winter visitors having failed to arrive. House agents, trades people and hotel keepers all complain that there are neither Russians nor Americans here this season, and the prevalence of the yellow placards that announce "Furnished apartments to let" tell a conclusive tale of the lack of inhabitants in the quarters generally favored by foreigners. The hard times in the United States and the war cloud that broods over Russia have kept the citizens of those great money-spending nations at home, and their loss is severely

## Worth Knowing.

If smallpox can be cured by cream of Mercury says that it is not only a neveralso a preventive. The directions are to dissolve one ounce of cream of tartar in a pint of boiling water, and to drink, very exact prescription, to be sure; but the remedy is so simple that it may be

English.—Rector (just returned from

POPE PIUS IX .- The Roman Catholie over him as to reform his wild habits. church throughout the world will, on the She finds her influence diminished rather twenty-first of next May, celebrate the AN ARMY OF THEM.—The total number of arrests made by the police of New and disappointments, disagreements and copate. Mrs. Gen. Sherman has charge of the subscriptions for the event in the