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The Summons.

Jubilee! jubilee! Motherland, hail to thee!
Hail to thy glory, thy pride and thy worth!
All thy sons flock to thee, fly to thee, sail to thee,
Lovingly keeping the feast of thy birth.
Throw all the banners out!
Joyful hosannas shout!
Gather them from the ends of the earth.
Gather by millions, from lowland and high-land—
Kneel at the shrines where our forefathers knelt.
Call all from mainland, and foreland, and island;
Where the figs ripen, or snows never melt;
Where the swift shuttles hum;
Where the flails flash and drum,
Norman, and Saxon, and Teuton, and Celt.
Come from the mountains where brood the fierce eagles!
Come from the groves where the mocking birds call!
From the blue billows where drift the white sea gulls,
Or where the red leaves of the prairie rose fall.
Come while the stars eyed,
If seven born, rainbow dyed
Banner of liberty streams over all.
Loyal to thee and thine, nation all-beautiful,
Nursed in thy bosom, or borne by the sea,
Come we with reverent homage and dutiful,
Homeland so happy, united and free.
Hail to thy hundred years!
Forward! with songs and cheers,
Keeping the year of our land's jubilee!

—Scribner's.

Independence Gained and Lost.

"We will have an elegant time. You must come."
"I don't think I can," said Carrie, her eyes wandering over Julia's dainty fresh linen suit, and up to the bewitching Dolly Varden hat which completed a lovely picture.
"Why not, dear? Oh, I want you to! Perhaps you don't care to come?" This last with a coaxing pout.
"Yes, I do; but—"
"Never mind the 'buts.' I shall expect you. Cousin Frank Warden is coming up, and he can walk over with you in the evening."
"I don't mind the getting home," replied Carrie, with a laugh.
"Then, good-bye. You'll come?"
"I think not." But Carrie's voice was faint, and her eyes danced at the thought of fun.
The thoroughly buttoned groom tacked a linen duster over his mistress' flounces, and Julia kissed her hand as the sprightly pointer stepped off down the road. Carrie leaned her arms on the gate and watched the phaeton with a pleased face. Julia was a dear friend—as young ladies estimate affection—and it was pleasant to see her drive up with so much ease, and leave agreeable thoughts of untold good things. When the leafy branches hid her from sight, Carrie turned, and, stopping a moment to set up a plant which gave promise of speedy blossoming, returned to the house.
"Oh, I want to go!" she declared, as she threw open a closet door. "I do so like to have some fun on the Fourth; and this will be splendid—croquet, music, dancing, fireworks, ice cream, without having to make it yourself—oh!" and Carrie whirled about the room at the thought. "But all the ladies will be so elegantly dressed. Julia said she should wear a white organdy trimmed with Valenciennes. Now I never could bear not to be well dressed too; and she darted into the closet, and came out with two dresses over her arm. "There's no use looking," she exclaimed, throwing them on the bed; "I know what they are like. The bare has a great darn in front, and the muslin is horribly faded across the shoulders. I can't wear my black silk, for I should ruin it. Oh, dear!" With a great sigh she sat on the foot of the bed, and, curling up her feet, rested her chin in the hollow of her hand. "Then my hat! It isn't a Dolly Varden, or anything but an old sundown." It would be impossible to give the emphasis of contempt with which Carrie uttered that word.
"Why should I care," she so-ilo-quizied. "If the year had been better I should have had a white pique; but poor father was so pressed I did not ask for the money. I know it's all right, but I had counted on going all the time, and I can't unless I can have something pretty to wear." Carrie spoke with determination, and gave the fading sunset a perplexed, troubled look. As the quiet skies and whispering trees presented no solution of the question, she brought her gaze in until it rested on her lap. She saw a neat white apron, and underneath that a really very pretty blue and white striped cambric.
"I'll wear this!" cried Carrie, jumping up. "There, freedom! Haven't I read and read about women emancipating themselves from the rule of fashion—that it would lead to progress in higher ideas, and be so good for them? Have one dress and wear it, no matter what others did. How happy they'd be! I'll try it. I haven't anything else to wear, and it's pretty, and I'll do it up myself and make it look nicely. I'll put a blue ribbon in my hat, and go."
Her father's farm adjoined Mr. Livingston's country seat, and Julia and Carrie had been summer friends for years. Julia liked Carrie's hearty, unmanner, and it was a pleasure

to have a friend to whom everything was fresh and delightful, and in a measure Julia leaned on the strong, healthy spirit which stepped into the world with such honest and discerning eyes. Carrie admired Julia's delicate beauty, and felt a protecting love for the girl who could decide nothing but the pattern of a dress, and was unfamiliar with the thousand delights which nature lavished about her. But while Julia's girlhood had been spent at schools, so that now she could execute on her grand piano, paint a water color sketch, converse or read in French or Italian, dance anything, bow in the divinest manner, and ride her chestnut or drive her ponies like a Diana, Carrie's had been spent at home. She could roll out delicious pats of butter with plump, sweet hands; did shape and make the perfectly fitting dresses which adorned her busy little person; could demonstrate any proposition in geometry, or calculate interest as fast as she could talk; had read all the English books she could find, and could talk intelligently to you by the hour on any topic of present interest, from the protective tariff to the probability of Pius IX. being the last pope. She had her own ideas, and thought about everything which seemed to affect the world, and never knew an idle, unhappy moment.
Yes, one—when Frank Warden bid her good-bye last summer, and said he expected to go to California to remain years, and probably should not be in Preston again in some time. But that did not last long. She had no accomplishment, so-called. She could play hymns on her old piano, could embroider, make delicious pies, cake and preserves, and harness old Jenny to the buggy; but these are not accomplishments. She was just a rosy, active girl with bright eyes and a tender heart, that made the old farmhouse a pleasant place to be in. These were the two girls, whose preparations were as different as their lives for the coming fourth of July.
Carrie's mind being once made up, she did not hesitate or grieve over the inevitable. Her mood was only mock-heroic, for she did not hope or intend to reform the world, only have a pleasant day.
"If I worry or feel at all vexed," she reasoned, "my fun will be all spoiled, and I'm really going to try and be independent."
The next morning early found her at the washbasin. It was very far from a homely picture that she made at the door of the shed, the sunlight playing over her rippling hair tucked out of the way, and her round white arms dashing the snowy suds about. At times a pucker in the absorbed mouth, and then a smile and a few notes of a song, as the water seemed clear. There was an unseen spectator of this new signing of a declaration of independence—a gentleman who was coming across the fields. He must have admired it, for he stopped to look, and then ensconcing himself on a top rail amidst well disposed branches, he watched until the little drama was over. Saw the clear rinsing water supersede the suds, saw the dress hung to dry in a shady place, smiled at the little pats which it received before Carrie left it and disappeared into the house. He waited some time, but she did not come out again, and only the dress hung there flapping in the wind. Only the natural scene was lovely, with the old farmhouse nestled in elms, the orchard rambling down a hill at the back, a field of tassel corn stretching away to a flashing brook which sung through the meadow. But this was nothing without the active little declarer, and the gentleman picked a switch and trimmed it as he said, half aloud:
"I wonder how long it takes those things to dry? She'll come out for it, I suppose. I might make a whistle."
So round about he wandered, not losing sight of the flapping dress, which slowly stiffened into an awkward, thin, shapeless object, and swung back and forth on the line. When this result was attained, he was repaid for waiting by seeing Carrie run out with an apron over her head, throw her dress over her arm, and back to the shed. No use waiting any longer; evidently the ironing could not be seen; and the restless figure disappeared from the fence and field, much to the gratification of a squirrel who had viewed him with disfavor for some time.
But it was a pity any one who felt interested could not have seen the conclusion. The shower of water from the twinkling finger tips, the firm rolling with compressed lips, and the artistic ironing which followed. Hair back close enough then to be entirely away from the flushed cheeks, critical views at the little distance with the head on one side, ruffles returned, and at last complete, and a satisfied rest on the bed, with the dress laid on two chairs opposite; a rest with interruptions, which referred to the manifold alterations and final adjustment, broken at last by the adorning of the pebbled sundown with a blue ribbon.
The next day was the fourth, and dawned fair and beautiful. A little warmer than its predecessors, it was still just the temperature for out-of-door enjoyment in the shade. Carrie gave no thought to Dolly Varden or Valenciennes as she straightened the sash of the blue cambric and tied the sundown over her sunny brown hair. He who wanted anything prettier than the fresh brightness of the toilet and the piquant young face under the shadow of the straw hat must have been hard to please. And though perhaps we ought not to hear the secret which was known only between Carrie and her gla's, she was perfectly satisfied as she gave a last look and ran down stairs. So was Julia, as she greeted the spotless little figure which ran into her

room as the organdy was being assumed.
"Are you not dressed yet?"
"No, dear; Anna did not finish the dress until last night, and the lace had to be sewed in to-day," said Julia, with a slight frown.
"Let me help you."
"Frank asked if you would come," said Julia, from a fleecy maze of white muslin.
"Did he?" and an innocent flush suffused Carrie's face a moment, but it returned to natural color as she cried:
"Are you going to wear this lovely braeulet? You look like a bride."
"Do I?" Julia smiled into her mirror, well satisfied with the image reflected. "Perhaps I may be."
Carrie opened two gray eyes pretty wide, and following Julia down stairs, joined a gay troop of ladies and gentlemen on the lawn. The spot chosen for the picnic was a bit of meadow land and a grove on Mr. Livingston's grounds, but far enough from the house to be quite rural. Carrie found herself in the midst of a group of elegantly dressed ladies, and gentlemen in the immaculate toilet of white duck; but having once made up her mind, she was not to be disturbed, and entered into the enjoyment of the day without so much as a backward glance at Dame Fashion. Mr. Frank Warden was not slow in exclaiming himself from a beauty in a ganzy muslin and walking by her side.
"I supposed you were in California, studying seals and Chinese," said Carrie, smelling appreciatively the rose he offered her.
"Didn't Julia tell you I was here?"
"Yes; I meant till then."
"I have been, but found my mind was too fully occupied to study the interesting subjects you name."
"Been and come back!" and Carrie gave him a good look of mingled interest and surprise.
"Yes; I could not help it," said Frank, returning the gaze.
"Why not? I should so like to go; I'm sure I'd stay," said Carrie.
"Why not?" echoed Frank, with a tone and look that caused Carrie to flush and want to run away.
"Oh, is this the place, Mr. Warden?" asked his former companion, adding, in a lower voice: "You find that rural child very attractive."
"Yes, I do. Allow me: Miss Budd, Miss Carrie Robbins."
The ladies bowed, and both exclaimed at the beauty of the grove, while Carrie paused in admiration of the smoothly cut, firmly rolled croquet ground. All the pleasure which she had anticipated came to pass, and much more besides. The grounds had been elaborately prepared, and on one side the meadow presented a smooth green carpet for dancers, while the other side put in a plea for flirting over croquet wickets. The lunch was served by servants, and the gay party thought of nothing but enjoyment. Carrie was in the best of spirits, and her merry laugh and bright talk proved attractive to others than Frank Warden, for Captain De Lancy gave her many a prolonged stare through his eyeglasses before he asked for an introduction. He seemed to be Julia's especial attendant, and if anything can be judged from a face, she was well pleased that it should be so.
"Miss Livingston, would you introduce me to the lovely creature in blue and white?"
"Who? Miss Marston? You have met her."
"Oh, no. The lady with her foot on the ball. There, she strikes."
Julia followed his eyes, and saw Carrie turn with a laugh from a croquet which had carried consternation to the heart of her antagonist.
"She's a charming creature. Where is she from?"
"She lives here," replied Julia, a little coldly, leading the way, and, the game being over, making the requested introduction.
"Most happy," said the captain, bowing low.
Frank would not yield his place, the result being that Carrie had two satellites instead of one. In the rambles about the grove, the games, and dancing, the thin muslins of the other ladies suffered, and soon became rather unsightly dragged robes. Their lovely hats were caught in bushes and torn; and if taken off, the delicate skin, unused to exposure, suffered. But Carrie's dress freshly maintained its own. It was short enough to be well out of the way, stiff enough to resist briars, and at the end of the day still looked cool and clean, being a refreshing contrast to the musky toilets of the other ladies. The gentlemen appreciated that, Captain De Lancy saying:
"Really, Miss Robbins, I ought not to take the liberty to admire your dress, but it is charming."
Carrie smiled, and he continued:
"But it is the wester that graces it."
Carrie turned away, for he had been paying like compliments all day, and she was too honest to think them all genuine.
"Hear I hear!" shouted a gentleman, beating vigorously on a tin pan. "Miss Livingston says there's a fine view from Sunset rock. Who will make the trip to see it?"
"Will you go, Miss Robbins?" inquired the captain.
"Miss Robbins is engaged to go with me," asserted Frank Warden, boldly; and Carrie, glad of the change, confirmed him.
Quite a party set out; but as there were several paths, it soon came to pass that Frank and Carrie were alone.
"I'm going up that cliff," said Carrie, indicating a steep rock.
"Impossible."
"I will. See, here's a little path."
"I'll travel any path with you," re-

plied Frank; and with much scrambling, holding of twigs, perilous slips, and precarious footing, up they went, and sat panting on the top. They could hear their party on the other side a little below them, but a thick growth of trees prevented their seeing them. They were well repaid by the fine view and the beautiful sunset, Carrie very much enjoying the little rock chamber and the reputation of having accomplished what none of the other ladies had. As the gold and red curtains closed over the sun's departing face, and a blush, which slowly parted before the approaching twilight, stole over the sky, the two became confidential, and Carrie said:
"How odd it was for Captain De Lancy to admire my dress. It's only a cambric."
"Not odd at all."
"And it's funny, too." Then she told him all about her quandary and subsequent independence.
"Was that the dress you were washing yesterday?"
"Yes; did you see me? with a deep blush."
"Didn't I! I never saw anything so lovely. And this isn't the sort of thing the others wear? I like that. I never loved you so well before."
"Mr. Warden!" flashed out Carrie.
"Yes, Carrie, you're the girl for me. I've known it a good while. Do come and wash dresses where I can see you; wash them for me."
"I can tell you Mr. Warden," cried Carrie, rising, "I don't generally wash my clothes, and I don't like such nonsense."
"It's all true," he said, gently pressing her down again. "I love you, Carrie—have come to take you back to California with me."
"I don't want to go," replied Carrie, with an averted face.
"But only consider. I love you so much that I came back for you, ran the risk of losing my business, and if you don't return as my wife you'll never see me again."
Frank's tone was grave enough, and his face very red, as he tried to see her eyes. Carrie pulled at the moss, and said, faintly:
"I don't want to be married."
"Oh, Carrie," he replied, with a half groan, "think of me."
Carrie made no reply.
"Can't you love me?" pleaded Frank, putting his arm about her.
Carrie moved a little, and still did not speak; but he was evidently waiting for an answer, and at last she said "yes," with a jerk.
"Then you'll marry me."
"No—that is—not now."
"Oh, yes; why not?"
"Because," she replied, facing him, "married people are tied up. I should have to do as you say, and you know I like to be independent."
"I wouldn't want you to do anything you didn't want to."
"Oh, I know how it would be," replied Carrie, springing up.
"You don't. You should do just as you please. Now will you give me a kiss?"
Carrie turned a look of indignation upon him, which was basely taken advantage of, and the kiss was stolen.
"Mr. Warden!" and away she ran.
"Oh, don't go down there!" he cried. "You can't; you'll hurt yourself. At any rate, wait until I come to help you."
Carrie did not heed, but went on; and in a moment a crash informed Frank that his fears had been realized. He hastened to the spot, and found her sitting very still, apparently studying the ferns.
"Are you hurt?"
"It's nothing."
"Shall we go on?"
"No, I don't wish to."
"You are hurt; let me help you rise;" this anxiously.
"I don't wish to rise."
"But you can't sit here all night. I'll get help."
"I don't want any help," Carrie started up, but fell back with a white face.
"Darling," said Frank, tenderly, "let me put my arm about you. There's now you can walk."
Carrie consented without a word, and at last broke the silence by saying:
"There's no use trying to be independent."
"Not if you are going to run away from me, and jump down rocks like that."
"I slipped."
"Then you give up?" asked Frank, stopping. "You'll be my dear, independent little wife?"
"Yes, if you'll be good."
"Always," said Frank; and before they reached the rest of the party the independent dame was so far overcome as to lean on a loving shoulder when they rested, and her foot was so much better as to enable her to take the promised walk home in the evening.

The Celebration's Cost.

When the American public has been exposed on the fourth of July to fire-crackers cast by the rampant boy, says the New York Herald, it naturally avails itself of the first glimpse of sanity, the first lull in the storm of pyrotechnics, to consult its mortality lists and under-writers' records, and to endeavor to ascertain, if possible, how many of it remain and how much of its property has been destroyed. Before we drift further upon the waves of these statistics we may say that we have been far more fortunate this year than we expected to be; than our neighbors have been. The suburban towns have relatively suffered much greater loss of life and property, and we doubt not that the same statistic holds true of neighboring cities. Thus at Philadelphia one fire caused by pyrotechnics involved a loss of \$200,000, and a single explosion killed four men. This comparative exemption has been due to the watchfulness of the city and fire police, the earnest endeavors of private citizens to prevent or check patriotic incendiarism, and the remarkable absence of intoxication and consequent paucity of affrays. Nevertheless, the killed and wounded is sufficiently formidable. In New York, during the two days covered by the celebration, four people were killed or fatally injured as a direct result thereof, forty-one were seriously wounded, and twenty-nine slightly injured. Of those badly hurt, thirteen blew off or shattered their hands or fingers; nine were seriously burned; two lost eyes, one of whom will probably be completely blind; three were crushed or bruised; two broke limbs; three were shot in the body, four in the head or neck, and five in the arm or leg. Of the twenty-nine whose injuries were of a character less grave, one had an eye injured, another was bruised and a third burned. The remaining twenty-six were wounded by explosions of firearms or their careless use. Ten patriots were shot in the leg, seven in the arm or hand, six in the head or neck and three in the body. It is possible that some of the severely wounded will die; it is certain that many accidents were not reported; it is equally certain that the suffering and injury caused to invalids and nervous people will, though they cannot be estimated, swell considerably the tale of death and pain.

These figures can be more forcibly presented. Let us take the population at 1,175,000, according to the apportionment census, and suppose that the celebration were a thing of every day, affecting the mortality rate like diphtheria, or typhoid, or measles. Then in the course of a year one person of every 1,609 would lay his life on the altar of his country; one person of every 154 would be severely wounded or injured, and one of every 222 less seriously hurt. Or, to look at it in another light, if we assume that the rate of patriotism throughout the Union is but half of what it is in New York, our Centennial has been celebrated at the expense of eighty persons killed and 1,400 wounded, 800 of whom have received severe injuries.

In the matter of fires our local showing has been most favorable, for though there have been during the two days eighty fires caused by the careless use of explosive and inflammable materials, the aggregate loss, as nearly as can be estimated, is a trifle under \$21,500.

Keep This in Mind.

The second centennial celebration will occur on the fourth of July, 1876. The patriotic people from the Arctic sea southward will fire off the sort of cannon they have in those days, hang out the same old stars and stripes, play the same old Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia; but in the progress of the century the fire-crackers will probably be abolished, and the boys will celebrate with something less noisy and less dangerous. It will be a great day, the second centennial fourth. It is hardly possible that any of us will be on hand to take part in the proceedings. We should all like to be among the actors and spectators, no doubt, but the laws of nature forbid, and from them there is no appeal. There will not be a trace of us physically left, except in the succession in the life of nature, animate and inanimate.

But though we shall not be there to see all the grand doings on the fourth of July, 1876, yet we can contribute our part to make the day a happy one for those who take part in the ceremonies. The twentieth century patriot will study up the condition of things in this first centennial year. Editions of the best orations may be printed, and, perhaps, some of our centennial odes will be remembered. The journals of the day will discuss us and what we do with great ability and in choice English. In fact, a light bright as that of oxygen will be thrown on the events and people of this year 1876. The papers of that day will search their old files, investigate the temper of the people a hundred years back, and weigh the consequences of their acts in judicious, perspicuous and philosophic leading articles, which will be read by millions with interest and thoughtful consideration.

Therefore it behooves us all to carefully direct our steps to the goal of right and wisdom in this first centennial year. The eyes of the future are upon us, and its scales are ready to weigh us in the balance. —New York Sun.

"I make it a principle never to lend money," said a good man to a friend, "but in your case I sacrifice principle for interest." And when the latter found he had charged twenty per cent. discount, he said he thought he did.

THE AYR FIRE.

How Twenty-Two Young Women were Burned to Death.

The Glasgow News gives the following account of the burning of the mill at Ayr, Scotland, by which twenty-two young women perished: Within the third story of the second block of buildings from Fort street the fatal spark was kindled. The operatives resumed work after breakfast as usual, and all went on smoothly till the hour indicated above, when James Barr, a laborer in the worsted department, was alarmed by a "young lass" (as he describes her) exclaiming in a state of excitement that there was a fire in the room. The girl had been working at a wool tresser, and soon it was perceived that the wool had taken fire, apparently from friction. Barr immediately called his neighbors, who gathered in large numbers. Three extinguishers kept on the establishment for emergencies of this kind were produced, and an effort made to subdue the flames, but without effect. No sooner was water poured on one corner than the fire spread to another, defying the utmost efforts of all present to keep it within bounds. Some one at an early period called for a sheet with which to "smother" the fire; but with such alarming rapidity did it spread, that any attempt in that direction would have been useless or worse than useless. In a few minutes those who had gathered round the spot where the fire originated were compelled to flee for their lives, leaving portions of their clothing and all they possessed in the mill, behind. So far all was right, in respect that no damage had resulted to life, but the sequel of the event which had just been inaugurated was disastrous and appalling. In the garret overhead of the room described, James Barr, aged fifty years, and father of the man named above, was working with twenty-five young women under his charge, and there the great loss of life took place.

James Barr, it is alleged, on hearing the screams in the flat beneath, and on being informed that there was a fire, made an endeavor to keep the cries of those who were apparently terror-stricken beneath from penetrating his own department and causing greater consternation than was necessary. He then ran down stairs, saw the imminent danger of the whole establishment, rushed up and gave the alarm, but was too late to effect an escape for himself or others, as the staircases were all "ablaze," and the smoke and fire were such that no one could pass through and live. A scene more easily imagined than described followed. The young women rushed to the windows and called for that aid which could not be afforded them. They gesticulated, and screamed and sobbed in the presence of death, and implored those outside to save their lives. Meanwhile the fire spread rapidly, the other buildings one by one were enveloped, the flames shot high in the air, and before long the spot where the helpless females had been vainly seeking for succor was reduced to ruins, and those who occupied it were lost beyond the hope of recall. Several most painful incidents are reported in connection with this event. The old man Barr was, before the fire obliterated everything, seen at one of the windows waving his hands, apparently calling for rescue, and a large number of the girls were holding by him in the last lingering hope of having their lives spared. One young woman, named Catherine McKinnon, jumped from the height of four stories and fell heavily on the ground beneath. She was taken up insensible, placed on a mattress and removed to the Ayr hospital. The poor girl, who was sixteen years of age, fell on her forehead. Her skull was fractured, her arm broken and other injuries sustained, so that all the skill which could be brought could not save her life.

Another young girl, named Simpson, came to a window screaming. Her sister, who happened to be beneath at the moment, called out: "Jump out, or you'll be killed," and the little girl instantly leaped over. The sister endeavored to catch her, but as the height from which the leap was taken was very great both came into violent contact and were thrown down. The sister escaped unhurt, a fact which is marvelous, considering the whole circumstances, but the young girl was a good deal bruised, it is feared seriously so. Her hair was burned with the flames, which just before her leap was devouring all before it. Those who had found an exit from the works now made the best of their good fortune and ran from danger, while the unfortunate persons left behind were at the mercy of the devouring element. Mothers appeared on the scene in terror, asking for their daughters; brothers and sisters looked everywhere for their relatives, who, alas! could not be saved. It was impossible to say who were and who were not among the unfortunate victims till well on in the evening, when the fire had been subdued. Hoping against hope, parents expected that their children might return home at the usual hour, and waited with eager anxiety their appearance.

A surgical operation recently performed on the shoulder of Judge Gustav Cook, of Houston, Texas, resulting in the extraction of an old bullet, received by him during the war. A piece of the coat, cut away by the ball over eleven years ago, was found with it.

"You must cultivate decision of character, and learn to say 'no,'" said a father to his son. Soon afterward, when the father told the son to chop wood, the boy said "no," with an emphasis that showed a remembrance of the lesson.