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Choice Poetry.

OUR CENTENNIAL.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

When Freedom first her flag unfurled
  Across the land which now is free,
And shook its bright folds to the world,
  A new-born glory for the sea,
Her sons were faint, her ranks were few,
  Feeble her power and weak her hand;
The nursling up to manhood grew,
  And strode a giant o'er the land.

And now a hundred years have fled,
  Since first that banner on the sky
Its glorious stars and stripes outspread,
  A sign of hope and triumph nigh.
Its constellation, burning bright,
  Has gained new stars from other spheres,
And caught the dawning of the light
  Which flames along the endless years.

Its sons have brought the lightning down,
  And harnessed it to do their will;
Its forts in every harbor frown,
  Its thunders sleep on every hill;
Its power is felt on land and sea,
  Its commerce sweeps across the tide,
And millions of the brave and free
  Nestle beneath its shelter wide.

The weary centuries effete
  Had grown through years of suffered wrong;
Before the march of Freedom's feet,
  The Western world broke into song.
Art reared her temples in the land;
  The Christian's cross, the tapered spire,
Rose 'neath the touch of Labor's hand,
  And glimmered in the sunset's fire.

The desert waste a garden grew
  In prairie land, in tangled fen;
The world, astonished, paused to view
  The grand creative power of men.
Three millions saw the dawning light
  That bless'd the land with Freedom's ray,
And forty millions hail the sight
  That breaks upon our eyes to-day.

The Old World brings her tribute here,
  To lay before the New World's shrine;
The Tropic's offering sincere—
  Its wealth of olives and of wine—
Is laid before our feet to-day.
  O, happy omen, blessed sight!
Where shone but dimly Freedom's ray,
  The world transfigured lies in light!

One hundred years of Freedom's reign!
  One hundred years of war and peace!
A golden century again
  Bourgeons and blossoms with increase.
Swift as the wind our couriers fly
  Across the land, from sea to sea;
In northern air, on tropic sky,
  Streams out the banner of the free.

And, nestling 'neath each stripe and star,
  Atlantic waves, Pacific foam,
Viewing the nations from afar,
  Shout to their coming: "Welcome home!"
Welcome! Columbia's arms spread wide;
  She stands beside each busy mart,
And, thrilled with joy and touched with pride,
  She folds the whole world to her heart.

No bond of sect, no tie of creed,
  Can make or mar her generous plan;
The only plea that all must plead—
  The common brotherhood of man.
The diamond from Brazilian mines
  Gleams here by Afric's wealth of gold,
And silver from the long inclines
  Where Colorado's wealth is told.

And Asia lays her treasures down;
  Japan and India appear,
Bearing their offerings to crown
  The fullness of our hundredth year.
O, Orient lands! where through the palms,
  With ceaseless tone, from morn till night,
The spicy breezes hymn their psalms,
  God give to you our boon of light!

And make you free as we are free,
  That, as the years shall disappear,
The West may reach across the sea,
  To join in your Centennial year;
Your hundred years of freedom past,
  Your thousand years of peace to come,
Unbroken by the warlike blast
  Of trumpet, or the rolling drum.

O, land Centennial to-day!
  God guard thee until time shall cease!
His blessings hover o'er thy way,
  And crown thee with His perfect peace!
O, blood-bought land! Thy rocks and hills
  Are Freedom's birth place; and the arch
Of heaven, that bends above thy rills,
  Is vocal with Time's grandest march.

For down the coming hundred years,
  A hundred million unborn men
Close up each gap, where now appears
  A vacant spot by hill or glen.
A hundred thousand homes shall rise,
  With marts of trade, with lifted spires,
And in the light of Freedom's eyes,
  Forever burn thy altar fires!

Select Story.

A STRANGE STORY.

HOW DOES MY HUSBAND COME TO BE ENGLISH?

We are indebted to a late Russian paper for the following:

Orenburg is a town of Europe Russia, situated in the Ural mountains, near the Asiatic border. About a year ago, Abraham Chorkov, a wealthy Jewish inhabitant of that town, was lying dangerously sick with typhoid fever. On the 22d day of September, at midnight, a crisis set in, which seemed to take a fatal course; the man suffered and struggled, and his physicians called it the agonies of death. A number of Jews were called in, prayers were offered, wax candles were lighted, and behold! the patient, who was supposed to be in the last stages, commenced to breathe freely, opened his eyes, and looked with astonishment at the surrounding scene. But the sequel has no precedent. The man soon after fell into a sleep, which the physicians declared to be a healthy one. In the morning he awoke, saw his wife and children around him, who, partly in anguish and partly in joy, were waiting for his awakening. His wife, overwhelmed with joy, wanted to throw herself upon his neck, but by signs he repelled her, and demanded something in a language which none of them understood.

It should be mentioned here, that Abraham Chorkov is a man of sallow appearance, tall and lean, looking like a genuine Russian Jew, with long black whiskers and beard, black eyes, and a long Oriental nose, and that before his sickness, he understood no other language than Hebrew and a little Russian, being one of those illiterate Jews found in such large numbers in that part of the world. Now the man began to speak in a language unintelligible to every one around him. The physician who was summoned did not understand him. With contempt he pushed away his wife and children, whenever they attempted to come near him, and the doctor gave it as his opinion, that in consequence of the typhus, the fellow had become insane. The despair of the family lasted many days. His wife had, in the meantime, sent to Tambov for his parents; but on their arrival, Abraham would not recognize them, did not understand their language, and appeared to be angry that no one understood him. After a week he rose from the bed, and his wife gave him his clothes, as worn by him before his sickness, the usual habit of the Russian Jew. He examined them closely, and laughed heartily. He wanted to run out, but the people quickly shut the doors, fearing he would take cold. He remained in the room, pacing it with meditation. Passing a looking-glass, he beheld his figure in it. He stopped before the mirror amazed, touched his curls, his big nose, his long beard, and burst out laughing, but then, all of a sudden, became quiet and earnest, and in deep meditation. His wife and parents, who had witnessed this strange behavior, looked at each other with astonishment, and it now appeared to them that the man before them was not their Abraham Chorkov, but a stranger. But Abraham's forehead bore still the black line with which he was born, so that even the physicians who had attended on the patient for nearly two months had to laugh at the idea.

Abraham Chorkov looked often out of the window, and seemed surprised at the country about him, and one day made strong efforts to run away. The family now decided to call in the Government physician and other doctors, who, after a careful examination, pronounced him thoroughly sane. Although they did not understand the tongue in which he spoke, they recognized it as a regular language, well articulated. Thinking that he could make himself understood in writing, Abraham wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, which the physician read, but without comprehending their meaning. The writing was in a plain, good hand, in Latin letters, but the language was unintelligible to all, and no one could make out how Abraham Chorkov came to use Latin characters. So, things went on until it was agreed to take Abraham to St. Petersburg, to the Medical University, to hear the opinion of the prominent scholars. As soon as Professor Orlow heard the language of Abraham, he recognized it forthwith as English. Abraham expressed immense pleasure at being enabled to make himself understood, and after some conversation, Prof. Orlow pronounced Abraham to be a very intelligent Englishman.

"But, for God's sake!" cried his wife, "how does my husband come to be English, and how did he forget his Hebrew language?"

Professor Orlow listened with astonishment to the story of Abraham's life, and would not believe that he had been a common, illiterate Russian Jew. He asked Abraham, in English, who he was, and whence he came, and Abraham replied, in the same language:

"I am from British Columbia, in North America; my native town is New Westminister. I have there a wife and one child living, and God only knows how I came here, or to this woman."

It is easy to imagine the great amazement on all sides. The Professor declared the parties to be frauds, or that a man abduction had taken place. He called upon the Government to have the matter investigated, and the family physician of Abraham, his neighbors, and others, were officially examined, the examination lasting for weeks. But nothing came of the examination, the matter remaining a deep mystery as ever, and the physicians contented themselves with declaring it to be a psychological puzzle, a revelation of the human soul which could not be explained. Abraham told the Professor that, although his name was Abraham, it was not Abraham Chorkov, but Abraham Durham, and that he had no other desire than to go back to his family.

One morning, when his wife arose, she found his place empty—he had disappeared. The marvellous story soon reached the ears of the Russian Emperor, who forthwith ordered diligent search to be made after the lost one; but all of no avail, the man could not be found; and at last it was generally believed that he had been insane, and in his insanity had sought death in the River Neva.

In the Spring of the year 1875, Professor Orlow, of St. Petersburg, visited Philadelphia, at the request of his Government, to arrange the preliminaries of the Russian Department of the Centennial Exhibition. One day, reading a newspaper, the following arrested his attention:

"In New Westminister, an occurrence recently took place which caused a great sensation throughout the whole Territory of British Columbia. On the 22d day of September, 1874, a fur dealer of said city was in a dying condition, suffering from typhoid fever, and no one, not even his physicians, seemed to entertain any hope as to the possibility of his recovery. Nevertheless, the patient rallied and fully recovered. But, wonderful to relate, the patient, who was an intelligent Englishman, had forgotten his mother tongue, and speaks a language which is understood by no one around him, but which at last is recognized by an inhabitant of the city to be a jargon of bad Jewish-German. The patient, before his sickness, a short, stout fellow and a blonde, is now thin and lean like a stick, refuses to recognize his wife and child, and insists he has a wife and several children somewhere else. The man is believed to be insane. All at once a European traveller arrives, marked with a genuine Hebrew face, and claims to be the husband of the wife of the fur-dealer. He speaks to the woman in the same language her husband was wont to speak to her; he gives her, and even his parents, who reside in said city, but who, of course, do not recognize him as their son, the most detailed and minutest description of by-gone events, and insists upon being the woman's husband and the parents' son. The poor woman is almost in peril of her reason by the effect of the trying ordeal. She incessantly asks, "Who is this fellow? How does he come to claim to be my husband?" When she hears him speak, and does not look at his figure, she is ready to think that he is her husband; but as soon as she looks at him, the spell is broken, for surely, this stranger with the Jewish face cannot be her husband, whom she had just nursed in his sickness. But the man continues to press his claim, and tells her the most secret and delicate facts, evidently known only to husband and wife."

Professor Orlow recollected now all about the occurrence last Fall, and to solve this "psychological phenomenon," he decided upon going to New Westminister. To his great surprise, he really found there the same black Abraham whom, half a year ago, he had seen in St. Petersburg. He asked the blonde fur-dealer, in the Russian language, whence he came, and was answered from Orenburg; and when asked for the name of his wife, he gave the name of a Jewish woman who had called upon him with her husband, now before him, in St. Petersburg. When asked what his name was, he answered: "They call me here Abraham Durham; but my right name is Abraham Chorkov."

Professor Orlow was struck with a strange idea. He reasoned this way: A man abduction could not have taken place; the bodies have not been changed; one is short, stout, and blonde, the other thin, long and dark; and then New Westminister is 2,000 German miles away from Orenburg. Metempsychosis must have taken place.

It must be remembered, that on the 22d day of September, at the midnight hour, both were living between life and death; the soul of each one must have flown into the body of the other, and thus a complete metempsychosis had taken place; that at the midnight hour of the 22d of September begins the shortening of the days; that the inhabitants of the two cities are anteeians, that is, if a spike were driven through the centre of the globe, entering at Orenburg, it would come out at New Westminister, and that when at Orenburg it is twelve o'clock at midnight, the time in Westminister is just twelve o'clock at noon.

Prominent men of science are now occupied with this most marvellous occurrence. Professor Orlow has taken the blonde fur-dealer with him to St. Petersburg, whither the woman Chorkov, of Orenburg, will also be brought, and further developments are now expected.

Sammy Tilden.

I saw a little, old, bleached-whiskered man, with a highly important kind of a face, standing in the Fifth Avenue Hotel door last week.

"Who should you think that was?" said General Aphrodite.

"Nobody," said I, instantly, "but stay; perhaps the sitting member of a club."

"Who is the sitting member of a club?"

"He is the man with nowhere else to go to where he is sure of being heard—not at home, certainly; affliction sore having long been borne there—so he plants himself in some city club, and talks at a key higher than anybody else upon the topics of the hour."

"That isn't the man altogether. It is Samuel J. Tilden."

"Not the man to whom Seymour cried: 'Oh, Tilden; this is terrible?'"

"The same. He is noted for his keen, positive apprehension of public opinion, and the Democratic party leaders are in the habit of looking to his intuitions for advice since the death of Dean Richmond."

"Have the Democratic party for the past six years adopted Tilden's impressions of public opinion?"

"I believe so."

I then looked at the small, wiry, side-whiskered, altogether bleached, important-faced, little old man again, and, considering his wonderful intuitions of public opinion, felt satisfied that he was a sitting member of a club.—*Geo. Alfred Townsend.*

SPEAKING recently of the power of the great corporations of the country, Mr. Beecher declared that if the New York Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania Central Railroad Companies should conspire to do it, they could elect the President of the United States.

AMONG the musical instruments at the Exhibition of Vienna was a piano on which Francis Schubert composed most of his melodies. It is nothing more than a worn out old spinet.

Miscellany.

WATCH, WATCH, MOTHER.

Mother! watch the little feet,
  Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
  Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
  Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
  Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
  Prattling, eloquent and wild;
What is said, and what is sung,
  By thy happy, joyous child.
Catch the word whilst yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Savior's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
  Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
  Keep, O, keep that young heart true—
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity!

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

What a contrast between now, and—say only a hundred years ago! Certainly, there is a very great contrast. England was not a manufacturing country a hundred years ago. We imported nearly everything except corn, wool, and flax. We imported the greatest part of our iron from Spain, Sweden, Germany and Russia. We imported our pottery from Holland, our hats from Flanders, our silk from France, our cloth and carpets from Belgium. Our cotton manufactures, our woolen and flax manufactures, our machine manufactures, could scarcely be said to exist. Coal could scarcely be had, for the coal-pits could not be kept clear of water.

A hundred years ago we could not build a steam engine; we could scarcely build a bridge. Look at the churches built a hundred years ago, and behold the condition of our architecture! A hundred years ago we had fallen to almost the lowest condition as a nation. We had not a harbor; we had not a dock. The most extensive system of robbery prevailed on the river Thames. The roads, such as they were, swarmed with highwaymen; and blackmail was levied on the Lowland farmers down to the middle of the last century.

A hundred years ago our ships were rotten; they were manned by prisoners taken from hulks, or by workingmen pressed in the streets in open day. When James Watt was learning his trade of an instrument maker in London, a hundred years ago, he durst scarcely walk abroad, lest he should be seized and sent to India or the American plantations. Less than a hundred years ago the colliers and salters of Scotland were slaves. It is not forty years since women and children worked in coal-pits. Surely we are not to go down on our knees and pray for a restoration of the horrible things that existed a hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago literature was at a very low ebb. The press was in a very miserable state. William Whitehead was poet-laureate! Who knows of him now? Gibbon had not written his "Decline and Fall." Junius was the popular writer; political corruption was scarified in his letters. The upper classes were coarse, drunken and ill-mannered. Bribery and corruption on the grossest scale were the principal means for getting into parliament. Mr. Dowdeswell, M. P. for Worcestershire, said to the Commons, "You have turned out a member for impiety and obscenity. What half-dozen members of this house ever meet over a convivial bottle that their discourse is entirely free from obscenity, impiety, or abuse of Government?"—*Samuel Smiles in "Thrift."*

Word Torturing.

A "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Language" is earnestly called for. Word torturing has been so complacently tolerated for a long period that any individual, who happens to get possession of a pencil and paper, presumes that he is consequently entitled forthwith to mangle, maul, maltreat and misuse generally, any unfortunate words he may happen to think of, or can dig out of a dictionary. But a limit has been more than reached. Mr. Sidney Lanier has crossed the Rubicon and inflicted upon a people, who would otherwise have felt proud of the Centennial opening day, the alarming penalty of standing sponsor for the subject of the most stupendous conundrum of the period, viz: *What does the Cantata mean?* or the milder, yet equally humiliating inquiry, "which exhibits the most striking phase of lunacy—the composition of the Cantata, or its acceptance by the Centennial Commission?" We candidly confess that a microscopic scrutiny of the mass of words in question has failed to enable us to answer either of these queries. The stanza commencing, "Long as thine art shall love true love," is certainly beautiful in its thoughtful, reverend, tender sentiment, but it is as if a diamond should be set in the handle of a shoe-brush, to place these lines in conjunction with "Grown foul Buds in alien air"—"Toil when wild brother-wars-new dark the Light," and "Weltering of my Long-Ago"—to say nothing of the individualization of a "to-and fro," whatever that may be, in the seventh line. Tennyson, who is really something of a poet, (unfit, however, to hold a candle to Longfellow while the latter pens the true poetry with which his whole nature teems), has a trick of putting in little bits of tinsel occasionally, but he never yet, in all his mosaically manufactured metres, ventured upon such sublime ignorance, or consummate impudence, as that which marks the main features of this excruciating Cantata. —*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

The Moral of It.

A Washington correspondent writes: It is customary to point a moral to adorn a tale. None need be suggested in the rehearsal of the dreadful facts of Secretary Belknap's fall. While there can be no palliation, no apology, it is the old, old drama, acted first by Adam and Eve in the garden, and the excuse here, as was the excuse in Paradise, "The woman tempted me, and I did eat." The men who know Belknap best say he would not do a dishonorable act; but how can this long chain of dishonor, of falsehood, be explained? It is an old proverb that women and wine are the roots of all evil. If all the corruption and official dishonor in Washington were analyzed in a crucible, female extravagance would be found to be one of the most prominent if not the prevailing element. Nearly all the scandals that come to light have a woman somewhere in them as a motive or a source. Many sections of Washington society are as pure and holy as any household that can be found in the world; but the snares of the evil one are set thickly in society here, and the unwary who walk into them sometimes have to go from one crime to another to get out. Plain living is the only safe living here, and, as Senator Oglesby says: "Don't put on any style, and people can't say you stole money to support it."

THE ORIGINAL DEMOCRAT.—Sam. Bard, editor of the Alabama *State Journal*, says: "It is about as hard for an Alabama Democratic editor to be honest as it would be for a snake to stand upright and walk on the tip end of his tail." Well, now, that suggests a solution of the ancient Rabbinical legend that the serpent did walk on the tip of his tail until after the temptation of Eve. It is strong evidence that the Devil was the original Democrat. There is a great deal of other collateral evidence, but this seems almost conclusive.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

MRS. VENEERING has discontinued a custom originated by her of having visitors write their names in a book in the hall in event of her absence. Why? Because the milk man came and wrote: "Bill Smith called to collect a bill for milk of long standing, and is sorry Mrs. Veneering didn't leave the amount with the girl, as she agreed."—*N. Y. Mail.*

LEARNING passes for wisdom among those who lack both.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Patriot Reverses in the Southern States.

In recognizing American independence, France threw her gage of battle at the feet of England. It was promptly taken up by that proud old State. Spain, also, soon entered the lists against her, hoping to recover the fortress of Gibraltar. But with characteristic energy, she braced herself for the unequal strife, and sternly resolved to defend herself at home, and to continue her endeavors to coerce refractory America to subjugation. The folly of her stubborn King had brought her into the presence of appalling dangers; but the Titanic force and grandeur with which she confronted them commanded universal admiration.

France gave ample proof of the sincerity of her friendship, by sending Admiral D'Estaing, with a strong and stately fleet, to America. He arrived at the mouth of the Delaware too late to intercept Lord Howe's inferior squadron, and thus lost a fine opportunity to cripple the naval force, which was the right arm of England's invading army. He next sailed to New York, but, unable to secure pilots capable of taking his largest ships over the bar, he could not reach the British Admiral, whose squadron was lying safely in that port. His next attempt, in connection with the Rhode Island militia, under General Sullivan, was to capture the English force which occupied Newport. Again he failed, owing partly to Sullivan's dilatory and unskillful movements, and partly to the arrival of Lord Howe's squadron, largely reinforced, off Point Judith. D'Estaing, eager for battle, sailed outside to fight, but a terrible hurricane compelled both him and his opponents to scatter, and seek ports in which to repair their damages. The French returned to Newport only to announce the necessity they were under to sail to Boston to refit. Sullivan, whose camp had been flooded by the storm, was consequently obliged to retreat from the island. But his movements were so slow and so badly managed that, if the enemy had fought him vigorously, his troops would have been cut to pieces. But the foe was as sluggish as Sullivan, and, after being roughly handled while attacking General Greene's division, permitted Sullivan to get away to the main land without very serious losses. Thus, our first attempt in concert with our new ally, proved a failure.

The English achieved nothing in the North during the campaign of 1778, except to raid, like pirates, on our maritime towns, and to massacre the farmers of the beautiful Wyoming Valley, by means of savages, led by a band of Tory rangers, under the command of Col. Butler. They were, in fact, preparing to transport a large portion of their invading army to the South, which was hereafter to be made the principal theatre of the war. They expected to find the Southern people less fiercely hostile to the royal authority than the men of the unconquerable North.

The first blow in the South fell on Savannah, which, being unskillfully defended by the patriots, fell into the hands of the British, December 29, at the trifling cost of twenty-four in killed and wounded. This success of the enemy was followed by their capture of Sunbury and Augusta, in January, 1779. This was a triumphant beginning; but the end was not yet.

During the summer of 1779 the British swept our forces out of Georgia, and raided the State of South Carolina to the very suburbs of Charleston. The Council of this city, less heroic than its citizens generally, was on the point of capitulation, when the chivalric Moultrie, learning that the enemy, as one of his terms, demanded the surrender of the garrison as prisoners of war, sternly remarked to the Council:

"We will fight it out!"

With this declaration he left the tent. But these few brave words had inspired even the timid with courage, and they sent messengers after him, saying, "Act according to your own judgment, and we will support you." This resolution saved the city for that time. The following morning revealed to Moultrie's men the pleasing fact that the enemy had moved away during the night. The cause of their retreat was the information that General Lincoln was rapidly marching towards the city, with reinforcements.

In October an allied force of French and Americans, aided by D'Estaing's fleet, made an unsuccessful attempt to drive the British from Savannah. The French fleet then sailed for France; the American army almost melted away, and the power of the British in Georgia, and in the greater portion of South Carolina, seemed perfectly established. The possession of Charleston would make them complete masters of the latter State.

In February, 1780, General Clinton appeared before that city with 13,000 men. Washington, from his headquarters in the North, recommended Lincoln, who commanded the Southern department, not to risk his troops by attempting its defense on the land against such a force. But that incompetent General ruled otherwise. Clinton, by making gradual approaches, soon planted his guns within twenty-five yards of the American lines, and placed a strong body of troops across the peninsula on which the city stands. To fight under these circumstances would have been worse than folly. Lincoln capitulated. Five thousand Americans became prisoners of war. The British despoiled the city. Their dragoons swept like destructive banditti over the country. The people, in large numbers, seeing no army around which to rally, sullenly submitted to British rule. The lion flag of England waved in such apparent triumph, that Clinton wrote to the British Cabinet in June, 1780, saying, "There are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners or in arms with us."

But the spirit of patriotism in the South, though sleeping, was not dead. The impolitic and cruel measures of the British soon roused it, and begot the courage of despair. Sumter and Marion raised bands of determined men, and kept up a dashing and destructive system of attack on the enemy's outposts and lines of communication. Their daring deeds soon became the theme of every patriotic tongue. The spirit of the people revived. Virginia called her sons to the rescue of the Carolinians. An army was raised, and General Gates, in opposition to the wishes of Washington, was placed at its head. On July 27, he put his "grand army," as he bombastically called it, on the march to meet Cornwallis, who had superseded Clinton in command of the victorious English army.

Gates had little tactical ability, and less personal courage. He led his army, which in numbers, was superior to that of the enemy, with overweening confidence, to the vicinity of Camden, in South Carolina. Cornwallis occupied a strong post. Gates, after making the worst possible disposition of his men, ordered the attack to commence. The British met it with such determination that the Americans were quickly repulsed, and driven back with such fury that their retreat soon became a disorderly flight. The enemy's cavalry followed them until "they ran like a torrent," and bore Gates and Caswell, one of his subordinates, from the field of battle. These commanders made no attempt to return. Leaving their unfortunate comrades to their fate, these unfortunate and spiritless officers scarcely drew bridle until they paused, late the next night, in Charlotte, some two hundred miles from the field of battle.

The only American General who gathered laurels on that unfortunate day was the brave De Kalb, who commanded a division of troops raised in Maryland and Delaware. Encouraged by his heroic daring, his men fought like heroes. His horse being killed under him, he fought on foot. Though wounded he still led them into the fight. Ignorant of what was going on in other parts of the field, he finally headed a charge, driving the enemy before him, and taking fifty prisoners. But just when he thought himself victorious, Cornwallis launched a body of dragoons and infantry upon his men. Yet with undaunted soul he fought on, until he fell, disabled by many and mortal wounds, of which he died three days after. He died a patriot's noblest death. It was infinitely better thus to die, than to flee, as did Gates, from the field of battle.

So complete was this terrible defeat, that it wholly discouraged the patriot army. Its influence seemed to infect the bold spirit of the heroic Sumter. He led the largest American force left in the Carolinas. But in his discouragement he lost his usual vigilance, and suffered his men to be surprised and cut to pieces by Tarleton's dragoons, and a few days after our defeat at Camden, "he rode into Charlotte alone, without hat or saddle."—*Daniel Wise, D. D.*

PRESIDENT POLK offered Spain $100,000,000 for the Queen of the Antilles.

A HOUSEHOLD DIRGE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I've lost my little May at last;
  She perished in the Spring,
When earliest flowers began to bud,
  And earliest birds to sing.
I laid her in a country grave,
  A green and soft retreat,
A marble tablet o'er her head,
  And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again,
  In all her childish bloom;
My joy and hope have followed her,
  My heart is in her tomb.
I know that she is gone away,
  I know that she is fled;
I miss her everywhere, and yet
  I cannot make her dead.

I wake the children up at dawn,
  And say a simple prayer,
And draw them round their morning meal,
  But one is wanting there.
I set a little chair apart,
  A little pinafore,
And memory fills the vacancy,
  As time will nevermore.

I sit within my quiet room
  Alone, and write for hours,
And miss the little maid again
  Among the window flowers;
And miss her toys beside
  My desk in silent play;
And then I turn and look for her,
  But she has flown away.

I drop my idle pen, and hark
  To catch the slightest sound—
She must be playing hide and seek,
  In shady nooks around.
She'll come and climb my chair again,
  And peep my shoulder o'er—
I hear a stifled laugh—but no,
  She cometh nevermore!

I waited only yester-night,
  The evening service read,
And lingered for my idol's kiss,
  Before she went to bed;
Forgetting she had gone before,
  In slumber soft and sweet,
A monument above her head,
  The violets at her feet.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

The decided manner in which late events have pointed to Hon. James G. Blaine as the Republican candidate for President, and the certainty, that if nominated he will be elected by an immense majority over whoever the Democrats run against him, renders it proper that we should discuss his qualifications for the duties which he will be called upon to perform. Mr. Blaine is so well known as the leader of the Republican party and the "great commoner" of this time, that aside from his prominence as a Presidential candidate there is sufficient reason why his praises should be in the mouths of all fair minded men. Let us now look at him in the character of a Statesman as well as that of a political leader. The popular instinct which is often quicker and sharper than perception of partizan leaders and pretentious publicits, keenly discerns the strong qualities of Hon. James G. Blaine as the Presidential candidate to lead the Republican party to victory in the approaching national contest. His clear comprehension of the national duties and necessities, his thorough appreciation of the vulnerable points of the enemy, and the fearless directness with which he aims his blows, have awakened the popular enthusiasm to a degree that is disturbing the nerves of sleepy conservatives, and exciting the fears of the Confederate politicians of the South and their Democratic allies of the North. His rising popularity has a substantial cause, which timid politicians do not seem to comprehend. A certain class of individuals, of limited numbers, while admitting that the popular tide is raising in his favor, try to break the force of this fact by asserting that the masses are not capable of correctly estimating him—that he is a sagacious politician but not statesman. Men's standard of statesmanship varies greatly according to temperament and moral and political education. That of some persons, assuming to be judges, is very peculiar. There have been Englishmen who regarded Sir William Temple a wiser statesman than Lord Chatham. Of the former Macauly remarks: "We must own that many statesmen who have committed very great faults, appear to us to be deserving more esteem than the faultless Temple, for in truth his faultlessness is chiefly to be ascribed to the dread of all responsibility. He never put himself prominently before the public eye except at conjunctures where he was almost certain to gain and could not possibly lose. But to all sensible minds the placid, cautious, timid statesmanship of Temple seems diminutive in contrast to the bold measures of cabinet and rugged, aggressive parliamentary eloquence of Lord Chatham." Not unfrequently in our political history have these assumptions of superior judgement been made by certain professed teachers of the people. When Daniel Webster, with the massive force of his logic and eloquence, crushed into palpable powder the errors in political economy and the heresies of states-rights of Calhoun and Hayne, he was declared to be no statesman, but merely a disturbing agitator, a New England politician not to be followed. When John Quincy Adams boldly defended the sacred right of petition in the National House of Representatives, where it had been frequently trampled beneath the despotic heel of southern and northern Democracy, he was declared to be merely a noisy demagogue who reopened unprofitable questions and exciting unpleasantness among southern brethren to the general injury of the country. In the eyes of these good natured quietists, the orations of Edward Everett, when he uttered his polished and elaborate platitudes, which carried with them no lightning of heated indignation against national injustice, were thought to be more statesmanlike than the bold and scorching words of Charles Sumner on the barbarism of American slavery, and the strong and fearless denunciation of Henry Wilson and Salmon P. Chase against the fugitive slave law. The calm, noble declarations of a "Higher Law" by W. H. Seward were regarded as conclusive evidence of his unfitness for Whig leadership, while his bold announcement of the "irrepressible conflict" between "Slavery and Freedom," and its endorsement by Abraham Lincoln, in the debate with Stephen A. Douglas, shows these two Republicans utterly destitute of statesmanship. Men unaccustomed to the stubborn world of genuine public life, pronounced Millard Filmore, John Bell and Horatio Seymour and other men of platitudes, the most pacific and wise national leaders.

Standing now the most influential leader of the Republican party of the Union, Mr. Blaine holds a leadership he has fairly earned after twenty years of manly, vigorous efforts, growing in wisdom and strength with each succeeding year equal to every occasion on which he is called to play a part. Yet there are those who concede his popularity and the consummate ability and tact with which he confronts, outgenerals and defeats the Democratic majority, and is leading the Republicans on to success, yet insist that he is no statesman—that he is only a politician. Very singular ideas of statesmanship these wonderful critics have. What do they really mean by their use of terms? Webster defines a statesman: "A man versed in the arts of Government; a man eminent for political ability." Brought to a practical test we doubt if there is another man in the country more thoroughly acquainted with all the forms, methods and wordings of the State and national government of this country than James G. Blaine.

There are men who in action and power are much less than their written and spoken words. There are others whose speech is less than their deeds. The latter have a reserve force which words do not measure, but is always made to tell when the hour of trial comes. What Mr. Blaine has accomplished when brought to the test, shows that he does not belong to the former class. In early life he was a political student of remarkable insight and application, then a popular journalist with rare opportunities for political culture and experience, repeatedly Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, fourteen years a member of Congress, six years Speaker of the National House of Representatives, with a success unequalled by none since Henry Clay sixty years ago occupied the position, and not surpassed by him. The scope, power, the success of Mr. Blaine's present leadership of the Republican minority the country now scans for itself, and can make up its opinion. With a remarkable memory of all salient facts in the political history of the country, with a knowledge of men of different sections of the Union surpassed by no living American, with personal magnetism rarely equalled, he gathers men quickly around him and holds them with great tenacity. His administrative qualities are of the highest order. With an astonishing capacity for work, all his powers under thorough discipline, with a complete mastery of all necessary details; few men can accomplish so much. A born leader of men, buoyant, resolute, indefatigable, he always proves equal to any requirement. If chosen President, his administration would be one of the most able and successful in the history of the government. His would prove a practical, comprehensive, sagacious Statesmanship, thus showing how utterly mistaken have been the comments of a special class of critics that he is a consummate master of political tactics, an able parliamentarian, but no Statesman. Fortunate it will be for the country and the Republican party, if he becomes the next National Executive.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Here is a horrible description of how the stage has to be cleared after the curtain has fallen upon one of the acts of that vast tragedy called "War:"

"It was a hideous and terrible drama, that disinfecting of the battlefield of Sedan, and one that might furnish the fearful text of a chapter entitled 'The Morrows of Glory.' A Belgian physician, Dr. Guillery, has recounted the principal facts in a report published in Brussels. Historians never show anything but the radiance of the battle. The realism of those words displays its hideousness and its corruption. You dream of glory? Look, and behold a charnel-house! Seven months after the first of September, 1870, the stench was so great around the battle-field that the public health was in danger. Belgium became alarmed. Prince Orloff wrote to M. Berardi that in the eighteenth century, in the war of the Turks against the Persians, swarms of insects, nourished upon decayed flesh, brought a frightful epidemic into Russian provinces, a hundred times farther from the battle-field than Brussels is from Sedan. It was necessary to hurry, for the peasants had buried many bodies, both of men and horses, in summary fashion.

"The exhalations were horrible. People took in their hands a little yellow snow, charged with bubbles of gas, and when it melted it diffused an odor of corpses. Then, in March, 1871, men dug and opened in the fields, under the snow, the *tumuli* of the dead. Feet still covered with huge boots and half decayed faces appeared here and there. Horrible things were discovered. A dog died at La Moncelle from having half devoured a corpse. The miasma of the battle field gave fevers to the poor. 'The dead avenged themselves,' as Cornelle says.

"After having disinterred the corpses they were buried. Pitch mingled with petroleum was poured over these human remains, and then chloride of lime. Then all was said. From time to time a detonation was found in the fire. It was some cartouche still inclosed in a cartouche box attached to a corpse, and which exploded, as though these enemies would fain continue the combat after death.

"And it was by thousands that these dead men, born to be happy and beloved, and to kiss the rosy cheeks of their children, were buried there. Two hundred and seventy trenches, disinfected by M. Trouet, contained six thousand corpses. That was not all. M. Michel disinfected nine hundred and two trenches, and M. Creteur three thousand two hundred and thirteen. Calculate, therefore, how many corpses these *tumuli* contained!"

Some Presidential Lore.

Washington *Chronicle:* We have had fourteen regularly elected Presidents of the United States, four of whom bore the Christian name of James, and only three of the fourteen double Christian names. The surname of eight of the fourteen ends in n—five of them being the only ones ever re-elected. Five end in on, and four in son. The names of each of the four candidates for President and Vice-President, in the election of 1864, ended in n. None of the Presidents have borne either a Christian or surname with the initial letter C, although, within my recollection, the names of some of the most prominent candidates or talked-of candidates, at different times, begin with that letter. For example, De Witt Clinton, Langdon Cheeves, William H. Crawford, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass, John M. Clayton, Thomas Corwin, John J. Crittenden, Salmon P. Chase—and to these might perhaps be added the name of Churchill C. Cambreleng, a prominent New York politician many years ago. Among others accustomed to "C Sharp," but destined to "B flat," Caleb Cushing might be mentioned as somewhat talked of about the time of Pierce's nomination; and possibly more recently, but for the Southern rebellion, we should have heard of the name of Clement C. Clay, of Alabama. To crown the whole, and as "coming out of the little end of the horn," is the last defeated candidate—regarding the Mac as but a prefix to the principal name. From what "a C of troubles" we have been providentially and Presidentially delivered.

The Largest Swamp in This Country.

The surveying party sent out to survey the Okefenokee Swamp report that it measures 142 miles in circumference, and, with the sinuosities, 180 miles around. This vast formation, 30 miles long and 17 miles wide, is the largest swamp in the United States. It lies in the southeastern part of Georgia, but partly in north Florida. Here is the Suwanee River, made famous by the negro melody of the "Old Folks at Home." It traverses a large section of upper Florida, is bordered with valuable cypress and other timber, and empties into the gulf at a point 18 miles above Cedar Keys. Okefenokee Swamp was for generations a refuge for runaway slaves. Indians have lived there until recently, cultivating gardens; and in the depths of the jungles and forests are thousands of bears and a great many Florida "tigers"—the cougar, or American panther. One curious experience of the surveying party was to find themselves at one time, while in the midst of the great swamp, suffering for water. The discovery of a lot of mounds, "probably built by a race of men existing before the Indians," is also reported. Several skeletons were taken out of them, but some crumbled as soon as exposed to the air.

MOODY AMONG THE EX-REBELS.—The revival work of Mr. Moody in Augusta, Georgia, has met with a drawback. When he first began holding his open-air meetings, the negroes mingled so indiscriminately with the audience that it became disagreeable to the whites, and a dividing fence was put up. Mr. Moody did not like this, and spoke of it, when one of the pastors informed him that it was impossible for the blacks and whites to mingle even in a religious meeting. Mr. Moody then said, "I see you have not gotten over your rebellious feelings yet." "No," said the minister, "I am proud of my rebellious feelings, and will be a Rebel until I die." A correspondent of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* describes the incident, and says that as it becomes known "Mr. Moody will have very few to hear him among the whites."

THE Toledo *Journal* gives the following report of a tete-a-tete which occurred in that city: "Frank Hampson, what did you tell mean stories about me for?" Frank promptly denied it. "Yes, you did," said she, "you needn't lie to me," and with that she struck him over the side of the head with a piece of lath she had in her hand. She followed the first blow with many others, and Hampson threw up his arms in such a manner as to protect his face, but did not attempt to run. When she could no longer reach his face she struck him over the shins. At last, after marking him considerably, she threw down the lath, and remarked that she had to protect her own name, as she had no brother, and she didn't allow anybody to talk about her.

THE NATION'S WARDS.—Takes-things, Washerwoman, Sand Frog, Bob-tail, Big-ribs, Big Foot, Hole in the Ground, Little Dog, Black Heart, Screw, Turkey-legs, Mule Head, Pumpkin Seed, White Goose, Yellow Shirt, White Tail, Torn Belly, Two Tails, Broken Chin, Bullhead, Gamble, Itching, No Account, Mischief-Maker, Never Full, and Split-Nose Crow, are wards of the nation who draw rations at Red Cloud.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF A DREAM.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

I dreamed I met thee, where leaves were greenest,
  And the flowers around us were sweet and fair;
The cloudless heaven shone out serenest,
  And my brow was free from a shade of care;
And I dreamed I wandered o'er hill and heather,
  That livelong day of light and love,
Untired, unflagging—still together,
  Glad as the earth and the heavens above.

We were on mountains, we were by rivers,
  And by the source of the moorland springs;
We were where the aspen faintly quivers,
  And the careless willow its garland flings;
And again we rambled through vale and meadow,
  And came to gardens bedecked with care,
Where the graceful linden flung its shadow,
  And the orange flower perfumed the air.

And wordless music around us quivered,
  With peace and love in its dreamy tone;
Yet we seemed from other mortals severed—
  We might have been in the world alone.
There were none to watch us, and none to chide us,
  No jealous fears, no curious eyes;
Our love flowed on, the power to guide us,
  And 'neath its spell we were good and wise.

I dreamed—I waked! thou art not near me,
  I cannot look into thine eyes to-day;
I cannot have thy voice to cheer me;
  Oh! life is sad when thou art away.
But my spirit, her eager wing extending,
  Hath flown in the light of hope to thine;
And I know thy heart of hearts is blending
  Its vital stream of love with mine.

COL. A. C. SPENCER'S FATE.

The Sons of President Tyler's Secretary of War—One Hanged at the Yard Arm of the Brig Somers, the Other Shot by an Outraged Husband—A Recent Tragedy in Missouri.

Our Jefferson City dispatches yesterday contained an account of the murder, at Linn, Mo., on Tuesday morning last, of Col. Spencer, by W. L. Jeffries, of Texas. The Spencer referred to is Ambrose C. Spencer, son of John C. Spencer, a former Secretary of War, and grandson of Judge Ambrose Spencer, an eminent jurist of New York.

Mr. Spencer came to St. Louis about two years ago, and calling on the Hon. Thomas Allen, President of the Iron Mountain Railroad, represented that he was pushed to pay board for himself and family. As Mr. Allen had been the friend of his father, and had helped him to obtain an important official position, he now came in his distress, on the score of former friendship between his father and Mr. Allen, to implore assistance. He had owned a plantation in the South, but had been entirely broken up and impoverished by the war. He was a scholar, and had studied law. Mr. Allen gave him a position as tally clerk in the freight office at the Plum street depot, with a salary of $25 per month. He asked at times to be promoted to some better paying position, and at length threw up his situation and took to the practice of law, but afterward left the city. The account of his being shot at Linn, was the first intimation that Mr. Allen had of his whereabouts.

John C. Spencer, the father of the murdered man, was Secretary of War under Tyler. His son, who was a brother of Ambrose C. Spencer, was a midshipman in the United States brig Somers, commanded by Commodore Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, and he and Cromwell and Small were hanged at the yard arm of the brig, on suspicion of being engaged in a conspiracy to mutiny, murder the Captain and officers, and to sail to the Isle of Pines, to join the pirates in a buccaneering cruise. This occured in November, 1842. The brig arrived at New York with twelve men in irons, and stood off the harbor two days. The commander sent a messenger to Washington, with his version of the affair, to the Secretary of the Navy. Commodore Mackenzie landed in New York with his crew, and went in solemn procession to the church, where thanks to God were offered up for the great deliverance.

But John C. Spencer, father of one of the executed mutineers, and then Secretary of War, published to the country an entirely different version of the hanging, characterizing the act of Mackenzie as cowardly and unnecessary. Through his influence, Mackenzie was tried by a naval court martial at Brooklyn, but was acquitted. An effort was made to indict him before the United States District Court, which failed. Public opinion changed, however, and the alleged mutiny in a ship manned by one hundred and twenty persons, ninety-six of whom were mere apprentices, was received as the romance of a boy who had been reading piratical stories.

Makenzie, besides being a naval officer, was the author of "A Year in Spain, by an American," "Spain Revisited," and also of a "Life of John Paul Jones." Four or five years after this he was killed by a fall from a horse, at his country place, near New York, and the brig Somers, with all on board, foundered in the ocean. The distinguished Indian fighter, Col. R. S. Mackenzie, now in command at Fort Sill, is a son of the Commodore.

The service rendered by Mr. Allen to John C. Spencer, mentioned by the son of the latter, was important. After the death of Gen. Harrison, Tyler retained the Cabinet officers selected by the former. The veto of the United States Bank and other fiscal bills, caused a flare-up in the Cabinet, which resulted in the resignation of all the Secretaries except Daniel Webster. The Whig party was furious. Tyler was puzzled to reconstruct his Cabinet. Himself, Webster, John Quincy Adams, and Mr. Allen agreed that in the storm that was prevailing the Cabinet should be a unit.

One day President Tyler met Mr. Allen, who was then editor of the *Madisonian*, the Whig organ, and accosting him, said: "Mr. Allen, I want you to name for me a Secretary of War—one who will give unity to my administration." Mr. Allen, satisfied that the President was in earnest, sat down, and addressing a letter to Mr. Spencer, asked him if he would accept the post of Secretary of War, if tendered to him by the President. Mr. Spencer being then in Albany, took the next boat for New York, and calling on Daniel Webster, at the Astor House, showed him the letter from Mr. Allen, and asked his advice. Mr. Webster urged him to accept the place. Mr. Spencer went to Washington, called on Mr. Allen, and the latter went with him to the President, and the result was that he received the appointment of Secretary of War. And this was the favor that Mr. Allen did for the father of the Mr. Spencer who had called on him for assistance, and who was shot down the other morning at Linn—*St. Louis Republican, April 22.*

On Monday morning a stranger, J. W. Jeffries, a railroad employee, lately of Marshall, Texas, arrived in town, and made inquiries for Col. Spencer and family. Having received the necessary directions, he went to the residence of Capt. George W. Hopkins, a short distance from town, and had a private interview with Mrs. Spencer. The stranger claimed Mrs. Spencer as his lawful wife, and her little boy as his child, and insisted that they should go off with him. His request being refused, he retraced his steps to town.

A short time afterward Col. Spencer came into town, calling at Mr. Thompson's sadlery establishment, and engaged in a conversation with several gentlemen. The door was suddenly opened, the stranger appearing at the entrance with a revolver in his hand, pointing at Col. Spencer, and saying, in a loud and commanding voice: "Where is my wife, Col. Spencer?" The Colonel had hardly time to stammer, "Who are you? What do you mean?" before the stranger fired three shots at him in rapid succession, none of them taking effect. By this time the Colonel had reached the street, but the stranger being close at his heels, fired a fourth time, hitting his mark, and laying him prostrate. Jeffries did not run, but stood with the revolver in his hand, and, pointing at his victim, addressed the crowd:

"Gentlemen, that is the man who has abducted my wife and stolen my boy;" and turning to the Sheriff he said, "Sir, I am your prisoner; take this pistol, I have no further use for it."

While the Sheriff took his man to the jail, the citizens crowded around the wounded man, and a moment's examination discovered a ghastly wound in his head. He lingered until 8 o'clock, P. M.—*Chamois (Mo.) Leader, April 20.*

ONE of the relics to be exhibited at the Centennial is the pulpit used by Whitefield, in his open-air meetings. It is made of pine wood, and can be easily taken to pieces. From this pulpit he is said to have preached over two thousand sermons in the fields of England, Wales, and America. The exhibitor is the American Tract Society.

TOPLADY'S "Rock of Ages" is the Centennial hymn, having been written in 1776.