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Choice Poetry.

HARRY AND I.

BY JOSIE S. HUNT.

We stood where the snake-like ivy
  Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young night sparkled
  The sky with her cream-like stars.
The clover was red beneath us—
  The air had a smell of June—
The cricket chirped in the grasses,
  And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows out on the meadow,
  Distorted, lank, and tall;
His shadow was kissing my shadow—
  That was the best of all.
My heart leaped up as he whispered,
  "I love you, Margery Lee,"
For then one arm of his shadow
  Went round the shadow of me.

"I love you, Margery, darling,
  Because you are young and fair;
For your eyes' bewildering blueness,
  And the gold of your curling hair;
No Queen has hands that are whiter,
  No lark has a voice so sweet,
And your ripe young lips are redder
  Than the clover at our feet.

"My heart will break with its fullness,
  Like a cloud o'ercharged with rain;
O, tell me, Margery, darling,
  How long must I love in vain?"
With blushes and smiles I answered—
  I will not tell what—just then
I saw that his saucy shadow
  Was kissing my shadow again.

He promised to love me only—
  I promised to love but him—
Till the moon fell out of the heavens,
  And the stars with age grew dim.
Oh, the strength of man's devotion!
  Oh, the vows a woman speaks!
'Tis years since that blush of rapture
  Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found gold that was brighter
  Than that of my floating curls,
And married a cross-eyed widow,
  With a dozen grown-up girls.
And I—did I pine and languish?
  Did I weep my blue eyes sore?
Or break my heart, do you fancy,
  For love that was mine no more?

I stand to-night in the meadow,
  Where Harry and I stood then,
And the moon has drawn two shadows
  Out over the grass again;
And a low voice keeps repeating—
  So close to my startled ear,
That the shadows melt together—
  "I love you, Margery, dear.

"'Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson,
  And not for your eyes' soft blue,
But because your heart is tender,
  And noble, and pure, and true."
The voice is dearer than Harry's;
  And so I am glad, you see,
He married the cross-eyed widow,
  Instead of Margery Lee.

Select Story.

IN THE HOLLOW OAK.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I used to think there was nothing else in the world so absurd or nonsensical as a ghost story, because I had not the slightest belief in ghosts or apparitions. I think all of us change more or less in our views and belief as we go on in life, and many things which we scoff at in early days, we learn to think more seriously about as we grow older, and begin to doubt the wisdom of our earlier and rasher judgment.

Perhaps there are no such things as ghosts. I am not prepared to say that there are, and I cannot say that there are not. Let me tell you my story. Then you can tell for yourself whether I have had good reason for revoking my early decision regarding the utter and downright absurdity of ghosts.

I was in Rome. I had been in Europe a year. I had visited all places of interest, and in a few weeks more would start for America.

It was one of the most beautiful evenings I ever knew. The sky was beautifully clear and blue. The moon shone with a silver glow over the quiet city, and touched the hills lying outside the walls with a white and lovely radiance, that made them seem like a glimpse of some enchanted land. Below me and around me, the houses had a strangely quiet air about them, as if they had suddenly gone to sleep.

I was sitting in one of those little projecting windows which one so often sees in houses in Rome and other Italian cities. A net-work of vines clambered about it. Before me all was bright and radiant. The hour was quite late; I had stayed up to smoke a cigar or two before going to bed, and the honest Romans were, that moment, most likely sleeping the sleep of the just. At any rate, no sound of life came floating up to my ears from any part of the city.

Suddenly the houses faded out of sight; the hills were lost in the white glory of the moonlight. Before me drifted a vapor that was strangely luminous; it floated up about my window, and gradually a shape grew out of it. It was like a shadow growing out of a shadow. I can think of no other way of describing the strange something that took shape before me, and assumed the likeness of a man. For a moment I shut my eyes, half frightened; but as if fascinated by what I had seen, I opened them again, and there before me stood Roy Grayle. His features had all the distinctness of life. I saw that there were traces of pain in the pale and ghastly face.

"Roy!" I cried.

"Yes, I am Roy," he answered, and his voice had a strange, far-off sound in it. "I am here to tell you to look into the hollow oak at Densmere. There you will find proof of who has done this;" and as he spoke, he lifted his hand and pointed to what I had not seen before, a gaping, bleeding wound in his breast.

Suddenly I thought of Roy Grayle. Roy and I had been the best of friends in by-gone days. We had been students together, and in after life we had kept up the friendship which school-life begun. Of all my friends, I counted Roy first. We had kept up a correspondence during my tour on the continent, and I looked forward to my meeting with him as one of the pleasantest events of my return.

At thought of him, a strange sensation flashed over me. It was much the same kind of feeling that we have when we feel that some one is looking at us earnestly, and look up to see the eyes of some person fixed steadily on our face. It seemed that Roy was near me. I could feel his presence.

And then came a sound like the rustling of the wind, and the figure grew dim, and dimmer, and was gone.

Had I been dreaming? I shook myself. I got up and walked about. I was as wide awake as ever I was in my life. If I had not been dreaming, what was it I had seen?

A month later, I started for America. Two weeks of pleasant sailing brought the shores of home in sight.

The first person I met, as I stepped ashore, was Carl Devereux. He gave me a cordial hand shaking, and calling a cab, we got into it and rode toward the hotel where I always stopped when in town.

"Have you heard that terrible story about Roy Grayle's being murdered?" asked Carl, suddenly.

"Was it on the 25th of June?" I asked, and did it happen at Densmere?"

"Yes," he answered. "They wrote to you about it, I see. I thought perhaps you might not have heard of it."

"I have not," I said; and then I told him what I had seen. He heard my story, with a strange, awed look in his face.

"Percival," he said, when I finished, "I will go up to Densmere with you to-morrow, and search for the 'hollow oak,' this ghostly visitant of yours told you about. Why shouldn't there be as much reason to put confidence in that part of the strange story, as in any of it?"

"I will go," I answered.

And on the morrow we went up to Densmere, where Roy Grayle had been spending the Summer, when he was murdered by some person of whom no clue had ever been obtained. The sad event had broken up the company that had gathered there, and it had scattered to the four winds of heaven.

We went up to the house, and Mr. Grosvenor gave us a cordial welcome. When I told my story, and why we were there, his face wore a puzzled, half incredulous expression.

"I don't understand it," he said. "It has too much of the supernatural about it for me to comprehend it readily. However, we can look for the 'hollow oak' you speak about. I am not aware that there is an oak tree on the premises. There may be, however. I have but little faith in any kind of ghost stories and spiritual manifestations."

We set out on our search. The beeches grew thick and tall, on all sides, but no oak trees.

"I am afraid your ghost was drawing on his imagination when he spoke of an oak tree," said Mr. Grosvenor.

"Isn't that an oak leaf?" cried Percival, stooping down and picking up a leaf. Sure enough, it was.

Looking up, we saw a crooked limb projecting over our heads from a thicket of young beeches. The top of the oak had broken off years before, and only this one branch remained.

I dashed into the thicket. There was the body of a great oak tree, and about four feet from its roots, a hollow large enough for the insertion of a man's arm.

I never was more excited in my life, and yet, outwardly, I was cool and composed. I thrust my arm into the aperture, and drew out a knife and a piece of paper. I opened and read:

"DEAR SIR:—Hearing that you were stopping at Densmere, I take the liberty of addressing you, and asking if a person calling himself Manuel Garcia, and claiming to be a Garcia of the New Orleans family of that name, is stopping there? If he is, beware of him. He is an impostor, a gambler, and a villain, that should not be tolerated in the society in which he has thrust himself. If you have any doubts of the truth of my story, write to Sabastian Garcia, 27 Rue de Annuncion, New Orleans, and he will tell you that the man who has borrowed an old and honorable name is a liar and a villain, who would no sooner show his face in New Orleans than he would dare to enter a lion's den. The latter place would be the safer of the two. I have kept track of this man, whose name is Gonzales Duprez, for years, and he cannot hide himself away from me under the cloak of a false name. Ask him if he remembers Marie St. Mary, and call him Duprez, and see if he will not turn pale with fear and guilt."

"I see how it must have been," said Grosvenor, after I had read the letter to them. "Roy Grayle had been to the village for letters, and was returning when he was murdered. That much we know. He must have received this letter. Probably he had met the man who had foisted himself off upon us as Manuel Garcia, and charged him with being an imposter. To save himself from detection and exposure, Garcia killed him, secured the letter, and concealed it, with the knife with which he stabbed his victim. It is strange, but not one of us ever suspected Garcia of the murder. Not so strange, either, for we knew of no quarrel between him and Grayle. They had always seemed on good terms."

Two days after, we started for the place we heard Garcia, *alias* Duprez, was staying, taking an officer with us.

We found him lounging on the steps of the hotel.

"Manuel Garcia, otherwise Gonzales Duprez, I arrest you for the murder of Roy Grayle," said the officer, putting his hand on his shoulder. "You are my prisoner."

Garcia turned ghastly pale. He strove to speak, but fear seemed to have paralyzed his tongue.

"Don't deny it," said the officer. We have the proofs. We found them in the hollow oak."

Garcia made a full confession of his guilt, when he learned how he had been brought to justice. His Spanish superstition was strong, and the idea of a ghostly witness against him frightened the truth from him. If not a ghost, *what was it?*

THE DEVIL.

An Old Miller of Douglas County, Missouri, Confronted by a Monster of Fiery Breath.

We were informed, the other day, by a person recently from Bryant, that the devil has evidently made his appearance over there. The other evening, about dusk, old man Watkins walked down to his mill, about three miles from his residence, and on his return from the mill he discovered a horrible monster—a creature beyond human ingenuity to describe. He was girdled about with chains, and his breath, when exhaled, was a blaze of ignited brimstone. He was of immense size, and seemed to travel with perfect ease, and without noise, save the rattling of his chains.

As he approached, old man Watkins (who is well known here) took fright at the Old Boy, as is natural for all Adamites when they come in contact with Satan or any of his imps, and he started with as much velocity as his tottering "pegs" could get up. We can't say that the farther he went the faster he traveled, for 'tis said he ran "with all brakes raised" from the first jump, and that the faster he ran the more frightened he became; and he reported this monster—Devil, or whatever it might have been—to have been in close pursuit of him, and traveling with accelerated speed. The old gent's breath lasted him till he got to the door of his home, when, 'tis said, he was overtaken by the "Old Scratcher" and fell breathless on the door-step, as he uttered vehemently, "Betsy! he's got me!" Betsy came immediately to his relief, but saw—nothing. She took him in, and bathed him with camphor and cold water until he recovered. Then he repeated the story to Betsy and the family, consisting of a married son and his wife, somewhat as here given.

It seems that that little corner of creation is a favorite spot of the "Old Fellow's." About three years ago two young men, James Lessinger and Dock Daves, were traveling up the Prairie Hollow one evening, not far from where Mr. W. lives. Mr. Daves was carrying an ax on his shoulder. Presently they heard something in their rear, and on looking round they beheld just such a devil as old uncle Jo described. They started to run, and it overtook them in a few seconds. Dawes threw his ax at it, but missed it; or, at least, if he struck it, the blow did not impede its progress. It followed them about three miles, and the greater part of the time was within a few feet of them.

Mr. Delsinger, who lives in this County, about ten miles from Ava, avers that there is no humbug in the story—that this is undoubtedly a real devil which has been seen as above related.—*Douglas County, Mo., Leader.*

Thurman Gives Hayes a Case.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* recalls the following incident in the career of Gov. Hayes: "I first knew Rutherford B. Hayes when he came to Cincinnati from the Maumee country to practice at the bar. He came friendless, poor, and without patrons. I saw him, for I was on the bench at the time, frequently sitting alone, a pale, blue-eyed, heavy-browed young man, evidently shy and not hopeful. One day a wretched idiot girl was arraigned for murder. She was the most forlorn specimen of unfinished humanity ever charged with crime. Her face, horribly out of drawing, was without a spark of intelligence. She gazed upon the Court as though she were a dumb animal making a feeble and pitiable attempt to comprehend the meaning of what was going on around, and of which she seemed to have a vague feeling that she was the centre and one object of attention. She was poor, and without an attorney to defend her. It became necessary to select one. "Who shall it be?" asked Judge Thurman, of us, his associates, for it was in the District Court. I suggested the pale young gentleman as a modest sort of a man, who seemed without practice, and Thurman responded, "Certainly, who is he?" We had to ask the clerk, who informed us, Rutherford B. Hayes; and so Mr. Hayes was called upon to defend the poor idiot. He did so in such a masterly manner that he not only acquitted the girl, but won the admiration of the entire bar, and made an opening for a lucrative practice."

SAM TILDEN is a sour, cross, crusty, selfish, old bachelor, over three-score years old, whose blood runs legitimately in the veins of no human creature. The women are not likely to distress themselves very greatly to secure his election.

Miscellany.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

The dew lay glittering on the grass,
  A mist lay on the brook;
At the earliest beam of the golden sun,
  The swallow her nest forsook.
The snowy bloom of the hawthorn tree
  Lay thickly, the ground adorning;
The birds were singing in every bush,
  At five o'clock in the morning.

And Bessie, the milkmaid, merrily sang,
  For the meadows were fresh and fair;
The breeze of the morning kissed her brow,
  And played with her nut-brown hair;
But oft she turned and looked around,
  As if the silence scorning;
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe,
  At five o'clock in the morning.

And over the meadow the mowers came,
  And merry their voices rang;
And one among them wended his way
  To where the milkmaid sang;
And, as he lingered by her side,
  Despite his comrade's warning,
The old, old story was told again,
  At five o'clock in the morning.

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

The battle of the Boyne, which the beligerent Protestant and Catholic Irish are so anxious to fight over again, occurred on the 1st of July, 1690, O. S., on the Boyne river, in the southern part of Meath county, Ireland. The Catholic James II. had been driven from his kingdom, and the Protestant William and Mary of Orange were upon the English throne. James had broken faith with his English Protestant supporters, by doing everything he could devise to re-establish the Catholic faith in the kingdom, and relied for support on his co-religionists, who did not then number a hundredth part of the nation. The difficulties arising from the religious squabbles incited by his conduct, the struggle between himself and Parliament, the terror with which the judiciary under the infamous Jeffries inspired the people, and finally the invitation of the Protestant nobility of the kingdom to William of Orange to come over and become the King of England, constituted the chief causes of the English revolution of 1688, in Novemper of which year William landed in England at the head of 14,000 men. James was abandoned by the army and people, and fled to France. The Highland clans of Scotland and the Irish Catholics took up arms in favor of James, while he was rusticating in France. Louis XIV. also espoused his cause, and furnished him with a fleet, with which he set sail for Ireland in the spring of 1689. In June of the following year, William set sail for Ireland, and two days later James was on his way to the Irish camp, pitched on the frontier of Lienster. Under both monarchs a motley army was collected, expressing Catholicity and Protestantism rather than genuine love of land or hope of military glory. With William were Protestants of England, Ireland, and almost every spot on the continent; the bulk of James' army was French and Irish. James desired a pitched battle between Liemster and Ulster; but as William marched forward, James retreated, until the valley of the Boyne was reached, and on the banks of the beautiful river the Orange and Green decided to end the issue. James had probably 30,000 men. Their inefficiency in this struggle was certainly not owing to cowardice, for the Irish troops have been on almost every battlefield of Europe among the best fighters, and their record in their own rebellion is not eclipsed by that of any other nationality. But they had been so viciously trained that they were good for nothing as soldiers, and starvation and misery do not put backbone in men. James himself was no soldier.

At daybreak, on the 1st of July, both armies were in motion. On the morning of the previous day, William had breakfasted on the grass, and a group of Irish officers, looking over the stream, which was not at that point two hundred feet wide, discovered the royal colors, and sent shot over enough to wound William in the arm, fill the English with dismay, and craze the allied French and Irish with delirious joy, for they believed the victory already won. But despite his wound, William remained in the saddle nineteen hours, and on the morning of the 1st reviewed his troops, who were wild with enthusiasm.

The struggle began at once, and was soon ended. Against the advice of his generals, William determined to attack his foes, and compelled a portion of his army to make a march through the river. The water reached to the men's armpits. While this movement was attracting the attention of the waiting Irish, William prepared to pass the river above Drogheda, with the centre of his army. As the English infantry breasted the stream, shouts of exultation arose from their foes on the opposite bank, yet the moment the Englishmen reached the shore, the whole Irish line broke in disorder, fled under the very eyes of the brave Tyrconnel, who stood aghast with astonishment, and the victory was already accorded to the Protestants. Whole regiments of the Irish fled like sheep, "throwing away arms, colors, and cloaks, and scampering off to the hills, without striking a blow or firing a shot."

Biographical.

George A. Custer was born in New Rumley, Ohio, Dec. 5, 1839. He graduated at West Point Military Academy, in 1861, and the civil war having broken out, he was appointed second lieutenant of cavalry, and was present at the battle of Bull Run, and afterward was employed in the defense of Washington. From October 1, 1861, to February, 1862, he was absent on sick leave. After recovering, he joined the army, and was additional aide de-camp to Gen. McClellan, during the campaign on the Peninsula, and that of Maryland, being captain of staff. He served through the entire war, and took part in more than sixty engagements in which cavalry were employed. In the volunteer service he reached the rank of major-general. He was mustered out of the volunteer service February 1, 1866. In the regular army he received several promotions, the highest being that of brevet major general. His regular rank, however, was that of lieutenant colonel. As such in the 7th cavalry, he was, in July, 1866, ordered to frontier duty in the northwest. About 1872, the Indians in his region began to be troublesome, and Custer was engaged in many encounters with them, with almost uniform success. In the summer of 1874, he conducted a large military and scientific expedition into a region among the Blue mountains, hitherto wholly unexplored, which was found to be well watered and fertile, and apparently abounding in mineral wealth. He has published, from time to time, papers in various periodicals, describing his experience in this region. These, with more or less revision, have been published in a separate volume, "Life on the Plains," New York, 1874.

HOW GOVERNOR HAYES WENT INTO THE ARMY.—He went into the army as a private, an event which happened in this way: Stanley Matthews, of Cincinnati, and Hayes were old schoolfellows, and when the war broke out, they agreed to raise a regiment between them. Men enough offered to form two regiments, but when they picked their number, and brought them on here to Columbus, to offer their services to Governor Denison, they found there was some jealousy among the officers at having two lawyers put over their heads, so in a spirit of patriotism and harmony, both men went in as privates.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HOW THEY LOOK.—Mr. Blaine is above medium height, with brown hair, and full beard tinged with grey, blue eyes, and will weigh about 170. Mr. Morton is medium stature, rather heavy build, mustache and chin beard, grey eyes, and will weigh about 180. Mr. Conkling is rather tall, slim, full beard, blue eyes, sandy hair, and will weigh about 165. Mr. Hayes is of medium stature, compactly built, high forehead, florid complexion, brown hair and beard tinged with grey, and will weigh about 175.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"SOOCH a leetle man as Zammy Teelden for President!" exclaimed Dom Pedro, bringing a magnifying glass to bear on the Governor. "Some day he falls into ze rat-hole and gets lost.

HELMBOLD went insane, and now Doctor Ayer is a lunatic. It is too much strain on a man's nerve tissues—trying to cure everything for a dollar.—*Danbury News.*

MANASSAS.

A Visit to Our First Battle Field—Interesting Reminiscences and Comparisons—Present Condition of the Field and its Surroundings—Bull Run and Waterloo Compared.

Five o'clock in the morning is not my "best hold" for sentiment or duty. I had rather be called to each service at a later hour. But if I would leave for the South at 9, and not lose a precious day on the way, I must, if I would see this field, be up at this unseemly hour—anything for duty or curiosity. The hour comes, and the men. Four of us climb into an open wagon, and two horses speedily drag us from Manassas Junction to the battle field. Not so did they go hence on that July week twelve years ago. "Ah, then there was mounting in hot haste," but not such mounting as this. Beauregard on his blooded beast, and his subordinates leaped into the saddle; the Black Horse Cavalry curveted on those spacious plains; artillery wagons rattled heavily across the fields; soldiers marched soldierly—gray backed, but not gray bearded—to front, which was their rear; for the battle of Bull Run was made by a flank movement of the national army, attempting to get between the enemy and their base of supplies. Our wagon goes by the side of Manassas Gap Railroad, so familiar and so dreaded a name in our history, a mile and a half (no gap here, but a usual upland plain), crosses it, and proceeds northwesterly along rough roads, half hilly and half level, among scant fields and scantier forests, till it reaches an opening five miles on, which gives us views of the general landscape about the field, though not the field itself. A few houses are scattered about, some of them prettily embosomed in trees, the one of a Mr. Wheeler, a member of the church South, being especially attractive outwardly.

A short half a mile through a wood brings us to the hill slope that commands and concluded the battle. Look from this spot, where we come out of the forest fence, upon the vision of the whole field. There is a descent, not steep, of a quarter of a mile to where this road crosses the Washington pike that goes from Alexandria to Warrington, some dozen miles beyond. Near the four corners is a stone house. Beyond it the land raises, sharp in hillock and hollow, to a broad level upland, a mile away, cleared on its front of woods, and stretching, an unusual opening, a mile or so. At the junction of these roads is a rivulet, called Young's Branch, which empties itself into the more famous, though less deservedly famous, Bull Run, some mile or more to the north.

That level slope before those woods, that stone house and rivulet, and these uplands, where we come out and pause to paint the picture—how poorly?—are the main features of that bloody opening of a bloodier following. They are not unlike Waterloo, except that in the latter case the valley is wider and smoother, the Wellington or hither hill abrupter and the opposite uplands broader.

On that farther slope, on Sunday morning, July 21, deployed the 50,000 troops under McDowell; on this rested those those of Beauregard. The advance was made across that rough ravine on the line here located. The first onset was half way between the two lines, on a hill back of the stone house. The enemy was forced back into the ravine and up this bloody slope. Terrible fighting ensued around that stone house. It was not made a fortification, as was the farm house of La Hogue Sainte, which stood in almost exactly the same relative position to the contending armies at Waterloo. It would probably have been no use to either general for such a purpose. At its well soldiers would crowd to get a drink, regardless of life in their passionate thirst on that hot day, and were shot down as they rested from the combat around that well. One feels David's thirst for the well of Bethlehem, and its cost, as he hears these stories.

As in Waterloo the effort was to dislodge the troops stationed on the nether hilltop, so was it here. McDowell intended to force Beauregard back on Manassas, and so get him between himself and the national forts. The most of the battle, therefore, here, as there, took place upon the nearer hillside and hilltop. Up this road, again and again, the battle raged. It has on its side a ravine, the bed of the old road, abandoned and washed into deep gullies. That cut was full of dead and wounded horses and men, "rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent." On the left and side of the road, up a gradual incline, the Black Horse Cavalry were cut to pieces by the Ellsworth zonaves, many of whom were also cut to pieces, and their red leggings have often been picked up along the farther wooded edges of the field.

But the chief seat of the battle was on the right of the road, and on this hill, in this too resembling Waterloo. Just at its edge is a gate that admits to the premises of Mr. Henry, whose house, a few rods off, one room at the base, and two-storied, stands where the thickest of the battle raged. It is on the edge of an east slope, while back of it and around it lies a large open space of twenty acres, or more. Our troops pushed their fraternal foes up to this house and fired, but pushed them no further. It was in the rear of this field that Jackson held his troops so compact and unbroken that Gen. Lee, pointing to him, said: "See Jackson! he is as steady as a stone wall;" and hence arose his famous name. In this house lay an old lady, sick; she was wounded. They tried to get her away, but were compelled to go back, and she was killed by a shot, and lies buried in her own yard—a sad proof of the dread impartiality of war. One of her daughters, now living here, it is said, stood in the chimney all that awful day, smothered by the heat and blinded by the soot.—*Zion's Herald*, 1873.

Count Louis Joseph Narcisse Marchand.

The splendor and decline of the first Empire are recalled by the death yesterday in France of Count Louis Joseph Narcisse Marchand, a faithful follower of Napoleon I. Born in Paris in 1791, he studied at the Lyceum, and in 1811 entered the service of Maria Louisa, whence he was transferred to that of her husband, the Emperor. Henceforth he shared the fortunes of his chief. He accompanied him to Elba, remained faithful to him amid the reverses of the Hundred Days, and finally went with the dethroned monarch to St. Helena. In their island home Marchand wrote frequently from Napoleon's dictation, and was made by him editor of the manuscript on Cæsar's wars which he had prepared during his captivity. In his last days Napoleon gave to Marchand several articles of his toilet which he wished him to deliver to his son, then residing in Austria. Marchand tried faithfully to fulfill the emperor's wish, but was prevented by the guardians of the young prince. In his will Napoleon likewise showed his confidence in his faithful adherent. "I leave," said he, "to Marchand, my first valet-de-chamber, 400,000 francs; the services he has performed for me are those of a friend. I desire that he may marry a widow, sister or daughter of an officer or soldier of my Old Guard." Napoleon also made him, with Counts Montholon and Bertrand, his testamentary executor, bequeathing him a diamond collar, 50,000 francs in cash, part of the furniture of Longwood, and one third of the library. Returning to Paris in 1822, Count Marchand married, in accordance with Napoleon's wish, the daughter of an officer of the "Old Guard," Gen. Brayer, to whom Napoleon had bequeathed 100,000 francs. In 1836, Count Marchand published Napoleon's manuscript on Cæsar's wars, and was made a member of the Legion of Honor in 1840, when Napoleon's remains were brought to France from St. Helena. An April, 1861, when the remains were placed in the crypt of the Invalides, Count Marchand was promoted to the rank of officer in the Legion. In 1870, the old count saw the Napoleon dynasty overthrown, and France again occupied by foreign troops.—*N. Y. Tribune*, 22.

A YOUNG man who started for the Black Hills, halted twenty miles this side of the objective point and commenced to dig, and the result was a quarter of a pound of lead inside of fifteen minutes. He dug it out of his leg, where it had been deposited by a noble red man.

THE potato bug has also entered upon the spring campaign. Murphy is his favorite thus far.—*N. Y. Express.*

A NEW YORK hotel keeper didn't know Hayes, and put him up in the attic.

UNCLE JO.

BY ALICE CARY.

I have in memory a little story,
  That few indeed would rhyme about but me;
'Tis not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,
  Although a little colored with the three—
In very truth, I think as much, perchance,
As most tales disembodied from romance.

Jo lived about the village, and was neighbor
  To every one who had hard work to do;
If he possessed a genius, 'twas for labor,
  Most people thought; but there were one or two,
Who sometimes said, when he arose to go:
"Come in again, and see us, Uncle Jo."

The "Uncle" was a courtesy they gave,
  And felt they could afford to give to him—
Just as the master makes of some good slave
  An Aunt Jemima, or an Uncle Jim.
And of this dubious kindness Jo was glad—
Poor fellow, it was all he ever had!

A mile or so away, he had a brother—
  A rich, proud man, that people didn't hire;
But Jo had neither sister, wife nor mother,
  And baked his corn-cake at his cabin fire,
After the day's work—hard for you or me,
But he was never tired—how could he be!

They called him dull, but he had eyes of quickness
  For everybody that he could befriend;
Said one and all: "How kind he is in sickness"—
  But there, of course, his kindness had an end.
Another praise there was, might have been given,
For one or more days out of every seven—

With his old pick-axe swung across his shoulder,
  And downcast eyes, and slow and sober tread,
He sought the place of graves, and each beholder
  Wondered and asked some other who was dead;
But when he digged all day, nobody thought
That he had done a whit more than he ought.

At length, one Winter, when the sunbeams slanted
  Faintly and cold across the church-yard snow,
The bell tolled out—alas! a grave was wanted,
  And all looked anxiously for Uncle Joe:
His spade stood there against his own roof-tree;
There was his pick-axe, too—but where was he!

They called, and called again, but no replying;
  Smooth at the window, and about the door,
The snow in cold and heavy drifts was lying—
  He didn't need the daylight any more.
One shook him roughly, and another said:
"As true as preaching, Uncle Jo is dead!"

And when they wrapped him in the linen, fairer
  And finer, too, than he had worn till then,
They found a picture—haply of the sharer
  Of sunny hope some time; or where or when,
They did not care to know, but closed his eyes,
And placed it in the coffin where he lies.

None wrote his epitaph, nor saw the beauty
  Of the pure love that reached into the grave,
Nor how in unobtrusive ways of duty
  He kept, despite the dark; but men less brave
Have left great names, while not a willow bends
Above his dust—poor Jo, he had no friends!

THE CONVENTION OF 1860.

How Lincoln Was Nominated Over Seward, at Chicago, Sixteen Years Ago.

From the second volume of Henry Wilson's "History of the Slave Power," the following description of Lincoln's nomination in 1860, will be of interest:

Having adopted its platform, the convention proceeded to the work of selecting candidates. Mr. Evarts, of New York, nominated Mr. Seward, and Mr. Judd, of Illinois, nominated Mr. Lincoln. Cameron, Chase, Bates, and Judge McLean were also put in nomination. But it was at once apparent that the contest lay between the first two, though on the adjournment, after these names had been put in nomination, it was found that the friends of Mr. Seward were far more confident of success than were those of Mr. Lincoln. Even Mr. Greeley, who had labored incessantly to defeat it, telegraphed at midnight that Seward's nomination was probable. But while the friends of Seward were exulting in the assurances of victory, his opponents were putting forth herculean efforts for his defeat.

The men of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, all close and doubtful States, labored until long after midnight to defeat a nomination they deemed fatal to success. Henry S. Lane and Andrew J. Curtin, the Gubernatorial candidates respectively of Indiana and Pennsylvania, deeming their States, Illinois, and New Jersey the battlefield of the contest, toiled with unflagging zeal and resolution to defeat the nomination of Mr. Seward. They appealed to the delegates from the strong Republican States to consider "success rather than Seward." Their earnest, almost frantic, appeals were not unheeded, and on the reassembling of the convention, the supporters of Mr. Seward began to realize that the success of their candidate was not assured.

The controlling idea with the great body of the convention was to select from the several candidates the one who could carry those Western States which had been lost in 1856. The delegates of States presenting candidates made formal calls upon those of the other States at their respective rooms. The action of the Massachusetts delegation drew out an expression which foreshadowed in a measure the final result. Having been waited upon by the delegations of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Illinois, and Indiana, each pressing with great earnestness the difficulty, if not impossibility, of carrying either for Mr. Seward, on motion of Ensign H. Kellogg a committee consisting of himself, Edward L. Pierce, and J. H. Dunbar, was appointed to wait upon the delegations of these four States, and to request them to present the names of three candidates, for either of whom those States could be carried. Illinois replied that it had been ascertained that it could be carried only for Lincoln. Indiana made similar reply. New Jersey presented the name of Mr. Dayton. Pennsylvania answered that it could be carried first for Mr. Cameron, readily for Judge McLean, and then for Mr. Lincoln. Thus it appeared that three of the four doubtful States had practically united on Mr. Lincoln.

On the first ballot Seward received 173½ votes, and Lincoln 102. On the second ballot the former received 184, and his competitor 181. On the third ballot Seward had fallen to 180 votes, and Lincoln received 231½, lacking but one vote and a half of the number necessary for a choice. David K. Carter, of Ohio, immediately arose and announced the change of four votes from his State for Mr. Lincoln. This secured his nomination. The result was received by the convention, and by the thousands assembled in and around the great wigwam, with thunders of applause. Delegation after delegation changed the vote of their States. Upon the formal declaration of the vote, William M. Evarts, though expressing his profound regret and grief at the failure of the convention to nominate Mr. Seward, moved that the nomination of Mr. Lincoln be made unanimous.

This motion was seconded by John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and Carl Schurz, of Wisconsin, with brief and pertinent speeches. Austin Blair, of Michigan, afterward Governor of that State, and a member of the House of Representatives, said that Michigan had from first to last cast her vote for the great statesman of New York; that she had nothing to take back; but that he had been put forward to say that she laid down her first, best-beloved candidate, and took up the candidate of the convention, "with some beating of the heart—with some quivering of the veins. We have followed him with an eye single, and with unwavering faith in times past, and we marshal now behind him in the grand column which shall go out to battle for Lincoln."

An Incident in the Career of Hayes.

A gentleman of this city, who was an officer in the service of the Confederacy during the War, tells how he formed the acquaintance of Rutherford B. Hayes at a critical moment in the life of that distinguished gentleman. Hayes, while Colonel of an Ohio regiment, was captured and brought into the Confederate camp, where a young officer, being intoxicated, drew a pistol and attempted to fire at him. Our informant, luckily for the Presidential candidate, seized the weapon in the hands of the intoxicated officer, and placed him under rrrest. Eventually, the surrender followed, and his rescuer met Colonel Hayes (now General) in this city, and they talked over the incident referred to, which came so near blasting all his hopes of future Presidential honors. Hayes expressed his gratitude, and assured him of any favors that might lie in his power to grant. The nomination of Mr. Hayes has reminded him forcibly of this incident, and he now has in preparation a congratulatory letter to that gentleman, timidly reminding him of that promise.—*Knoxville, Tenn., Age.*

IT is suggested that bachelor Sam. Tilden propose to Phœbe Cozzens.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

When, in the economy of Providence, this land was to be purged of human slavery, and when the strength of government of the people by the people and for the people was to be demonstrated, the Republican party came into power. Its deeds have passed into history, and we look to them with pride. Incited by their memories to high aims for the good of our country and mankind, and looking to the future with unfaltering courage, hope, and purpose, we, the representatives of the party in National Convention assembled, make the following declaration of principles:

FIRST—The United States of America is a Nation, not a league, by the combined workings of the National and State governments under their respective Constitutions. The rights of every citizen are secured at home and protected abroad, and the common welfare promoted.

SECOND—The Republican party has preserved these governments to the hundredth anniversary of the nation's birth, and they are now embodiments of the great truths spoken at its cradle, that all men are equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that for the attainment of these ends governments have been instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Until these truths are cheerfully obeyed, or, if need be, vigorously enforced, the work of the Republican party is unfinished.

THIRD—The permanent pacification of the Southern section of the Union, and the complete protection of its citizens in the free enjoyment of all their rights and duties, to which the Republican party stands sacredly pledged. The power to provide for the enforcement of the principles embodied in the recent Constitutional amendments is vested by those amendments in the Congress of the United States, and we declare it to be the solemn obligation of the legislative and executive departments of the government to put into immediate and vigorous exercise all their constitutional powers for removing any just causes of discontent on the part of any class, and for securing to every American citizen complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of all civil, political, and public rights. To this end, we imperatively demand a Congress and a Chief Executive, whose courage and fidelity to these duties shall not falter until these results are placed beyond dispute or recall.

FOURTH—In the first act of Congress signed by President Grant, the National government assumed to remove any doubts of its purpose to discharge all just obligations to the public creditors, and "solemnly pledged its faith to make provision, at the earliest practicable period, for the redemption of the United States notes in coin." Commercial prosperity, public morals, and national credit demand that the promise be fulfilled by a continuous and steady progress to specie payment.

FIFTH—Under the Constitution, the President and heads of departments are to make nominations for office, the Senate is to advise and consent to appointments, and the House of Representatives is to accuse and prosecute faithless officers. The best interest of the public service demands that these distinctions be respected; that Senators and Representatives who may be judges and accusers, should not dictate appointments to office. The invariable rule in appointments should have reference to the honesty, fidelity, and capacity of the appointees, giving to the party in power those places where harmony and vigor of administration require its policy to be represented, but permitting all others to be filled by persons selected with sole reference to the efficiency of the public service, and the right of all citizens to share in the honor of rendering faithful service to the country.

SIXTH—We rejoice in the quickened conscience of the people concerning political affairs, and will hold all public officers to a rigid responsibility, and engage that the prosecution and punishment of all who betray official trusts shall be swift, thorough, and unsparing.

SEVENTH—The public school system of the several States is the bulwark of the American Republic, and with a view to its security and permanence, we recommend an amendment to the Constitution of the United States forbidding the application of any public funds or property for the benefit of any schools or institutions under sectarian control.

EIGHTH—The revenue necessary for current expenditures and the obligations of the public debt, must be largely derived from duties upon importations, which, so far as possible, should be adjusted to promote the interests of American labor and advance the prosperity of the whole country.

NINTH—We reaffirm our opposition to further grants of the public lands to corporations and monopolies, and demand that the National domain be devoted to the free uses of the people.

TENTH—It is the imperative duty of the government so to modify existing treaties with European governments that the same protection shall be afforded to adopted American citizens that is given to the native born, and that all necessary laws should be passed to protect emigrants, in the absence of power in the States for that purpose.

ELEVENTH—It is the immediate duty of Congress to fully investigate the effect of the immigration and importation of Mongolians upon the moral and material interests of the country.

TWELFTH—The Republican party recognizes with approval the substantial advances recently made toward the establishment of equal rights for women by the many important amendments effected by Republican Legislatures, in the laws which concern the personal and property relations of wives, mothers, and widows, and by the appointment and election of women to the superintendence of education, charities, and other public trusts. The honest demands of this class of citizens for additional rights, privileges, and immunities should be treated with respectful consideration.

THIRTEENTH—The Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign powers over the Territories of the United States, for their government, and in the exercise of this power it is the right and duty of Congress to prohibit and extirpate in the Territories that relic of parbarism, polygamy; and we demand such legislation as shall secure this end and the supremacy of American institutions in all the Territories.

FOURTEENTH—The pledges which the Nation has given to her soldiers and sailors must be fulfilled, and a grateful people will always hold those who imperilled their lives for the country's preservation in the kindest remembrance.

FIFTEENTH—We sincerely deprecate all sectional feeling and tendencies. We, therefore, note with deep solicitude, that the Democratic party counts, as its chief hope of success, upon the electoral vote of a united South, secured through the efforts of those who were recently arrayed against the Nation, and we invoke the earnest attention of the country to the grave truth that a success thus achieved would reopen sectional strife, and imperil National honor and human rights.

SIXTEENTH—We charge the Democratic party with being the same in character and spirit as when it sympathized with treason; with making its control of the House of Representatives the triumph and opportunity of the Nation's recent foes; with reasserting and applauding in the National Capitol the sentiment of unrepentant rebellion; with sending Union soldiers to the rear, and promoting Confederate soldiers to the front; with deliberately proposing to repudiate the plighted faith of the government; with being equally false and imbecile upon the overshadowing financial questions; with thwarting the ends of justice by its partisan mismanagement and obstruction of investigation; with proving itself, through the period of its ascendency in the Lower House of Congress, utterly incompetent to administer the government, and we warn the country against trusting a party thus alike unworthy, recreant, and incapable.

SEVENTEENTH—The National Administration merits commendation for its honorable work in the management of foreign and domestic affairs, and President Grant deserves the continued hearty gratitude of the American people for his patriotism, and his eminent services in war and in peace.

PATIENT INDUSTRY is not always rewarded. There is a convict in the Albany Penitentiary, who toiled not less than eighteen months to perfect a false key. It was completed Thursday, and that very day the guard took it from him.

LITTLE NELL.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Spring, with breezes light and airy,
Opened on a little fairy;
Ever restless, making merry,
She, with pouting lips of cherry,
Lisped the words she could not master,
Vexed that she might speak no faster;
Laughing, running, playing, dancing,
Mischief all her joys enhancing;
Full of baby mirth and glee,
It was a joyous sight to see
          Sweet LITTLE NELL.

Summer came—the green earth's lover,
Ripening the tufted clover;
Calling down the glittering showers,
Breathing on the buds and flowers;
Rivaling young, pleasant May,
In a generous holiday.
Smallest insects hummed a tune
Through the blessed nights of June,
And the maiden sang *her* song
Through the days, so bright and long—
          Dear LITTLE NELL!

Autumn came—the leaves were falling,
Death the little one was calling;
Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to us she seemed still dearer,
As the trial hour drew nearer.
But she left us, hopeless, lonely,
Watching by her semblance only;
And a little grave they made her—
In the church-yard cold they laid her—
Laid her softly down to rest,
With a white rose on her breast—
          Poor LITTLE NELL!

GOVERNOR HAYES AND JOHN MORGAN.

In the latter part of June, 1863, General Hayes had been ordered by General Scammon to make a raid on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, to cut and destroy it as much as possible. At this time, Lee was marching north toward Gettysburg, and Grant was besieging Vicksburg. Hayes executed successfully his movement, and was marching rapidly back to Scammon's headquarters, when he received the intelligence of Lee's defeat and the fall of Vicksburg, which filled his command with intense enthusiasm. But there was a drawback in their exultation in the further intelligence that John Morgan had made a great circuit in Indiana and Ohio, and was at that time crossing the Scioto below Chillicothe and making for Gallipolis, where there were immense government stores, which he could destroy and escape across the river into Kentucky, loaded with the immense plunder of the stores, towns, and farms of Ohio. General Hobson, it will be remembered, was a day's march in the rear.

The happy thought occurred to Hayes that, by continued forced marches to the head of navigation on the Kanawha, and getting on steamboats due there the next morning, it would be possible to reach Gallipolis in time to head off Morgan, and save the army supplies there, worth $1,000,000. His command consisted of about 1,200 cavalry, and, worn out as they were by the march, they received the General's proposition for another forced march to save Gallipolis and capture Morgan, with wild hurrahs. General Scammon heartily seconded the movement, and after a short rest they pushed onward for the boats, and by riding all day and night had the happiness to reach the river in time to see the fleet steaming up to the landing. To get on board, to find food and rest for man and horse, after their tremendous effort, did not require much time, and the boats soon turned backward to Gallipolis.

All day and the following night the steamers were forced forward, and at daylight the next morning reached their destination; and they were not a moment too soon, for John Morgan was within six miles of the town, and there were no troops there to dispute his entrance. Hayes moved forward at once with his forces, and he had not proceeded a mile when he sighted the advance skirmishers of Morgan. Morgan's men halted, and the officers could be seen holding a council. They were evidently taken aback at the sight of an army, and Hayes had taken care to display his troops in the largest proportion possible. Morgan evidently thought Scammon's whole force was there to capture him. If he had known that there were but twelve hundred cavalry, it is entirely probable that he would have consolidated his four or five thousand men, and tried to cut his way through. And Hayes felt his disparity of numbers, but hoped with rested troops, who were wrought up to the highest purpose, to defeat the great raider, he could, at least, hold the town until succor arrived. But Morgan did not pause to offer battle. Hobson was in his rear, and a fleet was on its way from Cincinnati to prevent his crossing, so he turned quickly to the eastward, and made haste for Pomeroy. Hayes, with equal celerity, boarded his boats again, and arrived in time to head Morgan off again. The race was now for the crossing at Buffington Island. Hayes pressed onward, by the river, and by this time had been joined by the Cincinnati troops. They reached the bend just in time to see the head of Morgan's column attempting to cross, attacked it, and captured nearly the whole force, with their enormous pillage; and such a spectacle was never exhibited before. The stores had been gutted for 300 miles, and every vehicle on the road captured to hold and convey the plunder. Besides, the horses were loaded with calico, blankets, muslins, shoes, ribbons, tinware, glassware, crockery, hats, caps, stockings, and every article that could be attached to the saddle, bridle, and other harness; and this for an army of 4,000 horses in superb savage raggedness, yet radiant with their bountiful spoils. John Morgan, with a part of his forces, saved themselves by another turn and flight, but as will be recollected, was captured away up toward Pittsburg, and his career was closed and Gallipolis saved.

To General Hayes is due the conception of the plan, not only to save the town, but to cut short in woful defeat, the desperate raider, so near an escape to Kentucky with his immense booty, and more than all, the successful accomplishment of a vast and destructive circuit through the rich and populous States of Indiana and Ohio. It would have rivaled, if not surpassed, Sherman's march to the sea.—*Cincinnati Times.*

A Hundred Years Ago.

A hundred years ago. Not a very long time when we remember that scientists reckon the age of the world all the way from sixty thousand to sixty million years; that China and India can trace a recorded history back at least four thousand years; that Rome existed five hundred years as a kingdom and republic before she yielded to the deadly despotism of an empire; that this empire has been dead fifteen hundred years; that it is eight hundred years since the Norman conquest made modern England possible; that it is thirteen hundred years since Clovis made Paris the capital of France; that it is a thousand years since Charlemagne was emperor of Germany; that it is fourteen hundred years since Adolphus founded the kingdom of the Visigoths in Spain, and eleven hundred since the Saracens established their power on Spanish soil; that it is eight hundred years since Ruric planted the seed which has produced imperial Russia; that it is six hundred years since Rudolph of Hapsburg began the present reigning family in Austria; that it is five hundred years since Switzerland declared her independence; that it is fifteen hundred years since Fergus I. was crowned king of Scotland, and more than fourteen hundred since St. Patrick arrived in Ireland.—*St. Louis Republican.*

HOW INDIAN NAMES ORIGINATE.—The Sioux Indians name their papooses after events transpiring at the time of their birth. As illustrative of this peculiar trait, Red Cloud is known to have taken that name from the fact that the western sky was overspread with red clouds at the moment of his birth, while the bringing in of a captive horse with a spotted tail gave the now great chief the singular cognomen of Spotted Tail. Sitting Bull received the name because a buffalo bull was, by a lucky shot, thrown upon its haunches, in plain sight of his mother's tepee at the natal hour, while the cavortings of a fractious pony furnished a name for the redoubtable Crazy Horse.

"IF you wish to visit the tomb of your country's father, just jump into my carriage," said a Washington hack-driver to Dom Pedro.

SENATOR CONKLING says that Mrs. Hayes is the handsomest woman in Ohio. *She* never called him a turkey-gobbler.