

MR. SPENCER WROTE IT.

"ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME" AND ITS AUTHOR.

The Song Sung at the Hunter-Crossley Meetings—Attributed to Bryant—An Old Book Found Which Proves the Authorship—The Poem in its Original Form.

BOSTON, April 22.—The popularity of the verses entitled "One Hundred Years to Come" now and again brings up the question of their authorship. These verses are brought out every few years and after going the rounds of the press are lost sight of for a while, but they are always recognized and remembered. I noticed that one of the effects of the Hunter-Crossley campaign in St. John was a revival of "One Hundred Years to Come," with the fact that Mr. H. L. Spencer was the author.

It is something worth talking about to write a poem that has stood the test of time, and while it is perhaps not pleasant to see it referred to in the public press as the work of somebody else, the wronged author may perhaps find some satisfaction in the misstatement, when the "somebody else," as in this instance, is one whose work is so well known and highly appreciated as that of William Cullen Bryant.

It is popularly supposed in this part of the world that Bryant wrote the verses, although all St. John people know that he did not. Mr. Spencer wrote them and all the credit should be given him.

His claim to their authorship was fully established by PROGRESS in 1888, on which occasion Mr. Spencer wrote a companion poem entitled "One Hundred Years Ago."

Mr. Walter L. Sawyer ran across a little volume recently which leaves no doubt as to the authorship of "One Hundred Years to Come." The book was published 45 years ago, by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, who were at that time bringing out some of the best works of the day. It is entitled "Poems by H. Ladd Spencer," and bears the imprint of G. A. Tuttle, printer, Rutland, Vt.

The volume appeared in the catalogue of a New Jersey bookseller, who deals in old and rare works. It was listed at 75 cents. Mr. Sawyer lost no time in securing it on account of his acquaintance with the author.

"One Hundred Years to Come" appears in the collection as it was originally written. It has since been revised and greatly improved, but the author has not diverged from the original idea.

The original is as follows:

The Years.
Oh, where will be the birds that sing,
When a hundred years are flown?
The sweet flowers that are blossoming,
When a hundred years are gone?
The happy child,
The spirit wild,
The silver tone
Of some loved one;
Oh, where will be the spirit free,
And the smile of love that now we see,
When a hundred years are gone?
And who will know where we have dwelt,
When a hundred years have flown?
What thrills of grief and joy we've felt,
When a hundred years are gone?
Our smiles and tears,
Our hopes and fears,
Our hours of grief,
Our pleasures brief;
Oh, who will note our smiles and tears,
Our joys and grieves, our hopes and fears,
When a hundred years are flown?
Our graves will all forgotten be,
When a hundred years are flown;
No one will think of you or me,
When a hundred years are gone;
And our bright dreams,
Like summer beams,
Will all decay
And pass away;
And this gay world will busy be,
And give no thought to you or me,
When a hundred years are flown.

In introducing the work to the public the publishers said:

"The publishers of this little volume think it may not be inappropriate for them to say that most of the poems were written in the days of the author's earliest boyhood. The poem with which the collection commences, was composed in his twelfth year, and many of the others at a period little less remote."

I do not know whether Mr. Spencer has a copy of this work, but even if he has the fact that his earlier efforts have reached the haunts of latter-day bookworms will be of interest to his provincial friends.

R. G. LARSEN.

ANN B. MAN IN BOSTON.

He Thinks Our Soldiers March Better than the American Ones.

The following letter from a New Brunswicker in Boston will be read with interest: A few days ago I witnessed an impressive scene. It was the march of veterans of '61—the muster of patriot Americans, who just thirty-four years before were called to the front. It was truly an inspiring sight to see the sturdy step of those old soldiers who stood at "Uncle Abe's" back in his struggle to release the dark sons of the South from transmitted tyranny, and clothe them in the rights of citizenship.

An excellent band led the column through many of the finest streets, to such stirring airs as, "Down in Dixie," "Marching Through Georgia," etc. On blue silk banners, were inscribed in gilt letters the touching words; "What you have, they saved," words that, judging from the frequent outbursts of applause that greeted the morning column, were appreciated in all their meaning by the vast assemblage that stood by witness.

Without suggesting the least reflection however upon the military training of the

American soldier, I must advance the remark that I have seen New Brunswickers red coated militiamen do finer marching, and prove themselves much more elastic from a tactical point of view, than any of the G. A. R. men whom I have as yet seen under arms.

Apropos to the interest that centres in the Newfoundland question, Boston people are naturally a bit loquacious. Of course people must talk! The fact is we all more or less inclined to talk where the British lion lifts his head!

It is alleged that Boston, taken in connection with its environments, is unsurpassed from a scenic standpoint by any city on the continent. I am not prepared to take exception to this proud assertion, so let it stand. Whatever the truth of the settlement, the city and its precincts, now blushing in all the majestic charms of spring, certainly abound in many various and beautiful scenes. A ramble through the fens of Roxbury is something not easily obliterated from one's memory,—such a gay procession of budding shrubs and brambles as meets the eye, in sharp contrast with the seared and lonely ferns of chill October's blast! Spring's return is inscribed over all the landscape, and nature's beautiful and significant poetry is finding expression from branch and bird, and fen, and from every grove and mound and hillock that bounds the view, even, as Bryant said:

The rivulet late unsewn
Where bickering through shrubs its waters run,
Seems to bear in the music of its rippling sounds
That the ear loves to dwell upon.

The poet's "rivulet" however, has not nearly so genuine a fascination for Boston's business men, "et omne hoc genus" as the money-making facilities of the historic Charles River,—now glassing on the serene surface the hulls and spars and smokestacks of thousands of tons of shipping from all parts of the world.

Yet, notwithstanding the immense volume of trade that is being transacted each day through the agency of those busy wharves and warehouses and ships, still-piercing the din of traffic, issue the plaintive stereotyped cries from every quarter of New England's metropolis, hard times, poverty, want!

Rich men, in responding, are more generous than those unacquainted with penury in its more appealing phases are led to suppose, while strangely enough, the ragged mob makes its presence known every Sunday on the common, lending its applause perchance to some overtaxed advocate of "Socialism."

Many Americans are beginning to ask themselves whether the so called "common" is not becoming some what "too common" pro bono publico.

KILLED THE BOSS WILDCAT.

Hunters Followed the Beast Into its Den and Shot it.

Two weeks ago, Nate Bowen, a quarryman, shot the largest wildcat that has been killed for years near Port Jervis, N. Y. It weighed thirty-five pounds, and was one of two cats that had for months carried off the chickens, turkeys and small lambs of the farmers in that region. This was the female cat. The male cat was known to be still lurking in the woods near Deposit, N. Y., and Bowen and W. O. Curtis resolved to run the animal down. Their efforts have just been rewarded by the capture of one of the largest and most ferocious of its species. They tramped through the woods for several days and finally drove the wildcat into its den, which was a cave in a ledge of rocks. They set several fox traps in the several passages leading to the cave, but when they visited the cave to ascertain the results they found that the beast had sprung them and then smashed them as if they were toys. They then procured a bear trap and set it where the cat could not avoid it. One fine morning this week they missed the trap. Investigation showed that the cat had dragged it back into the darkest corner of its lair. Curtis volunteered to enter the cave. He had gone but a short distance when he caught sight of the eyes of the infuriated beast, and he hastily drew his rifle and fired. He was greeted by a savage snarl and a rattling of the trap as the animal retreated further back in the den. Curtis then came out, and Nate Bowen said he would "tackle the varmint." He tied a stout rope around his waist, and leaving Curtis at the other end of it he entered the den. Creeping along with revolver in hand he heard the screech of the cat and the jingling of the trap, as the wounded beast flew at him. He was in very close quarters, but his courage did not forsake him. By a quick movement he fired his revolver, and the shot luckily took effect just as the animal reached him, and it fell dead at his feet. Curtis, becoming alarmed, pulled on the rope and hauled Nate to the surface, and with him the wild-cat, which he had seized for his venture, although he had a close call.

AN EDITOR'S ESCAPE.

Marshall Rynders's Attempt to Assassinate Parke Godwin.

Mr. Parke Godwin, who was some years ago one of the editors of the N. Y. "Evening Post," had been very outspoken in his newspaper writings and also in public speech, in denunciation of the political methods in common practice. Thereby Mr. Godwin had aroused the hatred of Isaiah Rynders and his associates. One afternoon, having left the office for his home, Mr. Godwin stopped, as was his custom, in Florence's restaurant for some oysters. As he stood at the oyster-stand, he saw in the remote part of the room

Rynders and some of his men. He suspected that they proposed to assault him before he could leave the building. He realized that it would not do for him to run, however; so he began to eat his oysters, while deliberating upon his course. Suddenly he noticed that a man stood beside him, and looking up he saw "Mike" Walsh, who said to him: "Go on eating your oysters, Mr. Godwin, but do it as quickly as you can, and then go away. Rynders and his men have been waiting here for you and intend to kill you, but they won't attack you as long as I am by your side."

The advice was followed. After Mr. Godwin, having finished his oysters, had gone out, Rynders stepped up to Walsh and said: "What do you mean by interfering in this matter? It is none of your affair."

"Well, Godwin did me a good turn once, and I don't propose to see him stabbed in the back. You were going to do a sneaking thing; you were going to assassinate him, and any man who will do that is a coward."

"No man ever called me a coward, Mike Walsh, and you can't."

"But I do, and I will prove that you are a coward. If you are not one, come upstairs with me now. We will lock ourselves into a room; I will take a knife and you take one; and the man who is alive after we have got through, will unlock the door and go out."

Rynders accepted the challenge. They went to an upper room. Walsh locked the door, gave Rynders a large bowie-knife, took one himself, and said: "You stand in that corner, and I'll stand in this. Then we will walk toward the centre of the room, and we won't stop until one or the other of us is finished."

Each took his corner. Then Walsh turned and approached the centre of the room. But Rynders did not stir. "Why don't you come out?" said Walsh. Rynders, turning in his corner, faced the antagonist, and said: "Mike, you and I have always been friends; what is the use of our fighting now? If we get at it, we shall both be killed, and there is no good in that." Walsh for a moment said not a word; but his lip curled, and he looked upon Rynders with an expression of utter contempt. Then he said: "I told you you were a coward, and now I prove it. Never speak to me again."

AFTER MANY YEARS

A STRANGE TALE TOLD BY A WELL KNOWN MINSTREL.

The Painful Results of an Injury Received Many Years Ago—Was Treated in the Best Hospitals of Two Continents, but Pronounced Incurable—A Fellow Patient Pointed Out the Road to Recovery.

From the Owen Sound Times.

The marvellous efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has again been demonstrated in this town. The Times referred to the astonishing cure of Mr. Wm. Belrose, a well known citizen. This was followed a few weeks ago by the remarkable cure of Mrs. Monnell, of Peel street, whose life had been despaired of by herself and family and friends. A few days ago the Times reporter was passing along Division street, when it was noticed that a new barber shop had been opened by Mr. Dick Cousby, a member of a family who have lived in Owen Sound for nearly half a century. Knowing that Mr. Cousby had been seriously ailing when he came from England, a few months previous, and at that time had little hope of recovering his health, the Times man dropped in to have a chat, and before the conversation proceeded very far it was evident that there had been another miracle performed by the wonder-working Pink Pills.

"Well, let us start at the beginning of my troubles," said Mr. Cousby, when the Times began probing for particulars. "Twenty-one years ago I left school here and joined a minstrel company. Since that time I have had parts in many of the leading minstrel companies as comedian and dancer. In the spring of 1887 I thought I would try a summer engagement and took a position with Hall & Bingley's circus, then playing in the Western States. One morning during the week I was to put up the big three-pole, was giving the men a hand, when the centre pole slipped out and in falling struck me across the small of the back. While I felt sore for a time, I did not pay much attention to it. After working a week I began to feel a pain similar to that of sciatic-rheumatism. For a year I gradually grew worse and finally was laid up. This was at Milwaukee. After some time I went to St. Paul and underwent an electric treatment, and thought I was cured. I then took an engagement with Lew Johnston's Minstrels, and went as far west as Seattle. About three years ago I made an engagement with Bowes and Farquharson to go on a tour through Europe in the great American Minstrels. Before sailing from New York I suffered from pains between the shoulders, but paid very little attention to it at the time, but when I reached Glasgow I was scarcely able to walk. I remained in this condition until we reached Manchester, where I obtained temporary relief from a doctor's prescription. For two years the only relief I had was by taking this medicine. In May 1893 while at Birmingham I was taken very bad and gradually got worse all summer. An engagement was offered me as stage manager for Onley's Minstrels and I went out with them, but in three months' time I was so bad that I had to quit. All this time I was consulting a physician who had been recommended as a specialist, but without any relief. Hydropathic baths and other similar treatments were resorted to without avail. Finally there was no help for it and I went to Manchester, and on Dec. 12th, 1893, went into the Royal Hospital, where the physicians who diagnosed my case pronounced it transverse myelitis, or chronic spinal disease. After being in the hospital for five months I grew worse, until my legs became paralyzed from the hips down. Dr. Newby, the house surgeon, showed me every attention and became quite friendly and regretfully informed me that would be an invalid for life. For a change I was sent to Barnes Convalescent Hospital, Cheddar, having to be carried from the hospital to the carriage and then on to the train. After a week there, a patient told me of a cure effected on himself by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being

thoroughly discouraged, I asked for my discharge and I was sent back to Manchester, where I began taking Pink Pills. After the use of a few boxes I recovered the use of my legs sufficiently to walk several blocks. I then concluded to start for Canada and join my friends here. I continued taking the Pink Pills, constantly getting stronger. I have taken no other medicine since I began the use of the Pink Pills, and I have no doubt as to what cured me. I now feel as well as ever and I am able to take up the trade of barbering, at which I worked during the summer months. When I remember that the doctors told me I would be helpless all my life, I cannot help looking upon my cure as a miracle. As Mr. Cousby told of the wonderful cure, his good-natured countenance fairly shone with gratitude. He is well known here as a straightforward respectable citizen, that The Times need say nothing in his behalf. His plain, unvarnished statement would go for a fact with everyone who knows him.

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A GOOD "NAPOLEON" STORY.

How France Managed to Recover Napoleon From England.

The following account of how France recovered Napoleon from England is from the May number of McClure's Magazine: O'Connell had warned Lord Palmerston. "Instead of pleasing the French government, you may embarrass it seriously."

"That is not the question," answered O'Connell. "The question for me is what I ought to do. Now my duty is to propose to the Commons to return the Emperor's bones. England's duty is to welcome the motion. I shall make my proposition, then, without disturbing myself about whom it will flatter or wound."

"So be it," said Lord Palmerston. "Only give me fifteen days."

"Very well," answered O'Connell. Immediately Lord Palmerston wrote to M. Thiers, then at the head of the French Ministry, that he was about to be forced to tell the country that England had never refused to return the remains of Napoleon to France, because France had never asked that they be returned. As the story goes, M. Thiers advised Louis Philippe to forestall O'Connell, and thus it came about that Napoleon's remains were returned to France.

The grande pensee, as the idea was immediately called, seems, however, to have originated with M. Thiers, who saw in it a means of reawakening the waning interest in Louis Philippe. He believed that the very audacity of the act would create admiration and applause. Then, too, it was in harmony with the claim of the regime; that is, that the government of 1830 united all that was best in all the past governments of France, and so was stronger than any one of them. The mania of both king and minister for collecting and restoring made them think still more favorably of the idea.

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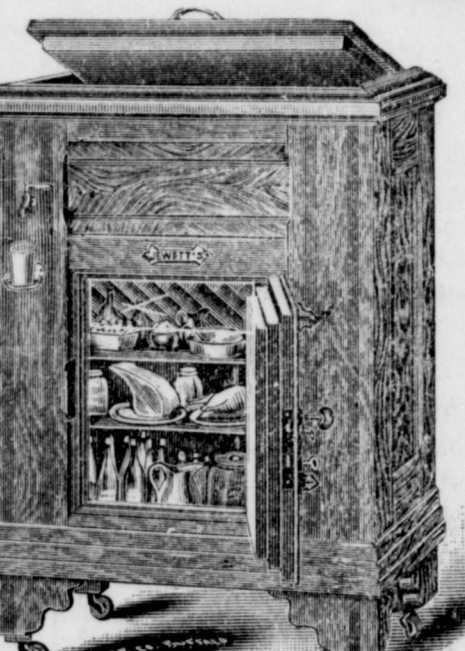


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