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## CANBY'S STRATEGY.

We had been celebrating a particularly lively old Fourth of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, and while we sincerely mourned the loss of many a brave comrade who had gone down in that hard fought struggle—the severest test and most important battle of the war in many respects—we, withal not fell to rejoice when the sun rose bright and clear on the morning of the 6th, over a most glorious and happy month.

It is of something which occurred that day that I write this little sketch, in regard to the experiences of a lieutenant of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania volunteers, whom I will call Canby, and who was in charge of the Sixth corps ammunition train.

Late on the night of the 5th Canby was sent for. If my memory serves me correctly, by Major General Wright, commanding the corps.

"Lieutenant, I want you to take your ammunition train and start with the first streak of daylight, by the most direct road, for Emmetsburg. You must not start later than 4 o'clock. You must not fail under any circumstances, and the corps coming by Waynesboro will be there to meet you. You shall have a detail of one company of the Twenty-seventh Maryland to act as a guard to your train against skirmishers. You understand, lieutenant, no failure!"

"It shall be done promptly, general," and the lieutenant departed into one of the worst storms of thunder, lightning and rain that ever followed a heavy battle, and one was always sure to do so.

Emmetsburg, Md., is ten miles from Gettysburg, over a fine road, through one of the most beautiful agricultural regions conceivable.

Lieutenant Canby got out his train and his pioneer party on time, and also Lieutenant Langdon, the ordnance officer. The storm had passed away, and the ruddy dawn was just breaking as they passed over the battlefield, where blood and rain and many a pat unburial corpse attested the horrid carnage which had but a few hours before visited over the now quiet scene.

Half a mile of progress brought them to an abattis of stout trees across the road, around which a detour had to be made. Then came at intervals for the first mile or two fences, ditches and other obstructions, left behind by the enemy to prevent a pursuit by cavalry.

Langdon, after studying some time, suddenly said:

"I say, Canby, don't this thing look a little shaky to you?"

"As to how?" quoted Canby.

"Why, our straying off this way with only a handful of men, and they with their guns in the wagons and none on their shoulders."

"Oh, we all right, I guess. Anyhow it don't cost me a farthed cost. Old Wright told me to take this train to Emmetsburg, and I'll take it there, unless the gentlemen in gray have anticipated me."

Nothing more was said on the subject, and the train plodded on, officers and men loudly admiring the delightful country through which they passed, and which, as the bright sun came up, showed itself entirely barren of every living thing. The people had left their homes, the barns were bereftless of cattle and the usual pastures were a beautiful black.

The sun was about half an hour high when, upon reaching the summit of a slight elevation, Emmetsburg lay before them a mile away across a little valley, through which a small stream gracefully meandered. The hills beyond the town were enveloped in a dense fog, which slightly obscured the prospect down to the houses fattest away from the direction of approach.

Canby gave directions to his wagon master to double up the train at the stream where the road widened, and to water his mules. Then he and Langdon rode up into the town to look at the Sixth corps. Everything in the streets was as quiet as the tomb. Not an open door or shutter, or even a curl of smoke, indicated that there was life within the place.

After a thorough but cautious inspection they rode up the main street to the suburbs, and found what was evidently a band of some pretensions ordinarily, but no amount of knocking would produce a response. They rode back to the "business district," where a few had seriously ravaged the town, but there was nobody to be found. They mused up their horses, when Langdon said:

"This is a mixed bombing."

"Sound the motion."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Nothing."

"Therefore nothing?"

"Nevermore. Fulfilled you all. I'll pack the train now, get breakfast and wait for the Army of the Potomac to move."

"Hello! There's a smoke."

"So there is. Round harbinger of humanity and hot coffee. Let's interview it."

They rode up to the house and dismounted. At the back kitchen door they found a man washing his dirty face. To him Canby said:

"Do you know where the Sixth corps lies?"

The man muttered something, and then dabbed his face into his two hands full of water with a sputter like a steamboat wheel.

"Can't you answer, sir? Have you seen the Sixth corps?"

The individual rubbed his head vigorously with an immense towel, out of which he grumbled:

"Don't know 'em."

"Sixth corps, Union army?"

"Which be they, now, blue one or gray one? I can take a' them 'round here likely as both kinds."

"Well, it will help your understanding. Its gray, it's the blue ones that we want to find."

"No, there hain't been no blue 'uns about here lately. But about two weeks ago—"

"Then your two weeks! Have you seen any soldiers around here last night or this morning?"

"Oh, yes, there's sojers about here, lots of them," said he, his heavily wear down in his pants for a comb that he didn't find.

"Where are they?" impatiently demanded Canby.

"Oh, you want to see the sojers, do you?"

"Yes, and immediately quick, too."

"Well, just come around the corner of the kitchen and I'll show you the road over to where they be."

Going to the place indicated he pointed across the fresh half mile that intervened between the town and the Catoctin mountain woods, and there, where the sun had lifted the fog, glittering in the fair morning light, were four or more brass Black Napoleons as ever stared an orphan asylum. The two and glasses were quickly levelled, and there two very gallant officers stared at each other blankly.

"A total battery, as I'm a sinner!"

"Langdon, you aren't a most curious and unencouraging fact."

"Let's go home."

"Not till we find that ammunition train higher than Gilderoy's kite. You take a mule. If we ever start on that hill they'll see us, now the fog is off, and therefore why unsightly words? Let's get ready to blow up."

"Hain't there your fellows over there?"

"No, my business friend," said Canby gravely. "Owing to a lamentable difference in manners and equipment, there's not any fellows over there; and, furthermore, I'm thinking if that infernal Sixth corps don't turn up shortly we stand a very good chance of being taken in by their fellows."

To ride back into the little valley where the train was hid from sight, unhitch the mules and scatter here, here and broken cartridges all along the track, was but the work of a few minutes, after which the worried officers rode up into the town again to reconnoiter. The situation battery seemed disposed to be quiet but observant, and several men stood on the guns and looked inquisitively over at the "two military lunatics."

The two parties eyed each other for an hour. The train guard came up and looked over too, and, the persistence in gray were evidently doubtful as to how many more might be back in that hollow. Canby spread his men all over the little town, with instructions to show themselves in as many different places as possible and look as big as they could.

The wagon master and his assistants were converted into aids, and rode away out of sight with hasty orders, and returned with messages that caused a new disposition to be made of the interminable procession of about fifty men that crossed the main street in full sight of the enemy.

"Langdon, this thing might be amusing if it wasn't getting monotonous," said Canby.

"Don't talk about monotony. I've got 2,000 rounds of fixed ammunition in that train, besides the small arm stuff, and if that battery drops asleep over there they'll be a livelier time around Emmetsburg than there has been since the flood."

The time was drawing on toward noon when the battery, evidently not admiring a new movement of the theoretical procession among the horses, suddenly limbered up and went off at a lively trot in the direction of Mechanicsburg.

"Now, by this day's hopes, 'Richard is himself again,'" quoted Canby reflectively.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when, far up beyond the main street, was heard the welcome blast of the bugle, and are its echoes had died away down came Major Hamilton Thomas with the First Pennsylvania cavalry, at a full charge with sabers out, and the dust flying as high as the second story windows.

"Hello! Hamp, whither away, my gentle gentile?" shouted Canby at the major, as he dashed past the corner where the two officers, with the train guard and teamsters, looked on and applauded the charge so finely. It was a circus performance put up for their special delectation. In a few minutes a halt was sounded, and the major rode back.

"Tom here, Canby, what the devil does this mean?"

"I'd like to know what you mean by disturbing a peaceful neighborhood in this way by your infernal clatter?"

"Well, but what in tomfoolery are you doing here? I was told to charge this town and drive out the enemy, and here I find you loafing on the street corner, half full of applejack, as though you'd been here a month."

"Oh, that's all right, Hamp. I charged this place four hours ago with the Sixth corps ammunition train, and dislodged the enemy. You can see him shaking the dust off his heels down the road yonder yet. If you don't believe me there's my train, and here's a reliable citizen whom we have improved from the proud invader to prove it."

Major Thomas made a formal report that he had found the Sixth corps ammunition train holding Emmetsburg at the point of the wagon tongue, and Lieutenant Canby's charge for many a day afterward furnished forth many a smile at the camp fire.—Boston True Flag.

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The new steamships over the British line from Japan to Vancouver reach the American shores four days sooner than ships by the United States line from Yokohama to San Francisco. Not only are the British steamers faster than ours, but owing to the far northern latitude of Vancouver the actual distance to be traversed is considerably less.

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**Have We a National Language?**

The question occurs when one glances over the school statistics of several of the northwestern states. In truth a state of things exists in some of these that would make the ghosts of Captain John Smith, the Pilgrim Fathers, Lord Baltimore, General Oglethorpe and others that settled the original colonies in the east and south wonder where they would they should fitchitherwards. The thought that this should be ever any other than an English speaking country, that language other than English should even be taught in schools, would have filled them with horror.

Nevertheless the Nineteenth century witnesses this among other wonders. The northwestern states were settled by hundreds of thousands of emigrants from Germany and Scandinavia. In some districts of Minnesota a man may travel the high road for fifteen miles and not meet anybody who speaks anything else than Swedish or Norwegian. The children in the Lutheran schools of Wisconsin alone number 20,394. There are 386 Lutheran schools in Wisconsin and in 144 of them no English at all is taught, no language but German. Governor Hoard says in an address to the Wisconsin Teachers' association:

I know of an instance where a young man, twenty-six years of age, has lived all his life in sight of a district school, but he has never attended the school, and is unable to make himself understood in English. He has attended the church school, and can read and write in German.

In New Mexico and Arizona we have Spanish, and doubtless Spanish schools will start up there. Meantime the English spoken by the masses of people in our great cities becomes worse and worse, with the admixture of every nation and kindred and tongue.

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The best policy for the farmer was taken better for market is to keep a few high class cows and take first class care of them. Wise economies buy and manufacture all the milk and cream, so they probably will by and by, then each parent's milk will be tested and paid for on its merits.

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Dr. Chase's Ointment, was sent to Dixie farm near New Holbeile, said enough eggs and butter and fancy butter to the New York market to pay for the farm and keep herself in good clothes and form in general.

**Hunting.**

Mme. Blavatsky will probably go down to posterity with less credit among the world at large than she deserves, while her disciples will render to her more than she deserved. If mediums had been believed to be as honest as she was powerful she might have made a great impression on her age. Many of the doctrines she taught are full of gentleness and self denial, and are similar to the teachings of the founder of Christianity. But there was always in the general mind the suspicion of humbug, of attempt to mystify people and make them believe that she could perform miracles. Of course her disciples still believe she could do those things, but the agent of a London scientific society reports miracles that were performed by her with a very ordinary trick cabinet.

The story of the madame's mahatmas, however, was of once the most fascinating and the most delusive. She gave out that she was under the special guidance of a set of teachers so beautiful, gifted and exalted that Bulwer's Zanoni was nowhere beside them. These were so etherealized that they could not live among gross common people, but they inhabited a monastery all to themselves in the fastnesses of the Himalayas. They could, however, in the "astral body," visit all regions of the earth and find out in a glance all that went on. Nay, more. They knew, "by their lorain," all the doings on the earth, and wherever their presence was needed to help a struggling soul, or wherever they could avert calamity or do a great good, there they appeared in a twinkling to bless mankind.

The story is so beautiful that it ought to be true, but, alas! who ever saw any of madame's mahatmas? There is only left the honest, sweet old way of doing good. We can only earn our own living and help every brother and sister we meet in need to the utmost of our ability. Mahatmas do not come for our asking. We can only help ourselves.

There is one thing we can do, though, we can all fight humbug, and root it out of our own lives. Our simple, sincere soul, with good, and only good, flowing out from it to all mankind, hating humbug and cant and deceit as Satan hates holy water—one such soul as this will work more good in our quiet, sincere lifetime than all the professional wonder workers in a cycle. It is the cant, humbug and hypocrisy, the pretense of being greater, wiser, better than we are, that is the dry rot of our civilization. If there is no such thing as the old fashioned orthodox hell, there is certainly some kind of a place of torment for hypocrites, where they will get a roasting quite equal to the needs of the occasion.

Mankind in our day would be apt to disbelieve in miracles of any kind; it has been so imposed on by quacks and pretenders. But if ever the power to work miracles is to be gained, if there is beyond the man's present development a height of spiritual, physical and intellectual power little dreamed of in our time, then exactly the way to develop that power will be to begin by being thoroughly honest in the present moment. The one who has a subtle scent of fraud and humbug, who has courage enough not to try to represent the slightest thing as other than it is, who sees all his opportunities for developing himself and helping others, who strives evermore to think the best of people and to be always gentle, true and strong—if there are any miraculous powers anywhere to be picked up that person will in time gain them.

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A Hint to the Wise.

Jeweler—John, business is in a bad way. What can we do to raise the wind?

The Clerk—Suppose we try carrying a line of fans!—Jewelers' Weekly.

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**His Catch.**

The angler now, with ripple gay,
To pond or stream repair,
And after fishing all the day
Brings home a string of—cars.

—New York Press.


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