

AN OLD FAVORITE

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By Julia Ward Howe



JULIA WARD HOWE was born in New York city May 27, 1819. At the age of seventeen she was an anonymous contributor to the New York Magazine...

MY eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, swift sword; His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred drowsing camps; They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps—His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal. Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me. As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

A Triumphant Arch for Schley.

The incorporation of an association to erect a memorial in this city to Admiral Schley is a very proper movement, and the people of Maryland should see to it that the association does not lack funds to put their design into execution.

As soon as the news of the remarkable victory of our navy over the Spanish off Santiago reached the United States the people, knowing that Schley was there in command and that he was in the thick of the fight, hailed him as the successful commander and the hero of the most signal victories in history.

Oil on Roads.

Oil in various forms has been tried of late in several countries to produce firm dust-free road surfaces, and is reported upon with curiously favorable unanimity.

The Will of Providence.

Senator Burrows says he has a new story, and here it is: "There is an old dake who works for me. He lost his wife—No. 4—the other day, and I was sympathizing with him that they would meet in heaven, etc., when the old fellow broke in: 'I know dat, Mars Burrows, I know dat. I ain't makin' no objections. It were de act of a all-wise and unscrupulous Providence.'"

THE ORIGIN OF SLAVE BOYS

The Secretarial Plot to Blow Up the British Consular, Tain Near Concord.

Charlotte Observer.

How incidents in history have given rise to wider differences of opinion and more heated debates among historians than the uprising of the North Carolina Regulators. No man can safely set himself up as a judge of other men's motives, whether he lives contemporaneously with them or whether he comes after.

That such was the case with the much-praised and over-abused Regulator, we are first told by Wheeler. The large number of the inhabitants who took part in the uprising represents a still larger number who gave their sympathy and moral support passively.

Not the least interesting of these stories is that of "The Black Boys of Cabarrus" as narrated by Wheeler. In making his preparation for marching against the Regulators, Governor Tryon had ordered from Charleston, S. C., several wagons loaded with gunpowder, flints, blankets, etc.

Who Has Broken It?

Raleigh Cor. Charlotte Observer. It will be readily recalled that last year when the Legislature was in session, there was plenty of talk about a bill to regulate the labor of children in factories.

Wife of Senator Fritchard Passes Away at Hillsboro.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Aug. 2.—The death of Mrs. J. C. Fritchard, wife of Senator Fritchard, occurred this morning at the Clarence Barker Hospital, Hillsboro. Cancer was the cause of death.

YOUTH COMPANION.

A Massachusetts firm prints this paragraph at the top of its letter head: "Errors—We make them; so does every one. We will cheerfully correct them if you will write to us. Try to write good naturedly if you can, but write to us anyway. Do not complain to some one else first or let the matter pass. We want first opportunity to make right any injustice we may do."

WILL ARMS LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

Dog days. So many of the young people write to me about dog days that I will answer briefly that there are no dog days. It is nothing but a superstition that has come down to us from the ancients.

But Sirius is away outside of our solar system and is 120,000,000,000 miles from us and gives 400 times more light than our sun. It is the largest and brightest star in the heavens. It is called the Dog star because it appears to be in the tail of the constellation that the ancients named Major Canis or the Big Dog.

Seeing his chance another of the guards passing Mrs. White, whispered to her: "Tell 'em to make a break—through the door—I'll not see 'em—quick."

Chagrined and angered at his failure, Col. Alexander became all the more determined to capture the Black Boys. Soon after this some of the band were in the field harvesting their crop. The Royalists hearing of their whereabouts collected a band to capture them.

By the assistance of neighbors and by their own daring and vigilance, the Black Boys managed to keep clear of their enemies, who finally becoming weary of fruitless pursuit, gave them up as a vain task.

Too Much For Relief in Tennessee.

Sweetwater Telephone. One of the brethren went to Knoxville last August and fell by the wayside—he got down there. After several months the news of his fall reached his rural home, and he was brought up before the church.

Death Caused by Heat Pains in Her Stomach.

Providence, R. I., Special. Leona Jodie, for two years a novice at a convent in Flushing, L. I., is dead after a long and mysterious illness which had baffled medical science.

James P. Baker, a Swichman on the Southern Railway shot himself in the house of Emma Williams in Charlotte last Saturday afternoon at 12:30 o'clock.

HOUSTON POST.

A writer in the New York Mail and Express calls attention to the disappearance of the dude.

The man of fashion is still with us, but he is of the athletic sort nowadays, and not of the exquisite type to which the dude belonged. The dude was the descendant of the blood, the buck, the incroyable, the macaroni, the bean, the fop, the dandy and the swell who delighted past generations.

But now young people listen. It is now established and proven that there are millions of stars and solar systems star off in space and that ours is the smallest and the most insignificant of them all.

What are the exact words on a 2-cent stamp, and in which direction is the face on it turned? In what direction is the face turned on a cent? On a quarter? On a dime?

What Do You Know?

Washington Times. Here are some questions about things you have seen every day and all your life.

How many buttons has the vest or shirt waist you are wearing? How many stairs are there in the first flight at your house? How many steps lead from the street to the front door of your house or flat?

Blaton's Sentence Changed.

Charlotte Observer. Governor Aycock to-day disposed of an extremely interesting case by commuting to life imprisonment in the penitentiary the death sentence of Richard Blaton, colored, who was convicted of rape and sentenced to be hanged at Salisbury.

Stole King Edwards's Mahogany.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—A man of the name of Wootton was arrested before a Magistrate yesterday on the charge of pushing in Windsor Park, taking rabbits belonging to the King. He pleaded in defence that he went into the park to sleep and the rabbits ran into his pocket and were suffocated.

There has been about fifty people struck dead by lightning in North Carolina in the past month.

STATE NEWS.

A director of the penitentiary says they expect it to make \$80,000 above expenses this year.

The Vance county old-line Republicans met in convention at 12 o'clock p. m. at the court house Saturday. With the exception of one white man, who took but little part in the proceedings, the convention was composed exclusively of colored men.

Nine new rural free delivery routes have been added to the number in this State.

This makes forty-nine new routes for July, and increases the total number of routes in the State to 226. This means the disbursement by the National Government of \$100,000 for carriers alone in North Carolina.

The grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of North Carolina has decided to educate a boy at the Agricultural and Mechanical College. They have selected a lad now in the Oxford-Orphan Asylum, Estlin Bennett, a cripple. Young Bennett will enter college in September. He is said to be very apt and bright.

Curator Brimley of the State Museum, has received a big rattlesnake from Macon county.

He will keep it alive in the Museum for several months and then kill skin and stuff it. The snake is nearly four feet long and has eight rattlers. It is of the species known as the Banded rattler and is in excellent condition.

Jacob Hicks, the oldest engine driver living, who ran the first engine between Greensboro and Winston, died in Greensboro last Friday. He was visiting his daughter, Mrs. Linker. He learned to read and write when over sixty-four years old, when orders were given for all who could not to retire from the service.

Dr. Galling, the famous inventor of the rapid fire gun, is just completing the invention of an automobile plow, which dispenses with the pulling of the bell cord over the back of a pesiferous mule, enabling the farmer to sit in the carriage and drive the machine all over the field with as much ease as does in his reaping machine.

It is estimated that six thousand people attended the annual picnic of Barium Springs Orphanage at Mooresville last Thursday.

Prof. Alex. Graham, of Charlotte, delivered the oration of the day. Hon. Lee S. Overman, who was on the program, was unable to attend on account of illness. Several hundred dollars were realized for the orphanage from the sale of lunches and refreshments.

While on his way to the depot at Deris, a station a few miles north of Charlotte, to take a train for Charlotte late last Friday night, Murray Alexander, a young white man, who lives there, was held up by two burly negroes. The negroes sprang from underneath skirting the road a short distance from the station, and one grabbed the young man by the throat. The other negro started to assist his companion, when Alexander pulled his pistol and fired it point blank at the negro, whose black fingers encircled his throat. With a groan the wounded negro sank back into the arms of his companion and Alexander ran for his life.

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