

The Great Centennial Success. The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, in an article with reference to the Centennial Exhibition now closed, says: "The country may congratulate itself that it has been most completely successful as a great achievement, as a fitting commemoration of the event it celebrated, and as a source of beneficent influences which will be lasting. Simply as a great achievement it takes its place as the greatest victory of peace on record. In the past, the world has been awakened, local jealousies to be overcome, and the most dreary financial dullness, the managers by their magnetic enthusiasm, restless executive power and skill in the use of means, achieved a triumph of which the nation is proud, and whose glory makes their names illustrious. They are already crowned with the praises and the thanks of the people, and those who at first opposed, sneered or doubted, now heartily join in awarding the encomiums they deserve. Of the greatness of the exhibition in the number and excellence of the articles contributed from the world, and the exhaustive descriptions we have given during its progress make it unnecessary to speak. The most critical have been silenced into admiration. One feature deserves special mention. The American people have been here to see the show, and have thus put themselves on exhibition. There has been no study to interest as the crowds from every section of the land who have thronged the grounds. In this regard it is a success of which every American may speak proudly. Good order, sobriety, good nature and intelligent observation, the characteristics noticeable by the most casual observer. The caterers to vice who thronged to this city at the opening of the exhibition, expecting a rich harvest from the assembled crowds, soon found their mistake, and most of them retired in disgust. It has been a frequent remark of visitors upon the most crowded days that not a profane word heard on the grounds, and observant foreigners bear cheerful witness to the general good order, intelligence and civility. The Exposition will leave many lasting and most valuable impressions upon the thought and life of coming years. It has quickened every form of industry, by opening new subjects for investigation and invention, imparting information to inventors and manufacturers which would otherwise have required years of travel, observation and study; not merely to our own workers, but to the thousands from other lands who have been attracted to the focus where was shown what the world is doing. New outlets of trade have been opened, and new industries will spring up. It is as though ten years had been lived in one, and subsequent development in many directions will be in equal ratio. Narrow-minded people have been broadened, those whose limited observation of their own surroundings had fixed the gauge of their opinions, have discovered that the world is wide and contains enough which they had never dreamed of to shame littleness and beget proper humility. Every visitor has carried away thought-pictures which will interest, instruct and benefit him for life. The brotherhood of man has had more marked recognition than ever before. What other nations have done compels each to acknowledge the needs of the world, the increase of respect and regard to the consideration in which others will be held. The universal conference on industrial subjects, and the general interchange of courtesies will do much to establish a community of thought throughout the world, to awaken the monopoly opinion and add its influence to bringing the nations to settlement of difficulties by arbitration or international congresses, and thus long lines of pavement toward the millennium will have been laid. Much has been done to awaken the country from the financial prostration which was becoming chronic. There has been something besides dull times to discuss, and for a little season the theme has been almost forgotten. The change has been so agreeable that there will be no haste to return to the oppressive monotony. As with the hypochondriac, one hopes and confidence reviving, health will more easily return. The amount of money actually put into active circulation to meet the demands of the occasion is no insignificant item toward making better times, footing up as it does many millions. Take it all in all, there is abundant cause of congratulation that this grand enterprise has been carried forward and terminated so auspiciously, and we take it as an omen that future and more glorious Centennials are in store for those who shall be here to see them. An arduous and dangerous journey from India to England has been accomplished by Dr. Waters, of the Bombay army, who obtained three months' leave of absence, and determined to vary the usual course of travel by a journey across Persia, Russia and the continent. Starting from Bushire, he rode through Persia on horseback, a distance of one thousand miles, in fourteen days, averaging seventy miles per day, notwithstanding the wretched condition of the roads. One day he rode 150 miles, to make up for lost time. Arriving at the Caspian, he took boat to Baku, thence to Astrakhan, and from that point to Czartzen on the Volga, where he took train to Warsaw, and accomplished his journey to England via Berlin and Calais. After a month's sojourn in England he returned to his post by a route no less novel. He went to Damascus by way of Alexandria and Beyrut, and thence struck directly across the great Syrian Desert to Bagdad, a journey that has only been attempted by two previous European travelers. From Bagdad his return to Bushire was easy of accomplishment. The completion of the journey within the limited time at his disposal required skillful horsemanship, great endurance and undaunted courage. The expense incurred was much less than that of the ordinary sea voyage.

Mrs. Mansfield was a well-to-do farmer. He owned a good farm of one hundred and sixty acres, free from debt, and the home was very precious to him, for he had inherited it from his father, and was born and had lived there, and was fully purposed to do the same. He had but one son, who was the youngest child of the family, there being eight bright active girls, who had arrived in rapid succession, for the first seventeen years, and Ezra Mansfield and his wife never murmured, as at each new arrival, their hopes were disappointed; but when at last a little boy came to bless their home, their delight could hardly find expression. The sisters, of course, almost worshipped the little fellow, and he was watched and petted by the whole family, and was in imminent danger of being spoiled by them all. In an unlucky hour, Mr. Mansfield lent his name as security for a neighbor, and as he had done the same favor for several times with perfect safety, he had not the most remote idea that he would ever be called upon to trouble the world, and the years had passed, and the matter had slipped from his mind; when one day, when his little boy was hardly three years old, he was astounded by the tidings that Murray had failed, and that his property would not begin to cover the amount of his debts. The news was quickly followed by a legal notification that he was held, by virtue of his signature, for the sum of five thousand dollars, in payment of sundry notes, given at divers times. Ezra Mansfield was thunder-struck! He had no idea that he had ever signed for such an amount, and Murray had often told him that he had taken out the papers he had endorsed. Five thousand dollars was the full value of his farm. He could not give it up. His heritage that he had fondly hoped to leave unencumbered to his boy! But Murray was gone to parts unknown, and the papers were left for him to pay. Other of his townsmen were lured as well as himself, and it was a general panic. With a sad heart he at last broke the tidings to his family. The four eldest girls could realize the situation; the five other children could not understand anything, only that their parents were in trouble. A council was held. "I could raise the money by mortgaging the farm, crops and stock, but I could never redeem it." "Perhaps you can," they are old enough to help you," said Jennie, the second daughter, who was seventeen years old. "This farm must be saved for Eddie." "Let us try to keep it, father," said Ellen, the oldest girl. "What can you girls do to help?" said the mother sadly. "We can do a great deal if we try. Mortgage the place, father, and we will see what we can do; we can not lose our home, we will work our fingers off before it shall go." Every one was sorry for Mr. Mansfield, and shook their heads sadly, when they found that he had mortgaged the property to pay Murray's liabilities, and thought and said that Ezra Mansfield was a poor man. Mr. Mansfield, himself hardly expected to ever clear off the debt, but he could live there a few years longer and that was a comfort. The terms of the deed of trust were, to pay five hundred dollars, and an interest yearly. The spring was just opening, and with a sad heart he looked over the prospect. He had always employed two hired men to assist in the work; he must retrench in help. "Look here, father, Jennie and I are going to be your hired men, and Mary and Ruth are to be hired girls, only you know we are going to work for love instead of money," said Ellen, as she took the milk pails, and started for the barn. "They will get sick or hurt the job, I fear," said the mother sadly. "Let them try," returned her husband, "it won't hurt them to try." "If they don't get sick or hurt themselves." And they did try with a will. Ellen Mansfield was full of energy, and she had no time to waste in the oppressive monotony. As with the hypochondriac, one hopes and confidence reviving, health will more easily return. The amount of money actually put into active circulation to meet the demands of the occasion is no insignificant item toward making better times, footing up as it does many millions. Take it all in all, there is abundant cause of congratulation that this grand enterprise has been carried forward and terminated so auspiciously, and we take it as an omen that future and more glorious Centennials are in store for those who shall be here to see them. An arduous and dangerous journey from India to England has been accomplished by Dr. Waters, of the Bombay army, who obtained three months' leave of absence, and determined to vary the usual course of travel by a journey across Persia, Russia and the continent. 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Among the officers of Marion's Brigade who distinguished themselves by their activity and courage was Colonel Peter Horry. He was troubled with an impediment in his speech which, in moments of excitement, caused him to be taken in the pronunciation of certain words. Once, while lying in wait with a number of his men for a British detachment, he succeeded in drawing the latter into an ambuscade that he had prepared for them. At the most critical moment, when his comrades were awaiting the order to fire on the unsuspecting enemy, he endeavored to give the command, "Fire!" In vain was the attempt, however. He could get no farther than "Fi-i-i!" Irritated at his inability to pronounce the word, and in a burst of human nature, very excusable under the circumstances, he roared out to his men, in homely language: "Shoot! shoot! you, shoot!" Scarcely had this emphatic adjuration passed from his lips before scores of the British lay bleeding under the deadly fire of the riflemen in ambush. Another anecdote is related of Horry. In his command was an officer named Baxter, a brave man and a good soldier, who, wounded in an engagement at Quinby, cried out to Horry: "Colonel, I am wounded!" To which the latter replied: "Stand by your post, Baxter, and think no more of it!" A minute later Baxter again addressed Horry: "Colonel," he said, "I can't stand—I am wounded a second time!" "Then lie down, Baxter," was the philosophical reply. For the third time came Baxter's imploring utterance: "Colonel," he cried, "what shall I do? They have shot me again, and if I remain here any longer I shall be shot to pieces!" "Be it so, Baxter; but stir not," answered Horry. Baxter stood his ground, and before the fight was over he had received another wound, making the fourth received that day. Colonel Horry was the biographer of his famous chief, General Francis Marion, whom his countryman called "the Bayard of the South," and the "Swamp Fox."—a significant appellation of one who was as quick as fox, and as cunning as an animal after whom he was named. Horry tells the well-known anecdote of the dinner that Marion gave to a young British officer who had been sent from Georgetown, South Carolina, with a flag of truce to confer with the former on the subject of an exchange of prisoners. The officer found Marion to be "a swartly, smoke-dried little man, with scarcely enough of threadbare homespun to cover his nakedness; and instead of tall ranks of gray-headed soldiers, he saw only a handful of sunburnt, yellow-legged militia men, some roasting potatoes, and some asleep, with their black fire-locks and powderhorns lying by them on the logs." 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