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MEETING THE POST BOY ON THE KILLARNEY ROAD.

BY MRS. C. J. DESPARD, IN THE "NEW CENTURY FOR WOMEN."

Come over the bridge, Kitty Clooney, an' up by the Black Rock way,
I'm going to meet the post boy—he's makin' his rounds to-day.
An' I'll hold ye anything Kitty, he'll bring me a bit of a note,
For my heart is singin' an' dancin' an' pumpin' up in my throat.

Make haste, dear, an' throw on yer shoulders yer little red hooded cloak,
For the sky hangin' over the hill-tops is heavy with clouds like smoke.
Twill be only a shower I'm thinkin', for back of the mist the sun,
'Tis waitin' to laugh at the mountains for thinkin' the day was done.

Sure, 'tis well we're two hearty colleens not hurt by a sprinklin' o' rain,
If 'twas adies was in it, Kitty, how quick they'd turn back again
An' miss all the soft sweet mornin', the stretch o' the climbin' road,
An' the blackbird that sings in the hedges, so thick with the hawthorn sowed.

The water was coolin' and fresh, then, an' curled 'round our feet when they stepped
From one big black stone to the next with a gurglin' splash, an' we've kept
Our mantles tidy and dry—or they'd tell on us over to home;
So we'll sit here an' rest for a minute, 'tis this way the post will come.

Ah Kitty, what do you think now? Will he bring me a word this day,
From my Patrick, ma bouchal deelish, my lad that went over the say
To the terrible wars an' the fightin' in the great big sorrowful land,
Where agin' one another in battle own brothers are liftin' their hand?

Sure he wrote me the whole dark story, an' how from the very first
He went to the fight full-hearted to stand by the bitter worst.
I'll read ye the letter, Kitty, for I keep it still in my breast;
I'd no more lave it out than the linnet would push her young from the nest.

"Not 'list! is it Mary?" he's sayin'. "Ah! 'twasn't yourself that spoke,
For your sweet lips would scorn the message, tho' the tender heart of you broke;
You'd rather grow white with the grievin' than blush at the coward's name,
That 'ud follow me like a shadow if I sold my soul into shame.

"To the shame on the son of Erin who'd turn in her grief and need,
From the land that has welcome kind, without favor of clime or creed,
For the millions that come in crowds from the gradgin' old mother soil
To the country, free-hearted an' flowin' with plenty for honest toil."

'Tis true, Kitty dear, 'twas but fighting for what there's no room for here,
The struggle for right and for freedom, that's costin' the big world dear;
Sure the sweet Holy Mother laned smilin' and heard every prayer that I said,
An' never let bayonet or bullet touch one hair of his darlin' head.

'Och Kitty!—I hear the post boy! my heart with terror faints!
If he hasn't a letter, Kitty!—Run up while I pray to the saints,
An' I'll shut my eyes till ye bring me the hope or the heart break down—
The word that calls me to meet him, or the silence that laves me alone.

'Look up then, Mary Alanna!" called Kitty, as down out of breath
She ran where the waiting colleen sat quiet and pale as death.
"It is not a letter, agra! but—your Patrick's own self, in truth,
That the post has brought you to-day, Mary—myself an' the letter both!"

"Aye, cry with the joy, acushla, 'twill ease your flutterin' heart,
While I tell you over and over, we never again need part;
While I press you tight to me breast, darlin', the breast that kept strong an' true,
For the saints in the thick of the fight, dear, were shieldin' me safe for you.

"Come up the road, now—the post boy is waitin' the news to hear;
'Tis seldom he brings a letter that spakes out its mind so clear;
Or one that the givin' up of will lighten so much the load
Of that broth of a post boy that travels along the Killarney road!"

LITTLE MISS TURPIN'S FATE

He Was a Stranger, and She Took Him In.

A little conversation took place, one morning, on the top floor of a dingy old lodging-house in the metropolis, that led to strange results. It was in the front room, but made its way very readily through the chinks and crannies in the mortar to the neighboring apartment, where little Miss Turpin was preparing her frugal breakfast. The toasting-fork nearly fell from her hand, and her dimity apron narrowly escaped being seduced by a presumptuous flame from the grate, when the harsh, gruff voice of her landlord fell upon her ear.

"I want my money," said Mr. Shadrach.

"So do I," replied the young doctor, "and more. 'He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends.'"

"Can I have my money to-night?"

"I think not."

"To-morrow?"

"It is extremely doubtful."

"Then you must get out of here. I want my room."

"When do you want it?"

"As soon as possible."

"Will to-morrow do?"

"Yes."

"Then leave me, friend; the room shall be yours on to-morrow morning."

The young medical student was a man of spirit, and would have vacated these not very alluring premises at once, but he had not where to lay his head, and there seemed a vital necessity just then for some such proceeding on his part. He had discovered, two days before, that the faltering and shabby source of his pecuniary supplies had suddenly failed, and the knowledge that he was without money or friends in a strange city, together with an inability to beg, borrow, or steal, had robbed him of sleep. The loss of this necessary rest to a tired brain and worn-out body rendered him the prey to many different sensations during and after Mr. Shadrach's visit. An iron band seemed to compass his forehead, his eye-balls burned, his hands shook, his knees seemed at times about to collapse beneath him, as he walked to and fro the length of the dreary apartment, for lack of more nourishing food chewing the cud of many a bitter fancy. He asked himself over and over again if this was to be the end of it all, and why had he been such a fool as to fancy he could pursue the study of medicine with the wretched capital of a worn-out body, a distracted mind, and scarcely money enough to keep flesh upon his bones. That an indomitable spirit had prompted him to go on, hoping for a little desultory practice by the way; that the rose-color with which youth and inexperience are apt to tint those fallacious dreams had been all too vivid in his case—that these and many other excuses could be made for his folly availed little just now. A systematic course of semi-starvation and overwork had broken his indomitable spirit and turned the rose-colored dreams to an exceedingly greenish-hued nightmare.

The only patient he had had during his nine months' stay with Mr. Shadrack was a poor little work-woman in the neighboring room, a washed out, timid, wretched little creature, with scarcely enough stamina about her to rally after a slight attack of pneumonia. Her little fee had been ready for him after every visit—in fact, obtrusively ready, for it was out of the question, of course, to take the money. "It was merely a neighborly service," he had said, when, upon his fifth visit, he found her up and at work again, and upon his departure she had stammered out something about his bill. "I am only too glad, Miss—Miss"—

"Turpin," she had whispered.

"To be of service to you, and beg you will call me in whenever my presence is desirable."

Miss Turpin faltered out her thanks. A burning blush chased the pallor out of her face, as warmly he pressed her trembling hand in his and bade her good-by.

"Poor little devil!" he said, as he strode away to the lecture room. "It's bad enough for a great, strong ox like myself to battle with this grim old grindstone of a world, but for miserable little waif like that—phew, it's monstrous!"

He thought of her pityingly till he crossed the threshold of the college, then gave himself up to the subject in hand, which so engrossed his mind that he forthwith forgot the existence of little Miss Turpin. But she, upon her part, repeated over and over the words of young Dr. Blake, blushing again when she became conscious of the fact that she really had the temerity to dwell upon this genial but commonplace courtesy.

Miss Turpin's work was delicate and artistic, but not soul-absorbing, like the doctor's. She could tint her photographs all the better for this little episode in her life. The vines and tendrils took tenderer shapes under her deft little fingers; a shy, sweet melancholy helped to make the shadows at least more and more perfect; under the rosebuds grew the thorns, but there seemed to lurk even in their cruelty a subtle, mysterious charm.

It was enough for Miss Turpin to dream. The physical and practical reality of the doctor's nearness, perhaps, had its weight, but not consciously so, to the little woman. She never ventured to get up a cough or cramp for the sake of stamping more clearly his shape into these vague but extravagant feats of fancy. In truth, so timid and afraid was she of a pulsation of practical joy, she actually shunned and shrank from its approach.

But more and more imposing, grander and grander grew this one figure of her fancy around which revolved the satellites of health and wealth, popularity and fame—all that could render life sweet or desirable.

Perhaps it is detrimental to my heroine to say that she would have been quite content to have lived upon the fruit of her own fancy for the remainder of her natural life. Had circumstances compelled her to change her abode, and had she thus lost sight of Dr. Blake, the dreams would have gone along just the same, the fact of his dying in a neighboring hospital of weakness and want, and the quenching of all her material in a pauper's grave, not interfering in the least with Miss Turpin's airy fabric. It would have been impossible to convince Miss Turpin that he could reach so dire an extremity, had not the knowledge been forced in upon her in a way that she could not refuse.

She absolutely heard the gruff voice of Mr. Shadrach upon the morning in question, and the low, musical, but bitterly mocking words of the doctor in reply.

She sat down upon the rug and clasped both her hands. He was going away, then? Until that moment she had not realized the extent of such a disaster. She could have borne, perhaps, to have been compelled to go away herself, because the inevitable for her had become, long since, a matter of course; but to have the iron hand of inexorable necessity grasp this magnificent young man was terrible. He of the flashing eyes, the lordly mien, the exultant step—for thus had little Miss Turpin been wont to classify the somewhat alluring personal attractions of young Blake—he to become the prey of an adverse destiny!

Miss Turpin's breakfast, that morning, was a failure. By dint of long practice, and an exceedingly gracious gift in housewifery, she had always managed to get up extraordinary little meals for herself. It was as if a little sooty angel sat up aloft in the chimney and assisted the culinary efforts of the lone little woman. Her toast was of brown the most golden, her coffee was of Mocha the most delicious, her bit of steak so juicy and appetizing that sometimes poor Blake in the neighboring room, with some chunks of brown bread floating helplessly in a chalky fluid before him, finding this savory odor under his nostrils, raised his clinched hand at the stern wall between them in envy and despair.

But even the little angel in the chimney became impatient with the behavior of little Miss Turpin that morning. The little woman usually so practical and capable, while straining her ear to listen to a faltering, stumbling step in the next room, deliberately burned the toast and boiled the coffee, and the sooty wings spread themselves, taking flight in disappointment and disgust.

She held her breath as the familiar foot step passed her door, and slowly, one by one, went down the worm-eaten stairs. Oh! where was he going? What would he do? She had read sometimes of an evening, when working hours were over, the shaded lamp upon the table at her side, the coals leaping and blazing in the refulgent grate, her little slippered feet upon the fender—she had read of people who, having neither money, means, nor content, had drifted into a moment of frenzy and despair, and thus leaped the awful bar that seperates the known from the unknown, content to risk any fate but that which awaited them here. She had read thus of poor, strange unfortunates, and her heart had ached in their behalf. But now? Well, now her heart almost ceased to beat. She put away her work—of what avail was it, all blotted and blurred by her tears, or ruined by her shaking brush? All day she feared and trembled; at night fall some intuitive hope caused her to brighten the fire, cook a dainty meal, and, placing the table opposite the door, leave the tempting, cozy room open upon the wind-swept, gloomy corridor.

Then she waited and waited. The clock struck at midnight, then one, two, three, from a neighboring belfry; the meal was cold, the fire burned low; the chill, gray morning had almost dawned, when at last it came; yes—thank God! faltering and slow, but it was his footstep; none other could quicken little Miss Turpin's pulse.

He reached the landing, the door of her room. Why, truly, he did pause—yes, and stagger in.

Any other woman but this, perhaps, would have recoiled with disgust and horror, and, above all, with fear, for the young man was evidently hot himself. His hair, damp and disheveled, hung in heavy disorder about his face and neck; his eyes, glassy and lurid, blazed upon hers; a red flame burned in his cheek; a slight foam flecked his trembling lips.

He fell into the chair at the table and looked wonderingly upon the food before him; but that which would have been frantically devoured, six hours before, was like the ashes of bitterness to him now. He had not tasted food for thirty-six hours. But it was not hunger that tortured him; it was thirst—an appalling thirst.

He drank the pitcher of water from Miss Turpin's hand, and looked pleadingly for more.

"Do not be afraid to give the patient water," he murmured, eagerly. "In cases of febrile debility they sometimes suffer—suffer. I recommend, by all means, water—water—water!" Then he fell back with a groan of agony.

Miss Turpin ran out of the room and down the stairs; pounded on the door of the German tailor below, who, with his wife and five children, were enjoying in sleep the only immunity granted them from endless labor and toil; bade him fly for the best doctor in the neighborhood; ran up the stairs again like a deer, and found Dr. Blake insensible, his head thrown back upon the chair, his eyes half closed, his stertorous breathing audible in the corridor below.

The little German returned with the very best medical aid in the city, even that of the eminent Dr. Havershaw himself.

All this fuss and confusion had aroused Mr. Shadrach, who followed them up the stairs and protruded his long, hairy chin in the doorway.

"It is, perhaps, best that you should know, madam," said the surgeon to little Miss Turpin, "that it is a doubtful case. Your husband is in a very critical condition. If this worthy man will assist me, we will get him to bed. Our only hope is a powerful sedative at once."

The worthy man alluded to was Mr. Shadrach, whose eyes almost left their sockets when he found the doctor preparing to put his young lodger in Miss Turpin's bed.

"Why—why," he gasped, looking over at Miss Turpin, "this won't do, will it?"

Miss Turpin bowed her head. She could not speak, but it seemed to her that her heart made all the noise that was necessary. Its convulsive throbs moved the shawl she had thrown about her shoulders.

"Don't chatter here," said the doctor, thinking Mr. Shadrach was addressing him. "Just do what I bid you, and the more quietly the better."

Half an hour after, Miss Turpin was alone again, save for the body of the doctor, that lay upon the bed. He was helpless there, perhaps dying; his face was strange and distorted; his eyes half closed. A confused, unintelligible mumur flowed from his lips, his hands clinched and unclinched; at times a groan seemed wrung from his vitals.

Miss Turpin's features were pale and haggard, her eyes streaming with tears. Yet in the midst of an anguish that partook of despair, with throes of pain and terror unspeakable, there was born to her a solemn and almost sinister joy, the first ever given to that sterile soul.

When the doctor came in the evening, he thought he had never seen so patient and noble a face; there was something in it that went to his heart.

"Be comforted," he said; "let us rely upon the youth and strong physique of your husband."

The incoherent mutterings of his patient attracted the doctor's attention. Sharp and strong sentences fell upon his ear, that excited his professional curiosity. When he heard from Miss Turpin of the enthusiasm and zeal of the young student, as much as she dared tell him of his defeated aspirations and hopes, the good doctor's eyes kindled with sympathy.

"Let him only get well," he said, "and we will sweep these lions out of his path."

Miss Turpin smiled through her tears.

"He will get well, thanks to you," she said.

"And to you," he added, looking around the room with approbation. It had been suddenly metamorphosed into the model of chamber for the sick. The open fire, with its cheering blaze and ventilating draught; the subdued light; the white and warm drapery of the bed; her own little couch near by; pretty shadowy pictures upon the walls tinted by her own hands—an eloquent silence reigning over all.

"It is lucky for yonder lad," thought the doctor, "that in all this big, wretched, barrack the one little snuggery is his own."

And so the days went by, each one freighted with hope and fear. There came one at last upon which rested the life or death of the young student.

"Some time this evening," said the doctor to Miss Turpin, "he will regain consciousness; be sure that you do not leave his bedside. I would not for the world, at that critical moment, that a strange face should meet his own."

Miss Turpin turned pale, and stretched out her hands with a gesture of entreaty. Then she slipped from her chair to her knees, and from thence to the floor. Now had come the supreme moment of torture. Now her labor, her joy, her life, were done.

A strange face! What face could be stranger than her own?

"Tut, child!" said the doctor; "I thought you had more courage. There is every hope for him. Can't you bear joy as well as you have sorrow? I only want that he shall first see the face of his wife, the dearest to him in the world."

He put down his hands to her, but still she hid her face from his. Her whole frame trembled. She wished at that moment, so happy seemed her fate, that she could die there and then.

"Oh, doctor," said she, lifting at last her eyes to his, "how can I tell you? How can I make you know? I am not his wife!"

The doctor drew back coldly, but as her frank, earnest eyes caught his own, he could not resist the innocent pleading there. She might be a poor Magdelen even, but he had never seen so childlike and yet womanly a creature.

"We must think of nothing now but our patient," he said, gently; "your face is at least familiar and dear to him."

"Alas! no," she said; "it is strange, almost unknown. It is far better I should go away."

Then she told the doctor all. And as she went on to confess how she had dared shelter this poor neighbor of hers, without a roof to cover him, without money, without friends, sick unto death, helpless and alone—how she had dared at any risk to shelter him and to nurse him back to life—the good surgeon's eyes blinked under his shaggy brows. He put his heavy hand in benediction upon her bowed head.

"Thou good little Samaritan," he said.

And two big, hollow, handsome eyes upon the white bed in the corner also filled with tears. He was so weak, this poor young Blake, that he could scarcely help sobbing outright at so touching a story.

"Why—why," he faltered to himself, "in little Miss Turpin's room! O thou merciful Heaven! in little Miss Turpin's bed! With the cherry little fire in the grate to foil yonder biting blast, with all the little knick knacks and furbelows about—the little pictures on the walls, her bird cage at the window, and a neat little medicine chest, with lots of spoons in various doses, each spoon with little Miss Turpin's name; and to her; then, under Heaven, I owe my life! Ah, my God, do so to me, and more also, if I desert little Miss Turpin, or let little Miss Turpin desert me!"

"And now," said the sweet, sad voice of little Miss Turpin, "take me to his bed-side. I am foolishly weak; I can scarcely see. Let me look upon him just once more before I go. You will take care of him now, doctor, won't you? But let me say good-by."

The doctor, undecided, scarcely knowing what to say, carried her to the bed.

"Good-by, good-by," she said, bending over him, her warm tears falling on his pale, sunken face; her hot, trembling hands clasping themselves together.

But suddenly two other hot, trembling hands seize hers in a feeble grasp—the hollow, sunken eyes of the student fasten themselves upon Miss Turpin's face with a hungry tenderness.

"Oh, no," he said, "you can not go from here, not for the world; you see the good doctor has said it will not do to have a strange face at my bed side. Yours is the dearest to me in the world. I love you, Miss Turpin. It is, perhaps, a sad fate I offer you, but, oh! be still more generous—be my wife. I have, dear little Miss Turpin—oh! I have loved you long!"

He didn't say how long; he was too weak to talk. He didn't tell her that perhaps his love dated only a little half hour back, when he listened to that wondrously touching little story of hers.

What mattered it? Can not love be as strong as life and deep as the sea, howsoever and when it is born? Good Dr. Havershaw took care of their future. It began in a neat, two-story brick, with a big brass sign upon the door, to which the worthy surgeon drew attention enough to set the pot to boiling.

And now, in her stylish brougham, with a liveried lackey at her command, with her rustling silks and dainty laces, with her wildest fancies more than realized, who could find fault with the fate of little Miss Turpin?—*Harper's Weekly.*

Defeated, but Defiant.

A Detroit youth of thirteen, says M. Quad, sold fifty pounds of old iron and a piece of lead pipe, a few days ago, and received enough money to carry out his long cherished idea of establishing a weekly newspaper, which should represent the interests of every section of Michigan. He was willing to commence low down and work up, and he established an office in the cellar of his father's house, purchased two quarts of "pi," hired his sister as an apprentice, and work was begun on his first number. This boy had an idea that an independent journal would pay best, and his first edition, which consisted of seven copies of a sheet about as large as an envelope, was devoted to items of a personal nature. It was rather a family sheet also, seven of the eight items in it being hits at his father and mother, and the lone one was a bit of advice to his school teacher. While he was out hunting up advertising and soliciting subscribers, his father laid the type away to shoot cats with, his mother kindled the fire with the wooden press, and when the editor and proprietor returned he was given a woodshed interview and then wedded to the handle of a lawn mower. He was yesterday "hollering" over the alley fence to one of his friends that he couldn't be crushed out nor frightened off the track by no bloodthirsty mob, but the prospect of a new paper is dubious.

Laughter as a Medicine.

A gentleman was suffering from an ulcerated sore throat, which finally became so swollen that his life was despaired of, when his household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each person grasped his hand for a moment, and then turning went out weeping. A pet ape, which had modestly waited till the last, then advancing and grasping his master's hand for a minute, also turned and went away with his hands to his eyes. This assumption of deep grief, which it is hardly possible the animal could have felt, since it could scarcely have comprehended the problem of mortality there so powerfully presented to the human mind, was so ludicrous in its perfection that the patient himself was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which broke the ulcer in his throat, whereby his life was saved.

Reunion of the Army of the Potomac.

The reunion of the Army of the Potomac at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, June 6, was the great event of the day as well as of the week. The assembly at the Academy took place at twelve o'clock, and previous to that hour the business meetings of the various corps associations constituting the Society of the Army of the Potomac were held and officers elected to serve for the ensuing year. The auditorium of the Academy was beautifully decorated, and presented a finer appearance, perhaps, than ever before. The stage was set in the camp scene, the front just behind the footlights, being grand with the war decorations of guns and carriages, one on each side, stacked arms, and a pyramid of drums. Behind the seats for guests was planted the headquarters flag of General Meade, stretched by wires to show the golden eagle encircled by the wreath, which is the ensign on the field. The field tents and stools were in the background.

Long before the hour of opening, the balcony and the other parts of the house assigned for invited guests were filled up with a waiting audience. At twelve o'clock precisely the distinguished civic and military gentlemen invited upon the stage, who had assembled in the green room, marched out, headed by Major General Hancock and ex-Governor John A. Dix, of New York; then came Generals Sheridan and Sherman, General Robert Patterson and General Cadwallader, Generals Averill, Hooker, McIntosh, Ingalls, Beaver, Parke and Selfridge, Colonels Anderson and Whipple, of Sherman's staff, and a number of other officers in different grades in the regular army. Besides these, there were seated on the stage, General C. H. T. Collis, Bingham, ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, ex-Governor Robinson, of New York; Captain S. P. Sennetsskin, aid-de-camp to his imperial highness, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and Captain A. Vanderhausen, Imperial Russian Guard Artillery.

At half-past twelve o'clock, General Hancock, president, called the meeting to order and made a brief and fitting speech.

After prayer by the Rev. William McVicker, Mayor Stokely was introduced, and made a speech welcoming the assemblage to Philadelphia.

Ex-Governor Dix, of New York, who was the orator on the occasion, was introduced, and delivered a long and eloquent oration, in which he dealt specially on the principle of universal emancipation, and the bearing of the late war on the practical embodiment of that principle. The oration concluded as follows: "I part with you, then, with the prayer that there may be reserved for you many more reunions like this, though it be with diminished numbers; that each succeding year, far in the future, may bring you again together to join your gratulating hands, to freshen the remembrance of past associations, and to rejoice in the continued prosperity of the Union which you contributed by your courage, your constancy, and your unconquerable endurance to save—endowing your country with a new tenure of life, and giving hope and confidence to the friends of freedom all over the civilized world." The address was warmly applauded.

William Winter, of New York, of the *Tribune*, was next introduced, and read a commemorative poem.

After the reading of the ode, spirited addresses were delivered by Generals Sherman, Sheridan and Hooker, Governor Hartranft and ex-Governor Curtin. The addresses were heartily cheered, and at their conclusion the audience was dismissed and the business meeting of the society was held.

The following is Mr. Winter's poem:

I.

Bright, on the sparkling sward, this day,
The youthful summer gleams;
The roses in the south wind play,
The slumberous woodland dreams,
In golden light, 'neath clouds of fleece,
Mid bird songs wild and free,
The blue Potomac flows, in peace,
Down to the peaceful sea.

II.

No echo from the stormy past
Alarms the placid vale;
Nor cannon roar, nor trumpet blast,
Nor shattered soldiers wail
There's nothing left to mark the strife,
The triumph or the pain,
Where Nature to her general life
Takes back our lives again.

III.

Yet in your vision evermore,
Beneath affrighted skies,
With crash of sound, with reek of gore,
The martial pageants rise.
Audacious banners rend the air,
Dark steeds of battle neigh,
And frantic through the sulphurous glare
Raves on the crimson fray.

IV.

Not time nor chance nor change can drown
Your memories proud and high,
Nor pluck your star of greatness down
From glory's deathless sky.
For evermore your fame shall bide—
Your valor tried and true!
And that which makes your country's pride
May well be pride to you!

V.

Forever through the soldier's thought
The soldier's life returns—
Or where the trampled fields are fought,
Or where the camp fire burns.
For him the pomp of morning brings
A thrill none else can know,
For him Night waves her sable wings
O'er many a nameless woe.

VI.

How often face to face with death
In stern suspense he stood,
While bird and insect held their breath
Within the ambushed wood!
Again he sees the silent hills
With danger's menace grim;
And darkly all the shuddering rills
Run red with blood for him.

VII.

For him the cruel sun of noon
Glares on a bristling plain;
For him the cold, disdainful moon
Lights meadows rough with slain.
There's death in every sight he sees,
In every sound he hears;
And sunset hush and evening breeze
Are sad with prisoned tears.

VIII.

Again worn out in midnight march
He sinks beside the track;
Again beneath the lonely arch
His dreams of home come back;
In morning wind the roses shake
Around his cottage door,
And little feet of children make
Their music on the floor.

IX.

The tones that nevermore on earth
Can bid his pulses leap
Ring out again in careless mirth,
Across the vales of sleep;
And where in horrent splendor roll
The waves of vict'ry's tide,
The chosen comrades of his soul
Are glorious at his side!

X.

Forget! the arm may lose its might,
The tired heart beat low,
The sun from heaven blot out his light,
The west wind cease to blow,
But while one spark of life is warm
Within this mould of clay,
His soul will revel in the storm
Of that tremendous day!

XI.

On mountain slope, in lonely glen,
By fate's divine command,
The blood of those devoted men
Has sanctified this land.
The funeral moss—but not in grief—
Waves o'er their hallowed rest,
And not in grief the laurel leaf
Drops on the hero's breast.

XII.

Tears for the living, when God's gift—
The friend of man to be—
Wastes, like the shattered spars that drift
Upon the unknown sea!
Tears for the wreck who sinks at last,
No deed of valor done;
But no tears for the soul that past
When honor's fight was won.

XIII.

He takes the band of Heavenly fate
Who lives and dies for truth!
For him the holy angels wait,
In realms of endless youth!
The grass upon his grave is green
With everlasting bloom!
And love and blessings make the sheen
Of glory round his tomb.

XIV.

Mourn not for them, the loved and gone!
The cause they died to save
Plants an eternal corner-stone
Upon the martyr's grave;
And safe from all the ills we pass,
Their sleep is sweet and low;
'Neath requiems of the murmuring grass
And dirges of the snow.

XV.

That sunset wafts its holiest kiss
Through evening's gathering shades,
That beauty breaks the heart with bliss,
The hour before it fades,
That music seems to merge with heaven
Just when its echo dies,
Is nature's sacred promise given
Of life beyond the skies.

XVI.

Mourn not! In life and death they teach
This thought—this truth—sublime:
There's no man free except he reach
Beyond the verge of time!
So, beckoning up the starry slope,
They bid our souls to live;
And, flooding all the world with hope,
Have taught us to forgive.

XVII.

No soldier spurns a fallen foe!
No hate of human kind
Can darken down the generous glow
That fires the patriots mind!
But love shall make the vanquished strong,
And mercy lift their ban,
Where right no more can bend to wrong,
Nor man be slave to man.

XVIII.

So from their quiet graves they speak,
So speaks that quiet scene—
Where now the violets blossom, meek,
And all the fields are green.
There wood and stream and flower and bud
A pure content declare,
And where the voice of war was heard
Is heard the voice of prayer.

XIX.

Once more in perfect love, O Lord,
Our aliened hearts unite!
And clasp across the broken sword
The hands that used to smite!
And since beside Potomac's wave
There's nothing left but peace.
Be filled at last the open grave,
And let the sorrow cease!

XX.

Sweet from the pitying Northern pines
Their loving whisper flows,
And sweetly where the orange shines,
The palm tree woos the rose;
Let that tender music run
O'er all the years to be;
And Thy great blessing make us one—
And make us one with Thee!

Six Days in a Dead House.

Three men sat behind the great stove in the cabin of the Twilight last night on their way to Troy. "Well," said the man who sat in the middle, "I have a good reason to remember Bavaria as long as I live." Some curiosity was then expressed, and the man told a terrible story of suffering and death at Munich. He said he was in that city in 1848. He was then a young man, and was taken ill of some kind of malignant fever. After the fourth day he became delirious and remembered nothing distinctly until he woke up and found himself dead. Then he went on to describe the manner of dealing with dead bodies. There is a large vault in the suburbs of the city called the dead house. There those who die are hustled off almost as soon as the breath has left the body. They remain there twenty days, and then they are burried if they do not return to life. To each body is attached two wires connecting with bells which are numbered and hung in the watchmen's room, adjoining the dead house. The least motion of the body will ring the bell corresponding with the number of the corpse. The watchmen's room is never vacant. Besides watchmen, there are constantly friends of the dead watching the bells intently, but few of them ever ring.

After having given these details, the man said that he went into a trance or an unconscious condition, and being to all appearances dead, and being a stranger, his body was hurried off to the deadhouse. He had no consciousness of going there, but when they straightened him out on the cold slab he knew what they were doing, but was powerless to move or speak. When he heard the great door creak and clang on its hinges he gave up all hope of ever living again. He thought he was in a tomb that had been forever sealed. He remembered nothing more until six days afterward (as he subsequently learned). There he was, sitting bolt upright, and the tomb was full of watchmen with lanterns. He did not for a moment comprehend his situation. He thought he had arrived at heaven or the dark regions, he didn't know which, and that the men with lanterns were there to convey him to his final abode.

Then he thought he was dreaming. Then he looked around him and saw dead bodies on all sides, and was about to fall backward when one of the watchmen seized him by the arm, and, giving him a shaking up, said in his native language, "Are you dead or alive?" He jumped up and said, "I'm alive! Let me out of here." He was then taken to the office, his name recorded, and a physician sent for. He remained in the office a day and a night, having taken some stimulants and food, and, feeling well enough, he was allowed to go on his way. The news of his resurrection did not seem to create much excitement, although such things rarely occurred. There were some English and a few American people there who made quite a time about it, and a full account was subsequently printed in the London papers, whither he went as soon as able to travel.

When he was placed in the tomb the bell wires were affixed to his hand, but he knew nothing about it. The bells tingled, the watchman said, on the night of the first day of his entombment, but on examining the body no signs of life could be discovered. But when he finally came to life he pulled the bells so violently that they fell down. Then the watchmen rushed in, and found him as described. They did not seem terrified in the least, but took the situation in a business sort of way. It was, however, a terrible experience to him, and when he discovered where he was, and what he was supposed to be, he nearly died outright of fright. The watchmen told him that within their recollection only two others had come to life, but they did not lie as long as he did.—*Troy Press.*

Roses.

In one of the books attributed to Solomon eternal wisdom is compared to the plantations of rose trees at Jericho. Princess Nourmahal, the most lovely woman in the harem of a great mogul, had a canal filled with rose water and rowed about on it with her august consort. The heat of the sun disengaged the essential oil from the water, and their majesties having observed the fact invented attar of roses. The Emperor of Heliogabalus filled a fish pond with rose water; it is nowhere said whether the fishes approved of this proceeding. When the Soldan Saladin, who had so much trouble with hard-fisted English King Richard and his turbulent Christian friends, took Jerusalem in 1188 he would not enter the Temple, which he profanely called a mosque, until he had its walls washed with rose water, and Sanut assures us that 5000 camels were no more than sufficient to carry the purifying liquid. Also, after the taking of Constantinople by Mohammed II. in 1455, the Church of St. Sophia was solemnly purified with rose-water before it was converted into a mosque. The high priest of the Hebrews wore a crown of roses when he offered up certain sacrifices under the Mosaic dispensation; and it was perhaps in remembrance to this that the Synod of Nismes, which was held in the third century, enjoined every Jew to wear a rose on his breast as a distinguishing mark of inferiority. In many countries the Jews still celebrate the festival of Easter Flowers, during which they ornament their lamps, chandeliers and beds with roses. Thus it happened that these flowers were hateful to the early Christians, and are often condemned in the writings of the fathers, who professed that they could not understand that pious people could think with eunanimity of roses when they remembered the crown of thorns; afterward this hostile feeling seems to have died out. When Marie Antoinette passed through Nancy on her way to be married with Louis XVI., the ladies of Lorraine prepared her a bed strewed with roses. In the Middle Ages roses were held so precious in France that a royal license was necessary to grow them. Charlemagne recommended the cultivation of the rose in his "Capitulation." The Persians of Shiraz stop their wine bottles with roses, which give the wine a pleasing smell, and during the festival of Abrizan, which takes place during the equinox, Persian ladies throw roses at each other when they pay visits. At Rome it was the practice of the Church to bless the rose on a special day set apart, which was called Rose Sunday. The custom of blessing the golden rose seems to have begun in the eleventh or twelveth century. The benediction was pronounced with particular solemnity on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and the golden rose thus consecrated was given as a mark of the sovereign Pontiff's favor to some prince or princess. Alexander III., who had been received with great honor during a journey which he made in France, sent the golden rose to Louis the Young as a sort of graceful compliment. Subsequently the giving of the golden rose became an authoritative act by which the Pope officially recognized the rights of Christian sovereigns. Thus Urban V. gave the golden rose to Joan, Queen of Sicilly, in 1368, thereby preferring her over the King of Cyprus. Henry VIII., of England, received a golden rose both from Julius II. and from Leo X. Toward the close of the last century the golden rose appears to have been given almost indiscriminately to any traveling prince who would pay a sum equivalent to about £400 in fees for it.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

GRASSES.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

O, life that hideth in the sod,
How sweet and bountiful thou art!
Like Aaron's mystic almond rod,
By miracle the grasses start.

They creep about the naked land,
In silence shod they nimbly run.
They clothe the rock and deck the sand,
And spread their velvets in the sun.

Upon a mighty loom they ply
With shuttle flying far and wide,
And woven in this tapestry
See buttercups and daisies pied.

O, sweet this green and humble home
For all Earth's young that skip and play,
This dewy footstool 'neath the dome
Where low at eve the cattle pray.

O, sweet this fond maternal care
For nameless weeds that flower and fade;
And teeming millions flourish there,
The weakest races God has made.

O, sweet to think when day is done,
And tired we seek the common breast,
Like all that gaze upon the sun,
Our frames beneath this cloak shall rest.
—*Evening Post.*

NASBY.

The Sage of the Cross Roads on Democratic Reform—Advice to the Party.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
Wich is in the State uv Keptucky.
May 17, 1876.

Another campane is well nigh onto us, and I feel the blood a bilin in my vanes. Like the wor hoss turned out to grass, I heer the blare up the trumpet, and I prick up my ears and tale and cry ha! ha! to the carnage. I smell the smoke uv the conflict, and I smell, likewise, the plunder underneath that smoke. I see in the distance success, and behind that success, post-offis. Post-offis! Post offis! Deliteful werds! Wat Democrat is ther that woodent git enthoosiastic over that prospeck! I shel go into this campane with my sleeves rolled up.

This is our last chance for a complete success. Success is wat we must hev, and that we may attain that success I shel throw out a few words uv admonishn, which will be apples uv gold sot in pictures of silver. We hev bin pastrin on barren feelds too long, and the fat bottoms uv offishl patronage kin only come into our hands by acoot and skillful management.

But there is difficulties in the way, no matter where we turn. Dimocrisy is a curious combinashun—a curious and singular mixtur. In the East, to be a Democrat is to be a hard money man uv the hardest possible stripe; in the West, to be a Democrat is to be a soft money man uv the softest possible stripe. Tilden, uv Noo York, who wood like to carry the Democratic banner to victory, proposes to put onto its folds "hard money." Allen, uv Ohio, who wuz resurrected from his twenty years' sleep, on purpus to embarrass the party, proposes to put on the banner, ef it is given to him, "soft money, and no end on't." Ef we put up Tilden and hard money, Allen and soft money kills him—ef we put up Allen and soft money, Tilden and his friends hev the sweetest kind uv a knife for his innocent throte, and when we come to tariff and banks there is an ekally onreconcilable differens vv opinyun.

To reconcile these differences is impossible. There ain't no yoose in tryin it, and I ain't a goin to. Dodgin is now, ez ever, the Democrats' best holt. The man wich kin lift 200 pounds shows mity little discreshn wen he strains hisself at 250, and I'm a man uv discreshn. We must hev nuthin to do with the questions on wich anybody differs. Ignorin is wisdom.

There ain't only one ishoo on wich the Dimocrisy kin plant itself with any hope of success—only one question on wich ther kin be perfect yoonanimity—and that ishoo is reform! On that we are a yoonit—on that we can agree ez sweetly ez a spring mornin.

It is not my judgment alone that I depend onto in this matter. I hev consulted all the leeders uv the party onto it—that is all the actooal leeders, them ez actilly control things. I writ to that gileless patriot, Willyum Tweed, Esq., who is now a pinin on a furrin shoar in consekence uv a corrupt joory, wich enquired ez to wat he hed done with ten millions uv the public muney, and wuz not content to take his word fur it that he hed spent it legally. His anser wuz so strikly in accordance with my noshuns uv that I give the heart uv it:

"By all means go into the next canvass on the ishoo uv reform. The corrupshens uv the present administrashen, and I may say uv the Republikin party in general, is sich ez to appal the hart uv any lover uv his country. In my lonely eggsile I frekently shed teers wen I think uv the steelin that's goin on.

"Let our watchword be 'Reform and purity in official posishen.' Et my lawyers kin git them inditements agin me squashed in time I will cum home and help in the campane. I kin yit controle over 200 s'loons in the lower wards uv the city, and ef I kin git back I kin orginise my old forse and restore Tammany to its old posishen ez the controller uv the Dimocrisy. The trick uv repeatin hez not bin forgotten, and I kin handle them fellows ez well ez ever I cood. 'Reform and purity' is my watchword."

Peter B. Sweeny, who is yit in Paris, a livin ruther quiet than otherwise, wuz still more emphatic. He sez—but I will give his own words:

"Reform is what we want. I am tired uv livin abroad, and I want to git back to Noo York. I want a hand in the comin campane, for I hev jist as much power ez ever, ef I kin only git the cussid Republikins out uv the way. The repeeters ain't ded yit; and ez ship loads uv patriotic Irishmen, who are willin to take offis ez soon ez they land are a comin every day, I kin help to govern Noo York ez well ez I ever did. But what yoo want to do is to make this fite on reform and purity. Do this and git me and Tweed back, and we will make things hum. There is Noo York and its tax levies for the victors, and ef the currency, tariff, and all them miner questions are squelched, and the battle is fought on the simple question uv reform and personal offishl posishn we we kin win it. Reform is our watchword, and that is what I insist upon. I am absent, but not forgotten."

Connolly, who is residin in Belgium, where there is no extradishun treaty, and consekently where the laws uv the United States torchntly can't reech him, wich makes him entirely independent uv the country wich he hez adoptid, writ me a letter in wich he give me his views ez to the situashun, wich is ez follers:

"I hev only wun intrest in the ensooin eleckshun—only wun. A lonely eggsile on a furrin shoar, I cast my eyes longingly to my native land, and yearn fur it. Sence me and the rest uv old Tammany left Ameriky I hev observed with more disgust than I kin put language too, the corrupshens that hev eeten out the hart uv the country of my adopshun, I earnestly hope that the Dimocrisy will take hold uv it in earnest and reform it. What we want is purity. Owing to circumstances—which the same is indictments—I can't come back persnelly to assist in the shindy, but I pledge to yoo the yose of my old and staunch repeaters in the lower wards of Noo York, wich, ef they kin depend onto hevin their expensis paid and their whack in the offices, and in contraz after the eleckshuns, kin be dependid on to do the work jist ez good ez ever they did. Let the platform be heavy and solid for purity and reform."

Oakey Hall wants reform and purity, and in sich a coz he is willin to give a fourth uv the forchoon he made when he was astoot rite bower uv Tweed.

I hev heerd from em all. The Democrisy of the sixth ward of Noo York, wher I wunst run a small grosery, are to a man for reform. Pendleton wants reform, and every man wich wuz turned out of offis when Johnson went out is a clamorin for it.

The Southern Democrisy wants reform. They say in their letters to me: "Give us a reform platform, and we'll put away our shotguns and keep our hand off the niggers till after eleckshns, shoor. We won't insist on our rites to kill niggers and keep 'em from hevin anything to do with matters, till the eleckshun of a Dimocratic President gives us a rite to do ez we please." Their constant remark is: "Go in heavy for reform, and make that the one ishoo."

The dooty uv the party is cleer. Give us a platform based entirely onto reform. We kin carry it. It is a great many yeers sence we wuz in power, and by this time the peeple hev forgotten us and they will take us eezy. If we do this we kin succeed beyond a question. The millenium ain't cum yet, nor hez there bin any especial change in things. We hev the doggeries and all the lower elements. They are allus ours, and they are ez strong ez ever. Until sin goes out uv the world there will be a Dimocratic party. Humanity in the United States is divided into two classes—them ez wear clean shirts and sox, and Dimocrats. And so long ez this division is observed we are sound.

It is a good time for us. Everything is in our favor. It hez bin a cold spring—the farmers are all behind with ther work. Ther hez bin frosts in places which hez destroyed the froot, and ther is a joyful prospeck uv a short crop uv everything. The people is dissatisfied about it, and uv course they will charge everything to the administration. A failure uv the potato crop is worth thousands of votes to the Dimocrisy any time. It is only when things is jist ez bad ez they can be that anybody ever thinks ov goin to the Dimocrisy for a change.

What we want is a good mouth-fillin platform wich looks well, and wich the people will be satisfied with. Troo, what is promised afore elecshun and what happens afterward is 2 things, but let to-morrow take care uv itself. Wat we want now is success.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich hopes to be Postmaster).

—*Toledo Blade.*

A Rat Story of Pike's Peak.

The number of rats inhabiting the rocky crevices and cavernous passages at the summit of Pike's Peak, says a correspondent of the Pueblo *Chieftain*, have recently become formidable and dangerous. These animals are known to feed upon a saccharine gum that percolates through the pores of the rocks, apparently upheaved by some volcanic action. Since the establishment of the government signal station on the summit of the Peak, at an altitude of nearly 15,000 feet, these animals have acquired a voracious appetite for raw and uncooked meat, the scent of which seems to impart to them a ferocity rivaling the fierceness of the starved Siberian wolf. The most singular trait in the character of these animals is that they are never seen in the daytime. When the moon pours down her queenly light upon the summit they may be seen in countless numbers trooping around among the rocky bowlders that crown the barren waste, and during the warm summer months they may be seen swimming and sporting in the waters of the lake, a short distance below the Peak, and of a dark, cloudy night their trail in the water is marked by a sparkling light, giving the waters of the lake a bright and silvery appearance. A few days since Mr. John T. O'Keefe, one of the government operators at the signal station upon the Peak, returned to his post, taking with him upon a pack animal a quarter of beef. It being late in the afternoon, his colleague, Mr. Hobbs, immediately left with the pack animal for the Springs. Soon after dark, while Mr. O'Keefe was engaged in the office forwarding night dispatches to Denver and Washington, he was startled by a loud scream from Mrs. O'Keefe, who had retired for the night to an adjoining bedroom, and who come rushing into the office, screaming, "The rats! the rats!" Mr. O'Keefe, with great presence of mind, immediately drew around his wife a scroll zink plating, which prevented the animals from climbing upon her person, and although his own person was almost literally covered with them, he succeeded in encasing both of his legs each in a joint of stovepipe, when he commenced a fierce and desperate struggle for the preservation of life, being armed with a heavy cane. Hundreds were destroyed on every side, while they still seemed to pour with increasing numbers from the bedroom, the door of which had been left open. The entire quarter of beef was eaten in less than five minutes, which seemed to only sharpen their appetite for an attack upon Mr. O'Keefe, whose hands, face and neck were terribly lacerated. In the midst of the warfare Mrs. O'Keefe managed to reach the office, from which she threw a coil of electric wire over her husband that sprang outward and spread itself over the room, then, grasping the valve in the battery, she poured all its terrible power upon the wire. In an instant the room was all ablaze with electric light, and hundreds were killed by the shock, when the sudden appearance of daylight, made such by the coruscation of the heavily charged wire, caused them to take refuge among the crevices and caverns of the mountain, by way of the bedroom window, through which they had forced their way. But the saddest part of this night adventure upon the Peak is the destroying of their infant child, which Mrs. O'Keefe thought she had made secure by a heavy covering of bed clothing. But the rats had found their way to the infant, only two months old, and left nothing of it but the peeled and naked skull. Drs. Horn and Anderson have just returned to Colorado Springs from the Peak. It was thought at first that the left arm of Sergeant O'Keefe would have to be amputated, but they now believe it can be saved.—*Denver News.*

Perpetual Fire.

In the neighborhood of Baku, on the Caspian sea, there is a phenomenon of a very extraordinary nature, called the everlasting fire, to which a sect of Indians and Persians, called Gaurs, pay religious worship. It is situated about ten miles from the city of Baku, in the province of Shirvan, on a dry, rocky piece of ground. On it there are several ancient temples built of stone, and supposed to be all dedicated to the fire, there being one among them in which fire worship is now being carried on. Near the altar there is a large hollow cane, from the end of which issues a blue flame. The worshipers affirm that this flame has continued ever since the deluge, and they believe if it were suppressed in that place it would break out in another. At a short distance from this temple there is a horizontal gap, two feet from the ground, about six feet long, and three broad, out of which comes a constant flame of the color of that in the temple. When there is a strong wind it rises to the height of eight feet, but is much lower in calm weather.

The earth around for more than two miles has this extraordinary property, that by taking up two or three inches of the surface and applying a lighted lamp the part uncovered immediately takes fire, even before the flame touches it. The flames make the soil hot, but do not consume it nor affect what is near with any degree of heat.

It is said that eight horses were once consumed by this fire under a roof where the surface of the ground had been turned up, and by some accident had ignited. If a cane or tube of paper be set about two inches into the ground, closed with earth below, and the top of it touched with a live coal a flame will immediately issue forth without consuming the tube, providing the edges be covered with clay. Three or four lighted canes will boil water in a pot, and are sometimes used to cook victuals. The flames have a sulphurous smell, but are inoffensive.

An Old Book.

The trustees of the British Museum have lately purchased a remarkable little "Horæ ad Usum Sorun"—"Book of Hours," according to the use of Sarum—printed on vellum, which formerly belonged to Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., and first husband of Catharine of Arragon. On the last leaf is an inscription stating that the book was a present from Prince Arthur to Thomas Poyntz, "Armegero pro corpore Illmi Regis Anglie Henrici VII.," *i. e.*, esquire for the body of King Henry VII., underneath which, at the foot of the page, is an undoubted signature of Prince Arthur himself in French, "Arthur is Prince." Of this autograph only one other copy is known, that namely in the Cottonian collection of manuscripts in the British Museum. On the first leaf of this "Book of Hours" is the signature C. Somerset, being in all likelihood that of Sir Charles Somerset, afterward Baron Ragland, and in 1514 created Earl of Worcester. He was the executor to Henry VII. and Lord Chamberlain to Henry VIII. In the calendar to this volume, preceeding the prayers, there are obituary notices in manuscripts of several members of the Poyntz family. Of this family there were two branches, one in Gloucestershire, and the other in Essex. A merchant of Antwerp of this name befriended Tyndale when at Antwerp, and even lodged him in his own house. When Tyndale was arrested for heresy in 1535, this Poyntz wrote to his brother, who filled some office in the English court, in his favor, but with no effect. In the name and character of "Poins," the friend of Prince Hal, it is possible that Shakespeare may have had in his mind's eye some member of this family.

Grand opening of Grand Hotel at Point Clear on June 1.