THE POST.

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Select Poetry.

GOING UP & COMING DOWN.

This is a simple thing, 'tis true,
And songs like these are never nice;
And yet we'll try and scatter through
A pinch or two of good advice.
Then listen, pompous friend, and learn
Never to boast of much renown;
For Fortune's wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some come down.

We know a vast amount of stocks,
A vast amount of pride insures:
But Fate has picked so many locks,
We wouldn't like to warrant yours.
Remember, then, and never spurn
The one whose hand is hard and brown;
For he is likely to go up,
And you are likely to come down.

Our lives are full of chance and change,
And chance, you know, is never sure;
And 'twere a doctrine new and strange,
That places high are most secure.
And though the fickle god may smile,
And wield the sceptre and the crown,
'Tis only for a little while,
Then B. goes up and A. comes down.

The world for you and me, my friend,
Hath something more than pounds and pence;
Then let me humbly recommend
A little use of common sense.
Thus lay all pride of place aside,
And have a care on whom you frown,
For fear you'll see him going up
When you are only coming down.

How the Deacon Was Sold.

"He never shall have you, Letty—leastwise, if I can prevent it. A city dandy like him indeed! I'd just as lief you'd marry Dan Blecker the idiot, as to become the wife of that popinjay."

And Deacon Merriam deliberately tipped back his chair against the side of the house, or rather against the sink-room door—a habit that was a favorite one with him—and seemed to regard the case as settled.

Letitia began to cry a little, then thought better of it, and, drying her eyes, grew rapidly indignant.

"He isn't a popinjay!" she said. "He's as good as anybody, and a deal better than Peter Bridge, if you did but know it."

Peter Bridge was her father's favorite, a steady well-to-do young farmer though people did say he was a trifle parsimonious.

"Well, I don't know it, and nobody else don't know it, either!" he cried angrily. "Peter Bridge is a king to him, and has got four times the money, to say nothing of the old Bridge farm, that is worth five thousand, if it's worth a dollar. I tell ye, Letty, a gal could do much worse than to marry Peter Bridge."

"And much better, I hope," said Letty. "At any rate I shall try, for I wouldn't wipe my slippers on Peter Bridge."

"Well, as I said before, you never shall marry Ross Hardinge," snapped Deacon Marriam grimly; "so that's the end on't. And if you won't have Peter, why you can be an old maid, I suppose."

"I shall not do either. I have promised already to be Ross Harding's wife, and have no intention of breaking my word—so there!" And then, astonished at her own temerity, Letty burst into tears.

The deacon sat silent a moment. In all his life long he had never encountered a spirit quite so rebellious as this.

"I never!" he cried, and in his dismay endeavor to regain the perpendicular. But his chair was tilted back so far that it required some exertion to do this; and giving a spring, the door against which it was leaning flew open, and over he went amongst the pots and kettles, and down came a pail of dirty water upon his devoted head.

We are afraid the deacon made use of expressions that would be wicked for even a sinner to utter. He rattled around some time before he succeeded in getting upon his feet, and when that difficult operation was accomplished, his features resembled those of an Indian chief with the war-paint on. The wife and daughter fairly shrieked with laughter.

"Hush up!" he exclaimed. "It's a pretty time, if I'm to be made a laughing stock of in my own house. I won't endure it."

"Just look in the glass," said Letty.

The deacon sniffled, but he looked as suggested, and the sight of the crock did not improve his temper a particle.

"So you will marry Ross Hardingo?" he asked.

"Yes, father."

"You won't, Miss Disobedience I'll put a lock on the door of your room, and keep you on bread and water. I'll put iron bars before the widows, and not let you write a word to communicate with him."

"But I am eighteen," cried Letty, turning as red as a peony.

"I don't care if you are eighty-one! No daughter of mine shall marry a fool; and he is a fool, if there ever was one."

The deacon was as good as his word regarding the lock. He had one put on the door of her room, and Letty became a prisoner. Then he told Ross Hardinge that he never should have Letitia.

"Why not?" asked Ross, quite coolly.

"She never shall marry an idiot!"

Ross smiled.

"Look here, old gentleman, if you wasn't to be my father-in-law, I'd make you ask pardon for that little speech. As it is, I suppose I'll have to consider upon it instead."

"And if I wasn't a deacon, I'd teach you better things, you puppy."

And with that the deacon hurried away to the blacksmith's shop for the iron bars to be placed over Letty's windows.

"A fool, am I?' Ross Hardinge muttered, after he was gone "We'll see, old gentleman; the case is by no means decided. Perhaps there are bigger fools in this world than I, and one of them may be a deacon. I like Letitia, and she likes me, and I'm not going to give her up without a struggle of some kind."

So he sat down and wrote this quixotic letter."

"DEAR TOM:—You once said that you would oblige me by giving me half of your fortune, if I would accept it. I told you I would accept the will for the deed (for I knew it was nothing but foolish enthusiasm in you to offer to pay me for doing my duty by dragging you out of the river), but now if you will simply transfer the whole of your bank stock to my credit for a few days, it would be a great accommodation. I pledge you my word that I will return every cent of it within a month."

And then he signed it, and sealed and sent it away to the post-office. Three days later he walked into the office of Squire Marriam, the deacon's brother, and told him he wished to obtain his advice.

"In what respect?" demanded the squire.

"The investment of money. My property is mostly in bank stock, and I wish to invest a portion in something else. What would you advise?"

"I would prefer to see your certificates of stock as a preliminary," dryly observed the squire.

Out came pocket books and memorandums, and sufficient stock was accounted for to amount to thirty thousand dollars. The deacon's brother began to rub his eyes.

"By Jove!" he said to himself—*he* wasn't a deacon, you know—"if he has got that much money old Reuben is making a fool of himself. I'll put a flea in his ear forthwith."

Then turning to Ross, he added aloud:

"I'd put it in real estate, young man—I'd put it in real estate."

Ross handed him ten dollars, and left the office. And before night Deacon Merriam was posted.

Off came the lock and key, and the iron bars, having never been put on, were stowed away, with other old rubbish in a hurry

The next day Ross ventured to call, and the warm reception he met was a great surprise to Letty, who never had known her father to relent before. She held her peace, however, and did not allude to it after he was gone.

Her father did.

"I've changed my mind, Letty," he said. I've heard something about Ross Hardinge that has convinced me he is not so bad as I thought him. Young people will be young people, and if you wish to marry him, forget what I have said."

But he did not tell her what he had heard.

Of course the, deacon's objection removed, it was all smooth water, and Ross drove his wooing so furiously, that in three weeks they were married.

Then her husband explained his artifice to her, fearing that she had been deceived, but her father had never told her what had changed his sentiments. And instead of blaming him, she kissed him and called him a dear, nice fellow.

In a week the deacon began to talk bank-stock.

"It don't trouble me," said Ross, with a laugh.

"Don't trouble you! Haven't you thirty-thousand dollars invested in bank-stock?" thundered his father-in-law.

"No, sir—nor thirty cents.

The deacon said something that deacons are not supposed to utter.

"What has become of the wealth you showed my brother?" he asked.

"O, that was borrowed for the occasion," said Ross, quietly. "I returned it as soon as I had accomplished my purpose. You called me a fool once, and I vowed to be even with you, as I rather think I am'

If the deacon prayed that night more fervently than usual, it was because he had had a terrible struggle with Old Adam within him.

After all, Ross Hardinge did not make a bad son-in-law. And when he got to own half Cedarvale, the deacon forgave him entirely.

Paris After Capture.

General Borel made the following report regarding the fate of the persons held as hostages:

The Archbishop of Paris and Judge Bonjean were shot in prison, and their bodies carried to the Mairie of the twentieth arrondissement. Sixteen others, with a group of thirty-eight gendarmes, were taken to Pere La Chaise at night, under the pretext of being transferred to another place of confinement, and were then shot. Four others, whose names are unknown, where shot on Saturday. The total thus known comprises sixty-four victims.

On Saturday the surviving prisoners were about to be shot by the commune, which had established its headquarters at the prison, when, at the instigation of one of the old staff, who had been retained in his office by the Commune, they rebelled and withdrew into one portion of the prison, where they barricaded themselves, and where the insurgents tried to burn them alive. The mattresses, however, being of wool, preserved them so that they were not much burned. A hundred soldiers who had remained in the hands of the Commune when the barracks of Prince Eugene was captured, formed among themselves a very solid nucleus of resistance, and at 5 o'clock on Saturday evening the Commune, seized with a positive panic, fled, carrying off with them the money-chest, and directing their flight to the Mairie of the Twentieth Arrondissement.

The inside of the Hotel de Ville presents a curious scene the solid masses of stone and lime of which the rubbish is composed having fallen in in the form of a crater, which fills up the whole central place. Under this mound are said to be buried from 200 to 300 insurgents who were unable to escape at the last moment, and thus fell the victims of the conflagration they had themselves originated. The mutilation of the ornamental work of this magnificent specimen of architecture is simply hideous; there is scarcely a square inch of the facade untouched by shot or shell, and the huge stone columns inside, splintered and defaced, support a mere shell.

There is a yellow, ghastly look in the atmosphere so charged with the smoke of burning houses and public buildings that the sun shines feebly through it. The Tuileries is a mere shell. The smoke from the Ministry of Finance and the magnificent public buildings at the corner of the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli is still rising from the ruins, and in the celebrated bonnet-maker's, Madame Drouart, No. 3 Rue de Rivoli, well known to many of your lady readers, a number of young women employed there took refuge in the cellars, and are now stifled beneath a pile of rubbish twenty or thirty feet high. The Rue Royale, which I could only see a portion of, is like a Ninevitish mound of rubbish, and the fire is still extending

Turning back by the Boulevard Haussman, I reached the Grand Opera, a mass of barricades, and too full of soldiers to be a pleasant resort, especially as petroleum shells were falling on the Boulevard des Italiens. All those palaces which made Paris the wonder and admiration of modern times are heaps of smouldering ruins—her finest boulevards shattered, her gardens laid waste, her gutters running with blood, and an awful pall settling down heavily over her dying agonies as she completes, in compliance with "the unexorable logic of facts" which has formed her only religion, her own suicide.

You have heard doubtless of the vivandieres of the National battalions, who have marched brightly and bravely to the combat with the corps, or with the men who claimed their wild and more than half unwomanly devotion. One woman of this class, straight tall, splendidly set, with vigor in her face and beauty in every limb—she could not have been more than twenty-five, and she was a woman perfectly made—I saw suffer a frightful fate. Captured I know not how, she had killd with a revolver, before her hand could be stayed, a Versaillist officer and three of his men She looked "out and out" a fury; her handsome face was black with powder, her lips especially made livid by hasty biting of cartridges; her hair hung in disheveled tangles about her handsome but ferocious face; and her eyes, gleaming with an overstrained courage that mounted even to madness, blazed defiance on the red breeched crowd who had her at their mercy. I will not linger on the scene. Her hands were tied, and, with her back against a wall, she died—pierced through and through with shots from the rifles of M. Thiers' troops. I could not help being deeply sorry for her.—*Correspondence of the London Times*

Why the Germans Conquered the French.

Having seen something of both German and French soldiers in our army (and having the recollection of the "Seven weeks War" against Austria in mind), the writer last summer, expressed to a careful student of European history, his opinion that in the war then commencing, the French would be defeated. The student, an older man, considered the idea absurd, and he cited instances—from Jena down—to prove that no army ever had stood (or ever could stand) against the French. He was armed with statistics of population and statistics of wealth to show that—as the battle *is* to the strong—the German army was marching down to its certain doom In spite of this, we thought we saw an element of strength in their ranks that would yet convince our friend that only some wonderful and unlooked for "time and chance" could save France from fearful retribution.

This element of strength was the *sense of duty* which possesses the mind of an average German, as it does almost no other mind in the world He may lack artistic taste, gracefulness of thought and manner, and poetic fancy, but no trip hammer is more steadily fixed in its manner of doing its work. A Frenchman does his work well and gracefully when he feels like doing it at all. A German does his well and thoroughly, when it ought to be done,—will be, nil he. It does not occur to him that he might put it off or slight it. It is precisely this quality,—which characterizes the whole nation as it does the individual,—that has made their army the best in Europe. It is the quality that promises henceforth to win all the substantial successes of life, whether for nations or for individuals—for rulers or for rag-pickers.

In Prussia it has been a matter of cultivation. In all official life,—whether in teaching school or in commanding troops,—it is the *thorough* men who secure promotion and reward The soulder is a good soldier because he as been brought up to be a faithful worker, and because he has no ambition for the respect that his comrades and his townspeople reserve for faithful men only. The officer is a good officer, because his training, from the time he first went to the University, and the example of those above him and around him, have burned into his very soul the idea that under all circumstances he is to do his exact duty, and to do it well. He has formed a habit of thoroughness in his childhood, and every position of his life has confirmed it in him. Discipline, which is the soul of military success, as it is of civil success, may be considered the universal ruler of the whole people. In the nursery, in the school in the work-shop, in the army (where every man *must* serve, be he rich or poor), in the camp, and in the court, every man must do his duty,—or he must go to the wall. Favoritism has less sway in Prussia than any other country in the world. The most it can do is to give a skillful opportunity to work for his reward. The Emperor is a hard worker, Bismarck is a hard worker, and Moltke the hardest worker of all.

In one of the attempts of Bazaine to escape from Metz, it became of vital necessity for the German army to gain time, and this only could be done by sacrificing a regiment of Landwehr (nearly all married men, and of a class not generally sent on for foreign service). This regiment stood its ground until it was absolutely annihilated,—shot down in its tracks. It had become the duty of these to die, and they died like men in the most stolid and most heroic pursuance of the idea in which they had lived. Throughout the whole war the entire army simply did its duty. Generals attended to their plans of campaign; Commanders looked after their men and kept their troops efficient; Quartermasters had their supplies on hand when and where they were wanted; Commissaries kept the armies well supplied with food; Soldiers did their duty to the death. This is the simple story of their wonderful success; the *sense of duty* never lost its sway, and failure became impossible.

In the French army, the very opposite of all this tended to weaken every movement. The early attack was delayed for want of plans, of organization, of transportation, of food, and of discipline. The men fought like tigers,—and then ran like sheep. The idea of duty gave place to the idea of "glory." "*elan*"—dash—took the place of dogged and well governed determination. Officers started out on the campaign with wagon loads of finery in which to celebrate their entry into Berlin, and neglected the material supplies without which it was impossible to reach the Rhine. The Government sent maps of the sea coast country to officers serving in Loraine. Disbursing officers had drawn supplies for more men than they had in the field, and had sold for their own benefit more than the surplus. The whole organization was crazy disorganization from the outset, and demoralization soon added its inevitable weight and brought defeat. The nation had been trained for "*La Gloire*." Fidelity,—long-suffering,—duty,—these were all forgotten; and the victory that had been organized in the homes of the German people, long years before, when these soldiers were but little children, was assured from the outset. Enormous destruction of life and property attended its course; but there are far outvalued by the lesson the war has taught to the world. The lesson, namely, that the only sure road to success, is to be sought in a faithful adherence to the well-marked path of duty; in absolute thoroughness in all things. It is a lesson that is valuabl not only for nations, but for men—for all men, and if it were well learned by all and followed by universal fidelity, even the enormous cost of its teaching would be insignificant in comparison with its results.—*Hearth and Home.*

CHEAP variety shows do not seem to thrive in California, though one would suppose the soil especially congenial to them. Wm H. Smith, late manager of the Alhambra theatre, in San Francisco, having failed, he was called upon in court to state what means he had of paying his debts. He stated he had no real or personal property in the world beyond a pewter watch which wouldn't run, even for Congress, a knife with three broken blades, a sprained horse, and a counterfeit $10 bill on a broken bank. He was one of the best defined cases of bankruptcy ever known in the State.

MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES MUNDY, of Florida, formerly of the army of the Potomac, died suddenly in the Tombs in New York city, Sunday night, from exhaustion resulting from intoxication. General Mundy had lately returned from the army reunion at Boston, and was committed to the Tombs last week for grand larceny, having fallen among sharpers, who plundered him and took this means to get rid of him. Gen. "Billy" Smith and other prominent officers will take charge of the body. General Mundy was a native of Hungary.

HERE is another one of those heroes who are so common that they attract little attention: John Olvany, of Michigan City, Indiana, was sailing on the lake with three friends, when the boat was capsized by a flaw of wind, and as the little craft could bear up only three persons, Olvany, saying that he had no family and they had, bade them good by, released his hold, and was drowned. Sir Philip Sidney never did anything half so noble as that: and yet who will remember the name of John Olvany tomorrow.

AFTER Susan B Anthony lectured at Ripon, Wis., she wanted some recreation and amusement, so she took a walk on Sunday around the graveyard there. While she was enjoying the literature of a tombstone, she heard a lot of little boys saying, "That's her," and she thought, "such is fame." Congratulating herself that even the children of the land knew her, she was accosted by an urchin, who said: "Say, ain't you the old woman that walks up the wire on the circus tent to-morrow?"