

# The Post.

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THE POST.

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## Poetry.

### Dreamland.

'Tis a land unknown to waking vision  
In a bloom in beauty rare;  
Not breeze blow through its field  
Of flowers, but its blossoms fair,  
In sunlight bathe its purple-crested  
Mountains,  
In deep in shady groves  
Are plash and trickle never falling  
Constant,  
A sleeping spirit roves,  
And finds no trace of failure, sin, or sorrow  
These enchanted ways,  
Thought of yesterday or sure to morrow,  
Past or future days.  
All its failures prove but brave success,  
All its losses gains;  
All love with its warm brooding presence,  
All perfect peace attains.  
A loved one laid to rest with bitter  
Weeping,  
And forth with shining eyes;  
A dear remembered looks so sweetly  
Keeping,  
At grief, forgotten, flies.  
Hopes of youth, all noble aspirations  
Full fruition come;  
A struggling soul is freed from its temptations,  
And homeless finds a home.  
Whatever in the hour of daily walking  
Is dear and distant seems,  
Is real and near, an almost heaven  
Making  
An unseen world of dreams.

### The Mute Minstrel.

Like all white and fast and soft  
Less whirl from the vault aloft  
His mantle wide and fair  
He brown breast through the dark  
Hair.  
His bushy locks and wan,  
Her shining is all undone,  
Her head and low  
"Branches" crown of snow.  
His right too long;  
His throat is a silent song;  
He shall his dead heart beat  
Love of the departed true and  
True.  
His breast did at home  
With the braided boughs you may  
Only see in a cedar-tree  
The dead bird, is the cedar-tree,  
His heart to its branches is dead like  
The red and they breast in its love and  
The snow-falls fall on its trust and  
The slayers his theme on happy  
Wings.  
His eyes are up of spring,  
His every eye, and meet the late,  
His eyes and mine shall be skilled and  
Met.

### Select Tale.

#### Remarkable Escapes.

The summit of inventive genius  
Develops under the spur of peril  
Is scarcely short of the marvelous,  
and it is in nothing better illustrated  
than in the chronicles of escapes.  
We all know the story of the hunter  
who tumbled into the hollow of the  
tree in which a she bear had made  
her lair, and couldn't climb out. He  
waited, it will be remembered, till  
the tenant whose lodgings he had  
invaded came home from a dinner  
she had been enjoying at the expense  
of some tender young African  
on the neighboring plantation, and  
commenced to back down into the  
tree after the fashion adopted by her  
ance in making a descent. As soon  
as her tail was within reach the pris-  
oner grabbed it, while with his other  
hand he commenced digging Mrs.  
Brawn in the rump with his knife.  
She didn't come down to inquire in-  
to the matter, but scrambled, howl-  
ing out a wail, drawing the captive  
behind her till he got a chance to use  
his hands on a more vital portion of  
her anatomy.  
A somewhat similar yarn is that  
told by Plutarch of Aristomenes,  
the Spartan General, whom the  
Spartans captured in battle  
about a hundred years B. C., and  
shut him into the Gulf of Coedo,  
a cavern in the north-west of the  
city of Sparta. The Spartans had  
the Duke of Normandy, who, after  
the conquest of the island, was  
shut up in the castle of St. Michael's  
Mount, near the town of Jersey, in  
the Channel. He was there for  
several years, and was at last  
rescued by a French privateer.

the unnatural opening overhead. He spent two days among the bones and rotting bodies. On the third day he saw a fox creeping along in the gloom toward a heap of corpses. The fact that the animal got into the cave was proof positive that there was some way out.

Lying motionless till the fox came sniffing around him, Aristomenes then grabbed him by the leg, and, as he turned to snap him, thrust the hem of his mantle in his mouth. Reynard held on viciously, and the ingenious captive was led, as he desired to be, through a labyrinthine passage to an opening just large enough for the fox to crawl through, and which he managed to enlarge sufficiently to escape by himself. Those old-timers were a tough lot if historians don't lie. Herodotus tells of another, Hegistratus, who was an angur or fortune-teller to one Mordonia. The Spartans got hold of him, too, and put him in jail with a log fettered to his leg. Failing to release himself in any other way, he contrived to scrape a passage out of his dungeon with an old knife-blade he found in a corner, and then cut enough of his foot off to slip the stump out of the fetter, and so crawled away to freedom. Incredible as the story seems, such cases of self-mutilation are not uncommon among our Indians, and animals caught by the foot in a trap almost invariably gnaw the captive members off and survive the loss.

Castus Secundus Curion was a zealous Lutheran of the sixteenth century in Turin. Taking exception to a passage in the sermon a Jesuit was preaching in the Cathedral, he called him a liar. He was seized and thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, where his feet were shackled to ponderous blocks of wood to prevent his moving. According to his own account, after having spent a week in these ornaments, he induced his jailor, on the plea that he was perishing of pain in his constrained position, to unshackle one leg for him. Then he tore his shirt into shreds, and taking off his stocking and slipper, stuffed them with these rags until he had made a very fair model of a leg and foot. A broken broomstick supplied him with a bone, and, as he tells it, "hid- ing my real limb under my cloak, I sat calmly awaiting the success of my ruse. After a time the young man came in to pay me his usual visit and ask me how I did. 'I should feel better,'" I said, pointing to my ruse, "if you would kindly fasten this leg to the fetter and let me give the other a rest." He consented, and cinched up my false limb with all imaginable care." At night, when Curion heard his attendants snoring he parted company with his fettered leg, undressed it, clothed himself again and stole out of his cell, which no one had taken the trouble to fasten on the outside. He found means to scale the outer walls of his prison and regain his liberty. His escape, which he describes in this matter of fact way, figures in the pious history as the work of witchcraft, on the ground that the Devil is ever ready to assist his own.

The escape of Grotius, the historian, from the Castle of Louvenstein was an original one. Involved in the ruin of his friend, John of Barneveldt, Grotius, in 1619, when only thirty-six years old, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He was allowed to borrow books from his friends, and when they were returned they were sent away in a chest along with his linen for the wash. Toward the end of the second year when the guard had ceased to bother examining the box as it came and went, Madame Grotius contrived to have her husband conceal himself in this convenient casket, and he was carried to freedom by some of the very soldiers set to guard him so zealously.

Such methods of concealment were by no means uncommon in those old days when men were imprisoned for years at a time, living under guard in some castle with pretty much the same freedom as they would have enjoyed, barring the liberty of going out when they wanted to. The little Duke of Normandy, who, after the conquest of the island, was shut up in the castle of St. Michael's

steward, Omand. The feat recently performed by a couple of prisoners on Blackwell's Island by concealing themselves in dungheaps is no new one. More than one captive in feudal times was jolted to liberty buried under a load of manure. There was an old German warrior in the time of Maximilian who is said to have made his escape from the castle in which he was confined hidden in the carcass of a horse which had died in the stables, and from which he had removed the bowels to make room for himself.

An Italian captive is told of who in the fourteenth century was taken from his prison-house and buried in a church vault in the coffin of the castle priest, whose corpse he had found an opportunity to remove and conceal under his bed, where it was not discovered until it began to develop a decidedly gamy flavor. The Marquis de Montefiore, a State prisoner of Cadiz in the sixteenth century, became a State fugitive by stowing himself away in an empty wine cask.

Disgraces have, from time immemorial, been favorite aids to escape. James V. freed himself from the power of the Douglases in the make-up of a stable-boy, and Mary Stuart's first attempt to get away from Lochleven Castle was in the dress of a laundry girl. When Flora Macdonald assisted Charles Edward, the Pretender, to escape after the battle of Culloden, she disguised him as a servant girl and christened him Betty Darke. Count Laviolette escaped from the Conciergerie in 1815 on the Sharkey plan, in a dress of his wife's. One of the most remarkable rescues on record was that of the Earl of Nithsdale, who on the night before the day set for his execution was got out of the Tower of London by his wife. Nithsdale was under sentence for complicity in the Rebellion of 1715.

Lady Nithsdale had thrown herself at the feet of George II., imploring mercy, but the King had refused to listen to her. She obtained permission to bid her husband a final adieu on the night before his execution, and went to the tower with two women, who were in her confidence. One had on two suits of outer garments, and after leaving a snit in the Earl's chamber she immediately quitted the prison. The second gave the Earl her clothes and put on those which the first had just taken off. Wrapped in a long cloak, and with a handkerchief to his eyes, the prisoner then passed through the sentinels, and took ship for France. Lady Nithsdale remained behind in her husband's stead, but she soon regained her liberty.

The escape of the Duke of Albany, imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle by his brother, James III., is one of the most dramatic episodes of Scottish history. Albany, and his brother, the Earl of Mr., were as great favorites with the people as James was not. The King caused Mar to be bled to death. Albany was menaced by the same fate, when his friends resolved to rescue him. A little sloop sailed into Reith Roads with a cargo of Gascony wines, of which two small casks were sent as a present to the captive Prince. When the Duke came to dip into them, he found in one a ball of wax containing a letter urging him to escape and make his way to the water side, where he would find the little vessel waiting for him. In the other cask there was a coil of rope, which would enable him to drop from the walls of the prison to the rock on which the castle stands. His faithful Chamberlain, who shared his captivity promised to aid him in his enterprise. The main point was to make sure of this Captain of the guard. Albany invited the officer to sup with him under the pretext of wishing to have his judgment on the wine; and the Captain, having posted his men with due circumspection, led three of them into the Duke's room with him, and then took his place at the table. The meal over, the Duke proposed a game of *trictac*, and took care, while it was going on, to ply his guest freely with the wine, while the Chamberlain was no less attentive to the three soldiers. The Duke and the King's friend, who had a great fear of the Duke's wine, had originally planned to bring the Duke's wine to the table, but the Chamberlain, who was a strong

man, jumped up, and laid the Captain dead at his feet. In another moment he had dispatched two of the soldiers, while the Chamberlain, with his own dagger, finished the third. Their work was the easier to do as the drink and the fire together had almost stupefied the poor wretches before a blow was struck. They threw the bodies on the fire, and, making their way to an out-of-the-way corner of the walls, began their perilous descent.

The Chamberlain went down first to try the cord, but it was too short, and he fell and broke his leg. He uttered no cry of pain, but simply told his master the cause of the disaster. The Duke went back to fetch his bedclothes, and finally made the descent in safety.

His first thought was to provide for the injured man, and he did not bestow a thought on himself till he had carried his faithful dependent to a hut where he might remain in perfect security until his recovery. This done he flew to the sea-shore, and a boat answering to the signal agreed on, he boarded the sloop, which instantly set sail for France. In the morning the grand round found nothing of his prisoner but a room full of suffocating smoke and four bodies roasted to cinders in the ashes of the fire.

Tom Paine tells his escape from the guillotine, during his confinement in the Luxembourg, in this way:

The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor, with the door opening outward flat against the wall, so that when it was open the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut. When persons were to be taken out of the prison for the guillotine it was always done in the night, and those who performed that office had a private mark by which they knew what rooms to visit. The door of my room was marked one morning, when it was open, and flat against the wall; being closed in the evening, the fatal line of chalk came inside, and thus the destroying angel passed by. A few days after this Robespierre fell, and Mr. Monroe arrived to reclaim me.

Stranger, still, however, is the story Vanblanc tells of M. de Chateaubrun, who was not only condemned to death, but actually taken to the scaffold. He was the last of twenty victims. After twelve or fifteen executions, one part of the horrible instrument broke, and a workman was sent for to mend it. M. de Chateaubrun was, with the other victims, near the scaffold, with his hands tied behind his back. The repairing took a long time. The day began to darken; the great crowd of spectators were far more intent on watching the repairing of the guillotine than on looking at the victims who were to die, and all, even the gendarmes themselves, had their eyes fixed on the scaffold. Resigned, but very weak, the condemned man leaned, without meaning it, on those behind him, and they, pressed by the weight of the body, mechanically made way for him, till gradually, and by no effort of his own, he came to the last ranks of the crowd. The instrument once repaired, the executions began, and they hurried to the end.

A dark night concealed both executioners and spectators. Led on by the crowd, de Chateaubrun was at first amazed at his situation, but soon conceived the hope of escaping.—He went to the Champs Elysees, and there, addressing a man who looked like a workman, he told him, laughingly, that some comrades with whom he had been joking, had tied his hands behind his back and taking his hat, telling him to go and look for it. He begged the man to cut the cords and the workman pulling out a knife and did so, laughing all the while at the joke. M. de Chateaubrun then proposed going into any of the small wine-shops in the Champs Elysees. During a slight repast he seemed to be expecting his comrades to bring back the hat, and, seeing nothing of them, he begged his guest to carry a note to some friend, whom he knew would lead him one, for he could not go berserked through the streets. He added that he feared would bring back the hat, and that he would be glad to see his comrades.

### Words of Wisdom.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last. No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vaulted ground of truth.

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe; it leaves no opening for lurking fiend.

They that write books on the worthlessness of glory take care to put their names on the title page.

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In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

M. de Chateaubrun told him, took the note, and returned in half an hour, accompanied by the friend, who embraced Chateaubrun and gave him all the help he required.

### How a Fellow Feels With the Yams.

Delirium tremens! Snakes! Jim! jama! Yes, I've had touches of it. You want to know how it feels? I'll tell you. You have drunk maybe a week, maybe more. At last liquor ceases to excite, braces up or tranquilize. You drink a half pint of brandy and it has no more effect than so much water. Then you are close on the horrors. Food won't help you. Your stomach rejects it. Now your punishment commences. You can't sleep. You're weary. Oh! so weary but there is no rest. You are tired of thinking, yet the tired brain will think. You lie down, drop into a dose for a moment, and wake up with a shock as if touched by an electric wire. You are covered with perspiration. You get up and walk the room, walk the streets—walk, walk, walk, and then flying yourself down, praying for ever so few minutes sleep. All this for days with people about you, and through nights. But no Chinese torturer employed in keeping some miserable criminal awake until he dies, was ever more full of relentless vigilance than your abused nerves. Dreads indescribable seize upon you. Your hands have a sensation of being of enormous size. They do not look it, they feel it. Your head in like manner feels as if enormously puffed out. Then your breath comes spasmodically, hot flashes strike at the region of your heart, all the blood seems at times to rush in that direction, and you fight aimlessly for life and expect to fall dead. This is the commencement of the horrors. Now you are fixed for seeing rats and snakes and vermin.

### Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

There is no victory so cheap and so complete as forgiveness.

If you suspect a man wrongfully you license him to defraud you. Luck is the dream of a simpleton; a wise man makes his own good fortune.

Wealth in this world is just so much baggage to be taken care of; but a cultivated brain is easy to carry, and is a never-failing source of profit and pleasure.

Gratitude is a debt which all men owe and which few pay cheerfully. Impossibilities are scarce. Mankind has not seen more than half a dozen of them since the creation.

Happiness consists in being happy—there is no particular rule for it. About all that cunning can do for a man is to make him incredulous. Too great economy in youth leads to avarice in old age.

All prudes were once coquettes, and only changed because they were obliged to.

Experience has a very poor memory, and true charity none at all. A fair compensation for honest service is the best present you can make a man, and the best gift he can receive.

Doing nothing is the most alarful toil ever imposed on any one.

True eloquence is the power of completely impressing others with our ideas.

The charities which a man dispenses after his death look suspicious.

Adversity links men together, while prosperity is apt to scatter them.

Some men seem to have a salve for the woes of others, but none for their own.

Extreme gravity is often the result of stupidity than of wisdom.—Scribner's Monthly.

### Out of the Garden.

There is a beautiful garden in which God places every child that crosses the boundaries of life and enters this world. It is the Garden of Innocence. It is like the Eden of Adam and Eve. A tree of the knowledge of good and evil is in it. The fruit of the tree of life grows there. Satan has found his way into it, too. No angel is there to drive the child out. God does not forbid it there. But there is one door out of this garden. It is the door of sin. And out from this garden of Innocence, thro' this door of sin, into the realm of guilt, the children are passing, one by one.—They find this door without guidance; for it is wide, and always open. They cross its threshold without compulsion. What a mercy it is that the canopy of Christ's atonement hangs over all this outer realm of guilt into which our dear children are straying with heedless feet! What a joy it is that on the thorniest road and in the darkest ravine the Good Shepherd is going to and fro, "to seek and to save that which was lost!"

### A Knotty Problem.

We received from a correspondent the following somewhat incoherent account of a duel which was fought in his neighborhood. Some way or other, we are half in the dark about the result of the duel in question, but we shall leave the decision to our readers:

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot Nott, or as accidents with fire-arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.—Harper's Weekly.

### A Western Obituary.

Jim Bangs we are sorry to state has deceased. He departed this life last Monday. He went 4th without any struggle, and such is Life Tu Day we are as pepper grass—mighty smart, to morrow we are cut down like a cornucopia of the ground. Many things we bought at his grocery, and we are happy to state to the admiral world that he never cheated, especially in the wate of makrel, which was nice and smell sweet and his survivin wife is the same wa.—We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, though he had a sand bar in front of his house; nor watter in his Lickers tho the Ohio river past his door. Piece to his remains.—He leaves 1 wife 9 children, 1 cow, 4 horses, a grower's store, and other quadrupeds to mourn his loss—but in the language of the psalm his loss is their eternal loss.

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In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

There are no fragments so precious as those of time, and none are so heedlessly lost by people who cannot make a moment, and yet can waste years.

They who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny the sun because it is not always noon.

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