The Post.

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Poetry.

The Irish Girl's Lover.

Well, Shamus, what brought ye ?
It's dead, sure, I thought ye—
What's kept ye this fortnight from calling on me ?
Stop there ! Don't be lyin' ;
It's no use denyin'—
I know you've been waltin' on Kitty Magee.

She's ould and she's homely ;
There's girls young and comely,
Who've loved you much longer and better than she ;
But, 'deed I'm not carin',
I'm glad I've no share in
The love of a boy who'd love Kitty Magee.

Away ! I'm not cryin'
Your charge I'm deny'in',
You're wrong to attribute such weakness to me ;
If tears I am showin',
I'd have ye be knowin'
They're shed out of pity of pity Kitty Magee.

For mane and consated,
Wild pride overweighted.
Cold heartless, and brutal she'll find ye to be ;
When ye she'll be gettin',
She'll soon be regrettin'
She e'er changed her name from plain Kitty Magee.

What's that ? Am I dhramin' ?
You've only been shammin',
Just tryin' to test the affection in me ;
But you're the sly divil !
There, n ow ! Plase be civil ;
Don't hug me to death I'm not Kitty Magee.

Your kisses confuse me
Well, I'll not refuse ye—
I know you'll be thender and lovin' wid me ;
To show my cothrition
For doubts and suspicion,
I'll ax for first bridesmaid Miss Kitty Magee.

Omnipresence.

Kneel my child, for God is here !
Bend in love, but not in fear ;
Kneel before him now in prayer ;
Thank him for his constant care ;
Praise him for his bountiles shed
Every moment on thy head ;
Ask for light to know his will ;
Ask for love thy heart to fill ;
Ask for faith to bear thee on
Through the night of Christ his Son,
Ask his Spirit still to guide thee
Through the ills that may betide thee
Ask for peace to lull to rest
Every tumult of thy breast ;
Ask in awe, but not in fear—
Kneel, my child, for God is here !

For The Post.

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

It should be a general, cheerful hopefulness, that builds no air-castles of exchange, or speedy liberation by raids, but sees hope even in the circumstances of misery, and draws comfort and consolation from the thought, that things can be no worse. There must be a kind of mental "don't-care" sort of recklessness of the future, combined with doing what you can to comfort yourself now, which is, after all, the preservation of a soldier in thousands of cases. There is a kind of armor of indifference which yields to circumstances, but cannot be penetrated by them. As soon as one gives way to melancholy despondency, as thousands naturally do under such circumstances, the lease of such a man's life in prison is not worth purchasing.

The occasion of so much sickness and death was found in the causes enumerated, with the insufficiency in quantity of food, its unsuitableness in quality, and the absence of all vegetables.

The heating nature of Indian corn meal—the cob ground along with the corn, also had its effects in producing an unhealthy condition of things.

During July one could scarcely step without seeing some poor fellow in his last agonies. The piteous tones of entreaty for help, the famine-stricken look of these men, their bones in some cases protruding through their flesh, were enough to excite to pity and compassion hearts of stone.

Death by diarrhœa and exposure was preceded by a mild kind of insanity or idiocy, when the mind did not feel the misery of the body, and was unable to provide for its wants.

We gave water and words of sympathy to numbers who were but a few degrees worse than ourselves.

gave food that we might starve ourselves, while, while that which we furnished to another would not preserve life.

If you allowed every sick man to drink from your cup you were liable to bring upon yourself the terrible infliction of scurvy in the mouth, which was as much to be dreaded as death. Even gratification of your keenest human sympathies thus became the potent cause of self-destruction and suffering to him who indulged in so great a luxury.

The terrible truth was, that in prison one could not attempt to relieve the misery of others more miserable than yourself, without placing himself in greater peril.

Was it not wonderful that the cries of dying, famished men were unheeded by those who were battling with fate to preserve their own lives.

If there were some who turned ears of deafness to distressed tones of entreaty, who forgot the example of the "good Samaritan" in their own distress, the fault and sin (if sin or fault there was under such torture and condition) were surely not upon their own heads, but upon the heads of those who had crowded into our daily existence so much of misery as to leave no room for the gratification of kindly sympathies, and had drowned out the finer sensibilities in the struggles with dispair and death for self preservation.

Subjects of pity rather than of blame, they were not allowed the luxury of pity and sympathetic action, yet many there were, surrounded by and suffering a cutest torture, who moved like angels of mercy among suffering companions stricken by famine and disease.

It is a terrible thing to feel one's self starving ; to brace every nerve against the approach of death, and summon to the aid of the body all its selfishness ; yet men, in spite of the necessity of so doing in order to preserve life, assisted and soothed one another in hours of sickness, distress, and melancholy ; and such had a reward in the consciousness of duty performed, of unselfish devotion, surrounded by famine and death—the bitter cup of misery pressed to their own lips, yet having still care for others, under circumstances of trial when the thoughts of most men were turned upon themselves, and oblivious to others' woes amid their own misery.

Most prisoners, being only soldiers temporarily, have at variance two distinct elements of feeling, one springing from their habitual and the other from their temporary mode of life ; one springing from peaceful associations, with the seclusions of home, or the luxury of the business activity of city life ; the other from the more recent influence of the camp and battle-field.

These incongruous elements are in constant antagonism. One moment it is the soldier, improvident and careless of the future, reckless of the present, laughing at discomforts and privations, and merry in the midst of intense suffering. Then it is the quiet citizen, complaining of misfortune, sighing for home and its dear ones, dreaming of seclusion and peace, yielding to despondency and sorrow. And this is perhaps fortunate, for at least there is less danger that the prisoner shall become improvident with the one element, or a miser dead to every feeling on the other.

Most prisoners, in such misfortunes, are apt to indulge in a kind of post-mortem examination of their previous life, to dissect that portion of their past history, which is seldom antagonized without arriving at the conclusion that present misfortunes are nearly in all cases due to some radical error in their own lives.

Misfortunes render some men reckless ; others, on the contrary, become cautious through failure and misfortune. And such, retracing in their leisure hours their paths of life, question the sorrowful spectres of perished hopes which haunt the crowded graveyards of the past. They draw from the past nought but cold realities ; they cut into the body of their blighted life and hopes, and seek to learn of what disease it died. This is rational ; it is instructive and contage ; but, unfortunately, it is not pleasant. Better to light anew the corpse of the dead past, to entwine the lone hair with blossoms, to hinge the livid cheek with the pure glazed eyes with eloquent lustre, to breathe into the pallid lips the wonted echoes of a familiar voice, which may discourse to us pleasantly of long departed joys and of old happy hours. There is a piteous consolation in it, like the mournful solace of those who, having lost some being near and dear to them, plant the dear grave with flowers. It is this inward self which is all his own that the prison leisure leads the speculative captive daily to analyze.

After a voyage of memory over the ocean of the past, he returns to the sad present with a better heart, and endeavors, from the newly kindled stars which have arisen above the vapory horizon of his prison life, to cast the horoscope of a wiser future.

I have spoken of a mild kind of insanity which precedes death caused by starvation and brooding melancholy, in which the mind wonders from real to imaginary scenes.

Several men of my company, were instances of this kind. At an early date of their imprisonment one of them lost his canteen, which was with him, as commonly was the case throughout the prison, the only vessel he had to carry water. His blanket was also lost, and he was left destitute of all shelter and of every comfort except that which was furnished him by companions who were sufferers in common with himself, and not overstocked with necessaries and comforts. Gradually, as he wasted away, his mind wandered, and in imagination he was the possessor of these luxuries which the imagination will fasten upon when the body feels the keenest pangs of hunger. With simple sincerity he would frequently speak of some luxury which he imagined he had partaken of. Suddenly a gleam of intelligence would overspread his face; he would speak of the prison, and say :

"This is a dreadful place for the boys—is it not ? I don't enjoy myself when I have anything good to eat, there are so many around me who look hungry." and then gazing in my face, said, in the sadest modulations I ever heard in human voice, "You look hungry doctor," and then, sinking his voice to a whisper, added, "O dear ! I'm so hungry myself, I do not know what to do."

"Poor, poor fellow ! he soon died a lingering death from the effects of starvation and exposure. In the lucid moments that preceded death, he said, as I stood over his poor famine-pinch formed, "I'm dreadful cold and hungry, Doctor." He again relapsed into a state of wondering, with the names of "Mary" and "Mother" on his lips ; and the last faint action of life, when he no longer could speak, was to point his finger to his paild, gasping lips, in mute entreaty for food.

In the name of God, is there no retribution for such murderers ?

A boy fourteen years old was a drummer in my company, a fine lad, with as big a heart in his small body as ever throbbed in the breast of a man. He was a silent boy, who rarely manifested any outward emotion, and spoke but seldom, but, as his comrades expressed it, "kept up a great deal of thinking." He was liked by every one with whom he become acquainted. I observed nothing unusual in his conduct or manner to denote insanity, until one afternoon, about sundown, one of his comrades noticed the absence of a ring commonly worn on his little finger, and I inquired where it was.

"When I was out just now," he said, "my sister came and took it and gave it to an angel."

The next day, as the sun went down, its last rays lingered, it seemed to me, caressingly upon the dear, pallid face of the dead boy.

His pain and sorrow were ended, and heartless men no longer could torture him with hunger and cruelty. Shame on such devils in the guise of human beings.

But while the minds of many became unsettled with idiocy or insanity, there were other instances where a vivid consciousness and clearness of mental vision were retained to the very verge of that country "from whence no traveller returns.

C. A. another son belonging to my company fifteen years old—the only son of a widowed mother ; all the wealth of maternal affection had been fondly lavished upon him and all her hopes were centered, and it was with great reluctance ment. A soldier's life, to one thus reared, is at best hard ; but to plunge one so young and unaccustomed even to the rudiments of hardships into the unparalleled miseries of Andersonville, seemed cruelty inexpressible. He was just convalescent from a typhoid fever when captured. In prison he gradually wasted away until he died. The day previous to his death I saw, conversed with him, tried to encourage and cheer him ; but a look of premature age had settled over his youthful face, which bore but little semblance to the bright, expressive look he wore when he enlisted. He was perfectly sane, and conversed with uncommon clearness and method, as though his mind had been suddenly developed by intense sufferings. His face bore an unchaged, listless expression, which, I have noticed in prison, betokened the loss of hope. He spoke of home and of his mother, but his words were all in the same key, monotonous and weary, with a stony, unmoved expression of countenance. On a face so young I never saw such indescribble hopefullness. It was despair petrified. And when I think of it, even now, it pierces me to the heart. His was a lingering death by starvation and exposure, with no relief from unmitigated misery.

It seems to me that God's everlasting curse must surely rest upon those who thus knowingly allowed hundreds of innocent young lives to be bloted out of existence by cruelties unheard of before in the annals of civilized warfare. It seems to me that in the future the south, who abetted so great a crime against civilization and humanity, against Christianity and even decency, must stand condemned by the public opinion of the world until she has done "works meet for repentence."

To be Continued.

All He Knew.

At the Union Depot the other day an old man who had borrowed a match, then a chew of tobacco, then a postage stamp, and lastly besought the loan of a key to open his old satchel, came back the fifth time and said to the stranger whom he had most annoyed :

"My friend, can you tell me how many times the human heart beats per minute ?"

"No, sir !"

"Can you tell me who first discovered the circulation of the blood ?"

"No, sir !"

"Do you know whether the pulse should beat seventy or 700 times a minute ?"

"No, I don't. All I know about the human system is the fact that if you bother me two seconds longer I shall exert a pressure of 5,000 pounds in the endeavor to raise you about six feet from the floor !"

"Just so—just so," growled the old man as he sidled off ; "but don't try to pass that off on me for physical science. That's nothing but what any hoss could do !"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Wrong Fur.

A very excited colored brother hunting up an officer patrolling High street yesterday, and said he had long born the abuse of a man of his color who was then in a house on the next block, and added :

"I doan' want to broke de law, but de time has arrove when *I* mus' crush dat pusson to de dust !"

"If I catch you fighting I shall have to take you down."

"I can't help it, sah—can't help it, nohow. If dat pusson makes his disappearance on de street while I'm aroun', de fur am gwine to fly, if I die for it ! He's slandered me, an' Ize gwine to k-rush him same as you would a tiger !"

The officer passed on to the end of his beat and returned to find the crusher with his back to the fence and a woman lending him a wet rag to bind his head up.

"Let's see ? You are the man who was going to crush some one ?" observed the officer.

"I spects I are."

"Did he come out ?"

"I spects he did."

"Did the fur fly ?"

"Deed, sah, it did ; but de trouble was dat it was de wrong fur ! De onery scoundrel refused to be crushed."

"And now ?"

"Well, Ize gwine to get healed up an' hit his brudder-in-law ! Pour me some mo' water, misses, for dis ole head begins to swim agin."—

Minor Trials of This Life.

Trying to recollect the store you left your umbrella in.

Losing penknife.

Losing cane.

First grease spot on new pantaloons.

Shirt buttons found wanting on a cold morning.

Mosquitoes.

Flies.

Bugs.

Flea in trowsers.

Uncut books and magazines.

Getting shaved.

Full barber shop when you are in a hurry to be shaved.

House hunting.

Piano practicing next room.

Accordeon, flute, violin, next room.

Newspaper with five supplements.

Trying to interest the girl who wants the other man.

Hand organs.

Trying to talk to an "Oh, dear !" "Oh, my !" and "Oh isn't that nice !" girl.

Trying to save money.

Remembering what a fool you made of yourself when tight last night.

Tumbling up stairs.

Tumbling down stairs.

Conundrums.

Puns.

Rickety chairs.

Leathery steak.

Old bill against you forgotten.

Toothache.

Trying to write home because it is your duty.

Atmosphere of stove-heated railroad cars in winter.

Cold feet.

Having your ask-box stolen.

Salesman or woman who argues that you ought to like this or that pattern.

Four friends giving directions to some place at once.

Invalid who will tell all his complaints.

India rubber shoe stuck in the mud.

Umbrella turned wrong side out by the wind.

Firecrackers a month before and a month after the Fourth of July.

Waiting for your change at one of your big stores.

Salesman and woman who seem in a hurry for you to buy and clear out.

Dogs and cats at night.

Hole in pocket discharging ten cent pieces down trouser leg to pavement.

Corns.

Tight boots.

Dull penknives.

Remark by friend : "Gettin' old like the rest of us."

Man who will talk behind you all through the play.

Door bell that won't ring.

Taxes.

Crowded steamboat without seats.

Third-class hotel with first-class charges.

Railway station coffee.

Peg in shoe.

Reading your own love letters when it was very bad and you were not expected to recover.

Man you owe.

Man who owns you and does likewise.

If a Republican, a Democratic speech.

If a Democrat, a Republican speech.

Slippery front-door steps.

Pen non est when you want it.

Miserable pen when you get it.

Thick ink.

No envelopes.

Musty eggs for breakfast.

Long sermons.

High wind blowing hat off.

Counting week's salary after jam bores.

Fly in coffee.

Fly in tea.

Crying babies on car or boat.

Enlarged shirt button-holes at neck, letting neck gear down by the run.

Sight of steamboat smoke-stack moving off when ninety seconds too late.

Or rear of train when ninety seconds too late.

Man who chews and spits in car or boat.

Person who calls when you're out and leaves no address.

Your interesting story in a strange magazine, "to be continued."

Slamming window blinds.

Trying to think of a man's name you have forgotten.

Trying to recollect where you put it.—New York Graphic.

A Sign Which Conquered.

A Wayne county farmer, who is much annoyed by tramps, came to Detroit a while ago and had half a dozen signs of "Smallpox Beware !" painted to post up on his house and grounds. Although he had one on either side of the gate, they had not been up two hours before a rover passed between them and asked for food.

"Didn't you see those signs on the gate ?" demanded the farmer.

"Yes'r, but *I* can't read."

The next one said he was near-sighted and thought the signs read "for sale."

The third had smallpox and was willing to nurse the family.

The fourth had been vaccinated and was reckless.

The fifth had a remedy to sell.

The sixth, getting away with a cold bite, turned to his benefactor and said :

"If you want to beat the boys knock down those signs and put up one reading, "Help wanted." It never fails to keep them jogging straight along."

The farmer followed the advice, and he hasn't had a call since.

The Old Vet.

"Judge, don't be hard on an old vet," pleaded a drunkard who was arraigned at the Central court, Monday morning.

"Were you in the war ?"

"I was, your honor."

"What regiment ?"

"No regiment. I slashed around myself."

"What army were you attached to ?"

"None of 'em."

"Were you in any battles ?"

"Heaps of 'em, your honor."

"Give me the name of any one battle ?"

"Bunker Hill," was the prompt reply.

"Bunker *Hill* ! Why that battle was fought over a hundred years ago !" exclaimed the court.

"Of course she was, your honor—of course she was."

"Do you think I'd be mean enough to ask you go light on me for having slashed around in any of these riots of the last fifty years ?"

The Busy Cobbler.

"Let's see—let's see—when did Christopher Columbus die ?" queried a brisk little man as he entered a shoe shop in Michigan avenue yesterday.

"Can't you come in dis afuinings ?" replied the cobbler as he ceased his pegging.

"I would like to have you tell me now."

"Vhell, I likes to oblige you, but you see my son Shon he takes all de measures in a pook, und like enough he knows if Columbo vhas here."

"Do you know who discovered America.

"Vhell, I oxpose *I* do, but I haf so many customers all der time dot I doan' keep track of names no more. Wait till Shon comes in—he knows der whole crowd.—*Free Press.*

Poison of a Pin.

Never pick your teeth with a pin much less a sore. Pins are brass, however white they look, and the copper in them is always associated with the deadly verdigris.

Not long ago a young married woman of Albany died under circumstances of a most peculiar nature. She picked with a brass pin a "cold sore" on her upper lip and rubbed it with camphor, her face commenced to swell, and before night her whole face was swollen to an abnormal size.

Her husband was telegraphed for and arrived before the unfortunate lady died, but she could not speak to him such was the condition of her face. Erysipelas had set in of the most virulent type, and death resulted in forty-eight hours.

Patrick Troy, being about to die at Jolict, caused a priest and two friends to carry him out to a shed There he moved a board, and $3,500

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