# The Post.

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## Poetry.

### AMERICA.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ead at the Reunion of the Army of the Potomac, at Detroit, on June 14, 1882.

or War nor Peace, forever old and young,
nt Strength, my theme, whose song is yet unsung,
he People's Strength,—the deep alluring dream
f truths that seethe below the truths that seem.

he buried ruins of dead empires seek,
f Indian, Syrian, Persian, Roman, Greek:
rom shattered capital and frieze upraise
he stately structure of their golden days:
heir laws occult, their priests and prophets ask,

heir altars search, their oracles unmask.
eir parable from birth to burial see,
e acorn germ, the growth, the denseleafed tree.
word of riant life; the sudden day
hen like a new strange glory shone decay,
golden glow amid the green; the change
om branch to branch at life's receding range,
ll nothing stands of towering strength and pride
e naked trunk and arms whose veins are dried
d these, too, crumble till no sign remain
mark its place upon the wind swept plain.

hy died the empires? Like the forest trees
d nature doom them? or did slow disease,
ail their roots and poison all their springs?

e old-time story answers: nobles, kings,
ve made and been the State, their names alone.
history holds; its wealth, its wars, their own.
ir wanton will could raise, enrich, condemn;
e toiling millions lived and died for them.
ir fortunes rose in conquest, fell in guilt;
e people never owned them, never built.

ose olden times! how many words are spent
weak regret and shallow argument
prove them wiser, happier than our own!
e oldest moment that the word has known
assing now. Those vaunted times were young;
ir wisdom from unlettered peasants sprung;
ir laws from nobles arrogant and rude;
ir justice force, their whole achievement crude.
h men the old are wise: who change the rule
en nations speak, and send the old to school?
pest the past for all the good it knew:
e noble lives and struggling truths their due:
ask, what freedom knew the common men
o served and bled and won the victories then?
leaders are immortal, but the hordes
y led to death were simply human swords,
nowing what they fought for, why they fell.

at change has come? Imperial Europe tell!
th's warders cry from twenty centuries' peaks;
ea's field the word of Plevna speaks:
martial draft still wastes the peasant farms,
ozen kinds, five million men in arms;
earth mapped out estate-like, hedged with steel;
eighboring schools the children bred to feel
atural hate, disjoined in speech and creed;
forges roaring for the armies' need;
cities builded by the people lined
h scowling forts and roadways undermined;
every bastioned frontier, every state,
picion, sworded, standing by the gate!

turn our eyes from those oppressive lands:
old, one country all defenseless stands,
nation-continent, from East to West,
ftriches heaped upon her bounteous breast;
mines, her marts, her skill of hand and brain,

That bring Aladdin's dreams to light again!

Where sleep the conquerors? Here is chance for spoil:
Such unwatched fields, such endless, thoughtless toil!
Vain dream of olden time! The robber strength
That swept its will is overmatched at length,
Here not with swords but smiles the people greet
The foreign spy in harbor, granary, street;
Here towns unguarded lie, for here alone
Nor caste, nor king, nor privilege is known.
For home the farmer ploughs, the miner delves,
A land of toilers, toiling for themselves;
A land of cities, which no fortress shields,
Whose open streets, reach out to fertile fields;
Whose roads are shaken by no armies tread;
Whose only camp cities of the dead!

Go stand at Arlington, the graves among;
No ramparts, cannons there, no banners hung,
No threat above the Capital, no blare
To warn the senators the guns are there.
But never yet was city fortified
Like that sod height above Potomoc's tide;
There never yet was eloquence in speech
Like those ten thousand stones, a name on each;
No guards e'er pressed such claim on court or king
As these Prætorians to our Senate bring;
The army of the Potomac never lay
So full of strength as in its camp to day!

On fatal Cheronea's field the Greeks
A lion raised,—a somber tomb that speaks
No word, no name,—an emblem of the pride
Of those who ruled the insect host died.

But by her soldiers' graves Columbia prove
How fast toward morn the night of manhood moves.
Those low white lines at Gettysburg remain.
The sacred record of her humblest slain,
Where childrens children in their time will come
To view with pride their hero-father's tomb,
While down the ages runs the patriot line
'Till rich tradition makes each tomb a shrine.

Our standing army these, with spectre glaives,
Our fortressed towns their battle-ordered graves.
Here sleep our valiant, sown like dragon's teeth;
Here new-born sons renew the pious wreath;
Here proud Columbia bends, with tear-stirred mouth,
To kiss their blood-seal, binding North and South,
Two clasping hands upon the knot they tied
When Union lived and human Slavery died.

Who doubts our strength or measure it with those
Whose armed millions wait for coming foes,
They judge by royal standards, that depend
On hireling hands to threaten or defend,
That keep their war-dogs chained in time of peace,
And dread a foe scarce less than their release,
Who hunt wild beasts with cheetahs, fiercely tame,
Must watch their hounds as well as fear their game.

Around our veterans hung no dread or doubt
When thrice a million men were mustered out,
As scattered seed in new-ploughed land, or flaks
Of Spring-time snow that fall in smiling lakes,
Our war born soldiers sank in the sea.
Of peaceful life and fruitful energy.
No sign remained of that vast army, save
In field and street new workmen, bronzed and grave;
Some whittling teamsters still in army vest
Some quiet citizens with medalled breast.
So died the hatred of our brother-feud;
The conflict o're, the triumph was subdued
What victor king e'er spared the vanquished foe?

How much of mercy did strong Prussia show
When anguished Paris in dust lay prone?
The German trumpet rang above her moan,
The clink of Uhlan spurs her temples knew
Her Arch of Triumph spanned their triumph, too,

Not thus, O South? when thy proud head was low,
Thy passionate heart laid open to the foe,—
Not thus, Virginia, did thy victors meet
At Appomattox him who bore defeat;
No brutal show abased thine honored State;
Grant turned from Richmond at the very gate!

O Land, magnanimous, republican!
The last for Nationhood, the first for Man!
Because thy line by Freedom's self were laid,
Profound the sin to change or retrograde.
From base to cresting let thy work be new;
'It was not by aping foreign ways it grew.
To struggling people give at least applause;
Let equities, not precedents, subtend your laws;
Like rays from that great Eye the altars show.
That fall triangular, free states should grow.
The soul above, the brain and hand below.
Believe that strength lies not in steel or stone;
That pearls wait the land whose heavy throne,
Though ringed by swords and rich with titled show,
Is based on fettered misery below;
That nations grow where every class unites
For common interests and common rights;
Where no caste barrier stays the poor man's son.
Till, step by step, the topmost height is won
Where every hand subscribes to every rule,
And free as air are voice, and vote, and school!

A Nation's years are centuries! Let Art
Portray thy First, and Liberty will start
From every field in Europe at sight.
"Why stand these thrones between us and the light?"
Strong men shall ask: "Who built these frontier towers
To bar out men of kindred blood with ours?

O, this thy work, Republic! this thy health
To prove man's birthright to a common wealth;
To teach the people to be strong and wise,
Till armies, nations, nobles, royalties,
Are laid at rest, with all their fears and hates;
Till Europes thirteen Monarchies are States,
Without a barrier and without a throne,
Of one grand Federation like our own!

For The Post.

### REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. ROTHROCK.

The course I had marked out was very simple. If I tried to reach Sherman on the east side of Macon, flanking towards the sea shore, I had many large places to pass, and such a course would throw us in contact with the many marauding forage parties which would naturally frequent that portion of the country, My plan was to go to the westward of Macon, in a Northwesterly course until the Chattahoochie River was reached, then following due north until the blue-hills around Marietta could be seen, trust to fate and Sherman for deliverance. These plans I had stated briefly to my companions, who had adopted them, and looked upon me as Moses, who was to lead them to the promise land.

Travelling through the woods during the night, one of my four comrades got separated from the party. The next morning we reached overflowed portions of country, which indicated that we were near the Flint River. While debating as to the best course to pursue, one of my party declared he heard the hounds, which we soon found was an unpleasent fact.

Not a moment was to be lost, and wading and swimming with almost frantic exertion soon brought us to Flint River, the current of which much swollen by freshets, was running swiftly. Getting upon logs, we floated with the stream for several hours, until we thought it sufficient to baffle the dogs from further pursuit. It was nearly noon, when, wet and exhausted, chilled with being so long in the water, we crawled upon the opposite shore, and were glad to run to get up a little warmth As we emerged from the water, we found a sensation in the shape of an alligator, who lay just below us, like floating logs. That day we traveled incessantly through swamps and woods, and water, which overflowed all the low portions of country. The only food which we had between us was a "pone" of Johnny-cake, which we had starved ourselves to save in prison. We had a pocket compass, which was intrusted to me, a small quantity of salt, and butcher knife, such as was issued to Massachusetts soldiers at Readville. Night came upon us, dark and rainy, and found us still travelling through the dark forest and wet swamps of the country. About twelve o'clock, seeing a bright illumination, which looked like a picket or camp fire just to the right, about a quarter of a mile from us, we went upon higher land to get an observation, and sat down on some fallen logs to consult in whispers as to what we had better do, about reconnoitring the light. Just then I was certain I heard something move in the log on which I sat. I sprang to my feet, with club poised to strike perhaps it was a bear. I challenged the log with the common expression among soldiers. "Are you Fed, or Reb?" "yankee," came the reply; and emerging from the log, which for the first time I observed was hollow, came a human face or form, which, after shaking himself like a water spaniel, asked, in tones strangely familiar, "Well, boys, what next." "Going to tie your hands, old fellow,' said I, "until daylight shows enough of you to see if you look honest," "Well, well!' laughed our mysterious prisoner; "why, don't you know skity?" and sure enough it was our missing comrade.

He had escaped hounds like ourselves, by floating down the Flint River, and by a singular coincidence had fallen in with us again in the manner related; the hollow log he selected for his hotel for the night. As he was a sharp fellow and had a watch, he was quite a valuable addition to our party.

When this surprise was over, we once more held a consultation about the fire which had attracted our attention, before the incident narrated occurred. We concluded the safest and best way was to reconnoitre, in order to ascertain the nature of our neighbors, and see if danger was threatening us.

We found it a camp fire near a tent, at which sat a solitary picket with his gun; it was on a cross-road, stationed, I suppose, to intercept prisoners. One of our number got near enough to have knocked him over, had it been desirable.

At another time that night we heard a voice behind us, but concluded it was some picket tent, of which there were many scattered over that part of the country. I can as sure you, we did look a little out, while passing along. About three o'clock that morning it stopped raining, and we lay down together under a tree, to get such rest as best we could. It was such lodging as we were accustomed to, and the three middle ones had some hopes of keeping warm.

At daylight, stiff and more weary than when we lay down, we resumed our journey through the woods. Our Johnney-cake was eaten, and during the day we stopped only to pick a few berries which grew in the woods. We got nothing else to eat during that day. Next day, about noon, we came upon some cattle brawsing in the woods. We killed a small yearling heifer, one holding her as best he could, while another cut her throat with our sheath knife. We cut the meat such as we desired and divided it among ourselves. The skin we cut into strips, with which, and with some of our clothes, we constructed rude haversacks, in which to carry our meat. We had no matches, or other method of kindling a fire, and of course eat our meat raw, with little salt we had to season it.

Thus day by day, we travelled incessantly, keeping away from the negroes. Our first confidence in negro aid was not brought about by any preconceived ideas, but by accident. We discovered it was possible to trust them, to some extent, from the following incident. One day we came accidentally upon some negroes working in the woods.

We ran away quickly, thinking to get out of a bad scrape. One of them called after us, saying. "don't be afraid, massa white man."

Some idea that they might give us something to eat caused me to turn back. I advanced cautiously, and speaking to an old, white-headed negro, I said "Uncle, I suppose you know what kind of fellows we are"

Well; "I reckon," he replied, rolling up the white of his eyes,"

"We are hungry, and want something to eat sadly."

"Well, said Uncle, "you does look mighty kind of lean. Step into de bushes while I peers round to see if we got some hoe-cake."

And off he trotted. We kept a good lookout to see that he did not betray us But he came back with three pones, which he "clared to goodness was half they all had for de day. It was right smart hard times in dem diggins."

"Well, Uncle, said I, I suppose you know that Uncle Abe in coming down this way to set you all free when he gets the rebs licked."

"Yes, yes," said the venerable old negro, "I'se beleive the day of jubilee is comin, but, pears to me, its a long time; looks like it never would come specially in my time."

Bidding him God speed, we went on our way with lighther hearts at the thought that there were friends in the midest of our enemies.

Some old negroes we met would shame the chivalry in point of humanity and good, shrewd practical sense. One of my comrades who had escaped for three or four days, before this time, told me he met a negro in the woods with a gun and dog, who told him he had lived in the swamps for several years, defying the white man. He offered to take him, provide for, and keep him all winter in his hut. He refused, thinking to be successful in getting into our lines. And I was afterwards informed by some reble officers that there was a negro who, to escape punishment, had run away from a plantation, and had subsisted in the swamps for a long time without being captured.

We were entirely out of provisions on the eighth day of escape, and in the morning had halted in some low land in the woods near a clearing to pick raspberries, which grew in abundance. Suddenly one of our number, noted in our travels for his acute hearing, declared the dogs were after us. According to previous agreement, when we were satisfied such was the case, we separated, each running in different directions to give the dogs all the trouble we could, as possibly by the method some of us might escape.

Nearer and nearer the dogs came, I jumped into a little brook which ran along through the low land, which was not wide enough to amount to much, as my clothes brushed the bushes on either side.

*To be Continued.*

Bad news comes from Niagara Falls, for a distinguished New York professor has discovered that the falls themselves have been receding about half an inch every year. He calculates that about 1,267,700 years have been required for them to eat their way up to their present location, and also believes that in about 3,128,000 years more the twenty-five miles of solid rock between the village of Niagara and Lake Erie will have been entirely washed away, which will be bad on the lake, but still harder on the hackmen who are depending on the falls and strangers to gain an honest living.

Some people are too smart. A man saw a pocketbook lying on the pavement and was about to pick it up, when he remembered what he had read about "tricks on travelers," and let it alone. A man behind him picked it up. "Got fooled, hey?" chuckled the first man. "No," said the second, "got $10."

Logic.—"Pa, am I a little sinner?" —"Yes my son, we are all sinners." "And, papa, the Bible says the devil is the father of sinners, does'nt it?" "Yes, dear, I believe it does." "Then pa, are you the devil?" His offsprings logic was too much for him and he slipped out of the room without answering.—*Yonkers Gazette,*

Smokeing and chewing are two evils, and he who selects the former chews the less.

### A Lady of Taste.

The woman who dresses in accordance with the canons of good taste, pure and simple, relies on her own judgement in selecting articles for her own wear. She cares not how recent a shape if it be awkward.

Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows a law of her own, and is never behind it.

She wears very beautiful thing which people generally suppose to be brought from Paris, or, at least made by a French milliner, but which as often are brought by herself in town, and made up by her own maid.

Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and if very an old one, but it is always good.

She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her.

She will not wear gilt buttons or jet beadings or anything "loud" for she feels that her dress should belong to a modest self, and not challenge attention.

She always pleases, and her secret of success simply consists in her knowledge of her own station and her own looks. And no woman can dress well who does not.

After this we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

### Pithy, Pointed Sayings.

Angels from friendship gather half their joy.

The minds of men differ as much as their faces.

Night is so lovely that she hath made many poets.

Pain may be said to follow pleasure as its shodow.

Charity, though ne'er so secret, finds a just reward.

In the human breast two master passions cannot exist.

Passion is a fever that leaves us weaker than it finds us.

Love is a passion which kindles honor into noble acts.

Old friends, like trusted swords are still trusted best,

Punctuality is true politeness, especially in the great.

The dust upon which we tread was once alive and wretched.

Intentions, as well as actions, must be good to be acceptable.

He who spends all he gets is on the high road to beggary.

Moderate your appetite so that with little you may be content.

Experience and common sense make the best counsellors.

Many men fail of success in life for want of great occasions.

No one pretends to hate an injury more than he who offers it.

For any man to match above his rank is but to sell his liberty.

Consult not with a fool, for he can neither give nor keep counsel.

Begin nothing until you have considered how it is to be finished.

Idleness is the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday as fools.

We should forgive freely those who injure us, even if we do not forget.

We cannot lay in a stock of pleasure as we would lay in a stock of flour.

### A Common Carolina Liar.

"Old B" says that some years ago in a Carolina town a crazy man was brought before the examining board to settle the question as to whether or not he should be sent to the asylum in Columbia. After the doctor got through with his examination one of the committee, an old farmer, said:

"My friend, did you ever borrow any bags or jugs?"

"Yes, lots of them."

"Did you ever borrow your neighbor's newspaper?"

"Yes, many a time."

"Well, now what became of the jugs, bags and newspapers?"

"Why I carried them back."

The old farmer gave a blow almost as loud as Nancy Hart's whistle, and said:

"Gentlemen, he's no lunatic! Just simply a common liar, and all the asylums in the world won't cure a man of lying.


**THE POST:**

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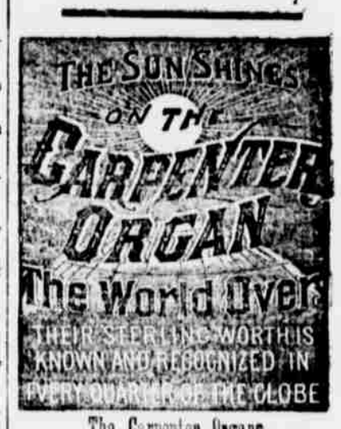


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Feb 16, 1y.

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