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The Post.

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Poetry.

The Bridal Veil.

BY ALICE CAREY.

We're married, they say, and you think you've won me, Well, take this veil from my head, and look on me; Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe you— I am all as you see, common earth, common dew; Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue!

Ah! shake out the flimsy thing, fold after fold, And see if you have me to keep and hold,— Look close on my heart—see the worst of its sinning— The past is not mine—I am too proud to borrow— You must grow to new heights if I love you to-morrow.

We're married! I'm pledged to hold up your praises As the turf at your feet does its handful of daises; That way lies my honor—my pathway of pride, But mark you if green grass grow on either side, I shall know it, and keeping in body with you, Shall walk in my spirit with my feet on the dew!

We're married, oh, pray that our love do not fall! I have wings flattened down and hid under my veil, They are subtle as light—you can un-do them, And swift in their flight—you can never pursue them. And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands, I can slip like a shadow, a dream from your hands.

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me, I am yours for my lifetime, to be what you make me,— To wear my white veil for a sigh or a cover, As you shall be proven my lord or my lover; A cover for peace that is dead, or a token Of bliss that can never be written or spoken.

PATIENCE.

If your foes torment and taunt you If your fear harass and haunt you, If the world seems dark and dreary— "Wait a wee and dinna weary."

If the hopes you fondly cherish, Dashed to earth seem sure to perish, Wait with patience for to-morrow— No man's life is wholly sorrow.

If your plans don't work to please you, If the Fates should vex and tease you— If you can—be bright and cheery, "Wait a wee and dinna weary."

If God gives you leisure, take it "This gift—a blessing make it; Faith in Him no whit abating, Serve his will by patient waiting.

Or, if work, instead of leisure, Pain, instead of longed-for pleasure— Howsoever your lot seem dreary, "Wait a wee and dinna weary."

REBEL PRISONS.

BY DR. R. B. ROTHROCK.

Here he turned the offenders over to the prison police, with a short speech, in which he stated, that they had been impartially tried, and found guilty of atrocious murders, and that he left their punishment in the hands of the prisoners of the stockade, they being in such cases provided. He then turned, and followed by his guard, left the prison.

The police formed themselves into a hollow square around the gallows; the ropes were arranged, and the guilty man ascended the scaffold slowly. Up to this time the murderers did not seem to view the proceedings in a serious light, but rather as a joke. Never dreaming of this being reality. Leave was then given for them to speak, which they did, protesting their innocence, one or two calling upon their companions to do their duty, which properly interpreted, meant that they wished to be released by the police.

ed his hands, ran swiftly, was pursued, beaten over the head with a club, and recaptured, when the rope was again adjusted, his protestations of innocence were unheeded, and he was pushed from the drop, and hung with his comrades in guilt.

Thus ended the lesson of retribution, that put a stop to murders in prison, and broke up a gang of bountiful jumping desperadoes.

Let me here record, in justice to a man who has since met a similar fate in retribution for crimes committed against Union prisoners, that I and many others of the prison were grateful to Capt. Wirze for the privilege afforded us, to enable us to give the accused a fair, impartial trial. I have purposely avoided, in these pages, heaping unnecessary odium upon the head of one who, though guilty, I have good reasons to suppose was only the executive of a system devised by men high in rebel authority, and from whose orders no inferior could deviate.

There never was hanging conducted in a more orderly manner. There was no clamor of voices, but silence and decorum befitting such a scene. Thirty or forty thousand men were its witnesses.

Thence forward raiding and flanking were of rare occurrence, and the police became one of the establishments of the prison. That the police done much to punish offenders and preserve order, cannot be denied. They were mostly of the class denominated "rooghs," selected for their physical rather than their mental qualifications, and in some instances became a greater evil, than that which they were instituted to correct. They levied a tax upon all trading stands, and occupations in the prison, cut galled men over the heads for small faults, and whipped them upon the bare back, with a cat of nine tails, most of whom, however, deserved the punishment inflicted. Yet they would not tolerate any injustice done by others than themselves, unless they were well paid for arresting offenders.

Reserving to themselves the right of doing injustice and committing abuses, they governed the camp, and corrected all other abuses but their own. So that the police force became a regular nuisance and a mockery.

I am sorry to record, that in Florence (S.C.) military prison, when I was acting chief of police, this kind of police force became for a while, degraded tools in the hands of the rebels, they whipped men at the command upon the bare back for digging tunnels, &c. for which duty service they were rewarded with extra rations.

I have entered thus particularly into details which were useful, that the general reader should have, and that he may realize in some degree the position of a prisoner at Andersonville, and to show, that anything originally devised for our welfare might be perverted to our misery.

It was in July that I first noticed negro prisoners among us, though they were, doubtless, there previous to that time. Scarcely any of them but were victims of atrocious amputations performed by rebel surgeons. It was said that none of the prisoners were captured except the wounded.

Those in the prison were mostly New England men. Some of them had been captured at the charge on Fort Wagner, when Colonel Shaw was killed, and at the battle of Olustee, Florida. I observed in the negro prisoners a commendable trait of cleanliness. Indeed, I may say, their clothes were, on an average, cleaner and better patched than those of other prisoners of the stockade.

Through exposure to the sun and rain, they were much blacker than the common Southern negroes, and many wore the exclamations of surprise among the guard of this fact. "The blackest niggers I ever saw," was the common expression on seeing them.

I have said the negroes were mostly wounded and mutilated; when there had been a case of amputation, it had been performed in such a manner as to twist and distort the limb out of shape.

When a negro was placed in a squad among white men, it was usually accompanied with the injunction, addressed to the Sergeant of the squad, "Make the nigger work."

not, lick him, or report him to me, and I will knock hell out of him."

I never knew an instance, however, where a sergeant required of a black man, any service not usually allotted to others.

Understanding that there was a major of colored troops in prison, I hunted him up, and found Major Archibold Bogle, who was formerly, I believe, a Lieutenant in the 17th Mass. infantry. He was captured at Olustee, after being severely wounded in several places. He informed me that he formerly lived in Melrose Mass. Since he came into the rebel pen, he had been refused all medical and surgical treatment, though the prisoners detailed as hospital Stewards had covertly afforded him aid, and dressed his wounds. He wore his uniform, and freely declared himself an officer of negro troops—a fact which all officers of negroes were not willing to own, by reason of the hard treatment received therefore from the rebels.

His was an instance of the fact, that a true gentleman remains the same amidst the most squalid misery and accumulated misfortunes. His intercourse with others was dignified, courteous, and urbane, as if in command of his regiment, there were many in prison, as there always has been in our army, who professed to despise negro troops, and have a contempt for their officers. Major Bogle was, at one time, I was informed, compelled to mess with his negroes; yet he always maintained his gentlemanly bearing and self-respect, and commanded the respect of others amid all the accumulated misery of the "prison pen." Such were my impressions of Major Bogle.

Many loose statements have been made in print indicating that officers were as common among prisoners at Andersonville as enlisted men. With the exception of Major Bogle, there were no commissioned officers intentionally placed in Andersonville prison. Others were there by their own acts; but the prison was intended for enlisted men only.

At any time an officer of white troops could be sent to Macon, or some other officers prison, by merely making a plain statement of facts, which looked plausible to the rebels. So much is required to be said, as there seems to be a great misunderstanding in relation to this matter, and it is my desire to write such a history, and give such descriptions of the different prisons, that those who were prisoners at the time with myself will be the ones most ready to testify to the truth of these pictures, crudely drawn with pen and ink.

Major Bogle, at one time, was engaged in tunnelling operation, in which plotted to release all the prisoners in the stockade. It failed through the treason of some one in the secret, though it came mighty near being a success.

About the time I became acquainted with him, an extensive plot was formed to break the stockade. Over two thousand men were pledged to risk their lives upon an effort to release the prisoners of the stockade. Here seemed the choice before us, to die without an effort, amid all the misery of the prison pen, or to die with our hands uplifted to strike one blow at our enemies, before death, in an attempt to liberate ourselves and starving comrades. To no reasonable man did this appear at that time to be any hope for life, but in that way, I went into the project. I am willing to confess at this day, having full confidence in our ability to achieve the desired result, and with a feeling that it was better to die in such an attempt than to die a miserable, loathsome death by gradual starvation. Acting in concert, we set ourselves at work, and dug tunnels up to the Stockade; then the tunnel branched off at right angles, running parallel with the stockade, a shoulder of earth being left as a temporary support, so that when a rush was made against the walls from the outside, it would be thrown down in the places thus mined. In this manner three portions of the stockade walls were undermined—at last, or at least I have reason to suppose so, although I was engaged in digging and engineering on but one of these places.

An exchange puts it in the following terse language: "The idea that a person must save all he makes to get rich has ruined more persons than it ever made respectable and useful members of society. No more pitiable objects can be found in any community than the men that hoard up all they make and live only for self."

It is said that a pair of pretty eyes are the best mirror for a man to shave by. "Zackly so; and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them."

Who Should not be a Wife.

Has that woman a will to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has that woman a call to be a wife who cries for a cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin to gether a buttonless shirt bosom? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoked tea and watery potatoes six days in seven? Has she a call to be a wife who dints with every other man she meets and reserves her frown for her home and fireside? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable card papers, a soiled dressing-gown and shoes down at the heel? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighed naught in the balance with her next-door neighbor's diamond curtain or velvet carpet? Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of conjugal weakness to extort money or exact a promise? Has she a call to be a wife who a journey for pleasure leaving her husband to toil in a close office.

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A man applied, not long since, to the mayor of Austin for employment on the police force. "Have you had any experience arresting desperate characters?" "None of that in mine." "Are you a good detective?" "Not much. I'm not sharp enough for that. The reason I'm out of money is because some scoundrel picked my pocket." "Well, in the name of Heaven what sort of service did you expect to render on the police?" "Well," drawled out the applicant "I thought you might need a reliable, steady man to report any 'leakages' in the water mains."—Texas Sciftings.

Who Should not be a Wife.

Has that woman a will to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has that woman a call to be a wife who cries for a cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin to gether a buttonless shirt bosom? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoked tea and watery potatoes six days in seven? Has she a call to be a wife who dints with every other man she meets and reserves her frown for her home and fireside? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable card papers, a soiled dressing-gown and shoes down at the heel? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighed naught in the balance with her next-door neighbor's diamond curtain or velvet carpet? Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of conjugal weakness to extort money or exact a promise? Has she a call to be a wife who a journey for pleasure leaving her husband to toil in a close office.

Anxious to be Posted.

At the second battle of Bull Run a recruit who had just joined a New York regiment turned around upon his captain as an order was given, and asked: "Say, Cap, what are you going to do now?" "Move by the flank to the left of the regiment," was the reply. "All right—just as soon move as not." After the company had held its new position for a quarter of an hour there came another order, and the recruit asked: "Say, Cap, which way now?" "Going to advance." "All right, I'm with you." The company moved forward with the line and was presently hotly engaged with Jackson's men. They had not been at it over five minutes when the recruit slid up to the captain and shouted: "Say, Cap, holler as loud as you can and let's see if I can hear you." "What in thunder do you mean? Get into line with!" shouted the officer. "All right, Cap, all right! The reason I wanted you to holler was to see if I could hear your voice when you ordered a retreat! It's all right—I guess I can hear it if them rebels don't bring up any more guns."

MALARIA

Malaria is an almost indescribable malady which not even the most talented physicians are able to fight. Its cause is most frequently ascribed to local surroundings, and there is very little question, but this opinion is substantiated by facts. Malaria does not necessarily mean chills and fever while these troubles usually accompany it. It often affects the sufferer with general lassitude, accompanied by loss of appetite, sleeplessness, a tired feeling and a high fever, the person afflicted growing weaker and weaker, loses flesh day after day, until he becomes a mere skeleton, a shadow of his former self.

Malaria once having laid its hold upon the human frame, the disease is then open to nervous disease. The body weak and enfeebled absorbs no nutriment, but subsisting upon itself, the digestive organs no longer perform their functions; the liver becomes torpid, and other organs failing to do their routine work, speedily become disordered, and dissolution and death are apt to ensue.

In addition to being a certain cure for malaria and chills and fever, BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic, especially indigestion, dyspepsia, loss of strength, lack of energy, etc. Enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. Acts like a charm on the digestive organs. It is for sale by all respectable dealers in medicine, price, \$1 per bottle.

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