

# The Middleburgh Post.

T. H. HARTER.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot is a fool; he that dare not is a slave.

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NO 3

—POETRY—

### MY OLD LOVE.

I saw a face in the street to night  
That brought up the buried years—  
The face of the woman I might, I have  
Wed—  
And it filled my heart with tears;  
For she loved me well, and I loved  
Her, too.  
But a shadow fell o'er our way;  
And I linked my fate with someone  
Else.  
And she is my wife to-day.  
Long years have passed, and but few  
Regrets  
Have lingered around my heart,  
For the wife I have wed is good and  
True.  
And acts a womanly part.  
I dare not think I had happier been  
With the sweet first-love of my youth,  
For she I have wed is a treasure of  
Grace,  
And has served me with love and  
Truth.  
But the face that I saw in the streets  
To night  
In my soul such dreams have stirred  
That I shrink before my wife's kind  
Gaze.  
And am stung by each tender word;  
And the children who troop around  
My knee,  
And deem me to good and wise,  
Little reck of the thoughts that trouble  
Me.  
Or the tears that bedim my eyes.  
Were my old love wed, well, then,  
Perhaps,  
All these thoughts I could soon dissi-  
pate  
And yet, had her fate so designed  
It, I fear,  
The man she had wed I should hate.  
Can her heart have been true to the  
Past,  
While mine has fresh anchorage  
Sought?  
I must not think that, lest a breach  
In the peace of my home should be  
Wrought.  
How would it have been had we wed?  
Should I happier be, or would she?  
God knows; but this truth I am bound  
To confess.  
My wife is a dear and true wife to me  
'Tis not from what might have been  
But from what is  
That we now have to gather delight.  
And yet, my old love, not the wife of  
my heart,  
Will be first in my dreams to night.

—James C. Curley.

### FOUR DAYS ON THE DESERTED BATTLE-FIELD.

RELATED BY A RUSSIAN VOLUNTEER.

BY M. GARRINE.

We crossed the woods on a run,  
breaking off branches which fell to  
the ground, and putting aside with  
our hands the thick growth of flow-  
ering hawthorn.  
The sharp report of the rifles be-  
came more frequent at the edge of  
the forest. A glimmer of red ap-  
peared at several points. Sidwoff,  
a very young soldier of the First  
company (how did he find his way  
among us?), seated himself on the  
ground, and with eyes wide open  
with terror looked at me. Blood  
was flowing from his mouth. Yes, I  
remember it perfectly.  
I remember, too, that almost at  
the edge of the wood I saw him.  
This Turk was very tall and power-  
fully built, and I was small and weak,  
but I ran at him. Something whis-  
pered in me. It seemed as though some-  
thing flew past that left a tinkling  
noise in my ears. He is firing at  
me, thought I, but with a cry of  
terror he covered against a holly  
bush. He could have escaped  
round the bush, but fear paralyzed  
him, and he kept pressing against  
the prickly branches all the time.  
With one blow I struck his rifle  
out of his hands; with another I  
rust my bayonet into him. A  
scream and a groan were the only  
words.  
Then I ran on. Our soldiers were  
yelling hurrah, and firing and falling  
recalled having fired several shots,  
and having issued out of the wood,  
an open space the hurrahing be-  
came stronger. We rushed forward  
as we, and yet I was not among  
them. I remained behind. That  
seemed to me strange, but—  
What was stranger still—everything  
disappeared at once—cries and rat-  
tles of musketry. I heard nothing  
more. I saw only a little blue;  
at that hour had been the sky. It  
appeared also.  
I never found myself in so singu-  
lar a situation. I think I am lying  
on my belly; I can see only a little  
blue; in front of me, a few  
yards, a mound of earth.

and that constitutes my entire uni-  
verse. I can view it solely with one  
eye, the other being closed, resting  
on the ground. My position is one  
of the most inconvenient imaginable,  
I would like to change it, but with-  
out knowing why, I am not able. So  
the time passed. I hear the piping  
of a cricket, the buzzing of a bee,  
nothing more.  
Finally, with a great effort, I suc-  
ceeded in drawing my right arm from  
underneath me, and supporting my-  
self with my two hands on the  
ground, I try to get upon my knees.  
An acute pain, quick as lightning,  
darts through me from part to part,  
head, knees, breast. I fall again,  
Darkness again and nothingness.  
II.  
I have just awakened. Why do I  
see the stars shine with such lustre  
in the dark blue sky of Bulgaria?  
Am I not in my tent? Why have I  
left it?  
I make a movement. A horrible  
pain takes possession of my limbs.  
Yes, I have been wounded in a fight  
but am I dangerously wounded or  
not? I move my hand to the place  
where I feel the pain. My legs, the  
right as well as the left, are covered  
with blood. When I touch them the  
pain increases, an intense, contin-  
uous pain like the toothache. My  
ears burn. I have a whole chime  
of bells in my head. I begin to un-  
derstand in a confused way that I  
am wounded in the legs.  
Why is it that I am lying here?  
Why have they not carried me away?  
Have the Turks beaten us? Mem-  
ory comes back to me, at first vague,  
then more distinct, and I reach the  
conclusion that the Turks have not  
been victorious. I fell, I cannot tell  
very well when or how; only I re-  
member our soldiers were running  
forward. I couldn't follow them. I  
had fallen in an open space at the  
top of a low hill; it was the same  
hill that our little major pointed out  
to us with his sword, crying in vi-  
brating accents: "Children, we have  
got it! And we did get it. Consequ-  
ently we are not beaten."  
But why have they not carried me  
away? In this open spot there could  
be no difficulty in seeing me. I  
ought not to be the only one stretch-  
ed out here, for the shots that had  
fallen were so many! I would have  
to turn my head and look, but that  
was not easy just now. When I had  
come to myself, and when I had  
tried to raise myself, I had fallen in  
another position from that in which  
I saw the bunch of grass and the  
creeping backwards. I am now on  
my back: that is why I see the stars.  
I raise myself up and try to sit.  
This is not easy when both legs are  
shattered. More than once I des-  
paired of being able to proceed. At  
last, with tears of anguish gushing  
from my eyes, I am seated.  
Above me is a strip of sky where  
one large star twinkles, and several  
small ones. Something dark and  
high surrounds me; it is the bushes  
that conceal me; that is why I have  
not been seen. I feel a trembling  
even to the roots of my hair. But  
how does it happen that after having  
been wounded on the open ground, I  
am here in these bushes? I creep as  
far as this without the pain having  
allowed me to perceive it; but what  
is strange, I cannot move now.  
Who knows? Perhaps I had only  
one wound then, and the second  
bullet had reached me here.  
Spots of pale red dance and sit be-  
fore my eyes. The big star has  
lost its brilliance; the small ones  
are effaced; it is the moon rising.  
Oh, at such an hour one ought to be  
at home!  
What strange sounds are these  
that reach me? One would say they  
were moans. Yes, some one is  
moaning. Can there be somebody  
near me that is forgotten, too, with  
his legs broken like mine or a bullet  
in the bowels? No, there is no one,  
and these moans are too near. My  
God! I am the one uttering the com-  
plaints myself. Is it really true that  
I suffer so much? Apparently, but  
I take account of this suffering, for  
my brain it steeped in a leaden haze.  
I had better lie down and go to  
sleep. Sleep! Shall I ever awaken  
again? What matter?  
At the moment I wish to lie down  
I see by the pale light of the moon,  
something black and long about five  
paces from me. Here and there are  
glittering points; these should be  
the buttons of a uniform. It must  
be the body of a dead man.

Our troops cannot have gone  
away. They must be holding the  
position after having driven off the  
Turks. Then why don't I hear voices,  
the noise of the bivouac? I am so  
weak; that is the reason I can  
hear nothing. Surely they must be  
there. Help! help!  
Hoarse cries and wild vociferations  
escape my lips; but no answer. My  
voice is lost in the night.  
All is quiet. The cricket alone,  
without cessation, causes its mono-  
tonous voice to be heard. The moon  
with her round face looks at me  
mysteriously. If this neighbor of mine  
were only wounded, he would be  
awakened by such cries. It must  
surely be a corpse—one of ours or a  
Turk. My God! isn't it all the  
same? Sleep descends on my heavy  
eyelids.  
III.  
I am lying extended on the  
ground. As though a long time  
awake, my eyes are closed, as I do  
not wish to open them, for the sun  
that I feel shining on my face would  
dazzle them. It is better not to  
stir. Yesterday it seems it was  
yesterday I was wounded. Twenty-  
four hours have passed since then;  
twenty-four more will pass, and I  
shall be dead.  
It is better not to stir, to remain  
motionless. Oh, how good it would  
be to be able to stop the incessant  
working of the brain, but there is no  
way to check it. Thoughts, recol-  
lections spring up in multitudes.  
This, however, will not last long.  
Death is approaching, and all that  
will be left of me will be a few lines  
in the newspaper: "Our losses were  
insignificant; so many wounded;  
the volunteer Ivanoff killed." Prob-  
ably the name, even, will not be  
there; they will simply say, "Dead  
one." One dead soldier does not  
amount to any more than that little  
white dog.  
A picture passes before my eyes.  
It is a long time ago. And, indeed,  
my whole life, my other life, when I  
was not lying here with broken legs,  
is so distant from me! I was walk-  
ing along the street when I came  
upon a crowd of people. They were  
looking at something white, dimi-  
nutive, and bloody, which uttered  
plaintive yelps. It was a little dog  
that a tramway car had just crushed.  
The poor animal was dying at that  
moment. A policeman came up,  
elbowing the crowd, took the dog  
by the neck, and carried it away.  
The loafers dispersed.  
Will some one come and carry me  
away? No, I must stay and wait for  
death. And yet life is so beautiful!  
The day when the misfortune hap-  
pened to the little dog, I was walk-  
ing full of rapturous life, and there  
was reason for it! Why, my cher-  
ished memories, do you come to tor-  
ment me! Happiness in the past,  
and so much suffering to-day! Ah,  
if the suffering would only remain,  
and if the memories would come so  
more to torment me; for the con-  
trast is more cruel than my wounds  
themselves.  
The heat becomes intolerable; the  
sun is hardening hot. I open my eyes,  
and see again the same bushes, the  
same sky, only brightened by the  
light of day. Ah, here is my neigh-  
bor, a Turk, a corpse. How big he  
is! I recognize him. It is he.  
The man lying there was killed by  
me. Why did I kill him? Why did  
he lie, bloody, dead. Why did  
Fate bring him here? Who is he?  
Perhaps, like me, he has an aged  
mother. She will remain long hours  
at the door of her lowly dwelling, her  
eyes turned toward the north, hop-  
ing to see return this son that she  
loves, that is her stay and support.  
And what of me? Me, too! Will-  
ingly I would exchange my lot for  
his. He is happy. He bears nothing,  
feels nothing—neither the poi-  
gnant sufferings that are foisted by  
wounds, nor the anguish of thirst,  
unsatisfied. The bayonet must have  
pierced his heart. I can see a big  
black hole in his uniform, with blood  
all around it. And it was I who did  
that!  
I did not want to do it. I did  
not want to do harm to any one  
when I advanced under fire. The  
thought that I would have to slay  
my fellow creatures was far from me.  
I believed I was offering my own  
breast to the bullets. Well! after-  
wards—simplicity that thou art!  
And this poor fellow (he wears the  
Egyptian uniform, he has not still  
more than the 12<sup>th</sup>

with some hundreds of his country-  
men, packed like herrings into a  
cask, to disembark at Constantinople,  
had never heard of Rousia or Bul-  
garia. He was commanded to march  
and he marched. If he had dis-  
obeyed, he would have been basti-  
adoed, or perhaps some pachá would  
have sent him a bullet from his re-  
volver.  
The march he made from Stan-  
boul to Rouschuk had been long and  
fatiguing. We attacked, he defend-  
ed himself; but seeing that we were  
terrible people, who were not afraid  
of their English rifles, and that we  
kept ever advancing, he was afraid,  
and when he wished to retreat, a bit  
of a man, whom he could have crush-  
ed with a blow of his black fist, leapt  
upon him, and thrust his bayonet  
into his heart.  
Where, then, is his fault? In  
what has he been to blame?  
But where is my fault, either, who  
killed him? And in what was I to  
blame? How have I deserved so  
much suffering? Thirst! Thirst!  
Oh! who can understand all this  
word expresses? When we were  
crossing Roumania under a temper-  
ature of ninety-five degrees, making  
forced marches of fifty versts a day,  
I did not suffer as I do now. Oh,  
if some one would come!  
\* (CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE)

### NO ROOM FOR OLD MOTHER.

"Going home, madame?"  
"No, ma'am."  
"Going South, then?"  
"I don't know, ma'am."  
"Why, there are only two ways to  
go."  
"I didn't know. I was never on  
the cars. I'm waiting for the train  
to go to John."  
"John? There is no town called  
John. Where is it?"  
"Oh, John's my son. He's in out  
in Kansas on a claim."  
"I'm going right to Kansas myself.  
You intend to visit?"  
"No, ma'am."  
She said it with a sigh so heart-  
broken the stranger was touched.  
"John sick?"  
"No."  
The evasive tone, the look of pain  
on the furrowed face were noticed  
by the stylish lady as the gray head  
bowed upon the toll-marked hand.  
She wanted to hear her story to help  
her.  
"Excuse me. John is in trouble?"  
"No, no; I'm in trouble. Trou-  
ble my old heart never thought to  
see."  
"The train does not come for some  
time. Here, rest your head on my  
cloak."  
"You are very kind. If my own  
were so I shouldn't be in trouble to-  
night."  
"What is your trouble? Maybe I  
can help you."  
"It's hard to tell it to strangers,  
but my heart is too full to keep it  
back. When I was left a widow  
with three children, I thought it was  
more than I could bear; but it was  
not as bad as this."  
The stranger waited till she re-  
covered her voice to go on.  
"I had only the cottage and my  
willing hands I toiled early and  
late all the years till John could help  
me. Then we kept the girls at  
school, John and me. They were  
married not long ago. Married rich,  
as the world goes. John sold the  
cottage, sent me to the city to live  
with them, and he went West to be-  
gin for himself. He said we had  
provided for the girls, and they  
would provide for me now."  
Her voice choked with emotion.  
The stranger waited in silence.  
"I went to them in the city. I  
went to Mary's first. She lives in a  
great house with servants to wait on  
her—a house many times larger than  
the little cottage; but I soon found  
there was not room enough for  
me."  
The tears were in the lines on her  
cheeks. The ticket agent came out  
softly, stirred the fire, and went  
back. After a pause she continued:  
"I went to Martha's—went with a  
pain in my heart I never felt before,  
I was willing to do anything so as  
not to be a burden. But that wasn't  
it. I found they were ashamed of  
my rough, wrinkled hands, made so  
loiling for them."  
The tears came thick and fast.  
The stranger's hand rested sympa-  
thetically on the gray head.

a boarding house, and they'd keep  
me there. I couldn't say anything  
back; my heart was too full of pain.  
I wrote to John what they were go-  
ing to do. He wrote right back, a  
long, kind letter, for me to come  
right to him. I always had a home  
while he had a roof, he said. To  
come right there and stay as long as  
I lived; that his mother should never  
go out to strangers. So I'm go-  
ing to John. He's got only his  
rough hands and his great warm  
heart, but there's room for his old  
mother. God bless him."  
The stranger brushed a tear from  
her fair cheek, and waited the con-  
clusion.  
"Some day when I am gone where  
I shall never trouble them again,  
Mary and Martha will think of it all  
Some day when the hands that toil-  
ed for them are faded and still;  
when the eyes that watched over  
them through many a weary night  
are closed forever; when the little  
old body, bent with the burdens it  
bore for them is put away where it  
can never shame them—"  
The agent drew his hand quickly  
before his eyes, and went out as if  
to look for the train. The stranger's  
jeweled fingers stroked the gray  
locks, while the tears of sorrow and  
the tears of sympathy fell together.  
The weary heart was unburdened.  
Soothed by a touch of sympathy, the  
troubled soul yielded to a longing  
for rest and fell asleep. The agent  
went noiselessly about his duties  
that he might not wake her. As the  
fair stranger watched, she saw a  
smile on the care-worn face. The  
lips moved. She bent down to hear.  
"I'm doing it for Mary and Mar-  
tha. They'll take care of me some  
time."  
She was dreaming of the days in  
the little cottage, of the fond hopes  
that inspired her long before she  
learned, with a broken heart, that  
some day she would be turned home-  
less into the world, to go to John.

### The Cat In History.

The Egyptian name for the cat was  
Chaeon, or, according to some Egypt-  
ologists, Maou, the latter name be-  
ing indicative of the animal cry. The  
familiar name of "Puss," apparently,  
has come to us from the Egyptian.  
The origin of the word "tabby" is,  
perhaps, not generally known. It is  
an abbreviation of the Turkish *utabi* (old  
French *tabis*, Spanish *tabi*), a particu-  
lar kind of waved silk imported  
from Baghdad, and so named after the  
locality where it was made.  
One of the most ancient representa-  
tions of the cat is to be found in the  
Necropolis of Thebes, which contains  
the tomb of King Hana of the eleven-  
th dynasty. A statue of this king  
represents him as standing erect with  
his favorite cat *Boubaki* at his feet.  
Pliney, in his treatise on "Isis  
and Osiris," states that the image of  
a she cat, was placed at the top of the  
Sistrum, an emblem of the moon;  
partly, perhaps, because she moves  
about by night, but chiefly because  
her eyes dilate and grow large at the  
full moon, contracting again at the  
moon's decline.  
Cats are mentioned in a Sanskrit  
manuscript 2,000 years old, and in  
Egypt their antiquity is known to be  
even greater, as shown by monumen-  
tal drawing and the discovery of their  
mummied bodies in very ancient  
tombs. The Egyptians not only took  
great care of their cats while alive,  
but honored them when dead, going  
into mourning and shaving their eye-  
brows.  
It has been conjectured from a  
painting taken from a tomb at Thebes,  
and now in the British Museum,  
that the cat was taught by the ancient  
Egyptians to retrieve. The painting  
in question depicts an Egyptian fol-  
lower gliding in a flat-bottomed boat  
through a reed bed and throwing  
sticks at water fowl, apparently with  
as much skill as a native Australian  
throws the boomerang, while a cat  
is represented as looking up at him  
with a wild duck in her mouth, and  
another bird, apparently a water hen  
under her feet.  
**Miraculous Escape.**  
W. W. Reed, druggist, of Win-  
chester, Ind., writes: "One of my  
customers, Mrs. Lonia Pike, Barto-  
mer, Randolph Co., Ind., was a long  
sufferer with Consumption, and was  
given up to die by her physicians.  
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covery for Consumption, and began  
buying it of me. In six months' time  
she walked to this city, a dis-  
tance of six miles, and is now so  
much improved she has quit using it.  
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