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POETRY.

The following beautiful poem was read on memorial day 1873 in Greensboro, at the conclusion of his address, by Col. John A. Gilmer. The author was then unknown, but it was soon ascertained that Judge A. W. Tourgee wrote the beautiful lines:

Bring flowers—bright flowers!
To garnish the tomb
Where heroes sleep lightly,
Unmindful of gloom!
Bring flowers—bright flowers!
That beauty may weave
Fair garlands of glory,
As sadly we grieve.

Bring flowers—spring flowers!
All fragrant to wave
O'er the dew spangled couch
Of the undying brave!
Unloose the shoe's latchet—
The blood sprinkled sod
Is holy as that
By the holiest trod.

Were they right—were they wrong,
Whom ye mourn, or their foes?
Away tuckling driveller!
What matters? Who knows?
Shall the blood of the hero.
Ne'er hallow the sod
When the victor, above
His cold ashes, has trod?

Shall the stigma of treason
Dishonor the tear
We shed for the brave,
To our memories dear?
Lee, Stonewall and Stewart,
And myriads more,
Who went up from our ranks
To the "evergreen shore?"

Tho' they "laid down their arms,"
And "surrendered their posts,"
Their names are "gazzetted"
In fame's deathless hosts,
Transferred from earth,s service
Brave hearts, whom we love,
They reported at once
To "head-quarters" above.

It recks not how vainly,
How blindly they fought,
How bitter the scath
Which their destiny brought!
'Tis the motive, enfames,
Not the beggarly prize!
The spirit that lives!
The base guerdon that dies!

'Tis the infinite Thought,
Not the perishing fact!
The heart that conceives,
Not the outgrowing Act!
'Tis *why*, and not *what*,
Lighten's history's gloom!
Devotion, not victory,
Hallows the tomb!

'Twas not Damon's poor life
Was sufficient to save
Two unnoted names
From the mould of the grave!
'Twas the love by whose promptings
The Crucified came,
Which gave Him on earth,
As above, the first name.

Not in vain did they fall!
The blood of the brave,
The land of their love,
Never vainly can lave!
Yet awhile it may lie,
Precious seed in the ground,
But in fullnes of time
It's fair fruits shall abound.

And the future—God's fallow,
Though barren it seem.
With the harvest they planted,
Yet bravely shall teem.
It may be the fathers
Had builded in vain,
But the blood of the sons
Hath cemented again.

Then heap up the garlands
O'er patriot graves!
Success could not add
To the fame of our braves!
Remember their valor,
Keep holy the sod,
For honor to heroes
Is glory to God!

Bring flowers—spring flowers!
All fragrant to wave
O'er the dew spangled couch
Of the undying brave!
Unloose the shoe's latchet!
The Blood sprinkled sod,
Is pure as the temple,
The alter of God!

DIAMONDS.

"It's like a fairy tale," said one girl.

"Aladdin, or the wonderful Lamp," said the other.

"Or Monte Chisto," chimed in the third.

"Tell us again, Lewis?"

"Well," said the young man, lighting another cigar, "it's just this: The fellow wasn't a rich fellow, you know; and he took a place as secretary, or something, with a fellow that was like the wandering Jew. No one knew how old he was; and he spent his time and money collecting big diamonds—rough diamonds some of them you know—that he got of wild fellows that never guessed their value, and some that he took for debts, and some that he got, goodness knows how. And he travelled all over the world with this fellow with him, don't you see, and got fond of him and all that, and at last was taken ill, paralyzed or something; and this fellow, who knew which side his bread was buttered, waited on him, nursed him, carried him about, saved him from being robbed and murdered. I believe; and so, when the old fellow died he left, all his diamonds to this young fellow, don't you see? And he's enormously rich, and he's here for the summer, and every girl in the place will set her cap at him—of course, you among the rest."

"Nonsense," cried the girls in chorus. "Absured! As if we—But tell us, is he handsome?"

"No," said the cousin.

But he was. The girls saw him soon after on the piazza of the hotel, and decided that Charles was either envious or had no taste. He was charming. A little fellow, to be sure, but with jet black hair and big oriental, velvety eyes. He had white hands, too, and a chin like a Greek statue, and he wore one of the diamonds in his bosom and another on his finger,

"Wouldn't a set of that size look well in my ears?" thought Elsie Rune, as she peeped into her glas that nights and remembered them. "And I'm sure he looked at me. Oh, dear! I do believe I'm falling in love with him."

"Grace," said Maud Ripley to her sister, at almost the same moment, "shouldn't you think that so very dark a man—I mean that any very dark man—would fancy a perfect blonde? Now Elsie believes dark men fall in love with her, she is so vain. There are laws and rules about such things, as I often tell her; and you *never* see a dark woman really adored by a dark man."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Grace. "I should think it was a person's ways you'd like, not his coloring."

"That is because you are neither one nor t'other," said Maud. "But there's no one talking to you child."

Other girls in the hotel were speculating on the hero of the diamonds, and others levelled the downright glances that American belles bestow upon "the gentlemen," at the young man whenever he appeared in the parlors or on the beach; but Maud and Grace Ripley and Elsie Rune were blest with a cousin who was not unwilling to see any or all of them, married as soon as possible, and who had made acquaintance with the stranger on board of the ocean steamer in which they had sailed together, so that the introductions were neatly managed.

Rides, drives and sails followed; and the best match at Newport that season seemed cast at the very feet of the prettiest girl there: for though Grace was neither a brunette like Elsie, nor a blonde like Maud, she had two dimples in her cheeks and another in in her chin, and the cheeks were carmine and the chin pearl. Then, too she was gentle, sweet and tender. While Elsie and Maud, though brighter and possessed of more *aplomb*, were already a little hard and worldly; flirts of the first water, and with a keen eye to the advantage of position and money.

No prudent chaperone was needed to warn them from the inelligibles; while Grace was forever making a goose of herself by melting a little toward penniless boys and young students of art and medicine.

Secretly, however, Grace had already bestowed a genuine admiration on this man of many diamonds. His wealth had nothing to do with it. She liked his songs, his voice, his face, the things he said, and she gave a little smothered sigh now and then when she remembered that she was not a beauty like Maud or Elsie. He would like Elsie, of course. She must not think of him, she must drive him from her mind, and she strove hard to do so. While the other girls pitted themselves against each other, and bewildered the young millionare as man was never bewildered before. For years he had seen no female society, but had lived the life of a hermit, and the sudden dawn of all this young beauty upon him made him ready to exclaim:

"How happy could I be with either 'tother dear charmer away."

First he made love to one girl, then to the other. Innocent little Grace had her share of flattery and smiles, and all Newport declared that the "diamond man" would surely marry one of them.

At last a climax came. One evening Maud stole to her room, with a diamond ring on her finger. The next Elsie had one in her pocket-book, and on the third little Grace held a great glittering thing under the candle-flame, and whispered:

"I wonder what he meant by it?"

To Elsie the young man had said something about "diamonds matching her eyes."

To Maud he had said that this diamond would, for the first time, become precious if she wore it. To Grace nothing of the sort. At first she had refused to take it, but he had answered:

"I gave your sister Maud one last night."

And then she had slipped it on her finger.

A tear as bright as the gem fell upon it as she hid it in a little casket where she kept her few ornaments, and asked Heaven to forgive her if she still cherished a thought that would be wrong if he became her sister's husband.

"Girls," said Charles, that evening, coming into their parlor, "I've come to give you a warning. There's a story afloat about young Edmuads. They say his diamonds are all paste. His servant told some men at the hotel so. You must be cautious, you know. It may be true. He may be an impostor.

Maud started. Elsie grew pale. Grace looked indignant. The entrance of some stranger stopped the talk, but not the consideration of the subject, and later on when all the house was still, Elsie sought an interview with her cousin Charles, and showed him her ring, and told him its story.

"It will be as well to have it tested," she said. "I don't want to make any mistakes."

"You're a cool girl," said the cousin, in admiration. "I'll have the thing done."

An hour afterwards another ring was in his care. Maud had brought him her's. But Grace never thought of doubting that the glittering stone on which she had dropped tears was genuine.

Cousin Charles went city-ward that day, and returned very pale and serious. He bowed very coldly to young Edmonds as he passed him on the piazza; and Elsie and Maud knew what had happened when they had looked at him, but each went for the jeweler's verdict all the same. As rendered by Charles, it was thus:

"Paste, by Jove!"

Then the girl's waxed furious. They exchanged confidence. They told little Grace, and cousin Charles did his part. Society had cut Mr. Edmonds before the next night came, and the landlord regarded him doubtfully, as one whose bill was not likely to be paid. Only one friend stood by him—it was little Grace. One day, as she saw him walking on the beach, she went to him and held out her hand.

"Mr. Elmunds," she said, "I want you to know that I—not that I am anybody, but still that I don't believe you know it. The old gentleman that left them to you deceived you, I'm sure, Please tell every one so. I know you never could be an adventurer, and it's not your fault the diamonds were false, and I thought I'd like to shake hands and say so."

"Thank you," he said, holding out his hand. "So you don't doubt me?"

"No," said Grace, "I don't see how any one can."

"Yet I knew those were bits of paste when I gave them," said Mr Edmonds. "I knew that they were not genuine diamonds. Yes, I'm as bad as that. What now, Miss Gracie?"

She looked ruefully into his face.

"I'm sure that can't be true," said she. "Please say it isn't. I've thought so well of you. I—"

"Gracie," said young Edmonds, "think well of me still. The story of the old man's generosity was quite true. I have, and can prove that I have diamonds that are worth at least a million of money, but I gave bits of paste to three young ladies, because I knew that a girl who liked me for my diamonds would be shrewed enough to have them tested, and that a girl who liked me for myself would doubt neither the gems not the truth. Thank you, Gracie. All this little world shall know that I am not an adventurer before to-morrow dawns. It shall be known that you have not misplaced your confidence. Have you your ring, little lady?"

She took it from her pocket-book. In a moment more he had exchanged it for another.

"Only you must wear *this*," he said.

And Grace, looking into his eyes, knew what he meant, and wore it.

It was the wedding of the season, that of Grace Ripley and Robert Edmonds; and if the two bride's-maids never forgave the bridegroom, they were ashamed to own it. The most mercenary girls pretend to sentiment, at least while they are young, and both declare in public to this day that they never credited the absurd scandal, and that Grace and Mr. Edmonds had been engaged "for ages" when it arose.

It is reported on the authority of the Lincln *Progress* that Judge Mitchell of the 9th Judicial District will shortly resign his position in consequence of ill-health.

A MOURNFUL DREAM.

How Mr. Keyser Anticipated Death.

Max Adeler has the following:

Last December my friend Keyser dreamed one night that he would die on the 13th of January. So strongly was he assured of the fact that the vision would prove true that he began at once to make preparations for his departure. He got measured for a burial suit, he drew up his will, he picked out a lot in the cemetery and had it fenced in, he joined the church, and selected six of the deacons as his pall-bearers: he also requested the choir to sing at the funeral, and he got them to run a favorite hymn of his to see how it would sound. Then he got Toombs, the undertaker, to knock together a burial casket, with silver-plated handles, and cushions inside, and he instructed the undertaker to rush out his best hearse, and to buy sixty pairs of black gloves to be distributed among the mourners. He had some trouble deciding upon a tombstone. The man at the marble-yard wanted to shove off on him a second-hand one, with an angel weeping over a flower pot; but Keyser finally ordered a new one, with a design representing a rosebud with a broken stem, and the legend, "Not lost, but gone before."

Then he got the village newspaper to put a good obituary notice of him in type, and he told his wife that he would be gratified if she would come out in the spring and plant violets upon his grave. He said it was hard to leave her and the children, but she must try to bear up under it. These afflictions are for our good, and when he was an angel he would come and watch over her and, keep his eye on her. He said she might marry again if she wanted to, for although the mere thought of it nearly broke his heart, he wished her above all to be happy, and to have some one to love her and protect her from the storms of the rude world. Then he, and Mrs. Keyser, and the children cried, and Keyser, as a closing word of counsel, advised her not to plow for corn earlier than the middle of March.

On the night of the 12th January there was a flood in the creek, and Keyser got up at four o'clock in the morning of the 13th, and worked until night, trying to save his buildings and wood-pile. He was so busy that he forgot all about its being the day of his death, and as he was very tired, he went to bed early and slept soundly all night.

About six o'clock on the morning of the 14th there was a ring at the door bell. Keyser jumped out of bed, threw up the front window and exclaimed:

"Who's there?"

"It's me—Toombs," said the undertaker. "What do you want at this time of the morning?" demanded Keyser.

"Want," said Toombs, not recognizing Keyser. "Why, I've brought around the ice to pack Keyser in, so's he'll keep until the funeral. The corpse'd spoil this kind of weather if we didn't."

Then Keyser remembered, and it made him feel mad when he thought how the day had passed and left him still alive, and how he had made a fool of himself, so the corpse said:

"Well you can just skeet around home with the ice; the corpse is not dead. You're a little too anxious, it strikes me. You're not going to chuck me into a sepulchre yet, if you have got everything ready. So you can haul off and unload."

About half past ten that morning the deacons came around with crape on their hats and gloom on their faces, to carry the body to the grave, and while they were on the front steps the marble-yard man drove up with the rosebud tombstone and a shovel, and stepped in to ask the widow how deep she wanted the grave dug. Just then the choir arrived with the minister, and the company was assembled in the parlor, when Keyser came in from the stable, where he had been doing a horse with patent medicine and warm ashes for the glanders. He was surprised; but he proceeded to explain that there had been a little mistake somehow. He was also pained to find everybody seemed to be a good deal disappointed, particularly the tombstone man, who went away mad, declairing that such an old fraud ought to be rammed in the ground anyhow, dead or alive. Just as the deacons left in a huff, the taylor's boy arrived with the burial suit, and before Keyser could kick him off the steps the paper carrier flung into the door the *Morning Argus*, in which, that obituary occupied a prominent place.

Anybody who wants a good, reliable tombstone that has a broken rosebud on it, and that has never been used, can buy one of that kind at a sacrifice. He thinks bad dreams must have been caused by eating two much sausages for supper.—*New York Weekly*

On the 19th of April the people of Massachusetts, as before this every one knows, celebrated the Centennial anniversary of the battle of Lexington. Gen. William F. Bartlett made a speech upon the occasion. It was generous and truthful. Instead of having lost an arm and a leg at the head of a Federal brigade, if Gen. Bartlett had been a conscript officer, or something like it in the South, during the war, and had since turned republican; we should have had a very different sentiment pervading his remarks. We have often wondered if the insignificance of these little fellows in the South who are always proclaiming *loyalty* and shrieking rebel and ku-klux does not suggest itself to them as they read such expressions as are found in the speeches of such men as Gen. Bartlett. Though late we give an extract of the speech, and ask our readers, who have not before done so, to compare it with the expressions of their loyal radical neighbors, whose unionism developed just as the South failed in her struggle. We do not refer to those who were from principle union men all the while, for they are either conservatives now or moderate republicans, and take no pleasure in the abuse and vilification of their neighbors: Here is what the maimed Federal General said:

"Of the relations of the North to the South I am not an unprejudiced observer. On the contrary I have a prejudice which is shared by all soldiers, in favor of peace, and I think I may safely say that between the soldiers of the two great sections of our great country fraternal relations were established long ago. I have also a strong prejudice against any man or men who would divide or destroy or retard the prosperity and progress of the nation whose corner-stone was laid in the blood of our fathers one hundred years ago to-day. Moved by this prejudice, fourteen years ago I opposed the men who preferred disunion to death. True to this prejudice I to-day despise the men who would for the sake of self or party stand in the way of reconciliation and united country. The distinguished soldier who is your chief guest to-day never came nearer to the hearts of the people than when he said "Let us have peace," and, sir, the only really belligerent people in the country to-day, North and South, are those who, while the war lasted, followed carefully the paths of peace. Do not believe that the light and dirty froth which is blown northward and scattered over the land, often times for malicious purposes, represents the true current of public opinion at the South. Look to their heroes, their leaders, their Gordons, their Lees, their Johnsons, their Lamar, their Ransom and Ripley, and tell me if you find in the utterances anything but renewed loyalty and devotion to a united country. These are the men, as our great and good Governor Andrew told you at the close of the war—these are the men by whom and through whom you must restore the South, instead of the meaner men for whom power is only a synonym for plunder. As I begged you last summer, I entreat again, do not repel the returning love of these men by suspicion or indifference. If you cannot in forgiveness "kill the fatted calf," do not with coldness "kill the prodigal."

General Bartlett then read a letter from Gen. R. S. Ripley, a former Confederate officer, returning the flag of the fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment, lost in its attack on Fort Wagner, Charleston, 1863, and continued:

No one but a soldier can know how he would cling to a trophy that he had taken in honorable battle. No one but a soldier knows what it would cost to give it up unless compelled by loftier motives of chivalrous patriotism, and when General Ripley wrote that letter he thought not of self, not of South Carolina, nor of Massachusetts, but of a restored and united country. There are tattered flags in that sacred hall in yonder Capitol, I have seen dear friends and brave men fall like autumn leaves; there are flags there that I cannot look upon without tears of pride and sorrow; but there is no flag there which has to-day for us a deeper significance, or that bears within its folds a brighter omen of "peace on earth, good will to men," than that battle-stained emblem so tenderly restored by a son of South Carolina, whom here in the name of the soldiers of Massachusetts I thank and greet as brother. And I am proud that he was an American soldier.

As an American I am as proud of the men who charged so bravely with Picket's division on our lines at Gettysburg as I am of the men who bravely met and repulsed them there. Men cannot always choose the right cause, but when having chosen that which their consciences dictated they are ready to die for it, if they justify not their cause they at least ennoble themselves, and the men who, for conscience sake, fought against their government at Gettysburg ought easily be forgiven by the sons of men who for conscience sake fought against their government at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Oh, sir, as Massachusetts was first in war, so let her be first in peace, and she shall forever be first in the hearts of her countrymen.

And let us here resolve that true to her ancient motto while in war, *esse petit placidam*, in peace she demands not only for herself but for every inch of this great country, *sub libertate quietam*.