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SELECT POETRY.

HOW WILL IT BE.

When a few more years are over, And they lay our weary heads Low beneath the daisy blossoms...

WILL THEY MEET US AT THE GATEWAY?

Will they meet us at the gateway When we reach the "better land"?

SHALL WE NOT AMONG THE SINGERS,

While the music floats around, Recognize some friend departed?

WILL NOT CHILDREN GLADLY GATHER

Round a father or a mother? Or a sister brave to welcome...

OH! WHEN THEY WHOSE PRESENCE TO US

Seemeth needful as the day, Answer to the "Come up hither"?

IT IS SWEET TO THINK THAT EVER

Will they keep some mortal semblance: And that e'en among the angels...

A WRECKED LIFE;

or, THE EFFECT OF SLANDER.

Mrs. Graham called on Mrs. Grant one pleasant day in July. They were neighbors, and loved a bit of gossip.

WHY LIVES THERE?

"Who lives there?" is the query. "Don't you know? There is the place where the widow Bryson and her daughter live."

"OH! WHAT IS IT?"

"Oh! nothing much; but I guess if you saw what I see daily, you wouldn't think of my calling; they don't suffer for want of company very much."

"WHO HAS BEEN THERE?"

"I never saw any ladies calling there."

"GENTLEMEN?"

"Yes, if you call Squire Gregory a gentleman."

"SQUIRE GREGORY?"

"Squire Gregory? Mrs. Graham lifts her hands in horror. We will just whisper to the reader that the masculine in question bore a very evil reputation, having been, figuratively speaking, kicked out of society long ago."

"AND YOU SAW HIM REALLY THERE?"

"I never saw him really there? mused Mrs. Graham. 'Is it possible? Well, one cannot mistake that character; I'm glad we've found them out in sheep's clothing.'"

"MRS. GRANT SHELLS HER PEAS FOR DINNER

and Mrs. Graham rolls up her knitting work. "Don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Graham."

"OH! I HAVE NOT BEEN."

"Oh! I have not been. By the way, have you got any yeast that you could spare? Mine is sour, and I wish to bake to-morrow, if possible."

"OH, YES, TAKE A CUPFUL NOW, OR SEND

Jennie over for it," said Mrs. Grant. "Going up to Mrs. Merrill's," said Mrs. Grant.

"HERE'S HER MAGAZINE THAT I BORROWED

last week; I have been trying to get John to take it; he likes to read it as well as I do, but when he can borrow he won't subscribe."

MRS. MERRILL, AN ARISTOCRATIC LADY,

Merrill takes up the embroidery she had laid aside on entrance of her visitor.

"We scarcely feel the heat, however; we have a good draught, and there is a very good shade around the house; "Mariam," addressing a fair young girl who had just entered, "perhaps Mrs. Graham would take a glass of ice water."

"THANK YOU, DEAR; HOW COOL AND

nice. By the way have you called on our new town's folks?"

"NOT YET. I WAS SPEAKING TO

Marlam about calling to-day. What a sweet girl Miss Bryson seems to be; rather melancholy, though; have you called yet?"

"NOT I."

"Why?"

"I DON'T VISIT WHERE SQUIRE GREGORY

does," replied Mrs. Graham. "Squire Gregory? you are mistaken surely."

"OH, I GUESS NOT—BUT I HAVE SAID

more now than I meant to. Don't let that influence you; but if I had a daughter like Mariam there, I don't know as I should care that she should associate with such people."

"IF THAT'S YOUR CHARACTER, OF COURSE

not," replied Mrs. Merrill. "I never dreamed anything of that kind; the old lady seemed so high bred, and her daughter so modest and gentle."

MRS. GRAHAM TAKES HER LEAVE WITH

a "now do come and spend the afternoon when you can, Mrs. Merrill."

"THE LATTER AND HER DAUGHTER SAT

quietly at their work. Mariam is finishing a dress for herself, and her dainty fingers fly swiftly at their work. By and by she looks up.

"I NEVER WAS MORE DECEIVED BY ANY

one in my life before, mother."

"NOR I."

The two saw away in silence; Dicky sits chirping unnoticed in his bright cage; the flowers breathed out their perfume unheeded.

"I'M SORRY AND DISAPPOINTED,"

continued Mariam. "I thought she would be such an addition to our set; but I'm glad we found her out in time."

"THERE'S THE DOOR BELL NOW RINGING,"

said Mrs. Merrill. The person changed to be Mr. John Elmore, the chorister. He is good looking enough, and has a pleasant voice, and many bits of news to impart.

MR. ELMORE MADE KNOWN HIS ERRAND,

it is something about a choir meeting next Tuesday evening to learn a new voluntary for the next Sabbath, when the new pastor is to preach his next sermon.

"BUT YOU CAN'T GUESS WHO WE

are to have in our choir after this," continued John Elmore; "a new member, Miss Bryson has a fine voice. I just called this morning and gave her an invitation to join."

"MR. ELMORE?"

"Well! The naughty Merrill had it up now in a moment. "What she sings in the choir, I don't know."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

"Just what I have said. She is said not to be a very proper person, and if she sits in the choir on Sunday, I leave it to you."

"I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO,"

said the young man. "I invited her; and it would be the height of rudeness to withdraw the invitation."

MRS. MERRILL COULD NOT HELP HIM

in this dilemma, and Mr. Elmore left the house in a very uncomfortable state of mind.

THE NEXT SABBATH MISS BRYSON

took her seat in the choir, according to invitation. The church was crowded when she entered, and, as the choir seats were up in front, she was observed by the congregation.

TRUE TO HER WORD, MARIAM MERRILL

arose and left the choir. The sensation occasioned by this act can be better imagined than described.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO SAT NEXT

to Miss Bryson turned her back to her, made no offer of her note book when she rose to sing; she seemed to be avoided as one with the plague. Her face burned crimson, and then grew pale as ashes. What had she done?

WHAT COULD BE THE MEANING OF ALL THIS?

Mr. John Elmore had got himself into a fine pickle. The young lady members of this choir notified him that they would sing no more unless Miss Bryson was removed; and this disagreeable task he was obliged to perform.

HE WROTE HER A NOTE, STATING THAT

circumstances unforeseen by him when he invited her to become a member of the choir, compelled him to withdraw the invitation. It was a very rude proceeding, but she would pardon him!

MANY GIRLS WOULD HAVE RALLIED

around the note, and defiantly met the inhospitable world; but not so with Ellen Bryson. Whenever she went into society she was treated with scorn and contempt; so at length she remained at home and grieved herself sick over it.

THE WAS ONE OF THOSE TRAIL

blows that a rough wind or unkind frost will so easily destroy.

VERY FEW PERSONS CALLED AT THE

white cottage, but lynch-eyed neighbors noticed that Squire Gregory was there with parcels and bundles, and that was enough for them. For had they not been evil disposed, they could have easily ascertained what these bundles contained, which will be seen presently.

PERHAPS THEIR CONSCIENCE SMOTE

them a little when Dr. Green told them that the young lady at the cottage was ill with the brain fever, caused by some kind of worry or trouble, and that no persons were lending assistance.

SEVERAL VOUCHERED, MRS. BRYSON

treated them coldly, politely but the night when Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Merrill

ees for poor Ellen, the bereaved mother

said, bitterly: "You people in this town have murdered my child. Tell me now before her corpse, why you did it?"

"THERE WAS NO REPLY."

"I heard yesterday," continued the old lady, "that it was because Squire Gregory was seen to call on her. Shall I tell you what caused his visits? He saw ascertained, ere you spread broadcast the shameful reports that broke my child's heart and crazed her brain, it would have been far better. We were poor, that is, in moderate circumstances. We rented this house, the owner promising to take his pay in sewing. We neither of us were aware of anything being rumored against Squire Gregory's character, and I must do him the justice to say that he has treated us with more humanity than you all. If this be the means of learning you a lesson, my child will not have died in vain; yet pray to God to forgive you—I am afraid I never can."

TOO LATE, NOW THE TONGUE OF SLANDER

has triumphed! What a lesson this narrative should teach!

THEY PLACED SNOW DROPS IN HER HAND,

and looked with tears into her face—the members of that choir and the villagers who had snubbed her with contempt so shortly before. Too late now! tears of repentance could not bring her back again! They had murdered this fair, sweet flower, where they should have protected it from the cruel wind—if not for her own sake for the sake of a dead father!

THERE ARE MANY SUCH CASES.

When you speak evil of any one, and condemn harshly, remember this over-riding story; also never forget that whatever judgment ye judge ye shall be judged; and whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

STORY TOLD BY MR. JEFFERSON'S.

"One day, after dinner, Mr. Webster told a story of himself which was characteristic of him, and amused Mr. Jefferson very much. Mr. Jefferson remarked that man not un frequently obtained more credit for readiness in command of their knowledge, and indeed for its amount, than they deserve. He said it had happened to himself. Mr. Webster replied that he supposed that it had happened to most men, and especially to lawyers. He said that, soon after going to Portsmouth as a young lawyer, a blacksmith brought him a case under a will which was unable to give him a decided answer, and desired him to call again. Having little to do he went to work upon the case, and found it a difficult one. He went through all the books in his own little collection, that could give him any light, and then borrowed what he could find relating to the point in question, in the libraries of Mr. Jeremiah Mason, and of Mr. Peyton R. Freeman, a courteous black-tie lawyer in Portsmouth. His client called for an opinion, but he was unable to give him one—he had only got far enough into the matter to ascertain that the blacksmith's bequest was either a contingent remainder or an executory devise. He sent to Boston and bought Fearnes' Essay on these two subjects, and other books, all together costing him fifty dollars. At last, after a month's hard work, and making out a very elaborate brief, he gave an opinion favorable to his client's claim, argued the case, won it, and received a fee of fifteen dollars, all that the amount in controversy would warrant him to charge.

"YEARS PASSED BY, AND THE

blacksmith and his case had almost passed away also from his memory. Although, being in New York on his way to Washington, Mr. Aaron Burr sent him a note, saying that he wished to consult him on a legal question of some consequence. Mr. Webster gave him an appointment, and when Mr. Burr began to explain his case to him, he said that he knew in a moment that it was his blacksmith's case over again. He, however, heard Mr. Burr quietly through, and then, with the blacksmith's brief full in his mind, began to reply. He cited a series of cases bearing on the point, and going back, if I remember rightly, to a leading one in the time of Charles II. Mr. Burr listened to him for some time, and then interrupted him somewhat suddenly, by asking him whether he had been consulted in that case before. "He evidently suspected," said Mr. Webster; "that I must have been counsel to the other side. I assured him that I did not know there was such a case of such parties in the world till he explained it to me." Mr. Webster said that he subsequently gave Mr. Burr a written opinion on his case, and made him pay enough for it to cover all his work for the blacksmith, and some-thing more over for Mr. Burr's suspicion that he had been of counsel for the opposite party. He added, "Mr. Burr, no doubt, thought me a much more learned lawyer than I was, and under the circumstances of the case, I did not think it worth while to disclose his life of good opinion of me."

CURTIS' LIFE OF D. WEBSTER.

A LONG WALK.

In 1732, Thomas Penn contracted with Teedyuscung and some others for a title to all the land in Pennsylvania to be taken off by a parallel of latitude from any point as far as the best of three men could walk in a day, between sunrise and sunset, from a certain chestnut tree, at or near Bristol, in a north-west direction. Care was taken to select the most capable for such a walk.

MUCH AGILITY AND SPEED OF FOOT;

Solomon Jennings, a Yankee, remarkably stout and strong; Edward Marshall, a native of Bucks county, a robed hunter-chain-carrier, &c., a large, heavy-set, and strong boned man.

THE DAY WAS APPOINTED AND THE

champions notified. The people collected at what they thought the first twenty miles of the Durham road, to see them pass. First came Yates, stepping as light as a feather, accompanied by T. Penn, and attendants on horseback. After him, but out of sight, came Jennings with a strong, steady step; and not far behind, Edward Marshall, apparently careless, swinging a hatchet in his hand, and eating a dry biscuit. Bets ran in favor of Yates Marshall took biscuits to support his stomach, and carried a hatchet to swing in his hands alternately, that the action in his arms should balance in his legs, as he was fully determined to beat the others, or die in the attempt. He said he first saw Yates in descending Durham Creek, and gained on him. There he saw Yates sitting on a log, very tired; presently he fell off and gave up the walk. Marshall kept on, and before he reached the Lehigh, overtook and passed Jennings—waited the river at Bethlehem—hurried on faster and faster by where Nazareth stands, to the Wind Gap.

THAT WAS AS FAR AS THE PATH

had been marked for them to walk on, and there was a collection of people waiting to see if any of the three would reach it by sunset. He only halted for the survivor to give him a pocket-compass, and started again. Three Indian hunters were sent after him to see if he walked it fair, and how far he went. He then passed to the right of Pocono Mountain, the Indians finding it difficult to keep him in sight, till he reached Still Water; and he would have gone a few miles further but for the water. There he marked a tree witnessed by the three Indians. The distance he walked between sun and sunset being on a straight line, and about thirty miles of it through woods, was estimated to be from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty miles. He thus won the great prize, which was five hundred pounds in money, and five hundred acres of land anywhere in the purchase.

JAMES YATES WHO LED THE WAY

for the first thirty miles or more was quite blind when taken out of Durham Creek he lived but three days afterwards. Solomon Jennings survived by a few years. Edward Marshall lived and died on Marshall's Island in the Delaware River. He arrived at about ninety years of age. He was a great hunter, and it is said that he discovered a rich silver mine, which rendered him and his family connections affluent; but he never disclosed where it was, and it continues unknown to this day.

AMERICAN GIRLS IN EUROPE.

I do not wish to undervalue English beauty, which is more satisfactory and enduring, and most of which will wash. But I confess that American beauty from New York to New Orleans has spoiled my eyes for any other; and when I am just getting accustomed to the solid English beauties and maidens, like Mr. Haestorne, and beginning to like them—along comes a group of our fair country women, on their travels, and they spoil it all again. Those dear Yankee girls—I fear you do not appreciate them at home. Here they amaze and envy them—that is, the men admire and the women envy. On the continent they rave about them. Half a dozen American belles send a whole German town distracted. It is not only beauty and grace, but their wit, spirit and audacity. The continental customs favor their triumphs. No girl over there dares to say her soul is her own—let alone her body. She never goes anywhere without a *chaperone*; she never converses with a gentleman except to answer a question; she is of necessity insipid to the contrary, asserts her freedom, goes where she likes, talks with every one she cares to talk with, says *du* to a German—just as she would do at home. He is overwhelmed, astonished, but all the more delighted. He tells his friends that the beautiful girl he walked with said *du* to him, and interrupted him somewhat suddenly, by asking him whether he had been consulted in that case before. "He evidently suspected," said Mr. Webster; "that I must have been counsel to the other side. I assured him that I did not know there was such a case of such parties in the world till he explained it to me." Mr. Webster said that he subsequently gave Mr. Burr a written opinion on his case, and made him pay enough for it to cover all his work for the blacksmith, and some-thing more over for Mr. Burr's suspicion that he had been of counsel for the opposite party. He added, "Mr. Burr, no doubt, thought me a much more learned lawyer than I was, and under the circumstances of the case, I did not think it worth while to disclose his life of good opinion of me."

AN HONEST LIVING.—A YOUNG

Boston man who proposed starting Business in New York city, made a preliminary visit there armed with letters of introduction to business men. These presented and the usual compliments passed, the New York merchant inquired of the young Boston what he intended to do. "I have not exactly decided," replied the young Puritan, "but I expect to settle into some business in which I can get a living honestly."

"A LIVING HONESTLY?"

"An honest living?" repeated the Bostonian.

"YOUNG MAN," SAID THE NEW YORKER

"I congratulate you; there is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your method of doing business."

CUN. BULLETIN.

Why is a proxy preacher like the middle-class white? Because the latter

From The Press.

Speaker Blame for the Public Expenditures.

We have secured the following important letter for publication: HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 21, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR: IN THE CONFUSION

which has arisen in some of the public journals about estimates and appropriations and disbursements the impression has been created that General Grant's Administration has expended more money in the same time than its immediate predecessor. This is totally erroneous, as the balance-sheet, on a comparison of official figures, will clearly establish. The present Administration has been in power nearly a year, and we can compare that period with the closing twelve months of President Johnson's administration. From March 1, 1868 to March 1, 1869 the total receipts into the Treasury were a little over three hundred and sixty-eight million dollars—I profit everywhere for the sake of perspicuity every dollar of this was expended, and the public debt for the same period increased about six million dollars, as appears from the official publications of the Treasury Department; this showing a total expenditure for the year of three hundred and seventy-four million dollars (\$374,000,000).

THE TOTAL RECEIPTS INTO THE

Treasury for the first year of President Grant's administration, estimating for the few remaining days, will amount to three hundred and ninety-four million dollars (\$394,000,000). Out of this sum total eighty millions have been applied to the payment of the public debt, thus leaving for the current expenditures of Government, including interest on the public debt, three hundred and fourteen million dollars (\$144,000,000) or sixty million less than was expended in the same time by President Johnson's Administration. These figures are taken from official records and their accuracy cannot be questioned.

IT WILL BE OBSERVED THAT THE

receipts were twenty-six millions (\$26,000,000) more in Gen. Grant's first year than in Mr. Johnson's last year. Over twenty million dollars of this must be credited to the internal revenue, which has been much more faithfully collected for it will be noted that this largely increase in amount has been derived from diminished and contracted sources of taxation, many of the taxes in force during a part of the year 1868-69 having been repealed before President Grant came into office. Whether correct, then, he had a fidelity with which the revenue is collected, and the economy with which it is expended, the comparison for the past undeniably and overwhelmingly in favor of the present Administration.

FOR THE FUTURE THE FOLLOWS

conclusion may be deduced. The House of Representatives is rigorously scrutinizing the bills made by Mr. Hayes, the able and upright chairman of the Appropriations Committee, to curtail expenditures wherever it may be doing so, and I am very sure that for the ensuing year Secretary Brewster will exhibit a financial record even more satisfactory to taxpayers than that of the year which is about to close.

VERY TRULY YOURS, J. G. BRASS,

W. T. JOHNSON, Esq., Augusta, Me.

WHICH WILL YOU DO?

One of two things must be done in this country—Parents must spend money to educate their children, or they must pay taxes to build penitentiaries to punish crime. There is a great mistake about what is called education. Some suppose a learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, and who takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is, that they are not educated. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring in the discipline which when properly managed, it gives to the mind. Some of the greatest men in the world were not overstocked with learning, but their actions proved they were thoroughly educated. Washington, Franklin, and Sherman were of this class; and similar, thoughtful striking instances may be found in all countries. To be educated, man must learn to think, reason, compare, and decide accurately. He may study metaphysics till he is grey, and languages till he is a walking polyglot, and if he is nothing more, is an uneducated man. There is no class in the country who have a larger interest in the education of their children than farmers; and the subject should receive from them the attention it deserves.

APT QUESTION.—A FRIEND

of ours was coming to New York from Alabama, and just opposite him in the car sat a lady and her child, the latter a beautiful little girl with wonderfully bright eyes and a sweet, winsome face—the very picture, in miniature, of her mother. She attracted much attention, and won many smiles and tender glances, as she moved about the seat. An elderly gentleman walking through the car, looked into the winking girl's eyes, and was fascinated at once. Stopping, he lovingly patted her cheek, and asked—

"WON'T YOU GIVE ME A KISS, PRETTY

one? I like to kiss little girls."

SHE LOOKED AT HIM VERY ACBLY

for an instant, and then propounded the rather embarrassing question—

"WOULDN'T YOU IN HER KISS, MAMM?

and he answered—

"WOULDN'T YOU IN HER KISS, MAMM?

and he answered—

Indians Must Work.

In devising ways and means for the support of our North American Indians, who are now a charge upon the nation, would it not be as well to initiate them into the mysteries of civilized life? Instead of treating them as paupers and children, doing out supplies in doleful dishes to support their laziness and disposition, why not teach them to work? They are able-bodied, and can plow and plant as well as others. They can also reap, thresh and save their grain. Instead of eking out a precarious subsistence on wild game—which is becoming less and less every year—why not teach them to grow beef and butter?—a good substitute for buffalo and venison. Teach them to make gardens, plant trees