THE POST.

Published every Thursday Evening by

JEREMIAH CROUSE, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription,

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, Payable within six months, or $2,50 if not paid within the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the publisher.

Subscriptions outside of the county PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

☞ Persons lifting and using papers addressed to others become subscribers, and are liable for the price of the paper

The Post.

VOL. 9. MIDDLEBURG SNYDER CO. PA., MAY 18, 1871. NO. 10.

Select Poetry.

JUST AS IT USED TO BE.

The girls keep fussing o'er the beaux,
They dress themselves each night and go
To some party, ball, or other spree;
But it's just the same as it used to be.

The old folks sent the boys to bed,
But out of the window, over the shed,
They go to the ground for a little spree:
But it's just the same as it used to be.

The damsels old, they fume and fret—
They say they never saw such a set
Of girls as these—"they make so free;"
But they're just like the girls that used to be.

The old man says the boys won't do,
Who raises one of them will rue
It, and no good of him ever see;
But they're just like the boys that used to be

'Tis but a new deal in a very old game,
And I think it will always be the same,
So have your fun 'fore youth doth flee,
For it's just the same as it used to be.

THE SWITCH TENDER'S STORY.

It ran thus: "It is nigh unto eleven years, sir, since I came on this road. For the first three years I was break-man, and if I had stuck to it I might have become a conductor by this time—who knows. My character was good, and I've always been a steady man, but you see it wasn't to be. My old woman always objected to my running on the train, it kept me so much away from home, not to speak of the danger, and at the end of the third year when our little boy was born, she begged so hard to give it up that I consented, and the company put me in this place where I've been ever since. It's not hard, I've only got to tend one switch and do odd jobs about the depot, the pay is just the same as what I got before, only there's no chance for promotion, but then I'm always at home, which makes it up. I live only a little way across the bridge in the outskirts of the town, yonder on the other side of the river—a small white house with an elm tree in the yard—you can see it from the other end of the switch.

"So you think the river is very beautiful at this season of the year? Well, sir I dare say it is. I thought so once myself; but I don't take any pleasure in looking at it now, nor have I done so for many a day. Its green banks and its clear water, with the sunshine sparkling on it, only makes it seem the crueler to me, as if it laughed over the misery it had caused to human beings; but my opinions hav'nt got anything to do with what you come to ask me about, so I'll try to get to the point at once.

"It will be three year come Monday the 15th of next month, which is May, that after eatin' my breakfast and smokin' my pipe, which latter operation I generally gits through about seven o'clock, I started across the bridge, takin' with me my little boy Willie, who was at this time just risin' o' five years. He was awfully tickleda t the idea of bein' allowed to go out with me, as his mother kept him mostly around the house, havin', like nearly all women, great fear of the trains. I don't think I ever seen a finer mornin'—the sun well nigh up, but not too warm, with a white cloud here and there in the blue sky, the trees and grass green and fresh, and glistenin' with the dew, and underneath us the river flowin' bright and clear, just as you see it now, sir. My heart felt light, and hawin' nothin' on my mind—I had just finished payin' my house the week before—I began to think on comparin' my troubles with my blessins' that after all it would be hard to find a better place than this same much abused world we live in.

"The time table was a little different then from what it is now. The freight train came down at 7:30 a. m. switched off, and waited for the express to go by, which followed in fifteen minutes later. I reached the switch about ten minutes ahead of time—I always do—and sittin' down on the tie, I filled a fresh pipe and smoked away, while little Willie gathered pebbles, and throwing them in the water, laughed and shouted at the splashes they made.

"Finally growin' bolder he ventur- to the river's edge, and pluckin' one of the lilies that grew their in abundance, he came in great glee and laid it at my feet. I put the flower carefully in my pocket so as not to bruise it, intending to show it to his mother. He liaped out that pretty blue ones grew further down, and begged to go and get one of them; but as it was almost time for the train, I refused my permission, and taking him some ten or fifteen yards away from the track sat him down at the foot of a tree—the maple yonder—and bade him remain there till I called.

"The time for the train came and passed, and still no signs of it. I grew nervous and did not notice my boy. Minute after minute passed away, and at last when I began to be certain that some accident had occured it hove in sight just five minutes before the express was due, which I knew could not be two miles behind. I saw at once the cause of delay; the train was unusually long and heavy, and the engine number forty-two, which the fireman had christened "Old Rickety," was the worst on the road. The switch was all ready, but the train moved so slowly that the last car had hardly left the main track, when I heard the whistle of express, and the next moment she rounded the bend at full speed. I knew that I didn't have any too much time to get the switch in position, and went at my work with a will, when suddenly I heard a child's scream and turning round saw little Willie struggling in the water. For an instant the sight of my child's danger overpowered every other consideration and I sprang for the river, but before I got half the distance the hoarse whistle of the approaching train rang in my ear like a trumpet, and the thought of my duty, and the hundreds of lives that would be sacrificed, if I deserted my post, went through my brain like a flash of lightning, while all the time there was a feeling about my heart I can't tell in so many words—I only knew that it was worse than death—beseeching me to save my boy.

"The whole thing couldn't have lasted more than two seconds, and how the one feeling got the better of the other I never knew. I have no recollection of turning back, but the next thing I remember I was at the switch working away like mad. I never had such strength. I felt that I could have wrenched up the solid rails in my agony, and bent them like straw; and I did not seem to see anything about me distinctly neither rails nor ties—but dimly and vaguely, as if in a dream, or at a great distance. What I did see as plainly as I do now, although it was behind me, was the clear and beautiful river flowing on in the morning sun, and in the midst of it little Willie weakly struggling for help, while the bright, cruel waves smote him in the face and laughed. I had no ear for the nearing train, but all I heard—or seemed to, for I can't rightly say—were cries to his father for help, growing fainter and fainter; and then the horrible bubbling sound, as he sank finally, and his last breath found its way to the surface.

"At length the switch was in position, and although it's a short job at best, and I must have accomplished it at that time with a quickness I can never again equal, yet it seemed longer than the longest summer's day; but it was done, and I rushed to the river and gazed eagerly around for some sign that might tell me where to plunge in to rescue my child; but there was nothing, nothing but the sunlight that glistened brightly on the little wavelets that smiled mockingly in my face as they hurried onward. I don't remember anything further. There was a great choaking in my throat, a huge wheight of lead seemed to fall on my brain, and all was black. When I came to my senses it was tnree weeks afterward, with my old woman—God bless her—sitting along side of me holdin' my hand in hers. The doctor said I had made a close miss of it and at first I felt sorry that I lived at all; but that didn't last long, for I knew there was another one—she who sat beside me—who had suffered more than I had and stood it nobly, so I tried to get better in order to console her. It was two weeks more before I got out of bed, and quite two months before I was able to go around. I will never be the same man again.

"The company pensioned me, and didn't want me to do any more work at all. But I couldn't bear to be idle—you see, sir, I wasn't brought up to it, and strange as it may appear, I didn't feel like working anywhere save in the old place; I seemed to be closer to my boy there. I found the lily he had gathered, just as I had placed in my jacket pocket, and I gave it to his mother. She has it yet all withered and colorless, in a little glass on the mantle piece, and there, sir, it shall remain in sight of us both until our time comes to join him."

HENRY WARD BEECHER says he has knocked the bottom out of hell. This accounts for the cold weather we are having this spring. How could you, Henry, and coal so high, too!

The Little Match Girl.

On one of the most fashionable streets of this city there lives a gentleman and his lady, in elegant style, surrounded by all that wealth can procure. They are pious, good people, never turning those in search of alms away without relief. They are childless; they once had a daughter whom they more than worshipped. She was of that type so rarely met with that the painter's art could not copy charms so heavenly. She was of a sanguine temperament, sometimes approaching melancholoty, with dark eyes, and raven tresses floating in graceful folds over her shoulders, pure and spotless as parian marble. She was won by a man, a stranger in the place where her parents then resided. They opposed the union, but the couple intent upon carrying out their designs planned an elopement which was carried into effect.

This was some fifteen years ago, and since that time no tidings of the missing daughter, save as hereafter to be stated, have ever come to the knowledge of the parents. Soon after the elopement, heart-broken, they left their place of residence and traveled all over the county in hopes of hearing of the one they so much loved. Eight years ago they came to this city, purchased property, and have lived here ever since—reside here now.

In the month of December last, on a dark, dreary, cold and gloomy day, between twelve and one o'clock, there was a timid ring of the door bell of the residence to which we have referred, which was answered by a servant girl. In the door stood a little match girl, eleven or twelve years of age pleading to sell her wares to purchase food.—Shivering with cold she was asked in while the mistress of the house was summoned to see if she would purchase of the little, almost frozen match girl. The good lady asked her name, to which the girl replied, "My name is Carrie Ann, after my mother, who died when I was a little child."

There was something about the child that reminded her so strongly of her own lost daughter, that the lady questioned her more closely an I learned that she lived in an alley, and that she had carefully put away a picture of her dead mother. So strongly was the lady impressed with the child that she sent the servant with her to get the picture of her mother, with instructions to return as soon as possible. They soon returned, and the lady, seizing the likeness of the match girl's mother, recognized in it that of her long lost daughter, and then recognized that the poor wandering match girl was her grand-child, and the old lady almost fainted with joy that she had been so miraculously sent to her.

The little, poor, shivering, almost starved match girl is now happily surrounded with all the comforts of life, and will never, she trusts, hunger again. She can be seen at church every Sunday, though few who see her know her history.

Her mother followed the devious fortunes of the husband she had taken against the wishes of her parents.—Sometimes having the necessaries of life, at others suffering the pangs of poverty and want, until at last he filled a degraded grave near this city, and she soon followed, leaving her little daughter a waif upon the world. By some divine providence she was thrown into the hands of her friends, and as we have said, is now happy.—*Louisville Sun.*

A DESIRABLE TRIO.—Some sensible person has given publicity to the following waif, which is certainly beautiful:

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, and affection.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, and gracefulness.

Three things to delight in—Beauty, frankness, and freedom.

Three things to wish for—Health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.

Three things to pray for—Faith, peace, and purity of heart.

Three things to contend for—Honor, country, and friends.

Three things to govern—Temper, tongue, and conduct.

Three things to think about—Life, death, and eternity.

A CENSUS-TAKER recently asked a servant girl in the vicinity of Boston, how many regular steady boarders there were in the house She informed him there were fifteen boarders in all, "but not more'n four of 'em is steady; the rest is dimmercrats.

The Violence of Trades Associations.

The events of the last two months have revealed the spirit and workings of trades associations in a light which must cause thoughtful men to pause and reflect. In the anthracite coal region over forty thousand men, after having for months refused to work on any other than their own terms, have resorted to threats, intimidation and actual violence for forcing their will upon others. It matters not that their families are starving, that some, in order to provide the means of subsistence for their famishing children are willing to begin work on a compromise with the employers, nor that men from other places have been found willing to work on terms rejected by the miners. The strikers are determined that they only shall work the mines, and that the work shall be done on their own terms. In order to enforce their will on the employers, they have resorted to arson and riot, and have systematically kept away others who were willing to work by threats of vengeance and death. This is the condition of things we witness at home

Abroad, we have a still more striking development of the lawless tendency of these associations. Paris, and indeed France, is to day convulsed by the violence of men misled by the doctrines of the Workingmen's Association. The men who head the Commune are, for the main part, the most intelligent leaders of workingmen's movements on the continent of Europe. Their dream is to establish a "universal republic," under which the rights of property would be ignored and the wild French phantasy of "equality" realized. Professing to discountenance war, and after having encouraged their disciples to resist all military service, these men do not hesitate to exercise the war power with a mercilessness rarely experienced in internecine warfare. They plunder; they suppress the expression of hostile opinion; they muzzle the press; they enforce a merciless conscription; in short, there is no form of tyrranny known to military despots which these expounders of the workman's idea of liberty have not out-Heroded.

"By their works ye shall know them," and applying this infallible test, what shall be said of these out-workings of the ideas underlying trades associations? What sort of liberty is it that needs such violence to secure it? What real respect for the well-being of society can there be among men who thus violently seek to enfore their will on others? In what respect are the dominant spirits of these associations more tolerant than the most absolute despots? Professing a desire for universal and perpetual peace, they seize the first opportunity to make war.

Workingmen who have more common sense than fanaticism will see that they have nothing to hope from the leadership of men animated by these ideas. The moment that power appears to come within their reach they forget all their former professions and resort to measures utterly inconsistent with their principles. There is no other ground upon which workingmen's associations can hope to make any progress than that of entire toleration. The moment they attempt to coerce either their own members, or capitalists, or the State, they concede their faith in the justice of their cause and practically espouse that creed of violence to which all their misfortunes are traceable. If they have no faith in the reasonableness and force of their principles, the sooner they cease to agitate them the better.—*Mercantile Journal.*

THE SUN'S BLESSING.—Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as any hours in the day in sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength, and beauty, and cheerfulness. It is now time to change all this, and to get color in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak back, and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight will be a potent influence in this transformation. Will they not try it a year or two, and oblige thousands of admirers?—*Hearth and Home.*

How a Boy Wakes Up.

There he lies in his crib, a nut brown cub of four years. He sleeps the sleep of healthy childhood. In the same position he lay when he dropped into unconsciousness, one arm under his head, one leg kicked out from under the coverlet. He is perfectly motionless. His round cheek pillows itself on the extended arm, and his leg seems to have been arrested in the middle of the last restless kick, as the curtain fell over his blue eyes, and he was fast asleep. You can scarcely perceive his regular respiration. A train of cars thunder by without noise—he might be carried across the street without awakening. It is morning; daylight streams into the windows; the sun shines on the hilltops. The sound of stirring life is heard about the house. Watch the boy. Still and motionless as a figure of marble. As you look, the gates of sleep are suddenly unlocked. He is awake in a twinkling—awake all over. His blue eyes are wide open and bright—his lips part with a shout—legs fly out in different directions—his arms are in rapid motion—he flops over with a spring—in ten minutes he has turned a couple of somersaults, and presents before you a living illustration of perpetual motion. There is no deliberate yawning, no slow stretching of indolent limbs, no lazy rubbing of sleepy eyes, no gradually getting awake about it. With a snap like a pistol shot he is thoroughly awake and kicking—wide awake to the top end of each particular hair. The wonderful thing about it is suddenness and completeness.

Lucien Moreau.

Among the Americans who sacrificed their lives in the cause of France was Lucien Moreau, whose name will be recognized by hundreds who have been his comrades in filibustering expeditions and in the rebel service. A decendant of Moreau, a marshal of the empire, he was born in Louisianna about 1824, his family, like Murats and Bonapartes, having come to this country after the downfall of the first Napoleon. He was essentially an adventurer, allying himself to every revolutionary cause. In 1851 he was a member of the hapless expedition of Lopez; escaping the fate of his leader, he was next with Walker in his Nicaraguan raid. During our own war he first enlisted as a private in the Louisiana Tigers, with whom he fought at Bull Run. Soon after he became attached to Stonewall Jackson's command as a scout, appearing next as a cavalryman under J. E. B. Stewart. A perfect horseman, guiding his animal by the heel, and carrying his sabre in one hand and his pistol in the other, his fearless temperament and superb pratice gave him a leading position in the brigade. During the recent European war, Moreau was an officer of *franc tireurs.* How or in what fight he met death we are not informed. In February, 1870, he was in New York corresponding with Cluseret and others. The following May, in a letter from Paris to an American friend regarding a newly invented hand grenade, he wrote: "We are getting the mine laid that will and must end the Napoleon dynasty."

RAISING TURKEYS.—The turkey is the most tender when young, and most difficult to raise of all the domestic fowls; yet with proper care in setting the eggs under the game hens and cooping the brood at night regularly, while the turkeys are young, they may be easily reared in great abundance. Never feed the young turkeys boiled eggs or corn meal dough, or wheat bread crumbs. They need very little food of any kind under seven days of age, and should have nothing but sour milk set in pans. At about a week or ten days give them also wheat screenings or crumbs soaked in sour milk. Let this be their only feed till they begin to feather, and then give them grain of any kind. Tie the hen (which has the young turkeys) to a pen off to herself, with a coop near by her so that she can enter at night to roost. At two weeks old let the hen loose to roam, and if she is a game hen she will do the work of rearing the brood.

THE troubles of life are like the sticks of a bundle of faggots. It is easy to take one at a time; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again today, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.