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Select Poetry.

WOMAN'S WORK.

Darning little stockings For restless little feet; Washing little faces To keep them clean and sweet...

Hurrying out of sight Her own unhealing smart; Letting in the sunbeams On other clouded hearts...

Leading little children, And blessing manhood's years; Showing to the saints, rest; How God's forgiveness cheers...

Letting fall her own tears, Where only God can see; Wiping off another's With tender sympathy...

Lastly cometh silence, A day of deep repose; Her locks smoothly braided, Upon her breast a rose...

Fresh grave in the valley-- Tears, bitter, soft, rest; One more solemn lesson That life may not forget...

"Dust to dust," a voice said, And woman's work is done.

THE FARMER'S STORY.

Many's the night, when the stars were in the sky, I used to go out to the great pasture where the sheep browsed all day...

"Master will clear me," I said. "He says it is you," said one of the men. "At least, he nodded yes, when we asked him if you did it."

"Then old master was not right in his mind," I said. "He'd never be against me."

After that I heard the whole. Master had paid the men and dismissed Mark. He had only said "all right, I'm tired of work," and had eaten breakfast there, and left in sight of all.

They found nothing around me, of course, but the quarrel and my cut hand made the case hard against me. The master dying as they thought him, had been able to speak at odd times...

"Keep it from her," I begged them "until she must know it." And they were kind and did; and her letters were sent to me in prison...

"Master," said I, "I've worked over hours every night; you forgot that." "I hire you by the week," he said "I'll give you no more than one week's wages..."

"At dawn you go," said he. "You've worked to-day, and have a right to your bed at night, but at dawn you go."

and up he walks. 'Why Peggy, says he, 'You've no pin to your collar.' Said I, 'I can't afford money for finery.'

"Now do take it, Peggy. I want to keep company with you, and now you know the truth." So says I: 'I want neither you company nor your presents, and please remember that hereafter'

"I struggled but it was of no use. Numbers were against my single strength. 'What are you? Robbers? I've nothing worth the taking,' I said, at last; and when standing still, I saw faces I knew about me--those of the farm hands at my old master's."

"You know well, Jack Malone," said one, "if he did speak an ill-word at last, he was a good man in the main, and you'd worked for him three years. You might have answered him as you liked, but to try to murder him was too horrible. We didn't think it of you, Jack--we didn't think it."

"Murdered!" I cried, "is old master murdered? Why lay it to me? I swear I never hurt him!" "If he is not quite dead it's none of your fault," cried another man-- "Don't perjure yourself--look at the blood on your clothes."

"The blood from my hand was in clots and smeared all over my vest. I feel my heart turn sick when I think of it. "Master will clear me," I said.

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And he gave the wife Peggy her outfit; and here we are, as happy as the sheep in the meadow yonder, or the bees in the hive hard by.

When I read that, you could have knocked me down with a feather. The pin was the one the old farmer had lost, and I knew it, and it was Mark, who was the thief, and who had tried to murder him.

I went for the lawyer who was to take my side, and who had all along believed me innocent. I gave him the letter. "It's old master's pin," I said; "What shall I do sir?"

And he said--"You can do nothing, my poor fellow, but wait and hope I have a clue now, and I'll follow it up."

Then he went away and afterwards I heard what he did. He went to the place where Peggy lived and took her out of the dangers of the cave-droppers, and told her all that had happened. The brave girl trembled all wept, but she spoke out:

"He's innocent," she said. "I do not believe him guilty if an angel told me he was."

And the lawyer said, out of his heart, though she was but a serving lass-- "He's worthy of you, Peggy Grey, I do believe, and that's saying a good deal."

Then he asked her about the pin and the two had a long talk. It ended in Peggy bursting into tears, and promised to do anything and everything he asked, if he would but tell me why she did it.

He told me afterwards, and it was hard work for little Peggy with her honest heart. Bless her. She tarred herself around and made a different creature of herself, and she tried to make Mark Halker think she had been coquetting all the while, and oh how she cried when she told me that she let him kiss her, and put his arm around her waist. But she gained her end by it.

One night my good old lawyer and two other men, were shut up in the pantry with Peggy's master, and she in her bed and waited for Mark Halker. That night she had promised Mark to take his pin and if he proved he had the money he had bragged of, to marry him; and Mark was as merry as could be, and a little the worse for liquor.

"Now, lass, said he, 'a promise is a promise. There's the money to count and the watch to look at, and the pin to wear. Now, you'll have me."

And just then the pantry door opened behind him, and a hand came down on his shoulder. "We have you, my fine fellow," said a voice; and then there arrested him; for the money, the watch and the pin were old master's."

He gave up all hope from that minute, and confessed everything. How he had made up his mind to rob old master that evening before he was dismissed. How he had seen me climb out of the window, and so dressed himself in clothes like mine and made his plans to throw suspicion upon me.

My Peggy brought the good news first, brought it into the cell, and threw herself, weeping into my arms, crying out, "you're free, darling; free and clear, thank Heaven."

They did not hang Mark, for master after while got better, and in the end quite well. But they punished him for the robbery, and for something he had done of the same kind before ever he came to master's."

And as for the old man, when he was well he was so sorry for the charge he had made against me, (though he had honestly believed me guilty, as I well know), that he made me a present of a little farm, and stocked it for me.

Presidential Holidays.

The uncalculated ridicule and criticism of President Grant, because he seems fit to spend the hot months away from Washington, have made the authors of them ridiculous, and have ostensibly failed in their object, which was to make political capital against him in the minds of certain classes, who are supposed to be influenced by the journals in question.

But the hue and cry has been as great as though the Government was in imminent danger of eternal overthrow should he leave for a day. It would be supposed from the clamor that a Presidential vacation was unheard of until introduced by Grant; but in truth it is only a revival of the custom of the early Presidents. Washington spent most of the summers at Mount Vernon, going up to the capital only rarely.

Jefferson confined himself more closely to the capital. But Madison took long holidays. He took his seat in 1809. That year he was absent from the 17th of July to the 1st of October, returning but once during that time. The next year he was absent from July 2nd to October 2nd. In the third year of his administration his vacation lasted from July 25 to October 3. In the fourth year, 1812, the trouble with England required him to be at his post, so that he got but two weeks' furlough; but in the following year, the first of his second term of office, he was absent eleven weeks. In 1814 his vacation was short. In the last year of his administration, 1819, his vacation extended from June 5 to October 9.

Monroe took his seat in 1817. Having determined on a tour through the North, he started in a private conveyance on the 31st of May. He proceeded through Philadelphia, Trenton, New York, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Boston, and intermediate places, to Portland, Maine, thence into New Hampshire and Vermont, afterwards visiting Ogdenburg, Buffalo, and Detroit, and returning toward Washington through Ohio and Pennsylvania. The Ohio towns which welcomed him were Lancaster, Delaware, Columbus, Circleville, Chillicothe, Zanesville, and Camsburg. He reached Washington on the 17th of September, having been absent about three and a half months. After a week's attention to office he left for his country seat, where he remained a month, making his absence four and a half months in all. The next year he was absent something over three months, and the following year took an extended tour through the South and West, starting the 1st of April and returning on the 9th of August, and in the following years of his occupancy of the Presidential chair it was his custom to be absent from three to four months. Subsequent Presidents kept up the custom, although, after the introduction of party place-hunting by Jackson, they had much less time for recreation than before. The exacting duties of the war kept the great Lincoln closely to his post. Had he lived through his second term he might also have found time for summer rest.

These statements show how utterly absurd and uncalled for is the clamor against Grant, and the contemptible spirit of meanness that watches his every motion and prides into all his private affairs for the purpose of making them the subject of remark and ridicule, with the hope that thereby some little political capital may be made. Such a spirit is a disgrace to American journalism and American politics. It is base beyond description.

Strange Superstition.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: From a case now before the high tribunal at Berlin, we learn that the superstition of vampires--corpses who are supposed to rise from their graves at night and suck the blood of those with whom they have held intercourse in life--is still general among the Poles and Magyars. A Polish gentleman died at his country seat at Rosalin, in February last, leaving his family in excellent health. A few weeks after his death, however, his eldest son was suddenly and unaccountably taken ill, his short sickness ending in his death. Similar cases, though not fatal, occurred among his near relatives. It was at once agreed that the deceased was a vampire, and that his visits were the cause of this repeated illness. To save himself from the fate of his brother, the second son determined to apply the supposed only remedy, viz: to exhume the body, cut off its head and lay it with the feet, while another person was to collect the blood issuing from the wound, to give it to the remaining relatives to drink. He obtained the assistance of a laborer but was prevented on his first expedition by the interference of the parish priest. The next attempt proved more successful, and the deed was accomplished. It had been observed, however, by some persons in the village, and was brought to the knowledge of the authorities. The absurd superstition threatens to cost the desecrator of the church-yard a three months' imprisonment. That was the verdict in the first instance, and, though the court of appeals has cancelled the sentence, the high tribunal seems resolved to confirm it.

Specter of Matrimony.

Under this title, a Chicago paper justly says: "Doubtless the one universal, primal and all-powerful reason why there are so few marriages has to do with questions of living and sustenance in the old time young men and women did not shrink from sacrifices in starting life together, and were happy in creating a common home from humble beginnings. Now a side of wealth has passed over our country, making artificial distinctions, developing unnatural tastes, and throwing around the best society the iron bands of aristocratic cruelty. Young men and young women love as of old, but they do not dare to marry. If the young woman happens to have abundant means, the young man is too proud to marry until he can match it with his own abundance.

The fact is that the Parisian life and so many Parisian ideas have come in upon us. It is a sad thought, indeed, that New York to-day is more wicked than London, and is second only to Paris. We need not speak of details. Enough to know that not only in that city, but in every city and town in the land, there is a devastating, terrible scourge at work, blasting the brightest talent, eclipsing the finest hopes. The cloud rests down upon the young men of the land with over-increasing weight. It will ruin the nation, if the heaven-born institution of marriage is not respected, more sought after, and more encouraged by old and young."

HOW PANAMA HATS ARE MADE.

The process of making Panama hats is as follows: The leaves of the Pandanus, or Seven pine from which these hats are made are gathered before they unfold, the ribs and coarser veins are removed, and the rest without being separated from from the base of the leaf, is reduced to shreds. After having been put in the sun for a day, and tied into a knot, the straw is immersed in boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place, and consequently bleached for two or three days, after which the straw is ready for use. The plaiting of the straw commences at the crown and finishes at the brim, and is a troublesome operation. The hats are made on a block placed on the knees, and require to be constantly pressed with the breast. The sooner that may be finished in two or three days, but the best may require as many months.

THE RAID OF THE CATERPILLERS.

From the caterpillar region in Tennessee, we learn that their numbers have not decreased since mention was made a few days ago of their stopping trains on the Memphis and Tennessee Railroad. The damage to crops is immense. Trees throughout the whole length of the road have been entirely stripped of their foliage, and everything green has been eaten by these pests. They accumulate in such swarms on the track that, when crushed, they have the consistency of soap, and the wheels of the locomotives, at times, slide round and round without moving the trains. It is a strange phenomenon, and can be accounted for by no one. From thirty rods the trains have been reduced to seven, and even then in some instances, they have even stopped.

A WESTERN PROVERB.

A Western preacher explained the passage through the Red Sea, by saying that the Israelites crossed on the ice. An auditor interrupted, remarking that there was no ice under the equator. "Sir," said the orated preacher, "this happened thousands of years before the age of geographers, and before there was any equator? I think, brethren and sisters, I have answered the gentleman completely!"